



*Reluctant Press*

# Mommy Dearest

Miss Deborah Leigh Johnson



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. DIAMOND

**AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL**

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## *Reluctant Press TG Publishers*

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# MOMMY DEAREST

**By: Miss Deborah Leigh Johnson**

## Chapter One

Hi. The story that you are about to read may sound strange, and to some people, it will even seem to be perverted.

Nonetheless, it is what happened, and perverted or not, I have become quite a happy person through it all. But please, let me begin at the beginning, okay?

**# # # #**

Presently, I am eighteen-years-old and will soon be nineteen. I am a recent high school graduate. Because I am quite intelligent, I graduated a year before I should have.

My dad thought I was too young to go to college, so for the last year I have been taking preparatory courses, but I am able to stay in my own town and with my own family. We all agreed that that was the best thing to do, for now, because of my young age.

Right now, I live a lifestyle that can only be considered, by normal standards, abnormal. I will confess that truth, right up front. I do feel kind of trapped in my life now, but I really do love it. I really do.

My lifestyle now, actually started a little over one year ago. So let me take you back to that time, and relate to you what happened, okay?

Unfortunately, not to mention tragically, my mom was killed in an auto accident a little over a year and a half ago. She was killed by a drunk driver. It devastated us, my father and I, that is.

I was very close to my mom, and for a while I had a terrible rage against the guy that killed her.

My father ended up hiring a lawyer. It took a long time but we ended up getting quite a bit of money, but it could never replace Mom. Nothing could replace her.

My dad really missed her too. I know that he loved her, even though they did fight a lot. About once a week, they'd get into it. They never knew that I knew what they fought about, but I knew it was because my dad was bisexual.

That really bothered my mom. She was scared of him getting AIDS. She hated the idea of sharing her husband with someone else, especially a man. She felt like he was committing adultery, and he felt that he was not, because he was not making out with a woman.

Regardless of what he was doing, he loved my mom very deeply. It took us about six months to really come to grips with the fact that mom would never more be in the house again.

We managed. I do not know how, but we adapted. That was when I enrolled in the prep school, to have something to occupy my mind all day long.

It was almost one year ago, that is, about four months after my mom died, that Dad introduced me to Kevin.

Kevin seemed like a really nice guy. He was not that much older than I was. He had a short blond, brush cut hair style. He was muscular, but a little on the thin side. He was 5' 6" tall. He had light blue eyes that sparkled often. He actually kind of had a mischievous look in his eye. I liked Kevin. I liked Kevin a lot.

But, I also knew, the very first instant that I met him, that he was my father's lover. I am not sure how I knew it, but I just knew. My dad never said anything, and he never acted in an unmanly or atypical way with Kevin when I was around, but I knew.

Looking back, I think it is because of the way that Kevin always looked at my dad. It was the kind of look in his eye that a new bride would have for her new husband.

I could tell that Kevin really loved my dad. I guess that adored would be a better word than loved. He adored my dad... the same way a girl might look at my dad, if she loved him.

Kevin started to hang around our house a lot. He would often go out to dinner with me and my dad. He had a real good sense of humor, and I found that I actually liked him.

Kevin was a very gentle, sensitive young man and he seemed to really care about me too. So, Kevin sort of became a part of our family.

**# # # #**

About nine months ago, I came home from school one afternoon about three hours earlier than I usually did. I was not expected home that early.

I was not feeling too good, so I got an excuse slip from the school nurse to go home. I figured that my dad would be at work, so I walked home, rather than call him for a ride.

I was surprised to see my dad's car in the driveway. As I usually did, I walked alongside the house, to enter by the back door. I really did not feel good at all.

What I saw when I walked in the back door, into the kitchen, nearly floored me. Suddenly, I felt like I was in a surreal world. Everything instantly slowed down so that a moment seemed like fifteen minutes.

First, I saw my dad. He was sitting at the kitchen table. He turned to look at me with a stunned look on his face. He was sitting there, with a woman. Her left arm was out, and her left hand was resting on my father's right forearm.

Then, It suddenly dawned on me that it was Kevin that was sitting at the kitchen table, having a coffee, with my dad.

Kevin was wearing one of my mother's suits and he'd also applied makeup to his face. He wore a shoulder length dark brown wig. He was quite beautiful. I knew it was him immediately, even though he hardly looked like the Kevin I was familiar with.

This Kevin was a pretty, young woman. I looked closer, and realized that the wig he was wearing was one of my mother's wigs.

The suit he was wearing was a light blue wool, consisting of a jacket and a skirt, with a lighter blue silk blouse.

His shoes were also blue, with three inch heels. He even had pink fingernail tips. I noticed the shadows on his blouse, from his breasts.

I wondered if I were not having a bad dream, or some kind of hallucination. He looked and acted in such a very natural way, as he was wearing my mother's clothes. He acted like a woman.

Kevin was absolutely shocked to see me, nearly dropping his cup. My dad did not know what to say. His face turned a bright red, and his hands started to shake. He mumbled at me about why I was not in school. I did not know what to do, or what to say. I was so embarrassed to find my dad in this situation.

So, I just pretended as though there was nothing out of the ordinary. I went over to the cookie jar, took some cookies, and I poured a glass of milk. I then smiled at them, and went up to my room.

In my mind, I kept seeing how pretty Kevin had looked, sitting there so prissy and primly like, in my mother's clothes. I wondered how he could do that. I wondered why he would do it. I wondered how he felt about dressing up like a woman. I wondered why he did it.

I also had questions about why my dad was attracted to Kevin. The fact is, Kevin was a man, and there could be no question about that. I was curious about what it was like for Kevin to be like that.

I lay almost motionless on my bed, and I listened carefully. I wondered what they were saying about me. About twenty minutes later, I heard someone leaving the house. I assumed that it was Kevin. That meant that he would be going outside, wearing my mother's clothing.

Ten minutes later, I heard a light rap on the door. The rapping was so light, I almost wondered if I had only imagined hearing it.

“Come in?”

I wondered how my dad was going to explain this to me. I was not upset. If anything, I was curious about how Kevin felt when he wore women's clothes. I knew that if he wore the clothes, that he also took the woman's role when my dad made love to him. I wondered how that made him feel.

I was amazed to see that it was not my dad, but Kevin who entered my room.

“Uh... does this come as a... a real big surprise to you, Doug?”

“Well, not really, I guess. I had sort of figured out that you were my dad's lover... I just kind of always knew that, but I did not know that you literally walked in my mother's shoes for him, as well.”

He laughed a nervous laugh. He was still dressed up, and he still looked pretty. In fact, he even sounded more like a girl than a guy. His voice was softer and a higher pitch than normal.

“Uh... are you mad about this, Doug?”

“No, I'm not mad. I was kind of surprised, but I am not mad at you, or at my dad, Kevin.” I was not angry. I was just stating a simple fact.

Kevin came into the room and walked over to sit on the bed. He smoothed out his skirt under him as he sat.

“I am amazed that you are not real mad. If I had been you, I think I would be really, really mad. Uh... I really would like to try and explain about this, Doug. Will you listen to what I have to say?”

“Sure... I guess...”

“Well, as you know, your dad and I are in love. I have loved him from the very first minute that I saw him. I was not gay when I first met him. I have been wearing girl's clothes all of my life, but I was never gay. It is just something that I have to do. I can't explain it any other way.” Kevin nervously continued.

“Well anyway, I did not like guys, I liked girls. But when I first saw your dad, something clicked very deep inside of me, and I just fell madly in love with him. I can't ex-

plain it any other way. I don't know what happened, it just hit me like that. I love him, Doug.” Kevin looked at Doug with a slightly pleading, but intent and serious look.

“I guess that you should know that we have been talking about having me move in here. In fact, we just did not know how to break the news to you. That was what we were just talking about.

Uh... I met your dad... about four years ago. I was a singer in a drag club revue, and he came into the club one night.”

“A what?”

“A drag club. It's like a night club, where a lot of guys like me, that is, ones that like to dress up in women's clothes, who want to work and who like miming and lip syncing to popular records, or doing strip tease acts.”

“You mean, there are a lot of guys that like guys, like you?”

“Yes, there are. Your dad is one of the kinds of guys who like girls like me. There are a lot of guys out there who really get turned on by being with someone who looks and acts like a woman, but is really a man. Your dad liked me as soon as he saw me.” Doug was completely shocked.

“Anyway, your dad was in the club one night, and after my show, he asked me to have a drink with him at his table. I said okay.

In the club, they like us to drink with the customers, even if we are not gay. He treated me like I was a real girl, and I found out pretty quickly that I liked the way he was treating me. I just love everything about being feminine, and that includes being treated like a lady.

Anyway, I think that was when I realized that I could really love him, like any other girl might like a guy. It was hard for me to believe that a guy could make me feel like that, but your dad did it. He liked me to.

Well, we had a couple of drinks, then he asked me to go out for a bite to eat with him. I figured that I wanted to explore these new feelings that I was having, so I agreed to go with him.

After that, he took me back to my apartment, and I asked if he could stay with me for the night. I could hardly believe that I wanted a guy to make love to me. I fell madly in love with him.

He started to come to the club about once a week and we started to go out together, like boyfriend and girlfriend.

Well, after your mother was killed, he really needed someone to be with. The someone that he chose was me. I loved being needed by him.

After a few weeks, he asked me if I would start to come here, to clean the house and stuff. He asked me to only be a man when you were around. But, after you went to bed, he wanted me to dress up as a woman for him. I did it, because I really love him, Doug.

About four months ago, he asked me if I wanted to start wearing some of your mother's stuff. I did. We are about the same size, and she has some absolutely beautiful clothes.

Actually, for your dad, I sort of replaced your mother in many ways. He even likes for me to use her name when I am dressed up.

So, he calls me Karen. I love your dad very much, Doug, and if he wants me to wear your mother's clothes when we make love, I am delighted to do so. I will do anything that I can to please your father. I just love him, that's all there is to it. I know you think that I am just a faggot Doug, but you should never judge someone till you have walked in their shoes."

"Yeah, I guess that makes sense."

"It... it does not bother you too much to see me in your mother's clothes?"

"Nah... not really. I sort of already guessed that you were the female with my dad. Nah... it doesn't bother me.

But tell me, Kev... I mean, Karen... how did you ever start wearing girl's clothes in the first place? Why do you do it?"

"Well, that started when I was about eight-years-old. My mom earned her living by doing a lot of sewing, in our home. She was a pretty fair seamstress. It was the only thing that she knew how to do, but she was not good enough to be able to work as a seamstress at one of the fashion stores.

She specialized in designing and sewing little girl's fashions. I was the only child around, and I was small enough and pretty enough for her to use as a dress dummy. So she used me as her dress form, if you will.

It was not uncommon for me to wear dresses that she was working on at home. Because it was important for the dresses to hang right, my mom ended up buying me a complete supply of girl's lingerie. She said it was because the dresses had to fit me right, and they could not fit me right if I was not wearing proper underwear.

So, I almost always wore girl's panties and camisoles under my school clothes. They are silky and ever so much nicer to feel than boy's stuff. I hated wearing boy's underwear after the first time that I put on a pair of girl's panties. I loved wearing girl's underwear.

Actually, I was so hooked on wearing girl's clothes, that by the time I was nine, I only wore girl's clothes when I was at home. As soon as I walked in the door after school, I put on one of the dresses in my closet.

My mom seemed to like me much more when I was dressed up as a girl, which greatly encouraged me. I loved wearing girl's clothes far more than boy's clothes. I just felt much more comfortable in dresses.

Then, one day, a school chum dropped into the house, without telling me that he was coming over first. Mom was not at home. He knew that because he saw that her car was not in the driveway.

I did not hear him knock. So, he just walked in. I was sitting on the couch in a pretty, bright red summer frock, with red hair ribbons on... the whole works. Boy was I scared to get caught.

He told me that if I wanted to guarantee that he did not tell anyone at school that I wore girl's clothes at home, that I would have to do something really special for him. He told me that he wanted me to have sex with him.

I felt so strange as I sat there on the couch, with this boy sitting beside me, holding my hand, like I was a real girl. He leaned over and kissed me. I just sat there like a lump on a log, scared, and not knowing how to act. When he told me that I would have to do that to him, for him to keep quiet about my secret, I said that I would do it.

Well, I did it, and I found that I really did not like doing it for him. I hated it in fact, but he had this blackmail over my head, so I had to do whatever he wanted me to do.

He was my first boyfriend. I really kind of liked him, though I did not like the things that he made me do to him. He really did make me feel like a girl though, most of the time, and I really liked that.

I was his secret girlfriend all throughout high school. My mom never even got suspicious when he started staying over at our house, one night a week.

That was really amazing, because I did wear girl clothes all the time, and I did wear nighties to sleep in, and she knew that he was sleeping in my bed. Maybe she did know it all along, and just thought that that was what I wanted.

He was the one who made me realize that I would rather live in the girl's role in life. I did not like having sex with him. That is why I said that I did not think that I was gay. I did not like it very much. I sort of felt like a battered wife in a way, I guess, because I could not stop it.

