

TITILLATING TV TALES

LINGERIE & LIPSTICK II



"I was barraged with unmanly sensations. The cling of my slip, the caress of my dress, the taste of my lipstick..."

PART TWO OF TWO

TITILLATING TV TALES #19

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Volume 19

LINGERIE & LIPSTICK II

Book #2

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LINGERIE & LIPSTICK,
Book #2

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QUOTE BOARD

“Masculinity is the leading cause of stress amongst those in touch with it.”

LINGERIE & LIPSTICK

Book #2

By Kristi Love

Chapter 10 – My Brother’s Keeper

On a Friday evening, Mike announced over dinner, “You need to move into the master bedroom.”

“Everything I have is already there,” I countered.

“Everything but you.”

“Me? You want me to move into your bedroom? You only have a king size bed.”

“True,” he said, “but we need your bedroom. We have a daughter moving in on Sunday.”

“Daughter? Who?”

“We have adopted a teenage girl,” he said while spooning peas. “Her name is Debbie.”

“You adopted a teenage girl!” I gasped. “Why didn’t you tell me earlier?”

“It was a work in progress,” he smiled.

“How will you explain me when I return to being Bob?” I gasped. “You can’t just adopt a teenage girl when we are in the middle of this charade!”

“Don’t worry your cute head about that, dear,” he said. “The two of you will get along famously.”

“How can you say that?” I couldn’t believe my ears. “You adopt a teenage girl who gets my bedroom, so I have to move into your bedroom, and you do all this without discussing it with me? How can you do this to me, Mike?”

“You are getting overwrought, Amy,” he rubbed my shoulders. “Don’t worry. Your virginity is safe with me. My

bed is large enough for two people. I promise not to do anything untoward.”

“But...” I sputtered. Mike had made the decision, so I had to live with it for the moment. I’d hold him to his promise about respecting my ‘virginity’ as a woman.

Sunday afternoon, Mike and I drove to pick up this Debbie. I was still steamed about how he handled this. I couldn’t believe he brought someone else into our charade.

I wore a classic lovely brown linen sheath dress, sleeveless with an adjustable black belt at an empire waist. It had a surplice V-neckline to display my cleavage. The hem hit just above my knees. I wore matching 3” black heels and shimmering nude nylon stockings.

Mike drove into a vaguely familiar area, but I didn’t pay much attention, still pissed at losing my bedroom. He pulled into a curved driveway to a large ornate building. Taking my hand, he led me into an office. To my utter surprise, Ms Thomas appeared from a side door. She greeted, “Hello, Mike. How are you doing in your new life, Amy?” I was floored!

“Hello Miranda,” Mike shook her hand. “Is Debbie ready?”

“She will be down presently,” Ms Thomas smiled.

I couldn’t find words to cover my confusion. “What is going on?” I muttered to Mike. “Why are we here?”

“In good time, Amy. You should answer Ms Thomas’ question.”

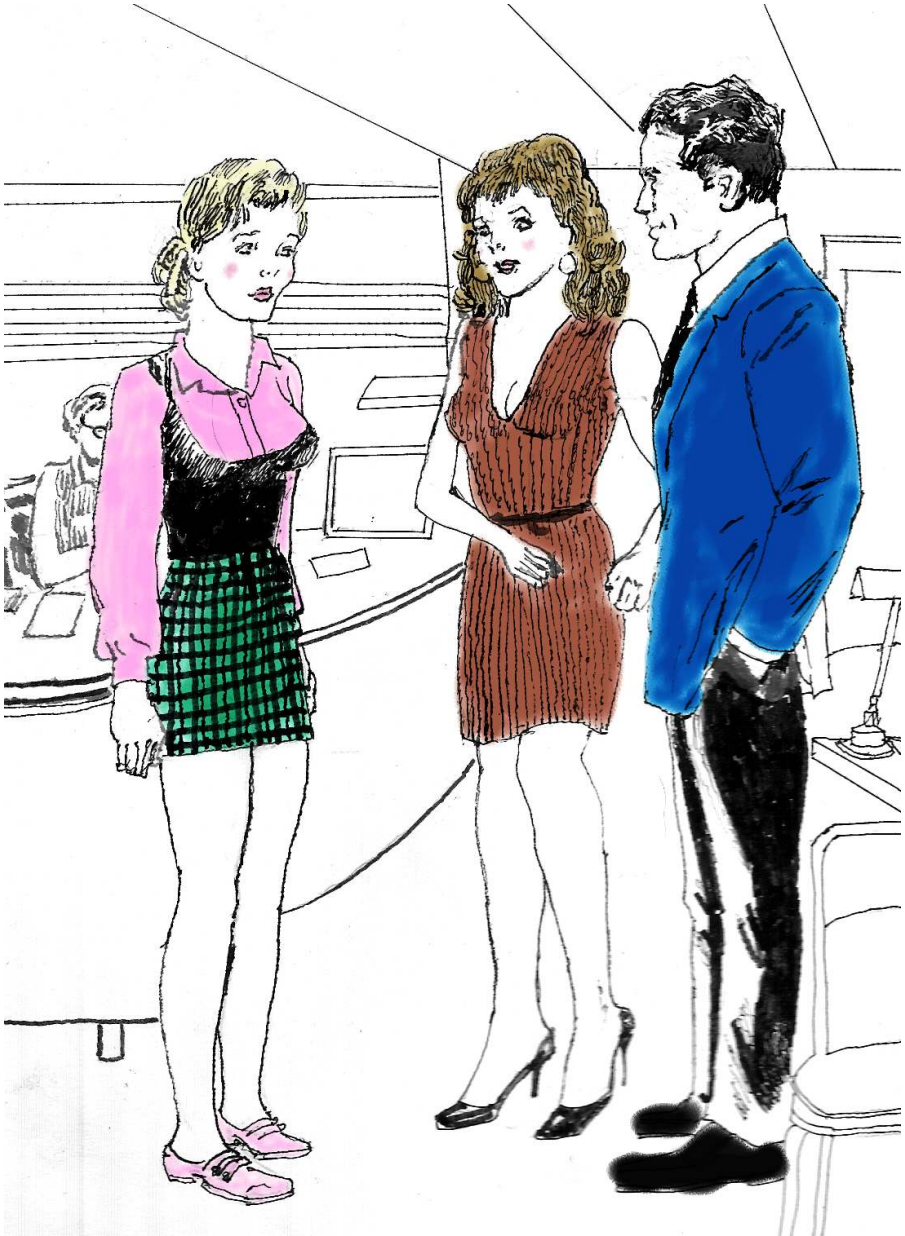
“What did she ask?” I whispered. “I was so shocked to see her that I blanked out.”

“How are you doing in your new life?”

“Uh...okay, I guess?” I stammered. “Nobody has detected that I’m not really Amy.”

“Why is that?” she asked.

“You’ve got me! It surprises the hell out of me when one of Amy’s friends doesn’t detect that I’m not her.”



“Hello, Debbie, are you ready to become our lovely daughter?” Mike asked.

“Who is this lovely girl, Mike?” I asked.

“Don’t you recognize me, Amy?” the girl asked. She did look vaguely familiar.

“Maybe it’s because you are her, now,” Ms Thomas said. “Maybe you are more Amy than you want to admit.”

“I don’t think so,” I said. “I’m Bob beneath these clothes and this makeup.”

“Really? When was the last time you had a ‘Bob’ thought or did a ‘Bob’ action?” She had me there. I thought back over the past weeks since I took over Amy’s life and couldn’t think of an instance when I acted, thought, or felt like ‘Bob’.

The side door opened and a stern looking woman entered followed closely by a cute teenage girl with her eyes cast down. This lovely girl wore a pink blouse with long flowing sleeves, a black figure hugging vest, and a tartan green mid-thigh length miniskirt. Her curvaceous legs ended in pink sneakers that matched her blouse. She wore modest makeup, and her blonde hair was held in a high ponytail.

“Mike, Amy, let me introduce you to your daughter, Debbie Anne. Debbie, meet your new parents,” Ms Thomas introduced.

The girl looked up for the first time. “Mike...Amy...!”

“Now Debbie dear,” Ms Thomas said, “Remember what you were taught here at the Chrissy Institute.”

Fear appeared in Debbie’s eyes, and she weakly said, “Yes, Ms Thomas. Hello, Daddy, Mother.” I was stunned! We were at the Chrissy Institute and this teenage girl knew Mike and me. She looked familiar.

“Hello, Debbie,” Mike said. “The Chrissy Institute has done wonders for you.”

A tear flowed down Debbie’s cheek as she meekly replied, “Thank you, Daddy.”

I was completely confused. What was going on? Mike and this Debbie knew each other. Debbie seemed to know me, but I was at a loss to remember her.

“She is lovely,” Mike said. “How old is she?”

"Tell your parents your age, and grade at school, Debbie," Ms Thomas said.

Not responding immediately, Ms Thomas gave Debbie a swat on her plump ass. Startled, the girl said, "I'm 15 years old and a high school sophomore."

"If Debbie meets your requirements, please sign these papers. She is ready to be your daughter," Ms Thomas said. Mike signed and handed them back.

"Debbie's bags are in your car," Ms Thomas gave me a womanly hug. "You make a lovely family."

We were shown the exit to Mike's car. Debbie sat in the back while I asked Mike, "What is going on?"

Smiling, Mike said, "What do you mean, Amy? Debbie is our daughter."

"Come off it, Mike!" I was losing my cool. "This was never part of the deal! Why wasn't I informed of this? What's will happen when I return to being me?"

Debbie asked from the back seat, "What do you mean by returning to being you? Surely you recognize me, Amy."

Mike pulled over. "It's time for introductions."

"About time!" I growled.

"What do you mean, Daddy?" Debbie asked.

"Amy, meet your brother, Dave, now our daughter, Debbie," Mike grinned from ear to ear.

"What!" I gasped, turning around for a closer look at this lovely teenage girl. "She can't be my brother!"

Mike laughed, "And you aren't Dave's brother, Bob?"

"What!" Dave gasped. "She isn't my sister, Amy?"

"Amy, meet our daughter, Debbie, who used to be your younger brother, Dave. Debbie, meet your mother, Amy, who used to be your older brother, Bob," Mike couldn't hold back his merriment. "We are one happy family."

Debbie and I looked at each other. “Dave?” I asked.

“Bob?”

“Yes...” we both weakly answered and fainted.

Chapter 11 –What Happened?

We arrived home completely exhausted. We tentatively talked with each other, each unable or unwilling to broach the subject most on our minds, ‘WHAT HAPPENED!!’

Mike showed Dave to his new bedroom, while I tentatively approached my first night sleeping with Mike in the master bedroom. I dressed in a long silky nightie, one of my most drab nightclothes, so as not to entice Mike to do something unwanted. I was in bed when Mike entered the bedroom.

“That was a dirty trick,” I growled.

“I wanted to see if either of you recognized the other. Obviously both of you are so good in your new identities that brothers were unable to recognize each other,” he said as if it were completely logical. “You and Dave should be happy that you are undetectable.”

Mike changed into his bedclothes as we talked, completely comfortable to undress in front of me. “What happened with Dave?” I finally asked. “How...why is he a teenage girl?”

“While you were at the Institute, he came looking for Bob. I told him that both Amy and Bob were unavailable, and he demanded an explanation or he would go to the police with a missing person’s report. I could hardly allow that!”

“I told him that I knew where Bob and Amy were, but both were indisposed. He said that he needed to speak to you about money for school. Since I was already paying for his schooling, I offered to pay for his further schooling if he agreed go to the school of my choosing. He agreed and I chose the Chrissy Institute. Unfortunately for him, he didn’t know about the Institute until he was enrolled there. Then it was too late. A young man, Dave, entered the Chrissy Institute, but a teenage girl, Debbie, left.”

“Why didn’t he go to our dad?” I asked.

“Apparently, your father isn’t available either.”

I was astonished by Mike’s story. I admired the audacity it took to pull it off. “Dave really isn’t a girl, is he?” I asked as Mike crawled into the other side of the bed.

“No more or less than you are, dear,” he sighed, then turned off the lamp, rolled over, and fell asleep. I spent half the night awake pondering this turn in events.

The next morning, Mike left for work as I was waking up. I was exhausted from lack of sleep. I trudged to the kitchen for my morning coffee after slipping into a frilly negligee. I was trying to decide how to ask Dave a host of questions.

Dave wandered into the kitchen wearing a silky blue babydoll nightie. He noticed my feminine negligee, while I noted how well his nightie fit his body. We blushed, realizing that we brothers looked exactly like mother and daughter.

“Coffee?” he asked in a lilting voice.

“Help yourself,” I tried without success to hide my obviously feminine body by wrapping my negligee about me.

“So you are my mother now?” he giggled. “The surprises keep on coming.”

“For me too,” I smiled. “I knew you were in school, but yesterday was the first time I learned that you were in a ‘school of higher feminine learning’.” I giggled at my pun.

“I thought I was going to college, but Daddy had other ideas.” He swept his nicely manicured hand over his body. I saw maturing breasts jiggle on his chest with his motion.

“Implants?” I nodded towards his chest.

Noticing where I was looking, “No, they are all me.”

“You grew them?” I gasped.

“With help from the Chrissy Institute,” he answered. “I’m a B-cup. They are still growing. Ms Thomas said that I could grow to a C-cup. How about you?”

I blushed, “C-cup implants with a some growth since.”

“Are they sensitive?” he asked.

“When I touch my nipples.”

“How about when Daddy touches them?”

“What? He hasn’t fondled my breasts,” I gasped.

“You are sleeping with him. He hasn’t tried to...?”

“Last night was the first night we slept in the same bed. I slept in your bedroom before that,” I interrupted.

“Why did you sleep in separate bedrooms if you and Daddy are supposed to be married?”

“This is a temporary masquerade,” I explained. “I’m still Bob under all this.” I swept my hand over my body.

“That’s hard to imagine. If this is temporary, how do you explain me being here?” he asked.

“I don’t know why he brought you into this charade.”

“He must be a rock to keep his hands off of you, mother,” Dave cattily said.

“Rock or not,” I snipped, “He hasn’t touched me.”

“You would like him too touch you though,” he smiled. “I see it in your eyes.”

“I beg your pardon!” I gasped. “I would never...”

“Oh, yes you would. The right time hasn’t come yet, but when it does, you will jump at the opportunity.”

