

Jeff to Jennifer

The Pretty Secretary

2



An "Adult Tv" Novel



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the Pretty Secretary

Book Two

By BC

“Just tell me, Mother, is it true? Was this your and John Peterson’s plan all along to turn me into a woman and ruin my life, by taking away my manhood and submitting me to this?” Jenny, said pointing at her body as it was now.

“Jenny honey, I know that you must be confused and hurt having to find out this way. I was desperate to stop you from getting hurt or killed or spending the rest of your life in prison, hanging out with those awful people. I know that you think that they were your friends but all they really cared about was their next high or thrill.

“I didn’t know what to do or how to handle it until one night John and I were out on a date and he asked how you and Jill were doing. I told him about you and he said he’d heard of ways to calm a troubled young man down and take away that rough tough outer shell and make him more gentle and loving again. I was not at all happy at first when he told me about this plan but you got more and more out of control to the point where I had to come and get you out of jail. I knew then that we had to try something, even something as radical as this,” Mother said, rubbing Jenny’s shoulder and arm.

“I only wanted to go as far as to embarrass you enough to keep you away from those hoodlums. I thought if you were made to wear a little makeup and paint your fingernails and toenails that you wouldn’t dare let them see you like that. All I wanted was to keep you away from them and more trouble. Then things just got out of control and you quickly blossomed into a beautiful young lady. John wanted to bring you into the company right then but he agreed to wait until we were sure that you were completely passable as a confident young lady. I could see that you were becoming more comfortable in your new skin, so to speak, in a very short period of time and you actually looked happy as Jennifer.

“Come now, admit it, you can’t tell me that you haven’t loved all the attention from both men and women when people see you, from both men and women. Before this ever got going, Bill happened to see a picture of you on my desk at work with your long hair and soft features. He actually thought that you and Jill were both my daughters. When I corrected him and told him that you were my son, the wheels started turning in his head. He says that he fell in love with you that very moment.

“He told John and John wanted to help him out with his little dilemma, because Bill didn’t want to come out as openly gay in the workplace or to his parents who are old fashioned and very strict, not to mention very well-to-do. His Father is a retired lawyer and judge. So you can see that could cost him dearly, thus he needed a special girl. Like you, honey. A girl that was beautiful and smart and someone to be on his arm at social and professional occasions and, most importantly to him, a girl with that something extra that you provide for his most intimate desires.

“You asked me how I could do this to you. Well, it was the lesser of two evils; daughter or dead. No, I didn’t want to turn my only son into a daughter but even more I didn’t want to have to ID my son in a morgue laying in a casket from some stupid drug deal gone bad or some gang-related incident,” Jan said, taking a breath.

“So I can’t make you marry William but we’ve come too far to just stop here so you are going to dry your tears, Missy, pull yourself together and life is going to go on as it is. You’re going to continue go to work at the wonderful job you now have and you’re going to continue to date William and William only for the time being and we’ll see where all of this takes us. I have to tell you though, honey, there are thousands of girls out there who would give up their right arm to be in your shoes, or heels now, I guess. So come help me with dinner and then settle down for the evening so we can relax before it’s time to get some sleep. You’ll need the rest to get ready for work tomorrow.

“Now, if you really don’t want to continue working and you play your cards right you might very soon find yourself being a beautiful and well-kept trophy housewife with a maid and servants and a big house,” Mom said with a wink. “I can assure you that

money won't be an issue for you in the future as Mrs. William Daily. All you'll have to do is be pretty and keep your husband happy."

"But Mother, I don't..." He was cut off in mid-sentence.

"It's going to be alright, Jennifer. You're going to do just fine and there are to be no buts. It's too late for that now," Mom said and helped her new daughter to her feet.

The next morning Jenny was just finishing getting ready. Jill picked out a shirt dress that fit tightly and highlighted every curve on her body. It was just long enough to be decent and cover the tops of her nylon stockings where the clips of her garter straps met. Her neckline proudly displayed her now obvious feminine cleavage. Her makeup was flawless, her complexion was fashion model perfect. She wore her hair down today and large silver triangle earrings dangled from her pierced ears. She had several silver and red bracelets on her right wrist and a tiny feminine watch on the left. Jill also gave her several rings to put on her fingers.

As Jenny stepped into the kitchen for her pills and orange juice, she walked right into Bill. "Oh my God!" she said as he'd startled her. "Sorry. I didn't know anyone was here."

"Good morning, Jenny. Sorry if I startled you, I didn't mean to, I just couldn't wait to see you again so I'm here to drive you into work this morning. I'll do it every morning if you'd like. You look amazing. I wish we could just skip work today but I have two big cases I'm working on and I can't delay them any longer," Bill said. He gently took her by the shoulder, turned her to face him and lightly kissed her on the

lips before she could see it coming. “Are you ready to go, honey?”

Jenny was stunned. “I...I guess so,” she said.

Then just as they started for the door, Jill said, “Jenny, you forgot your purse, honey. You’d never make it through the day without it.” She walked over and put the long strap over Jenny’s shoulder.

Jill watched them walk out to Bill’s car, a big new BMW. “Damn, that should be me. I tried to mess with Jenny and embarrass the hell out of her to get back at Jeff. Talk about irony. There goes my little brother dressed like a beautiful model, more feminine than me, walking arm and arm with the most handsome man I’ve ever seen, getting in a big luxury BMW and going to work as a secretary at a law firm. Hell, he’s going to end up married and living the life most girls only dream about, and I’m going to go and wait tables again tonight for tips and guys’ hands on my ass all evening. I’ve got to talk to Mom about all of this, maybe I can get a job there too.”

Bill opened the door for Jenny and held her hand as she turned and sat down on the seat and swung her legs into the car. He closed the door, admiring her shapely legs and couldn’t miss the view down the top of her dress. He marveled at her rapid development. Bill loved that Jenny was an eyeful to anyone that saw her and it thrilled him to beyond comprehension to be the only one that knew what she had hidden in those pretty soft pink panties. It was all he could do not to want to touch her in those intimate places. He’d promised himself that he would be patient and try and let this relationship grow. He wanted her to want him too.

The conversation was a little icy as Jenny still wasn’t happy about Bill’s participation in all of this. “Now

that all of this is out in the open between us, am I supposed to behave as if you own me or something? What kind of mother lets this happen to me? Hell, she didn't let it happen, she caused it! And you helped orchestrate the whole thing. So now I'm supposed to forget I am or was a boy and just learn to like being Jennifer, the dutiful secretary and girlfriend of William the great? I'm sorry if I'm just a little pissed off over this whole thing," she said angrily.

"You're, right Jenny. I guess I was really being selfish. It's not fair that I'm the one that's wrong here. I have not thought about anyone or anything since the day I first saw you in the picture on your Mom's desk. I know who and what I am and I know better that to think I can make a straight person want the things that I want but I've never felt about anyone in my life the way I feel about you. Your every movement or laugh or touch sends me reeling. And kissing you makes me just about melt and makes me feel like I'm on top of the whole world. Please don't hate me for loving you. Give us a chance. I told you that I won't push you...too hard. I know I can make you happy and make it all worth your while to give us a chance."

"Well, at least for the time being I don't see that I have much to say about my current situation. My life seems to be pretty well mapped-out for me. I admit you've been kind and sweet to me but you have to understand I'm still getting used to being...this. I've been through a lot these past months and it's going to take some getting used to being a new person. I'm not even sure what I am now. I'm no longer a guy but I'm not really a girl either, am I? I don't know how to be this new person or what you want from me," Jenny said.

"You don't have to figure it all out overnight, Jenny. Just take it one day at a time and don't worry about me. I'm not going anywhere and you can talk to

me about anything you want. All I want from you right now is the chance to make you happy. Everything else will take care of itself over time. We are both young so we have lots of time,” Bill said as he pulled into his private parking space with his name on the sign.

“Jenny, look at me please,” he said. When she turned, he looked her in the eyes and said, “I really, really do care about you and I want you to relax and just enjoy life, it will be alright.” Bill kissed her softly, got out, went around and helped her out of the car. He held out his arm and she automatically put her hand through and walked into the building.

Jenny walked into work feeling different than before. All the things she'd learned the night before still had her in a state of shock. wondering how all of this could possibly be happening. She thought to herself, “I'm not stupid. I know that I'm really smart, so how could I let this happen. I'm a guy but just look at me! I have TITS, a big ass and wide hips. My lips are plump and red, my nails are long and match my lips. I'm walking in three-inch heels like I was born in them. My voice has changed to higher than before and I don't even recognize myself when I look in the mirror. My ass sways when I walk, I can't even remember the last time I stood before a toilet to take a piss. Now I'm walking through the office and everyone is smiling and staring at me as if everything in the world is as normal as apple pie.”

She nodded, smiled, and said good morning at least twenty times before reaching her desk. As she put her purse in the drawer and went to sit down she found a single red rose sitting on her desk with a note that said:

“To a really special woman, I love you!”

Her cheeks turned red and she looked around to see if anyone was watching. She hurried to put the note in her purse so no one would find it.

“How the hell am I supposed to respond to this? I’m the one who should be sending roses, not getting them. It was kind of sweet, though, I can’t deny the fact that he must really care to go to all the trouble that he has. Through it all, I don’t know where I’d be right now if Bill hadn’t saved me from that asshole Jeremy yesterday. I’m such a fool to not have seen him for what he is. Maybe my mind is turning into a soft feminine type that needs someone to protect her,” Jenny thought.

Suddenly thinking of Jeremy, she looked around and didn’t see him anywhere. She got up and went to the coffee room. She ordered the rolls and donuts for the office and made sure there was plenty of coffee for the morning rush. She made her rounds to see if anyone needed anything and didn’t see Jeremy anywhere.

Jenny finally saw Tammy, one of the young lawyers there, and asked if she’d seen Jeremy Holmes this morning.

“You know it’s strange. I saw him in Mr. Peterson’s office as soon as he came in and then I saw him being escorted out of the building with all of his personal things. They fired him. Gloria said they gave him one year’s severance pay and gave him all kinds of threats if he said a word about some situation with some girl. Nobody knows who the mystery girl is but Peterson said she didn’t work here. Must be that they found a skeleton in his past somewhere.

“Apparently Peterson told him if he went quietly and didn’t say a word he’d give him a good reference at a couple of other offices. Then he told Jeremy if he

said a word about this 'situation' they were talking about, he'd better find a good place to hide because the firm knew people who would take care of him in short order. Isn't this bizarre? It's like a soap opera or something. Anyway, Jeremy is gone. I never liked the guy personally; he was a little creepy to me. He was always staring at the women in this office like they were naked or something," Tammy told Jenny.

As Jenny was walking back to her desk past John's office, he called her in. "Jennifer, please have a seat. Are you OK, honey? I want you to know that I agreed with your mother that you needed help. The only way to get you out of that gang and keep you from making the kind of mistake that would ruin your life was to make you into someone that wouldn't want to be seen by them. I know that you don't believe me right now but I really do care about you very much," John said.

"I know that you're my boss but I don't care right now. I'm mad at you, bordering on contempt," Jenny said and got up and closed the door. "How would you feel if someone did this to you?" she said, pointing to her body. "You've taken my manhood away. My life might have been screwed up but it was my life and I should have been given the choice. I'm a mess and I don't even know who I am now. I know that you thought you were trying to help me but look at me!

"One minute I'm happy, the next I'm crying for no freaking reason. My emotions are up and down and everything I was familiar with has been replaced with a life that's new and strange and, to be honest, quite scary. I'm afraid that any minute someone is going to see me and say, 'You're not a woman, you're a fake,' and I won't be able to handle it," she said.

"Jenny honey, you are more feminine and more woman than most of the women in this building. You

already had these qualities in you before this all came to be. You can't just suddenly pick up these emotions and traits and feminine characteristics. Somewhere deep within you, you were already a woman; this whole ordeal just brought everything to the surface. Unless you let someone put their hand in your panties or you tell them, no one is ever going to know your secret and that makes you a very special woman," John told her and gave her a hug.

"I'm almost afraid to ask but what did you do to Jeremy?" she asked.

"Let's just say that the situation has been dealt with and there is no problem or worry there. I don't think you'll be hearing from him any time soon. He left the premises this morning with an understanding between us that he leave you alone and that he never talks about you with anyone. Bill and I have handled that and we made it clear that our deal was not optional or negotiable. So now you can get on with your life without worrying about being exposed. My hope is that you'll at least give William a chance. He'll be good to you, Jenny. He adores you to the moon and back. He really is a very good person and with William you won't have to worry about secrets because you know that he already knows and loves you because of it," John told her.

"Mr. Peterson, do you know that I'm 18 years old and have never had sex with anyone...ever? First of all it scares me to death to think what Mr. Daily wants from me. I know that this seems strange for an 18-year-old to be a virgin but, I haven't exactly been a sex symbol. At 5'6", most of the girls that I'm bigger than are still in junior high or grade school and believe me, I don't have a gay bone in my body. Bill may know what he is and what he wants but I don't have a clue," she said innocently.

“Jenny, calm down, honey. No one is asking you to do anything that you don’t want to. Bill isn’t the type to force you to have sex, or anything else for that matter. Just start by being a friend, go on a few dates, get to know each other and take it one step at a time. If things work out, nature will take its course. That’s the way it’s been since the beginning of time. If it doesn’t then you’ll know, life will go on and you’ll find your way. You’re a smart girl. There’s always a career here with me in any capacity that you want to explore. You might even end up a lawyer, the sky could be the limit for you. You’ve been through a lot honey and I’m sorry for anything that makes you sad. Just hang in there and look at the bright side. You’re beautiful, you’ll always have a roof over your head, food to eat, and the nicest things the world has to offer,” John said, smiling and holding her hands. “Just give it some time, honey.

“For now however, would you like to get out there and answer that phone on your desk that’s ringing itself off the hook? You are still my personal assistant, aren’t you? Go earn your paycheck.” He kissed her on the forehead.

Jenny dried her eyes, went out to her desk, and took her purse, (it still made her shake her head to think of it as ‘my purse’), then went into the ladies room, remembering to check the name on the door first. She took out her makeup pouch and with now-practiced hands and skill touched up her face, restoring the damage the tears had caused in John’s office. Once satisfied, she returned to her desk to try and catch up on today’s workload. It was probably a good thing that she had a lot to do as this made her take her mind off of the calamity that had become her life for a while.

While typing out a long brief for one of the cases, she smiled, then started laughing. She could barely

contain herself as she watched the red fingernailed hands flying all over the keyboard on her computer.

“Oh. My. God. If the gang could only see me now. Just look how small and pretty these fingers are. And just think, they belong to little ol’ me. Not long ago these were the hands of a guy likely to holding a gun or a bat and now look at them! Bright red and shiny and typing away like a little princess. I have to laugh or I’m going to cry.”

She was concentrating so hard she didn’t realize it was lunch time, when she noticed people moving about. Then right on cue, she looked to her left and there stood Bill. “Ready for some lunch, Jen?” he asked, smiling with those nice sparkling white teeth and sandy hair parted on the left and combed over to the right. He smiled again as he saw that she’d put the single red rose in a small vase on her desk.

“I’m not really hungry, Mr. Daily, but thank you for asking. I have a lot of work to catch up on,” she said curtly.

“So you’re going to make me be lonely and miserable while trying to eat one of the best sandwiches in the whole city? Can’t you take pity on me, a lonely soul, and allow me the company of your beautiful smile? I’ll let you quietly yell at me and call me names for loving you the way I do,” he chided.

