



*Reluctant Press*

# Lipstick Kisses

Emma Weaver



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

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**A 'HER TV' NOVEL**

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## *Reluctant Press TG Publishers*

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# “Lipstick Kisses”

By Emma Weaver

## CHAPTER 1

“Jessica honey, don’t be too long will you? Dinner will be ready in ten minutes!”

“Okay Mom, I’ll be right down!”

Sitting at my small writing bureau, I signed my new female name over and over again, just trying to get used to it... just as I was trying to come to terms with my new body, my new sex... that I was no longer male. It had not been an easy journey, more a nightmare, here is my story.....

The full details of the accident nineteen months ago were still so vivid, so very painful to me; the heavy plate glass store front window breaking, the glass falling... falling and slicing, the intense pain that I felt, the blood that gushed from between my legs, my screams mingling with those of others who were injured, the arrival of paramedics, an injection, then welcoming blackness...

I still recalled each and every day of those weeks spent in hospital, the shock and trauma in finding out that I had been fully castrated in the accident... yet there was still worse to come, news that no boy would want to hear.

Because of the extent of the injuries I had suffered, the fact that I could never again function as a man, a suggestion was made to my parents by the doctors treating me, so that I could still have some form of sex life, full sex-change surgery be carried out on me. The remnants of my manhood were irreparable but could be used to fashion a fully-functional vagina. Strong female hormones would be used to re-shape my body, to give me breasts and a feminine figure, followed by counseling to help me to come to terms with my new gender.

Doctor Krista Morgan, the house surgeon, had said: “Mr. and Mrs. Brandon, I know just what you are thinking... that Michael would be totally devastated if you

gave permission for such an operation to be carried out, but really, if you stop to consider things rationally, what are the options? At least, as a female, your son could still lead a normal life and not be considered a freak.

“I have already taken the liberty of carrying out some tests on Michael and they have revealed that he has a low testosterone count, way below the normal average for a boy of his age and, now that he has lost his testicles, he cannot produce any more. Your son has a very slim build for a boy and his face is somewhat androgynous, if anything more female than male, without any strong masculine features. What I am saying is, from a physical point of view, Michael’s transformation from male to female would be an easy one to make.

“Use of strong female hormones would ensure that his feminization would be very fast and effective and, within just a short period of time, nobody would ever guess that Michael ever had been male. People would see him as a girl and therefore relate to him as one; before long, Michael’s male life would seem like a distant memory, a half-forgotten dream...

“Mentally, it could be a different story. The changing of one’s sex is a very traumatic experience, even for those that feel they are of female gender and have chosen to take that path. But, to have such a major thing thrust upon you, done without your wish or consent... well, let’s just say that, for most healthy young boys, it would be their worst nightmare come true. Any self-respecting boy would cringe at the mere thought of having such a thing done to them. Yet I am afraid to say that, in Kevin’s case, he really has no choice, no choice at all... he is already permanently bereft of his manhood. I urge you both to put your feelings aside, to agree to this, because it is the right thing, the only thing, to do.”

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As I was still below the age of consent at that time, legally still a minor, it had to be the doctors and my parents that made that decision for me. It was my body, my life, but I had no say in the matter at all. How could I convince my parents that I would rather die than become some sissy girl?

Although reluctant, Mom and Dad realized that I would not lead a normal life unless I had the surgery. After a few hours of emotional wrangling, they signed the consent forms the surgeon had drawn up.

They wasted no time at all, there was no point in stitching together my shredded maleness then operating again, some time later, in order to make me female.

As I was being prepared for the operating theater, my Mother, who was sitting at my bedside, said remorsefully to my semi-conscious form, “Please don’t hate us for making this decision, sweetheart. You’ll see, the doctor assures me that, given time, you will adapt. Being female isn’t all that bad you know... and I ought to know, I have been one all my life! Just trust me honey, it’ll all work out alright and, in no time at all you...will...be...”

Mom's words faded away as the anesthetic took full effect. The room began to spin and I briefly cried out, in a very frail voice, for her not to let them go through with the operation. But my words would not form, they were incoherent and, as my eyelids grew too heavy to keep open, there was only darkness, as I spiraled down a long tunnel, deeper...deeper...

## CHAPTER 2

When I gained consciousness, I found that both my parents were at my bedside. They both looked exhausted, as if they had suddenly aged ten years.

Upon seeing that I was waking, my Mother smiled lovingly and said, "Hello sweetheart, how are you feeling? Are you in pain?"

I tried to reply, to ask if she had heard me, ask if she had cancelled the surgery, but all that would come out of my mouth was a dry croak; tears of frustration and fear rolled from my eyes.

Mom held my hand and spoke again, "The doctors tell me that the operation was a complete success darling, you will be allowed to return home in ten to fourteen days. We have decided that you can wear some of your sister's clothing to begin with. Then, when you are feeling up to it, we can go out shopping together and buy you an whole new wardrobe of clothes. There are some really lovely dresses and skirts in the stores at this time of year for girls your age. I saw a really beautiful..."

"Mom, no!" I cried, finding my voice at last. "I don't want to be a girl and I am not wearing girls clothes. Don't you understand? I refuse, I refuse to live as a girl, even if they have done the operation. I just won't do it!...and you can't make me, no one can!"

"Oh Michael Honey, like it or not, you are a girl now and you are going to have to live the rest of your life as one. Why fight it, sweetheart? You know that your sisters and I will help you every step of the way. There is so much for you to learn: clothes, hair styles and make-up, how to sit, walk and talk like a female, all the little female gestures and mannerisms that just come naturally to us girls. I've brought you some girls magazines, they will give you an idea of what girls your age are wearing, the latest hair styles and Make-up tips..."

I looked pleadingly towards my dad for his support. "Tell her dad, tell her you want me as a son. You were going to help me become a firefighter like you, teach me all about being a man and how to pick up girls, remember? Please dad, you've got to help me, don't let them turn me into a girl. Please dad, I'm begging you!"

Dad shook his head sadly. "Sorry, but your Mom is right, Son. I know that it's going to be rough, but you have to try. Just do all that your Mom tells you and shows you, for all our sakes! You'll get used to....well, used to new things in time. Please son, just give it a chance..."



I had a visit from Dr. Krista Morgan the very next morning. Pulling a chair up by my bedside, she sat down and looked at the clip board that she had been carrying. Consulting the details on it, she checked her notes.

“Well Michael, I must say you are looking a whole lot brighter this morning than you were yesterday. Are you feeling a little better? Have you been out of bed yet?”

I shook my head and mumbled no, wanting to be left alone to feel sorry for myself.

“Right. I’m here to explain to you just exactly what we have done and how it will affect you. As I know you are aware, your genitals were lost in the train accident. Because of the severity of the injuries, nothing could be done to save them. We all felt, because you were still so young and that your male hormones had not yet kicked in giving you fully masculine features, that you would stand a better chance of leading a normal life if we were to carry out full sex-change surgery on you and turn you into a girl. I can see already how pretty you are becoming.

“The operation itself was very successful and we were even able to save and reconnect your nerve endings. This is what gives you sexual stimulation and so there is no reason as to why you shouldn’t be able to engage in a full, normal sex life as a female.

“Of course, the loss of your genitalia will now prevent you from producing the male hormone testosterone and this, alone, would have prevented you from ever developing male characteristics. To speed up your feminization, we have inserted, under your skin, slow-release estrogens. Additionally, we will also administer regular booster shots of female hormones, the first of which you will be receiving later this afternoon.

“The combination of the booster shots and the chips should work to change your appearance very quickly and prevent you from ever growing masculine facial hair. Your already youthful face, soft skin and slim build will also help make the transition from male to female a very easy one. I feel sure that you are going to make one very pretty girl.”

Looking up, I saw that the doctor’s expression was mocking, a slight smile playing around her full lips. Was she enjoying my predicament?

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That evening at visiting time, my Mom arrived along with my two sisters, Charlotte and Rachel, who were both obviously very upset and full of sympathy for me, yet unable to hide their obvious excitement and glee at having their obnoxious and often teasing younger brother reduced to being a mere “sissy girl”, as I used to make a point of calling them. It seemed that I was now very much at their mercy...and it was payback time. Worse, I could tell from both their expressions that they were going to love every moment of it.

“We’ve brought a present along for you Michael,” Rachel told me. “I hope that you like it.”

Reaching into her bag, Rachel pulled out a very feminine nightdress and spread it out upon the bed. I wanted to complain, tell her that there was just no

way that I would ever consider wearing such a thing, but I knew such protestations would be pointless. Also, she seemed very genuine and not as though she had brought it just to humiliate me. I needed the love and support of my family, I certainly didn't need to alienate them against me.

"Uh, thanks sis," I said as she and Charlotte helped me out of the white hospital gown that I was wearing and into the floaty and very feminine nightdress. It's low-cut neckline made the most of what little cleavage I had already begun developing from the hormones I was taking. The neckline was decorated with a thin red ribbon tied into a little bow. I felt myself turning bright red with embarrassment.

If this wasn't humiliating enough, Rachel then produced her cosmetic bag and told me that she would "do" my face for me.

"Really Sis, there's no need," I said, feeling shame and anguish building up inside of me and almost causing me to break out into tears. "I...I'm not ready for any of that yet."

"I really think you should. You're a girl now and will have to learn to put on cosmetics sooner or later. There's no time better than present." This got support from both Mom and Charlotte and so, cringing, I relented and allowed her to start her work.

Soon I was having foundation, blusher, blue eye shadow and mascara applied to my face, along with a deep pink lipstick. "Okay, all finished." She announced.

"There. Now isn't that better? No self-respecting girl would be seen dead without her make-up!" Both girls began giggling at this, obviously highly amused and causing me to wonder if I had been set up. I didn't give them the satisfaction of a reply but I knew that this was going to be just the tip of the iceberg for me, there would be much worse to come.

## CHAPTER 3

The days rolled by quite quickly and within a few more days I had begun to regain my strength and was up and about. My dressings had now been removed and, as I lay atop of my bed, a nurse who was called Hannah, used a mirror to show me my new sex for the very first time. The swelling had all but gone and bruising had now faded to just a pale yellowness.

The morbid fascination that I had to see what they had done to me overrode any revulsion that I felt at no longer having a penis between my legs, I was a woman! I really was a woman!

At my young age, I had never seen a real woman fully naked; though I had seen photographs. I could clearly see that I now had a pubic mound with a distinctly female cleft...just like I had seen in those adult magazines my friend Jeff Nolan and I had found in his Dad's garage.