“Wash your mouth!” I smiled. “That’s no way for a girl to talk to her mother.”

“Which brings us to now,” he changed the subject. “How serious is Daddy about me being his daughter?”

“Very serious,” I said. “He is building a family image. Apparently you are part of that image.”

“Maybe for the outside world, but surely he doesn’t expect me to be his 15 year old daughter in the privacy of his home.”

“He certainly does,” I said. “I’ve maintained the image of being Amy 24/7 for months. You will have to also.”

“That sucks! The only way I can return to being Dave is if Daddy instructs the Chrissy Institute to reverse my changes.”

“You’re preaching to the choir,” I said. “He needs to agree before they will change me back to Bob. Which brings me to another subject. Why do you call Mike ‘Daddy’, even when we are home alone and he’s at work?”

“You know how insidious the Chrissy Institute is, mother dearest,” Dave cooed. “It feels right to refer to him as Daddy, even though I know that he isn’t my father. It’s ingrained.”

“It’s best that you to call him Daddy at all times until this charade is over. Now tell me how you came to be Debbie!”

“I could ask you the same thing, mother dearest,” Dave smiled, “but I’ll go first...”

Chapter 12 - Dave’s Story

Daddy...uh...Mike said that he would pay for my education if I went to the school of his choosing. I didn’t have much choice, so I agreed. I figured I would fill my basics for a semester until I found a better college. Little did I realize that the basics I’d fill were in femininity.

Ignorant of what I was getting into, I signed the paperwork at the front desk and was led to my room. I was told to take a bath and shower afterwards.

“I bet girl’s clothes were on the bed when you returned from the bathroom,” I guessed.

“Nope, just my levis’ and a t-shirt from my suitcase.”

“No girl’s clothes, makeup, or spankings?” I gasped.

“You were spanked too?” Dave giggled.

“Never you mind!” I blushed, “Continue...”

I was introduced to two guys in my study group. Heath was from Alabama and Mel from Nebraska. We were told that we shared common interests. Our lessons for the first week were the same as what I was taking in school, English, math, and science. The other guys in my study group were a couple of years younger than me. The lessons continued for a week, but math and science quickly became interminably boring. The other two guys felt the same.

During our third week, we wanted a change in venue. I wanted to learn how to take care of my hair. It was getting hard to take care of and the instructors wouldn't allow me to cut it, so it hung in straggly tangles.

“Let's ask Ms Jacobs if we can take a break from these yucky lessons,” Heath suggested. “I used to love studying science, but now all I think of are fashions. I've lost all my body hair below my chin. Yet the hair on my head is growing like weeds. I haven't shaved for a week. Something is wrong!”

“I was growing a mustache when I arrived here,” Mel, the oldest of the other two, said, “but it stopped. What growth I had has disappeared.” Mel was a typical Nebraska farm boy, always getting into trouble. He was the tallest of the four of us, standing 5' 9", 150 lbs, and had shoulder length auburn hair tied low on his neck with a rubber band.

“I've lost 5 pounds since coming here,” Heath said. “I thought it was because of the skimpy meals they serve. I've noticed other things, like loss of strength and getting emotional for no apparent reason.” Heath was 17 years old with blonde hair hanging in long scraggly locks, 5'7" tall, and weighing no more than 135 lbs.

“Yeah, I've noticed the same thing,” I confessed. “Let's ask about it when we ask for a change in curriculum.”

“They didn’t tell you why you were there?” I gasped. “You thought it was a college campus?”

“Yeah, maybe we were naive, but we thought it was one of those alternative liberal arts colleges.”

“It certainly is ‘alternative and liberal,’” I smiled. “So when did you find out what was going on?”

“Let me continue...” Dave suggested.

It didn’t faze us when Ms Jacobs agreed to a change in venue and gave us glossy girl’s magazines to read instead. We were confused, but happy to get away from that boring math and science stuff. She gave us new clothes to wear instead of the drab t-shirts and pants we brought with us, which were becoming rather rank.

I was embarrassed as hell when I showed up at our study group for the first time wearing my new clothes. The Institute provided me with white shorts, tight fitting t-shirts, and white sneakers. I felt weird wearing these obviously sissy clothes. What was most disconcerting was that the bulge in my very snug shorts looked almost obscene.

I complained to Ms Jacobs about the clothes, but she brushed my complaint aside saying, “Don’t be a silly goose. Your clothes look quite nice on you, what with your recent weight loss.” She quickly guided me out of my room for my morning study session.

I was surprised to see the others similarly dressed, so my embarrassment quickly passed. We joked about who looked the silliest. Mel and Heath agreed that I took the prize. I didn’t appreciate the honor.

“Your new study regimen is to read these magazines, paying particular attention to the clothes and makeup articles. You will be tested each afternoon on what you have read. Lack of study will result in punishment.”

“Punishment?” Mel gasped. “What kind of school punishes for not studying?”

"The kind that will not abide disobedience," she warned. "It's time to begin your real studies."

We three looked at each other as she exited the room. What did she mean by 'real studies'? I had a distinct feeling that I wouldn't like the answer when I found out.

The following weekend, I was introduced to my new reality, namely girl's clothes, not just shorts and t-shirts, but unmistakable feminine girl's clothes. I entered my bedroom after my morning bath expecting my normal shorts and top. Ms Jacobs greeted me with a malicious smile. "Today, you will be introduced to the new you," she held up a frilly dress.

"New me?"

"Yes, Debbie Anne, the new you."

"What the f%^#...?" I swore.

"Swearing is a demerit," she said, "and demerits have consequences."

"What the #!& is a demerit?" I growled, ready to shove this insolent woman from my dorm room.*

"That's a second demerit, Debbie dear. Soon you will earn a special present."

"Who is 'Debbie', and why do you keep referring to me as her?" I was losing patience.

"She is you!" Ms Jacobs said. "That's your new name."

*"New name? My name is Dave! Have you lost your */&*! mind?" I shouted.*

"Two demerits, one for swearing and another for being insolent!" she stated, "And 'Dave' is hardly an appropriate name for a 15 year old girl."

"What's going on? I'm not a girl. I'm nearly 20 years old. Are you nuts?"

Before I could react, Ms Jacobs dropped the dress on my bed, strode the short distance between us, grabbed me by my

upper arm, stripped me of my towel, and wrapped me over her knee. "You are what we tell you, Debbie dearest!"

I was aghast to be draped over her knee. I struggled, but couldn't break free. I was a young man, yet this woman completely controlled me! What happened to my manly strength? How could a mere woman so easily manhandle me? Did it have something to do with my dramatic weight loss over the past weeks? "You can't do this!" I shouted. "Let me up or I'll go to the authorities!"

"I am the authority here, Debbie," she delivered a resounding swat to my tender ass. "From now on, you are who and what I tell you."

"You are loony!" I shouted, as another blow landed on my tender ass. "I'm leaving this crazy school!"

"You won't leave until your Daddy picks you up!" she started raining blows on my ass using a paddle. "And he won't pick you up until we tell him you are ready!"

"What does my Dad have to do with this?" tears started trickling down my cheeks. "I'll have Mike's hide for leaving me with you crazy people!"

"You will no longer refer to your 'Daddy' by his first name!" she delivered more blows. My ass turned red and sore.

"What!! Mike's not my father, he's my brother-in-law!"

"He was your brother-in-law when you were Dave, but now that you are Debbie Anne, he is your 'Daddy'."

"WHAT?" I shouted. "I'm going to the cops!" I struggled to free myself. My world had gone crazy!

I couldn't break free. The blows continued more forceful and rapid. "You will be what we tell you to be!" she said.

"NEVER!" I shouted. The pain was unbearable.

"What is your name and age?" she growled.

"NEVER!"

I lost sense of time or place. I only knew the deep pain that permeated my entire body. I couldn't take anymore, yet I was determined not to give in. "What is your name and age?" she demanded.

"No!"

"Name and age!"

I was unable to resist further. "M...my name is D...Debbie Anne..." I cried, wanting only for the pain to cease.

She asked, "And who is Mr. Stewart?"

"My name is D...Debbie Anne Stewart," I sobbed as she let up on the swats to my beet red ass. "I am a 15 year old girl, and he is my...father."

She gave me a resounding swat. "Not your father, Debbie, he's your Daddy. Teenage girls refer to their father as 'Daddy', and so will you."

"Y...yes, Ms Jacobs," I relented, "I meant he is my Daddy." She swept me off her knees and I crumpled to the floor beaten and submissive. I had completely capitulated.

"It's time to get dressed, Debbie Anne," Ms Jacobs stated as I slowly rose onto my bed. "Start with your panties." She held a frilly, silky pink panty with lacy fringe. "Before you put it on, we must do something about that awful thingy hanging between your legs."

"WHAT?" I cried between sobs, my hands rushed to cover the nakedness between my legs.

"Not that!" she laughed, "The nurse will merely hide it from sight so it doesn't ruin your feminine figure."

"Hide?" I regained a semblance of composure.

"Nurse Betty will perform a minor surgery so you can wear your feminine finery with dignity."

There was a knock on the door and the Institute nurse entered carrying a medical bag. "It looks like your student

needed persuading,” the nurse said, seeing me quivering with tear streaked cheeks.

“Yes, but we reached an understanding, didn’t we sweetie?” I shamefully lowered my eyes and nodded.

“This won’t take long,” nurse Betty assured. “Lay on your back and cover your eyes. You won’t feel much once I numb the area.”

“Ms Jacobs said that you wouldn’t remove...” I said.

“I’m going to hide your masculinity underneath this sheath once I push your balls into your body,” she stated.

I didn’t know how to resist after submitting so disgracefully to Ms Jacobs, so I did as she instructed. A half hour later, the nurse said, “You must keep yourself clean inside your maidenhood. Ms Jacobs will show you how to douche properly.” Then she left.

I looked between my legs and couldn’t see my prized package. I felt the skin-tight, flesh colored sheath bonded to my skin and I saw a feminine slit below my now femininely trimmed pubic hair. “Your maleness is beneath the slit, so you need to sit to take a leak,” Ms Jacobs stated. “You will learn proper douching this evening.” It felt strange not to feel my manhood between my legs. I felt like I was missing the part of my life that defined me as a man. “It’s time to get dressed. You meet your study group in an hour.” She held out a silky lace panty. “Start with this and work out.”

I took the silky garment from her fingers and slowly glided it over my legs to settle it about my hips. It was weird to not see a bulge between my legs, but the soft silkiness of the panty sent shivers up my spine, which was soon forgotten with the next garment.

“This is a corset, Debbie,” Ms Jacobs said as she wrapped it about my waist and began tightening the laces. I’d heard of corsets from girlfriends, but never in my wildest dreams had I ever thought that I’d be wearing one! The corset got tighter until I couldn’t breathe, then she laced it tighter!

"Please!" I moaned as she kept tightening the corset. "I can't breathe! The pain!"

"Stop moaning like a sissy!" she demanded. "Girls wear corsets all the time to look nice. So will you now that you are becoming a girl!"

"I...I don't want to become a girl!" I gasped as she tied off the laces and attached an upper snap.

"What you want is not important," she stated. She held me at arm's length to observe the overall effect of the garment. "Why, Debbie Anne, you have breasts, and so soon after changing genders!"

I was startled to see that she was right. Two breasts or damn real facsimiles sprouted from my chest. "You must be more prone to femininity than first thought," she laughed. That damn corset had pushed all my spare flesh into my chest so I now sported two small but definite cones. "I'll get you a bra. An A-cup will do."

Once the bra was snugly fastened about my chest, she handed me pantyhose and showed me how to roll them up my hairless legs and about my hips. My stockings whispered as they rubbed against each other.

"Next is this lovely matching slip, Debbie dear," Ms Jacobs showed me how to slip it over my head to let it flow over my body. "Doesn't it feel sexy?" It felt heavenly as it touched my sensitive skin. I had to keep telling myself that I shouldn't enjoy these soft, silky clothes. I'm a guy, damn it!

She handed me an ivory colored, casual summer eyelet dress with a wide waist-defining brown belt. The short sleeve dress was fitted throughout and had a split neckline. It hung to mid-thigh to swing about my thighs.

Once the dress was adjusted to fit properly, she handed me a pair of matching thong sandals with adjustable ankle straps. They had 1" platforms and 4" stacked heels. "I'll never be able to walk in those!" I cried.

"You may have difficulty at first, dear," she smiled, "but all girls your age can easily handle these shoes, and so will you. Now strap them on, so we can see your overall look."

I cautiously strapped the sandals to my quivering feet and stood up. I felt like I was standing on a ladder. My feet wobbled, but with a supreme effort, I was able to stand without toppling over onto my face. I held onto my bedpost for stability. "Now walk across the room," she instructed. She followed to catch me if I fell, but with shaking knees, I finally made it across. "I'll work on your hair while you give your legs a rest."

I gratefully fell into a chair to take the pressure off my ankles and knees. I had time to contemplate this awful turn of events while she brushed and styled my growing hair. I was lost in thought until she finally said, "That will do until we get you to a beauty parlor for proper styling."

"I'm going to be seen by other people while dressed like this?" I gasped. "I can't let others see me wearing a dress!"

"Don't be a silly," she laughed. "By the time we finish with you, you will look, act, and think like a typical teenage girl. Of course you are going to be seen by others. What girl doesn't like being admired?"

It was useless to argue with her, so I sat quietly as she expertly applied makeup to my face. I never in my craziest nightmares ever thought that I'd one day wear makeup. I was powerless to stop it. "You will learn to apply your own makeup, Debbie, so pay attention!"

Her words brought me out of my self-pity and I watched her work my face. My face felt soft and smooth. When did I acquire a soft, flawless face without facial hair?

When finished, Ms Jacobs helped me up from the chair and guided me to a full-length mirror. I wanted to cry when I saw my reflection. I couldn't pass as a girl outside the Institute. I looked like a guy wearing girl's clothes.

"Okay, Debbie, it's time you met your study group as the teenage girl you will become," she announced.

"No! Not that!" I gasped. "I'll be laughed out of the room looking like this!"

"Don't be silly, girl!" she laughed. "Be proud to be a girl. Follow me or you have another bout with my paddle." Remembering my recent humiliation, I followed her to meet the guys as the girl she was determined to make me into.