“It’s a long four and a half more hours before you can go and eat if you don’t come rescue me from a lonely lunch by myself. Nobody else will do. It’s only you that can save me,” he told her.

“I thought you said you weren’t going to push me, Sir.” Try as she might, she couldn’t keep a straight face as she said, “You don’t want me to overeat and

become fat, do you? That wouldn't look good, having a short fat lady hanging on your arm."

"I'll take my chances, although I don't ever see you as short and fat. Maybe just short and beautiful. Come on, Jen, I'm starving. I didn't have breakfast because I had to leave early and go pick up this really pretty chick this morning and drive her to work," he replied, smiling.

What was it about him? she thought. "I'm mad as hell at him and I still find him adorable. I hate myself for giving in so easily but I am hungry now that I think about it. He's right, it will be a long day until dinner if I don't get something.

"All right, all right I'll go but you're buying because I don't have any money for lunch today. And don't expect me to be charming and witty. I'm still mad at you and John and especially my mother," she said

"That's OK, and thank you. I'll settle for your beauty and company for now. You are going to have to talk to me some time or we will never get to know each other well enough for you to forgive me," he said.

Bill offered his arm and she wasn't going to take it but then reconsidered as she almost turned an ankle in the 3" spiked heels she was wearing today. With everyone else already gone out of the office, the clip clopping of her heels was loud and echoed all through the office as they walked to the elevator.

Always the gentleman, Bill opened the door for Jenny and helped her in before closing the door and getting in himself. He took her to a really nice upscale deli on the west side of town. It wasn't that far so they didn't talk much. Once there he held her chair (something that had never occurred to her that someone

would ever be doing for her). With practiced skill from hours of Jill's coaching, she tucked her dress under her legs with her free hand as he pushed it under her. It seemed so odd to be waited on like this but on the other hand, never having been treated like she was anything special, it was kind of nice too.

"There I go again, giving into one more feminine feeling. It's like this woman has taken over my body and life and I can only sit by and watch it all happen like it's a movie on the Hallmark Channel," she thought.

They made small talk and lunch was, as promised, unbelievably good. Once again she marveled at how the upper crust in society got to enjoy the finer things in life that her kind never even knew existed. She got Bill talking about his family and their cottage up north at the lake. He had one younger brother who was only two years older than she and was in college and was hoping to follow in the family footsteps. He also had a sister in high school. "I know that they are all going to love you right off the bat. I'm hoping that we'll get a weekend that we can get away and go up there. Mom and Dad stay up there now most of the year—except winter, that is. They have a place in Arizona they go to for winter. At least for the bad months," Bill said.

"As usual, you let me do all of the talking and you just sat and politely listened as I rambled on and on."

She said, "That's because my life is very boring by comparison. And I have the feeling that you already know quite a bit about me and my past and my family from John and my mother, the conspirator. My folks are divorced. Dad lives with his teeny bopper girl-friend across town from us and very seldom comes around or gives a hoot about us. I must really be changing because a couple of months ago I would

have said that the dirty bastard doesn't give a shit about us but I didn't, I said he doesn't give a hoot. Are you sure your family is going to allow you to mingle with us, shall I say, below-standard folks?" she smiled

"Your mother is a very fine lady and has done well for herself and her children. Lots of people in this world today get divorced, that doesn't make them all bad people. I'd be willing to bet that the divorce wasn't your mother's doing. You and your sister, from everything I know about you, are the kind of ladies that deserve the best life has to offer. You're good people, the best in my book," Bill said.

"I'll have to read that book sometime. Sounds like a fairytale. No pun intended." Jenny laughed at her own humor.

"Very funny, Miss Johnson. See, that's what I like about you. You have a great sense of humor and a sharp witty personality. He looked at his watch. "As much as I'd love to spend the rest of my life learning all about it, we have to get back to work. People are depending on us," Bill said.

On the ride back she pulled down the lighted vanity mirror. Out of habit now, she touched up her makeup. Bill could hardly keep his eyes on the road as her watched Jen glide the tube of red lipstick over her lips and mash them softly together to spread it out evenly. She added some gloss and pushed back her long hair, exposing the large triangle earrings. Bill licked his own lips without realizing it as he longed to hold her and kiss her and lay naked together all night long, exploring each other's bodies. He knew it would have to wait though.

Suddenly traffic was stopped in front of him and he was just able to slam the brakes on in time. "I'm so

sorry, Jen. I was distracted and not paying attention to the road like I should have. My mind was temporarily somewhere else,” he apologized. No worse for the wear, they returned to work. He gave her a little kiss before leaving the car and they entered the building and went their separate ways.

Jenny ran into her Mom on the way to her desk. Mom’s office was attached to John’s, connected by a door. Jenny’s desk was just outside Mom’s office. “Well, how was lunch? Did Bill take you somewhere nice?” Mom asked.

“It was OK, nothing special, probably just cost what we pay a month for rent. Do these people always dine at places that serve food that you hate to eat because it’s so pretty, and then when you do you don’t want to stop eating because it’s like heaven on your taste buds? Yes, lunch, like the dinner he took me to, was spectacular. Of course I know that the man is trying his best to dazzle and woo me over, so I really have to be on my toes. He’s good, real good. At this rate, with him and John and you working on me, I guess I should start picking out the china pattern for our wedding,” Jenny said.

“That’s a little harsh, Jennifer LeAnn, and just a little cynical too. I told you why I did what I thought best. You won’t know what it feels like to be a worry about your children’s well-being until you’re a mother yourself someday.” That statement really sent Jenny’s mind reeling and Mom could see the reaction on Jenny’s face.

“Don’t give me that face. I can see what you’re thinking. You don’t have to have a vagina to become a mother. There always adoption. It happens every day and with Bill’s financial stability that shouldn’t be a problem at all. I can see it all now, my baby rocking her own little bundle of joy in her arms. You’ll be able

to buy her little dresses and outfits for dance lessons and music lessons, take her to France and many other exotic destinations that I wasn't ever able to take my girls. Wow. Sorry, my mind just took a trip of its own. John just asked me and you and Bill to come up to his place for the weekend and I've been dreaming of it all morning."

"Mother, when where you going to tell me about this? When we were on the drive to wherever? Does Bill know anything about this?" Jenny said, finding this revelation unbelievable.

"I think John is asking him right now and I can't imagine him not being anything but overjoyed at the prospect of being with you for the whole weekend. The weather is supposed to be wonderful all weekend," Mother said, grinning like a possum.

The rest of the week was about the same. John picked Jenny up and took her back home. They had lunch together although it wasn't always as elaborate as that first day. Being with Bill everyday was wearing Jenny's resistance to him down slowly. Bill, a credit to his word, didn't push her about intimacy or sex. He was so sweet and caring and treated her like she'd never been treated in her life to this point. She found herself softening daily and becoming comfortable with him and around him.

But someone in the family was getting a little tired of watching her younger brother/sister suddenly being treated like royalty while she herself was the equivalent of Cinderella before the ball.

Jill was home Wednesday when out of the blue, David, their father, called and said he'd like to see her and Jeff this weekend. Jill told him "Jen, I mean Jeff, is busy and is planning on going away for the weekend."

“Then are you both free Thursday night. I’ll take you both to dinner and we can catch up a bit,” Dave said.

“Yes I think we are, Daddy. That would be wonderful as we’ve missed you so much,” Jill said. She thought, “You bastard. It’s only been about a year since you’ve called, but I can’t wait to see your face when you see your son now.”

“Good. Should I pick you up around 6 Wednesday or would it be better to meet somewhere? I don’t want a war with your mother.” Dave said.

“How about we meet at the Hyatt at 6 on Wednesday? The restaurant there is much quieter and we’ll be able to talk and catch up. We’ll be looking forward to it, Daddy. See you at 6!

“Oh. My. God. I can’t wait to see his face and the face of my dear new little sister when they meet,” she said as soon as she hung up. Jill started making plans to carry this off. She called right away and told Jenny that she was coming to get her early on Thursday afternoon. They were going to get her hair trimmed up, then grab some dinner somewhere, just the two of them.

Jenny told Mom and Bill that she was going with her sister for a hair appointment tomorrow afternoon since she wanted to look nice for the weekend. She wouldn’t see him until Friday morning when he picked her up for work. She said she would be packed and bring her things with her as Mom said they were leaving from work around noon to go up to John’s cabin.

Everything went as planned as far as Jill was concerned and she picked Jenny up around 2:45 on Thursday afternoon. They got to the salon around

3:15. Jenny was still nervous about going into this forbidden territory for men. The smells immediately brought back memories of her first trip here a month ago. It was a day to remember. Terri called her name shaking her from her mini-dream.

She took Jen back to her station and had her take off her expensive-looking dress and put on a smock. She then had Tracy wash her hair. This took a while and she loved how it felt to have someone who really knew what they were doing massage her scalp vigorously, first shampooing, then cream rinsing it a couple of times before wrapping it in a towel and returning her to Terri.

Terri combed her long hair out for several minutes, then trimmed the dead ends before putting in some large rollers, adding a setting solution and then putting her under the drier. Soon she was aware that someone had removed her slippers and was soaking her feet in a warm soapy solution. At the same time someone else was doing the same to each of her hands. Jenny was mesmerized by the hum of the drier and the flow of hot air blowing all around her head.

“Why do women put themselves through all of this trouble to look good, and for what? This is one thing that sure makes me wonder if it’s all worth it,” she thought in a dreamlike state of mind.

When the drier finally shut off and the dome was removed from her head, she was able to see her new fingers adorned in acrylic nails that were rounded and stuck out one half-inch past the ends of her fingers. They were painted a dark pink and literally sparkled in the light. Her toes were painted the same dark pink and for now still had the foam spacers in between each toe until they dried fully.

Next Jenny was taken back over to Terri's station where Terri was waiting and ready. She removed one of the big rollers to see if the hair was dry enough. After approving this step, Terri brushed the hair back and used a big clip to hold it away from Jenny's face so Carrie could do her makeup.

Carrie started with a neutral base that matched her skin color; she couldn't help but, notice how naturally smooth Jenny's skin was. There wasn't even the slightest dot or splotch anywhere on her face. Next she highlighted her green eyes with black liquid eyeliner followed by dark mascara, then used several shades of eyeshadow blended into a sensual, smoky look. She plucked a few hairs from her brows and darkened them with a pencil which clearly defined the narrow and high arch. Using a couple of different soft brushes she brushed a setting powder on Jenny's cheeks, chin, nose and forehead. Finally she added a dark pink lip cream to match her nails and had her blot them on a tissue, then added a second coat followed by some shiny lip gloss.

Jill came over and put a couple of silver necklaces on Jenny as well as a small silver cross. She put in those big silver triangle earrings. Then several rings for her fingers and some silver and dark pink bangles for her right wrist and her own lady's watch on her left wrist.

Terri then took over to finish up Jenny's hair. She began unrolling all of the rollers and then brushing her hair out, Terri made a part down the middle and brushed the bangs forward with some to the right and some left; then she brushed the remainder down, leaving the long bouncing curls cascading down and over her shoulders. She then held her hand over Jenny's face and sprayed her new hairdo with a stiff hair spray.

Terri then removed the sponges from between Jenny's toes. Jill was waiting with her garment bag and they went into the changing room in the back of the salon to get her dressed. Jenny took off the robe she'd been wearing and Jill handed her a soft green underwire bra and a pair of matching panties. Once Jenny had these on, Jill had her sit and roll on a pair of light caramel-colored nylon stockings with the rubber hold up tops. Next she took the dress out of the garment bag. It was amazing. It was a light green tight-fitting dress with three-quarter sleeves and a deep rounded neck that showed plenty of cleavage. It hugged her waist and hips and looked like it was painted on her bottom. The dress just did cover the tops of her nylons but she could tell right away that bending over was going to be a no no.

Jill reminded her, "You are really going to have to concentrate on keeping your legs together to keep from showing that place where your lady parts are supposed to be. I picked this dress just for practice, seeing that you're going to be in the presence of Bill and John P. all weekend."

Jill helped her slip her small feet into a pair of strappy white sandals with an open toe and 3-inch heels. The light color of the stockings let the dark pink toenails show through. All in all she was the picture of femininity, a very sexy young woman. The final act was to add a little perfume in a couple of strategic places and she was ready. It was now half past five and they had just enough time to make their dinner reservation.

They arrived at the Hyatt about quarter to six and just as Jill hoped, they were early. She asked to be seated as she had a reservation for Johnson. Once seated, she ordered them each a white wine. With the way these two looked, the waiter never even thought about asking for ID. "Why in the heck are we here to

eat, Jill? Seems like we could have picked a better place than this, it's so formal here," Jenny said.

"I thought it would be much quieter here and that way we could talk without having to scream over the loud music. You know, Jen, I'm actually starting to like this sister business. It's kind of nice and do you realize that we haven't been fighting now that we're both girls? Except for trying to get in the bathroom at the same time." She laughed.

Suddenly Jenny's eyes almost popped out of her head. It was all she could do to keep from swallowing her tongue, as she looked up and saw her dad walking right over to their table. He looked right at Jenny with what she recognized as the lustful stare she was getting used to seeing whenever a guy first looked at her. He bent down and gave Jill a big hug and a kiss. To Jenny's horror, he pulled out a chair and sat down between them.

"Where is Jeff? I thought that you both were going to join me," he said.

"Sorry Daddy, he couldn't make it so I asked my friend Jennifer here to come along with me. Jenny, this is my father, David Johnson. Daddy, Jennifer." She smiled from ear to ear. Jenny actually thought she was either going to pass out or throw up.

"Hello, Jennifer," Dad said, taking her small feminine hand in his and gently shaking it. "Very nice to meet you. My but you're a real beauty. Are you a model or actress or something?" Daddy asked, still holding her hand.

"No Daddy, Jennifer works at the law firm where Mom works and she's dating a really hot young lawyer named Bill Daily. It's starting to look like it might be serious. They are going to the CEO's cabin up



north all weekend with Mom and Mr. P. That's why Jeff couldn't make it. I mean he's getting everything ready to go," Jill smiled.

"So, how do you two know each other then, school or something like that?" He was directing the question at Jennifer. He hoped she didn't notice that he was shifting in his seat, trying to hide the growing erection in his pants.

"Well..." Jenny started but she couldn't find her voice and nothing came out.

Jill jumped in. "Oh Daddy, Jenny and I have known each other since birth. You've seen us together many times."

"You must have really changed a lot then, Jennifer, because I wouldn't forget someone as pretty as you are," he said.

Jenny's face was on fire and she was having trouble breathing. She felt like her skin was on fire too. "My God, my own Dad doesn't recognize me and he's actually flirting with me," she thought. It was a good thing that she wasn't aware of his arousal or she would have been mortified, as would her Dad as well.

The waitress came over and Dave ordered a soda and another white wine for the ladies. Jenny picked up her first one and downed it in two gulps. She looked across the table. "My God, he really doesn't know who I am!"

"Well, Jill honey, I'm getting married. That's why I wanted you and Jeff to come so I could tell you in person. I want you both to be in my wedding party. I know that I've not been around much for you but I want to make up for that and be able to share your lives before it's too late. The wedding is in a month

and leading up to then, I'd like the two of you to come visit anytime you'd like. This gives us all a chance to get reacquainted so to speak. What do you say, honey? Will you forgive your Dad for being a jerk and come to my wedding? I can't wait for you to meet the new love of my life, Trudy. She's a real peach," Dad told them, still sneaking peeks at Jenny while shifting in his seat.

