



*Reluctant Press*

# Mother's Girl

Deena Gomersall



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. DIAMOND

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**A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL**

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## *Reluctant Press TG Publishers*

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# MOTHER'S GIRL

By Deena Gomersall

## Chapter One: A Loving Son

The day that Stephen Clarke's father, William, left the family house to go live with his attractive young secretary was the day Stephen's world began to turn upside down.

It had all happened without warning... His mother Brenda hadn't even been aware of the illicit affair: She both loved and trusted William - and believed him each time that he said he had to work late at the office without question.

Stephen's mother was devastated. Her husband's departure created a void in her life in more ways than one.

Even though he had left her with the marital home, he had also left her with the mortgage, the bills and the repairs. Brenda was close to the edge of a nervous breakdown, though luckily she had the support and understanding of her sister, Joan.

Stephen was just eight at the time and didn't really understand what was happening. He had cried a lot at first, over the thought of never seeing his dad again - and that only added to his mother's frustrations.

Stephen's mom was able to find temporary, part-time work to help with the finances but suffered in the job by being sexually harassed by some of the cruder males in the office where she worked... At thirty two, she was still a very attractive woman and had kept a shapely figure.

The feeling of resentment for William having walked out on her - and the sexual harassment at work - developed into a mistrust and dislike of all men for Brenda.

Stephen was the only child of the family. Technically, Brenda and William did have another two children before he was born - the first, a girl, which was stillborn and a second, another daughter, who had died of whooping cough at the age of eleven months.

Brenda often dwelled on the loss of her two daughters... especially if poor Stephen, who always tried to be as helpful as possible for his Mom, did anything wrong. He would then be blamed and berated about how useless he and all other males were and how she wished her daughters had lived. Brenda loved her son, in truth, but her pain

overflowed into anger which would be taken out on the nearest symbol of maleness - Stephen.

Stephen grew up under this cloud. Her verbal attacks hurt him, yet he never rebelled or stopped loving his mother. If she had stopped to notice, she would have seen that her son was a godsend to her. He quickly matured - (he had to)- and kept the house in order as, bit by bit, his mother let herself go and just stopped caring.

He was sixteen when he managed to get a job for himself and bring in some much needed extra money, but his efforts were rewarded only by his mother's failing health which prevented her from socializing and hardly ever setting foot outdoors.

Because of the care he was providing for his mom, Stephen was missing out on all the young years of his life. He did have friends but hardly ever had the time to join in their activities or do the kind of things that teenage boys of his age did.

He had girlfriends, occasionally, but they hardly ever lasted more than a few weeks: Although they liked him, they wanted someone who could share more time with them. Poor Stephen hardly ever had time at all between his job, doing the household chores and looking after his sick mother.

Then he met Veronica. She was wonderful and he was very fond of her - and determined not to lose her the same way he had lost the others, vowed to put his Mom second just for once.

Stephen knew that his mother wasn't too ill to look after herself... she merely preferred for *him* to do everything.

It didn't take long for Brenda to start complaining at her son's lack of attention towards her, but she quickly realized that this time she was not going to succeed in manipulating him and that this time he was adamant about living his own life.

She eased off, knowing that she might drive him away. She even began to show an interest in his new girlfriend.

She prompted Stephen to keep himself clean and smart for Veronica and suggested that he let his hair grow and wear it in a pony tail like all the trendier boys were doing. "Girls like long hair on boys these days," She told him.

Because of his strict upbringing, Stephen was always the perfect gentleman on his dates and would never look any further than a goodnight kiss. In fact, because of his sheltered life he was shy regarding sex.

It was then that more tragedy and heartache struck when Brenda's sister, Joan, was killed in a car crash along with her husband. Brenda was devastated and this time, truly did need all the support that she could get from her son.

Brenda became even more withdrawn and depressed, and Stephen had to dedicate much more of his time to her. For all the harsh treatment that he had received from her since his dad left, he still loved her dearly.

At first Veronica was sympathetic towards Stephen's plight and even helped out, believing that Brenda would soon get better and she could see more of Stephen. But the illness dragged on, and Brenda became more and more demanding.

Veronica was well aware that there were other guys waiting to take her out, after six months she grew wary of the situation. She gave her boyfriend an ultimatum: *Your mom or me.*

Although Stephen knew his mom needed his aid, he knew also that there were little things that she could still do for herself which would allow him some freedom to be with Veronica. He was trapped between loyalties.

After much emotional agony, Stephen chose to spend more time with his girlfriend - fearing that to do otherwise would end the relationship. Yet he still wanted to be there for his mom as much as possible. He was trying to be fair.

Brenda didn't see it that way and felt snubbed by her son. She began to liken him to his father...leaving her to fend for herself while he cohabitated with another female. Her relationship with her son hit an all time low - despite Stephen promise to never abandon her.

It wasn't long after Stephen's seventeenth birthday that the next turn of events were to happen, one which would ultimately change his whole life...