As we walked to the study room, I was barraged with unmanly sensations. The cling of my slip, the caress of my dress, the taste of my lipstick, and the seductive kiss of my shining hair against my neck, cheeks, and shoulders distracted me. Strangest of all was the rhythmic bobbing of my breast-like mounds created by my corset. My nipples rubbed against my bra and sent shivers of forbidden pleasure. These sensations were enhanced by the sensuous, hip-swinging gait caused by my high heels and restrictive corset.

My stomach churned as we approached the study room. I knew that Heath and Mel would roll over with laughter when they saw me wearing girl's clothes and wobbling on these ridiculous heels.

Ms Jacobs opened the door, and I entered with my head bowed, so I wouldn't have to face my humiliation. To my surprise, there was no laughter. Maybe the other guys had been transferred to other study groups. I tentatively looked up, expecting to see an empty room. I saw my two study companions standing across the room, each accompanied by his mistress. I gasped! They were dressed similar to me! Each guy wore a dress, high heels, styled hair, and full makeup!

"What...!" I gasped.

"Debbie, let me introduce you to your new study companions," Ms Jacobs stated. "First, meet Miss Melanie Daniels. Melanie, this is Miss Debbie Anne Stewart."

Mel was nudged forward by Ms Taylor, his mistress. He was obviously as unsure of himself on his high heels as I was on mine. "Melanie Lynne, greet your girlfriend properly!" Ms Taylor said.

"H...Hello..." Mel whispered. Obviously he had suffered a humiliating spanking like I had.

"Use her name!" Ms Taylor demanded. "And greet her as girls greet each other."

"Hello, Debbie Anne..." Mel mumbled, his head bowed at being seen in his lovely dress. He leaned over to give me a peck on my cheek. Surely he wasn't going to kiss me!

"Debbie Anne!" Ms Jacobs sternly warned. "Let your girlfriend give you a peck on your cheek like a good girl."

Oh, no! They couldn't really want us to greet each other with kisses! I was wrong, that's exactly what was expected. I allowed him to give me a peck on my right cheek. "It's your turn, Debbie," Ms Jacobs said.

I was powerless before these imposing women, so I softly said, "Nice to meet you, Mel...Melanie Lynne," and I gave him a small kiss on his cheek. I felt like a complete sissy to see my red lipstick on Mel's cheek.

Turning to Heath, Ms Jacobs stated, "Debbie, meet Miss Heather Colleen St. Clair. Heather, meet Debbie Anne." Heath was wearing a tight fitting sheath dress that hugged his curves. Obviously he was wearing a corset too.

Tears streaked down his cheeks ruining his makeup. Heath slowly stepped forward and said, "Uh...hello...Debbie Anne." I could tell by the way he glanced over to Ms Smith, his mistress, that he feared punishment if he didn't do as told.

"Hello, Heath...Heather," I said. We leaned over and gave each other small pecks on our cheeks.

"Now that introductions are over, it's time to turn to your lessons for the coming months," Ms Taylor stated. "By the time you leave here, you will act like the prim and proper young ladies that your sponsors desire. Your first lesson as young ladies is to learn to walk on your heels."

"Followed by work on your voices," Ms Smith stated. "None of you have voices appropriate for your new lives, but by the time you leave here, your voices will be absolutely perfect for

the young ladies you will become. Understand?" The three of us merely nodded. "Understand!"

"Yes, Ms Smith," we quickly responded without conviction.

"Okay!" Ms Taylor stated. "Place these small books on your heads and let's begin."

The women had punishments that assured that we diligently worked at our lessons. We didn't see lasting harm in learning these silly girl lessons. What is learned can be unlearned. None of us looked like a girl. Our faces were too masculine, with sharp masculine features instead of soft feminine curves. Our bodies retained our innate masculinity. We knew that when the Institute grew tired of training us, we'd return to dressing and acting like guys, and be red blooded males again. The girl training was a waste of time.

We spent 7 days a week learning every aspect of acting like a girl. We learned to walk in high heels with a sway to our hips, how to sit and cross and uncross our legs, how to hold our hands limp wristed while carrying a purse, how to femininely toss our growing hair, how to enter and exit cars, a whole host of lessons that we would never put to use.

At the same time, we learned everything about putting together a coordinated wardrobe, how to choose proper clothes to wear for every occasion, how to take care of our hair, and how to apply makeup. We were indoctrinated in every aspect of being young ladies.

While we concentrated on our daily lessons, we weren't oblivious to changes to our bodies, especially to our chests. We were growing breasts! It started as a dull pain under each nipple, then progressed to our nipples becoming large and ultra sensitive. Cones started forming beneath each nipple. This wasn't caused by constantly wearing tighter and tighter corsets. We had to be taking female hormones!

During a break from our lessons, our mistresses presented us with papers to be signed. "What are these for?" I asked.

"They are forms to authorize the Institute to perform surgeries requested by your sponsors," Ms Jacobs explained.

"I'm not signing these papers!" Heath growled, and threw the stack back at Ms Taylor. "You can make me learn these stupid girl lessons, but they aren't permanent like surgeries!"

"Some surgeries are permanent and others aren't, Heather," Ms Smith gathered up the stack of papers.

"I'm not agreeing to any surgeries!" he growled. Mel and I refused to sign our papers too. We were united in refusing anything that smacked of permanence. Eventually we would be men again, and wouldn't agree to anything that would interfere with that goal.

A week later, our mistresses became exasperated with our adamant refusal to sign the forms. "Sign the forms," Ms Taylor said, "or we will show you what your lives will be like without surgeries once you leave the Chrissy Institute."

"I can't wait to get the hell out of here!" Heath growled. "It will be great to wear a pair of Levi's and a t-shirt while hang with the gang again."

"I doubt if there will be any 'hanging with the gang' in your future, Heather," Ms Smith stated.

"You can't keep me here forever!" he defiantly growled. "Once I leave, no one can tell me what to wear or how to act."

It was at this point that I made the first of my three attempts to escape that awful place. I made it outside the gate before a guard caught me. I won't go into my punishment for running away, but enough said that I thought long and hard before my second attempt

"You are the Dave/Debbie that Laura told me about?" I gasped.

"Who is Laura?" Dave asked.

"Someone I met at the Institute. She told me about a Dave/Debbie that ran away three times. It was you."

“I tried three times, and after each attempt, I became more feminine. After the third one, I became more girl than boy, and I lost interest. Now back to my story.”

A month passed and we refused to sign the papers, but dramatic changes were happening to our bodies. Our waists became narrow, our skin grew soft and smooth, our hips expanded, we became girl thin, weighing between 110 and 115 lbs, and we were GROWING BREASTS! We looked like cute guys with young girl’s bodies. At the same time, we became proficient at the many lessons we practiced over and over. We looked and acted like complete sissies!

“What is happening to me?” I asked Ms Jacobs one morning. “I’ve got breasts!”

“I’d say you are an A+ cup, with the potential of becoming a nice B-cup soon,” she smiled.

“This can’t be happening!” I gasped as she led me from my room to the study area. I wore tight fitting white shorts, a tight fitting shimmering nylon t-shirt that obscenely showed my dollar size nipples and stretched over my expanding cones, and 2” sandals that exposed my bright red toenails.

Heath and Mel were dressed similarly. Our hair hung about our ears in large curls. “Shall we go?” Ms Jacobs asked.

“Where are we going?” I panicked, making me immobile.

“We are taking you boys on a field trip,” Ms Taylor stated. “You won’t sign the surgery releases, so we are going to show you what to look forward to if you should leave our establishment without the required surgeries.”

“Where are you taking us? We can’t leave here wearing these sissy clothes!” Mel gasped.

“Silly boy, sure we can,” Ms Smith giggled. “You could put on overalls and boots, and you would look the same.” They literally dragged us from the room and into a van. The three women were stronger than us now. We were 90 lb weaklings.

They stopped the van in the center of town, dragged us from the van, slammed the door shut, and drove off. We were abandoned at the busiest intersection of the city. Our ever present mistresses were not there to force us to do as they wished. We were free! We could escape this awful school!

Suddenly we heard laughter and came to our senses. We were surrounded by people milling about us, pointing their fingers our way, and giggling and laughing at us! We covered our mouths with one hand and tried to cover our bodies with the other hand. It was hopeless as we stood, knees askew, and quivering in fright.

“Mommy, are those boys or girls?” a little girl asked.

“I don’t know, honey,” her mother disgustedly stated.

A young man sneered, “You are either the ugliest girls or the sissiest boys!”

His friend grabbed Mel’s right breast. “Are these real?”

“OW!” Mel yelped, quickly backing away from the boy’s grasp. “That hurt!” Mel’s nipple was aroused by the boy’s touch much to his total embarrassment.

“Leave us alone, you awful boy!” Heath squealed. “We are boys! We aren’t sissies!” He cringed. All the training had altered his voice. Although it wasn’t feminine, it wasn’t masculine either. Mel’s voice was the same, as was mine!

“You sure look and sound like sissies to me!” the first boy stated “Come with me, sissy,” he grabbed Heath’s thin arm, “I’ll make your dreams come true!”

“Oh, please let go of me!” Heath cried.

Mel and I tried to pull Heath from the boy’s grip, but we were too weak to succeed. Suddenly the boy let go, and the three of us fell to the ground in a pile of flaying arms and legs. Everyone around us thought this was great fun and laughed uproariously. We quickly got to our feet and rushed into the nearest building.

“What are we going to do?” Heath cried. “I’ve never been so frightened in my life.”

“We need to get into boy clothes,” Mel decided, “We will be killed looking like we do.”

“How can we buy clothes? I don’t have money,” I moaned.

“I’ve a credit card,” Mel smiled for the first time. “I kept it secret for when I escaped that terrible place.”

“Oh, goodie!” Heath jumped up and down, clapping his hands, drawing attention to us.

“Stop that!” I growled. “You are acting like a school girl.”

“Oops,” Heath giggled. “It must be those lessons.”

“We can’t act like sissies when we get boy’s clothes or we’ll never get away!” Mel stated, leading us to a store.

“May I help you, Mr....uh...Miss...” a salesman asked.

“It’s Mr., buster,” Mel growled. “We want to buy some men’s pants and shirts.”

“Uh...okay,” the man led us to the boy’s section. “I’m not sure our men’s clothes will fit you...uh...boys.”

“What do you mean?” Heath asked.

“Your waists are so small and your hips are...so large.”

“Never mind that,” I said. “Let’s see the pants.”

We tried on pair after pair of men’s and boy’s pants with little success. We couldn’t get normal men’s pants past our wide hips, while our waists were too small for larger men’s sizes. Shirts weren’t much better. We tried on large shirts to hide our emerging breasts, but they hung on our frail bodies so we looked like girls wearing their big brother’s shirts.

“Let’s try the girl’s section,” the salesman suggested. We gave up in frustration, and he introduced us to another sales person. “Hillary will help you.”

“How may I help you...uh...boys?” she fairly giggled.

"We want pants and shirts," Mel muttered, completely frustrated at our failed attempts in the men's and boy's areas.

"Of course you do," she giggled. "Please don't be offended, but you have lovely girlish figures."

"We know!" I nearly lost my cool. "We need baggy clothes to cover up our 'feminine figures'."

"Of course," she smiled, "Although I suggest that you should display them rather than cover them up. You will look rather silly trying to hide such girlish figures."

"Let's see the pants..." Mel wasn't amused.

We tried a variety of pants. Fortunately, they fit nicely, unfortunately, once we had them on, we looked like plain looking girls in pants as they hugged our hips and showed off our bellybuttons. Finally we selected the least embarrassing pants and moved onto tops.

Girl's shirts fit snugly. Rather than hiding our budding breasts, they displayed them. We couldn't find clothes that fit us without showing off our emerging girlish assets. Finally, in frustration, we chose tops that covered our breasts without exposing cleavage and pants that hugged our hips and displayed as little of our waists as possible. We also chose tennis shoes to hide our colorful toes.

"Will that be all...uh...Melvin?" the sales girl asked while examining Mel's credit card. Turning red, he nodded, signed the receipt, and the three of us quickly exited the store.

We hurried down the street walking as fast as we could. We actually strutted, delicately placing one foot in front of the other while swinging our hips. We held our wrists bent and arms parallel to the sidewalk like we were carrying purses.

When we stopped to take a seat on a bench, we femininely crossed our legs and covered close to each other. A crowd gathered. "Are you boys or girls?" a woman asked.

"We're boys, silly!" Heath lisped.

"You don't walk like boys," she stated. "You carry yourselves like girls, although your faces rather plain."

We turned beet red. She was right. We walked, sat, and comported ourselves as girls. We did it naturally without thinking. We hurriedly stood and quickly walked away. "Stop swishing!" Mel growled at Heath and me.

"Stop it yourself!" we said. "You fairly glide down the street when you walk. Look at how you use your hands, and your limp wrist..."

Mel's eyes went as huge as saucers. "I can't..." he gasped. "I've forgotten how to walk and comport myself as a guy!"

"Me too!" Heath cried. "It feels natural and right to walk, talk, and carry myself like this!"

"Those fiendish women!" I gasped. "They knew this would happen! They've engrained femininity in us so strongly that we can't break it. What are we going to do?"

"Return to the school with us," Ms Smith appeared behind us. "We'll make it so you will never be mistaken as sissies or Nancy boys again."

"Ms Smith!" Heath gasped. "Where did you come from?"

"We've been following your little adventure," Ms Jacobs appeared at her side. "Either return with us so we can complete your training, or continue your adventure, knowing that your feminine figures will continue to develop, and you will always act in a completely feminine manner."

"You won't help us get our masculinity back?" I asked.

"Of course not, Debbie, you silly girl!" Ms Jacobs laughed. "It's either our way or the highway!"

"The highway for you is as feminine looking and acting swishy boys," Ms Taylor appeared. We looked at each other, then at these conniving women. With sighs of resignation, we quietly followed them to the van.

“What did the other guys look like?” I asked.

“Heath was handsome with a baby face, but Mel had sharp facial and body features of a Midwesterner who had seen too much sun. That changed over the course of the following months.”



Our bodies were changing. Breasts starting to grow as our hair grew long and luxurious. Soon we were filling A-cup bras. We perfected our makeup techniques as we learned to comport ourselves as young ladies

“Oh?” I asked. “Facial surgeries?”

“Of course, mother dearest,” Dave cooed. “You didn’t look like Amy the last time I saw you. I bet facial surgery had something to do with you being Amy’s spitting image.”