For the first time since the operation, the truth finally hit home. I was no longer a boy, no longer male; this wasn't some silly game, a dream or something that would heal up and return to normal after a while. No, this was all very real and, the truth about it was, like it or not, I was now a woman. I was a female for the rest of my life.

For the first time since that horrible accident and the following surgery, I allowed myself to cry, letting out all the anguish, fear and torment that had been building up inside of me, in great sobs full of pain and despair, tears for the loss of my male life...a life that was gone forever. How could I ever accept myself as some "Pink and Fluffy" air-headed Girl?



The strong female hormones were changing my body at an alarming rate, I had never had a masculine or athletic build but my figure was now unmistakably female; my hips, thighs and butt were more shapely and rounded whilst my breasts, though still small had now formed into fleshy, conical mounds and were still growing. At this rate, I would soon need a bra!

The most upsetting thing happening to me, however, was the changes to my face and hair. Okay, so my face had never been what anyone could ever call masculine or handsome, but now it was becoming pretty, so pretty and feminine in fact, that, even without make-up, I was now to a point where it would be pointless trying to pretend to be anything other than a girl. My hair too, was now in great condition, full of body and shine, hanging long and straight to my shoulder blades. I tried to hide it by pulling it back and fixing it with an elastic band. Mom was having none of it, she had arranged a little surprise for me

Yesterday I'd had a visit from the hospital hairdresser, a young lady called Donna, who had come to work on my hair for me.

“Hi, I’ve been asked to pay you a visit by your Mom,” Donna told me, “She thought that perhaps a new hairstyle and some highlights might just help to cheer you up. I could also shape your eyebrows for you and do your make up, if you’ll allow me?”

I didn’t want any of that doing, I wanted just to be a boy again but knew that could never be. I shrugged in resignation. “Okay I suppose if that’s what Mom wants. I suppose I had better keep her happy...but don’t do anything too girlish to me, okay?”

“Sure, not a problem. Just leave it all to me, you’re gonna look gorgeous!”

Donna began her job and started up a conversation as she worked on me, “Your Mom has told me all about you, Michael. To come out of that terrible accident, only to find that the surgeons had no choice but to turn you into a girl, must have been a real shock to you. How ever do you come to terms with something like that?”

“To be honest, you don’t,” I told her. “I’m trying to seem like I am accepting it just to please Mom, but I haven’t...and I don’t think I ever will. Everything is going to be so much different now. It’s one thing being a girl in here, but how do I become a girl out in the real world? I know nothing about being a girl or living as a girl, I don’t know what they like or dislike, what they talk about or anything.

“I had a girlfriend before my accident but she won’t want me now, will she? I wanted to be a firefighter like Dad but what chance have I got now? I’ll never have a relationship again, no romance for the rest of my life. And what do I wear for clothing? I don’t want to wear yucky feminine things.”

Donna tried to console me as I felt tears of self pity and despair welling up inside me once more. I cried so easily now.

“You may just find that you’ll like wearing ‘yucky’ girls things, I certainly do. As for relationships, you are a girl now, so what’s to stop you having a relationship with a boy?”

“A boy! You have to be joking, I’m never going to kiss a boy, and I’m not like that,” I protested indignantly. “Besides, I like girls.”

“You weren’t like that, but actually, a boy is the opposite sex to what you now are,” she told me.



Whether I wanted it or not, Donna’s visit brought me yet another step closer to womanhood. She had given my already lengthy hair a fashionable “long bob” style, its ends now curling inwards to frame my face, backcombed it from the crown and cut long bangs that reached down to my now thinly-arched eyebrows. My formerly dark brown hair was now several shades lighter and blonde highlights had been added into it, giving it a very feminine appearance.

Donna had also done an excellent job with my make-up. I didn't want to be, nor even look like a girl, but, on checking out my reflection in a mirror, I found it very difficult to find any signs that I had ever been a boy. I fluttered my long dark eyelashes and pouted my full red lips. What a sweet little girl I made. Could I ever get used to this?



I remained in hospital for a further ten days, during which time various tests were carried out on me and my daily injections of female hormones were increased to two a day. A daily Premarin tablet was also added to my diet.

The tests showed that, whilst my body was no longer producing testosterone, levels of any male hormones in my body were now virtually non-existent whilst the levels of female hormones were getting increasingly higher and saturating my body.

The hormones were also continuing to increase my breast size and I was now issued with a plain, white cotton training bra. If wearing a bra wasn't humiliating enough, I was both dismayed and embarrassed to discover that the breast growth I had already developed now easily filled its small cups. It wasn't just breast tissue, either, my nipples had also become swollen and very sensitive. Dr Krista Morgan informed me that this was merely the start and that I should expect my breasts to grow much bigger.

I asked if there was anything that could be done to keep my breast growth minimal but I was informed that, owing to the amounts of female hormones that I had to have, breast growth would develop naturally, an unavoidable side effect.

One day, as I lay in bed, my darling sister Charlotte suggested that, as I was now a girl, that it would surely make sense for me to start using a girl's name. Smilingly, she said, "Look Sis, the way that you appear now, we can't keep on calling you Michael, now can we?"

Of course, Mom and Rachel were in full support of the idea and the die was cast. Various feminine names were all suggested to me, including Rebecca, Michelle, Debra, Emma, Jessica, and, to my utmost horror, Britney!

Mom said, "Okay girls, ease off. It's only fair that Michael be allowed to choose his own female name." Then, turning to me, she asked, "Is there any of those names the girls have suggested that you like, honey...or is there any name that you like of your own?"

I wasn't ready for having any change of name, I liked my own. I knew that any name I may choose would be my new name for the rest of my life. I really couldn't think of any others right then, so I decided it best to go for one that sounded less feminine while still girlish.

Blushing furiously I said, "Well, if I must, then I really like Jessica. If I'm going to have a new name it may as well be one that I like." The truth was, even though it was one of the less girlish names suggested, I really did quite like that name.

“Pleased to meet you, my name is Jessica.” I shivered at the thought of it, I suppose, given time, I would get used to it like everything else.

Mom and my two sisters were delighted, especially Charlotte who had suggested it in the first place. She kissed me and gave me a sisterly hug.

“Good girl,” Mom said. “Now, how about letting your sister’s choose a middle name for you?”

This was not good news and I didn’t see the point. I didn’t even have a boy’s middle name. I was getting wise to the fact, however, that any objections made by me were futile.

After much debate, deliberation and disagreement, my sisters finally agreed upon the name of Marie for me. Mom said that she would see to making my new names legal and permanent that very day. It would take time to go through, but, for all intents and purposes, from that day on, I became known as Jessica Marie Brandon.

The visits from my Dad were few and far between. Mom tried to explain that it was too upsetting for him to see his only son, who he had such high hopes and ambitions for, turning into such a pretty and feminine young lady.

“Please try to understand, Jessica. Your Dad says he still loves you very much but he knows how much this enforced change of sex has upset you and it makes him feel awkward, angry and embarrassed that he is so powerless to do anything to help you.”

“He shouldn’t feel that way, Mom. It’s not his fault that this has happened to me and I know that there is nothing he can do about it,” I answered.

“Well, part of his awkwardness is because, knowing that you hate what has happened to you, he cannot help feeling, as your father and protector, that he should do something to help you. This is just an idea, sweetheart, but if you really want to spare your Dad his feelings, then why not let him think that you are now coming to terms with being a girl, even to the point that you are now enjoying it. That way he will stop feeling like he should be doing something that he knows he can’t.”

“I’ll try Mom, for Dad’s sake, but it’s a lot easier said than done,” I replied.

## CHAPTER 4

Well, I finally went home. In a way, it was great to be back in the comfort of my own home, but the thought of having to reveal myself to the world as a girl was terrifying, more daunting still was having all my friends and neighbors see me like this, so girlish had I become.

I had always enjoyed my life as a boy. In spite of my smallish build, I had always excelled at sports and had always played well on the school's football and baseball teams. I was also good on the track events.

Before my accident I had been dating Alison, one of the school's prettiest cheerleaders, for over nine months. She was a real babe and many of the bigger guys couldn't understand what she ever saw in me. Alison had even tried visiting me in hospital on several occasions but each time I had refused to see her. How could I let her see my developing femininity? I was afraid of her asking to see my new sex and ridiculing me, or, worse still, pitying me.

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At just before eleven o' clock, Mom and my sisters came into my ward to collect me. Once again, Dad had chosen to wait outside in the car.

"We have been spending an absolute fortune on new clothes for you Jessica," Mom told me cheerfully. "Your sisters have helped choose all of the latest fashions. In fact, we are going to need a larger closet to put them all in! Charlotte and Rachel have also picked out the clothes you should travel home in, so don't blame me! They won't even let me see what they have chosen, they say they want it to be a surprise."

Turning to my two sisters, Mom then said; "Right, I'm going down the corridor to get a coffee and leaving you two to get your sister ready for going home."

I dreaded what they may have chosen for me and looked at them pleadingly as Mom disappeared down the corridor.

"Just wait until we have finished with you, Jessica dear. The boys will all be taking one look at you and thinking they have died and gone to heaven," Rachel told me.

"You haven't brought anything too girly, have you?" I asked in concern. "Don't forget I have never worn any girls clothes before, except for these panties and nightdress. I'd feel very embarrassed being seen in a dress or anything. Lots of girls wear jeans these days," I said, hopefully.

"Sorry sis. But you need to show Dad that you are fully accepting of being a girl now, like we told him you were. If you went home wearing anything unisex, you wouldn't be giving him the right message. Anyway, the sooner you find out how delicious and comfortable girls clothes are, the sooner you will start enjoying your new life as a girl."

With that, Rachel and Charlotte began emptying a large bag out onto my bed. I had no idea what many of the things were called but I could see that they all looked soft and ultra-feminine. I was not going to get out of this, there was not one item that looked remotely unisex.

As my two sisters began busying themselves dressing me in the new alien apparel, I could feel the little bit of masculine resolve I was still harboring, rapidly slipping away from me.

My new sex was encased in a pair of sheer black lacy panties and a black low-cut under-wired bra followed; the feel of its lacy patterned cups against my soft young breasts made my sensitive nipples harden. Charlotte handed me a pair of sheer pantyhose that she had taken from a pack. I balked at this; I could understand the need to wear panties and of the bra to support my nubile breasts, but pantyhose were just a very feminine item without any real use other than to glamorize a girl's legs.