He had returned home one evening from his date with Veronica, when he discovered his mom unconscious on the floor and fighting for breath.

With panic in his voice he urgently called for an ambulance and, on it's arrival, traveled to the hospital beside his mom, tears in his eyes and vowing never to forgive himself if anything should happen to her.

Stephen had been waiting in the hospital for well over three hours before a doctor finally came to talk to him.

"Your mother has had a heart attack Stephen. She is stable but, of course we want to keep her to ensure that she has complete rest over the next four or five days. There is nothing for you to worry about, she's sleeping peacefully now so I suggest that you go home and return to see her tomorrow."

Still guilt ridden, but greatly relieved, Stephen took the doctor's advice and went back home to an empty house, feeling very lonely and insecure. His mother had always been there with him, and now, he was all alone.

\* \* \* \* \*

The following day Stephen collected together what little money he had and bought some fruit and fresh flowers to take to the hospital. Asking at reception for ward 29 and Mrs. Brenda Clarke, he was directed to the ward where he then asked again, this time to be directed to where his Mom was.

"Are you a relative of Mrs. Clarke?" The young receptionist asked.

"Yes, I'm her son." Stephen replied.

The receptionist gave him a strange look "Her son? ...I'm sorry but I must have got mixed up, I thought that Mrs. Clarke had just one child...A daughter called Stephanie. I'm sure that is what she said when I spoke to her earlier."

Now it was Stephen's turn to give a quizzical look. "Yes, you must have. I am indeed her only child, but I can assure you that I am a boy."

The receptionist smiled and showed Stephen to where his mom was laying. She looked very pale and weak and didn't speak very much other than to thank her son for coming and bringing the gifts.

From then on Stephen went along to the hospital every day to see her while continuing working and keeping the house immaculate. It gave him very little time to see Veronica and he often felt drained at the times when they did go out. He tried to promise her that it would only be for a few more days, until his mom came home again.

He was visiting on what he believed was her last day before release when he was informed that Brenda had suffered a relapse. He was forced to go home without seeing her but later the same evening the hospital contacted him and informed him that she had again regained consciousness. He was told that he could come and see her that evening..but he ought to contact a Doctor Beecham first.

On his arrival, Stephen asked for the doctor and was shown to his office where he was invited to sit by Dr. Beecham's desk.

"Well Mr. Clarke, your mother is still not well, but conscious and able to talk. Why I have asked for you to contact me before seeing her, is because..she has been asking nurses if she can see her daughter. My files show you to be the only living child of Mrs. Clarke and so I am wondering if you can shed any light on her strange request? Does your Mother have a daughter that lives with your Father perhaps? ..or a child from a previous marriage, maybe one that was given up for adoption?"

Stephen could only answer no to any of the questions. He was as mystified as Dr. Beecham.

At length he was taken to see his Mom but sat in shock by her bedside when she failed to recognize him.

"Mom...it's me...Stephen," He told her.

Brenda became agitated and started to call out to the nurses. "I don't know who this boy is...why is he saying he is my son? Please, take him away from me...who is he, where is my daughter, I want my daughter!"

Stephen sat in shock as his mom cried hysterically. The nurses and Dr. Beecham responded quickly, one nurse giving Brenda an injection in her arm to sedate her while Dr. Beecham gently escorted Stephen from the ward.

"Come on Stephen, you had better leave. Your mom has been sedated now anyway. Quite clearly we have a problem here. It may be hard on you but I do not think that you should visit again until I have had a chance to talk to Mrs. Clarke and try and find out just what is wrong."

\* \* \* \* \*

For the next few days Stephen felt too upset and unsettled by the events to even see Veronica, or do anything else for that matter. Much of the housework was neglected and his job in a local store suffered too. He was extremely upset by the fact that his mom had not recognized him and even more, by way of her having broken down and demanding his removal. He now felt more alone than ever before.

On a Wednesday evening, three days later, the hospital phoned and asked Stephen to come in and see Doctor Beecham once more.

“Hello Mr. Clarke, please sit down.” The Doctor invited. “I have now had several lengthy chats with your Mother since you were last here. She is still under the belief that she has a daughter rather than a son for a reason which I believe could be psychological rather than anything else. She apparently had two daughters who both died within the first year of their birth...you are aware of that fact?”

“Yes, I am.”

“She also suffered psychological trauma and a great deal of emotional hurt when your father left home. Because of this she has built up a mistrust... even a hatred towards all males. She has apparently often wished that you yourself had been a daughter, or that her daughters had lived rather than you. Following her relapse she has somehow managed to block out your existence from her memory. She really does believe that she has a living daughter at home in your place...To try and explain it better, she has created a daughter in her own mind - in replacement of you in order to give herself happiness and fulfillment.

“I..I was aware that she often wished that I had been born a girl...something I have had to put up with.” Stephen agreed.