"After all this time we're just supposed to act like nothing ever happened and that you didn't forget we were alive. Do you know how much we've both missed you and prayed that you'd call or come see us?"

"Sure you've sent some money to Mother to help out but that's not all we needed. We needed a father. I don't know, Daddy. We're going to have to think about it, and from the way you keep staring at Jennifer, do you want her to come too?" she added with a little mean stab at him.

"Look, I get it, I'm the one completely at fault. I'm so very sorry, honey, but I'm not the same person I was. I know that I cannot change the past but I truly do want to change the future. I want a second chance to be in my kids' lives. All I ask is one chance to be in your life to any degree that you'll let me. I've cried myself to sleep many nights since I stopped drinking, thinking of you and Jeff. I'm sorry your Mom and I didn't make it. I feel bad for her and hope that she's found happiness for herself. I don't know what more I can say right now," he told them sincerely.

"Don't worry about Mother, Daddy. She spent her time crying too but she has a great new life and it looks like she may be headed to the altar soon as well. She and John, who's a millionaire by the way, have been getting closer and closer these past many years. He really fancies her and us kids too. I must be

a sap but, yes, I think that I'd like a second chance too. Don't expect a miracle overnight though, Daddy. You'll pardon us if we want to take it slowly at first and see where this takes us?"

"Yes of course, honey, that's fine. I understand that I have to earn your trust back and I can't wait to start. I prayed that you'd give me this chance. Would it be OK with you if I bring Trudy in? She's out in the bar waiting for me. I'd love for you to meet her and I know that she wants to meet you," Dad said hopefully

"I...I guess so. Do you mind, Jennifer?" Jill asked Jenny. She was still shaking and trying hard not to let it show. Her heart was racing a mile a minute.

"Thanks," Dad said and got up and walked out of the dining room.

"Jill! Oh. My. God. How could you do this to me? I'm about to have a freaking heart attack. Haven't you paid me back enough already? He is going to kill me. I'm supposed to sit here and causally eat dinner with him and his girlfriend? My God, he keeps looking at me like a sex-starved old pervert. He's hardly taken his eyes off my boobs since he sat down," Jenny gasped.

"Relax, little sister, if he hasn't figured it out by now, I doubt that he ever will. I don't think that you'll be able to be his best man but maybe we can share being bridesmaids for his big day. Won't that be a hoot?" Jill said just as Dad and Trudy came in.

"Ladies, I'd like you to meet my future bride, Trudy Pane, Trudy, this is my daughter Jill and her very pretty friend Jennifer," Dad said and they all exchanged greetings and sat down. Dad ordered drinks around and coffee for himself. Jill noticed that

Jenny, now on her third white wine with no food, was getting relaxed and mellow.

They ordered their food and continued exchanging small talk. Jenny was even chipping in once in a while with a comment or two. They talked about the wedding and where it would take place. Trudy said she'd love to have Jill and Jeff be a part of it in any capacity that they were comfortable with. She begged them to visit as much as they could before the wedding so she could get to know them better.

The conversation was pleasant and Tracy finally told Jill, "Your Dad really did agonize for months about calling you and Jeff but he was afraid of your response after all this time. I've been dating your Dad for two years now and he spoke of you and Jeff almost daily. I kept on him until he followed through and he was like a kid on Christmas morning after talking with you and you agreed to meet with him the other day."

"So you knew from a day ago that this was a meeting with Dad," Jenny whispered softly into Jill's ear without thinking. She looked up and blushed, her eyes not completely focusing on any one thing. She looked at her Dad and then at Tracy. She decided that she liked her and she seemed good for Dad.

Tracy then commented as she looked at Jenny, "It's uncanny but you two look more like sisters than just friends. I think I see a lot of Jill in your eyes and facial features, Jennifer You're both very lovely young ladies," she said

"That's probably because we *are* related, Tracy. You see Jennifer here is really my brother Jeff. He's gone through a rather major change in his life over the past year," Jill said. Both Dad and Tracy started laughing thinking she was joking but they stopped

when Jenny turned scarlet, passed out from a panic attack and slumped to the floor.

When Jenny regained consciousness she was laying on a bed in the hotel office. She could hear Dad yelling with Jill about, "This can't be possible!" and "Who did this to him?"

She yelled right back saying that this is who Jeff was all along and that he was happy now. Then Jenny noticed that Trudy was holding a warm wet cloth over her head. As her eyes opened a little, Tracy said. "You're OK, honey, maybe just a little too much wine and excitement all at the same time. I'm really sorry if I caused you anxiety or hurt. I was only observing your very pretty face and wanted to tell you that I thought you were beautiful," she said

"Don't worry, your Dad will come around in time. I hope that you can understand what a big shock this was to him. He couldn't wait to see his son and then to be blind-sided like this... I think your sister planned this for revenge on him but you got caught in the crossfire. I know that your Dad was negligent about being there for you both. Jill's anger must have been really deep. He'll come around when he gets his head around all this. You'll see he loves you. You are just going to have to give him little time to adjust to the new you," she said wiping Jenny's brow with the cloth.

Tracy was thinking, "I'd heard about transsexuals and transgender but I never believed anyone could change from male to female and look enough like a woman to fool anyone up close. I never guessed she was once Jeff, I only noticed that she and Jill's eyes and facial features were quite similar, Oh brother, was I wrong. This child is as beautiful as any model I can think of."

Jill came back in just then. “How is she doing now?” she asked.

“I’m fine. Can we please just get out of here, Jill? I can’t take any more of this right now. You must really hate me to do this to me. I don’t know who you wanted to embarrass or hurt the most, me or him,” Jenny said.

“Don’t worry. Yeah, he was yelling but I’m not completely convinced that he believes you are...or were...Jeff yet. I believe that Dad thinks I’m playing a joke on him to get back at him? I think you’re going to have to pull down your panties and show him your penis before he’ll believe you.”

“That won’t be necessary, Jennifer. I’ll deal with your father. You’ve had to bear enough grief and humiliation for one evening. Whenever you’re ready to tell your father what happened and why, if you ever do, you can sit down and talk with him. I’ll make sure that he understands the delicacy of your situation and try and make him understand if he wants back in your life he’s going to have to deal with you just the way you are,” Tracy said.

Jenny couldn’t help herself; she sat up and gave Tracy a big bear hug. “Thank you, Tracy. I think that I’m going to like you...a lot. My Dad is lucky to have found you,” Jenny said.

Tracy smiled, then got up and went out to find David. When she found him at the bar, she took the untouched drink from his hand and dumped it out into a bowl soup on the counter. “Don’t you dare go back now if you want your kids back. I just told Jennifer that if you want to be back in their lives then you’re going to have to take them just as they are, which seems pretty damned good to me. Jill has been storing up that anger for many years and Jennifer seems

like the sweetest, most honest, young lady I've ever had the pleasure of meeting. She's real, David, and hurting too.

"She's dealing with a lot right now as Jill says she's just come out publicly in the past several weeks and she wasn't ready to show up and meet her Daddy for the first time this way. I know that you're upset but if you don't try, you'll be missing out on a very special person that I'd bet the farm on will bring joy into your otherwise lonely life. Don't blow this, David," Tracy told him.

David slowly walked back in the room and asked Jill to step out for a minute. When she did, he turned to Jenny and said. "Are you alright?"

"I will be. I guess we both got a pretty big surprise tonight. I'm sorry but I didn't have a clue that we were meeting you here tonight. I almost died when I saw you walk in the room. I wanted to run and hide but I couldn't make my feet move. I used to wonder about you all the time but I guess somewhere along the line I just stopped believing that you'd come back. Some way to get reintroduced to your own father," she laughed.

"I'm sorry, I can't believe that I sat there this whole night talking and looking at you and never once had the slightest clue that you were who you are. In my defense, if there is one, I only knew you as Jeff. I never knew that this other person even existed. If I hadn't been such a poor excuse for a father, I would have been around more and maybe I'd have known what was what. Look at you, you're not a guy trying to look a little like a woman. You really are a woman, down to the tiniest details. I don't think anyone would have been able to tell, even the slightest. Jenny, I'm still shocked, every minute detail about you is feminine."

He didn't mention his guilt over the erection he had re-gotten when he walked back in to talk to her. He was struggling with his feelings. On the one hand, she was a very attractive young woman. On the other hand, she was his *son*. The situation was very awkward, to say the least.

"If you *had* been around more, I probably wouldn't be the girl you see before you right now. This was not my idea to start with. It was a punishment to keep me off the street and away from the gang I'd fallen in with. It just got out of hand and snowballed into what you see today," Jenny said as she unconsciously flicked her hair away from her eyes, a very feminine gesture that David did not miss.

"What's this about a boyfriend? Is that for real or was that part of the shock treatment too?" Dad asked.

"To tell the truth, Dad, it's up in the air. Bill is really a great guy and it's not like I can just snap my fingers and look like a guy again. I believe that I'm kind of stuck the way I am now. What you see here is the real thing," she said, pointing at her breasts. David's eyes followed her gesture but he quickly looked away out of embarrassment.

"So the chances of me getting a serious girlfriend are pretty slim. If I don't want to spend my whole life alone, I guess I'm going to have to realize that I'm a woman now, even if not completely so. I'm going to have to adapt to survive and be someone's woman. Bill knows all about me and wants me just the way I am. The fact that he is from a very well-to-do family doesn't hurt either. I think what he wants is a pretty, sexy, trophy wife to have on his arm at social events. I guess I kind of fit that bill now," Jenny told him honestly

“I will know more after this weekend as we are going up to John Peterson’s so-called cabin with Mom and John. I don’t have a clue what to expect. Do you want to know something funny? I’ve never really been on a real date before and I’m going away for the whole weekend. I’ve got mixed emotions about everything in my life right now. Daddy, can I hug you?” she said with tears in her beautiful eyes.

Dave didn’t say anything but looking at this beautiful young woman (his former son) crying, he melted and opened his arms. She rushed into them and hugged him for all she was worth.

“Oh God, I’ve missed you Daddy. I’ve laid in bed dreaming about doing this.” She raised her head and kissed him on the cheek.

Dave was a complete basket case. His mind struggled to separate what his eyes were seeing and his brain knew to be right. He was holding the most beautiful girl he’d ever been this close to but she was his *son*! His “big head” and his “little head” were at complete odds at the moment. What did that say about him? How could he possibly be sexually aroused by his own son? Those breasts pressing against him, however, argued in favor of it.

Outside, Trudy had been talking with Jill. She told her that she understood her anger but what she did here tonight was a little harsh to both her Dad and her former brother. She told Jill that she truly hoped that she would give her father the chance to make amends and that she hoped to be a friend too. She told her that she knew that Jill and Jennifer didn’t need another mother but she’d like to be a friend, someone that she could count on when needed.

Jill saw the sincerity in Trudy’s kind eyes and admitted that her actions were purely out of built-up

anger at her father. She thanked Trudy for being so kind and taking care of him and getting him to face up and make this effort to reconcile. Finally with tears in her eyes, she said she would try to meet them half-way.

There were hugs and more tears and they all parted on a happy note. Trudy promised to keep them up to date on the wedding plans, gave them her cell phone address and an open invitation for any time they wanted to drop in on them.

The ride home was cool and quiet. Although Jenny's emotions had calmed down some and she was happy to have seen her Dad, she was really pissed at the way Jill planned this with the intention of humiliating and embarrassing her. "Was I really that bad of a person that you did this to me tonight, Jill?" she asked

"No. I really got carried away and I'm sorry. We've been trying to one-up each other most of our lives. This was mostly about my anger with Dad and trying to hurt him back and I used you to do that. I'm really sorry. Maybe it's time we made a pack to be friends instead of enemies. You know that deep down I love you, right? Can you forgive me?" Jill asked.

"Yes, it's done. I'm happy to see Dad again and I like Tracy, she's really good for him. But what are we going to tell Mom? She's not going to believe this!" Jen said.

Mom couldn't believe her ears when she heard the story. She knew something the girls didn't yet. That being that she and John had been dating for a year or so now and she suspected he was going to propose to her this weekend. So this news about their Dad wasn't that upsetting to her and she was even happy for the girls. She didn't mean too but she laughed when

she heard about Dave almost shitting his pants when he found out who he'd been dining with all evening. She imagined that he might have been turned-on a little bit by his former son and laughed to herself at the guilt she imagined he felt when he found out who Jennifer was. There was still a little hurt inside Jan so a little hurt and shock to Dave was just fine with her.

The next morning was there before they knew it. Jenny was up and through her normal paces; morning toilet, shower, hair and makeup, dressing and down to coffee. She was too nervous to eat this morning, worrying about what this weekend was going to bring. Both she and Mom had packed the night before and were all ready when Bill knocked on the door to pick them up.

“Good morning, ladies,” he said, then walked to Jenny, put both hands on her hips, drew her to him and kissed her softly on the lips. “You look amazing again this morning. I have no idea how you ladies do it. It’s all I can do to shower and shave in time to get to work,” he said. Jenny felt a slight stirring in her panties. Was that a good or a bad thing? she wondered.

“Easy. I get up around 3:00 AM and start plastering on the mud and makeup. You’ve never seen the real me without it,” she smiled

“I doubt that that’s true even a little bit but I appreciate your efforts and the dedication it takes to do whatever it is you do. The results are a true work of art.” He kissed her on the nose. The thing in her panties stirred again.

Bill loaded the bags into the big Cadillac Escalade and drove both Jenny and Jan into work. They were barely in the office enough to get to work on anything

when John called them all together and said, “Time to go! I’m the boss and I’m giving everyone a long weekend. Clear your desks, shut down your computers and let’s get started.”

THE WEEKEND

Bill drove with Jenny next to him and John and Jan sat behind. Jenny still hadn’t gotten used to the deep comfy leather seats of the big Cadillac. She associated this with the lifestyle of the rich and famous and marveled at how differently they lived from the common world. They stopped after about an hour at a nice restaurant that John said he usually ate at on his way to the cabin. The lunch was good and they talked about everything except work. John said work stopped when the stepped out of the elevator, got into the car, and drove away.

“This is going to be a fun relaxing weekend for all. The weather has turned. It’s going to be nice and warm and sunny all weekend. We’ve all earned this time to relax and have a little R & R,” John said.

Jenny thought it very strange the way the two men seemed to just change before her very eyes the closer they got to the cabin. Gone were the straight-laced professional demeanors of the Men of Law, replaced by a couple of regular Joes off the street. It was amazing that they could unwind that quickly. She found herself relaxing more because of them.

She kicked off her shoes leaned back, put her bare feet on the dashboard, shook her head and smiled. She looked down at her red toenails and matching fingernails and thought, “What a crazy world this is. I’m a good example of how anything is possible in this mad, mad world we live in. Who would ever believe me if I didn’t pull my shorts and panties down and

show the world what's hidden in them?" she wondered.

Bill looked over and took her left hand in his right and asked, "You look like something must have tickled you. What were you thinking about over there?"

"Oh nothing, just about the irony of my whirlwind life," she smiled.

"Oh? Like what?" he pressed.