I blushed, “They promised that it can be reversed.”

“Me too, but I digress,” Dave returned to his story.

We weren’t back at the school more than 15 minutes before our mistresses sat us at a table and produced the paperwork. “Read each form and sign where it’s marked with an ‘X,’” Ms Jacobs stated.

We thumbed through the forms, reading each carefully. Mel and I blanched when we realized that our forms allowed the Chrissy Institute to perform facial surgeries to make us look younger and more feminine.

“Do I have to sign this pink form, Ms Smith?” Heath weakly cried. His face was pale and tears trickled down his cheeks.

“Of course,” she said. “It’s what your mother requested.”

“I don’t have a pink form,” I said.

“True, Debbie darling,” Ms Jacobs stated. “Mr. Stewart didn’t request that procedure.”

“We don’t have identical forms?” Mel questioned.

“No, Melanie,” Ms Taylor explained. “Each of you has only the forms requested by your respective sponsors. At a later date, you may decide to have the same procedure as Heather. You will be asked to sign the pink form if you do.”

“What procedure is covered by the pink form?” I asked.

“That’s not for you to learn at this time.”

Tears flowed down Heath’s cheeks as he signed each form. He finally came to the pink form and his hand quivered. “Heather, it’s what your mother wants!” Ms Smith said. “You don’t want to be a limp wrist sissy boy, do you?”

Shaking with emotion, Heath gained control and with a quivering hand affixed his signature to the pink form. Mel and I signed our forms, knowing that we were promised that nothing would be done that couldn't be undone.

The next day, Heath was scheduled for surgery. He took the news with fatalistic resignation. His mother dictated that he was to have the surgeries, and so be it. Mel and I assumed that Heath had the 'nothing will be done that can't be undone' clause too. He never told us what the pink form covered, even when we asked him. He would blush and turn his eyes away.

We offered moral support leading up to his leaving. "We'll see you back here soon," I patted his back. Heath gave us a weak smile, then Monday morning, he was gone.

Mel and I became completely absorbed in our lessons. We often asked about Heath, and were assured, "Miss Heather is doing fine. She will return to the study group once she is sufficiently healed."

A month after leaving, Heath appeared. He was pale and thinner than when he left. His face was slightly swollen and discolored from two black eyes and numerous other facial surgeries. He was in a wheelchair, too weak to walk.

"Wow, Heath," Mel said, "What happened to you?"

In a weak, but startlingly feminine voice, Heath said, "I'm still recovering from my surgeries. I'll be walking soon. Please call me Heather Colleen now, not Heath."

"Uh, okay, Heather, if that's what you want," Mel agreed. "Tell us what happened."

"There isn't much to say," Heath chimed in his soft lilting voice. "There were the surgeries and then the healing."

"What happened to your voice?" I asked. "It's so... girlish."

"That's because I am a girl, silly," Heath gave a weak smile. "They shaved my Adam's Apple, and stretched my voice box. This is my natural voice now."

Mel said, "You will be gorgeous once the swelling subsides!"

"Thanks," Heath seemed pleased. "I hope so."

"Really?" I asked.

"Yes, silly," he smiled. "I'm a girl. I want to be pretty."

Heath spent the next week recovering in his room. When he returned to class, Mel and I were in surgery. Neither of us saw Heath again until we returned. Neither of us had to be pushed into class in a wheelchair. We were swollen from our facial surgeries, we too had Adam's Apple surgery, and like Heath, our voices were now completely feminine, although the doctor assured us that he could return them to their masculine timbre at our sponsors request.

Mel and I were dumbstruck when we saw Heath on our first day back from surgery. He was a blonde, blue eye Southern Belle. His nose was sculptured, his cheeks were raised, his chin was trimmed, and his eyes were widened to give him a sensuous enticing look. His long blonde hair, hourglass figure with B+ breasts, and babydoll voice shouted heartbreaker. His mother wanted a beauty queen daughter. Heath was that daughter in spades.

"Hello, girlfriends," Heath cheerfully chimed with a wide toothy smile, giving each of us a peck on our cheeks. Gone was his weak girlish voice from when we last saw him. Now his voice was a feminine soprano. "Ms Smith is taking me shopping this afternoon. Aren't my heels to die for?" He turned his leg to display his 3" salmon color open-toe slippers. His smooth shapely legs disappeared into the skirt of a lovely sleeveless salmon wraparound dress with scoop bodice that displayed an expanse of deep cleavage.

"Wow, Heath, you are gorgeous!" Mel gasped. "You seem to have taken to being a girl."

“My name is Heather now, and yes, I’ve taken to it because I am a girl,” Heath preened. “I love my pretty clothes, and as a girl, I can wear them anytime and anywhere.”

“You mean you enjoy dressing like a girl?” I gasped.

“I don’t dress like a girl, silly, I am a girl!” he giggled. “I’d look silly wearing male clothes. It’s so much fun shopping at all the best stores. I can try on all the cute clothes and nobody gives me any mind...except for boys gawking through the store windows, of course.”

Mel and I healed quickly and we returned to our lessons. Heath said that while we were gone, his lessons centered around perfecting his female voice, walking a runway in high heels, practicing makeup, and training his singing voice. He sang a song, and Mel and I were astonished at the clarity of his lovely soprano voice.

Mel’s Aunt wanted to squash his rebelliousness. He had told her that he wanted to be a cowboy on the rodeo circuit. She had a tizzy fit. When he recovered from his surgeries, he looked the perfect fashion model, tall, perfectly proportioned, and drop dead gorgeous. If Mel goes to another rodeo, it will be on the arm of a cowboy.”

I was told that I turned out a very pretty teenage girl. I thought Heath and Mel were much prettier than me, but I received lots of compliments whenever we ventured out, which was happening more and more. I’m still a guy beneath this paint and powder, but the facial surgeries made me look like a cute teenage girl. The doctors said they can reverse it, but I’m not so sure.

The next two months were torture. We always practiced something feminine, whether it was walking, sitting, learning makeup, coordinating clothes, or learning what to wear for every occasion. Interspersed were other surgeries, depending on what our sponsors requested.

I tried to resist. I told myself that they could mold my body and make me learn all that feminine stuff, but they couldn't touch my mind. They couldn't change how I thought or modify my feelings, emotions, or actions. I was wrong!

As weeks passed, I learned to act like a girl without thinking. Applying makeup came easy and interesting. I became good at coordinating clothes. Teen magazines were interesting. I started to fantasize about the latest boy heartthrob. It was insidious. Slowly I became the teenage girl they were determined that I should be. We were absorbed in all aspects of becoming feminine teenage girls.

One day, Ms Jacobs told us during a study session, "It's time to learn a very important lesson about being girls, namely being catty and manipulative when needed."

"I don't understand," Mel said.

"Melanie, you are here because your former girlfriend conned you into stealing jewelry for her."

"That bitch!" Mel seethed. "She dropped me when I was caught and claimed innocence of knowing what I was doing."

"You would have done anything for her, right?"

"Yeah, before she ditched me."

"You were manipulated by a pretty face and big breasts like most men are," Ms Jacobs stated. "As teenage girls, it is important that you learn those same skills. It's a survival skill that all pretty girls perfect."

"How can we learn to be manipulative?" I asked. "We are men beneath these clothes and makeup."

"Hardly men," she smiled, "You have become so feminine that there is be very few differences between you and girls born female."

"How?" Mel asked. "Females have female hormones."



We were so indoctrinated into being girls that feminine behavior became second nature. Heather and Melanie can't wait to buy the lingerie they want to wear.

“So do you girls,” she smiled. “You’ve been on heavy doses of estrogen since arriving here. Your hormone levels are entirely female now. Boys are susceptible to being manipulated by girls because of their hormones. You girls no longer have yucky male hormones in your bodies, so you will learn not to be so easily manipulated by other girls. On the other hand, you will become susceptible to be being used by boys. The time will come when each of you will meet a boy that you will do anything for. That is your fate as girls.”

We had guessed about the hormones. “I’ll never become infatuated by another boy!” Mel declared. “You can make me look and dress like a girl, but when I’m outside these walls, nobody can make me fall for a guy!”

Ms Taylor said, “You are changing in more ways than just how you look and dress. You are becoming girls, not just looking like girls.”

“You can’t change how we feel, and who we are attracted to,” I stated. “I’m still a guy!”

“If you say so, Debbie,” she giggled. “Now back to your lessons. Being manipulative is not all hormonal. It is learned too. Girls spend hours talking with each other and learning skills to manipulate guys, although girls can be their bitchiest with other girls. You must learn these skills to survive amongst the girls you will meet after you leave here. In the world of teenage girls, it’s survival of the bitchiest!”

“I can’t act that way!” Heath said.

“Heather, you will learn it in spades!” Ms Smith said. “When you leave here, you will be the bitchiest girl in the world of beauty contestants. Melanie will be as manipulative as any runway model that ever lived. Debbie will acquire the skills to become head cheerleader at her new school. Teen girls aren’t manipulative all the time, just when they want something, like Diane wanted something from you, Melanie.”

Although we didn’t believe that we would change like she described, true to her word, as time passed, we slowly acquired the skills she talked about. We’d cattily gossip incessantly, and

we'd compete over which of us looked the hottest. We even started talking about guys in a non-guy way.

Heath was the cattiest amongst the three of us. He was vicious in his comments about other students. He tried to manipulate Mel and me on a number of occasions, but we avoided becoming his victim.

We honed our skills on each other, but we'd practice alone whenever opportunities arose. Our mistresses would often take us shopping. At first, we were terrified that someone would recognize us as guys in dresses, but since our surgeries, we certainly got plenty of stares, especially from boys, but nobody ever indicated that they recognized us as males. Once we knew that we passed as pretty girls, we relaxed and eagerly participated in the shopping exercises.

One day we were by ourselves walking the mall wearing our sexiest tight fitting skirts, snug tank tops, and heels, when three boys approached. We were terrified that they knew we were not girls and would beat us up. They could subdue us without a problem. We were no match for real boys. We were as weak as kittens...or as girls. Our only chance was to act like the girliest girls.

They didn't attack us, but introduced themselves and asked if we wanted to join them for lunch. We looked at each other, giggled, and coyly said, "Sure, if you're buying."

"Of course," a boy said. "We wouldn't dream of letting lovely girls like you buy."

We felt safety in numbers, so we smiled and allowed each boy to pair up with us and take our hands while we walked to the food court. We couldn't help giggling when the boys asked what we wanted and rushed off to get it for us. "This can be addicting," Heath nervously giggled.

At first, we were hesitant to talk, worried that the guys would detect in our voices that we weren't what we appeared to be, but when they treated us like real girls, we relaxed and

participated in the conversations. Boys love to talk about themselves, so we girls mostly listened and giggled.

Heath was the most outgoing of the three of us. When a boy asked what we were doing at the mall, Heath giggled, "Shopping, of course. What else do girls do at the mall?"

"Buy anything?" the boy asked.

Pouting and looking disappointed, Heath weakly whined, "No. I saw this pink top I'd look hot in, but I can't afford it."

The boy gushed, "I've money. Mind if I get it for you?"

Biting his lip, Heath cooed, "I couldn't let you do that for little ole me."

"It is my pleasure, especially if I get to see you wearing it." The boys were drooling.

"Would you really buy me this top?" Heath cooed, tossing his long blonde hair and pulling back his shoulders to make his breasts stand out.

"You bet!" the boy stood up. "Where did you see it?"

"At Lane Bryant," Heath batted his eyes.

"We'll buy tops for all you girls if you'll show us how you look in them," the other boys piped in.

"Really?" Mel gushed.

"You girls select your tops and wear them to checkout, then we'll come into the shop to pay for them. We don't feel comfortable being in that shop while you are selecting. Only girls go into Lane Bryant's."

"Okay, if you insist..." I pouted.

Heath, Mel, and I had reached our girl weight of 110 pounds. Heath was bustier than me, while Mel was slightly smaller. I was at my present B-cup breast size.

We walked into Lane Bryant as if we'd always shopped there, giggling between ourselves that we'd actually been able to manipulate three boys to buy us cute tank tops. Heath

selected a hot pink top with 'Bitch' written across his chest. "That fits you, bitch!" I giggled.

I got a white top with 'Diva' written across my chest in florescent pink lettering. I was proud to display my growing breasts outlined by this snug fitting top.

Mel got a canary yellow top with 'Princess' in red across his chest. "Isn't that the truth?" Heath snidely commented.

We beckoned the boys into the shop, and true to their word, they paid for our new tops. We modeled their purchases to whistles of appreciation, and gave each a kiss on his cheek as thanks. When they asked for our phone numbers, we gave them fake numbers, since we couldn't have them calling the Chrissy Institute. Besides, our stay was ending.

We knew what was happening, yet we were helpless to resist as we were exposed to new aspects of femininity. Heath became Heather in every possible way. She was taught to feel comfortable displaying herself as the beauty queen she was to become. Mel became Melanie, a gorgeous flirt irresistible to any red blooded boy. I became Debbie, a teenage heartthrob, anxious to start high school as a budding teenager. We were taught to shop like girls, and we became shopaholics. We learned to speak like girls, so much so that nobody suspected that we weren't girls. Nothing was left out of our training.

When Heather's mother picked her up, she looked and acted every bit the Southern beauty. She wore a colorful strapless wrap dress with corset seams and a sweetheart neckline that showed off her every curve. She walked to a waiting car with her long blonde hair flowing about her shoulders. Her mother beamed at her new daughter.

Melanie left wearing a lovely red bra topped ribbed mid-thigh length tank dress that was gorgeous with her long, curled auburn hair. She looked the perfect heartbreaker.

Chapter 13 – Family Values

Dave finished his narration. "I can't believe how lovely you turned out, Dave," I gushed. "What now?"

"Daddy wants me to start high school next week." What Mike wants, Mike gets. "And please call me Debbie or Deborah. I would be so embarrassed if someone thought I was a guy because of an inadvertent use of my former male name."

"Let's go shopping and have lunch afterwards, Debbie," I suggested. "It'll give us a chance to get to know each other as mother and daughter."

"Love to, Mother," Dave giggled and rushed to get ready. I went to my new bedroom and did the same.

We met in the living room an hour later. Dave was wearing the cutest baby blue sundress that swung about his thighs as his hips swayed from walking on 2" strappy slings. "Where did you learn to walk like that?" I asked.

"Like what?"