“Well don't blame yourself about this, I am sure it has no bearing on you whatsoever. I am quite sure that you have been as caring and loving towards your mom as could be possible. If anyone should take the blame, it's your father.

The immediate problem that we are faced with now, is that your mom has built this protective barrier where a daughter exists and you don't. She is longing to see the daughter that she believes she now has, we have stalled her for a time in the hope that she comes out of this delusion but... Well the trouble is Stephen, your mom is getting weaker and weaker and there is a real danger that we could lose her.”

“What can I possibly do? ..what do you suggest?”

“...I was thinking on the lines of presenting your mom with that daughter she so desperately yearns for.”

Stephen looked at the doctor blankly.

“..I was wondering about the possibility of your appearing in front of your Mother as a girl...as her daughter, to see if it gives her the encouragement to fight for life.”

Now Stephen looked shocked.

“You... you, mean you want me to appear as a girl...to wear a dress and all that? No way, Doc, I am very sorry but there is no way that I am doing that. There must be some other way!”

“You do not have to wear a dress, Stephen, just be the image of a girl. I already see that you wear your hair long. Take it out of the pony tail...perhaps a bit of padding under your sweater. You only need to wear a top and jeans like many teenage girls wear. I'm sure that you would look convincing...perhaps a touch of makeup.”

“MAKEUP!! Padding on my chest! No, I won't do it I tell you.” Stephen replied so adamantly that the doctor stopped pursuing the idea.

\* \* \* \* \*

The very next day Stephen was informed from the hospital that his mom was even worse. The doctors had attempted to use nurses pretending to be Mrs. Clarke's daughter, even wearing red wigs - the same color as both Stephen's and Brenda's hair, but she saw right through the disguise.

Because of the deception, Brenda had started to believe that something terrible must have happened to her real daughter- the imaginary Stephanie, why else would the doctors firstly try and make her believe she had a son and then disguise nurses to pose as Stephanie? Was she dead and the doctors were trying to fool her into believing that she was alive? With the belief that her daughter was dead, Brenda went into a deeper decline, giving up her own battle for life.

“Mr. Clarke, is there any other close female relatives in your family ? It is getting desperate, your mother will die unless we can pull off some kind of deception.”

“No, nobody that I know of. I'm an only child, as you know, and mom just had one sister..my Aunt Joan. She had two sons and they both live in France, I have no other cousins or anything.”

Doctor Beecham looked down in defeat.

“Is there absolutely no other way?” Stephen asked. “Is there no other way to save her?”

“It may already be too late, son...your mother is very weak. Perhaps all that I can offer her now would be to die happily knowing this fictitious daughter is really alive...But who knows, love is a very powerful medicine.”

Stephen became very solemn. “Then...I'll do it.” He almost whispered with a great deal of reluctance in his voice.

Obviously, Stephen had no clothes available that would befit a teenage girl, nor had any female relatives to loan something from. On his acceptance, several nurses rushed home to raid their daughters closets, the result being that within a few hours several large piles of girls clothing had been stock piled; dresses, skirts and plenty of feminine, skimpy under things.

On seeing the feminine attire before him, Stephen made clear his intentions: “I'm not going too overboard on this - Jeans and tops would be suitable, you said.” He retorted.

“That's correct, I did, and I'll not pressure you to do otherwise,” Doctor Beecham replied.

Stephen was offered a nurses dressing room to change. There he was assisted by a nurse who handed him a pair of panties that were silky and adorned with a lacy front paneling and more lace around the legs.

“Whoa, I'm not putting those on! I don't see any need as they are not going to be seen anyway, I'll just keep my Jockey shorts on thank you.” He quickly told her.

He did have to consent though in having a brassier fastened around his chest so as to provide him with a feminine shape, but did cut back on the amount of cotton wool padding that was offered.

He found the jeans that had been brought to be rather tight in the crotch and loose in the rear but at least they fastened the 'correct' way. A broad leather belt was added and pulled in to give him some waist.

The black, knitted wool sweater was comfortable to wear but he was devastated to see how much 'the small amount' of bra padding still managed to tent it out in front, making him feel extremely embarrassed.

He wore his own socks with a pair of girls running shoes then proceeded to take his hair out from the pony tail. He had never worn his hair loose since allowing it to grow, even when washing it he would only remove the rubber band just prior to wetting it then gathered it back into a pony tail after quickly toweling it and allowing it to dry naturally.

Seeing it now, he was amazed at it's length and fullness while the nurse carefully brushed it out. It had it's own, natural waviness.

The last and worst touch was a smear of pink lipstick and touch of foundation to add some color and softness to his face.

“This thing had better work after all this!” he muttered to himself.

He was nervous about entering a ward full of people with how he looked and he was hesitant about being led to the bedside of his mother ..afraid not only of her seeing through his disguise but of her causing a scene so that all the other patients and visitors looked and saw that he was really a boy dressed as a girl.