I never ever wanted to have sex with a guy, at least not until I met your dad. He's just so damned masculine and so good looking. I fell under his spell.

For him, I wanted to be a complete woman, and I mean complete, including all the things that a woman does for her lover. Well, I guess that's basically it... in a nutshell."

"Wow... that is strange..."

"Yeah, it is. So now you know all about me."

"You... you really do like wearing girl's stuff all the time?"

"Oh... Doug. If you ever did it, you would never want to wear guy's clothes again, if you had a choice in the matter. I love them. They are so sexy feeling. And, they make me feel like a woman, and I really love that feeling.

I can't explain it. I just love that special feeling that I get when I am dressed up prettily, especially if there is a guy like your dad in my life. I really do think that I love him, much like a woman would feel for a man. I know that I certainly would like to live the rest of my life as his lady."

"Wow..."

"You are asking an awful lot of really good questions, Doug. Do... do you think that you would like to try dressing up as a girl, sometime?"

My face blushed and burned with the shame that I felt at having the most secret thoughts that I had, openly revealed like this.

I stammered out nervously... "Uh, my mom's clothes would never fit me. They fit you real well because you are small for a guy... but you are still much bigger than I am."

"No, of course they would not fit you. But, if you thought that you wanted to try it some time, I can get you some clothes that are in your size, clothes that are more suitable to a girl of your age." Doug's eyes grew wide with intrigue.

"Would you like me to go ahead and get you some girl's clothes... as an experiment, just to try it and see if you like it or not?"

"Uh... sure... yeah, what the hell. You only go around once, eh? You... you think that my dad would be pissed off about seeing me all dressed up in girl's clothes?"

"No way. This may embarrass you a little, but I have mentioned to him before that I thought you would make a very pretty girl. He never got mad about it. He just sort of wondered if any of his homosexual leanings might have been passed on to you.

If you are really sure that you would like to try it, I can get some stuff from my sister for you. I think that it is important for you to try it, by wearing things that you know are worn by an every day, real girl. I personally think that you will love every moment of it, just as much as I do."

"Yeah... well... if it is as nice as you say it is, I might even like it, eh?"

I was very embarrassed about that conversation, and I did not bring it up again, to discuss it with her anymore. But, I wondered if she had been serious about letting me wear some of her sister's clothes. The more that I thought about it, the more I thought that I would like to try it, at least once.

Now that I knew that Karen wore my mom's clothes most of the time when they were together, they did not hide it any more.

I got used to coming down for breakfast and finding her sitting there, looking pretty and very womanly, in a night gown and peignoir, with mules on her feet, as she prepared our breakfasts for us.

And, she actually did a pretty good job of doing much of what my mom used to do for me, like cooking and laundry, stuff like that.

I knew that she was still working at the drag club too, but she came home every night. Usually, my dad would go and pick her up when her shift was over. It was rare to see her in men's clothing anymore.

My father even began to loosen up about her. The first few weeks he was kind of tense when I was around, because he knew that I knew that Karen was really Kevin. It took a while before he started treating her the way he normally did when they were alone.

He'd treat her very affectionately. For example, he liked having her sit on his knee when we watched television at night, or he'd lean over to kiss her if he was passing by her chair. Stuff that he used to do to my mom all the time.

I could see that in my dad's mind, though she was really Kevin, she was his lady and that he loved her somewhat the same way that he had loved my mom. In a way, I was glad that he was not alone anymore.

I actually began to notice how very feminine Karen was becoming. It seemed like she was becoming more and more ladylike. I noted how loving my dad was to her. To be entirely honest, I began to envy her.

She was not kidding when she had talked to me about preferring to wear feminine clothes all the time. I almost forgot what she had looked like, as Kevin.

By that time, she only wore male clothes when she absolutely had to, and even then, she confided, she always wore lingerie for underwear. She was sure to remind me that she hated male underwear.

## Chapter Two

I really found myself envying her, as I would watch her move about the house, doing the house work. I wondered if she still remembered that she had promised to borrow some of her sister's clothes for me to wear. But, I was far too shy and embarrassed to bring it up to her remembrance.

Still, as time went on, I began to want more and more to try wearing girl's clothing. I wanted to see what it was like to act like a girl. I wanted to know what it felt like to be treated like a girl. I really began to think about it a lot, in fact.

About three months after our initial discussion, Karen came into my bed room to wake me up, one Saturday morning.

She seemed awfully bright and chipper as she breezed into my room. She told me that my dad had to work all day, and had to leave town for the day. So, he was not expected back until late that night.

Karen also told me that she had not forgotten that I had wanted to try wearing girl's clothes some time. She smiled, patted my cheek, and told me that she had gotten some special things for me. She asked if I thought that I still wanted to dress up like a girl.

I did not even have to think twice about it. Before I could stop the words from flowing out of my mouth, with an exuberance that shamed me, I said yes, I did.

I was also overwhelmed with a sense of shame because of the instant erection that the idea of getting all dressed up as a girl, had caused. She pulled my blankets back for me, to help me get out of bed.

Karen saw the erection. I thought that she would shame me for it. She didn't. Instead, she smiled. She told me not to be ashamed of it. She told me that she was like that almost all the time, when she had first started wearing panties.

She had sort of gotten used to wearing panties, and it had stopped being hard all the time. But her sexual excitement had come back again, worse than ever, especially since my dad was around all the time.

I blushed when I heard that. It somehow had the intimacy of girl talk. I kind of liked that, though. But I thought that it was very strange that from now on, I would know that when she was looking prim and proper, that she had a hard on because of my dad. Again, for some strange reason, I found myself envying her.

Karen told me that the first thing that we had to do was to get my body to look a lot more like a real girl's body. She watched me as I took off my pajamas.

I felt very self conscious because I knew that she was a guy, wearing girl's clothes, which made her gay by any person's definition, and I was alone with her... and naked... and I had a hard on... because I was going to dress up like a girl.

I could hardly believe that dressing up like a girl, which I knew only too well, was acting like a sissy, was so very exciting a prospect to me. But, I managed to put my feelings aside as I followed her into the bathroom.

Her hips swayed as she minced on my mom's high heels, in such a provocatively feminine way. I wondered if I would look like that too.

If I did, I knew that if guys ever saw me, their eyes would be watching me, and that they would get hard just looking at me.

Somehow, I was able to get used to the idea, so that I lost the shame of her knowing how exciting this idea was to me. I suppose that it was because I knew that she was the same as me or really, I guess that I should say, perhaps it was that I was going to be the same as her.

I found that the idea of one man who was wearing women's clothing, who was wanting to dress me up as a girl too, to be a very terribly exciting idea to me.

The first thing that she told me to do was to stand in the tub. She then carefully spread a pink funny smelling cream all over me. It covered every part of my skin from the neck down, except the palms of my hands. It felt strange to be standing there, naked, and having a man touch nearly every inch of my body with his hands.

Karen made the comment that my hair was so sparse and light as it was, that I may not have to do this again for a few weeks. She also told me that lots of girls would envy me for that, if they knew about it.

She then told me that she certainly was one of those who envied. She'd give anything if she did not have to repeat this treatment every week.

Karen told me to stand with my arms out from my sides, for at least twenty minutes. She told me that after a few minutes that I would feel a slight burning or tingling sensation, but that was good. All it meant was that the depilatory was working the way that it was supposed to.

Once she'd completely covered me, nearly driving me crazy because she had spent an inordinate amount of time making sure that my pubic and anal areas were covered, she said that I would be really pleased with the results.

I had felt her hands on my private parts, where no other human had touched me, at least not since I was in diapers, excluding myself, of course.

Karen carefully checked my face to see if I should also shave my face. Even though I was almost nineteen, I still had not yet started to shave regularly.

She said I could get by without a shave. Again, she told me how much that she envied me for my obvious feminine characteristics.

Karen then told me that she would come back and tell me when it was time to wash the cream off.

In the mean time, she would go into my room and lay out the clothing that I would wear for the day. It was then, that I realized she was acting just like she was my mother.

# # # #

Karen returned to the bathroom. She turned on the shower and told me to scrub myself with a face cloth.

Once in the shower, I was amazed to find that I had no more body hair. I was as hairless as would be any other teenage girl.

I loved the way my hairless skin felt. I almost decided that I would always keep myself this way. It was so sexy. I still had the hard-on too.

The next luxurious thing that Karen had me do, was to lay in a tub of hot, sudsy flower scented water.

I could not believe the sensation of my hairless legs touching each other. It was by far, the nicest and most sensual experience that I had ever had.

I soaked for nearly half an hour. I had a terrible struggle restraining myself from wanking off. I did not want to do that till I had experienced being completely girlish.

Once I had dried off, I went back to my bedroom. Karen was already waiting there for me. She smiled and wanted to know how I had enjoyed the bath. I told her what I had thought about it, and she agreed that she thought so to.

She took me back into the bathroom and lightly dusted me with a lilac scented talc powder. Now, I smelled like a girl would smell, I knew. My erection raged at me for relief, but I managed to put the craving for relief off again, for a little while.

Karen smiled and told me that girls just had it so much nicer in life, and that after I found out how some of these things felt, she'd be willing to bet that I would be just like her... never wanting to be a boy again.

I could not deny it, and my face burned in my embarrassment. I could hardly believe that I admitted to her that it was becoming a very strong possibility.

I admired the way Karen looked. She was dressed up in a light gray, silky two piece suit. It was one of my mother's, which had a skirt and a sort of lounge jacket.

Karen also wore a brightly colored, flowered silk blouse under the top, and white high heels. Her hair was one of Mom's blonde wigs in a long, pageboy design. Her face was beautifully done up, as well.

I grudgingly admitted to myself that she looked really cute. I admired her looks, and wondered if I would ever be able to look as cute as Karen.

My worst fear was that I would just look like any other clumsy boy... wearing a girl's dress and girl's underwear.

I wanted to really look like a girl. I finally had the courage to admit to myself that I really did want to look pretty, and act feminine.

I wanted everyone to think that I was a girl. To be completely honest, I wanted, and my face burned as I thought of the glorious idea, for real boys to be attracted to me... like I was a real girl.

Karen motioned for me to come over and stand in front of her. She was sitting on the edge of my bed, nyloned knees pressed demurely together, and her legs crossed at the ankles.

She smiled as she looked up at the still present erection that I had.

"But first, you have just got to find out what it feels like to wear silky panties, when your little cockette has a hard- on. You will love it.

Now, step into your panties, Dear. There is just nothing sexier than the feel of silky panties."

I felt ever so embarrassed when I heard her refer to me in the feminine gender of the third person. But, it also somehow seemed to be right for me.

Even though I had not yet even worn so much as pair of girl's panties before, it just seemed right to be referred to as a feminine person.

Karen was treating me just like I was a little girl or something. But, I did not resist her instructions. I did as she directed.

I stepped into the pink silk and lace girl's panties. I had to lean over and support myself with my left hand on her shoulder, lest I fall flat on my face. I could smell her pretty perfume. I envied her, and I was now willing to admit that even to myself.

**# # # #**

I nearly swooned when I felt the delightful caress of the pretty, delicate material on my hairless legs. Then when I felt the cool delicate material on my bum cheeks, and the silk on my cock, I knew that I was hooked. I would want to wear girl's panties again and again. Perhaps I would even start to wear them all the time, if I could find some way of making it happen. I wanted to.

Karen smiled up at me as she very gently reached out and patted and caressed my cock through the front of the silk panties.

I could not stop the moan that passed my lips. Not to my surprise, she knew exactly what I was feeling, and she smiled up at me.

Karen knew better than anyone else ever could, exactly what I was feeling.

"You know, Honey. The only private parts that have ever been in these panties before, is a girl's cunt.

I just bet that you really, really like that being done to you, don't you Sweetpants? No boy has ever worn these panties.

Only my sister has worn them before you. And she is a beautiful girl. You are very lucky. She is thinking about you right now, and she knows that you are wearing her panties. Can you feel her?"

Her question made me realize that that was exactly what I was feeling. I felt like I was feeling the girl's emotions, to whom these panties really belonged. I felt intimately connected to her in some very strange way. I loved it to.

I could not answer Karen's question. All that I could do was to look at her, and nod. I knew that she knew what I was feeling. I was amazed that she was treating my cock just like a real girl would treat it.

She really seemed to like touching my most intimate parts, just like a real girl would be expected to enjoy touching her boyfriend. I wondered if that would happen to me, as well. The idea excited me, even though I knew that it was a very perverse desire for a normal guy to have.

I hated to admit it, but I kind of hoped it might. The idea of me being dressed up as a girl, and doing the same things that the girl in whose panties I was standing, would do to her boyfriend... the same things that Karen was doing to me... was just so very much an exciting prospect to me. I knew that I was thinking the same thoughts that girls think, but I could not help it.

Then Karen told me to turn around and she wrapped a small, light blue corset around my waist. She laced it up so tightly that I thought the thing would burst out at the seams. It didn't though.