"Like that!" I pointed. "You walk like a runway model. No boy walks like that. Your hips fairly dance."

"I can't remember walking any other way."

"You did, once," I stated.

"Well, mother dearest, you certainly don't walk like a man in those heels." It was my turn to blush.

We had a lovely lunch, never mentioning that we once were brothers. We discussed the latest fashions, makeup techniques, and what Dave could expect from boys at his new school. Guy stuff never came up.

We confidently walked into an exclusive woman's lingerie shop as if we had always been females, a shop that Dave and I would never have considered entering as brothers. It was fun to shop for delicacies as mother and daughter. We touched and sized the panties, bras, and teddies, and left carrying bags of delicacies that a man would never be caught dead wearing. It seemed natural to try on high heels, discuss dress

styles, comment about skirts and the appropriate occasions to wear such. It was a lovely mother-daughter outing.

Mike and I drove Dave to his first day as a sophomore coed at the local high school. He was as nervous as a hen, constantly fidgeting with his skirt and checking his makeup with his hand mirror. "Everything will be fine, Debbie," Mike calmly stated. "You are a teenage girl now. That's all that the other kids will see."

"I'm not so sure, Daddy," Dave weakly stated from the back seat. "I'm afraid I'll do something to give myself away. Are you sure I look okay?"

"You look fine, honey," I soothed. "Stop playing with your skirt. Keep your knees together so you don't show your silky panties to the boys." I wasn't sure if my statement calmed him or made him more agitated.

Standing next to the car, Dave straightened his skirt. "Wish me luck. Be sure to pick me up after school. I hope nobody recognizes me as a boy in a skirt."

Mike smiled, "That won't happen. You aren't a 'boy in a skirt', you're our teenage daughter."

Dave slowly walked to the entrance. "Can you tell me where the administration office is, please?" he asked a passing girl.

"Over there. Are you new here?" the girl asked.

"This is my first day," Dave stammered.

"My name is Alison. Follow me, I'll take you there," the girl smiled. "What's your name?"

"Deborah," he calmed down, "Everyone calls me Debbie."

Alison asked, "Are you trying out for cheerleader this year, Debbie?"

"I'm not sure I'd be welcomed," Dave said.

"A girl as cute as you will be welcomed if you have the talent," Alison said. "I'll introduce you to the cheer coach. I'm on the squad."

Realizing that Alison took him to be a cute teenage girl, Dave said, "Great! I can't wait."

Later that afternoon, I picked Dave up after school. "Mom, I get to try out for cheerleader tomorrow after school," he gushed while jumping into my car. "I hope my Chrissy Institute training helps me get a position."

"You trained for cheer at the Institute?"

"Of course, all three of us did," he giggled. "I was the best, but Melanie and Heather were close behind."

"How was school?"

"Oh, Mom, it was great! I met lots of girls and a few cute guys. The girls asked me to join them at a sleepover in two weeks. Can I go?"

"Are you sure that's wise?" I wasn't sure if my brother, now daughter, should attend a sleepover with teenage girls.

Realizing why I was hesitating, he giggled, "Don't worry, Mother, I haven't had boy feelings in simply ages. I'm not interested in girls that way any longer."

"Oh?" I said, "How about boys?"

"That's different," he lowered his eyes. "I can't wait for a boy to ask me on a date. The thought makes me shiver."

"Can't wait?" I asked. "You realize this is a charade?"

"Oh, really, Mother?" he giggled. "When was the last time you had a male thought? It doesn't feel temporary to me. I don't feel like a temporary daughter. It feels real to me!"

"But Mike promised..." I was stunned that Dave had taken so completely to being Debbie.

“Do you really want it to end, Mother?” he smiled. “Me neither. I like how I look, how I feel, my sexy clothes. I like being Debbie. I’m not anxious to become Dave again.”

13 – 3 Months Later – Who Am I?

We arrived at the five star resort. While Mike attended the convention, Dave and I wanted to lay by the pool and luxuriate in the spa. Dave was out of school for the summer. He was proud of his nicely formed B-cup breasts, and couldn’t wait to wear his first bikini swimsuit.

We checked into a huge suite with a small bedroom for Dave and a master bedroom for Mike and me. It didn’t occur to me to ask for a separate bedroom. Mike never took advantage of me, and it felt nice having him sleep next to me.

“I’m going to the pool,” Dave gushed, “I want to show off my new baby blue string bikini.” Our maleness was so hidden that we had forgotten that we ever had anything male between our legs. It felt natural to be smooth down there.

“Be careful, dear,” I cautioned.

“Mom! I’m not a little girl. I want to meet kids my age.”

“Just be careful about who you hang with,” Mike smiled, “And don’t be alone with any boys. They might try to take advantage of a cute girl like you.”

“I will, Daddy,” Dave giggled. Dave fully accepted Mike as his father and obeyed him as such.

I too wanted to show off my shape in my new bikini. I told Mike of my plan and he said, “You’ve got the body for it, babe!” I exited our bedroom wearing my bikini. Its deep black cups strained to cover my sloping breasts while the triangle barely covered my ‘maidenhood’.

“Wow!” Mike gave off a long, low whistle. “That’s how a bikini should look!” I loved his reaction. After I put on a flimsy top that barely covered anything, he took my hand and led me to the outside pool. I felt wonderful traipsing next to my ‘husband’, while I looked the epitome of lush womanhood.

Mike and I sat in the pool chairs and ordered icy drinks while Dave was at the far end of the pool talking with a couple of girls his age. He looked better in his bikini than the girls did in theirs. A couple of boys introduced themselves. A brief flicker of concern clouded Dave's eyes, but quickly passed as everyone accepted him for what he appeared to be, a very pretty teenage girl.

"Debbie has really accepted being a girl, hasn't she?" I stated. "She is flirting with one of those boys."

"She is a girl," Mike observed. "It's only natural for her to find boys attractive."

"I didn't know she was that much of a girl," I giggled.

"She's very much a girl now," Mike sipped his drink. "She will have to work to keep the boys away."

The week passed in a blur. We relaxed on the beach, Dave and I dressed in our loveliest dresses for dinner, and we went on sightseeing tours. Nobody ever guessed that we were not the females we appeared to be.

Mike and I sat on the beach under an umbrella, while nearby Dave played beach volleyball with his new friends. He looked gorgeous in his pink bikini. His natural breasts swayed as he jumped for the ball. His actions were completely feminine, awkwardly moving for the ball, but not willing to dive into the sand like the boys did. He giggled with the other girls when they saw a particularly handsome boy, never acting uneasy in his assumed role.

I lay in a steaming bathtub as bath beads and oils soothe my nerves and softened my skin. I smiled at my soft sloping breasts topped with large feminine nipples. I touched a nipple with my long, scarlet fingernail. I closed my eyes and massaged my pliant breasts. A warm glow flowed from my breasts to fill my entire body. I shivered when I daydreamed that Mike's hands were caressing my breasts.

I was developing disturbing feelings for him. He is everything about a man that I could never be. He is tough in business, yet gentle with me and Dave. I found his hard masculine body interesting, and wondered what it would feel like to press my soft feminine breasts into his chest and run my fingers through his hair. Was he a good kisser?

I wondered if Mike had similar feelings towards me or was his interest purely business. We were to attend a formal dinner. I no longer worried about being detected as a guy wearing women's clothes. I am a woman, and I wanted to know if Mike is attracted to me as a man is to a woman.

I emerged from the tub and dried off with a large, pink, fluffy towel. I stared at my C-cup breasts sloping proudly from my chest. I smiled at my reflection before applying a cloud of fragrant talc to my body. "Time to make myself glamorous for my hubby," I moaned. I really meant it. I really wanted to be glamorous for Mike.

I pulled a pair of silky lavender panties up my smooth legs. The lacy waistband stretched across my hips. I slipped my thin arms through the satin shoulder straps of my half cup bra. The bottom panels of this lovely creation supported my full feminine breasts to form a smooth valley of cleavage between them.

I slipped into my red nylon robe and went to my vanity to apply my makeup. I pulled my hair back into an elegant French roll. A single springy curl fell over each ear and a couple of wisps crossed my forehead.

I started my makeup with a light dusting of powder to my face to remove shine, but not conceal my healthy feminine glow. I removed a few stray hairs from my eyebrows, then applied reddish brown color on each arched eyebrow. I selected browns and greens for my eyelids, and expertly applied the colors. When finished, I lowered my eyelids and smiled at the results. My eyes looked gorgeous!! I finished my makeup by applying deep scarlet color to my lips. The color exactly matched my fingernails.

I glanced at Mike via the side mirror. I chuckled that he paid more attention to me getting dressed than to his own dressing. I was pleased that I interested him that much. I brushed a clear sealer on my bright red lips. A touch of pink blush accented my high cheekbones. "Sweetheart, how does my makeup look?" I removed my robe and stood to face him.

My ample breasts overflowed the lace confines of my pure white strapless underwire soft-cup bra. The lacy material didn't hide my large brown nipples. My lacy low riding panties looked sexy against my expanded hips. "I take your lack of response as approval," I giggled.

I sensuously rolled nude nylons up my legs. The wide elastic band at the top held my nylons taut on my thighs. "Honey, should I wear a garter?"

"If you want too."

"I want to look sexy as your wife," I cooed. He sat mesmerized as I threaded the lace garters under the waistband of my panties.

I rose and removed my deep blue dress from a garment bag. The sweetheart neckline exposed substantial cleavage. I closed the back zipper and faked having difficulty with the clasp. "Honey, would you help?" I cooed.

"I'd love to." I noticed his manly bulge. He carefully closed my clasp while I slipped on my diamond earrings, followed by my necklace. I stepped into my matching silk evening pumps and stood back so he could see the overall effect. My dress hugged my body and accented my small waist and feminine hips. The dress flowed to just above the floor with a side slit to expose my curvaceous calves and trim ankles.

I smiled as I slid my hand around my 'husband's' elbow. "My, but you are so handsome in your tuxedo, honey," I whispered in his ear and gave him a kiss on his cheek. I tenderly wiped away the slight red imprint left by my lipstick.

"You are gorgeous, Amy!" he said. "Nobody will ever suspect that you aren't what you appear to be."

“Mike, darling, I am exactly who I appear to be,” I giggled.

He wrapped his arm about my waist and gave me a hug. “Yes you are, Amy,” he proudly stated. I proudly hugged his arm as his ever attentive wife throughout the evening.

Chapter 14 – I am Amy

We arrived home late and Dave went to bed. He had summer cheerleading practice the next day. I put my purse down, contemplating my feelings after our wonderful week, and I started to cry. Mike wrapped his arms around my waist, soothingly asking, “What’s wrong, honey? I thought you had a great time.”

I sobbed, “I had a wonderful time. I don’t want it to end.”

“Why would it end?” he kissed my neck.

My sniffles subsided. “I like being Amy. I like the feel of my feminine figure, wearing silky panties, the swish of my nylons as I walk, the feel of my breasts, and the way I look after applying makeup. I would look horrid as a man. I don’t remember how to act as one. I want to be a woman. I don’t want to return to being a man.”

“Why would you go back to being a man?” he whispered, giving my ear a tiny nip. “I want you to stay as Amy, you want to stay as Amy, everyone knows you as Amy. What’s the problem?”

“I’m losing my real identity to this charade,” I sniffled.

He cupped my breasts. He kissed my neck. “This is your real identity now. Forget your former life.”

“Wouldn’t that be wrong?”

“Why?” he gently blew in my right ear.

“It just is...” I halfheartedly answered, “But I want...”

“What do you want, Amy?” he kissed my cheek.

“I love you, Mike. I want to always be Amy and your wife!” I confessed.

He brought his lips to mine. I didn't resist as his kiss intensified. He broke the kiss. "I love you, Amy. Be my wife for real, darling."

"Yes..." I threw my arms around his neck and snuggled into his body. I kissed him, my soft breasts pressed into his hard chest. "I am Amy Stewart, your woman, and your wife!"

We were in a passionate embrace for nearly a minute before Mike picked me up. I purred as I wrapped my arms around his neck and nuzzled his cheek. He carried me to our bedroom. "I'm not like other women in an important way," I pouted. "I can't satisfy you like my sister."

"No problem, honey, I'll satisfy you any way you want. You satisfy me any way you feel comfortable with."

"Really, Mike?" I unzipped my dress.

"You're my wife. I don't want you to be uncomfortable."

"I will keep you satisfied, honey," my dress dropped to my feet, revealing my silky crème teddy caressing my hourglass figure. I slipped off the straps of my teddy, but it was trapped by Mike's body crushing my breasts as he kissed me. I stepped back slightly and the silky garment slowly flowed over my super sensitive erect nipples producing erotic tingling. My teddy joined my dress on the floor to reveal my softly sloping C-cup breasts and silky crème color panties.

The next morning, I snuggled into Mike's arm, laying my head on his chest. He cupped my right breast while I softly caressed his stiff manhood. We were naked except for my panties. I whispered, "Darling, what about poor Bob's debt?"

"I'll tell him it's paid in full if I see him again," Mike smiled.

"I'm afraid you will never see Bob again," I giggled, and kissed him on his cheek.

"You are my woman. I love you, Amy," he said.

I turned in his arms, straddled him so his raging manhood gently penetrated me. I leaned over so my soft breasts caressed his manly chest and gave him a tender kiss. "I am your woman and wife, and you are my man and husband! I love you, Mike darling!"

I settled in comfortably as Amy, and Mike treated me in every way as if I had always been his wife. Dave sensed our feelings for each other and gave himself over completely to being our daughter, Debbie.

Chapter 15 – Re-Commitment

One evening, Dave was getting ready for bed. He had just dropped his silky babydoll nightie over his body when I entered his room. "Debbie, dear, I've decided to be Amy forever. Mike said that if you want to return to being a Dave, he would give the Chrissy Institute the go-ahead to proceed with reversing everything done to you."

A shocked expression clouded Dave's face before he asked, "Don't you and Daddy want me as your daughter any longer?"

"It's not that at all, honey," I gasped. "We love you as our daughter, but a promise was given."

"What if I don't want to return to being a boy?" he stammered. "What if I want to remain Debbie?"

I was nonplused. "I thought you would jump at the opportunity to returning to being a man."

"Mother, do I look anything like a guy? Do I act like a male? Could a guy look this sexy in this cute pink babydoll nightie?" he posed before me. "I don't relate to being a boy any longer. I feel I'm a girl. I would make a horrid male, even if the Chrissy Institute reversed all the surgeries."