His fears subsided as he looked upon his mother, she looked deathly pale and weak as she lay propped up on a pillow with her eyes closed. Tears began forming in his eyes seeing his mom this way and looking so aged as he really did love her, for all her faults.

“Brenda, Brenda, We have a surprise for you, your daughter's here.” One of the nurses announced, softly shaking Brenda's shoulder.

“Go away. You are all trying to fool me. Why won't you tell me the truth about what has happened to Stephanie ?” Came the weak response from Stephen's mom.

With his heart pounding. Stephen took a deep breath and stepped forwards. “Mom.. mom, it really is me. It's ... Stephanie, I'm here.” He said quietly.

Brenda's eyes flickered open causing Stephen a moments anxiety.

“Stephanie? Stephanie? ” Slowly a smile spread across her pale face. “Oh my darling, it is you..it really is you!” She said as she struggled to lift herself so as to embrace her 'daughter,' though there was barely any strength in her arms to give a cuddle.

The two sat holding hands for several minutes and talked. Stephen found that he really had to use his imagination to invent for himself a completely new character and life as well as a plausible story as to where he had been.

Doctor Beecham would only allow the visit to last ten minutes as he did not want Brenda to exert herself.

“Stephanie must be leaving now, Brenda,” He told the frail woman. “I’m sure that she will call back again tomorrow, but for now, I must ask you to rest.”

With tear filled eyes, Brenda kissed her daughter lovingly before laying back down to rest.

Once out of the room, the doctor was visibly pleased - and relieved.

“Well done Stephen, you did admirably. All that we can do now is sit back and wait. You ought to prepare yourself for the worst as, having now seen you and believing her daughter to be safe and well, she may now pass contentedly away or... possibly... begin to improve.”

“You mean my coming here and appearing like this may well instigate her death?”

“Yes, quite possibly, but understand for you not to have come she would have surely died anyway. This way she dies happy and peaceably. Are you prepared to come back again tomorrow if necessary?”

“Yes, of course.” Stephen replied as he made his way back to the changing room. Secretly, he was reveling in the amount of love that his mom had shown for him... more love than he’d ever had since his father left home. It mattered very little that it wasn’t really for him but his alter ego.

\* \* \* \* \*

Veronica was furious the following day to find, once more, that Stephen could not make a date with her. She was all the more angered by the fact that, although she had offered to accompany him to the hospital, he had refused her pointblank.

“Please try to understand Veronica. Be patient with me and I will explain it all to you tomorrow, if I can.” He told her.

Stephen had no idea if he would be needing to dress up on this visit, or even if he would ever



see his mom again, but, he had no desire to take Veronica and let her see him having to dress as a girl.

On his arrival, almost to his disappointment, he found he would have to dress up again...but at least that meant his mom was still alive.

To his amazement he found his mom sat up talking to a nurse as he entered the door of the ward. Standing there for a moment, wearing a red sweater plus the jeans and running shoes of yesterday, he again tried to pluck up courage.

“Ah!, glad that I've caught you.” The voice of Doctor Beecham sounded as he approached Stephen from behind.

“...Wonderful news. Your mom's a whole lot better today, our little rouse seems to have done the trick.”

“Can I to change back into my own things then?” Stephen asked hopefully.

“Uh... no, not just yet. Let's get her fully back on the road to recovery first. She's been asking if her daughter has arrived yet, so, let's keep the pretense up and see how things develop shall we?”

Brenda's color had returned to her cheeks and she seemed both stronger and livelier as Stephen approached her bed carrying a bunch of flowers. He was aware that this time was going to be tougher than his previous visit as his Mom was much more aware of things now and he would have to talk for longer.

“Stephanie dear, you're here...oh, and what lovely flowers, thank you so much Darling.” Brenda greeted.

Stephen kept his pretense going and related to his Mom all that he had been doing since his last visit, only as a girl.

“It's really wonderful to see you dear, but I wish you wouldn't dress so boyishly..You're such a pretty girl, you should wear lovely dresses..not jeans. And your lovely long hair really does need something doing with it, Sweetheart.” Brenda advised him, causing him to blush. He somehow managed to change the subject up until the end of visiting time.

“Well Mom, I really must be going now, I'll see you again tomorrow though.”

“Thank you so much for coming, It's been really lovely to see you, would you do me a favor for tomorrow ?”

“Yes of course, Mom, What?”

“I would be so thrilled if you dressed up nicely on your visit tomorrow, just for me.”

Stephen avoided committing himself but as soon as he was out of the ward he searched for Doctor Beecham.

“How long do I have to keep this up, Doctor?” he asked directly. “I mean, I will have to put an end to this masquerade sooner or later. If she's getting better then she needs to know that she has a son, not a daughter, right?”

“Perhaps, but for now she firmly believes that her only child is female...and she is not out of the woods yet as far as her recovery is concerned. Let us just continue to play it by ear for the moment, shall we?”

“Well... okay - but I am going no further than this. I feel silly enough as it is, no way am I going to wear a dress for visiting her.”