She pulled my panties out and slipped the garter straps down the inside of my panties. She told me that girls always wore their garters on the inside of their panties, because if they had to go to the bathroom when they were out, they would not have to get half undressed in order to tinkle.

Then came an experience that I cannot even hope to describe, it was so sensuous. I nearly swooned, the sensation was so fabulous when she put my first pair of nylons on me. I was not able to resist rubbing my nyloned legs together.

Karen smiled and told me that she never wore pantyhose, because they could just never feel the same as a pair of nylons and garters. She told me that most guys preferred girls in nylons and garters.

Karen stood up and held up a lacy, pink bra. She directed me to slide my arms through the straps. She went behind me and did the hooks up. Then, she inserted soft, gel filled false breasts into the bra cups.

The weight pulled on the bra straps. I knew that real girls felt that same pressure tugging on their shoulder straps all day long.

The feeling was something that I was so unaccustomed to. But I liked it. I was beginning to experience feelings just like a real girl. I hoped that I would also be pretty, too. I could hardly wait to see what I would look like, as a girl.

Next, Karen lowered a silky smooth and loudly rustling delicate slip, which was trimmed in rows and rows of crinkly sounding lace. It was profuse with little pink roses and delicate white lace all over it.

Karen told me that a slip like this one, was called a crinoline. They were considered to be a very feminine garment. She asked me if I liked it, but she did not really need an answer. I knew that my deepest feelings were written all over my face.

Her sister had made her promise that I would take care of it when I wore it, because it was one of her favorites. It made me feel very feminine. I loved the feeling too. I also liked knowing that the girl who owned it, knew that I was a boy, and that I too was going to wear it just like she did.

Karen smiled and told me not to worry about it. If I only acted like a little lady, there would be no harm done to me.

After all, Karen reminded me, the crinoline was designed to be worn by little ladies, not raucous boys.

Next, came my very first dress. It was a pale, pastel green. The top part was like a shirt, buttoning up the front. It had a kind of deep V-neck. It also had short, puffy little sleeves that would be gathered in a lace trimmed ruffle, about half way down my arms.

The skirt of the dress flared out over the slip, and made me feel delightfully feminine. The hem was about half an inch above my knees.

It sort of looked like a style of dress that was common place for teen-aged girls and young house wives in the fifties. It was gathered at the waist by a four inch wide matching belt. The way the skirt flared out, made me feel so dainty.

Karen had to help me as I stepped into a pair of matching green, two inched, high heeled shoes. It did not take very long for me to feel somewhat comfortable in the shoes. I had what Karen called, a natural talent for walking in high heels.

Karen also laughingly commented to me, that I was what was called a natural Nancy, that is a boy who was so apt at adapting to behaving in a “feminine manner”, that he would probably be pretty happy if he should spend his life in dresses.

I did not mind the deprecating remark at all. I was just very happy to know that I was so much of a naturally feminine person, able to be adapting to doing girl things so quickly. I felt ladylike.

Karen then spent the next half an hour teaching me, as she was doing my makeup for me. She carefully explained everything that she was doing.

I knew that I would probably be able to do it myself, the next time. She had done a very good job of teaching me how to apply makeup to my face.

Then she fixed a long, dark blonde wig onto my head. It had bangs and fell straight, parted in the middle, to about half way down my shoulder blades. It was a typical, long hair style for girls that were younger than I was, but I really liked the way it made me look.

Karen fixed a pretty barrette in my hair, over my left ear. She told me that I looked just like any other fourteen or fifteen-year-old girl on the street.

Her saying that, pleased me to no end. I desperately hoped that she was not lying to me.

Next, Karen took great care in selecting my jewelry. She clipped earrings on, and wrapped a bracelet around my left wrist and a watch around my right wrist. She liberally sprayed perfume on my neck and inner arms.

When she was satisfied, she commented that everything that I wore, belonged to a real girl... her sister. She asked me if I was ready to see what a pretty, young lady I had become. I did want to see what I had become.

Nervously, I nodded, hoping that I really was a pretty, young lady. She led me to my dad's (I guess that I should say their bedroom) so that I could see myself in the full length, closet door mirrors.

Karen had me close my eyes at the doorway. She led me in to stand in front of the mirrors. Then she told me that I could open my eyes.

I was flabbergasted! I looked every inch like a real teen- aged girl. I really, really looked like a young lady.

That awareness convinced me that I was going to wear dresses many times, in the future. I was glad that the fluffed out skirt was able to hide the huge, almost painful erection that I had. I loved what I saw. This was the real me, I somehow sensed.

I really looked like a teen-aged girl. I looked about four years younger than I really was. As a boy, that had been a curse. As a girl, it was a natural asset. I melted inside. I knew that I had finally found the real me.



**# # # #**

Karen stood behind me. “Do you like yourself as a girl, Doug?”

“Are you kidding? This is fabulous. I really look like a girl, don't I? I... uh... I am pretty... aren't I, Karen?”

I watched her reflection standing beside me, but a bit to the back of me. She was grinning at me. I knew that she knew exactly what I was feeling.

It felt so nice to be able to share such a tender, intimate feeling with someone else.

“Yes, Baby... you are very pretty.”

Karen took my hand and turned me sideways. She told me to look in the mirror. I did. She smiled at me and leaned forward and kissed me on the cheek.

She told me that she was absolutely certain that I loved being a girl. I would enjoy doing all things that real girls got to do, all the time. She told me that it was terribly exciting to be a pretty girl.

Karen smiled as she saw that I was really thinking about what she had just said to me. She looked me right in the eyes and she asked me if I thought that I might like to try being a girl.

I knew that I was just like her. If she liked it, I would more than likely like to do it myself. I shyly told her that maybe I would like to try it.

She smiled and told me that she understood, completely. Karen said that she had felt the same way, the first time.

Smiling again, Karen threw me a curve ball. She gaily flitted about the room for a few minutes, as she filled a purse with all the stuff that I would need for a shopping trip.

The idea of going shopping, while wearing her sister's clothes was terribly exciting, and yet it was also a terrifying thought.

Karen had to half drag me to the garage, where we got into my mom's car. Karen had sort of taken over everything that had been my mom's.

It did not bother me though, especially since my mom would never dress me up like this, and force me to go outside.

She told me that if I did not go downtown, and find out how much differently people treated a good looking girl, like I was now, that I would never develop the confidence to be able to truly enjoy living as a woman, or in my case, a girl.

She said it was absolutely essential for me to learn that no one could read me. All I had to do was speak in a slightly higher register, and everyone would treat me like I was a real girl, and she said that that meant especially all the guys.

She smiled and told me I would love the attention that the guys would give me. She told me that I would never believe some of the wild things that guys would do, if they thought that they could get a pretty girl interested in them. She said that skirts gave us a great power over guys.

I kind of hoped that I would like guys. I was beginning to wonder what it would be like to suck the cock of a real man, not a “femme fag”, like Karen.

She also told me that she was going to have to call me by a girl's name, and that she thought that I was cute and innocent looking. She thought that I looked like a friend that she had gone to school with, by the name of Bethany Anne. She asked if I liked the name of Bethany Anne.



## Chapter Three

I found it very hard to believe that I was driving down the main street in our town, and that I was dressed entirely in Karen's sister's clothing, and that I was being addressed by a girl's name.

Not only that, I was doing all of this, with my pretty, surrogate mother. Who, by the way, was also a male.

Karen was my father's *girl* friend and, as I looked over at her, I noticed that her skirt covered her lap, in a flat and very normal looking expanse of silky material. I also could hardly believe that beneath that pretty skirt, was the genitals of a man.

The whole idea seemed like a strange dream, as I watched her maneuver the steering wheel in feminine motions.

I was dressed in girl's clothes, and I was thinking about how happy I would be if this never ended. My head almost felt like it was going to float away, as I considered what this whole morning had been like.

There were so many new things that I wanted to try, new ideas that I realized that I had missed the opportunity of trying earlier. It was a whole new way of looking at the world.

Karen looked over at me and smiled. She reached out for the temperature panel, and flicked on the air conditioning. In a moment, there was a startling blast of cold air forced up under my skirt, to hit the crotch of my panties.

I had never felt anything like that before. I yelped, and Karen roared at my sudden new awareness of just one more difference between girl's clothes and guy's clothes. I knew that wearing a dress made me feel very vulnerable and exposed, but this was the first real experience that I had actually felt, of that vulnerability.

Karen chuckled prettily as she told me that she loved it when the air conditioner blew cold air up her skirt. She said she loved everything that constantly reminded her that she was wearing feminine clothes. I admitted that I understood what she was saying.

Answering her question, I admitted that I also felt the same way. I loved the deep, inner feelings that the wearing of such pretty clothes made me feel.

**# # # #**

By the time we reached the mall, it was almost noon. The place was crowded. I was entirely out of my league, as I sat in the parked car, trying to work up enough courage to step out of the car, and present myself to the world for the first time as a girl.

I was scared silly. I knew what I looked like, yet I knew that I was still a boy. I was terrified of being read as a boy in a dress. What if some of my friends found out? I'd never be able to live it down. What if some school chums recognized me?

I marveled at how Karen did not seem to have any problems with wearing my mother's clothing in public. Of course, she had been wearing female clothes much longer than I had, so I guessed that she should have a lot of experience dealing with the world from a woman's perspective.

She was used to wearing dresses when she went out shopping. She was used to acting like a woman with real guys. I actually found myself envying her for being able to so fully act as though it were her right to be dressed as a woman.

It was very obvious that she was quite comfortable in the feminine gender. I really envied her for her poise and grace. I wondered if I might ever get that kind of grace. I sort of hoped so.

Karen knew exactly what I was thinking and feeling. She locked the door, went around to my side of the car, and nearly dragged me out of the car.

I had forgotten my purse, so Karen reached into the car and retrieved it, reminding me that my dress did not have pockets, so I had better not ever forget my purse again, or I might get myself into a tight spot.

As she went into the car, I could not help but admire the roundness of her derriere. I wondered if I now looked like that when I bent over.

She laughed gaily at me, and told me that she well remembered the first time that she had been made to appear in public as a girl. It had terrified her, for the first half hour.

Once she realized that everyone thought that she was a girl, and treated her like a girl, she relaxed and began to really enjoy it.

She encouraged me to believe that half an hour from now, I too would become convinced of my own ability to assume the role of a girl in open society. And, I would love it too, she added. I hoped so.

Just like we were regular girls, she took my arm and hooked her arm through mine, and she started to half drag me towards the nearest mall entrance.

It did not look to the casual passerby that I was being forced to walk with the man who had become my surrogate mother. I could hardly believe that a guy was holding my arm, in public, even if we were both dressed up as attractive females.

As we entered the mall, the cold conditioned air hit my nyloned legs and gave me an unexpected thrill. It reminded me again of how vulnerable my clothing made me. I had no idea of why she had dragged me here, except to make me appear in public as a female.

I could hear the click of our heels as she sort of pushed me to walk along with her, by her pressure on my elbow. I looked over and she smiled, radiating feminine confidence. I tried hard to master the same aura. She told me that I was very pretty, and that I should not be ashamed of my looks.

She told me to straighten my shoulders and let the world see that I had pretty tits. I blushed terribly, but I did as she told me to. I was acutely aware that my hem was above my knee, and that I had breasts protruding from my chest.

I was aware of every stitch I wore, and how it made different pressures on different parts of my body, unlike the clothes that I was used to wearing.

I felt weak and helpless, on the heels. If someone did recognize me, I would never be able to run away from them, not on these heels. I was trapped.

I wondered how I had ever let her get me into this situation. My only consolation was that I did not really have a choice, sort of.

Then Karen told me that my dad had given her my mom's credit cards, and that he had asked her to help me buy a new wardrobe. We would be buying me some of my own girl's clothes today.

Karen said she was pretty sure that I would want to have my own clothes in my own closet, that I could wear whenever the mood overtook me.

This whole idea terrified me. I just could not imagine myself shopping for dresses and skirts, for me to wear. This was foreign to me, yet it was so exciting.

But, the fact that she had my mom's credit cards, and she was going to pass herself off as my mom, at my dad's encouragement, also meant to me, that my dad must think that I was not much of a son, if he wanted his pretty girlfriend to help me buy my own girl's clothes to wear at home.

Though I was ashamed of all that this meant to me, I was also very excited. I wondered how my dad would react the first time he saw me wearing a dress around the house.

The only thing that I knew for certain, was that I really wanted to wear girl's clothes all the time that I could. I also wanted to act like a girl all the time.

Even though it was terribly humiliating, I had a deep longing to do it. I could not understand, but the desires were so strong that I just had to do it.

Karen told me that we would concentrate on the Misses and Juniors stores, because they sold clothes for girls my age. She wanted me to get some idea of what it felt like to be in public as a girl.

She also told me that her plan was that we would walk to the end of the mall on the first floor and do nothing but window shop, and decide what stores we would go into later on.

Later, we would ascend to the second floor by the escalators at the far end, and come back to this entrance. Then we would know what stores were here, for the kinds of things that we wanted to buy.