"Honey, you are the perfect teenage daughter. We would miss you terribly if you left," I wanted to give him a big hug. "You don't want to become a Dave if you don't want too?"

“Mother! I can never be a male again. I’m too feminine. I could never give up my soft silky clothes, my friends, and how I now feel about guys. I want to date guys, not be one!”

We hugged each other for the longest time. “Debbie, dear, I’m so happy that you want to remain our daughter. It’s wonderful having a daughter,” I gushed, feeling her soft body touching mine. “Your father and I love each other, but I’m not the Amy that said ‘I Do’ the first time around. So we want to perform a second ceremony to renew our vows.”

“You and Daddy aren’t playing at marriage anymore?” she smiled. “I’m so happy that you are committing to each other.”

I was pleased that she took my announcement so positively. “Would you be my bridesmaid?”

“Oh, mother, I’d love to!” she jumped up and down. “Can I wear luscious, silky lingerie under my gorgeous dress?”

We hugged, our breasts pressing against each other. I gushed, “We have a few weeks to shop for a wedding dress for me and a bridesmaid dress for you. We can concentrate on looking gorgeous while your Daddy handles the wedding arrangements.”

Since this was to be a re-commitment ceremony, not a first wedding ceremony, I didn’t think it appropriate to wear a white wedding dress. I wanted a dress that was fitting for the occasion, yet one that fully displayed my very womanly figure.

“Can I invite Heather and Melanie?” Debbie asked.

“Of course! I’m going to invite Laura Marie to be my flower girl.”

“I can’t wait to tell the girls that I am a bridesmaid at my parent’s re-commitment ceremony. They will be so jealous! Can I invite Ted Collins to escort me?”

“Does my daughter have a school girl crush?” I smiled.

“He’s so cute, mother...” she giggled.

“Of course you can ask him if that is what you want. See if he can ask two friends to escort Heather and Melanie.”

A cute blush came to her soft cheeks. “I know two hunky boys that would be wonderful escorts for Heather and Melanie and a 14 year old boy that would be a perfect escort for Laura, if that’s okay.”

“Wonderful! What style of bridesmaid dress do you want?”

“I saw this super cute and flirty pale green silk dress with a V-neck in front and back and a flared skirt with rosette details. I’d look fabulous in it. Also there is a strapless babydoll dress with a cute rosette over my left breast. It is silk chiffon with a layered chiffon bust.”

Debbie and I waited for Laura and her older sister to disembark. I was anxious to see how Larry was adjusting to his new life as the younger sister.

I wore a classic dark blue sheath dress with an asymmetric pleated neckline that flattered my feminine figure. Debbie wore a lovely sleeveless sweetheart mixed print studded zipper mini dress that exposed cleavage from her growing breasts.

Toni Cooper walked down the hallway with Larry (Laura Marie) holding her hand. Larry looked an absolute doll in a lovely dusty pink and gray sleeveless soprano dress with a V-neck ruffle. The sloping neckline exposed a hint of promising breast development. His skirt swayed about his lovely girlish legs as his long fiery red hair tied in a high ponytail swayed to and fro to display flashing diamond earrings in his double pierced ears.

Larry saw me and rushed up to greet me with a wide smile. He cried, “Ms Amy, Ms Amy, it’s so nice to see you again.” His voice was perfect for his new life as a young teenage girl. He performed a cute curtsy. “Thank you for asking me to be your flower girl.” His lovely dress swayed about his knees.

“You are such a lovely girl! I’m so proud to have you as my flower girl.” I held him at arm’s length.

Toni extended her hand. "Hello, I'm Toni Cooper, Laura Marie's older sister. We met when Laura left the Chrissy Institute. She's been on pins and needles ever since you asked her to be in your wedding."

I extended my hand, "This is my daughter, Deborah."

Turning to Larry, Toni reprimanded, "Stop fidgeting, Laura Marie. Young girls can be such a handful," Toni smiled, "But I've learned to administer discipline."

"Do you spank...?" Debbie started to ask.

"Only when absolutely needed," Toni smiled. "It took a while for Laura to understand that she is now a young girl and my little sister. Now she understands that as my little sister, she must do as I say or there will be consequences."

"I'm sure that Laura Marie will be a perfect little girl and a beautiful flower girl for my re-commitment wedding," I said.

"I'm sure she will too," Toni smiled at her former older brother, now her 13 year old sister. "Laura, find our luggage while I talk with Mrs. Stewart."

"Debbie, please help Laura with their bags," I asked. Laura and Debbie went to the luggage carousel while Toni and I talked.

"Laura is such a lovely girl," I started out. "Has she fully adjusted to her new life?"

Toni smiled. "It was nip and tuck for a while, but with proper discipline, she has come to realize that she is a girl and my little sister. She knows better than anyone that she will never be male again. She thought that Dad's inheritance was rightfully hers. Now she knows better."

"She looks and acts just like a young girl now," I said.

"She is a young girl," Toni stated. "She saw her new bedroom for the first time when we arrived home. I refurbished the spare bedroom into an absolutely girlish paradise with a nice set of Barbie dolls that I insisted that she play with every day until she was proficient at dressing and

undressing them. She hated her bedroom and all the feminine frills, especially the Barbie dolls, but she came to accept it as appropriate for her female gender.”

“Has she accepted you as her guardian?” I asked.

“She pouted when I denied her access to any of father’s money. I give her a small weekly allowance as is proper for an adolescent girl just starting into her teen years. She became snippy for a time, but discipline taught her that as her guardian, I make the rules, and she must obey them.”

“Does she go to school?” I asked.

“Of course! She is in 7th grade at the Catherine Institute, an exclusive girl’s school on the Upper Eastside. She gave into being a teenage girl after I dropped her off for her first day at school and everyone accepted her as a lovely 13 year old girl. Now she is my darling little sister.”

Chapter 16 – I Do!

"Mother!! You must stand still!!" Debbie admonished as she hooked the back of my white lace and satin bustier with wide panels and embroidered tiny roses. I love how the tight fitting garment accents my small waist. Six lace garters dangled from the lace-covered hem. The most outstanding feature of the lovely garment is the seeming lack of bra cups. Two white half cups support my full rounded breasts, each breast topped by a large, brown feminine nipple.

"Done," she sighed, "I wish my breasts were as large and well-formed as yours, Mother."

"Give them time, you're still growing," I said. "You already have such a lovely figure. Soon you will be a C-cup."

"I hope so," a smile crossed her lips. "It would be a gift that keeps giving."

"Until some boy wears them out," I laughed.

"MOTHER!!!" Debbie screeched acting upset.

I threaded lacy garters through the elastic lace covered waistband of my virgin white bikini panties. Leaning forward, I rolled my sheer nylons up my smooth, shapely legs and attached them to my dangling garters. The feel of the silky nylons against my legs as I run my hands up each leg to smooth out wrinkles sends shivers up my back.

"Sweetheart, time to don my wedding dress," I sighed. "I'm so nervous I feel like I have butterflies in my stomach."

"Relax, Mother! You're marrying the man you love."

"Who could guess that impersonating my sister would lead to me becoming a bride?" I sighed. "You will make some man a beautiful bride and loving wife. Now let's finish. I don't want to keep your father waiting too long. He might change his mind," I giggled. I stepped into my lovely satin dress.

"Well," Debbie pronounced, "You're almost ready." She stepped from in front of the mirror so I could get my first look. I almost fainted at my reflection. I am wearing full makeup and my hair is nicely styled. I am gorgeous!!!

The glossy rose color satin dress hugged my feminine body from my full breasts to my small nipped waist. Below my waist, the dress flowed over my full hips to gracefully fall to my knees, exposing an expanse of leg to my matching rose color satin high-heel slippers. I twirled. The back of the dress was flat satin with a row of tiny buttons.

I turned from side to side, not taking my eyes from the mirror. "You look fabulous!" Debbie gushed.

"Yes, Ms Amy, you look so pretty," Laura Marie cooed while watching from a sofa where she sat with her older sister. Toni delicately spread Laura's pretty white dress sprinkled with tiny red and pink roses chastely across her legs so as not to expose her silky panties and lacy slip.

"Just think, Laura Marie," Toni sighed. "One day you will wear a lovely white dress to marry your boyfriend. I will be so proud to be the sister of the bride. Let me refresh your lipstick, honey. I want my little sister to be the perfect flower girl."

I accented the high thin arc of my eyebrows. Three shades of brown made my eyes look large and sensual. My lashes were jet black and curled. My red lipstick made my lips so alluring. White pearls dotted my ears with the largest in the bottom holes and the smallest at the top. I decided not to wear a necklace. I want only smooth bare skin from my chin to my breasts. I loved my look.

Debbie looked fabulous in her pretty light blue form fitting dress with a keyhole opening in the back and front. Sheer chiffon covered the openings. She stood on matching satin 3" high heel slippers.

Nervously, I walked from my dressing room. The sensuousness of my dress sent shivers down my back. I was actually getting married to a man!!

Debbie held my bridal bouquet and peeked around the doorway to see if it was time. Mike walked from a side room to stand next to me. We had decided to walk together down the aisle, since this was our re-commitment ceremony.

With a nervous smile on her pretty red lips and with encouragement from her sister, Laura Marie started down the aisle spreading rose pedals. Her dress floated about her lovely silk enclosed legs.

Debbie followed close behind Laura. She smiled at her two friends, Heather and Melanie, sitting near the aisle, each paired with a handsome escort. Both girls wore lovely Spring dresses that showed their substantial breasts while displaying their lovely feminine legs. Melanie wore an engagement ring. She described her intended as a rodeo cowboy of considerable talent. Heather was too involved with beauty contests to settle down, but to hear her tell it, she was never at a loss for attention.

My knees shook. The wedding march began and the guests stood up. I took a deep breath, I took Mike's arm, and we slowly started down the aisle, a warm feeling enveloping me. I'd never felt so free. I was getting married as a woman. I was a bride!!

My legs shook as we neared the alter. Mike and I finally stood before the Justice. Debbie gave me a soft kiss on my cheek and handed me a lovely bouquet of roses. Mike gave me a look of passionate love.

"We are gathered here..." the Justice began.

"Do you, Amy Diane Stewart, take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?" he asked.

"I do!!" I softly said in my lilting feminine voice.

"Do you, Mike Conrad Stewart, take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife?" the Justice asked.

"I do!!!" Mike firmly replied.

"The rings?" the Justice asked. Debbie stepped forward and handed me a large men's gold wedding band.

I watched the wide gold band slide down Mike's masculine finger. Then Mike took my left hand in his hand and placed a gold band over my long red nail. I felt the cool gold slide down my finger to rest against the base of my finger. Small tears welled up in my eyes.

"By the power vested in me, I proclaim you husband and wife. You may kiss the bride," the Justice finished.

Mike took my bouquet and wrapped me in his arms. I wrapped my arms around his neck. He pulled me to him and I willingly followed. My whole body was on fire as our lips met. I slipped my tongue into his mouth. Our bodies crushed against each other. A stream of tears trickled down my cheeks ruining my makeup. I didn't care. Mike held my hand as we walked down the aisle as husband and wife. I was too happy for words!!

A small room was set up at the back for a reception with champagne and a wedding cake. I slipped my engagement ring back on where it belonged!!

After an hour of pleasant visiting with the guests, Mike and I excused ourselves, much to the amusement of everyone present. We were off on our 'second' honeymoon.



I felt incredibly sexy as my new husband drew me into his arms and gave me a deep, soulful kiss, which I hungrily returned. I was a married woman, not merely impersonating one.

Chapter 17 – Meeting the In-Laws

I was nervous as we drove to my first visit with my father since I became Amy. Debbie was on pins and needles too. How could we explain to Dad that she was a teenage girl and my daughter?

It was a lovely autumn day, so I wore a form-fitting sleeveless robin's egg blue stretch cotton dress with a plunging neckline displaying lots of cleavage. My dress fell to just above my knees. I wore matching strap slippers with 3" heels. My long hair tickled my shoulders in casual waves.

Debbie wore a sleeveless solid black tank bodice and a patterned gold skirt that floated 3" above her dimpled knees. She wore black 2" pumps. She looked so cute with his blonde hair in a high ponytail, her lips sparkling with a lovely red lip color.

"Mike, dear, I'm concerned about meeting my Dad," I stated. "I'm afraid that I can't fool him."

"Don't concern yourself with that, darling," Mike patted my nylon covered knee. "It will work out fine."

Debbie stated from the back seat, "How will you explain me, Daddy?" She looked so cute with his pretty dress spread over her feminine knees.

"I won't have to, honey," Mike smiled.

I didn't recognize the route Mike was taking. "This isn't the way to Dad's house."

"We're going to my parent's house first, dear," he smiled. "I want to introduce my lovely wife and daughter to them."

"Them?" I asked. "I thought your mother passed away three years ago."

“She did,” he stated, “but Dad remarried.”

“He did? When? You never mentioned it,” I stated as he drove up to a nice house in an upscale neighborhood.

“Recently,” Mike climbed from the car and came around the car to open my door. “Her name is Amanda.”

Mike led us to the front door, which was opened by his father. “Hi, Dad,” Mike greeted with a firm handshake.

His father said, “What a lovely family you have, Mike. Hello Amy, it’s nice to see you again. This must be your lovely daughter, Debbie.”

My sister had met Mike’s dad a number of times. He didn’t indicate that anything was amiss. “Hello, Mr. Stewart,” I stammered.

“It’s Joe or Dad,” he smiled. “You are even lovelier than I remember.” I blushed at his compliment.

“Mike said that you recently re-married,” I said.

Joe said, “Amanda’s in the kitchen cooking dinner.”

“We are on our way to visit my father,” I mentioned.

“So you will, Amy,” Joe said. “Let me fetch my wife.”

“You didn’t say that we were staying for dinner,” I said.

“Dad insisted. This will give you and Amanda a chance to become acquainted.”

A few seconds later, Joe returned, followed by a lovely woman in her mid 50’s. She seemed reluctant to join us as she hung back a bit. “Come, Amanda, it’s time to introduce you to our family.” Joe took her elbow and urged her forward.

The woman had silver hair styled to flatter her soft facial features. Her face was nicely made up. She wore a stylish black skirt and a colorful silk blouse with a stylish red jacket. Her prominent breasts tented her blouse. Her legs glistened in nylon as she stood gracefully on 2” heels.