\* \* \* \* \*

The following morning being a Saturday, Stephen wasn't working so he started cleaning the house. Just before midday Veronica arrived.

“Stephen, I really want to know where I stand with you in our relationship...otherwise were through,” she told him flatly.

“I'm really sorry Veronica, I know that I've been unfair to you, but... Mom nearly died in hospital, it's been touch and go with her.”

“Oh Stephen, I really didn't know.. why didn't you tell me?”

Although she felt sorry for Stephen's plight she couldn't understand why he wouldn't let her go along to the hospital with him. She pointed out that she could have given him some moral support, been there for him.

Seeing that he had no other choice than to come clean, Stephen told her all about how his Mom now believed she had a daughter and how he had to disguise himself in order to pull her through.

“Oh, Stephen! ..No. Heh, I bet you looked simply darling wearing lipstick and with your hair down...come on, I really *must* see you,” She giggled.

Veronica - don't. I feel silly enough as it is. I only did it because mom's life may have depended on it.”

“Of course! ...I'm sorry. I think it was really big of you to do that for your mom, you must really love her...I still think you must have looked sweet.”

“Uh, you'd never believe it, she was hinting on my wearing a dress for tonight's visit,” Stephen laughed.

“REALLY! ...are you going to?”

“No..No way. Boobs and lipstick are as far as I go. Anyway, I really don't think her life now hinges on my wearing a dress to visit her.”

“She may be really disappointed though.”

“Well... then she will just have to be,” Stephen replied adamantly.

Veronica offered once more to accompany Stephen to the hospital that evening but he declined - stating that he would be far too embarrassed about her seeing him. He did offer to meet her after the visit was over though.

\* \* \* \* \*

Although Brenda was continuing to improve, Stephen's visit with her was not a good one. She had expected her daughter Stephanie coming wearing a dress and looking feminine and pretty for her.

She berated Stephen for looking like a tomboy. "I didn't raise my daughter to look like a male ruffian," She yelled, angrily at first, before then breaking down and weeping.

She tried to accuse Stephanie of following in her father's footsteps, siding with him rather than following her mother's wishes. Stephen began to wonder if his mother may actually be pulling a *trick* - and trying to get her son into skirts. Doctor Beecham, however, assured him that this was not the case, she was in a critical and emotional state and was believing all kinds of things.

Stephen was forced to leave when his distressed mother had to be sedated. For the life of him he could not understand why she had reacted like she had simply because he visited her wearing jeans... like half of the young girls of today did. He felt he was already putting himself out a great deal for her, why couldn't she just be happy that he turned up at all ?

"I think it may be wise for you not to come at all tomorrow Stephen," Doctor Beecham advised. "She was making such good progress and tonight's episode just may knock her back a bit."

"Surely you don't blame me?" Stephen asked.

"Not at all, you are doing wonders. Perhaps if you fail to come she may be grateful to have you visit no matter what you wear. I certainly don't blame you."

Stephen left the hospital feeling depressed and made his way to meet Veronica. He was so distressed that he began to cry himself from all the emotional turmoil he had been put through over the last week.

Wiping a tear from his eye he complained to Veronica how unfair it all was. He had done everything for his mom and all he had ever received were complaints and a loathing from her regarding his gender. No praise, no gratitude and very little love ever shown. The one time that he had felt really close and loved by his mom was when she had believed he was a girl and now, after all the sacrifices he had made, she complains about his clothes.

"Don't feel too bad Stephen, she's ill, you have to remember that. She will get better and then she will come to realize and appreciate all that you've ever done for her," Veronica soothed.

That same night, for the very first time during their relationship, Veronica returned home with Stephen and slept with him. They both knew that Stephen really needed someone's love and support.

Despite feeling good about the previous night, Stephen could not calm down on the following day - and he was even worse when evening came. A sense of duty told him that he really ought to be seeing his mom or at least find out how she was. Had she recovered from her distress of last night? Was she worse because of it?

He was soon to find out anyway when the hospital phoned him towards 10:00 PM.

"I'm afraid your mother has relapsed again and is very ill indeed. Is it possible for you to come straight to the hospital as we fear she may not have long left to live."

To save time and get there as quickly as possible, Stephen phoned Veronica - who had a car - asking her if she would pick him up and drive him to the hospital. She didn't hesitate and came round for him within fifteen minutes of the hospital call.

A doctor Adamson met him and filled him in with all that had been happening...

Brenda had apparently been miserable all day long but when visiting time had come and her daughter hadn't arrived she became depressed and had collapsed shortly afterwards.

"So, you must be Stephanie Clarke?" Doctor Adamson asked Veronica as he led them both through the doors to the ward.

"Uh, wait, wait Doctor Adamson," came a voice from behind them. It was the duty nurse. "He can't go into the ward like that, not at such a crucial time."