"I don't need these," I protested, "There's not even that many real girls that wear nylons these days, so why should I?"

"First Sis, you *are* a real girl now. Second, having always covered your legs in long pants, your skin is pale, more so from having spent a period in the hospital. The nylons will give your legs some color. Further, it's a bit cold outside, they do actually keep your legs warm...and they feel nice!"

Again I had no option but to follow my sister's bidding and, after showing me how to gather up the filmy nylon, the pantyhose were drawn up my slim hairless legs and the panty part positioned over my now rounded butt.

Before I had time to dwell on the silky feel of the nylons, a black, figure-hugging skirt also followed up my smooth legs, sending confusing, sensual feelings to my brain as the soft material of the skirt delicately brushed against the slinky nylon of the hose.

A soft, fluffy pink angora sweater was then pulled over my head and pulled down my frame to cling to my feminine figure like a second skin. It had three small pearlized buttons at its neckline and was ultra feminine in every way. I noticed how much my young breasts were now emphasized. I groaned in despair at all the feminine things that were being put on me, and tried to conceal the pleasure I was deriving from their feel on my body. I felt vulnerable and very confused.

My nylon'd feet were then slipped delicately into a pair of black shoes with three-inch heels and slender leather straps that were fastened securely around my slim ankles with a kind of finality.

It was Rachel's task to carefully apply my make-up, a little heavier than she had done previously and in shades that were a bit darker than before. This done, she then lovingly brushed out and styled my long, girlish-looking hair.

When they had both finally finished with me, my sisters stood back to review and admire their handiwork. For once, they both seemed to be lost for words.

When I was allowed to check my reflection in a mirror, I could see why. The wide-eyed creature staring back at me was unquestionably female, her long, luscious eyelashes fluttering across her attractively made-up eyes. The shock of the image caused the girl's glossy, red-painted lips to form into a wide, silent "O".

I staggered back on my unaccustomed heels, the edge of the bed catching me behind my knees and forcing me to sit. In an awe-struck voice, I heard Rachel gasp, "Oh wow, Charlotte, what have we done?"

After the initial shock of seeing the full extent of their work was over, they began talking at once, telling me how pretty I was. It was at that point that Mom returned.

"Have you girls finished with your sister? Oh lord! Jessica?"

Mom stood in a stunned silence before rushing forwards and hugging me lovingly to her bosom. She was delighted with my transformation, which made me feel all the more awkward. I was not ready, might never be ready, to be such an obviously convincing female. It had all happened so quickly.

"Oh darling, I'm so very proud of you," Mom gushed. "Not only have you come through a near fatal accident, you have also come to terms so well with the change of sex that has been enforced upon you, emerging as a beautiful young woman. I may have lost my only son, but I have gained a very attractive daughter, a real heartbreaker. Oh sweetheart, you will have so much happiness being a girl, just wait and see."



Walking down the corridor with mom and my two sisters was an embarrassment. Although I knew that I made a very convincing girl and so shouldn't feel that, everyone was looking at me as a boy in girls clothing and make-up. The unusualness of presenting myself in public scrutiny as such made me feel awkward and very self-conscious.

It was worse still on the sidewalk, outside of the hospital by the main road. I cringed in humiliation when we reached the car and saw Dad's expression as he saw his beloved son for the first time, fully bedecked as a teenaged girl. He looked so sad and I felt like such a disappointment to him, as if this new sex I had been given was some kind of betrayal towards him. We drove the two miles back home in total silence.

## CHAPTER 5

Once we had returned back to my familiar home, I had one or two more surprises in store for me. The familiarity of our house did not extend to my bedroom. I discovered that it had been changed beyond all recognition.

It was now decorated in shades of pastel pinks and mauves. There was a brand new vanity table against one wall which had a top that was cluttered with jewelry, scents and make-up. Dolls and stuffed animals were placed upon my bed that was now bedecked with a lacy spread, and in other areas of the room.

Checking out my double-door closet and my drawers, I found that every item of male clothing had now been removed, even unisex items such as my old faded blue jeans, t-shirts and several pairs of sports shoes...everything had been replaced with the most feminine girls clothing imaginable.

I groaned as I noticed that there was no pants or slacks of any kind, just skirts and dresses. As for shoes, it seemed that I was expected to only wear high heels; of the eight pair that were stored at the bottom of the closet, nothing had a lower heel than two and a half inches and ranged from stacked to stiletto. It became apparent to me that my life was going to become a feminized nightmare, one from which there was to be no awakening. I'd asked that nothing too feminine be given to me to wear but they had ignored my pleas. Now, I either wore this stuff or stayed indoors for the rest of my life!

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Next day, to my discomfort, friends and neighbors began calling at the Brandon household. Some came out of general concern to see how I was but the majority came by way of morbid curiosity, wanting a close look at the boy who had been turned into a girl. Mom did a good job at separating these people and turning them away. I heard her talking to them at the door, saying, "Jessica's resting right now and I don't want to disturb her. Give her another day or two and she will be right as rain. Thanks for stopping by."

A little later that day we were all downstairs watching television when there was yet another knock at the door. Rachel jumped up from her seat saying, "I'll get it." A moment later, to my horror, she returned leading my two best friends from school, Jeff Nolan and Brad Koontz, into the room.

They both stood before me, mouths agape and obviously feeling as embarrassed as I myself was as I attempted, unsuccessfully, to stretch the hem of my short skirt so that it concealed the sheer black nylons I was wearing.

Brad swallowed hard, licked his lips and stammered, "Mike? Is that really you? We heard what had happened...the accident and all, but I didn't expect you to have changed so much...be so., uh, pretty. I kind of thought you'd just be, well, you know...uh, like yourself but just dressed up as a girl. You, you really have become a girl! Your face... and your hair! Uh, and you're wearing short skirts and nylons." He finished, blushing furiously.

Dad put down the newspaper that he was reading and stood up. "I think that should be all for now, guys, it's been a long day and Jessica needs her rest. Why not call back at the weekend? Take it easy going home now."

I sat in mortification as Dad showed them out of the door. It was just all too much for me, now even my best buddies had seen me like... like *this!* I burst into tears, sobbing my heart out. For the first time since coming out of the hospital, Dad came and put his arm protectively around me, tears of compassion forming in his own eyes.

"Oh Dad, I don't think that I can cope with this anymore, I don't want to be a girl, I feel so lost."

Turning to my Mom, who was watching me with love and understanding in her smile, I said apologetically, "I'm sorry Mom, I have tried, but I never wanted any of this. I just can't be a girl."

Dad hugged me tightly and said, "Come on, chin up Ke..., er, Jess. I know that it's not easy for you to deal with, but you are a girl now. Nothing can be done about that, you just have to learn to accept it. You know, you do make a very good looking girl. You seem so natural, and you are young enough to adapt. Dr. Morgan has told us that the strong female hormones that are now beginning to change your body will also change your mind in time, making it much easier to accept what you have become."

“But that’s just it, Dad, it scares me to think that I could become so girlish as to accept being a girl, to want to be a girl... because I don’t.”

“I know that you don’t right now, but please try, Jessica. Please, for all our sakes.”

I looked into Dad’s eyes and, in a tiny little voice that was scarcely more than a whisper, I replied, “Okay Dad, I’ll try.”

## CHAPTER 6

In the days that followed I did as I had promised and really made an effort, taking an interest in my clothes, hair and make up. I even mastered walking in high heels...even those with four inch heels! I had to. I knew how tough it was for Dad to lose his son but he was braving up to it. I had to do the same.

The more I allowed my enforced femininity to take an hold of my life the closer it brought me to my sisters, far closer than I had ever been as a boy. I spent a lot of time with them and their close personal friends, who, after their initial interest in my predicament; which they were highly amused about, began just accepting me as one of their number.

I listened to all that they told me and tried hard to remember everything. I even allowed myself to be talked into becoming a honey blonde by one of the friends and having my ears double pierced by another!

Janet Greerly obviously “had a thing” for girls that used to be boys. When we were alone she couldn’t keep her hands off me, Janet was a good teacher, showing me all there was to know about giving and receiving pleasure as a woman.

Then, eventually, the day which I had been dreading the most, came: my return to school!

Mom insisted on driving me to school rather than letting me catch the bus as I had always done. I was grateful to her because I was very nervous. It was really strange to see all the familiar faces again, all of whom surely knew what had happened to me, that I was a girl who used to be a boy.

As our car pulled up outside of the school, I looked out of the window and saw all the kids that were outside waiting to go in. They all seemed to look our way, a sea of expectant, curious faces, making my heart pound and a sense of fear overwhelming me.

“Would you like me to walk in with you darling?” Mom asked, sensing my fear and embarrassment.”

“No thanks, Mom. I guess that this is something that I have to face up to alone, you can’t be with me all day. I’ll be fine, honest.” I picked my school bag off the back seat, nervously opened the door and climbed out from the car.

The first thing to hit me was a gentle spring breeze that blew around my smooth bare legs; I was wearing the school uniform for girl students, consisting of a blue pleated skirt, white blouse and a striped tie in the school colors, navy blue cardigan and, upon my feet, white ankle socks and a pair of black shoes that had a sensible one and a half inch heel.

Unseen, my underwear consisted of plain, white cotton panties and matching bra and a slinky white camisole. I had pulled my now blonde hair back and tied it in a high ponytail. My make-up, which older girl students were allowed to wear, consisted of a light coat of pink lipstick and a touch of mascara.

After a slight hesitation and with heart pounding, I took a deep breath, held my head up high, and began walking towards the school building, looking far more confident than I felt.

For a moment or two everything seemed to go in slow motion then stand still, not a sound broke the deadly silence. Then, unexpectedly, a group of girls broke away from the crowd of faces and rushed towards me.

I stopped in my steps, quaking, not knowing what to expect from them. As they got ever nearer, I recognized Alison amongst them and she stopped right in front of me, her face full of uncertainty about her former boyfriend.

Forcing a smile, I said in a nervous voice, "Hi, Alison. I'm sorry that I wouldn't allow you to visit me in the hospital, but, as you can see, there have been a lot of changes! And I wasn't certain about how you would react about having your boyfriend turned into a girl."

Letting her school books drop to the ground, Alison stepped forwards and kissed me tenderly on my painted lips, sighing: "Oh Michael, I have been so worried about you and I'm so pleased to see you again. I've missed you so much."