She leaned over close and asked, "Can you keep a secret?" When he nodded yes, she continued. "I was looking down at my brightly painted red toes and thinking what a bizarre world I live in. Three months ago I might have been out with the gang trying to steal a Cadillac. Now I'm being escorted in one like a princess or something. Also three months ago if you'd have told me that I'd be dressed and made-up as I am right now. I'd have hit you over the head with a bat. Now, just look at me!

"To top it all off. I've never really been on a real date with a girl. Now I'm headed to heaven-only-knows-where with a man to spend the whole weekend in a cabin dressed like some sexy girlfriend. Not very long ago, if I had seen a girl that looked like me on the street, I'd have been thinking about taking her to a cabin and having sex with her. Now I'm the girl that I would've wanted to sleep with.

"Strangest of all is I don't know if it's the pills they have me on or what but I'm beginning to feel the part and look forward to being up here with you. It's a little weird that you say that you want me to look sexy and feminine but you don't want me to remove my little secret and become a full woman. Can you see this from my side of the fence? I might need years of therapy the way things are going now," Jenny told Dave.

“I think that you are doing just fine and things are going to work out better than you think, you’ll see. Just be yourself and relax and I think you are going to really enjoy this weekend. No work, no pressure to do anything but enjoy the outdoors and the beautiful setting we’re going to be in. I’m hoping that this weekend will give us the chance to finally get to know each other much better and for you to find out the rumors aren’t true. I’m not a wolf,” he laughed.

“Plus I’m pretty good on the grill. I cook a pretty mean steak, we’ve got the lake, a pool, an outdoor Jacuzzi, we can play pool, listen to music, and John has a tennis court, a nice speedboat. What did you used to like to do, Jen, before you became a working woman?” he asked.

“Well, let’s see. I can eat steak, I can swim, or sit in the outdoor bath, I can ride in a boat, I like music, I have been known to handle a pool stick and hold my own but you’ve lost me on the tennis business, I don’t know one end of the racket from the other. Playing tennis at the club on a Sunday afternoon wasn’t big with my gang,” she said, smiling. “We didn’t have the cute little outfits to wear for playing tennis. Also, I think my pals would have killed me if I showed up in a skirt.”

“There’s that sense of humor and wit that I’m really starting to love. You really are one very funny woman, another quality of yours besides being beautiful. Jan tells me that you have actually become a pretty darn good cook these past months. I’m looking forward to finding that out for myself soon. So there’s no chance of getting bored this weekend, and there’ll be no one to bother us; John’s so-called cabin is pretty isolated and private,” Dave said and squeezed her hand. Her panties shifted a bit and her nipples hardened just a little at his touch.

Soon they were stopping and Bill got out and undid the lock on a huge metal gate. He swung the gate open, got back in the car, pulled up, then got out and locked the gate again. It seemed like they drove a city block before pulling up the huge circular drive in front of a log cabin that looked as big as the office back in the city.

“WOW,” Jenny said.

Her Mom said, “What do you think, Jen? Isn’t it absolutely beautiful? Wait until you see the view over the balcony onto the lake. And you won’t believe the pool and Jacuzzi on the deck.”

Bill parked, came round and opened the back door for Mom, then Jen’s door. He began pulling luggage from the back of the big SUV and hauling it up the steps to the front door. Just as John was about to open the door, it swung open. Carla, John’s caretaker, greeted them and kind of startled Jenny as she didn’t realize there would be a housekeeper on staff year round.

Carla gave Bill a big hug, then greeted John. “Good afternoon, Mr. P. Good to see you again, Janet. This must be your beautiful daughter Jennifer that ya’ll keep telling me about. It’s nice to finally meet you, Miss Jennifer Make yourself at home and you can call me Carla. Don’t hesitate to ask for anything you want, honey,” she said.

Bill took Jenny by the hand and pulled her along, anxious to show her around the place. They went to the back of the huge living room and Jen could see that the entire back wall facing the lake was all glass. Bill pushed open the two big French doors and pulled her onto the big deck. The view was indescribable. There were three steps down to another deck which

held the big walk-in Jacuzzi. Beyond that steps lead down to the lake.

The lawn and grounds between the deck and the lake were spectacularly kept. It looked like a picture out of National Geographic, it was so clear and bright and manicured. He pulled her back in and they went from room to room. Downstairs were showers and a sauna/steam room, a game room with pool table, shuffle board, several old pinball machines and a big old jukebox.

They went back up and walked to the other side of the house where he showed her the big indoor swimming pool. "Come on, let's change and take a dip before it's time to start dinner," Bill said still holding her hand and starting back up the stairs.

This is where Jenny began to panic and be alarmed; for the first time since arriving she started to realize that Bill might be planning on them being together. When she asked which room she'd be staying in, Bill said, "Mom and John are in his master bedroom and you and I are in this one."

He opened the door to a big bedroom with a king-size bed and two night stands with lamps on either side. Across the room were a big dresser and a dressing table with lighted mirror and matching stool. There was also an attached bathroom on one side with the biggest shower she'd ever seen. It had at least eight shower heads.

"Pardon me, did you say that you and I are in the same bedroom? Does my mother know this? I thought you said we were going to take it slow, Bill?" Jenny said nervously. She began to tighten up with thoughts of a sexual encounter that she didn't think she could endure. She had no experience in that area.

“Yeah, sorry if you’re not comfortable with that. John’s daughter Kelly and her friend Ken may be coming and they need the other room. You don’t have to be afraid or worry, I would never do anything to make you uncomfortable. As you can see, it’s a very big bed with room for several people so the two of us can share it without having to do anything you don’t want to do. I’ll change in the bathroom and you can change out here. I’ll call out before I come back in if that makes you feel better,” Bill offered.

“Yes, thank you, it would,” she said and lifted her suitcase up onto the giant bed. She went through everything, looking for the bathing suit she knew she put in there last night while packing. It was not to be found anywhere. Somebody (Jill, that rat!) had replaced it with two different little two-piece bikini-style suits. “Oh my God, I can’t wear these. There’s nothing to them at all,” she said. She stood holding them and looking defeated.

Then the bathroom door opened just a crack. “Jen, are you ready, honey?” Bill called out.

“I can’t go, Bill. Jill must have been trying to be funny. She took my bathing suits out of my suitcase and replaced them with a...handkerchief, I think,” she said, holding up the three tiny pieces of cloth.

“Come Jenny, we are miles from anyone that could see you. It’s just us and we all love you and don’t care if you swim au naturel. This is the time for you to gain confidence in yourself and your appearance so that you won’t feel funny back home in front of other people that aren’t family. Come on. I’ll help you if you’d like. I’ll turn my back and won’t peek until you tell me to help tie off your strings,” Bill told the still frightened youth.



She stood there for the longest time, feeling embarrassed and trapped.

“Come on, Jen, or I’m going to throw you in the pool the way you are. Getting wet in those clothes, I’ll see the same things as I would in the bikini,” he warned.

“OK but turn around. If you peek, I’m going to hit you with a lamp. As a matter of fact go back in the bathroom while I change, I can dress myself,” she said.

Quickly she got out of her good clothes and pulled the little piece of cloth bottom up one side and tied the string. With her balls having been tucked up inside her body cavity for so long she’d almost forgotten that she had them anymore. Her penis was used to being pushed back between her legs and it now only took a small piece of tape to hold it there. She pulled the bikini bottom up tight in her crack and tied the left side. The suit, having a thong-type bottom, found its way into the valley of her new shapely behind. She picked up the two tiny triangles with strings attached and tied the top behind her neck, then tried to position the two little pieces of material over her increasingly developing breasts.

Try as she might it was just too difficult to tie the strings behind her back. Her arms became tired and ached from the repeated attempts which she had no experience with. Finally after she was about to cry (stupid emotions were another pain to her new life), she called Bill. “Alright, I give up. I need your help”

Bill came out and got behind her. He took the strings, one in each hand, moved closer, leaned his head over her shoulder and kissed her on the neck several times. Then softly and playfully he bit her ear and whispered, “Ask me nice now, honey.” It sent

shivers up her spine and she shrugged her shoulder and jumped.

With Bill still holding the back strings, the top strings pulled loose. The whole top came off and remained in his hands.

Jenny screamed and covered herself with her hands. “Jen, calm down, its OK. Here, turn around and let me help. I’m sorry I was just kidding around.”

Red as a lobster, she turned her back to him again. Bill tied the top of the bikini for her and she adjusted the triangular piece of material which in her mind didn’t really hide that much. She quickly grabbed the little terrycloth pool jacket and pulled it on. Bill said, “Come now, this isn’t that bad, is it?”

“I don’t know. Would you like to trade places with me and you wear this and I’ll wear your trunks?” she said. As soon as the words left her mouth she knew she screwed up; that would leave her topless.

“As a matter of fact, I think that would be great,” Bill replied. Jenny took off running with Bill right behind and he caught her just at the edge of the pool.

He turned her to face him, bent down and gave her a tender and lingering kiss on the lips. She tried to pull back but his strong arms held her close. She stopped fighting it, put her arms around his neck for balance and kissed him back. “That’s much better,” he said, kissing her several more times. “Let’s get in.”

The water was warm and relaxing in the mild breeze and bright sunlight. They each swam the length of the pool, then Bill showed her how you could actually swim from the outside pool to the indoor pool through a passage under the glass wall. Bill got a lounge float for her to get on and just drift

around under the warm sun and relax. This whole experience and this amazing place continued to blow her mind. She couldn't get over how Bill fawned over her and waited on her. He didn't let up as, after a while, he brought her out a nice little cocktail with a cherry and an umbrella in it. She sipped it slowly; it tasted yummy and quenched her dry mouth.

After about an hour and two of these drinks she was feeling a lot more at ease. Bill helped her from the float onto the deck. They sat down on the lounge with her back to him sitting between his legs. He rubbed lotion all over her shoulders and back and massaged it in thoroughly. This almost put Jenny into a coma, it felt so good. Once again her mind was spinning. She couldn't help but compare what her life was now compared to just six months ago. It was getting harder and harder to deny to herself that she much preferred this new version of her life.

Suddenly she became aware of the fact that Bill's hands were now cupping and massaging her breasts with the lotion under the bikini top. She felt his breath in her ear and his lips nibbled lightly on them. Her first thought was to pull away and run but the combination of the drinks and the feelings coursing through her body caused her to remain where she was. Bill continued to manipulate her breasts and nipples; the feelings were amazing, very sensual and stimulating. Just when she began to feel the beginning of a mind-blowing orgasm, he pulled away, stood up and said, "Let's go in and see what Carla's got for dinner, shall we?" He helped her to her feet, purposely leaving her wanting more of that pleasurable feeling.

Jen followed him in, still longing for him to come back and finish her orgasm. She was in a fog and didn't even think about not having the robe on. Once in the kitchen the aroma of fried chicken filled the air

and she began to realize that she was actually very hungry. Carla told them it would be ready in about 20 minutes.

Jenny hurried to her room and took a quick shower in that amazing shower. It felt like hot water was raining down on her from every direction. She hurried, then dried and applied body lotion and powder before dressing nicely in fancy lingerie (since that's all Jill put in her suitcase in place of the everyday lingerie she wore to work), followed by a nice dress with short flared skirt. She dried her hair, brushed the long curls out and applied her makeup with now skilled hands. Once again she looked her amazing best. She put on some long dangle earrings, a matching necklace, and several bangles on her wrists. She spritzed on some perfume, looked into the mirror and marveled at the woman looking back. Smoky sensual eyelids, dark lashes, dark eyeliner and cherry red lips that shined.

Just then Carla's voice interrupted her thoughts as it came over the intercom system throughout the house. "Dinner is being served."

Bill was waiting on her as she came out of the private bathroom and gave an approving whistle. "You look gorgeous as usual, my dear. You're a beautiful woman. Thank you for being here with me this weekend. You've made the trip worth coming here for," he said, adding, "Shall we dine?" He stuck his arm out for her and they walked into the dining room. Bill held a chair out for her and pushed it in under her.

It dawned on Jenny that this was the first time she'd seen her Mom and John since they'd arrived that afternoon. "Where have you two been, Mother? We haven't seen you since we got here," Jen said

“Oh we’ve been around, don’t worry about us. We’ve been relaxing and enjoying ourselves while you two have been swimming and enjoying each other’s company. John and I like to walk down the path along the lake and back, then through the flower garden. Isn’t this the most wonderful place you’ve ever been, Jenny? No sound but the birds and nature. No traffic or trains or anything but the wind in the trees. I think this might just be paradise,” Jan said.

Turns out that Carla was a terrific chef and put on a real feast for them. The food was every bit as good as the restaurants that Bill had been taking Jenny to over the past several months back home. Carla’s homemade peach pie with ice cream topped of the meal.

Jenny offered to help with the cleanup and Carla gave her the business. “Woman, you trying to take poor Carla’s job or something? You’re the guest. That’s what Mr. P. pays me so handsomely for, to take care of you all. You just go and let that handsome man of yours entertain and romance you this whole weekend. Be a good night to sit out under the moon and maybe make a little whoopie. Sure don’t want to let this beautiful night go to waste,” Carla said, smiling

“John, if you and Janet don’t mind, I’d like to take Jenny and ride into town for a while tonight. They still have that bar that has dances on Friday and Saturday nights. That will give you the place to yourself for a while. We’ll be back before midnight,” Bill said, then told Jen to grab a sweater for later on.

It only took about 25 minutes to get back to the bar Bill was talking about in Tomkinsville. The place was busy as usual, being the only place that had dancing in the area. They were able to find a table and Bill ordered a beer for himself and asked Jenny if she

wanted beer or a margarita or something. She order a beer on tap and Bill grabbed her hand and pulled out on the dance floor. The little band mixed up the music from rock and roll to line dancing to some slow cuddle-up stuff and Jenny did quite well in her 3-inch heels for a beginner.

Around 11:00, after three and a half hours of dancing and maybe 4 or 5 beers, Jenny was starting to feel the pain in her feet and ankles. "Bill, I don't think my feet are going to take much more. I can't believe that I didn't think to bring some flats to wear," she said

"OK honey, one last slow dance and we'll go. I've got to tell you, Jenny honey, I love watching you walk and dance in those heels, so get used to it. You have some very sexy legs. I don't know if you noticed or not but just about every guy in here tonight has been looking at that sexy body of yours and wishing he was me," Bill told her.

Bill took her hand, led her back onto the floor, pulled her in close and held her firmly against himself. She'd gotten better with each dance at following his lead as he steered her around the big dance floor. Bill was about one full head taller than Jenny but with the 3-inch heels, the top of her head came up to his chin. She was feeling quite relaxed by this time and they looked so right for each other gliding around, hips swaying, bodies moving as one.

Bill asked, "Have you enjoyed tonight, Jenny?"

"Yes, I really did, Bill. I was scarred shitless when you announced rather than asked that this is what we were going to do tonight. But after we got here and got going, it was really fun, with the exception of a few drunk guys asking me to dance," she said.

“Well honey, something else you’re going to have to get used to being a beautiful and sexy woman is guys looking at you, taking a stab and getting turned down by you. It comes with the territory but you handled it well and are the wiser for the experience. Don’t worry, though, I wouldn’t let anyone take you away from me. You’re my woman...exclusively.”

When she looked up, he bent down to meet her lips and they kissed and kissed. She sucked his tongue in as both her arms were around his neck and she held him tight as she felt a little stirring in her thong.