Doctor Adamson looked bewildered at the nurse. Stephen and Veronica waited while she told him all about Mrs. Clarke's belief that she had a daughter and how Stephen had disguised himself to play the part.

"Well, er... um, I guess you'd better go and change then," he stammered ...while Stephen reddened before his girlfriend.

He was blushing right to his roots as he turned and asked her if she wanted to go and wait for him somewhere.

"Nonsense. I've come here with you, I may as well help you. I can help you to dress," she offered.

Nothing he could say would change her mind and so, with no way out of the embarrassing situation, they both went into the changing room where his bags of female clothes were stored in an unused locker.

Stephen reached for the jeans and top that he had worn on his last visit but was abruptly stopped by Veronica.

"Stephen, don't you think that you ought to wear the dress your mom craves to see her daughter in?" she asked him sincerely. "Think about it, if she dies tonight this would be your last chance to please her. It may just even give her the strength to recover."

Stephen looked beseechingly at his girlfriend but her expression didn't falter. "Oooh, this is ridiculous."

"Why? What's so wrong about it? It's only items of clothing, women wear these things all of the time."

"Women maybe, but in case you didn't notice last night, I am not a woman. I would feel idiotic."

"Foolish? Why? Everyone here knows why you are doing it. It's not like it's some fetish of yours. They all think it's very admirable. Nobody's going to laugh or poke fun at you, they would all think like I do...that you are a sweet, sensitive, compassionate guy."

Dismissing his further protests, Veronica picked out a white, soft knitted jumper and white crinkle skirt with a flare. The hem of the skirt came to just below the knee

but Stephen still felt abashed at showing so much leg. With luck nobody would take notice of the coating of blondish red hair on his legs.

Veronica also found a pair of white, flat heeled slip on shoes in one of the bags and brought them out to wear with the skirt. As a finishing touch she used her own lipstick to trace on his lips and removed her clip-on earrings so as to transfer them to Stephen's lobes. He refused any more makeup and so she relented in just brushing his hair out and then combing it over to one side, holding it in place with a piece of ribbon.

“Have you quite finished humiliating me now?” Stephen asked, he could vaporize.

Veronica took him by the hand and led him out into the ward.

Brenda was awake but looking very ill. Even so, her face lit up on seeing Stephen enter the ward.

“Oh, Stephanie darling, I'm so very glad you came!” she said weakly. “I had started to believe that our silly little disagreement had turned you against me. I couldn't bear that to happen, not after your dad walked out on me.”

She turned her gaze to the young woman with him.

“And who is your pretty friend, dear?”

Brenda had, in fact, seen Veronica many times but in her state of mind had failed to recognize her.

“This is my best friend Veronica, Mommy.” Stephen introduced Veronica as she approached the bedside to lift Brenda's weak hand.

“Stephanie has told me so much about you, Mrs. Clarke, and I just had to come visit with her this evening. I do so hope you recover quickly.”

The visit didn't last too long as Dr. Adamson, Like Dr. Beecham, didn't want Brenda to tire too much. They made ready to depart with both Veronica and Stephen promising to return the very next evening.

As soon as they were out Stephen made a mad dash to the locker rooms and changed back into his own things.

Dropping Stephen back home, Veronica went inside with him and it was the following morning once more, that she prepared to leave.

“I'll see you tonight then, Stephanie,” she mischievously teased.

Stephen reddened.

“Don't, Veronica,” he pleaded. “And you don't have to come tonight if you don't want to.”

“Of course I do! Someone's got to help you into your bra and knickers...besides I promised your mom.”

\* \* \* \* \*

At the regular time Stephen once more walked into the ward to see his mom... dressed in girls clothing. As he had done the day before - to avoid any further trauma - he wore a dress.

This time Veronica had chosen a green, button through dress with a flower patterned, pleated skirt. On his feet he wore floral design, yellow canvas shoes and once more he was decked out in Veronica's large hoop earrings.

Veronica had been concerned about the hair on his legs but he was adamant that nothing would be done with them... other than to cover them with pants or jeans ..if he was lucky.

They managed to see Dr. Beecham this time before his shift ended at 10:00 PM.

"My, oh my! I know you were hesitant about it, but you look very passable as a girl, Stephen...or is it Stephanie?" he praised.

"I guess it had better be Stephanie while I'm dressed like this...so as to spare me any further blushes," Stephen told him.

It seemed that his mom was once more back on the mend again - despite being at death's door the night before, and Stephen was feeling frustrated because his mom's health seemed to depend on whether he was dressed as a female.

During their conversation, relaxing in his chair, Stephen stretched out his legs and his mom immediately noticed the growth of masculine hair on them.

"I don't want to argue again or appear rude dear but, perhaps you ought to give thought to shaving or waxing your legs. You seem to have developed some rather unattractive hair on them."

"Oh it's fine, Mom. My legs suit me just the way they are."

"Very well, darling, but it's such a shame... you have such nice legs. They would look much nicer without that boyish hair. I mean, look at your friend Veronica. She has smooth, silky legs as befits a girl of her age."