“Hello...” the woman shyly greeted in a throaty contralto. She glanced down as if reluctant to look me in the eyes. Her facial features were somewhat familiar. She gave a gentle tug on her left earlobe. I knew this woman!

“Dad?” I asked.

“You recognize her?” Joe asked. “Yes, she once was your father, but she’s my wife now, and your mother-in-law. May I ask how you recognized her?”

“Her voice is a little deep, but what really caught my attention is that Dad would always tug on his left earlobe when nervous. Also the facial resemblance caught my eye. Nobody else would know about the nervous tic or mistake her for anything but a lovely woman.”

Debbie finally caught onto what was transpiring. “Dad? You’re my father?” she gasped.

“No, Debbie,” Mike stated, “She’s your grandmother.”

Amanda’s eyes widened in shock. “Dave, is that you?”

“Ladies, introductions are overdue,” Mike interrupted. “Amy, Debbie, meet my father’s new wife, Amanda, who until recently was your father.”

Joe picked up the introductions, “Amanda, meet my son’s wife and daughter, formerly your sons, Bob and Dave.”

The color drained from Dad’s cheeks and his eyes grew as large as saucers. “She isn’t the real Amy?”

“Amy left me, so I improvised,” Mike stated. “Bob is now my wife, Amy, and this young girl is my daughter, Debbie, formerly your son, Dave.”

Dad staggered to the sofa, the shock weakening him. “My sons are females?” he stammered.

“Just as you are, Amanda, dear,” Joe sat next to him and gently patted his soft feminine hand. “They are no longer your sons. They are our daughter-in-law and granddaughter, respectively.” He gave dad an affectionate kiss on his cheek.

Mike said, “Debbie just turned 16 years old, and is blossoming into a ravishing young woman.”

“Amanda is working on her voice,” Joe held Dad’s hand. “She has made great strides over the past month.”

Dad blushed and gave Joe an affectionate kiss on his cheek. “I’m working hard to make you proud of me, dear.”



***“Dad?” I gasped. “You’re my father?
“Bob” Amanda gasped. “Dave? You’re my sons?”
“No, dear,” Joe interrupted. “They are now our
daughter-in-law and granddaughter.”***

Joe returned the affection. "I'm very proud of you, honey. Soon no one will ever guess that you were once a man."

"I hope so, dear," Dad sighed and snuggled next to him. "I want to be your loving wife for the rest of our lives."

Debbie and I joined Dad on the couch. We smoothed our pretty skirts to display our lovely feminine legs. The Jackson men were no more! We are the Stewart women!

"Don't forget supper, honey," Joe said.

"Oh!" Dad gasped, placing his thin fingers with colorful nails over his mouth. "I must get back to it or it will be ruined." He rose and quickly tripped to the kitchen, his wide hips swaying with each step.

"Amy, Debbie, why don't you help her with the meal?" Mike suggested.

Still confused, I muttered, "Okay, dear. Come, Debbie, let's help Amanda."

A chill raced up my spine as I entered the kitchen. I was shocked to see my father prancing about preparing dinner. It was unnerving to see his substantial breasts bob with each movement. "Debbie, please set the table while your 'grandmother' and I have a little talk," I suggested.

"Okay, mother," she went about her task with her cute skirt swaying about her hips.

"The good dishes are in the hutch in the living room, dear," Amanda trilled.

"What happened, Dad?" I gasped once we were alone. I slipped into a pretty apron to protect my dress. "Are those...real?" I asked pointing to her breasts.

"I might ask you the same thing, 'son', and please call me Amanda or mother. I don't feel like a 'dad' any longer. Yes, my breasts are real just like everything else."

I weakly smiled, "Please call me Amy. I don't like being referred to by my former male name."

“Fair enough, Amy. You must tell me how my two sons became such ravishing females.”

“You first,” I suggested as I put muffins in the oven. “How did my father become my mother-in-law?”

Dad began...

Chapter 18 – Dad’s Tale

“I was devastated by your mother’s death, and at wits end to keep busy. Joe and I knew each other from Amy’s marriage to Mike. Joe too had lost his wife, so he suggested we take up ballroom dancing.

We were the odd ones out, arriving without partners. The other people preferred dancing with the persons they came with, so on occasion, Joe and I would end up dancing together. At first it was embarrassing, but since only the few people in the class saw us, we lost our inhibitions. Since Joe is taller and huskier than me, I ended up taking the woman’s dancing role. Nothing out of the ordinary happened, but we became used to assuming our respective dancing roles.

We often went to a local bar to carry on a conversation after dance class. One day Joe and I made a bet. I lost and agreed to do whatever he wanted. I figured I would buy him a case of beer or something. Instead, he said, “Pete, I want you to attend this school called the ‘Chrissy Institute’.”

I was taking a sip of wine when Amanda mentioned the Chrissy Institute. I snorted some wine out my nostrils, causing me to cough and sputter. “Is something wrong, Amy?” Dad asked.

“Joe suggested that you go to the Chrissy Institute? Did you know what they do there?” I asked.

“Let me continue, dearie.”

“I’ve never heard of it,” I told him. “What does it teach?”

“How to empathize with women and stuff like that,” Joe stated. “You are having difficulty meeting women. A few months at this school will teach you to better relate to them. It may make it easier to find a new mate.”

I figured he was being a Good Samaritan by helping me with my social skills. “I’ll pay for your whole time there,” Joe offered. What did I have to lose? I was at loose ends, so I accepted his offer.

Two days later, I showed up at Joe’s house with a suitcase so he could drive me to the Institute. He said that the Institute provided everything I needed, so I only brought shaving equipment and casual clothes. As it turned out, even these ‘necessities’ weren’t necessary!

Joe dropped me off at the Institute entrance with the promise that he would ‘take care’ of my house and field questions as to my whereabouts. He drove away after shaking hands, and I entered the building. That was my last public appearance as Pete. When I emerged, I was Amanda!”

“What did they do to you there?” I asked.

“Looking at you, dearie, I assume you know what they do,” Dad looked up from the food he was preparing.

“Uh...yes, but what specifically did they do to you?”

I entered the building and introduced myself. The receptionist said, “Mr. Stewart made your reservations. He covered all costs and stated what is to be done. Ms. Jones will show you to your room.” I picked up my suitcase to follow the woman. “You won’t need your suitcase. I’ll return it when you leave.”

“It has my shaving equipment and clothes,” I stated.

“You won’t need those. Everything is provided.”

“Wow!” I thought. “They think of everything. This must be what it’s like to be rich.”

When I got to my room, Ms Jones, instructed me to remove my clothes and take a long, soothing bath. I asked, "Is this a school to learn how females think?"

"Clean body, open mind," she cheerfully answered. "A soothing bath is marvelous at preparing the mind for instructions."

I readily complied. The tub was already filled with scented hot water. I sunk into the tub and let the heat carry my cares away. As instructed, I soaped my body, except for my hair. The prescribed shampoo made my scalp tingle.

When I finished my bath, Ms. Jones told me to take a quick shower. I wasn't concerned that she had invaded my privacy and seen me in my birthday suit. I did as instructed, watching my body hair wash down the drain. I was left as smooth as a baby's bottom, except for my head.

She told me to put on a lavender one-piece pullover after I donned the underwear on my bed. I thought it unusual that a woman would supervise what I wore to classes. I was startled to find a pair of silky panties and a bra lying on my bed. "There must be some mistake, Miss," I stammered. "These are women's underclothes. You must have gotten them mixed up..."

"There is no mistake," she stated. "Your clothes in the suitcase have been disposed of. You won't need them!"

"What? Now listen here..." I gasped.

Before I could finish, she dropped the lavender outfit, grabbed me by my elbow, and steered me to a nearby chair. "You will do exactly what you are instructed to do during your stay here!" she firmly stated. "To show you what happens when you don't..." she pulled me over her knees and began to administer a sound spanking.

My utter surprise resulted in my initial lack of resistance. I couldn't believe what she was doing, plus I was butt ass naked and trying to hide my manhood. When she started to administer the spanking, I came out of my stupor and started swearing and struggling to get away. Ms. Jones was

surprisingly strong. No matter how much I struggled, she held me firmly and paddled me with the back of a brush.

I swore a blue streak, to which she paddled even harder. "You will not use such language at the Chrissy Institute!" she stated, "Or you will be punished."

"I'm 55 years old!" I hollered, "You can't spank me. I'm an adult!" The swats rained down harder.

I was in pain and my bottom was beet red. I didn't want to cry, after all, I was a man, but the pain was unbearable. Tears started flowing, and soon I was bawling like a baby.

"Will you do as you're told?" she let up. "Rebellion or attempts to leave will be punished. Not learning your lessons will be punished. Not wearing the clothes provided will be punished. Do you understand?"

"Y...Yes!" I sobbed, not believing that a woman manhandled me so easily. I thought, 'I must find a way out of this place fast! Wait till I see Joe! I'll give him a piece of my mind for suggesting I come here.'

"Good! Now put on your underwear as instructed," she dumped me from her lap.

"You were spanked?" I gasped, "Like a baby?"

"It's not something I'm proud of, but yes, she gave me the spanking of my life, me a 55 year old man. Where had my strength gone? Where had my willpower gone? I was powerless under her demanding control. Later I learned about the extra ingredients in the bath soap. Not only did it permanently remove my body hair, but it was a narcotic that made me compliant to all instructions."

"Wow! I gasped, "What happened next?"

I did as she instructed with tears streaking down my cheeks. I was slim without a potbelly. At 5'6" tall and 135 lbs, the panties sagged loosely about my hips, while the bra seemed

an afterthought with nothing to fill the cups. When I pointed this out to Ms. Jones, she said, "We'll fix that, dear." What did she mean? I didn't want to stick around to find out, but I didn't see a way of leaving yet.

I stepped into the lavender bodysuit and snapped the buckles in place. I looked ridiculous! Stepping into a pair of matching lavender slippers, I meekly followed her down the hallway, hoping that I wouldn't meet anyone while wearing that stupid looking outfit. I hadn't gone 10 paces before a nice looking woman stepped into the hallway. "New recruit, Ms. Jones?" she asked in a husky voice.

"Yes, Mona, but she'll learn quickly. How are you doing with your lessons?"

"I'm finally getting the hang of my high heels, ma'am," the woman stated. I was confused. What woman doesn't know how to walk in heels?

"Keep practicing, girl. You will soon walk in them like a real woman," Ms Jones answered as she guided me into a room. That woman wasn't a real woman?

Ms. Jones had me sit at a vanity. "Your first lesson is in applying makeup." She handed me a small case. "I'll show you how, then you will do your own."

"What does learning to apply makeup have to do with learning how women think?" I asked.

"Nothing that I can think of," Ms Jones answered.

"That's why I'm here," I said. "I want to better understand women for when I go looking for a new wife."

"You silly goose," she laughed, "We don't teach men how to understand women, we teach men to become women."

"W...What?" I gasped. "No way! There's been a mistake! I need to get out of here!" I rose from my chair.

"Don't be silly," she pushed me back in my chair. "Your transformation is paid for and well on its way. Your bath

water was full of female hormones. You are to become a lovely woman for your future husband, Joe Stewart!" I fainted!

"It must have been a shock, Amanda," I said as I tossed a salad. "Joe didn't tell you what the Chrissy Institute does before he dropped you off?"

"Not a word, dear," Amanda had a faraway look in her eyes. "He just said, 'Have fun. I'll pick you up when you are done.' I didn't know that by 'done', he meant 'become a woman'."

"That scoundrel! I'll have a word with him."

"Don't be too hard on him, dear," she sighed. "After all, he is my husband."

"You married him after the dirty trick he played on you?"

"There's more to the story, honey," she stated.

I woke in a stupor. I hurt everywhere. I was bandaged everywhere. Standing over me was a strange woman. "Hello, Amanda," the woman said. "My name is Ms. Thomas. I own and operate this facility. You are probably a little confused right now. We decided to get most of your nasty surgeries out of the way early. Your fainting provided the perfect opportunity. You will be healing for a few weeks, but once the bandages are removed, you will be pleased with the results."

I tried to talk, barely able to emit a sound. "I didn't authorize..."

"Of course you did, dearie," she soothed. "It's in the paperwork you signed when you checked in."

"What did you do?" I coughed.

"We trimmed your larynx, fixed your nose, narrowed your chin, lowered your forehead, removed fat from your belly and placed it in your hips, and of course, removed the source of those silly, useless male hormones."

“What...you cast...”

“Of course, why would a woman want them, Amanda?”

“You keep calling me Amanda...” I whispered.

“That’s your name now,” she said. “Relax, you will be a lovely woman once you heal. I brought you a music player to help pass the time. Listen and your concerns will disappear.” I felt tension flow from my body and my anxieties melt away. I heard faint whispering in the background, but the music was wonderful..

From your reaction when I mentioned the Chrissy Institute, I assume you are acquainted with their methods, so I won’t go into what happened next. At the end of 20 weeks, when I was ready for my breast surgery, I signed the pink form that authorized them to make me a complete woman.

When Joe picked me up, I planned on giving him a piece of my mind for what he did to me. I entered Ms Thomas’ office ready to give him a tongue lashing, but before I could say anything, he quickly knelt on one knee. “Amanda, please forgive me and marry me,” he held out a small box.

I was flabbergasted and forgot the reprimand. The box contained an engagement ring. I couldn’t find my voice. I was tongue-tied. “Please, Amanda,” Joe asked, “Forgive me and say yes!”

I couldn’t stay mad at him even though he was responsible for me being a woman. My heart melted under his puppy dog gaze. By now I loved being Amanda and wouldn’t change back even if I could. “You want to marry me, knowing my past?”

“More than you can know,” Joe said,. “I love you.”

What could I say? “Yes, Joe, I’ll be your wife,”

He rose, took me in his arms, and smothered me with a deep, loving kiss. It was my first kiss as a woman, and it curled my toes. A thrill spread from between my thighs and I pressed my soft feminine body into his hard masculine body. It felt wonderful to feel my soft breasts against his hard chest,

and his manhood pressing against my now very feminine maidenhood. It was natural and right. "I love you, Joe!"