The ride home was slow and relaxing as both had had several drinks. Suddenly Jenny started thinking about the sleeping arrangements and got nervous. She didn’t pull away as she’d been snuggled under Bill’s arm as he drove. He sensed something as she began to worry and he just held her and rubbed her arm.

Everything was quiet when they returned; they assumed that Mom and John were sleeping so they went to their room. Jenny looked all through her suitcase for sleepwear and could only find sexy baby doll PJ’s and an even more sexy long see-through night gown.

“Bill, could I wear one of your T-shirts to sleep in for tonight? My dear sister replaced anything modest to wear in my suitcase with very revealing and sexy things. I’m just not comfortable wearing these things yet,” Jenny asked.

“Sure honey. Here, I have a brand new one that’s never been worn yet.” He opened a drawer and handed her a clean T-shirt. Jenny went into the bathroom, changed into just her panties and the T-shirt. Then she removed her makeup, brushed her perfect white teeth and slowly walked out into the



bedroom. Bill was laying there waiting. "Relax honey, remember I told you that you don't have to do anything that you don't want to."

She walked around and got in her side of the bed. It felt like someone must have turned the air conditioner up as high as it would go. Jen pulled the covers up but couldn't stop shivering. Bill just watched for a while, then he slid across the big bed and began to spoon with Jenny. He wrapped his arm around her and held her tight to his warm body. Eventually she stopped shivering and felt warm and safe in his arms.

"Thank you," she said and kissed his hand that was wrapped around her. Bill kissed her neck and shoulders, then slipped his hand softly onto her breast, causing her to take a deep breath. Bill began massaging it slow and easy. He could hear her breathing pick up after a while and doubled his efforts. Finally he rolled her on her side so she was facing him and kissed her lips and neck. Then he slowly lifted the T-shirt and began licking her breast. He raised her arm and licked from her armpit to the side of her breast, driving her more and more towards the orgasm that she so desperately wanted earlier that day.

She reached out her hand and rubbed it affectionately over his broad shoulders, neck and the back of his head. Then she felt his hand on her thigh, teasing her with his fingertips as he worked his way up and under her panties. She gasped and began to panic as he pulled the panties down and unfolded her little man from its hiding place. She froze, not knowing what he was going to do and ashamed that she was now so small down there.

Then it happened, Bill lowered his lips to her former manhood and took it in his mouth, getting it good and wet and feeling it grow in his mouth, (well,

as much as it could now). He worked it up and down, using all the oral techniques he knew. It had been a while since he'd been able to express his love in this way with another person that he was comfortable with. Jenny was the rewarded recipient of a lot of stored up sexual tension and lovemaking.

Bill continued his oral assault on her little penis. At the same time he reached up and massaged her breasts, stimulating her beyond anything she'd ever experienced. Lost in this state of euphoria, she was suddenly aware of a completely different feeling as she realized that Bill was running the finger of his other hand around the rim of her backside. It felt like he had something slippery on his finger. All of a sudden he pushed his finger slowly and steadily in her ass. She almost jumped out of her skin.

Bill continued to suck and lick her penis, his left hand teased her nipple and breast, then, slowly, he began to move his right hand in and out of her bottom. This happened for about two minutes tops, then she just exploded in the most mind-blowing orgasm of her young life. It took several minutes for her to catch her breath and then she felt embarrassed. She wasn't simple-minded enough to think that he wouldn't want her to return the favor to him but she didn't know how or where to start.

"Don't feel like you owe me or have to do anything back right now, honey. I'm sorry if I creped you out there. I just got carried away and wanted to show you how I feel about you," Bill said.

"I...I...really want to return your affection and love but...I don't know what to do. I've never done anything remotely like this with anyone, girl or guy? But I want to try...I think?" she said meekly.

“Remember, you don’t have to and you can stop anytime you want,” Bill said and took her hand and put it on his member. She felt it and thought how strange it was to hold another man’s penis. She began to move her hand around and up and down. As Bill got more and more turned-on, he put his hand on the back of her head and applied light pressure, guiding her head down onto his groin. She kissed him on the head and tasted the little drop of pre-cum.

“Not too bad a taste,” she thought, then little-by-little she took him in until she became lost in the moment. Nature took its course and Jennifer/Jeff gave his first blowjob of her life. It ended with a surprising jet of cum blasting the roof of her mouth and making her swallow to catch her breath.

Bill immediately pulled her up to him and kissed her long and passionately. He licked her lips and chin and held her tight. Exhausted, they fell back onto the bed and laid there with Bill putting his arm around her, then pulling the sheet and cover up over them. He drifted off quickly into a sound sleep with the biggest smile on his face he’d had in a long time. Jenny, not so much.

She lay there, thinking, “What have I done? I’ve started something here I can never take back. I’m gay now. That act I just performed makes me gay, or does it? I’m so confused. I mean I’m living as a woman, so being with a guy then should be natural but I’m not really a full woman, am I?” These thoughts all ran over and over in her mind until sometime in the early morning she finally drifted off to sleep.

With the sun streaming through the big window, Bill lay there on his elbow, just watching Jenny sleeping. He loved the way she looked; even without makeup she was very beautiful to him. Her long hair lay peacefully across her shoulder. He finally slid

over close, put his arm around her, and kissed her neck. As she began to wake up, she realized he was cupping her breast in his hand.

Slowly, memories of the night before began to flood back into her mind. She was filled with mixed emotions as she was afraid of facing him after that total release of stored up sexual tension that was finally turned loose between them. At the same time she was afraid to admit to herself just how much she'd liked it. After all, she could not say that she was forced. He told her straight out that she didn't have to do anything that she didn't want to.

"Good morning," Bill said, kissing her neck. "Ready for breakfast? I'm starving," he said, kissing her again.

"Yeah, me too but if you keep that up, it's going to be hard to get out of bed and go into the kitchen and fix any breakfast," Jenny said.

"Ah, but that's the beauty of coming up here, Miss Johnson. You don't have to lift a finger, that's Clara's job. You are just here to enjoy yourself and be pampered," Bill told her.

"And I want to be the one doing the pampering. I wish I could tell you how much joy knowing you and being with you has brought me, Jenny. I know that you were kind of shanghaied up here against your will but I hope that someday you'll be glad that you were here with me," he told her and kissed her softly on the lips.

"As you found out, I'm very inexperienced in intimate relations with girls or boys. You caused me to experience some feelings that I didn't know were possible last night. I'd be lying if I didn't say that what you made me feel wasn't the most amazing thing I've

ever felt. I'm just sorry that I didn't know how to return the feeling to you," she said shyly.

"Hey, don't you worry. I loved every minute we spent together and you were just fine. You are everything I ever wanted and more. You are just perfect just the way you are. You're absolutely beautiful in every way plus you have that certain something extra that most woman do not possess. I can't speak for you but the time we've spent together so far shows me that we have many of the same interests in life and I really like just being in your company. You're smart and witty and a good conversationalist. I think that these are all things that we can build on. Don't you agree?"

"Yes I do but it's just that everything in my world right now is just so bizarre. I've not only changed who I am but I've changed from a man to an almost total replica of a woman. I used to be called names and made fun of. Now I'm trying to get used to compliments and admiring eyes all the time. It's kind of freaking me out, to tell the truth. I never got this kind of attention before all of this happened to me,"

"Well get used to it, honey, because guys are going to be opening doors, pulling out chairs for you and you'll be turning heads when you walk into a room from now on. How you look and the way you dress are just part of the package," he said and kissed her again. "Come on, put on a robe and let's go eat. I smell Carla's cookin' and my stomach is calling out for some food right now."

Jenny got up, pulled on her robe by the side of the bed and went into the adjoining bathroom that was as big as her whole bedroom back home. She performed her morning toilet, washed her face and put on a little makeup, brushed her hair down some, then joined Bill who was patiently waiting for her.

Hand-in-hand they walked down to the kitchen where, just as Bill had suggested, Carla had breakfast ready to put on the table. John and Mom were sitting in the dining room having coffee and talking when they entered.

“Good morning you two, did you sleep well? I hope that you’ve found the accommodations to your satisfaction, Jennifer. I’m sure that Bill has told you that if there’s anything that you need or want, just ask. Clara knows where everything is around here and she’s always happy to help out,” John offered

“Yes. Thank you so much, Mr. Peterson. This place is so amazing that I can’t imagine needing anything else. It was very kind of you to invite us up here to your beautiful home on the lake. Bill has given me the tour, and it’s like a fantasy being here,” Jenny told him.

“Jenny, under the circumstances, I think that from now on you can call me John or even Dad if you’re comfortable with that,” John said.

Jenny looked at him funny, then looked over at Mom who was smiling for all she was worth and held up her hand. Jenny saw the huge diamond engagement ring on her finger. “Yes honey, its true. John has asked me to marry him and I’ve accepted. Can you believe it?” Mom said, waving her ring finger around.

Jenny tried not to act too shocked; she got back up, walked over, and gave Mom a nice hug and a kiss. “Congratulations to you both. I’m really happy for you.” She then went over and stood on her toes to reach up and give John a big hug too. Then went back to her Mom. “I really am happy for you, Mom,” she whispered.

Mom hugged her back and whispered in her ear, “You look a little frazzled. How did it go last night? Are you alright, baby?”

“Yes, I’m fine, Mother, everything is alright and I’m enjoying the weekend a lot. It kind of makes you feel like a princess staying in a place like this and being waited on and pampered at every move. A girl could get spoiled here in a hurry,” Jen said.

Breakfast was simply fantastic as Carla provided an array of wonderful dishes. There was no way you could go away hungry in this house. They finished eating and Jenny returned to that unbelievable bathroom and its marvelous shower. She slipped into the shower and stood, feeling the hot water spray down on her body, relieving the soreness from her prolonged contact with Bill most of the night and early morning hours.

Suddenly she felt a hand slip around her. She jumped and almost fell down. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to startle you, Jen. Are you alright?” John asked.

Jenny was embarrassed to have him see her naked in the light of day. She tried to cover her breasts with one hand and her small penis with the other.

“Jenny honey, there’s absolutely no reason to feel embarrassed. Nobody will come in here. It’s just you and I and you don’t look any different now than you did last night when we explored every inch of each other’s bodies. Believe me, I like what I see in you. Everything about you turns me on more than you know. I keep trying to remember that you are still getting comfortable being yourself. I mean the new you! I know that must be strange living one way for all of your life and then you wake up one morning and

presto! You're still you but now you're in another body of the opposite sex.

"I can't begin to know how that feels or if you're happy in the new body. All I can say is that I've loved you from the first moment I saw you and I'll be as patient as I need to be for you to feel good about being with me. You just tell me if I'm coming on too strong. You say stop and I'll stop instantly," Bill told her.

"Sorry. It's just that I didn't hear you coming in. You're right, I'm still feeling awkward about my body. I'm still getting used to having these" (she cupped her breasts in her hands) "and I do feel completely different about my whole body. Maybe I'm crazy for telling you this again but last night... Oh. My. God. You made me feel things I didn't know people could feel. And the really embarrassing thing is...I want to do those things again," She told him and turned to face him, raising her arms up around his neck. Their naked slippery bodies rubbed against one another with the hot water of the shower heads flowing down around their bodies. She stood on tip toes, looked up into Bill's eyes, and saw in them the kindness and gentleness of his soul.

She pulled herself up and their lips met. Bill lifted her up and she locked her legs around his hips and the kissing went on and on. Finally Jenny slid down his body and onto her knees. She kissed and licked his already hard member, then slowly took him into her mouth and continued pleasing him until his whole body shook. He deposited his entire load into her mouth and she swallowed as fast as she could to keep up. She continued to lick and suck until she could see that his legs were becoming weak and were shaking. He slowly slumped to the floor and kissed her.

After Bill recovered a bit, he looked at her and asked, “What made you do that for me?”

“It just came over me? I don’t know exactly. I just got the overwhelming desire to want to please you and return the kindness and affection that you’ve shown me. I think that I liked doing it, too,” Jenny answered honestly.

They spent the remainder of the day doing things that Jenny had never even thought of doing in her past life, mostly because her family didn’t have the wherewithal. Bill took her boating and actually got her up on water skies; they swam and laid in the sun around the amazing indoor- outdoor pool. They enjoyed tropical cocktails and Carla brought out a lunch that a king would envy.

In the afternoon, Bill had a big surprise. He had her change into jeans and a sweat shirt and they went to the big barn where John kept several four-wheelers on hand. They were just like brand new and were pretty big for her small frame. Bill gave her a helmet and some gloves, then took about a half-hour teaching Jenny how to ride. Then they hit the trails. There were miles of trails on the property John owned and they rode and rode. Eventually Bill could see that she was getting tired and they called it a day and headed in to wash up for dinner. Jenny was exhausted but she laughed and talked all the way back to the house.

“That was the most fun I’ve had in a very long time. Thank you so much for this amazing weekend, Bill. This may be old hat to you but I had a ball and I’ll remember this for a long time,” Jenny said, then raised up on her toes, put her arms around his neck and gave him a very sensual thank you kiss. They looked into each other’s faces and started to laugh as they both looked like raccoons where the goggles had cov-

ered their eyes, leaving big white circles on dirty faces.

After showering and being unable to keep their hands off of each other, they both had fantastic orgasms, then dried and dressed for another wonderful dinner, followed by a walk down by the lake, this time with John and Mom. The evening was warm and the moon lit up the whole lake like a post card. They sat out on the dock and visited for a while , then John and Mom called it a night and went inside.

Being their last night here, Bill brought out some blankets and a couple of pillows and spread them out on the big dock. Before long they were cuddled in and rolling around naked under the covers, kissing and making love as if this was the last night on earth. Jenny finally had to beg for rest as she was really getting sore. Bill, the consummate gentleman, put his arm around her and held her close. They fell asleep that way covered up under the moon light in only their birthday suits. However Jenny had never felt safer or more content.

Morning came and found them in the same position. She woke first and decided to wake Bill in a special way to pay him back. She slowly kissed her way down and began licking Little Bill awake before sliding him into her warm wet mouth and bringing him to full attention. Bill began to moan and she continued in this manner until he had a huge orgasm. She left nothing to clean up.

They picked up the blankets and clothes that were scattered around and walked back up to the house. After showering and getting dressed, Jenny did her makeup and hair and met Bill. Then they went down to their final breakfast of the weekend. Mom and John were already at the table.

“This whole weekend has been like a dream. It’s going to be hard to go back to my ordinary life back in the city after all of you spoiling me these past days. I can’t thank you enough for your hospitality, John,” Jenny told him.

“You are very welcome. I’m glad that you’ve enjoyed yourself, honey. You’ve earned a nice weekend with all the hard work you’ve been doing at the office. I want you to know that you’re welcome here anytime you want. You’re part of the family now that your mother and I are going to be married,” John told them.

They spent the morning relaxing by the pool before packing up and getting ready for the drive back to the city. Carla had lunch ready by the time they were packed up. They said their good byes and the guys loaded up the car. Jenny gave Carla a big hug and thanked her for everything. Then before she knew it, they were driving away. She looked back at the marvelous lake house and wished she could stay there forever. The big automatic gate opened and they were on the road back to the hustle and bustle of the real world.

“Thank you, too, Bill for this amazing weekend. I don’t have to tell you how worried I was to come here, especially as your date. You’ve helped me to cross another milestone in my journey into womanhood. I still can’t believe I did all those things. Even more so, I can’t believe that I can say that I have no regrets and I loved everything that we did. Thank you for teaching me and being so patient and gentle with me. I feel different today than ever before and you are a big part of that,” she told Bill, stopping just short of saying that she thought she might be in love with him. She still couldn’t believe that a man, especially a man as cool and sophisticated as Bill could love her like she was

now, as a woman, and want her as he surely seemed to.