She told me to watch out of the corners of my eyes, and see if I could see how the boys looked at me. She told me that I should also watch how the girls looked at me. If a girl did not read me, a boy never would.

Karen said that the best evidence was when a girl looked at you, with a hardness in her eyes. That meant that she was summing you up as potential competition. I did not expect that that was going to happen.

**# # # #**

So, we started out on our journey and walked slowly, like two women out on a shopping trip. I watched every set of eyes that we passed.

I was amazed because, for the most part, I did get the idea, that girls looked at me as though we were in competition with each other.

As for the guys, I could not mistake the obvious lust in many of their expressions. It amused and scared me. I also heard the occasional whistle.

Karen just laughed and told me to get used to it, as I was now a pretty girl, and that was one of the things that pretty girls just had to learn to live with.

She said it was a lot better to learn to live with the whistles, than it was to never hear any directed at me. After all, girl's clothes were designed to attract the masculine eye.

It was nearly twenty minutes before it really settled into my mind that I was being accepted for exactly what I appeared to be.

Karen and I stopped often to look into store windows. Sometimes, it was just to watch the reflection of particularly obnoxious boys.

Sometimes, it was to discuss how an item of clothing would look on me. I blushed when we hit the Frederick's of Hollywood store. She oohed and aahed over various items, trying to get me to get interested and excited about what was available for young ladies, that which was designed to titillate young gentlemen.

When I finally began to believe that everyone really thought that I was a real girl, I relaxed. Soon, I began to feel confident.

I was confident enough to let my hips swish a little more as I walked in the high heels. I knew full well that I could not see them, but there were eyes watching my swishy walk, and they more than desired to gain control over it by getting me into their beds.

When we had got back to the first place where we had entered the mall, Karen asked me a few questions to ascertain whether or not I now knew that for all intents and purpose, I was now a woman.

I told her that I felt like a girl, and that I liked feeling like a girl. I could not disguise my inner excitement, either. It was bubbling inside of me.

She said that it was now time to start shopping for my new clothes. She wanted to know if I was ready. She laughed gaily when she saw the excitement in my eyes.

Boy, I could not wait to get into those stores and try on some of those pretty things. I could almost sense how they would feel on my body.

**# # # #**

I cannot begin to describe the myriad of dresses that I tried on. Karen made me try on every single outfit that I showed even the slightest interest in.

It seemed to me like I was in a foreign world, as we went into the first store and walked past rack after rack, Karen would select one dress or another, and hold it up in front of me, like I was a real girl. And then, with a big armload, I finally headed to the dressing rooms.

It did not take me very long to lose all the inhibitions that I had about trying on so many dresses. As I saw how the different styles and colors changed my appearance, I got excited, and was picking out for myself the dresses that I wanted to try on.

I loved watching myself strut before the mirrors, holding out my skirt hems, as Karen smiled like a proud mother, at my sashaying and swishy parading. I had never felt so free in my life. I loved it and wished that it would never end.

I could not believe, when we first started in the first store, that Karen was going to really make me try on the dresses, but she did.

My arms were sore after just the first dozen or so, from raising dresses up over my head, to put them on, and raise the hems up again to take the dresses off.

But, I was so excited about knowing that I was really a guy, and trying on dresses just like all of the other girls in the dressing rooms with me.

Karen picked every one that I looked in the mirror in, that I had expressed any kind of liking for. A few of the dresses she took back to the racks, to find a different color in the same style.

I tried on so many dresses that it became more of a chore than an exciting new experience, at least after the first two hours.

Finally, we were finished with the first store. Karen took the dozen or so dresses and suits that I had told her that I liked, to the cashier and bought them for me.

Karen used one of my mother's credit cards, signing it with my mom's name to pay for all the new dresses. We had four large bags, after they were all packed up.

After we left the first store, Karen whispered to me that if I felt like I wanted to call her Mom, it would be all right with her.

I was ready to go home and go back to bed. My calves were sore as I was still not used to walking on the high heeled shoes. Karen had different ideas though.

The next stop was a cosmetics store, where she insisted that I get my ears pierced. I could not very well lay my foot down, and tell her that boys did not get their ears pierced, could I?

Reluctantly, with fear of the pain, I sat in the chair, while Karen selected my first pair of earrings. They were little diamond tipped studs. I admitted that they did make me look prettier.

Karen also had them do a color consultation for me. When that was done, she bought me my first makeup kit, not to mention many more earrings, for pierced ears.

The next store was a shoe store. I felt so out of whack when I sat down and had a young man gently handling my nyloned feet, as he tried various styles of shoes on me.

I also found that he was continually trying to look up my skirt, as he gently fondled my feet. The only consolation was that he was cute. I did feel kind of flattered that he was interested in me in that way.

Karen was just absolutely full of new ideas. I ended up with two more bags containing thirteen pairs of shoes, slippers and pink trimmed, white girl's sneakers. I felt like a princess.

Then she dragged me into a lingerie store. She told me that much as she knew that I liked it, I could not spend the rest of my life wearing her sister's lingerie.

Though I loved the smells, the colors and the feel of the dainty lingerie that I felt so privileged to be able to handle as though it was entirely normal for me, I felt strangely out of place. I felt that because I was a boy, I really did not have a right to be in this store.

Karen leaned over at one point and told me to loosen up, because this was a normal place for girls to browse in. I saw two girls from my math class, but though they smiled at me, I knew that they did not recognize me.

I did feel kind of privileged to be witnessing the beautiful lingerie that they were choosing for themselves. As soon as they moved away from the panties counter, I went over and chose many pairs of panties that were identical to the ones that I had seen them choose.

Karen told me that she always did the same thing. When she saw a beautiful woman that she admired, she would follow her and choose the same underwear as the woman had chosen.

I came into possession of two more boned corsets, numerous slips and scads of panties and nylons in a rainbow of colors, not to mention handfuls of silky, matching bras.

I wondered if I would ever get to wear them all. If I had anything to say about it, I was going to toss out all of my male underwear as soon as I got home.

The next store yielded two more dresses, some ultra feminine slacks and designer jeans, a winter coat and fall and spring knee length coats. Karen also bought me scarves and gloves, as well.

Then, on a whim, she decided to buy me two hats that I had said I thought were cute.

The next store was for school clothes, though I was pretty sure that I would never get to wear the skirts and blouses to school, no matter how much I knew I would like to.

The next school that I was scheduled for was college, and I was still finishing some of the prep school courses, but I did not really think that I would be able to attend as a coed.

Still, I got a thrill knowing that I was going to own some of the same clothes that the other girls in my school would be wearing.

We could hardly carry all the bags we ended up with. We went to a restaurant for a light salad for lunch. I had to go to the bathroom, and Karen reminded me that I would have to use the ladies room, if I did not want to cause a riot.

That was nerve wracking, but I was delighted to find that I was accepted by the other women in the ladies room, as just another young girl out on a Saturday shopping trip.

Over the salad, I asked Karen who was going to pay for all the new clothes that she had bought for me. I had done some mental number crunching and realized that she had spent nearly seven-hundred dollars on my new wardrobe.

Karen smiled and told me that just like any other girl, the man in my life, my dad, was paying for everything.

Reality soon struck. I realized for the first time, that my dad was going to see me wearing girl's clothes. The idea scared me.

Karen told me to calm down, because my dad, after spending so much money on the new wardrobe, would be very, very disappointed and upset if he did not see me in them, at least most of the time.

She told me that they had already talked about it, and that it was Karen who first mentioned that I was pretty for a boy.

Karen told me that she had pointed out to him my natural inclinations toward the feminine, like the very light and sparse body hair distribution and my lack of facial hair.

She had also pointed out that I had the kind of natural grace that would enable me to pass myself off quite easily as a teen-aged girl. She told me that my dad said that if she could get me to want to wear girl's clothes, he would accept that, and buy me whatever I wanted to wear.

Karen also told me that I was going to learn that it was a lot of fun to be a girl, when there was a man around. They always tended to treat girls as weak, know nothings. So, they would either try to win their favors, or they would do whatever they could for you.

She said that once I got some experience being treated like a girl by guys my own age, who would be trying to get into my pants every chance they could, that I would

never ever want to go back to being a boy again. Being a girl was just too much fun, she commented.

Still, I knew it was going to be very strange to let my dad see me wearing girl's clothes. But, if I wanted the freedom to wear dresses at home, then I would have to let him see how I looked in them, I knew. And, I wanted to wear them at home... all the time, if I could.

I knew that he would think that I was just like Karen, but I did not care. I wanted to be a girl, now. Besides, he was sort of responsible for starting all of this anyway.

We were just about to leave, when this kind of skinny guy in a dirty t-shirt and ripped denims came over to our table. His hair looked like it had not been brushed for a couple of days. It was black, as was his scraggly looking beard.

He looked like he was about eighteen. He grinned with perfect white teeth as he slid into the booth beside Karen, and he stared at me. I was nervous at such a direct look, but he had the clearest, pretty light blue eyes.

“How's it hanging, Sis? I saw you over here with this gorgeous young lady, and I just could not stop myself from coming over in the hopes of meeting her.”

“Oh... just what we wanted... Bethany, this incorrigible is my brother, Phil. Phil, this is Bethany. She's my boyfriend's daughter.”

He leaned over the table and held out his hand to me. I again saw that perfect smile, both in his white teeth, and in his sparkling eyes, as he took my hand.

“I am very pleased to meet you, Miss Bethany.”

“Uh... I am pleased to meet you too, Phil.”

“Well, I hope you will excuse us, Phil, but we were just leaving. We have to prepare dinner for the Lord and Master of the realm, and we are already running a bit late.”

“Bethany, I really hope I get to see you again. You are one foxy lady and I like you very, very much.”

“Well, you never know, eh?”

**# # # #**

When we got home, I learned that Karen and my dad had planned for me wanting to be a girl at home. They had renovated the small apartment over the garage, in an ultra feminine decor. It would be Bethany's new room.

Karen told me, as she helped me unpack all of my new clothes and hang them up in the closet and fill up the bureau drawers, that it was better for me to have a separate place.

She reminded me that at my age, a girl needed a lot of privacy. She thought that if I had a boyfriend over, I would like it more, if I had the freedom to entertain boys without them knowing about it.

I did not really care too much why they gave me a new room. All that I knew for certain, was that it was a very pretty room, and I loved it.

The room was delightfully femininely appointed with a color scheme of pinks and whites. The curtains were frilled, as was the new canopy bed.

I waited for Karen to ask me about what I thought of Phil. Just before we went back downstairs, she asked me what I had thought of her brother. I told her that I liked him, and I thought that he was kind of cute, if not a bit on the grungy side.

I also mentioned that I thought he had a dynamite smile, and I had felt kind of nervous because his eyes were such a light color that they made me feel as though he was looking right through me.

She grinned and told me that I was already a lot more of a girl than perhaps I had thought I was. She gently teased me about getting him over to take me out some night... on a real boy and girl date.

I blushed furiously, and that made her laugh. Karen was not being unkind. She was just trying to help me fit into my new role, I guess.

I felt almost like I was her sister. I knew one thing that was for certain. I was still wearing her sister's clothes. I loved it too. I wondered what her sister would say if she saw how I looked in her clothes.

When the laborious job of unpacking and removing of tags was all done, it was nearly dinner time. Karen asked me to come into the house and help her with the preparations.

Though I was really tired, I followed her down the stairs and into the house. In the kitchen, she handed me an apron, which I tied at the back, while she did the same with her apron.

I washed and cut the vegetables, for the first time in my life, as she prepared the meat and marinade for the grill. When she took it outside to cook, I washed up the preparation dishes that we had used.

I was not aware that my dad was standing in the doorway, watching me, as his new daughter working in the kitchen, while I was wearing my very pretty green dress and green, high heeled shoes.

When I went for the broom, to sweep the floor, I turned and nearly dropped the dishes that I had in my hands. The fear of finding out that my father was watching me, while I was dressed up as his new surrogate daughter, sent shock waves through my body.

He was not expected back for many hours. I could hardly believe that he was standing there watching me. I felt utterly foolish.

“Well, little Miss Bethany Anne, I honestly did not think that Karen would be able to do it, but I see that she actually did get you into wearing girl's clothes.

Man O man, I must admit, just from watching you, you certainly look and act natural, not to mention happy, with your new role in life.

Karen sure was right about you. Now that I see it with my own eyes, I can see how right she was.

You seem to belong in skirts and dresses just as much as she does. Come over here, Bethany, and let your daddy give you a great big hug."

Not knowing what else to do, I set the dishes down, and I stepped across the room, daintily in my high heeled shoes, and into his arms. I had never dreamed that this would ever happen to me.

My heart was beating wildly. I was so scared. I had never felt so small and vulnerable in my entire life. But, I could not deny that he was seeing me in a dress, and he was calling me by my new name, Bethany.

I felt so weak as I approached him. He'd never really been expressive of his feelings before either, so I knew that it was the girl that he was seeing that seemed to somehow let him be free with expressing his emotions for me.