As if some unseen signal had been made, all of the other girls began talking at once and asking questions. Most of the girls told me how surprised they were about how pretty I looked, some of them asked if I was enjoying being a girl instead of a boy, did I feel different being a girl and lots of other questions.

Here I was, standing surrounded by some of the most attractive and popular girls in the school; Sharon Dodds, Stacy Layton, Debbie Gibbs, even Claire Taylor, last year's homecoming queen, all of them wanting to spend time with me. As a boy, none of them had ever given me more than a second glance.

The guys, on the other hand...all my former friends, seemed reluctant to approach me. Alison said that this was just something I would need to get used to now that I was the attractive girl I had become.

"Boys always feel shy and awkward in the presence of a pretty girl. I know that it seems silly but they are in awe of pretty girls. They fear rejection or ridicule and avoid feeling stupid or foolish in front of their mates by being turned down."

"But a lot of those guys were my friends, they know I'm a...was...a boy. They no more want to approach me for a date than I want them to, I just want them to remain my friends."

"Perhaps it's time, now that you are a girl, to start making friends with all the other girls." Alison suggested. "After all, you are a girl yourself now, aren't you?"

Maybe she had a point but I wasn't on the same wave length as the girls, I didn't think like them nor could identify with them, I knew nothing about girls fashion, hair and make-up. I didn't suppose I would ever gossip or giggle like them, it just wouldn't seem natural.

Luckily, my two very best friends, Brad Koontz and Jeff Nolan, who had gotten over their shock at my new appearance, stayed friends with me. Unfortunately,

even though I told them not to and that my name was now Jessica, they still insisted on calling me Michael.

They were both still fascinated by my transformation and what I was now wearing. "What's it like having to wear all that girly stuff...skirts, make-up and all?" Jeff asked sincerely. "There's no way that I could do it, I'd hate to be turned into some sissy girl like you have been."

I took no offense at Jeff's words, knowing that he didn't mean any harm by it. I then tried to answer their questions as honestly as I could.

"At first I couldn't really come to terms with what had happened to me. Even knowing that I had no choice in the matter didn't make it any easier. I hate to admit this, guys, even to myself, but I'm beginning to quite enjoy being a girl. That may be due, at least in part, to all the hormones that are being pumped into my body. I honestly don't know. I didn't want anything put inside me that would cause me to accept being a girl, but, thinking about it, as I have been turned into a girl anyway, anything that can help me accept what I now am, can't be a bad thing.

"What I do know is, whether caused by the hormones or not, I am really starting to enjoy wearing my hair long, putting on make-up and even wearing pretty dresses and high-heeled shoes. How many boys of my age have experienced the sensual feel of sheer nylons on their smooth hairless legs or the sensation of having your own breasts cupped and supported by a lacy bra or Basque?"

"I think I understand what you are saying," Jeff replied. "But to experience that stuff is one thing, but to be turned into a girl...for the rest of your life! I couldn't handle that, I'd go insane. It isn't just a question of wearing girls things is it? Lots of men do that for enjoyment; now that you appear as a girl people, will automatically start treating you like one?"

"Yeah, and you'll start behaving like one...doing girlish things. You'll start hanging out with the girls at school instead of our friends, you'll talk with them about hair and make-up and all the other silly things that girls talk about," Brad joined in. "You may start walking and talking like a girl, giggling like one...even thinking like one. You'll be ruined. You mark my word, see if I'm not right."

"I'll never get like that. I may have started liking some of the girlish clothes because they feel nice, but I will *never* start acting or thinking like a girl."

"Betcha you will," Brad told me. "It's your whole life we are talking about, you have got to change, if not in the near future, certainly at some time in your life. I mean, what are you going to do for a living? Work in some woman's job? A receptionist, secretary or something, or a sales assistant in a woman's fashion boutique? You may even train to be a hairdresser or a beautician...or a nurse! Once you are working in a job like that, you cannot do anything else but alter."

"That's if you pursue a career," Jeff joined in again. "You may just become an housewife...be a wife and Mother to your family, spend your days doing shopping, cooking, ironing and cleaning. Ugh!!"

“I’ll never do that because I’m not interested in men nor could I have children even if I wanted them. I may have been given a girl’s body but I never asked for it, you know.”

Brad studied me with a disbelieving look. “You know what some of the other guys are saying? They’re saying that you gave in much too easily, that any normal healthy guy would have done anything, anything at all, to stay male. Some say that, even if it had happened to them against their will and there had been nothing they could do about it, no way would they ever wear dresses and put on make-up.

They say that perhaps you were just a sissy all along who always liked dressing as a girl...and that you’ve used this accident to ‘come out’. Is that true, Mike?”

I deliberately took my time in answering, needing to get things absolutely straight in my own head, I was that confused. With tears in my eyes and my voice thick with emotion, I replied:

“No Brad, it isn’t true. I can honestly tell you that before the accident I had no wish at all to wear girls clothes, and absolutely no desire at all to actually become a girl. After the surgery had been carried out and completed, I was totally devastated. I just felt as though my whole world had fallen through. Like you and Jeff have already said, how could I possibly come to terms with having to spend the rest of my life as some sissy girl? Well, I never thought I would, but, not only have I managed to come to terms with it, I actually love being a girl and I wouldn’t want to become a boy again even if I could. Do you hear me? I *love* being a girl!



“Perhaps how I am now feeling is due to the female hormones that I have to take but whatever it is, my life as Michael is now just a distant memory and I want it to stay that way. It is much easier for me to continue my life if I regard myself as having always been a girl, forget that Michael ever existed. Now, I’m Jessica Marie Brandon....and I really couldn’t be happier.”

Both Brad and Jeff were sad at hearing my confession. They had hoped, albeit now as a pretty girl, I would still be the same Michael as before and still join in the things I used to do. They felt like they had lost a best friend, but promised to still be friends with me.

## CHAPTER 7

Two days later Brad called to see me at home.

“I er, I don’t know if you know or not, but Jeff is, er, is going out with Alison now,” he began nervously. “He’s not stealing her or anything, I mean you two can hardly stay together...”

“Brad, it’s alright,” I cut in, “Like you said, I can hardly carry on as Alison’s boyfriend now, can I? And of course I expect Alison to move on and find someone else. I can’t think of anyone better than Jeff or yourself, my two best friends.”

“I, er, I don’t suppose...” Brad began to blush furiously and became so nervous that he was stammering. Asking him what was wrong, I was taken totally by surprise when he suggested, eventually, that I might go out with him.

“You mean you want a date with me?” I asked in disbelief, but he seemed so nervous about asking me out that I took pity on him and accepted. Besides, if I was going to date a guy, it may as well be someone that I knew, right?

“You will!?” he said with a look of delight on his face. I smiled and nodded in reassurance as he seemed so nervous. The thing was, although I tried hard not to show it, I was just as nervous as he was. This would be my first ever date as a girl. Even though it was only with my best friend, I was thrilled at the prospect of being taken out.

What do I do? What should I wear? Do I wear my hair up or down, and what should I do if Brad tries to kiss me...or even more? My nipples hardened and I felt kind of “funny” inside just thinking about it.

Those and dozens more questions like them bombarded my mind. Having zero experience on what girls do or how they act on dates, I did the only thing I could do: I asked my sisters for their help and advice. I expected them to poke fun at me but they were really excited and made it their personal challenge in preparing me for my big date.

When the time came, I felt like a living Barbie Doll, something for them to play with and dress up. Lacy black satin panties and a matching under-wired bra came first, followed by black, lacy patterned hold-up stockings that were drawn up my long smooth legs. Charlotte even allowed me to wear her new red, off-the-shoulder sleeveless dress that had a side split high enough to show teasing glimpses of my extra lacy stocking tops. A pair of strappy red sandals with slim four-inch heels were slipped onto my feet, my red painted toe nails visible beneath the lacy stockings.

Rachel hot brushed my long blonde hair, giving it volume and height. It was then back combed and flicked, reminding me of the style that Farrah Fawcett wore on TV’s Charlie’s Angels back in the 1970’s.

Charlotte made sure that my make-up was done to perfection, a real work of art. My full lips were outlined and filled in with a glossy dark red, giving me a sexy pout; my now long, tapered finger nails were varnished in a matching red. The

small studs that I had been wearing in my pierced ears were removed and replaced with two sets of large gold hoops. A dab or two of expensive perfume and I was all but ready.

Brad arrived several minutes early for the date. He looked really smart and it was obvious that he had made a real effort. A true gentleman, he brought with him a banquet of flowers for Mom and a single red rose for me. So romantic!, I thought.

Upon seeing me, Billy looked totally stunned and, for a moment or two, said nothing at all, just stood there with his mouth agape. Finally, he spoke.

“Wow! Jessica...you look terrific, absolutely gorgeous! I can’t wait to show you off in public.”

Smiling, with a blush coming to my cheeks, I shyly said, “Oh, why thank you, Brad, you look very smart yourself.”

Dad came out as far as Brad’s car with us when we were ready to leave. “Now you just make sure you look after my daughter, young man. I want Jessica to be back home, safe and sound, no later than 10.30 PM. Have you got that?”

Looking a little flustered, Brad replied, “Yes, Mr. Brandon sir, I won’t let you down.”

Just make sure that you don’t....or you’ll be answering to me, Okay?

Brad then rushed over to my side of the car and opened the door for me, his eyes never once leaving my long, shapely, nylon-clad legs as I climbed in. As we pulled away, I asked him where he was taking me. He laughed. “It’s a surprise, you’ll just have to wait and see.”

Ten minutes later we pulled up outside Monroe’s, one of the classiest and most expensive restaurants in town. I immediately turned to Brad. “Brad, you can’t afford this place. I’ve heard that it’s awfully expensive. Why don’t we just go and see a movie instead? We could even grab a burger and French fries on the way home.”

“Don’t worry about the cost, Jessica. I want our first date to be special, you know...something that we can remember,” he responded, looking a little hurt. “You’re worth it, so let’s just go and enjoy ourselves. I can afford it, honest.”

He came and opened the car door for me, then took my hand supportively as I stepped out of the car. He made me feel like such a lady, new feelings began to wash over me.

The evening went perfectly and Brad was perfect company, much different from how he had been with me when I was still a boy. He was the perfect gentleman, opening doors for me and adjusting the chair for me to get in and out at the table; all the things that I used to do myself in order to impress my dates....only this time *I* was the woman.