“I’m the one who should be thanking you, honey, I told you that I fell for you the moment I saw you. You’ve made my life so full of joy and happiness. I hope to spend my life making you a very happy and well-taken care-of woman. My woman, if you’ll have me. This weekend is just the beginning Jenny. There isn’t anything that I won’t do for you.

“I just know that we are going to be happy long term. I can’t begin to tell you how you make me feel when you are on my arm walking into a roomful of people, them seeing the most beautiful woman in the place hanging on to my arm, walking in with me and me knowing that you are that one special kind of woman, and no one knowing what’s in your panties but me,” Bill said. He reached over, pulled her to him and kissed her pretty pink lips, while trying to keep the car on the road.

“Well, what happens now? I mean where do we go from here? How do I act at work? Do you want people at the office to know that we are together?” Jen asked.

“Jenny honey I want to climb up on the highest mountain and scream to the world that you are my girl and we are together. Yes, I want everyone at the office and everywhere else to know that you are mine exclusively. I say we just take it one day at a time. I’m all in but I don’t want to rush you into a lifetime commitment. You have to know that I want to make you my wife. As soon as you’re ready, I’ll put a ring on your finger to tell the world that you’re spoken for. Does this make you uncomfortable, honey?” Bill asked.

Jenny thought about this for a moment and remembered the weekend they'd just had together and all the amazing things that he did for her... and to her. She realized that this new life she'd just started getting used to and becoming comfortable with was scary but exciting. She wondered just for a moment if she could ever find anyone to ever treat her like Bill did. A few short months ago she was convinced that her life was over, that she'd be alone forever and that no man and no woman would ever want her now. Then this amazing man came into her life and not only wanted to have her just the way she was but actually preferred her the way she was, extra parts and all. She'd be a fool not to want someone who seemed to love and want her so badly. On top of that, Bill was a real hunk of a man (as strange a thought as that was for the former boy to have). He was handsome, well-groomed, smart and if that wasn't enough, a very well-connected and wealthy young lawyer. So who wouldn't want him?

She knew from working in the office that every single woman in the place and even a few of the married ladies would walk through fire barefoot to have a shot at him. Most had tried at some point. The decision was pretty easy. Take a fantastic guy with the world on a string who loved her or spend her life alone.

“What was the question exactly, Bill? Did you ask if I was in love with you and want to marry you? Well, the answer is YES! I want to marry you and I am in love with you. I just spent the weekend with you and had sex with you for the first time in my life and several times after that if I remembering correctly. I know now that I want to feel that same thing over and over. I want to get in bed every night and do to you what you did to me all night long, then wake up every morning lying in your arms. I want to take care of you and make you proud to have me as your partner and

wife for the rest of my life. I don't ever want anyone but you," she said emphatically.

Bill pulled the car over and reached in the glove box. He pulled out a little velvet-covered box. He turned to her and opened the box. Inside was a diamond ring with a stone that almost blinded her. "Jennifer LeAnn Johnson, will you marry me and be my wife?" he asked shocking, her beyond her wildest dreams.

"Oh my God! What will my mother say? I don't know, Bill. I mean I just confessed that I want to but you know that I'm only 18 years old and just barely at that. I was thinking that you meant down that road always," she said.

"Why wait? We love each other, we want each other. At 18, you are an adult and can make up your own mind. Money is no problem. We are both healthy. I have the means to support you and give you a good life. Besides all that, I asked your mother before we left the cabin. I told her that I loved you and that I wanted to marry you and I asked for her permission to ask you to marry me. She was very happy and gave me her blessings," Bill said and took the beautiful and huge diamond ring out of the box and asked again, "Jennifer, will you marry me?"

With tears in her eyes, she looked into his kind, loving eyes and answered. "Yes, I will marry you, William Daily."

He slid the ring onto her small ring finger and pulled her close. Their lips met and they kissed for what seemed to her like an hour.

Bill then sat back down in his seat, put that big beautiful BMW into gear and pulled out onto the road with a smile as big as Texas on his face. Jenny leaned

over, put her arms through his and rested her head on his shoulder. She was grinning like a possum and almost giggling. She was looking down at her small feminine hand with the long pink fingernails and the sparkling diamond ring, thinking about the roller coaster ride her life had been on the past couple of years.

“I’ve gone from a young boy gang member who thought he was tough to being dressed like a sissy by his sister and mom to a proper young office girl and becoming the object of two young men’s desires, to being the date of this incredible young lawyer and double dating with the CEO of the firm and her own Mother both of whom informed them that they were getting married. This self-made millionaire is about to become my step-father. Now, just to make things even more amazing, Bill wants to marry me and I just said yes. What would my old gang buddies think of the new me, I wonder?” she thought.

“Bill honey, what about the legal aspect of us being married? Can we even do this legally? I mean...well, you know, with our special circumstances,” she said, pointing down to her groin.

“Oh, you mean because we both have penises?” he joked. “Don’t worry honey, it’s all being taken care of. Remember who you work for? Well, John and I have been working on this for a while in the event that things went well this weekend. When you know the system and know the right people you can get anything done with the right amount of money in the right pocket. We are in possession of the proper documentation to legally marry any time we are ready.”

“Wait a minute! Are you telling me that this was all done before we even dated? Well, that’s being pretty sure of yourself, Mister. Do you already have the rest of my life planned out?” she said, pretending like she

was pissed off. Despite her faux outrage, she actually found the thought of the man she loved taking care of her and protecting her as a woman. Her panties twitched a bit at the thought of it all.

“As a matter of fact, I do. I plan to make you so darned happy you won’t ever want to leave the bedroom, or at least the house. That is unless we are flying to Hawaii or Paris, Fuji or some other tropical island where you’ll have to lay in the sun and drink fancy drinks with little umbrellas in them, eat in the best restaurants around the world on our honeymoon, and buy the latest fashions in clothing.”

“I don’t know. That sounds like a lot of work and effort. After all, I’m just a plain old country girl. What do I know about the life of the rich and famous and how to act in their world? Little old me, how would I ever survive?” She grinned, hugged him and kissed him long and sensually.

Bill wasted no time. After they’d gotten home, he started making plans fast. In a matter of a couple of weeks they had all the legal details out of the way and the wedding plans were on. Before Jenny knew it she was shopping everyday with Mom and Jill and Dad’s new wife Tracy for wedding gowns, shoes and lingerie. Jen was pampered at spas and salons. It seemed like every night after work she had a fitting or treatment of some kind. She asked Bill if he wanted her to get breast augmentation and he told her that he loved her exactly as she was. She was almost a B cup and that’s the way he wanted her.

Finally everything was ready and the day was here. Jenny was a bundle of nerves all day long. Mom and Jill took her to the salon early and got her hair done. When she was done and looked into the mirror, she thought she was seeing someone else. The reflection looked like Cleopatra. She had dark auburn hair with

full bangs and sides coming down to her chin. She had her nails and makeup done next. They made her eyes look dark and mysterious and sexy as hell. Her full pouty lips were red and matched her long oval nails. Her eyebrows were thin and arched and just touched the bottom of her bangs. She couldn't believe that this was herself she was seeing. It actually made something inside her stir. "My God, I'm turning myself on!" she thought. She realized for the first time that she was the vision of the exact kind of girl that, as Jeff, she would have longed for and chased after. She was her own sexual fantasy.

Even Mom and Jill were shocked at the results. Mom got tears in her eyes. "I can't believe that this magnificent beautiful creature is my own child, my own former son," she thought.

At home they helped her get everything together and went to the church. There they helped her into her wedding gown. It was snow white and had a low-cut rounded neck with capped sleeves showing the tops of her still growing breasts and cleavage. The skirt of the gown flowed down to her ankles and only her three and half-inch heels kept it from dragging on the floor. The back was open to the small of her back. She looked like royalty.

Her father walked her down the aisle and when Bill saw her for the first time that day he couldn't believe his eyes. He was instantly excited, so much so that he had to quickly turn sideways and adjust himself down below. Jill was their maid of honor and John was Bill's best man. The ceremony was short and sweet, Then the bride and groom, their families and a few close friends went to the rented ballroom at the Hilton. They enjoyed dinner and dancing. Before long, the newlyweds excused themselves and they took a limo to the airport and left for Hawaii.

A mad night of lust and love, everything newly-weds usually enjoy on their marriage night, took place. Jenny and Bill both were exhausted before the night was over and slept in until 10 AM the next morning. Jenny woke first and felt Bill's arm around her and cupping her breast. She grinned as she realized where they were and what she'd done. She looked at her finger and smiled at seeing the wedding ring. "How weird," she thought, "but I really am happy. It's like Walt Disney said, dreams really do come true."

Bill spoiled her even more throughout the week. They swam and snorkeled, ate and danced and visited all over the island. Whenever they could untangle themselves from the bed that is. It actually reached the point where they each got sore and had to take a break. Bill taught his willing bride more ways to please him than she ever dreamed possible, and she was a good student.

The week flew by and soon Jenny was looking out the window of the big aircraft as they flew back to the real world. Once back at work, everyone was surprised and most of the women were jealous of Jenny, but they all hugged her and congratulated her even if they didn't all mean it. Jenny and Bill had a load to catch up on and both were busy over the next couple of weeks. They still found time on the weekends to look for a home and found just what they wanted just out of town on a couple of acres. They wasted no time in buying it as it was perfect for them and the neighbors were at least an acre apart here, much to their liking. The deal was quickly done; Bill's folks chipped in as a wedding present. That along with what Bill had saved and he was able to pay cash for the place.

Things were so good, Jen couldn't believe how lucky she was and how wonderful life could be after all the worry and embarrassment she went through

becoming who she was today. She didn't believe that she could be any happier. Bill surprised her one night and asked what she thought about the possibility of adopting a baby. They talked about it and she said she thought that would be great but, how soon?

"Any time you are ready, I am in favor," he told her and they began the process. Bill thought it would be a good idea if Jenny went to this doctor he knew who might prescribe something that would make her breasts start to lactate for feeding the baby. She agreed. Bill took her to that doctor and they set up a schedule which would require a couple of visits.

Jenny was to take off a few days from work to go to the doctor appointments. Bill had bought her a Cadillac Escalade, so she drove herself. They got the good news that a baby might be available very soon for them. Everything was falling in place; after the fourth visit Jenny's breasts were swelling up and beginning to get a little sore until she either used the breast pump to extract milk and relieve the pressure or Bill massaged with his hands or mouth and squeezed the milk out.

Then on the day of her fifth visit, Jenny pulled into a drug store on the way to the doctor's office to pick up some pads for her bras and the hormone prescription. She got back into the car and start to pull away. Suddenly from the back seat someone drew and held a gun to her head.

"Drive!" he commanded. She yelled and almost passed out. "Don't turn around, just do as you're told and you won't be hurt, I promise," the masked man said. She drove, hardly able to steer the vehicle, her hands were shaking so much.

"Turn down this road to the left," the man ordered. She did as told and they were going down a kind of



deserted road. He had her pull over once he was sure no one could see them. When she stopped and put the car in park, even before she could turn around, the man put a chloroform-soaked cloth over her nose and mouth and held it until she slumped over in her seat and was out like a light.

When Jenny finally began to regain consciousness and become aware of her surroundings, she tried to move and found her hands bound behind her back and a wide leather strap around her neck with a long chain attached. She tried to get up and move but found the chain was only long enough to take a couple of steps before stopping her in her tracks.

Suddenly she realized that she was almost naked. She had on some sort of bra like you might see in a porno movie. It looked like a spider web and left her breasts sticking out through the skimpy webbing. The material pushed them up and out proudly.

The so-called panties were the same and left her now-small penis hanging out the front. She also was wearing matching black four-inch spiked heels. As she turned her head, she was shocked to see that her long hair was now platinum blonde. There was a big mirror on the wall behind her and in it she saw her reflection and wanted to cry.

She was now a platinum blonde and her lips were cherry red. So were her toenails and fingernails as she would find out later when she could finally see them again. Suddenly the door opened and a man came in. When he turned to face her, she couldn't believe her eyes It was Jeremy Holmes.

“Ahhh, I see that you are awake my, little pet. It's good to see you. I was getting worried that I might have over done it with the chloroform. You've been out for 2 days now. I'll bet you are really hungry. If

you're nice to me, I will get you something to eat and drink," he said

"Jeremy? Why...why are you doing this? What do you want from me? I'm married now, and they are going to be looking for me. Let me go and I won't tell them it was you. You don't want to get in trouble," she told him.

"Trouble? It's no trouble, honey. You turned me down right in front of them and cost me my career and screwed up my life...and for that gay S.O.B, Bill. So now we are going to screw a little or maybe a lot, now that I know that you like to do the horizontal mambo," he warned

"I don't do those things and you know it, Jeremy. As you found out. I still have boy parts and I'm unable to do those things."

"Liar! I saw you. I followed you up north and watched you and Bill doing the dirty all weekend. Do these pictures big back any memories?" he said, holding up pictures of she and Bill making love up at the cabin. "I figure if you like sex so much, then I might as well help you out because you were supposed to be MY girl and I like sex too."

Jenny yelled out as loud as she could. "Help! Someone help!"

"You can holler and yell and scream all you want. There isn't anyone around this cabin for miles. You're going to be a good girl and do anything that I tell you or you are going to be one sorry little half-lady. "

"Go ahead and hurt me, you can't make me do anything perverted and sick, so do whatever you want. It won't change anything."

“Oh, you are so wrong, my little pretty. I can make you sorry as hell and make you scream out for me to kill you to end the pain but I don’t think that I’ll have to do that. You see, in another shed way out back I have some friends of yours.”

He showed her a picture of what appeared to be her Mom and Sister Jill tied up and chained to posts in another building. Their mouths were duck-taped and their arms were behind them. They, too, had leather straps around their necks and the chain attached was thrown up over a rafter like they were about to be hung by the neck. (These were actually very well Photoshopped pictures and not really her family at all.)

“What do you want from me, Jeremy?” she asked.

“Well, why don’t we start off with a little oral ‘dicktation’ like you gave Bill up at the cabin and in your new house?” he said.

“No, no way, I’m not a whore and I’m not going to do any such thing. That’s sick, I’m a married woman now,” Jenny told him.

“OK, if that’s the way you want it. I thought you loved your Mom and sister more than that?” He walked out the door leaving it wide open. He walked into the barn and hit the button on his tape deck which was hooked up to big speakers. Suddenly there were sounds of a whip cracking and blood curdling screams, over and over. Muffled sounds of “Please stop” as heard through duck-taped mouths followed.

When he returned, he had what looked like blood on his hands. “Do you still think that I’m playing around, my little tease?”

Jenny was really scared and was trembling when he came over and ordered her on her knees. "It's up to you. I can whip the hide right off of them and throw them out and let the coyotes clean up the mess," he warned. With tears in her eyes, she slumped to her knees.

"Wait. I'm sorry if I caused you to lose your job. What if I promised to help you get it back? I know that Bill—Mr. Peterson—will do anything for me if I ask him, he is going to be my step-dad soon."