For the first time in my life, he wrapped his big and strong arms around my waist. It seemed funny to me that suddenly he seemed to be so much bigger and stronger than he had ever seemed before.

I was pressed against my father's chest, and became aware that he had a lot of strength in his arms. His chest was very hard and muscular.

He made me feel so inferior as another male, yet so right in his arms, as his little girl.

He did not just hug me, which he had never done to me as a boy, but he held me gently for a long time. I lay my head on his shoulder, and for the first time in my life, I felt like he really loved me.

His right hand went up and gently caressed the back of my head. I felt so moved, tears welled up in my eyes. I was happier than I had ever been before.

The last time he had even touched me, which was just a hand on my shoulder, was at my mother's funeral. Somehow, my becoming a girl, to some degree, was making it easier for my dad to love me.

I was amazed. I felt secure.

I felt his strong arms gently tighten around my corseted waist. I felt his chest rising and falling as he breathed shallowly. He was breathing quickly.

I smelled his strong, man scent cologne. I smelled the tell tale trace of his pipe smoking. I smelled the beer he was sipping on. My father was just so masculine, I thought to myself. I was amazed that I had never noticed it before.

I was glad that he was accepting me as his girl. He certainly seemed to like me better as his girl. I wanted to be his little girl, I really, really did.

Being so close to my father like this, while I was dressed up entirely in girl's clothing was just so terribly exciting to me. I wished that I was my mother.

I hoped that Karen would not come in and see us in this intimate embrace. She would be jealous of me. I knew that she had some very feminine feelings, and acting like a jealous step mother was not out of line for her, I was pretty sure.

Whatever else, I knew that she certainly had the catiness of a real woman. She could certainly make my remaining life at home very uncomfortable, if she wanted to.

Finally, after nearly five full minutes, my father loosened his embrace, and I stepped back from him. I did not want to look at him.

I knew that if I looked at him, he would know how he had affected me, and I was ashamed of being sexually excited about wearing girl's clothing and being held in an embrace by my father. I knew that my cheeks must be bright red, because I was so ashamed of my feelings.

My father knew exactly what was going on inside of me, and he laughed. He lightly patted me on the bum, and he laughed at my embarrassment.

He told me that I had better get used to having a man hug me, because I was so pretty that I naturally attracted the attention of males. He said that lots and lots of men were going to want to hug me, as long as I continued to look as beautiful as I did at that moment.

Fortunately for me, he then went upstairs to his bedroom. I finished up doing the dishes, and checked on what was cooking for dinner.

Karen came in again, after a few more minutes. She suggested that I might want to go and change into something a little more comfortable, as I was kind of overdressed for a family dinner in the backyard.

In my new apartment's bedroom, I took off my dress and slip, and hung them up in the closet.

I could not help but admire the array of new pastel colored dresses that hung there, and they were all mine. I knew that eventually I would get a chance to wear every one of them.

I removed the heels and nylons. I decided to keep the corset on, not that I could get it off by myself anyway. I removed the garter straps and pulled on a pair of pink, Bermuda styled shorts. They had a wide elastic waist that clung to my corseted waist, emphasizing how tiny it was now.

I also pulled on a sleeveless, pink sweater of some soft material, with a gray cat on the front of it. I stepped into the pair of new girl's sneakers, with just little nylons that barely covered my feet.

I removed most of the jewelry, but left the earrings in. My dad really embarrassed me when I walked out onto the stairs that led into the backyard. He whistled at me as he saw me coming down the stairs. I felt utterly girlish.

Even though I was wearing my new, flat soled running shoes, the tightly laced corset still made me swish in a feminine manner when I walked. And that was how I spent my very first day as Bethany Anne.

**# # # #**

We had a wonderful time. The only thing that did not really sit right with me, but I knew that it was in the spirit of good fun, was that my dad was constantly making remarks that would remind me of my new status in the family, or of my prettiness, or of my new found gracefulness.

Karen joined in and chided me to, reminding me that I was not a girl and that I had to get used to having people think of me as being an attractive young lady.

Aside from all of that, I loved the new closeness that I felt was developing between me and my dad. I loved the soft clothing that I was wearing. I was even beginning to like the tight corsetry that I was bound in. It gave me a strange sense of security.

## Chapter Four

I spent the whole of next three weeks being studiously taught by Karen in how to act in a completely lady like manner. She made me practice for hours in sitting and rising, or standing and picking up things from the floor.

Karen said that the more I practiced, the more it would become so natural that I would never forget what to do and how to act. It would lessen any chance of getting found out.

I would have to walk for half an hour at a time with a large dictionary on my head, to teach me how to walk with my shoulders back and my spine straight, so that everyone would be able to see my new breasts.

Standing with my back that straight, certainly did make my new breasts tend to jut out ahead of me. After I had mastered walking in a lady like way, the dictionary was used to teach me how to sit down and rise up again, keeping a dainty pose. I had to sit and rise, without the dictionary falling from my head.

It was tedious, but it worked. By that, I mean that I soon was moving about in a much more graceful fashion. It was also something that I had come to do, without thinking about it.

Karen called it dainty. I called it prissy. Karen laughed and told me that the better I got at being a prissy sissy, the less likely it was that anyone would ever guess what I really had in my panties.

She made me practice doing my makeup. Karen also made me sit in front of the mirror, and practice facial expressions that would make me seem cuter than I was. She wanted to totally immerse me in my new girlhood. I loved being trained.

We cleaned the entire house, from the attic to the basement. She told me that the very best way of getting used to doing things in feminine clothing, was to work hard.

Karen said if I worked hard enough, I could actually forget for hours at a time that I was wearing clothing which I was not entitled to wear. I really did not believe her, but again, she proved to be right.

The only male clothing that I wore all week was shirts and pants, to attend the prep school. Under my pants were panties, nylons, corsetry, breastless bras and camisoles.

My socks were girl's socks, and my shoes were girl's loafers. It certainly gave me a new appreciation for the derogatory remark of being "a little light in the loafers". I *was* light in the loafers and I loved it.

**# # # #**

The moment I got home from prep school each afternoon, I went to my room and donned attire that would be suitable for housework, and Karen preferred that it always



consisted of either a dress or a skirt. I never argued. I preferred skirts and dresses to wearing slacks, anyway.

I excelled in my home economics training. I also learned how to be a fairly passable cook, at least in some respects, that is.

Karen also taught me how to follow a dress pattern, and to sew on the sewing machine. I am currently working on an ambitious project. It is prom style dress, to wear to my dad's and Karen's wedding.

They had found a gay pastor who was willing to marry them... provided that they did understand that it was only a ceremony, and was not a legal rite.

The gown is a dream. It is a cream color with yards and yards of silk and lace confection. The bodice which is from the breasts to up under my chin, and arms, are made of a nearly transparent, soft material that looks like a very delicate lace. I love it. It makes me feel like a princess when I wear it.

I was so busy in that first three weeks of girlhood, that the time just flew by. I found that I could actually go for hours at a time, wearing female clothing, and not have a hard-on.

Lots of times, I did not even get a hard-on when I put my panties on in the morning. If someone had told me I would get so used to wearing girl's clothes that I would not have an erection every moment that I wore panties, I just would not have believed them.

**# # # #**

Finally, the day of Karen and Dad's wedding arrived. Karen and I helped each other dress. I was to be the Maid of Honor.

My hair was gathered and piled up on top of my head in a profusion of tight curls, which emphasized my small, twelve inch neck. I felt lovely.

I loved the extra tight corseting that I was laced into. I also got a charge out of having the shoe on the other foot for a change, as I laced Karen into her long line corset.

For the first time, I also wore four inch heels. The heels, the tight corsetry and the loud rustling of yards and yards of silky gown material, all combined to make me feel like I was a beautiful princess.

A shocker came when I found out that Phil, Karen's brother, was going to be my escort. Even in four inch heels, I still had to look up to see his eyes. That made me feel more feminine.

When Phil showed up wearing a light blue tuxedo, I could not help but admire how handsome he was. I was so ashamed of myself, when I blurted out to him that I thought he was very handsome.

Phil laughed gaily, wrapped his arms around me, kissed me on the cheek and told me that if I was not careful, my dad would not be the only husband in the family, and that his sister would not be the only housewife. He told me that I looked like a dream... like a princess doll.

His words had their desired effect on me. I was embarrassed to find that his words and touch excited me so. I was so ashamed that this rough looking guy, rough looking, even in his tux, could make me have a hard-on for him.

I was so afraid that all the wearing of girl's clothes, and responding to a girl's name was turning me into the complete and utter faggot. But, I could not deny that when I looked at Phil, I wanted to feel his arms around me as he kissed me.

Here I was dressing up, and flirting with the idea of a guy kissing me. I was stunned to find that my feminine feelings had grown so strong.

I let Phil take my arm and escort me out to the car. I was to sit in the front seat. Karen would have the whole back seat to herself.

When we got to the church, Phil was the perfect gentleman. He escorted both of us to the door and led us into the pastor's office, where we were to wait for the ceremony to start.

Karen was as nervous as a kitten, and nervous as a real bride. She radiated with a strange beauty that came from her continuous blushing.

I could not help but admire Karen's looks, and wonder if the day might come when I too could look that pretty. I hoped that it would, and that the day would come soon.

**# # # #**

At last, there was a rap on the door. I escorted Karen out and to the front doors of the main sanctuary. I was amazed to see the place was half full. I had only thought that there might be a dozen or so people there.

I guess my dad and Karen were far more well known than I had thought they were. I wonder how many of them knew what was in Karen's panties.

I fussed about, arranging Karen's train every time she moved. I was acutely aware that all of those people were looking at me, and that lots of them knew that I was a real boy under the prettiness and prissiness.

But Karen, fortunately for me, kept me busy enough that I did not have a lot of time to think about myself and my predicament.

She was a one-hundred percent ham. She loved being in the spot light, and she was constantly doing pretty little things to call attention to herself. I loved her act.

It also helped me to not be so aware that I was standing in front of so many people, and that I appeared to be a lovely young lady.

When the ceremony was over, we adjourned to the rose garden behind the church for the photo session. They wanted me in almost every one of them.

I knew that would mean for many years, I would have a constant pictorial reminder of my effeminate state when my dad got married for the second time.

But, nothing had prepared me for the reception. I am thankful that I did not know what to expect. If I had, I would have run and hide. Maybe in a crack in the floor, or somewhere.

**# # # #**

I found that right after the meal, I became the center of attraction for many of the males in the crowd. Every second, one or another of them would try to engage me in a conversation with them, alone.

I finally knew what it might have felt like for those pretty, southern ladies in the movies, who were centered out by the men in a room, for her attentions.

The guys sure made me feel very, very pretty, and very, very much wanted, as a girl.

When the music started, like most of the ladies in attendance, as there were quite a few more men than women, I was kept almost constantly on my feet, in one dance after another.

Yes, I adored finding out all about how differently so many men felt when they held me as we danced.

I danced so much that my legs and toes actually got very sore, but I was totally loving the experience that I just could not stop, no matter how much it hurt.

They all had their one liners, designed to get me to like them. Phil was no different than any of the others. He too danced with me, joked with me, paid a great deal of attention to me, as he tried to get me to like him.

I did not know it, but he recognized his sister's dress, and when he saw me with Karen, he put two and two together. I thought that he thought I was really a girl.

Almost all of the guys asked me out for a date too, which did wonders for my new feminine ego. I loved being desired.

Some of the guys let me know that they knew I was still a boy, but they let me know that I was so much of a girl the way I looked and acted, that they wanted me just exactly the way I was.

I was amazed to find out how completely different girls were treated from the guys at affairs like this one, and I was very thankful that I was the one who decided who I would be with.

I was not the one being rejected, but I was primly and pettily rejecting one of the suitors or another. I loved having the power to accept or reject, the way girls had always treated me.

I was also chagrined to learn, as I saw how I could make the guys feel, that I certainly did have a bitch living in me. I found that I actually enjoyed having this power to accept or reject a guy.

I had never experienced anything like that before, and I loved it. I even experimented with asking them to go and get little things for me, and enjoyed seeing how quickly they would respond, in their efforts to please me. I could really get to like this, I knew.

All too soon, the dream was over. It grew late and the guests began leaving for home. Lots of the guys came over and asked me for my phone number.

I only gave it to the ones who had said that they knew that I was like Karen. Even with that, there must have been five or six potential boyfriends in the group.

I had no idea of whether or not I would ever have the courage to go out with one of them, but I figured I would give them the number, and decide when and if they called me.

But, quite honestly, being treated like a pretty girl all afternoon had sort of convinced me that I would probably go out with one or more of the guys, especially since they knew my secret.

## Chapter Five

At last, my parents left on their honeymoon. I was finally left alone for almost two whole weeks.

My prep school courses were totally and successfully completed. I also had my school records. I was all set for the next semester.

When I got back to my apartment, I kicked off my heels, and downed nearly half a bottle of white wine. I was just beginning to really unwind after the wedding.

Now, after today, I had nothing to do but lay around all day in my pretty night dress and vegetate in front of the television. My parents would not be back for a week and a half, so I had the house all to myself.