It felt really strange to be on a date with Brad and have him acting so polite and curbing his language. We had both grown up together, climbed trees, played football and baseball, went chasing after the girls together...all the things that best friends do. Now, here we were with Brad treating me just like a lady. I was

enjoying every minute of it; for the very first time since the horrible accident and the operation that followed, I began to think that being a woman perhaps wouldn't be so bad after all.

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After a really enjoyable evening, we arrived back at my place by 10.22 PM. Dad would be really pleased that we had got back early. Brad switched off the engine and the radio, then turned to face me.

"I really have had a great time tonight, Jessica. Thanks for being my date. I didn't know how it would go, if it would be like going out with my best friend Michael or with the beautiful girl he has become. I'm going to really miss having Michael as a buddy but, if I'm honest, I would much prefer having Jessica as my steady girlfriend."

"You want us to go steady? Wouldn't you feel awkward knowing who I really am...or rather, who I was?"

"I can now except that you have become a girl not just physically, but after being in your company all evening, everything about you is now more feminine...how you act, how you talk, even how you think, and it's all so natural. Hell, Jessica, you couldn't have been prettier and more feminine had you been born a girl. I know it was something that you didn't want to happen to you, but I'm really glad that they did make you into a girl though, because, if you were still my friend Michael, I would never have done this..."

Without another word, Brad reached for me and pulled me into his strong arms. Though shocked at first, I easily melted into his strong embrace. His lips found mine and my former best friend kissed me tenderly. Mental messages that I shouldn't be doing this, that this was my life long buddy...and he was male, dissipated as the kiss became ever more urgent.

I was enjoying the kiss and our tongues probed deeply into each others mouths; the old argument that I should not do anything sexual with a male because I had been a heterosexual male myself evaporated as a sense of femaleness washed over me from the inside out. Brad was male, but I now was female, I felt female, and that made it alright.

Any last resistance from my former male psyche disintegrated just as soon as Brad began fondling my full, sensitive breasts. I gasped in pleasure and arched my back as I pushed into the growing hardness inside his trousers. He felt massive against me, could I really handle this?

To my consternation, Brad pulled away from me. I was afraid that he may feel that it was wrong as I had done. "No Brad, it's alright." I tried to reassure him. "Please, come on baby."

"No Jessica, it's not alright. I mean...it *is* alright, me and you...but I don't want it to be like this." He tried to explain, blushing. "You ought to know, I've... I've

never made it with a girl before,” he continued, looking embarrassed, “and I want our first time together to be special...for both of us.”

I smiled. Yes, I knew that he hadn't laid a girl yet, I'd jokingly mocked him enough times about it in the past. “You know something, Brad Koontz? You are a kind, considerate and romantic guy. That is why I like you so much, and why I would like it to be you that makes love to me as a woman. Honey you are so sweet.”

We straightened out our clothes and I checked my hair and make-up before I would allow Brad to walk me to my door. When we arrived, Brad hesitated, then asked, “So, what you just said...does that mean I can take you out again?”

“Yes,” I smiled, “Yes, I'd like you to. Thanks for a really great evening, my first real date as a girl, I'm glad that it was with you, Brad.”

I gave Brad a quick peck on his cheek before going indoors to tell my parents and sisters how my date had gone.

Three months quickly passed since my first date with Brad. Most of the other kids at school easily accepted me as the girl I had become, which wasn't surprising really because I continued to become more and more feminine with each passing day. Some of the girls suggested that I put in for a place on the cheerleading team, I did and I was accepted! It seemed strange; not long ago I would never have even dreamt I would be a pretty cheerleader. Cheerleaders used to cheer me when I played for the school football team.

Brad and I continued seeing each other and it wasn't long before everyone recognized us as an “item”. Jeff, meanwhile, was going steady with Alison and we would often go out together on double dates, Alison and I fixing each other's make-up and fussing with the clothes the other wore to make sure we looked good for our men.

Then, on my birthday, as I opened up the present that Brad had bought me, I shrieked in delight. It was an engagement ring!

“I love you with all my heart, Jessica. So much so that I can't imagine living life without you. Will you marry me?”

I looked at him with love in my eyes. “Oh yes,” I cried, “Yes...Yes...YES!” Kissing him lovingly on his lips, I melted into his strong embrace....

## CHAPTER 8

We found ourselves a small church with a modern, open-minded vicar who was willing to bless our union. It was a quiet affair with just our families and some very close friends in attendance. Charlotte, Rachel, & Alison were my bridesmaids and Brad chose Jeff Nolan to be his best man. Jeff even wore a shirt and tie for the occasion. Wonders would never cease!

Who would ever have believed that, just a little over a year ago, I would be here, in a flowing white satin wedding dress and bridal veil, looking radiant as a blushing bride. The ceremony was simple and yet very beautiful. Becoming Mrs. Jessica Marie Koontz was a dream come true for me, this really was the happiest day of my life.

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That night Brad and I made love together for the very first time. He shouldn't have had any fears, he was a wonderful lover and I discovered how wonderful sex as a woman was as my body shuddered with orgasm after orgasm. That night I found out what being a woman really meant and, for the first time since my operation, I felt complete once again.

### SIX MONTHS LATER...

My one real regret was not being able to bear children....I was feeling broody and I knew deep down that Brad would have loved to be a Dad.

We had a real heart-to-heart talk one evening, holding nothing back....the very next day we applied to adopt a child,

We had no idea just how complicated it would be: lots of red tape, interviews, forms to be filled in. I felt sure that my having been born a guy would go against us, but thankfully I was wrong....the main concerns were for the child's safety and well being, which is of course, commendable.

It was worth all the time and effort when, seven weeks later, we went to collect our new daughter, four month old Sarah Louise. She was gorgeous, with the bluest eyes I had ever seen. With her in my arms, I truly felt like the woman which I'd become, happy and proud to be female.

THE END.

# “Midnight Whispers”

*By Emma Weaver*

## CHAPTER ONE. RAINY DAYS AND MONDAYS

The turnabout in my life started one rainy day when I was eleven years old. My sister, Megan, and I were bored out of our minds, and both off from school recovering from colds, so for something to do, she forced me to dress up in some of her old clothes. Being a boy who liked playing ball and other rough games, I hated having to wear the girls lingerie, short black woolen skirt, soft and fluffy pink angora sweater and other girlish stuff she put on me. Being five years older, she was bigger and stronger, so no matter how hard I fought to stop her, I ended up being her “dress-up doll”!....but the worst thing by far was having to wear Mom’s wig. It was long and straight, reaching to a point well past my slim shoulders, Chestnut Brown in color, backcombed from the crown to give height, and with full bangs that came down to my eyebrows. Yuk!!.

When I complained to Mom, she just laughed and said, “Playing an occasional game of dress up with your sister is harmless. Besides, it’ll do you good to experience your feminine side occasionally, and you do look cute in her old clothes!”

After that, Megan assumed she had Mom’s approval, and much to my dismay, our dress-up games became more and more frequent. Like as not, when Mom came home from work, she would find me wearing one of Megan’s old dresses or skirts. With all the practice that I was getting, I soon became an expert in heels; soon I was doing most things like a girl. I guess that being feminine just came naturally to me. At the time I had no idea about the female hormones that my Mom and Sis were feeding to me; by the time I began to question the changes to my body it was too late...far too late.



*“CHAPTER TWO... A LITTLE CONFUSED”*

When I was twelve, Mom returned from a shopping trip one day and presented me with my “first” dress! It wasn’t the first dress I had worn by a long shot, but it was the first of my very own. The celebrated dress was a cream lamb’s wool sweater dress with a cowl neckline, its tight skirt ending mid-thigh, To “model” my new dress, Megan presented me with my own silky panties, matching bra and slip, and sheer black hose. “Mom, since Bobby has his own dress and silky undies, shouldn’t he have a girl’s name when he wears them?” Megan beamed in a teasing tone.

“Please no, Mom,” I pleaded, close to tears while toying with my hateful skirt. “Wearing this dress is horrible enough without having a girl’s name!. Please!...let me go back to being a normal boy again!”

“That’s a good idea, sweetheart!” Mom beamed, ignoring my plea. “You know, if he had been a girl like I wanted, I planned to name him Stacy...or maybe Fiona.”

“Fiona’s a nice name, Mom, but Stacy really suits him!” Megan exclaimed. “I like it, and I *love* having a little sister!”

Megan, loving every minute of my humiliation, also gave me several babydoll nighties she had outgrown and, with Mom in full agreement, insisted that I sleep in them. Along with the nighties, she also gave me numerous other undies. Not only did I have dresses, blouses, skirts and sweaters hanging in my closet, I had a generous supply of panties, bras, slips, camisoles, and nighties in my drawers! I could only hope my friends didn’t find out about my girlish wardrobe!

The next time I asked Mom for money for a haircut, she said, “I think we should forego a haircut in favor of letting your hair grow out a bit.” When I said wearing girl’s clothes was bad enough, and I didn’t want to let my hair grow long, she soothed, “You would look better in your dress if your hair was long enough to style as a girl’s. Give it a try. Grow it down to your collar, and you’ll see what I mean. Come on, what do you say?” Before I could argue, Megan said, “Oh Mom, what a wonderful idea! I would help Stacy take care of a longer style, I can just see her with long blond hair!”

What could I say? By the tone of her voice, I knew her suggestion to let my hair grow was, in fact, an order. As usual, it was two against one, I didn’t stand a chance.

One day, Megan and I had an argument about me wearing girl’s clothes. Wasting no time, she ran to Mom and claimed, “After all that money you spent to make Stacy pretty and girlish, she says she won’t wear her dress any more!” Megan began to cry, Mom rushed to her and held her tight. “Shhh...Don’t cry honey, your little sister will do as she is told if she knows what’s good for her.”

When Mom came into my room to investigate, she found me in a foul mood and wearing jeans. Assuming Megan was telling the truth, she sat beside me, gently put her arm around me, and pulled me close. “What’s wrong with my pretty

Stacy?” she softly cooed. “Why is he refusing to be a good girl and wear his cute dress?”

“I said I didn’t want to wear it, I didn’t say that I *wouldn’t* wear it,” I sniffed, not wanting to upset Mom and get her into my argument with Megan.

“Mommy knows,” she soothed. “You’re getting tired of wearing your dresses all the time, aren’t you?”

“Yes,” I sobbed, thinking she was about to stop Megan from making me wear dresses altogether.