I wore a lovely spring dress with a scoop neckline to display my substantial cleavage. My panties fit tightly about my plump hips and my full breasts filled my bra. We left with my diamond ring glistened on my ring finger as I walked on 2" heels with my skirt swinging about my nylon clad knees, a happy woman clinging to the arm of my husband to be.

"Debbie talked about a pink authorization form one of her girlfriends at the Institute signed. She didn't know what it was for. It authorizes them to make you a complete woman, doesn't it?"

"Yes, dear," Amanda smiled.

"You seem quite accepting of what the Institute did to you," I finished the salad. "I thought you were dead set against the whole thing?"

"Oh, I was, dear," Amanda said as she removed the muffins from the oven. "The music at the Institute was filled with subliminal messages to help me accept my new life. After a few weeks of listening, I came to love the changes they were making in me. I accepted that my name is Amanda, and that I was being changed into a woman."

"Those awful people!" I growled. "I'd sue them if they did that to me."

"Oh, really, Amy!" my former father, now my mother-in-law cooed. "How is it that my oldest son has so completely accepted becoming his younger sister, to the point of being the loving wife to her husband?"

"Oh!!" I dropped my spatula and covered my mouth with my fingers. "They didn't..."

"Don't be such a drama queen, Amy," Amanda said. "You love being a woman and Mike's wife. Was your life as a man better? Were you going anywhere as Bob? If you look back,

you will realize that you are much better off as Amy than you ever were as Bob.”

I searched my feelings and memories and a smile crept over my pretty lips. “You are right,” I sighed. “Mike makes me feel wanted. I can’t imagine my life without him and Debbie.”

“That’s how I feel about your father-in-law,” Amanda gave me a gentle hug, our soft breasts gently touching. “Life would be so much lonelier without my loving husband at my side. Joe and I go dancing once a week. It is such a thrill to have him lead me about the dance floor with my skirt swaying about my knees. He is such a masterful man.”

“Debbie would never give up being a girl. She is so enamored with the boys in her school.”

“She’s a lovely girl, Amy. You must be so proud of her. She will break lots of boy’s hearts.”

“So have you and Joe made love...?” I hesitantly asked, “You know like husband and wife?”

“Of course, dear,” Amanda gushed. “Joe is such a stud. He can’t keep his hands off of me.”

“How is it for you...?” I asked.

“Wonderful, Amy,” she gushed. “You and Mike haven’t consummated your marriage yet?”

“No, not in the traditional way,” I whispered, “We pleasure each other. I provide him relief, but...”

“Oh, you poor dear,” she said. “I assumed that you were a complete woman now. How about Debbie?”

“Neither of us has taken the final step. I got into being Amy for two years or until she returned. It wasn’t supposed to be permanent,” a tear trickled down my eye.

“Is it still temporary?” she held my hands.

“No, I want to always be Mike’s wife and Debbie’s mother. Mike has asked if I want to complete my transition.”

Amanda gave me a sly wink, “It is so wonderful when Joe takes me as a woman.” She gave me a hug. “Do it! This is your life now. You don’t want to lose your man, do you?”

“No! Never!” I gasped, “But I don’t want to lose the pleasure I experience when we make love.”

“Don’t worry about that, honey. I’ll introduce you to my surgeon. He’s a miracle worker. I have so many orgasms it takes my breath away. It is wonderful!”

“Really?” I stammered, drying my eyes.

“Really, my dear,” she gave me a small kiss on my cheek. “You should take care of Debbie too. It won’t be long before she finds a man. She will want to be able to satisfy him.”

“Okay!” I smiled. “She has hinted of such for months. Maybe next week the three of us can return to the Institute and discuss it with Ms. Thomas.”

“That’s a wonderful idea. We can go shopping afterwards. I just love new handbags. Now let us women finish preparing this meal for our men,” Amanda cooed, as she started carrying dishes to the table.

We sat around the table with Joe at one end and Mike at the other. Joe said, “Let’s give thanks for the meal and for each other.”

Everyone joined hands and a casual onlooker would never have guessed that a year earlier all participants around the table were male. We were now a family of three generations, including two proud males and three smiling females, and none of us would have it any other way.

Chapter 19 – A Year Later – What Comes Around

We were preparing to go to an elegant restaurant to celebrate Mike opening his consulting firm. I was in the backyard serving cocktails to Joe and Amanda while Debbie was in her room making herself pretty for our outing.

The front door bell rang. “I’ll get it, honey,” Mike shouted.

He opened the front door to see my sister, the original Amy, with a stern look on her face. "Amy, what brings you here?"

"Are you going to invite me in?" She was dressed in a crisp white blouse, severe black pencil skirt, canary yellow jacket, and sensible heels.

"You ran away with your lover. Why should I?"

"We have business to settle, Mike," she held papers.

Mike stepped aside. "What business is that?"

"I want a divorce."

"You could have sent me the papers. Why bring them?"

"I want a quick and quiet divorce," she stated. "Sign these papers, and I'll never darken your door again."

Amy heard Amanda and me talking on the patio. Mike explained, "We're going out to dinner. Excuse me a moment."

"Friends?"

"Family," he answered.

"What family would that be?" she asked.

Mike returned closely followed by me. "Amy, I'd like to introduce you to my wife, Amy."

"Who is she?" Amy gasped upon seeing me.

I wore a burgundy silk dress with a chiffon rosette. It was strapless with a layered chiffon bust. This lovely creation hung above my knees and swayed with each step I took on my matching pumps. My long flowing hair swayed about my shoulders.

"She is my wife," Mike smiled, "and she isn't interested in a divorce! So the question is 'who are you' and 'what divorce are you talking about?'"

Amy's eyes went as wide as saucers, while I stood confidently at Mike's side. "Who is this woman, honey?" I asked. "She has a remarkable resemblance to me."

“She claims to be you, dear,” Mike said, “She wants me to sign divorce papers.”

“I don’t want a divorce, darling,” I sighed. “Why would she want you to divorce her? I’m your wife.” I gave him an affectionate kiss on his cheek.

“Good question, dear,” Mike answered, “Why don’t we ask her?”

Amy sat stunned as we carried on our conversation. “Who is she? Why is she impersonating me?” Amy gasped, “She even acts like me.”

I addressed my sister, “You gave up being Mike’s wife two years ago. I’m now his wife. My name is Amy. I’ve taken over your life. It is you that is the imposter.”

Amy was on her way to fainting when she asked, “Who could become me? Who knew my life well enough to fool everyone that she is me?”

“Yes, who could that be?” Mike asked. “Who knew you like a book?”

“Only my twin brother knew me that well...” Amy struggled to pull herself together.

“That is true, sister dear,” I smiled while keeping a tight grip on Mike’s hand. “You abandoned your life with Mike, so I took it over.”

“Bob?” she gasped.

“I once was Bob,” I said, “but now I’m Amy Stewart, Mike’s loving wife.” I delicately took my skirt and curtsied.

“Bob? You can’t be...” she gasped, and fainted away.

I ran to the kitchen for a cold towel just as Joe and Amanda entered from the backyard. “Help Mike,” I hurriedly stated. “Amy has returned.”

Amanda was lovely in her chic light green dress that sexily swayed above her knees. Her dress had a fitted bust with a surplice V-neckline, and strap sleeves. It had an

empire waist with three layers and diagonal seams at her chest to accentuate her substantial bust. She stood on matching 3" heels. Her layered silver hair hung about her face in waves. Joe glanced at Amanda, then holding hands, they hurried to Mike's side just as Amy regained consciousness.

I returned with a cold towel. Amy came to her senses to see me standing next to Mike, looking like her identical twin, with Joe and Amanda standing in the background. "I must be dreaming," she whispered. "My brother can't possibly be me. Surely my father could see through this charade."

"What father is that?" Amanda asked.

"My father..." she desperately tried to clear her mind. "He will clear up this awful situation."

"Your father isn't around any longer," Joe said. "The house was sold a year ago. We haven't seen him since."

"I'll find him!" she stated.

Amanda stepped forward, "I was your father, dear, but now I'm Joe's wife and Amy's mother-in-law." She motioned in my direction.

"WHAT!" Amy cried. "You can't be my father!"

Amanda clung to Joe's arm, "I gave up being your father over a year ago to become Joe's wife."

"AAH!" Amy about fainted again. Her brother had taken over her life, now her father was married to her father-in-law.

Just then, Debbie traipsed downstairs. Seeing everyone in the living room huddled around the couch, she entered saying in her high, lilting voice, "Hello everyone, I'm ready!"

Debbie looked ravishing in her black silk party dress with pleats and ruffles. It was sleeveless and strapless with a straight neckline. Ruched at her bust, it flowed out in a pleated A-line skirt with tiered pleated ruffles. The dress hung to mid-thigh exposing her soft curvaceous legs ending in black 3" heels.

Debbie came into full view just as Amy was saying, "Where's my brother, Dave? He'll confirm that I'm the real Amy." Seeing Debbie, she asked, "Who are you?"

Debbie looked at Mike and me, then at Joe and Amanda. "This is my 16 year old daughter, Deborah," I said.

"I don't have a daughter," Amy gasped.

"You didn't, but we do," Mike said.

"What if I tell her of this awful charade? What if I tell her your real identities?" Amy threatened.

Debbie asked, "You want to tell me that my mother is really our brother and that my grandmother is really our father?"

Amy blanched at Debbie's statement. "You know?"

Debbie smiled, "Obviously you are delusional."

"I've got to find Dave," Amy stood up. "He'll support me."

"I don't think so, sister dear," Debbie said. "Dave isn't with us any longer."

"Sister...?" Amy started to tie the threads. "You're Dave?"

"I was your brother, Dave," Debbie giggled, "but no longer. I'm my parent's loving daughter and my grandparent's spoiled granddaughter." She dipped a cute curtsy.

Amanda and I placed our hands around Debbie's waist for support. "You aren't going to return to being my father and brothers?" she gasped. "Everything about you is real? Your breasts? Your shape? Your...?" She glanced at our hips.

"Yes, dear," Amanda cooed, "We couldn't return to our former lives even if we wanted to. Everything about us is real. We are what your eyes tell you."

"Nobody is going to support your obviously concocted claim of being my wife," Mike firmly stated.

"My friends, your work associates..."

“Are now my friends and associates,” I interrupted. “I’m the Amy they have known for the past two years. Your old friends are now my friends. Mike’s work associates know only me as his wife. You would be shunned as an imposter if you tried to insert yourself into my life.”



As Amy left our lives forever, Amanda hugged her husband, while Debbie stood next to them and Mike brought his lips to mine to seal our marriage. I am now the only Amy Stewart, and his loving wife.

Evil determination clouded Amy's face. "Your lives will be miserable when I go to the newspapers with this farce!"

"You won't do that," Mike interrupted. "You want a quick and quiet divorce because you want to marry Lord Theodore Blakely in England. British royalty abhors a scandal. What would your titled intended think if he got a whiff of what you want to tell the newspapers?"

"How do you know about...?" she gasped, realizing that Mike knew about her impending marriage.

"Enough to know that you will never become Lady Blakely if our private lives become public." He was right. She would be shunned if Lord Blakely ever found out about us.

"Since my loving wife is at my side and wants nothing to do with divorce, these papers are in error," Mike stated. "That should suit you fine. It's as if you were never married. You are a single woman preparing to marry a British Lord with no nasty family scandals to gum up the works."

Amy was coherent enough to know that Mike was right. If she kept her mouth shut and forgot her life with Mike as if it never happened, her future would be secure as Lady Blakely, but if she exposed our lives, she would be scandalized as well, and it would ruin any chances she had of a Royal future.

Realizing that he had her where he wanted her, Mike finished with, "So, if you don't expose our lives together," sweeping the room with his hand, "we won't ruin your chances of becoming Lady Blakely."

Amy hastened to the door, wanting to escape. "I'll dispose of this useless paperwork you wanted me to sign," Mike said. "I suggest that you use your middle name, Diane, from now on. It's a more suitable name for British royalty than Amy, and it provides a layer of protection between you and us. Nobody would equate Lady Diane Blakely to Mrs. Amy Stewart."

"Yeah...maybe you're right," Amy stammered.

"Good, then have a long, happy life, Diane," Mike smiled.

“It was nice to meet you, Diane,” I said holding my husband’s hand.

As the former Amy, now Diane Jackson, walked to her car, she looked back to see Joe and Amanda standing next to each other with Amanda hugging Joe’s arm. Debbie stood next to Amanda and Joe, smiling brightly, knowing that her future as my daughter and Amanda’s granddaughter was secure. Mike was holding me in his arms and when I turned towards him, he gave me a deep passionate kiss. I am now the one and only Amy Stewart now!

The End

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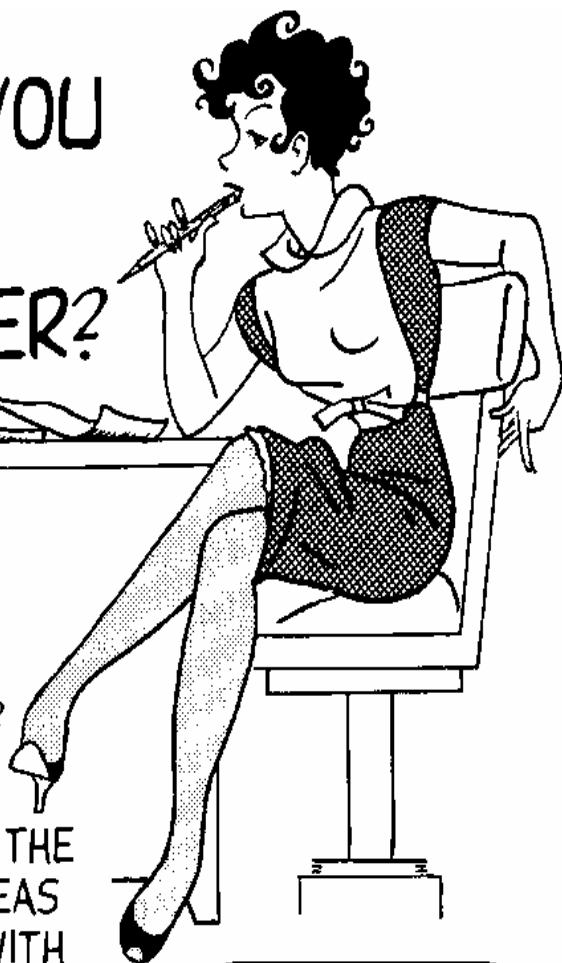
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