I found that I preferred my own apartment, though. Besides, the only women's clothes that fit me were all in my own apartment. Though I had a small kitchenette, I would prefer to eat downstairs.

It was late evening... I was curled up on the couch in my new apartment and I was watching a movie on the television. I had changed into a floor length, pink night gown that felt so completely, utterly and sinfully delightful on my hairless legs.

Over it I wore a peignoir, and I wore a pair of high heeled pink mules on my feet. Under the almost transparent night gown and peignoir, could be clearly seen the pair of pink, satin panties and a matching lace trimmed bra.

The sounds that these materials made was a lovely rustling that contributed to my sexual excitement at the moment. Because of what I was wearing, I had a sort of half erection that felt delightful as it rested against the satin of my panties.

I loved knowing that I was wearing not one single stitch that was made for a male. I sure did not feel masculine, that was for certain.

I would tease myself by gently rubbing my long, pink nails across the front of my panties every once in a while. I was almost anxious for the movie to get over so that I could go and luxuriously wank myself, while I dreamed about having a sexy boyfriend, with big hard muscles, who would kiss me lovingly for hours at a time.

In the last few days, my day dreams had been about kissing boys, while I rubbed my palms across their chests, entangling their chest hair in my fingers.

Though I was ashamed of it, the fact was that that was the way my most exciting fantasies went now. I imagined what it would feel like to gently run my palms up and down a well muscled arm, or across the bulge in a pair of pants.

Yesterday though, I was really amazed. I suddenly realized that for the very first time, as I was masturbating and picturing in my mind that I was held in the arms of a strong boy, I found that in my day dream, I was kneeling down in front of him, and that I actually sucked his cock.

In the fantasy, I made him cum inside of my mouth. I was terribly ashamed of myself, but I also had to admit that it was one of the most erotic and sexily glorious orgasms that I had ever had. I tried not to feel guilty when I came back to my own senses.

I wondered how the dreams had become a part of my fantasies. On top of that, Phil had been trying often enough to try and get me to go out on a date with him.

I liked Phil, but I knew that if I did go on a date with him, he would want sex.

I had gone out some on dates with him, but not at night. Once he took me to the zoo. I really felt funny, because he would often reach over and take my hand as we walked along.

I loved the way he treated me, but I was so unused to behaving in a girl's role, that I felt strange every time he did something that would identify me to the public as his girl, like walking with me while he was holding my hand. I like the feeling of him holding my hand, as though I were his girl.

A couple of times, Phil had taken me to a restaurant for some pie and coffee. What I did like about Phil, was that while he let me know in no uncertain terms that he thought that I was foxy, and that he wanted to have sexual relations with me, that he did not push me.

Instead, he treated me like I was a normal girl most of the time. I had found that I was beginning to like him... to much... as a guy.

**# # # #**

Unexpectedly, I heard a light rapping on the door. I knew it could not be that Karen wanted to come up for some girl talk, before going to bed with my father. She was not here. I had no idea who it could possibly be.

I still found it a bit hard to imagine my father making love to the swish, Karen, but I knew that he did and that he really enjoyed what she did for him, as well.

Now, I had less trouble with the thought of the two of them together, doing sex things. Because I knew too, that it was only going to be a matter of time before I became as much of a fag as Karen was. I knew now, that a part of me really wanted to act like a real girl, with a boy.



I did not even think of what I was wearing, as I got up to go and answer the door.

Cheerfully, I walked over to the door, and swung it open, with a big grin on my face. The last person in the world that I ever expected to see tonight, was standing there.

I very suddenly remembered that my panties and bra could be seen pretty clearly by anyone who looked at me. I blushed.

I was floored, totally flabbergasted to see Phil, handsome Phil, Karen's brother Phil, standing there, smiling lustfully at me with those perfect white teeth and his devastating, penetrating, light blue eyes.

I knew that Karen had set me up. Phil was not supposed to know where I lived. As far as I knew, he was told that I was just visiting at home before going back to school.

Karen had promised me that she would not tell him that I had an apartment over the garage. I had confessed to her that her brother had been trying to get me to go out on a regular, night time date with him.

That was when she had told me not to worry, that she would not let him know where I lived. She knew that when his mind was made up about something, he could be very determined when he wanted to be.

I knew that Karen wanted me to get it on with her brother. Now, I knew just how much she wanted for that to happen.

I hated to admit it even now, but I nearly melted when I realized that it was Phil standing there. I also got an instant infusion of hardness that became very painful, into the half erection that I already had in my pink satin panties.

I wondered if he could see it. I hoped so. But also, I was afraid that he would know how I really felt about him being there. If he knew, I would not have a chance. I was afraid to admit to myself, let alone to anyone else, that I wanted for him.

“Phil? Uh... what are you doing here?”

It was a stupid question, I knew. I knew why he was here. He was here because he wanted to have sex with me. If there was any doubt about it, I could see it written all over his face as he smiled and slowly let his penetrating eyes move up and down me. I knew that I was turning him on.

That new, sexual awareness caused me to blush profusely. I desperately hoped that he could not see the evidence of his effect upon me, in my diaphanously covered panties. But, I saw how his eyes had hesitated when he looked at my crotch.

“Well... I was just passing by... and suddenly, I desperately needed to use the bathroom. So when I saw your light on, I thought I would take a chance that you might still be up. Can I use your facilities, Bethany? I am really desperate for a leak.”

“Oh... su... sure... of course. Uh, turn to the left and down the hall. It's the last door.”

I was nearly quaking as I watched him walk down the hallway. His shoulders seemed broad from the back. His waist seemed small, too. His buns were tight. He was a sexy man.

Nervously, I waited for him to finish up with what he was doing, and then leave me to my fantasies.

I was willing to think about being with a boy, but only while it was all just a fantasy in my own mind. But, I suspected that Phil did not come here just for me to have a fantasy.

I heard his shoes echo as he was coming back. I wondered if he was going to stay for a while... I wondered if he would try to kiss me. I did not want him to. But, I did want him to. I wished that I had not dressed so sexily to entertain myself with.

Phil grinned at me, and without invitation, he sat, or rather, he sprawled on the couch, close beside me. I could not stop myself from glancing at his crotch.

He did... he had a hard on... and I knew it was hard for me. I hoped that he did not see my shudder.

I smiled as I saw his kind of lanky body sprawled out on the couch, in a masculine pose. His knees were wide apart. His back was slouched down so that he had his head resting on the back of the couch. His arms lay at his sides. He smiled at me, then cleared his throat, in preparation to speak.

I wanted to act like a girl with him. The intensity of my conflicting emotions caused me to tremble. I wanted him to be a boy, and treat me like a girl.

Phil noticed my shakes, much to my embarrassment. He grinned and he sat up straight, very close to me. Time seemed to almost stop for me, as I watched as he reached out for me, and then he pulled me over to him.

For the first time in my life, I was sitting very, very close to a boy, who had his arms around the new and effeminate me. It was ever so obvious that he was sitting there, with an obvious sexual interest in me.

The way I was dressed, and sitting so close to a real boy, made me terribly sexy feeling. I hurt in my panties.

Inside, I prayed for him to leave. But I also wanted him to stay and for him to make me be a girl with him. I was torn apart with guilt.

I was torn between what I wanted him to do to me, and what I knew I should not be wanting him to do to me. I tried reminding myself that it wasn't right, and I was a male, but that did not help at all.

Phil gently tugged me so that my head was almost resting on his shoulder. I could even hear his heart beating, and I knew that he was excited. His heart was racing.

He gently rubbed my hair as he pulled my head down to rest on his shoulder. I loved it. This felt so intimate, and I was in the feminine role. I could not stop myself from raising one hand, and placing it on his chest.

I could smell his stale underarm deodorant, and his sweaty smell. I could feel how strong his arms were. I knew that unless he let me up, I would never be able to get out of his embrace. He was far stronger than I ever was.

Worse, I found that I did not want to get out of his embrace. I liked the feeling of being vulnerable, yet protected by him. He made me feel small. He made me feel that I was important to him. He made me feel girlish.

The thought that Phil would more than likely be able to do anything that he wanted to do, to me, and I was utterly incapable of stopping him, all because of the way that he was making me feel, was terribly exciting to me.

I realized that every girl felt like that with almost every guy she ever dated. I was feeling a normal girl's emotions, and it made me very excited.

Somehow, after about two minutes or so, I was able to bring my shuddering under control. When he sensed that, he loosened his grip. It was another minute or so though, before he let me sit up straight. That surprised me.

I tried hard to think of something to try and take the sexual tension out of the air. I hoped that he would sort of forget about sex if I could get his mind onto something else. I thought frantically, searching for something to talk to him about.

“Uh... Karen has not told me very much about her family?”

“You mean, Kevin. Well, I am not surprised. We sort of joked a lot around our house when we were growing up, about how my parents had three kids, one of each sex. Hah...”

“You mean she... I mean, he has been like this for most of his life?”

“Yeah... he's been a crossdresser for as long as I can remember. Him and my sister have always fought like cats and dogs.

Most of the fights were because he would not stop wearing her clothes all the time, or stop stealing her dolls from her room. He envied her.

He was a bit bigger than she was, and he was either stretching or ripping most of her things. Finally my parents just gave in, and in order to stop the fighting all the time, they just started buying him his own girl's clothes and his own dolls.

After that, he almost never wore anything but dresses around the house.”

“You're kidding? They... your parents, really let him do that?”

“Hey... whatever works, eh? They did not fight anymore, so I guess that my parents thought that it was worth losing a son and gaining a daughter, to be able to have peace in the house.

So listen, Bethany... why not tell me a bit about yourself. How long have you been dressing up as such a pretty girl?”

“Well... actually... this last month is the first time I have ever done it.

In fact, the very first time was that day when I first met you at the mall, if you remember... I... I've worn nothing but girl's clothes every day, since then.”

“Wow... man, you are good, you know that, Bethany? If you were not hanging around with Kevin, and not wearing my sister's dress, I would never have even guessed that you were a guy, you know that?”

Man, I cannot get over how convincing you are as a girl. You are so convincing, that I don't think you should ever wear boy's clothes again. You are just too sharp looking, as a chick."

"Thanks... I guess."

I felt so ashamed of accepting a compliment that was so obviously directed at male sex.

"You... uh... you really thought that I looked like a real girl?"

"You look like, you act like, and you even smell like a real chick. I think that you are a real fox, no matter what it is that you got in your panties, which by the way, I can see is quite prominent at the moment.

It's like the old saying... if it walks like a duck, and sounds like a duck and looks like a duck, it probably is a duck.

You are too much of a girl the way you look, walk and act. I think of you as a girl, even though I know that you are a guy, you know that?"

I blushed at hearing his words. That seemed to please him.

"So tell me, if that was just the first day that you ever wore girl's stuff, and by the way, I thought that dress looked much better on you than it ever did on my sister... and right now you are wearing very pretty night wear, would I be safe in assuming that you have decided that you like being a girl better than you like being a guy?"

It's obvious to me that no one is forcing you to wear those clothes."

I blushed at his directness about something that was so personal.

"Yeah, I guess you could sort of say that... I don't know. I just love the way these clothes make me feel."

"You are going to continue to wear girl's clothes most of the time then, because you like the way that they make you feel?"

"Yeah... I guess?"

"So, how do they make you feel, Bethany?"

His piercing blue eyes captivated mine. I was ashamed of talking to him about this, but I could not stop myself.

I once again, admired his white teeth as he was smiling warmly at me. I felt like I would do anything that he asked me to. Reluctantly, I answered his question.

"Well, I can't describe it any other way than to say that they make me feel like I am a girl. They make me feel feminine, and pretty.

I know that I should not feel like that, but I can't help it, that is the way that I am now. I love those feelings."

"So, you feel like you might, if you were a real girl?"

"Yeah, I do."

"Great.. Then since all of that is true, then what you need is a boyfriend. What you need is a guy who will like you for being the girl that you are, and who will take care of

you if you get yourself into any trouble... a guy who will treat you like a beautiful woman.”

“Isn't that what all the real girls want?”

“Uh... I guess... I never really gave much thought about it.

“I suppose you are right though?”

“I don't believe for a second that you never gave it very much thought. And this is why I don't believe it.

One, any guy that can look as foxy as you do, belongs in dresses, like any other girl. Two, if you belong in dresses, then you are more girl than guy. Three, I have never met any teen-aged girl who doesn't give a lot of thought to boys.

So in conclusion, I have to believe that you have thought a whole lot about boys. I also believe that you have thought a lot about acting like a girl with a boy... even though this is only your first month.”

“Am I wrong, Bethany?”

“Well, am I wrong, Bethany?”

“Uh... no, I guess not.”

I blushed as I shamefully stared at the pink tipped fingers in my lap.

“You have never been with a real boy, when you are a girl, have you?”

“Uh... no.”

“You are just too foxy as a girl to ever be much of a guy, I would guess.”

He sure had got that part right. A part of me hoped that he was not just lying to me, to try and get into my pants.