"It's too late for that, Jenny. Your mother and sister are involved now and they surely aren't going to help me after what I just did to them out there. It's all your fault for not doing as you were told. If you start cooperating with me, I *might* fix up their wounds and get them fresh food and water. If not, then...well I'm already in too deep to stop."

"OK. OK But how do I know that if I do give into you that you are going to just let us all go?" she asked naively.

"You are just going to have to trust me on that. I don't really want to hurt anyone but you really hurt me Jenny, you did a real number on me. I thought we were a couple and you lead me to believe that you loved me as much as I did you. Then you turned on me and not only left me in the cold but, but cost me my job and my future. I think that it's time you show me a little respect and show me how you can use those beautiful red lips and give me a little oral 'dictation'," he ordered. "Wait! Before we begin, I almost forgot, you haven't taken your special female medicine in two days. We wouldn't want you to miss and slow down your journey into a full woman, now would we?"

Jeremy found the hormones that Jenny had just purchased the day he captured her. With her hands still bound, he approached, held the pills in his hand, and raised them to her mouth. What he didn't tell her was he also slipped her a Viagra along with them. He held the glass of water to her shiny lips and tipped it gently.

He stood back and began to squeeze her breasts which by now were full and aching for some relief. As he put pressure on them, milk shot out in a stream. "Wow, I'll bet that not being able to release some of that pressure for several days now is beginning to build up and be painful. If you're good, I'll help relieve that pain."

He lowered the chain attached to her neck collar and allowed her to sink down onto her knees. He moved closer, lowered his shorts and stood with his rather large cock right in front of her nose. "Don't be shy and don't get any ideas about biting me, I'll skin you and your family alive and feed you to the animals in the woods."

Tears ran down her cheeks as he held the back of her head and pulled her to him, rubbing his cock all over her face. Then using his hand, he fed it into her mouth. "Do a good job now and make me believe that you like it or Mom and Sis don't eat again today. From what I saw up north, I know that you love your special sperm treat before and sometimes after you eat, so I don't want to see any drops on the floor when you're done."

She pulled back. "I don't think I can do this, Jeremy. Please, this just isn't right."

"Oh, it's right and any minute you're going to be getting in the mood for a little hot romance, I believe." He stood up and started towards the door. "And I

thought you loved your Mom and sister. They are going to have to pay the price for you not being a good bad girl.”

“NO! Wait! I’m sorry. I’ll try,” she pleaded.

“I don’t want TRY, I want results. It’s not like you don’t love giving head. I’ve seen you in action and you’d better make me believe that you are enjoying it starting now. No more fooling around or somebody is going to pay.”

He walked back in front of her and sat in the chair. Jen had to hobble over on her knees between his legs. Unable to use her bound-up hands, she leaned forward and began to use her tongue, licking all around his penis and balls. Suddenly something weird began to stir within her and she looked down to see her small cock standing at full mass, harder than it had been in a year or so. Also she felt stimulated somehow. She went back to work on his cock with new energy and in no time at all had him bucking and moaning. Jeremy released a huge load down her waiting throat.

“That’s more like it. Keep licking and sucking,” he ordered and bent down and began to massage her swollen breasts. He grabbed a large glass off the near table and squeezed her tit until the glass was full, then grabbed a second one and filled it. Then he turned her around still on her knees, put a little lube on his finger and began rubbing it around her boy pussy in back. Next he knelt behind her, spread her legs apart and slowly pushed himself in, little by little, until his balls hit her bottom side.

Tears in her eyes and pain striking like lightning bolts in her ass caused her to cry out. “Stop. Stop. You’re too big, Jeremy.”

He stopped and held still for a minute or two, then slowly began pulling out part-way. He stopped again and held still. Then he moved in again. Slowly he kept this up until he felt her begin to move on her own. He stayed still and Jenny's hormones began to rage. She moved faster and faster and moved in and out side-to-side. She was suddenly on fire with lust. She hated herself for feeling good. It was like she was possessed.

She rocked back on him grunting and moaning and suddenly Jeremy blew his second load, this time right up her young ass. As he pulled out, exhausted, she had just enough slack in the chain to allow her to lay flat on the floor, panting to catch her breath. As soon as her mind began to clear, she began to hate herself for enjoying any part of the act she'd just been forced into, even for enjoying it for those few moments that seemed out of her control.

"You enjoyed that, didn't you?" Jeremy said, catching his breath again after satisfying the desires for her that he'd held for so long now. "And you're going to be enjoying it again very soon, Miss Jenny. Now, for being a good girl, I'm going to go out and get your Mom and sister something to eat and drink, just like I promised." He got up and went outside.

The minute that he walked out, she started bawling her eyes out. "What am I going to do? I can't let him hurt them. I am going to have to do as he says until I can figure a way to get help or get the best of him," she told herself, believing that he had her Mom and sister out in the barn. He'd done a good job of selling the illusion and he knew that she wouldn't allow them to suffer due to her not cooperating fully.

Jeremy came back in and handed her a coat that she recognized as belonging to her Mom. "They are fed and I gave them blankets to stay warm through

the night. As long as you do your part they will be treated well but that's up to you," he said, before taking her to the bathroom and showering with her. Her mind was whirling around a hundred miles an hour. How could this be happening? She knew that he could be dangerous so she was going to have to be careful not to set him off. She'd have to get her bearings and think up a plan to get free somehow.

After the shower he wouldn't give her any clothes. At least nothing with the slightest bit of modesty. He made her dry and fix her now platinum blonde hair, then gave her a tiny version of a Catholic school girl's outfit. Only instead of saddle shoes he gave her nylon thigh-high pull-ups and 3-inch black pumps. After doing her makeup in rather bold colors, he had her make the two of them something to eat. He watched her as she prepared them dinner.

After doing the dishes, she asked to see her Mom and sister. He told her no, that she had to earn that right. He said if she was really good to him he'd see about it. Then he started in again making her bend to his desires. He had to warn her twice as she tried to pull back. Finally, he walked out the door and pretended to inflict harm on her make-believe family out in the barn. The screams made her relent and do the disgusting things he demanded of her. After he was spent and his lust was satisfied for now, he bound her arms and covered her with a blanket for a night of lying on the cot. He cuffed both legs so that she couldn't get off of the cot. By morning, she couldn't hold it any longer and he found her in laying in a huge wet spot on the cot where she'd peed. Her breasts were once again swollen and full and needed badly to get relief.

"Good morning, my pet. I see our 'girls' here are in need of some attention to relieve the pressure. It's too bad that we don't have a little baby here for that pur-

pose, isn't it?" He began to massage and squeeze and milk her breasts into a glass and made her drink some herself. "We have to save some for your Mom and sister now."

He let her up and took her into the shower and the day started as the day before had. "So tell me now, are your Mom and Sis going to have a good breakfast or a good beating this morning? I would hope that you would soon learn that when you are good to Jeremy, Jeremy will be good to them. I take no pleasure in hurting them Jenny but rest assured that I'll do what I have to," he warned. "So what will it be this morning?" he asked.

"I'll be good. Please don't hurt them anymore," she said, trying to buy time but not having a clue what to do yet. This morning it was a nurse's outfit he chose for her to wear and they played Doctor all morning. Jeremy had her right where he wanted her; she couldn't afford to not believe that he had her family out in the barn and could hurt them badly. He knew that she was timid and vulnerable as well as a little naïve and he used that to keep her in line.

Days turned into a month. Jeremy continued to use her and began to come up with even more ways to pleasure himself at her expense. She was often put into strange bondage positions. Jenny was actually becoming numb to his demands but she also began to hate herself for allowing herself to like (even love) the sex. She tried with all her might to block it out but once he got her started, her body would betray her mind and will power and crave the feeling.

He kept up her medications and her breasts continued to grow larger and fuller and produce milk. She couldn't help herself as she begged him to massage and squeeze them to relieve the pressure and get the milk out. Then he teased and made her kiss

him and call him Master, as if she was his property. When he entered her from behind he would tease until she began to thrust her body down on his manhood. She would move her man pussy up and down and back and forth until he shot his seemingly always full load into her backside.

“Come on, Jenny honey Tell me that you love me and that you can’t wait for me to fill you with my love juice. You know, it’s too bad that we couldn’t make you into a real woman...like the one that you led me to believe that you were from the start. I’ll bet you would have made a really good Mommy to a little girl or boy. But you know what? I think that you make a really close substitute and sex with you is as good as any I’ve ever enjoyed. I love it when you pretend that you don’t want it or like it and then really go crazy when I get up inside you. Would you like to see yourself in movies?” he asked.

Then cuffed her to the chair, hands behind her and legs locked to the wide chair legs. Then he turned off the lights and started a movie on a big screen set up across from her. There she was in her little Catholic schoolgirl outfit. It was gross as she went to the man in the mask and began to undress him, drop to her knees in front of him and begin to give him a mind-blowing blow job. Then she wantonly turned and lifted her little plaid skirt and mounted the huge penis that she’d just coached to full size. You couldn’t make out who the masked man was but she immediately recognized herself.

“You’re a star, honey,” he laughed.

Jeremy thought that with her new platinum blonde hair and makeup that she wouldn’t be recognized. He was getting a little cocky, thinking his successful kidnapping hadn’t left a trace. He thought that making a little money off of this deal would give

him more food and supplies to allow him to stay here for a long time to come. He burned the video he had shot onto a disc and was going to try and sell it to a sleazy adult film dealer.

He went on line and began to search for a buyer. It took a couple of days but finally he got a call. A company liked the demo and wanted to make a deal. They wanted him to bring Jenny in to star in one of their productions that they were getting ready to start soon. Jeremy didn't like that idea; he was leery of exposure and trouble. Then they told him what they would pay him. It was more money than he'd ever had in his whole life. But he didn't want to share Jenny with anyone else in a sexual way. She was his and his alone now. But the money kept running across the big screen in his mind. "That's a lot of freaking money!" he thought.

He got braver and a little clumsier about the whole deal despite the fact that she was the love of his life. Finally the money won out and he called the company and set up a meeting. He told Jenny what was up and promised to cut up and completely disfigure her whole family if she slipped up and tried to call for help or turn him in.

"So help me, if you don't do as told and keep your mouth shut, I'll mail parts of their bodies to you each day until they are all gone," he warned her.

The two of them dressed in fashionable office-type clothes. Jenny wore a red mini skirt and white fuzzy angora sweater with short sleeves and rounded neck. She wore dark thigh high nylons with hold-up tops and 3" red leather pumps. Her Jennifer Aniston hairdo was still platinum blonde. Her makeup was flawless and her red lips matched her skirt, her nails and little hand bag. The sweater did little to conceal her now impressive breasts. They drove into this

strange town she'd never known before and got a room. Jeremy had given her a strong sedative that had her quite groggy so she wasn't sure what was going on or where they were. Once he checked them in, he couldn't resist and had his way with her once again. She just moaned and did what was natural to her now and enjoyed the rush.

The next morning they drove the rest of the way. Finally it dawned on her that if they were gone, no one would feed her mom and sister. When she brought that up, Jeremy said that he'd arranged for someone to take care of them. "They were released and told that if they caused any trouble, I'd kill you as soon as my friend let me know. So they will be just fine until we get back," he lied.

They reached the rather slummy-looking building that was the company's acting studio until their new building was ready. A man named Jack Kingler introduced himself as the owner and director of Blue Knight Inc. films.

"I liked what I saw in your movie debut, honey, and we think that you have a lot of potential in this business. It just so happens that I have a script all ready for you. We've been waiting for the right woman to come along for a while now and I think you are perfect. We start filming as soon as you've had a little time to learn the lines. The sooner the better as we have everything else in place. All the other actors are ready. The woman that was to play the part is no longer with us and we've tried a couple of other substitutes but just couldn't find the right fit," Jack said, handing her the pages she'd need to learn.

"Come with me. I'd like to introduce you to the other actors you'll be working with as soon as we can get you up to speed on the lines. Your agent and boyfriend Jeremy tells us that you are a very smart

young lady, top of your class in school and have been working as a secretary in a prestigious law firm. That's perfect as the role you'll be playing is a secretary. Your boss is cheating on his wife with you and he keeps you up in a nice apartment where he likes to play with a little bondage. Hey Tyrone! Meet Jennifer, your new secretary. What do you think?" he asked Tyrone.

Jenny's eyes almost popped out as right before her stood a mountain of a man. He had to be the biggest black man she'd ever seen in her life. He had to be 6'7" or more and he was looking at her like she was a piece of meat on the kitchen table and he was very hungry.

"WOW! Hey, sweet thang. We are going to get along just fine, honey. I can't wait to start back to work. Any time you're ready, baby."

"Great. Jeremy, you get your girl here working hard on the first four scenes for now and we'll have a run through tomorrow on the first scene. If it looks like she's got anything going for her, we'll sign the contracts and get you her first check. Then we are going to make us some movies. I think that we are going to make a lot of movies with Miss Jennifer here," Jack Kingler told them.

Jenny hadn't said a word through the whole meeting just as Jeremy had ordered her to do but as soon as they were out of the building, she turned to Jeremy and said, "You can't be serious! You're going to turn me over to that mountain of a man? Jeremy, he'll kill me. There's no way I can take that man inside me, he'll rip me to shreds and I'll die. That's probably what happen to the first girl."

"Oh don't be so dramatic, most of the sex in these movies is faked anyways. I'll bet he's not as big as you

think that he is, just because his body is so freaking big,” Jeremy laughed. “Just get busy on those lines and think of all the thousands of dollars that you are going to make me so I can take better care of you and your Mother and sister. That’s all you need to worry about right now,” he ordered

She worked the rest of the day on the first two scenes and was in shock at what she was reading. Jeremy read lines with her over and over until she had them down pretty well. “Try it again,” he ordered over and over.

The intercom buzzed. “Miss Gray, please come into my office.” She got up and entered Mr. Bonner’s office. “Yes, Sir,” she said.

“Lock the door please Miss Gray and then I need you to take some dick-tation,” he said with a grin, his bright white teeth sparkling under his black lips and face. The man was huge, probably 6’7” and 260 lb. She walked over slowly, moving her hips in a sexy gait. Her 4” heels were clicking on the tile floor.

She was wearing a black pencil skirt with a white silk blouse under a black suit jacket. Peril necklace and earrings, Platinum blonde hair, cherry red lips and finger nails. She stopped at his desk. “What can I do for you, Mr. Bonner?”

“You can get your sexy white ass over here and get down on your knees right damned now, woman.”

“What about your wife, Mr. Bonner? She called and is coming in to meet you for lunch today.”

“Then you’d better hurry and take care of this itch I’ve got right here between my legs.”

“You said I wouldn’t have to do that anymore, that I’d paid my debt to you and we were done.”

“Miss Gray, we’ll be done when I say we’re done. Now you don’t want me to have to go to the police and show them these files about how you’ve been stealing money over the past two years and have extorted over a million dollars from the company, do you? If you go to jail and the state comes and gets that little brother of yours and puts him into child services, you’ll never see him again.”

“But I never took anywhere near that much money I only took petty cash and put it back the next day, and you know it.”

“Not according to these pictures and books with your writing and fingerprints all over them. You willing to take that chance? Sure, you and I know that I’ve got that money but all the proof I have says *you* did it. So are you going to let somebody else raise that little brother? Maybe I’ll just get some folks I know to come take him away before you can do anything silly. They can teach him to work for them in their ugly little business that I’m sure you wouldn’t want him messing with.”

“What do you want from me?”