Brenda didn't pursue the matter any further, seeing the look on her 'daughter's' face. The last thing she wanted was to upset Stephanie again... and she had already succeeded in getting her to wear a dress.

Just before leaving time Brenda apologized. "I really am sorry for the other night dear. It was unkind of me to press my will on you. You are entitled to wear whatever you choose to wear and it seems that these days young ladies prefer to cover their legs up, so why shouldn't you? Feel free to dress in whatever way you feel most comfortable in on your visits."

Stephen had been given a lifeline in this embarrassing situation and he intended to take full advantage of it: He would visit in jeans from now on.

Brenda's simple reasoning was that, although she preferred her daughter to dress prettily, jeans would be far better than her revealing her awful hirsute legs. She would let that matter drop for the time being.

\* \* \* \* \*

Stephen's hope of having things more or less his own way was short lived now that his girlfriend was in on the act. The number one priority, according to her, was that Stephen should not just look passable as a female, but feminine - in order to please his mom.

“What the hell is this?” he blasted angrily when Veronica came to pick him up the following evening.

“This, my dear girl, is a girdle,” she coolly replied.

“A girdle! What the hell do I need a girdle for? And, I am not a girl!”

“Oh, calm down why don't you. Since you are determined to dress in a more unisex way while trying to pass as a girl, we need work on your figure to compensate. If not, dearest, I'm afraid you simply just look like a man in girl's clothes.”

“Well I *am* a man in girl's clothes!”

“Ah, but do you want everyone to know that?”

“So long as I'm wearing jeans and a jumper with my hair down, I could be taken as either sex... which would be better.”

“Not if people read you as a man while you are wearing lipstick and feminine protrusions sticking out front!”

“Why is it men can never win an argument with a girl?” he moaned as he sat down on the sofa. After a minute or two of pondering, Stephen inquired as to how it went on.

“Easy Sweetheart, it's just like pulling on your underpants, except that you have to kind of roll it over your hips... why not try it?”

Stephen was amazed at the difference the girdle made on him. The garment somehow squeezed his waist in while making it look like his hips were flaring out. They made the lady's jeans fit far better and gave him a slender, shapely appearance.

Veronica finished his dress with a very feminine looking, sleeveless blouse which he was most uncomfortable about wearing.

He was about to put on the running shoes when his girlfriend stopped him and advised him to take off his socks and exchanged the running shoes with a pair of white leather slip on pumps. Although they were low heeled they were extremely feminine looking with a pointed toe and a bow at the front. Worse still was the upper part of his foot and ankles which were exposed between the shoe and the hem of the jeans.

“Really, Veronica, there is no need to go this far,” he complained... feeling both silly and uncomfortable.

“Of course there is! We have to try and get your mom well, and her believing that she has a daughter that she dotes on is the best way to achieve it.”

“You're getting a kick out of this, aren't you?” Stephen hissed, most displeased with all this unwanted feminization.

Veronica merely smiled as she picked up her cosmetic case.

“What are you planning to do now?” Stephen asked warily.

“Make your face up, of course.”

“B..but you do that when we get to the hospital.”

“Well, yes, usually, but you are dressed now, there doesn't seem any point undressing just to get dressed again when we get there.. you may as well go as you are.”

“Hold on, no way! I am not traveling to the hospital in this outfit! I'm going to take these things off and go in my own clothes.”

“Well that's just plain silly. I don't see the point.”

“The point is, I feel sissy enough without more people seeing me... especially my neighbors. What if they saw me? I am *not* going to walk about in public dressed as a girl...it's plenty bad enough that the nurses and a ward full of people seeing me.”

“But the car is out front,” Veronica tried to reason. “It's only a few steps from the door to the car then from the car to the hospital.”

“Yes...a hospital teeming with people that I would have to walk amongst on my way to the ward. Can't you see how embarrassed all of this makes me feel? ..No, no way.”

Veronica knew that Stephen was adamant and so allowed him to undress then dress back into his own things.

\* \* \* \* \*

Once more at the hospital, Stephen and Veronica used the changing room to turn him into Stephanie from the bag of clothes they had taken with them. Soon they were both entering the ward to see Mrs. Clarke.

The visit went much the same as the previous night only Veronica did much more talking herself to Mrs. Clarke, whom she liked. During her conversation with Stephen's mom she invented a story as to how she and Stephanie had become best girlfriends.

As visiting drew to a close ‘both’ girls gave Mrs. Clarke a parting kiss on the cheek before returning to the locker room.

Stephen had a terrible shock as he made for his bag of clothes...they were gone!

They immediately reported the disappearance to the staff nurse and she, several other nurses and a doctor tried to locate the missing clothing or find out who had removed them but, all to no avail.

“Damn. Just what am I supposed to do now ?” Stephen asked despondently, fearing walking about and being “read” by so many people and nurses.