“Come with me,” she said, taking my hand and leading me to Megan’s room. Looking at her, she said, “Stacy is getting tired of wearing the same dresses all the time, and that is a legitimate complaint. How would you like to wear the same dresses day after day? You would hate it, and so does he!” Just as I thought I was about to receive a reprieve from wearing dresses, she added, “Let’s go through your old things and see if we can come up with some things he can wear to put variety into his wardrobe to break the monotony.” “Oh yes Mom,” Megan agreed, “I’m sure that I can find lots of pretty things for Stacy to wear if that’s what she really wants.”

Despite my arguments that I didn’t want to wear any dress, I soon had three skirts, four blouses, and six very feminine sweaters hanging in my closet beside my original dress. Not only that, I was wearing a white short-sleeved pink sweater with a straight mid-thigh length skirt! Not only that, I had to help Megan remove and box up some of my boy clothes to make room for my new girlish things! Since I got lots more silky panties, bras, slips, and nighties, the stuff we packed away included most of my jockey briefs as well! To make matters worse, Megan giggled teasingly whenever I bent or squatted in a manner that displayed my panties.

“Now my sweet Stacy has lots of pretty clothes to wear whenever he likes!” Mom gushed. “You can mix and match your skirts, blouses, and sweaters to create numerous looks, and you shouldn’t tire of them for quite some time. However, since you are intent on immodestly displaying your panties, I think Megan should give you some comportment lessons to teach you to manage your short skirts while remaining chaste.”

## **“CHAPTER 3.... *NEW FEELINGS.***

That’s the way it was! Megan taught me to walk, stand, and sit in a girlish manner. She was always on my case. If I didn’t comport myself in the sissy girlish way she insisted I use, even if I was wearing pants which wasn’t very often at home, she would scold me unmercifully. Gradually, I began to adopt the mannerisms she stipulated. In fact, that course of action became so ingrained in my muscle memory, I sometimes found myself walking with my limp wrists at my sides and my hips swaying or sitting with my knees together at school! Whenever that happened, I quickly assumed a boyish gait or manner of sitting, hopefully before anyone noticed. But notice they did; it wasn’t long before the whispering started, and the name calling....*SISSY.... GIRLY.... FAGGOT....* Most days I would arrive home in tears.

“Now that you wear dresses, sit, walk, and talk like a girl most of the time, it’s time you learned the feminine art of makeup application,” Megan informed me. “You’re old enough to wear cosmetics. So, whenever you wear a dress or a skirt in the future, I expect to see you wearing makeup, lipstick, and nail polish in addition to your girlish hairstyle. Come to my room, sit at my vanity, and I’ll start teaching you.”

I’ll never forget the humiliation I felt the first time I pressed a tube of lipstick against my lips and smoothed the color over them! The sensation was the same when I brushed matching color onto my fingernails, but it wasn’t quite as intense. My masculinity was slipping away fast.

Mom liked the way I looked with makeup so, after a conference with Megan, she bought my own liquid base, blush, powder, eyeliner, eye shadow, mascara, lipstick, nail polish, and perfume. As you might imagine, makeup lessons became part of my afternoons, nights, and weekends, and I was never without it during my “dress-up” sessions. It reached the stage where I felt undressed without it.

After that, I had to be really diligent to assure that my makeup, lipstick, and nail polish were completely removed before going to school each day. There was nothing I could do about the silky nylon panties under my jeans, but I lived in fear that remaining traces of overlooked makeup would expose my dress-up games with Megan to curious onlookers.

When I complained to Megan, she said she would limit my wearing makeup to weekends and nights when I didn’t have school the next day if I would allow her to pluck my brows. Having my brows plucked seemed to be the lesser of two evils, so I dejectedly sat while she plucked them into a thin feminine arch. This gave my face a soft feminine appearance, and I could only hope that none of my school-mates noticed.

With me wearing makeup that I applied myself, Megan made me pose for photographs in my dresses, and before long, she accumulated a large collection that she threatened to show my friends if I didn’t “dress up” whenever she wanted.

Thus, I was caught in a vicious circle! If I didn't wear her clothes, she would show the photos to my buddies. If I did wear them, she took more photos for her blackmail package! To further demonstrate her control over me, she made me pack away my few remaining jockey briefs, leaving me with only panties. When she said I would now have to wear them at all times, even under my jeans when I went to school, I rebelled. That; however, proved to be my undoing. She roughly pulled me across her lap, flipped my skirt to my waist, and soundly spanked on my silky panties with her wooden hairbrush! I cried tears of pain and humiliation.

When I complained to Mom, she merely shrugged and said, "Given the way you've been behaving of late, I'm surprised she hasn't done it sooner. If you don't become sweet, demure, and obedient while she is teaching you to apply makeup and manage your skirts like a lady, you can probably expect more in the future. Look, your life will be easier if you accept the fact that panties are now a part of your life. Besides, maintaining two types of underwear is silly...in fact, I'm seriously considering having you live as Stacy full-time."

.Surely she couldn't be serious?

You guessed it! Megan took Mom's nonchalant response as permission to spank me whenever she wanted, and boy, did she ever want! After that, seldom did a day pass that I didn't find myself across her lap with my skirt at my waist for a sound spanking on my panties! I began to feel like the little girl that Mom and Megan were trying to make me be.

I was really looking forward to playing baseball that spring, but just before sign-ups, Megan said she wanted me to give up rough boyish sports. When I refused, she said she would tell my teammates I was wearing panties under my uniform if I defied her and registered to play. What could I do except let the deadline pass without signing up?

"No boy as pretty and as delicate as you should be allowed to take part in rough and tumble games"

I was one of the better players, so my friends wanted to know why I didn't register to play ball. Unable to tell them the real reason, I said I was just tired of baseball. Believe me; I was totally dejected when I saw them grab their gloves and run toward the practice field after school every day while I went home to wear dresses and skirts!

"Now that you aren't wasting your time playing ball, you can spend more time as my sister!" Megan beamed when we got home after school. "Come upstairs, and let's have fun making you all pretty!"

Reluctantly I followed her up to her bedroom. I was used to what lay ahead...but that doesn't mean that I have to like it. Strangely, recently I had begun to think of the pretty skirts and dresses, the high heels and make-up as my own. What was happening to me...was I really becoming a sissy?

Having long ago lost my shame at being undressed or wearing scanty feminine undies in the presence of my sister, I hesitantly stripped to my panties and strapped a bra around my chest while she watched. After putting on a soft silky

slip, and a dress with a short pleated skirt, I brushed my hair into a neat girlish style that featured bangs low on my forehead, and I was ready to play whatever girlish game she had in mind.

## CHAPTER 4.... *DEEPER AND DEEPER.*

By summer, my hair had grown far too long to be able to pass as a boy's style. I pleaded with Mom to let me get a haircut. She just smiled and said, "Let's not be too hasty. I read in one of those little books from "Reluctant Press" that boys become docile and more respectful of others if they grow their hair long and dress as girls for a time. If you are ashamed or self-conscious about it, you can wear it in a pony tail or some other boyish style when you go out in public."

"Please Mom, don't do this! Just look at my hair!" I begged. "A Pony tail isn't going to look any less *Girlish*, and it's not right to make me wear my hair so long. Everyone will laugh at me and call me a sissy, Oh Mom, *please* let me have it cut!"

Mom would not be moved, "One day young lady, when your hair is *really* long and feminine you will thank me for being firm with you now"... Megan will keep it trimmed and teach you to care for it as it grows. Now, let's hear no more on the subject!"

Little did I know then, but the two "Vitamin" tablets that Mom insisted I take each day without fail were in fact potent Female Hormones. Over the last twelve months or so, their effect on my body hadn't really been that noticeable...some redistribution of body fat, giving me a shapelier figure, my breasts were a little swollen and my nipples quite sensitive, and maybe my voice sounded a little higher, but nothing to really get alarmed about. But any day now the "Girly Pills" were due to kick in, my system now flooded with them, and when they did...

All I could do was mope away in self-pity! I had to wear dresses at home and sleep in soft girlish nighties; I had been forced to wear panties full time for over a year; and I had been denied the opportunity to play ball with my friends, and as a result, they stopped coming around. Megan took full advantage of that, and required me to wear dresses and participate in some girlish activity practically every minute I was home! Now, I was destined to have long girlish hair, and I was helpless to prevent it from happening!

One day at breakfast, Mom said, "I'm sorry I spoke harshly to you about your hair the other night, Stacy. You have become a bit shaggy, and you could do well with a trim. Megan made an appointment at 11am for you with her friend Tanya, who does her hair."

"Tanya!, I cried, "But she works in *MISTYS*". I can't go there Mom...*it's for Women !*"

"You'll just love Tanya!" Megan laughed. "I've told her all about you dear sister...she can't wait to meet you!"

I felt myself blushing with embarrassment at the very thought of having my hair done at Mistys, an all-female domain. "I can't...I won't."

I stammered, knowing that I would be made to keep the appointment whatever I said.

Blushing anew, I sighed, “Please, you know I would be too embarrassed to wear a dress in public.”

Mom looked ready to argue but then relented, much to Megan’s annoyance. “Okay Stacy, you don’t have to wear a skirt or a dress this time, but I do insist that you allow Megan to choose your outfit, and to help with your hair and make-up. Any arguments and I’ll pick out a dress for you myself, is that understood?”

“Yes Mom, thank you Mom,” I quickly stammered before she had a chance to change her mind.

As Megan was old enough to drive, she took me to her hairdresser.

As we pulled up outside, I cringed back in my seat and pleaded.

“Oh Sis, *please* don’t make me go in there dressed like this. If anyone that I knew saw me, I’d never live it down!” Megan just gave me one of her “special” looks and I knew that any further argument would be futile.

Opening the door, I stepped out of the car, swaying slightly on my four-inch stiletto heels. Megan had delighted in making me look as feminine and as sexy as possible without the use of a skirt or dress. I had almost fainted when I saw what she had done to me.

Matching panties and bra,..... I was filled with horror when I saw how my small budding breasts easily filled the bras lacy “B” cups, for the first time it actually dawned on me that I had a womanly bosom, a pair of tight jeans made the most of my feminine figure, as did my pink sweater, made of soft fluffy angora, it had a wide collar and four small pearlized buttons at its neckline, it molded to the twin mounds on



my chest, advertising the fact that I was now the owner of a sizeable pair of breasts,

On my feet were a pair of ultra-feminine ankle boots, made of supple black leather, with four-inch “fuck me” stiletto heels, Megan had spent ages making sure that my make-up was perfect...and it showed, I looked gorgeous!, My sister had pulled my long straight hair up and back into a simple high ponytail that bounced and swayed around my slim shoulders girlishly.