“You know what I want. I didn’t set you up in a nice lavish apartment for nothing. So get your ass over here and get to it.”

Susan Gray knew she was stuck with no one to turn to. So she walked around the desk, got on her knees and took out his cock from his open pants. This was the same cock that had torn her tight little boy pussy up. Yes, Susan used to be a man.

She licked him over and over to get him hard and wet, then took him in her mouth. Next he pulled her to her feet, bent her over the table, pulled up the back of her skirt and pulled her thong panties down. Then he reached in his desk, got out some lube and rubbed it around her hole and on his cock. He entered her and heard her gasp out loud as it still felt like a whole arm was being forced inside her.

He slowly worked in and out in a pistoning motion and soon she started to moan as the pain turned to pleasure. He reached around and cupped her large breasts that he'd paid to have done for her and squeezed and massaged. He bend down and kissed her neck and ear, causing her to shiver from the touch.

Just as he was about to blast his load, the intercom on the desk buzzed. "Mr. Bonner, your wife is waiting in the lobby. She says you are taking her to lunch. She wants to know if she should come up or are you coming."

"Thanks, Peggy. You can tell her I'm coming right now." He released the button and came and came. "Clean me up, will you, honey?"

"She hated him for this but turned, knelt down and licked and sucked him clean," the script said.

"Jeremy! Please, I can't do this. This is sick. It's going to go out into cyberspace and people are going to watch me doing this. Plus you don't want to share me with him, do you?" she said, hoping this might stop him from making her do this.

"No, you're right. I really don't want to share you with anyone but the money is just too good and it's not like you don't like sex. I'm not leaving you here. So you make a couple of films. We make a lot of

money and get to live a pretty good life. And remember, that means that your family gets a better life too.”

The next day they showed up bright and early and Jenny was sent into makeup and costume. They dressed her and got her all ready for the test scene. It went just like the scene she practiced all night with Jeremy. She did her lines perfectly and Tyrone’s cock was, in fact, proportionate to the rest of his very big body. Jenny limped out of the studio hardly able to close her legs. She was cussing Jeremy out in her mind as she remembered him saying that the sex scenes are mostly faked in these movies.....she wished she could make him take her place and see if he still thought they are fake.

Tyrone’s performance was such that she didn’t have to pretend when it was time to scream. She thought she was being torn in two when he entered her. Just like in the script, as the wife called, Mr. Bonner actually exploded inside her and she thought his load of man seed would never stop running out of her bottom. Then something that had never happened before happened. Her own cock burst forth with cum at the same time that Tyrone’s did.

She could hardly sit in the chair as she and Jeremy signed the contracts with Blue Knight Inc. Films. Jack handed Jeremy a check for \$5000.00 as a down payment. He’d get more as the film continued to completion.

“I don’t know where you found her, Jeremy and I don’t care but that girl is unbelievable. She’s going to make you and me a lot of money, son.” Jack said. Then he leaned over and whispered to Jeremy, “You give her one of these to keep her, let’s just say a little more agreeable, then get her over here for a good massage. My girls can take care of that, then we’ll

feed her and get her working on the lines for the next couple of scenes. This woman is going to be our meal ticket for some time to come. She's incredible and damn beautiful, too. I've met some of her kind before in this business but she's as close to the real thing as I've ever seen."

And so things settled into a pattern. Each evening Jenny was forced to learn her lines as a secretary to this cheating boss for the next day's shoot. Then she'd get up, eat, go to hair and make up for an hour or more, then be back on the set and have to live another day making love to this huge man of color and be forced to like it, or at least act as though she liked it.

Tyrone began to really like Jenny and it began to show in his lovemaking, kissing, and caressing. He played the part he was supposed to but he began to treat her more gently. Jenny noticed that it was getting harder to tell if he was acting or not from the way he held her and treated her. When the scene called for him to kiss her, he licked and nibbled and kissed, blew in her ear and held the kisses longer than needed. She was supposed to service him but he started making actual love to her.

After a couple of weeks on the movie a strange thing happened. Maybe it was inevitable when two actors are thrown together intimately day after day. They began to have feelings for each other. As time went on, the result of these feelings caused the pain from Tyrone's penetration of her backside to turn to pleasure. Jenny, being controlled from the mild sedative she was given each day, became more mellow as time went on. This started to show in the way she began to kiss Mr. Bonner (Tyrone) when the script called for it. As the scenes ended, she kept right on clinging on and kissing like the kid she actually was in real life.

This caused two new developments to occur. First, Jeremy began to get jealous and pissed because it was looking for all the world as if they were no longer acting, and in fact he was right. Tyrone was starting to get a little more possessive of Jenny and wanted her to stay later and later with him to 'rehearse'. Trouble came when he had her spend the night for the first time. Jeremy came looking for her and when he knocked on the door, Tyrone told him that it had been a long day,

Jenny was sound asleep and that he should just leave her sleep.

Jeremy could see that Tyrone was in his underwear and when he demanded for her to come with him now. Tyrone, who was better than a full foot taller than Jeremy, stepped out and said, "She don't want to come home. She's staying and you're going home like a good boy. We'll see you tomorrow in the studio or on the set."

"That's it, she'd done here. I'm taking her out of here and we're going back all the way home. I can make my own damn movies. She's my woman and I ain't sharing her with anybody!" Jeremy demanded.

"Don't go doing anything stupid now and mess up our friendship or the deal you made, my greedy little man. You signed a contract and Jack don't take to folks welching on a contract. Chill out, you're going to make a shitload of money on this one movie alone. You don't want to mess with things here right now or you might just end up rich and in a hospital somewhere. Or maybe just the hospital...or worse." And with that Tyrone closed the door right in Jeremy's face.

Jeremy was really pissed now but he knew that he wasn't any match for Tyrone so he did the only smart

thing that he could do for now. He went back to his room and tried to figure out a way to get this bastard who was stealing his Jenny from him.

“Damn my ass for being greedy and wanting to make money this way. I should have figured this could happen. I never should have trusted anyone else with her,” he chastised himself and found sleep hard to come that night.

The second problem was Mavis, the woman who thought she was going to get Jenny’s role in the movie. She was dating Tyrone until Jenny came along. Now she, too, was totally pissed at Miss Jenny and out for blood against this little girl who was stealing her show and her man. She wasn’t going to stand by and watch Jenny take Tyrone from her.

So the next day when they were in hair and makeup and getting ready to get into costume, Mavis made sure that she was sitting next to Jenny. At the cast breakfast that morning, Jack had already slipped a Valium in Jenny’s juice. So when Mavis put another one in Jenny’s bottle of water, it didn’t take long to take effect as they begin to film that morning. Soon Jenny was just like a rag doll. She couldn’t say her lines or even stay awake. When Mr. Bonner was supposed to start another hot scene with his sexy secretary, she blacked out completely and they couldn’t wake her. They had to stop shooting, carry her off the set and into her room. Jack wasn’t sure if Tyrone had been working her over too hard after work or if he himself had given her too much Valium that morning. They decided to let her sleep it off.

Mavis went in and sat by her until she noticed Jenny stirring. As Jenny rolled over and opened her eyes, the first thing she saw was Mavis. It startled Jenny at first. As she started to realize who it was, she said, “Mavis, where am I? What happened?”

Mavis looked around to see if anyone else was around and said, "You're in my fucking life and I want you out. I ain't going to stand by and watch some little girl come along and steal my part in the movie or more important, my man," she told Jenny.

"Mavis, you have to believe me, I don't want your role or your man, I want to go home. Jeremy kidnapped me months ago and is holding my Mother and sister ransom. I have to do what he tells me or he'll kill them," Jenny whispered as her head was beginning to clear.

"Girl, you expect me to believe that that little piece of shit out there could pull something like that off? You crazy, girl. Hell, I could beat the shit out of that little wimp."

"Yeah, well, I'm only 18 years old and he had a gun and put a rag soaked in chloroform over my mouth and knocked me out. Then he took me to somewhere that I don't have a clue where we were at. He has my Mom and sister locked up in his barn and will hurt them bad if I don't do as he says."

"How's that little wimp going to get your Mother and sister? He's got to be lying to you, girl."

"I heard them screaming in the barn when he went out and hit them."

"I don't know. It sounds pretty fishy to me. Did you see them at any time during all this?"

"No, he wouldn't let me but I couldn't take the chance that he would hurt them bad. He said he'd even kill them if he had to. If you don't believe me and want to get rid of me, I'll help you. Call this number and just tell whoever answers where we are. I prom-

ise they'll be here before morning to get me out of here and you can have it all back," Jenny begged.

"I don't know. You look too naive to make up something like this but if Jack finds out I've done this, I may be the one getting cut up. That ain't something I'm looking forward to."

"Look, my folks have money, I'm sure that they'll give you a very big reward for helping me out. Then you'll have enough to get out of here yourself and start a better life. Please, take this number and call them," Jenny pleaded.

"Hey, what's going on over there?" Jack and Jeremy were walking towards them.

"Nothing, boss. She's just now coming around. She's been out like a light since you brought her in here. She just asked me what happened and where everyone was at. She thought we was still shooting," Mavis said, palming the phone number Jenny had scribbled on a piece of paper. She stuck it in her back pocket as she stood up.

"You feeling better, honey?" Jack asked.

"Yeah, I think so. What happened? All of a sudden I couldn't stay awake. Next thing I know, I'm laying here," Jenny said.

"Don't know, honey. We must have been working you too hard," Jack lied. "Too late now to do any more shooting so get some rest and we'll pick it up in the morning," he said and walked out, telling Tyrone to keep an eye on her. "You stay with her tonight but no hanky panky. Let her rest," Jack said.

After everyone was sound asleep, Mavis snuck outside the building and found own cell phone that

she'd hid from the rest of them for her own well-being in case she needed it. She dialed the number on the paper. It rang several times before someone picked up. All she said was "You can find Jenny at 3190 Sunrise Avenue," and hung up.

Around six o'clock in the morning just as the sun was beginning to rise, two helicopters came dropping out of the sky on the site of the makeshift movie studio. One was a police chopper and the other belonged to Peterson, Kelly and Wells. John Peterson, Jan Johnston and Bill Daily were on board.

The state police surrounded the buildings and two local police cars showed up at the same time. They called out for the people inside to come out with their hands up. The noise of the choppers had everyone inside instantly awake. Jenny came out with her hands in the air. When she saw her Mom, John and Bill, she sprinted into Bill's arms, crying her eyes out. Suddenly there was a loud shot.

Jeremy had jumped out a back window and made a run for it. Soon two policemen came around the building dragging Jeremy who'd been shot in the butt. They had him handcuffed and held him until an ambulance could get there.

Jenny was crying so hard and talking so fast it was hard to get the facts. She was trying to tell them what had happened to her. She was embarrassed and ashamed to tell them what he had done to her and what he made her do. Suddenly she bolted upright and said, "Mom! How did you get away?"

"Get away? Jenny honey, what are you talking about? Who was I supposed to get away from?"

"Jeremy! He had you and Jill locked up in his barn out back of the house where he kept me. I heard you

crying out and screaming as he beat you,” Jenny said.

“Jenny honey, he never had me or Jill locked in his or any other barn. He must have tricked you into believing that he had us to make you do what he wanted.”

As the words sunk in her brain and she realized that Jeremy used that lie to make her do all those disgusting things to protect her Mom and sister, the anger rose in Jenny until she thought she'd explode.

Suddenly she jumped up and ran to the open door of the police car where they had Jeremy sitting and she lunged at him with both fists flailing away at him.

“You filthy little man! How could you be so mean and inhuman to do that to someone? I hate you, you bastard,” Jenny yelled and had to be pulled off of him.

Bill took her in his arms. “Shush, you're OK now, Jen. It's going to be alright. I won't let that ever happen again. You're going to be OK. I've got you,” he said.

“Oh Bill, I feel so dirty now. You're not going to want me now. I'm damaged goods and nobody is ever going to want to be with me after all the perverted things he made me do. I hate myself for being so weak and letting him force me to do those disgusting things. You can't imagine what he did to me.”

“Please Jen, stop. None of this was your fault and I'm not going anywhere. We'll get through this. I'm just so happy that you're alive. You did what you had to, thinking you were saving your family. That's what good people do. I know that you're hurting but it will pass and I'm here for you now. You are alive and

nothing else matters now. The law will deal with him and he won't bother you again," Bill told her.

They took Jack and all his actors away to the police station in town for questioning.

Just as they were about to leave, Jenny jumped up. "Wait. You can't take Mavis. She's the one who helped me and snuck out and called you so you'd come for me. I promised her some sort of reward and told her we'd help her."

John Peterson spoke up and asked the officers if she could come with him. "I'll be responsible for the young lady. She saved our daughter's life. We'll be along right behind you. You'll be able to get her statements when we all get to the station house."

Jenny looked up at John when she heard him call her his daughter and more tears ran down her cheeks, and she turned and hugged him. "Thank you, Daddy," she said, "that means the world to me."

It was hours getting everything figured out. Finally each person gave his or her statement. The actors were released on bonds and told not to leave town. Jack was shut down for operating an adult business in a residential area. All his equipment was impounded but the police couldn't hold him either.

Jeremy was facing a multitude of serious charges and would be sent away after his trial for a very long time.

It would be a long recovery for poor Jenny as she couldn't get the images of the acts Jeremy put her through out of her mind, not to mention what she was made to do with Tyrone. Her self-image was very low and she hated herself because deep down in her soul, she wanted to do some of those things

again...over and over. She worried that she'd never have a healthy normal sex life with Bill now. "What if I go all freaky on him when we try and make normal love together?" she wondered.

They stayed in Tompkinsville for two weeks sorting everything out. John paid for a whole floor at the hotel in town so they could have privacy and give Jen some time to heal and get her feet on the ground again. Jen and Bill had their own room and it was quite awkward for Jen to undress and dress in front of him at first. Bill was kind and loving and respectful of her fragile condition. He just held her when she started crying or worrying. She told him that Jeremy had taken her engagement ring and must have sold it because she didn't know where it went.

On the fifth day they were there, things looked to be calming down some. Bill came in and found Jenny sitting there brushing her long hair.

"Look at me! I can hardly recognize myself. I hate this blonde hair and want my own color back. I look like a porn star this way."

"It's OK Jenny, things will get back to normal when we get back home and you can get your hair done first thing. But right now I have something that I want to ask you." He turned her to face him and dropped to one knee. "Jenny Johnson, will you marry me and be my wife? I love you and nothing that has happened has changed that one bit. I want to protect you and love you for the rest of your life."

"After all of this, you still want me, Bill? I'm not the same person anymore. I've been exposed to things that I can't take back. Things that would disgust most people."

“Jenny, you are the same person. What that bastard did can’t take away who you are. Things will eventually stop hurting and I’ll be there for as long as it takes. I’m not going anywhere. You are a good person and I love you. So let’s not let him ruin our whole life. Will you marry me?”

Jenny looked deep in Bill’s eyes and could see his gentle spirit and the love he was offering her.

“YES!” she said, “I love you too and want to be your wife if you’ll still have me.” She rushed into Bill’s arms and felt safe for the first time in a long while. “I’m warning you, though, I might be a little kinky at times when we get in our own bed some nights.”

“I’ll take my chances. Actually, I kind of hope that that’s a promise. Just maybe I’ll have a surprise or two for you, Mrs. Daily.”

Jenny smiled and said, “Hey, I like the sound of that. Mrs. Jennifer Daily.”

The End