I just blushed and looked down at my hands. A part of me wished for him to just go home and to never come back here. The other part wondered if he really did like me as a girl.

“Tell me, Bethany... and you got to be completely honest... do you like me being here, while you are a girl... and we both know that there is no one else around?”

“Uh... yeah... kind of... I do.”

I just barely managed to get the words whispered out past my lips in a quiet tone of resignation to my fate. I was so ashamed of these very strong emotions that were coursing through my entire psyche.

Phil sat there and looked at me for almost a whole minute before he said or did anything else. Then, what he did floored me.

He reached over and gently took each of my arms, one at a time, by the wrists, between his thumb and fore finger, and he moved them down to lay beside my legs.

Then very slowly, he moved his hand over my thigh area. My breath caught in my throat.

I felt the heat of his hand. I looked up at him, pleading with my eyes for him not to touch me, yet craving for the sensation of his hand on my cockette.

He made me feel so weak when I was with him. I could not imagine what a guy's hand would feel like on me.

Phil knew that he could do whatever he wanted to do to me, and that I would docilely and passively accept it... I was just like a weak little sissy... a girlish boy.

I nearly jumped when I felt the hot, strong fingers press down and grasp my cockette through the delicate feminine materials.

He grasped my cock roughly, and he was tugging at it. I sat helpless to stop him. I felt so vulnerable and exposed to him.

I looked into those beautiful eyes, pleading for him to not do this to me. This was so utterly humiliating. I just could not understand why I was letting it happen to me.

I had no more strength in me to resist him. No guy had ever touched me like that. I loved it. I sort of sensed what it must be like for real girls to be caught at the mercy of their own feelings.

I was definitely caught at the mercy of mine, and this guy knew the right buttons to push, too. I felt helpless against him.

I saw the look of superior triumph in his gaze, as I felt his hand twist the girl material deeply into the cockette. I melted. I could not stop myself. I moaned and I released all of the pent up sexuality of the day, into his strong controlling hand.

I was so ashamed of myself. He held me tightly as I jerked upwards into his hand. It was absolutely wonderful, the way I felt. I felt like I was on a pink cloud and that I never wanted to come down off of it.

“Why don't you go and change your panties, Bethany? Keep your night gown on though. I think you look fantastic in it.”

I was so terribly ashamed of my weak passivity. But it seemed like I had no more control over myself. Phil controlled me. I was Phil's girl now. I felt like I belonged to him, and I loved it.

I knew that I had to do something about the mess he had made in my panties. I felt his eyes on my back, as I headed down the hallway.

In the bathroom, I washed up the sticky mess and dropped my soiled panties into the hamper.

I went to my bedroom and put on another pair of pink panties. Then, feeling aware of every inch of my femininely clad body, and his ogling eyes, I went back to the living room.

Phil smiled and patted the couch right beside him. I felt like I had no choice as I was drawn to sit where he had indicated for me to sit.

I again, demurely and shyly folded my hands in my lap. Phil reached over with his right hand and gently placed a finger under my chin.

He lifted my chin, and made me look at him. Then he leaned over and lightly brushed my lips with his. It was so light that I wondered if he had really kissed me, or if I had just imagined that he kissed me.

Then he kissed me again, harder. I melted. I realized, before I could stop it, that my left arm was encircling his neck. I felt the short, curly hair at the back of his head. This is what girl's feel, I realized, as he kissed me.

His right arm went under my left arm, and he pulled me tightly against him. He was hard muscled. He made me feel so weak and I just felt so completely like a sissy beside him.

This time, his lips did not brush mine. They ground into my lips and his tongue began to lightly lick my lips, and force itself into my mouth.

I had no choice about it. I opened my mouth, and found that I was greedily sucking on it. As if of its own volition, my right hand went up to the back of his neck, as though I were trying to pull him even further into me.

This surprised me, I felt like one of those movie stars who are being kissed against their will, only to surrender themselves to the man who was kissing them.

I also wondered if that was the only thing of Phil's that I was going to suck on that night. I hoped not... much to my chagrin. I really did want to find out though, if I could act like a girl, with a guy.

**# # # #**

We sat embracing like that for, I have no idea of how long. He made me feel like I was his girl, and I was loving every second of it. I loved the feel of his hand roaming all over my body.

I felt like he sort of had a right to feel me anywhere he wanted to. I liked it best when I felt his fingers exploring the area of my crotch, right where my vagina would have been if I had one.

Phil gently took my left arm from around his neck, and he placed my left hand squarely on the front of his jeans. I could feel the hard, throbbing cock under my hand, throbbing right through his jeans. I did not want to, but I began to start gently rubbing it.

I could hardly believe that I was sitting there in a night gown, kissing a boy, and that I was rubbing his hard cock, just like any other girl would do with a guy that she liked.

For a long time, my hand rubbed, pressed and explored his shape. He was getting harder. I liked the hardness of it under my palm. I squeezed it all along its whole length, and marveled at how much bigger he got under my fingers.

“Do you think that maybe you would like to see it, Bethany?”

I wanted to say no, but I heard the word “yes” escape from my lips.

I was completely overwhelmed by his sexuality. He was so masculine, and it made me feel every inch like a girl.

I sat there, passively, as he stood up right in front of me. I watched, almost mesmerized, as his hands pulled down his zipper, and undid the metal snap.

When the front of his pants were open, he pushed at the waist till they started to slide down his legs.

He had a really obscene, but really fascinating bulge in his white jockey shorts. I could see it throbbing, right through the cotton shorts. I knew that it was throbbing for me, as the girl.

He hooked his thumbs into the waist band of his shorts, and he pushed them down. When he stood straight up again, his cock was jutting out at me. It was ugly. The circumcised head was purple color. I saw the pee hole expand and contract. It was so ugly that it utterly fascinated me.

I suddenly had a craving to feel it inside of my mouth. My head almost moved toward it. I could not believe how strong this desire was.

I was so ashamed, and so scared because I knew that I really wanted to have sex with him, as though I really were his loving girlfriend.

Phil took an awkward step closer toward me. That put his cock only a few inches from my face. I could not resist the urge that came over me... I reached up to touch it.

My right hand reached up, and I wrapped my pink tipped fingers around it. I knew that my hand would do exactly the same thing, if I were a real girl.

It thrilled me to be doing such an intimate girl thing. I liked the way it felt. Then, when he spoke softly, and he told me to kiss it, I leaned over and touched it with my lips.

Before I realized what I was doing, I was planting kisses all over the head, and leaving faint, pink traces of my lipstick on it.

I was chagrined and fearful that I could have such a powerful emotion flowing through me. It was uncontrollable. I did not want it to be controlled, either. I felt so utterly womanly.

I felt every stitch of the female clothing that I was wearing, as well as the few inches of not so female reaction that was once again bursting at the front of my panties.

My other hand went up to gently caress his very hairy balls. He was just so masculine compared to me. His maleness excited me. He made me feel even more feminine, if that were possible.

"I want you to suck my cock for me, Bethany. But, I want you to suck it, because your girl self really wants to suck it. I do not want you to suck it because I asked you to do it.

I want you to do it because the girl inside of you really wants to do it for me. I want you to do it because it is something that girls like to do for the guys that they love. This is what girls do. I want to know, does the girl in you really really want to suck my cock... Bethany?"

I hated myself for how I felt. I had no idea of how much I wanted to suck it, but I knew that I did. I really, really did want to feel it in my mouth. I wanted to taste it.

My voice was cracked with my intense emotion, as I continued to hold his penis, and was still moving my fingers gently across that sensitive spot right under the head of his cock. It was where I would have wanted a girl to touch me.

I saw the traces of my rose pink lipstick on it. I raised my eyes slowly, and looked up at him. I felt so small. I felt as though I were vulnerable.

I cleared my throat and answered his question. I was ashamed because I knew that I was telling this near perfect stranger, that I wanted to be his cock sucker.

“Yes... she does.”

“Does she want to, bad enough to ask if she can?”

How much more humiliated could he make me feel? Yet, I knew that I would answer him... the way he wanted to be answered.

“May I... may I suck your cock now, Phil?”

My face burned with the shame of the words. Yet, I felt a very strange kind of freedom, after hearing myself confess to this desire.

I leaned forward again, only this time, my mouth was open.

I felt the dry skin of his cock touch my lips. I felt it caress my lips as I barely dared to even think about what I was going to do... what I was doing.

As I moved my head forward, I felt the dry, hot skin move across my lips, and it entered into my mouth.

This was terribly exciting. I could hardly believe that I was having this much courage to do this thing for him. This went against everything that I had ever felt was right. It took great courage for me to break this taboo. Yet, I was able to do it.

This was a girl thing, an intimate girl thing that I was being allowed to do. I felt kind of privileged to share such an act with real girls. I could not get much more feminine than this, I figured.

I remembered his words of only a few moments earlier, and wondered if they were true about me.

“I want you to do it because it is something that real girls like to do... for the guys that they love.”

I wondered if it was possible that I could feel so many of a real girl's feelings, that I could also fall in love with a guy. Part of me hoped so.

Part of me cried out that this was wrong, but I just had to do it like any other girl might do it, “for the guys that they loved.”

I felt the head of his cock sort of pop, as it went past my stretched lips. Then I felt it as it pressed against the insides of my cheeks, stretching them outward.

I closed my lips when I had about three inches of him inside of me. It filled up my mouth, though. If it went in any further, I knew that I would not be able to breathe. It

felt so strange to be sitting there, dressed up as a girl, and knowing that I had a cock in my mouth.

I licked his cock, and was rewarded with a tremor and a moan from him. So, I locked my lips around his shaft, and I gave it a very gentle suck.

I licked it and sucked it. After a few moments, I moved my head back, then slowly moved it forward again.

I loved the feel of his cock as it moved across my lips, as he filled my mouth again and again and again. I felt so utterly womanly, as I made love to my man.

"Oh, Bethany. You are the very best cock sucker that I had ever had the privilege of blowing me. You are a natural, wench.

*Oh... I love what you do to me, girl... Ahhh... Suck my cock for me pretty Babe... Oh... yes, just like that, Sweetpants. Oh you are such a good fairy girl... I love you, Babe. I... I'll give you anything you want, Babe... Ahhh. You are going to suck it right out of me, Babe... Ahhh... Suck me sweet girl... Suck it right out of your lover, Babe."*

Then suddenly his whole body tensed. I felt his cock get even bigger inside of my mouth. He put his hands on the sides of my head, and he started to pump himself into and out of my mouth.

I watched, fascinated, as the cock went into me, and came out, with a slight tinge of my pink lipstick to it.

I knew that I was going to get a mouthful of his cum. I waited for it. I wanted it.

I locked my lips so that I could suck him harder as he pulled back, and loosened them when he moved back out of me, and locked my lips again when he reentered me.

I did not have to wait long. I felt the spurt of cum hit the top of my mouth, and the back of my throat, one after another. He spurted till my mouth was full of his cum, then he slowed down and very slowly moved back into and out my mouth.

I could feel the thick, salty substance of Phil's cum on my tongue. I liked the new taste. I'd never tasted cum before, and I liked it.

I let the thick stuff roll around on my tongue for a few minutes. It felt kind of like a mouthful of thick pudding.

But the taste was not like pudding. It was a man's cum, and I had it there, because I had sucked it right out of him. I was a femme faggot now.

If anything, it just made me feel more feminine. I knew that this was something that I would want to do again.

When Phil finally pulled his cock out of my mouth, he stood there smiling in a loving way at me. I could see his appreciation in those wonderfully penetrating blue eyes. I melted.

I think that at that moment, that I really fell in love... with this boy.

# # # #

“Well, Bethany. You have done a masterful job of sucking your first cock. You are a natural cock sucker. Are... are you going to eat my cum? I like to watch all the girls as they eat my cum, Bethany. It makes me really turn on to them.”

I looked up at him and smiled. I could feel traces of his cum getting cold, on my lips. I figured that I might as well, after all, I had sucked it out of him.

I licked the lips, and then swallowed the mouthful of cum. Something inside of me tingled, as I was getting the same reward that all real girlfriends were able to get from their boyfriends. I loved it. I felt close to him.

Phil stood there for a moment, smiling at me as he watched me swallow his cum. I felt so inferior to him. But I also knew that it was me, the way I am now, that had gotten him so turned on. My girlishness gave me a sort of control over him, and that pleased me to no end.

After all, I had heard him say that he would give me anything that I asked him for. All I wanted was for him to love me, not just use me for his sex relief.

I watched Phil as he started to undress. He took the rest of his clothes off. I had never looked so closely at a real naked male. He was so very different than I was.

For one thing, he had very hairy legs and chest, and his forearms. I liked it. I wanted to run my hand through his chest hair. He smiled, and slowly turned around in front of me so that I could see how all of him looked.

His shoulders were wide in the back, and he had a smallish waist. I noted that he looked kind of muscular too.

“Well, my lady Bethany, I think that I am going to sleep here... with you tonight. Is that okay with you, Babe?”