Just for a moment I thought I would make it safely to the salon without incident. I cringed as someone shouted “Bobby? Nah, it can’t be? Bobby, is that really you?”. I turned to see Mike Driscoll and Ethan Powers, both from school. To make matters even worse, if that were possible, they were with a group of girls, Sarah Thomas, Debbie Parker, Laurie Trenton, and the Nolan twins, Amy and Jennifer. I considered making a dash for it, but knew that I wouldn’t get very far in my heels. Then it was too late, Megan and I were surrounded, everyone talking at once. Powers looked me up and down and whistled. “Oh boy, Oh boy! I knew that you were a sissy, Bobby, what with your long hair, pretty face and girly walk. In fact, everyone noticed, but I had no idea that things had gone this far! You’ll be wearing a dress to school next!”

Everyone thought that this was hilarious, apart from Megan, who looked close to tears, Debbie Parker came right up to me and wrapped her arms around my neck. “So what is it, Bobby, don’t you like girls?” Before I really knew what was happening, her tongue was in my mouth, probing deep, exploring. She tasted of bubble gum and cigarettes, I felt my small cock stiffen as she pushed herself tight against me. Finally breaking away from me, she laughed and said, “Well, he still feels and tastes like a boy. I can vouch for that!”

Megan took my arm protectively and said, “Come on, Stacy, just ignore them, they are only jealous.”

Their shouts and laughter faded as we entered the salon. The incident had shaken me badly, more than I cared to admit. How could I return to school now that I’d been seen out in public like this?”

Tanya was every hot-blooded male’s wet dream. 100% BABE!

She had the look of a porn star about her, from her long tanned legs, massive breasts, long blond hair framing a pretty face with blue eyes and a wide full-lipped red-painted mouth that was just made for sucking cock.

She looked up as we entered. “Megan honey! It’s so good to see you!” The two girls embraced, kissing and hugging each other. Turning to me, Tanya smiled and said, “Hi Sugar, you must be Stacy? Megan has told me so much about you, I feel like we are girlfriends already! She was right you know, you are just too damn pretty to remain a boy. Well, come with me sweetie, and lets see what we can do about it.”

## TWO HOURS LATER...

When Megan saw my hair, she swooned. "Oh, your hair is beautiful! I can't wait to see how it looks with your dresses!"

It was an absolute nightmare! Tanya had seen to it that passing as a boy would now be impossible for me. "Just look what she has done to me!" I squealed in a high girlish voice to my sister.

"I know, isn't it wonderful!" my sister replied with a smile.

My already long hair had been given the "works" by Tanya, uneven ends had been trimmed, leaving them nice and straight, backcombing from the crown gave my hair height, the sides had been feather cut, adding volume. Tanya had also given me full bangs that reached almost to my finely arched eyebrows, my long full straight hair reached almost to my narrow waist, all in all a very feminine style...but the biggest shock had been finding out that I was now a platinum blonde!!

"I can't have hair this color!" I protested. "I look like a girl!"

"That's the idea, silly!" laughed Megan, "Maybe now you'll stop fighting Mom and me?"

"With this shade of blonde, I'll look like a girl, and everybody will call me a sissy!" I wailed miserably,

"This is the shade Mom and I discussed," she insisted calmly. "If you don't like it, take it up with her. Personally, I think that Tanya did a great job on your hair, so I made an appointment for you to come back in two weeks to have your roots touched up."

Sure enough, when we got home, Mom carried on over my sissy hair color as though nothing was out of the ordinary for a boy to have hair this style or color. "Oh, Stacy!" she gushed. "That's a wonderful color for your hair! I can't wait until it grows longer and thicker!"

"But, Mom!" I raved in a panic-filled voice. "Boys don't have hair this color, and if it grows out longer, I'll look even more like a girl!"

## CHAPTER 5... ACCEPTANCE

When the guys came around laughing, I tried to maintain a positive attitude as I explained that my long blonde mane was my “surfer” look for the summer. They didn’t buy my story at all. Soon I was the talk of the school, the butt of cruel jokes and comments from the guys. The girls, on the other hand, made it clear that they were on my side, they loved my new hair style and color! To my utter surprise and delight, the girls accepted me as one of their own. I began to spend a lot of time with them both in and out of school, they would help with my hair and make-up, and loved playing “dress up” with me. Naturally, Mom and Megan were delighted, encouraging me to spend as much time as possible with my new friends, knowing that it was enforcing my feminine conditioning. I didn’t fully realize what was happening until it was too late, I was on a slippery slope to womanhood and it was a one way trip.

So much like a girl had I become that the Head teacher suggested that it would be in “everyone’s best interests” if I attended school as a girl.

“Mrs. Anderson, Bobby has had a difficult time here in recent months what with his ‘changes. He has reached a stage in his development where he seems unsure of his gender. This uncertainty is sending out negative signals to both the students and the teaching staff alike. Their reaction to Bobby has not been good, as is usually the case with anything or anyone seen as different who does not conform to what the majority feel is ‘normal’. I cannot allow things to continue on the same way, your son could be hurt, not just physically, and frankly Mrs. Anderson, I’m not prepared to take that chance. Bobby has a decision to make: to either return to school as a male student, or to start attending school full time as a female student, I believe that he is already known by the girl’s name of Stacy?”

One week later, my school records changed to show my sex as “Female” I was re-enrolled as Miss Stacy Fiona Anderson. Now everything was official.

As days became weeks, I found that I was fully accepted as a girl by the other students and teaching staff alike; there was no longer any confusion. I looked like a girl, dressed like a girl, therefore I was a girl...it was as simple as that really, I was treated the same as any girl student, I wore the same uniform, took the same sports and lessons, I suppose that it had to happen at some point, it was inevitable...I began to accept myself as Stacy.

The strong female hormones continued to feminize my young body at an alarming rate. Without realizing it, having months before reached the point of being chemically castrated, my “maleness” was now little more than a fingertip-sized shrunken bud. So small was I now that I had to sit to urinate.

I wondered, Could things get any worse?

The day of my thirteenth birthday, in mid-August, I awoke to hear Mom suggest that I wear something “nice” and fix my hair in a neat girlish style. With that in mind, I chose a white cotton sundress with two spaghetti straps on each shoulder and a full mid-thigh-length skirt to wear over my usual panties and slightly

padded bra. After brushing my golden bangs low on my forehead, I styled my ever-lengthening hair into a neat feminine style, slipped my feet into white skimmers, and went downstairs. When Mom noticed that she could see through my skirt in the light, she sent me back to add a half-slip to my girlish ensemble. I complained that the weather was too hot for all that nylon, but my argument went nowhere.

Just before lunch, a van pulled up to the house, and two burley men brought in a pink vanity with a matching bench, and at Mom's direction, carried it up to my room. It featured a lighted mirror, and when the men turned the lights on to make sure they worked, one of them turned to me and said, "Now, young lady, you have your own vanity to do your hair and makeup just like Momma and big sister!" I nodded and smiled, cringing with embarrassment.

After all that, I wasn't surprised to receive only feminine gifts. Megan gave me a silky pink lingerie set that included three pairs of fancy nylon panties, two bras, a full lace-embellished slip, and a matching half-slip, camisole, and teddy. Knowing her gift had cost quite a lot, I thanked her with a bright blush. From Mom, I received three sets of earrings, small gold hoops, gold studs, pearl studs, and a three strand pearl necklace. I wasn't overly upset until I noticed that the earrings were for pierced ears! "I can't wear these!" I exclaimed. "My ears aren't pierced!"

"I think you missed part of your gift, Stacy," Mom calmly replied. "Have another look in the box."

She was right! There, amongst the crumpled wrapping paper, was a certificate for a free ear piercing at the jewelry store where the earrings were purchased. "I can't go in there and ask to have my ears pierced!" I protested. "Not both ears! I won't do it! No boy would!"

"A Boy? You call yourself a boy? When was the last time that you took a good hard look in a mirror honey?"

"In any event, you will put on one of your pretty dresses, brush your hair into a cute girlish style, and go as a young lady," Mom stated in a matter-of-fact tone. "I paid good money for your gift, and I'll not have it wasted just because you are an ingrate! As punishment for that unladylike outburst, you will wear one of your short pretty dresses to the jewelry store, present them with this certificate, and ask them to pierce your ears!"

No matter how much I apologized and pleaded with her to change her mind, she wouldn't relent. Blushing for all I was worth and hoping against hope that no one would recognize me, I walked through the mall beside Mom in a short red dress, red pumps with high heels, and a black leather purse over my shoulder. Of course, I was wearing makeup, and my blonde hair was brushed into a neat girlish style. When we arrived at the jewelry store, she instructed me to go inside, present the certificate, and ask to have my ears pierced.

My only consolation, as I entered the store with a red face, was that I had gotten this far without being recognized. Removing the certificate from my purse, I handed it to the clerk without speaking. After examining it, she had me follow her

into a back room. While measuring my lobes, she asked, “Only one hole per ear?” When I nodded yes, she said, “Okay, but most girls your age have at least three.” She apparently took my humiliation from wearing a dress in public as fear; she cautioned as she picked up the piercing gun, “Don’t worry. This won’t hurt a bit.” Moments later, I had permanent holes in my ears that sported tiny gold “keepers”.

When I joined Mom in the corridor, she insisted on checking out my new holes. “Remember to turn your keepers several times a day to prevent infection,” she advised. “In four or five days, you should be able to wear the lovely earrings you got for your birthday. Now, let’s go home, and show Megan, she’ll be so excited!”

We almost made it out of the mall when Julie and Kathy, two of Megan’s friends recognized Mom and came running over. After they chatted a moment, Julie inquired about my identity. Before Mom could reply, Kathy gasped, “It’s Bobby! Wow! And I thought that he looked pretty and girlish in his school uniform. What a transformation!”

Julie giggled. “Oh Bobby, you look so cute in your dress, makeup, and heels with your girlish hairdo, but why are you dressed that way out of school?”

I was embarrassed beyond words, and when I couldn’t speak, Mom said, “Megan and Bobby, or Stacy, as we call him when he’s dressed as a girl, has been playing dress-up with Megan for quite some time. Well, you see, today is Stacy’s birthday, and he got some earrings for pierced ears as presents. Not wanting to change out of his pretty dress, he begged me to bring him to the mall to get his ears pierced so he could wear them.” Brushing my hair back with her hand to expose my recently pierced ears, she added, “See for yourself.”