This shocked me. I felt lightheaded at the prospect of sleeping with him, while I was his girl, and he was my man.

My panties once again started to bulge with excitement at the prospect of sleeping with a naked man, who wanted to have sex with me, as his girlfriend. I wanted him to stay with me.

“Yes... it is okay with me. My bedroom is down there. I guess that there is not much more that a girl and a guy can do, eh? ”

“Bethany you can also consider yourself to be my new girlfriend. I don't care what you got in your panties. All I care about is that you like to be close to me. That is my idea of a real woman, someone who is not afraid to have a close relationship with a guy.”

Phil sat beside me. He put his left arm around my shoulders. I was not able to resist running my fingers of my left hand through his chest hair. I loved the way it felt

on my finger tips. This was a girl thing to do. I gently teased his nipples with my fingers. They got rock hard.

I slowly worked my hands way down, down over his belly, and down till I was actually fondling his flaccid penis, again. I told him that I could hardly believe that I had actually sucked it a few minutes ago.

I told him that I had always thought that people who did those kind of things were the lowest people on earth. I told him that I could hardly believe that I was now one of them. I told him that it was like a dream, to me.

Phil kissed me and smiled. By whispering in my ear, he told me that if I had trouble believing that I had sucked him, all I had to do was suck him again.

Sucking his cock again would certainly be a reinforcement to my mind, that I had sucked it the first time. He told me that I could suck it whenever I wanted to.

He also told me that my dream was just starting. Then he wanted to know where my bedroom... my ladies boudoir, was.

I took Phil's hand and stood up, and I led him down the hallway and into the bedroom. Now that I had finally found that I really did have all the courage it took to do what real girls do, I wanted to have this virile man make more love me.

I wanted to please him some more. I wanted to do whatever it would take, to please him.

## Chapter Six

When we got to the bedroom, Phil stopped and turned to face me. He searched my eyes for what seemed like an eternity. His eyes penetrated me.

I felt that I had no secrets from this man. I also felt very much his feminine counterpart.

Something from deep inside responded to him. I found that I loved the strange feelings that he was making me experience.

I knew it was perverse, but I could not deny that I loved these feelings that were associated with my being and doing girl things for him. So I stood there, on my high heels, and looked up into his pretty, light blue eyes.

I felt his cock moving against the front of my peignoir, and realized that he had another hard-on. Without a second thought, while still admiring his beautiful eyes, my right hand reached out and gently grasped his cock. I felt like if he really was my boyfriend now, then I had a right to feel his cock whenever I wanted to.

I very slowly masturbated it for him. I loved knowing that I had this much courage after all. I loved knowing that I could do this, because I was being his girl, for him.

Karen had told me how wonderful it felt to kneel in front of a masculine, horny guy. I thought that I might as well find out if that was true. I wanted to feel every submissive feeling that I could, as a girl.

I smiled at him, reached up on my toes to kiss his lips. Then, I told him to just stand where he was for a few minutes. I told him that there was something that I really wanted to do.

I kissed my way back down as I lowered myself to my knees. His cock was even with my eyes. This was the first time that I ever looked so closely at another guy's cock.

I was still holding it. I watched for a moment as I massaged the big tool. Then, I looked up at him. He was smiling at me. I smiled back, to let him know that I really liked my position. He seemed to tower over me. I loved the feeling of submissive servitude that seemed to sweep over my psyche. Now I knew what Karen had meant. She was right. It really was a very, very nice feeling.

I moved my head forward and captured him once again, between my lips. This time, I was not so hesitant. This time, I was quite aggressive in my cock sucking.

I sucked him till he was quite hard, then decided that I would like the rest of it, to come to me, after I had gotten into my bed... with my first boyfriend.

I wanted him to lay in my bed with me, making me really feel the distinct differences between his very maleness, and my fairly newly found, but very much loved, femininity.

Mostly though, I found that I really wanted to please him in all the ways that girls get to please their guys. I wanted to feel his warm, hard body stretched out along my own. I wanted to lay under him as he was kissing me.

I stood up and found that I was hoping he liked me a lot, and that he would want to really become my permanent boyfriend. I hoped that he had meant all that he said earlier, about how much he wanted to be my boyfriend. I did not want my first guy to break my heart. I wanted to be his girlfriend. I wanted to be his, and I wanted to feel like I belonged to him.

Phil reached out and untied the big, floppy bow of my peignoir. He placed his hands on my shoulders and pushed it back off my shoulders. It fell to the floor in a delicate, dainty sounding rustle. Then he raised my night gown over my head, and dropped it on top of the peignoir.

Now all I had on were the bra, which he reached around me to open, the panties with a very large bulge in them, and my slippers.

Phil gently patted the front of my panties, as he kissed me. I felt his scratchy hair on my hairless chest as he squeezed me tightly against him. I felt his cock rubbing mine through the front of my panties. I felt deliriously happy.

Phil then kissed me, again. All I could do was melt into his arms. I think at that moment, I may even have fell in love with him. I watched him as he went over to the bed and raised the covers for me.

I smiled at him, and lightly brushed his cock with my left hand, and my pantied bum, as I climbed into the bed.

A moment later, Phil followed me. In seconds, I was once again wrapped in his strong male arms. I loved the way I felt, the way this guy was making me feel. He made me feel like he really cared about me as a gentle, and feminine person.

I knew that I certainly cared about him as a masculine person. His maleness turned me on so much. I just wanted to be as close as I could ever get to him.

He rolled over on top of me, and I felt his cock poking at the crotch of my panties. I opened my legs for him. Once I felt his cock between my thighs, I closed my legs. I loved the feel of his cock moving between my legs. I wished that I had a real hole for him to put it into.

“Phil, you have no idea how much I wish I had a hole there... for you to fill up with your cock.”

As he bucked about on top of me, his lips were actively kissing me all over my face and my neck. I could feel that he was just about ready to cum, again.

“Bethany?”

“Ummm...?” I responded dreamily.

“You really mean that? What you're saying, if you really mean that, is that you want me to make love to you... so I think that what you really want to do... is to really become a girl. Is that right, Babe?”

“Yeah... I really would. I wish that I was a complete woman.”

This time, when I was confessing my deepest desires to him, I felt no guilt. He knew exactly what I was, and I was fast learning what I was, as well. I really was turned on by the idea of being his lover.

“Bethany, as your guy, there is one thing that I want to do more than anything else. I want to feel myself inside of you. I want to make you my lady.”

“But... I don't have a vagina?”

Phil laughed. “Sure you do. It is in the back, that's all.”

For some reason, that had never occurred to me. I did have some idea of how small that I was back there, and I knew only too well how big his cock was. After all, I had already had it in my mouth for quite a bit of time. I wondered if he could get it in there.

“Will it hurt me, Phil? I... I don't like things that hurt.”

“Yeah... it will hurt some, at the beginning. But you can cut down on the pain by trying to relax your sphincter muscles, and just lay there and let me do all of the work.

I promise that I will be very gentle, Bethany. So, pretty girl, are you game to get yourself laid... just like a real chick?”

“You... you promise that you will be gentle with me, Phil? I'm scared. I don't like to hurt.”

He smiled, kissed me a lot, then promised that he would be very slow and very gentle, because he wanted me to enjoy it so much that I would want him to fuck me again and again.

Then, he asked me if I had any Vaseline. I told him where it was, and he went to get it. When he came back, I could see that he had smeared it all over his cock. He also had towels to protect the sheets from getting soiled.

I looked at his cock, and I got scared as I thought about having all of that thing inside of me. I almost started to cry. I was so nervous and scared.

Phil asked me to lift up as he put the towels on the sheets, under me. Then, he slid the spare pillow under my bum cheeks. He said that he wanted me to lay on my back. He said that doggy style was a lot easier, especially for virgins.

But for me to lose my cherry, he smiled and told me that he wanted me on my back, to take it like a real woman. He said that he wanted me to be able to see his expressions on his face, when he came inside of me, just like a woman.

Phil pulled the blankets up over his back to keep himself warm, and told me to open my legs as wide as I could. He said he wanted to loosen me up a bit. That way, it would not be such a shock when he entered me.

For the first time in my life, I felt something going up inside of me. I felt some discomfort at first, like I was really constipated, or something like that. Phil told me to try and relax and I tried very hard. It helped a bit. But after feeling his finger inside of me for a few minutes, I began to moan as I started to feel pleasure from him.

Then, he put the second finger inside of me. It hurt a bit at first, but after a few moments, it began to contribute to the pleasure.

Phil felt around inside of me, and moved his fingers into and out of me, just like he was fucking me. The way he inserted his fingers and pulled them out of me again, made me think of his fingers as being like a little cock.

He asked me how I was doing, whether there was a lot of pain. I told him that after the first few minutes I was feeling more pleasure than pain. Phil asked if I still wanted to get fucked like a woman. I told him that I thought I did.

I moved around as I was still receiving and losing his fingers as he fucked me with them. He was making me very horny. I felt completely under his control, and I loved it.

Then, Phil placed his weight on top of me. I felt so very weak and vulnerable as my legs were spread wide open to receive him. I wrapped my arms around his shoulders and back, to let him know that I wanted him as close to me as he could get.

I felt the head of his cock as it touched my pussy lips. I felt the pressure as he began to very slowly push it against me. I gasped with the discomfort and the pain. He asked me if I wanted him to stop, and I told him no. I told him that I had to lose my cherry some time, and it might as well be with the man that I loved.

It was only after the words escaped me, that I realized what I had just confessed to. I had confessed to a guy that I loved him.

Thankfully, Phil was very, very slow and gentle. Somehow, I managed to receive him all the way into me. I could feel all of him in me. The idea that I was getting fucked like a girl was so wonderfully exciting that the pressure of his hairy belly moving on my cock, made me orgasm in a delightful experience of sensation.

I felt like he had not just penetrated my new pussy, but that he had somehow penetrated my psyche. I felt that somehow, I had become his because he had entered into my personality.

Suddenly, I felt Phil slowly withdraw himself. When just the head of his cock was in me, he reversed his direction. He kept whispering to me about how much he loved the feel of my tight pussy.

Seductively, Phil grunted out about how much he loved fucking me. He withdrew and pushed back in, over and over again. Soon, I found that the pain began to subside, and I began to really feel pleasure.

I wrapped my legs around him, as though I could use my heels to make him push further into me. Once the pleasure started and the pain stopped, I wanted more of him, and I wanted to feel him as deeply into me as it was possible for him to push into me.

*“Oh... yes... Phil, fuck me... fuck me good... yes... that's right... fuck me like a woman and make me love it... yes... Oh... Phil... I'll do anything for you... make me feel like I am a woman... make me love it... I'll love you... Oh, Phil...”*

*“That's right, Babe... I want to fuck your pretty little brains out... just like you were any other hot and sexy chick. I want you to love it when I fuck you. I want you to love it. I want you to want to get fucked all the time, my pretty little Bethany... Ahhh...”*

I felt him stiffen, then he jerked as I felt his cum spurting deep inside of me. I felt so utterly feminine as I lay there, with his weight on top of me, watching his facial expression as he had his orgasm deep inside of me. I was ecstatic, receiving my new boyfriend's cum inside of me, in the same way that real girls get to receive it.

I knew that it was just the moment, but I really felt a surge of love for this man who had made me face the completeness of my newly discovered feminine nature. I wanted him just like any other girl wants a man to love and to love her. Phil had made a woman out of me, and he had made me realize how utterly feminine that my nature really is.

His weight was pinning me to the bed, and I loved it. This was where I belonged. My arms were wrapped around his neck and I was kissing his bristly face. I could feel him start to shrink inside of me. I felt complete at that moment.

Phil responded with light, gentle kisses all over my face and my neck. He made me feel special. I knew that it was not true, but it made me feel as though he loved me. I felt so wonderful with the idea that a man could love me, as his girl.

Now I knew from experience, why a fairy like Karen was willing to put up with all the hassle and aggravation and prejudice. It was worth it all.

I felt Phil slip out of me. When he did, he rolled off me, and just lay on his back. I could feel his cum as it felt like it was leaking out of me.

I got up and went to the bathroom. I sat on the toilette, to let the cum drain out of me. When I felt that most of it had, I took a face cloth that I had rinsed in warm water, and went back to the bedroom. Phil looked as though he were about to doze off, with a satisfied smirk on his face.

I sat on the bed and reached for his flaccid cock. I gently, and I admit, lovingly began to clean his cock for him. When it was clean, I noticed that he was starting to get hard again.

I was not able to stop myself from leaning over, taking it into my mouth, and try to suck it back to a full erection. I was ashamed of my whorish behavior, yet I loved knowing that I was doing things that normally only girls did for boys.

I was rewarded with a new erection. Phil lay on his back, while he was wreathing his hips around. He was obviously quite pleased with what I was doing to him. But, I did not think that he was as pleased with what I was doing to him, as I was to be doing it.

As my head moved slowly up and down, I felt his rock hardness slide over my lips, as my tongue danced across the underside of his cock.

I knew then, that I would always love having a man, lying helplessly under my lips, as I had my way with him.