After a few more questions, which Mom answered with lies about how I loved wearing pretty dresses and soft silky undies, Julie and Kathy ran off giggling and chattering about telling everyone about how cute I looked in my red dress and how I loved being a girl.

“Oh Mom!” I cried. “Why did you tell them I like to wear dresses? You know I only dress this way because you and Megan make me! Now, they’ll tell everyone about me wearing a dress, and I’ll be branded a sissy for life!”

“Would you rather have them think a mere girl could force a strong boy to wear dresses and comport himself as a girl?”

Almost without thinking, I brushed my short skirt beneath me as I got into the car and seethed. “I would rather not have been forced to wear a dress, especially not to the mall! Then, I wouldn’t have to worry about what people will say when they find out! If I had to have my ears pierced, why couldn’t I have worn pants?”

“What’s done is done,” Mom nonchalantly replied. “Whatever you had worn, you would still have looked like a girl. When will you realize that your days as a boy are over for good? We’ll just have to deal with the situation from here.”

“I can’t believe your complacent attitude! My life is ruined, and all you can say is we’ll deal with it?”

“Don’t worry. I’m sure things will work out for the best. You dress as a girl everyday for school, so what’s wrong with doing the same when you are at home?”

My makeup was streaked from my tears when we arrived home. Without hesitating or worrying about who would see me in my dress, I bolted out of the car and into the house as soon as we arrived. Dashing upstairs to my room, I threw myself down on my bed and cried.

A few moments later, Mom came in and sat down on the bed beside me. She began to stroke my head.

“Come on honey, don’t cry. What Megan and I are doing is for the best you know. Surely you have noticed how your face and body have changed in the last couple of months? Like it or not, Stacy, you are becoming a young lady, and there is not a thing that you can do about it. Nature is correcting its own mistake while you are still young enough to adapt to a new life as a female.”

“Oh Mom, I’m so scared! Do you really think that I’m turning into a girl?” I asked as I broke down again into floods of fresh tears,

“I’m sure of it Honey, what other explanation can there be? Just look at your girlish bosom and your pretty face and long blond hair. How many boys look like that?”

## **THE VISIT...**

Saturday morning 10 AM and I was still in bed. I was making the most of my freedom. Maybe a little later I would take a nice long bath, and after that? Maybe catch up on some reading. I might even get to finish the latest Dean Koontz novel "By The Light Of The Moon".

Mom and Megan were not due home from work for at least another three hours and it was great to have the place all to myself!

Like a cat, I stretched out beneath the cool white sheets, squinting against the sun which slanted through the vertical blinds. I allowed my hands to slowly, gently caress my feminized body. I gasped, hissing with pleasure as they found my full breasts. My nipples hardening immediately, reaching down, I found my small cock was erect, if not fully hard, its head slippery with clear pre-come. Little did I know at the time, but the potent female hormones which I was still taking daily were emasculating me, draining my manhood. Soon they would cause chemical castration.

I sighed in pleasure, both hands returning to my womanly breasts, the point from which my sexual pleasure now seemed to emanate.

I cursed at the sound of the doorbell...hadn't the postman called hours ago before Mom and Megan had left for work? The bell sounded again more persistently. Slipping naked out of bed, I stood and peered out of the bedroom window. A red Ford stood in our driveway, two attractive young women stood by the front door. They looked kind of familiar. Then I remembered them...it was Megan's friends, Julie and Kathy. Just then Kathy looked up at the window where I stood. She must have caught a glimpse of me 'cause she smiled and waved. I stepped back quickly, but it was already too late.

Slipping on my short frilly nightie, I quickly made my way downstairs. As I opened the door, both girls smiled and said, "Hi Stacy!"

Standing almost naked before them, I murmured, "Hi, I'm sorry but Megan is at work right now, She won't be home for at least another couple of hours."

Before I fully realized what was happening, both girls had stepped inside, closing the door behind them.

"It's okay Stacy honey, its you that we came to see," said Julie. "Since Kathy and I saw you at the Mall the other day, we have been wondering, well, you know, what it would be like to get to 'know' you a little better. It would be such a shame for you to become a girl before you have had a chance to make love as a man. We decided to show you what you'll be missing!"

## **CHAPTER 6... SUMMER THE FIRST...AND LAST TIME.**

My head was spinning, my senses awash with new sensations. At first I tried to resist, honest I did, but the girls were just too strong.

Their hands and mouths were so hungry as they kissed licked and sucked my feminized body. I felt dizzy as I tasted their lipstick, smelled their perfume; gentle hands were everywhere, touching, stroking, caressing...

Next thing, we were in my bedroom. How we got there I have no idea, the three of us naked on my bed.

Kathy found a couple of pairs of nylon stockings, and together, she and Julie firmly bound my wrists and ankles to the four corners of the bed. A couple of minutes later and I was helpless, totally at their mercy...

Oh the things they did to me, things I could not prevent, what little remained of my masculinity slipped further and further away as these two gorgeous females made love to me as a woman. Now I was complete.

### **FOUR MONTHS LATER...**

As my long blond hair continued to grow at an alarming rate, I returned to Mistys every two or three weeks to have my roots retouched.

I found that I was turned on by my own hair which now reached almost to my narrow waist. It was like a flag announcing to the world that I had been feminized and was living as a girl.

It was during my third visit that I found out that Tanya and I had a lot more in common than I had thought. You see, like myself, Tanya had been born male, and until seven years ago had been living as Martin Sheridan.

She was delighted to have found another boy in skirts. We soon became good friends. Like myself, Tanya's journey into femininity hadn't been an easy one.

Tanya was an expert lover, knew how to take me to the very brink, until I was screaming for it! We both accepted what we had become, neither of us was willing, though, to take the final step into womanhood...sex change surgery, Tanya convinced me that things had gone much too far for me to even consider going back. I had changed too much for that to be an option.

I had found my "Soul Mate" and I couldn't be happier. Last Saturday, two weeks after my 18th birthday we moved in together. It was Heaven! We couldn't keep our hands off each other! Tanya was wearing me out, but oh boy, what a way to go! Our neighbors will overhear our Midnight Whispers for many nights to come....

**THE END.**

# “The Wish”

*By Emma Weaver*

The wig was gorgeous! So feminine, so perfect, it swayed around my slim shoulders, its soft touch driving me crazy as it caressed my sensitive skin. I stood naked before the full-length mirror, turning this way and that to admire my feminized reflection. Wow! what a turn on!

The wig was dark brown in color, long and straight, reaching to a point halfway down my back. It was backcombed from the crown to add height, and had full heavy bangs which came down to my eyebrows in an unmistakably female style. It was made of 100% human hair and had a very realistic skin parting. Oh, how I wished that it were my own hair!

My cock had grown uncomfortably hard, its engorged head slick with clear pre-come. I had never felt so turned on before. I couldn't hold back any longer, I was ready to explode! Wave after wave of pleasure hit me as I grabbed for a handful of tissues from the box on Mom's vanity table, trying but failing to avoid a mess. “Naughty Girl!” I whispered, giggling to myself.

I had loved the wig from the moment that Mom brought it home three months before, every day since I had sneaked into her bedroom to try it on. Lifting it almost reverently from its stand on her vanity, I would spend hours wearing it, my cock so hard, screaming for release.

Oh why couldn't my own hair be so feminine and sexy? Life was so unfair, I would give anything....**ANYTHING!** for it to be mine.

Suddenly I felt a jolt, not unlike a mild electric shock. I staggered back, catching the backs of my knees against the edge of the bed and sitting down heavily.

After a moment or two, the feeling passed, and on shaking legs I got to my feet. What had happened to me?

I glanced at the bedside clock, its glowing numbers read 11:05 PM. *Jeez!* Mom would be home soon! I rushed around the bedroom tidying up, almost missing the balled-up soiled tissues on the floor by the vanity. Phew! With everything tidy and in its place, I was just left with the wig to put away.

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Sitting down on the bed, I bent forward and tried to lift the wig from my head...it was stuck fast! I couldn't move it at all! Panic welled up inside me but I somehow managed to stay calm. Moving to the vanity table, I stared intently at my hairline in the illuminated mirrors. If I didn't know better, I would swear that the long chestnut brown hair was growing from my own scalp. Surely it can't be?

I gave the wig a sharp tug, but only succeeded in bringing tears to my eyes. I began to sob, I had to do something, and I couldn't let Mom see me like this. I would die from embarrassment, but no amount of effort or brute force would move it...I was in serious trouble.

In sheer desperation, I quickly made my way downstairs to the kitchen. Finding a large pair of scissors, I began to cut and hack at my long feminine hair. It fell to the white tiled floor around my bare feet, my former hard cock now lifeless and shriveled with fear. I cried out in horror as I realized that it

was growing back just as fast as I could cut it!

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Rushing back upstairs to the vanity table in Mom's room, I stood before its triple illuminated mirrors. I reeled back from my feminized reflection when I saw that the wig was as long as ever.

I brushed my long feminine hair and tied it back in a high pony tail with an elasticized black velvet scrunchie, if anything, this made me look even more like a girl, I slipped on a white terrycloth dressing gown and sat down on the bed, Mom would be home any minute now, she would know what to do.

I must have fallen asleep on Mom's bed, for when I woke up, the wig was back on its stand. I could hear noises from downstairs, sounds of Mom moving around. Had it all been a dream? Sitting up, I stifled a scream as long dark hair tumbled around my slim shoulders.

My long hair was the first of many changes. Within days, my body had began to change, betraying me. I began to grow breasts, my waist was narrow, my hips and butt wider, a little more "rounded", my once muscular arms and legs were now pale, slender and hairless. The biggest shock was my face, now so pretty and feminine, unmistakably female. My voice, too, was changing, becoming high and girlish. Of course Mom took me to see doctors, so many I lost count.

## **Postscript**

The medical profession could not explain my rapid feminization; some doctors tried to suggest that my being born a boy had in fact been a mistake of nature, and now nature was trying to correct its mistake.

No Doctor could offer a cure.

Mom was great, really supportive, obviously pleased to now have the daughter that she had always wanted.

And as for me? My life has become a feminized nightmare. I'll think long and hard before I wish for anything again...sometimes wishes do come true.

***END***