“All we can do is make you look more convincing. You already look pretty good but I think a bit more make-up to hide your masculine features is called for,” Veronica suggested.

In real fear of people seeing he was a boy in female clothing, Stephen could only go along with the idea.

Veronica touched up his lipstick a little more heavily and this time added mascara to his lashes plus eye shadow and rouge. Had he been able to see himself in the mirror he would have seen, as Veronica did, a very attractive girl. As it was, he was far too much in a hurry to get out of there and back home to safety.

He walked through the corridors with Veronica in a petrified state, expecting everyone to start laughing at him or making crude remarks. What he failed to see was the many admiring glances from younger men at the two pretty females.

They eventually reached the safety of the car without a single comment being made and drove home. While Veronica was parking the car up Stephen unlocked the door and rushed inside, putting the kettle on to make a drink of tea and calm his frayed nerves.

Finishing his own drink he went and sat besides Veronica on the sofa, relaxing and completely forgetting that he still had not changed from his female attire.

As they sat together like two teenage girls, Stephen brought out a family photograph album to show Veronica how attractive his mom had been before his father had left and before her illness.

He had to cross his leg at the thigh to balance the book upright, and Veronica took noted the feminine gesture and movement and how attractive his exposed ankle looked above the white pump.

As time got on, Stephen asked Veronica if she wanted to stay the night again, she answered with a tender kiss to his lips.

It was only then, as he felt the compression of his aroused penis that he became aware he hadn't changed. "Hell, I'm still wearing these damn girls clothes!"

As they both brushed their teeth and went up to the bedroom Veronica was thinking mischievously, *You're still wearing your makeup too... but I'm not telling you.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Brenda Clarke was kept in hospital for a further five days and was making a remarkable recovery. It meant that her reluctant son had been forced into dressing and disguising himself for eleven days now.

To be told by the hospital that his mom could be released on the following monday should have been a tremendous relief, but Stephen's joy was overshadowed by major problems.

The first, and least of these was that, being a monday he would have to take the day off work to help her settle back into the house. The largest problem was how did he go about making Stephanie disappear and Stephen return ...Would she accept Stephen or would she have another relapse? This problem prayed on the young man's mind, so much so that he barely slept.

He finally came up with a half idea...not a very good one nor one that was guaranteed to work but, just so that he could test the water without harming his mom, he decided he would try and create an "in-between."

He would make what could be described as a feminine Stephen or a masculine Stephanie. What he needed to do was to have his mom accept that she had a son. It was necessary as, if she returned home believing Stephen was a girl, he would have to portray his alter ego all the time he was indoors and even have to leave the house dressed. It was all too complicated and he had no desire to dress as a girl for such long periods.. he couldn't do it.

Still with his half baked idea, he phoned a hairdressing service that came to your home and asked the stylist to cut it shorter while keeping it in a style that could be brushed into a modern, girls short hair style. What a relief it was to shed his long locks.

That Sunday evening he cleaned his face very carefully and shaved close so as to look fresh skinned. He used the very lightest touches of make-up; a lipstick almost the same as his natural lip color, Just a trace of brown mascara and a light coloring to his cheeks. He brushed his shorn locks into a unisex style then dressed in a black sweater and baggy jeans with a pair of baseball boots, the type of clothing modern day teenagers of either sex often wore. He then sat and waited for Veronica to show up.

Having kept his idea to himself, Veronica was understandably shocked on seeing him and sad that he had lost so much of his feminine looks...something that had been inexplicably exciting to her.

He had a similar reaction from Dr. Beecham who was most concerned on how his mom would react just one day before her release. He could though, understand Stephen's fears and sympathized with his predicament more than Veronica did. Dr. Beecham suggested that he approach his mom on his own until they knew how she would react, her shock was as he expected it to be.

"My God girl, what have you done to your lovely hair? You.. you look like a *boy* like that!"

"Mom, please listen...I am a boy, it's me...Stephen..your son."

"What on earth are you talking about ? I have no son...why are you doing this to me?" She cried.

"Mom please, you have to remember. It's me, it's Stephen. I am a boy, I have brought some photographs of us together, please look at them, I love you, Mom... please accept me."

Brenda swiped the photographs away with her hand and the whole thing began to go desperately wrong as she became hysterical. Stephen looked on in total shock as she began gasping for breath and screaming for the nurse.

Several medics rushed in and wheeled her directly out to the ER as Stephen remained in a stunned state. Tears streaming down his cheeks for what he had done.

His mind told him that probably his only escape from the situation would be if his mom did die...but that was so selfish of him, he didn't want her to die, he loved her. ...Yet, if she were to live, what could he do? He couldn't carry on his pretense of being a girl now...even if he wanted to... and she most likely would never accept him as a boy again.

Veronica tried to comfort him while simultaneously berating him for his hair brained idea - done without warning or anyone's approval.

Dr. Beecham returned several hours later and told the two relieved teenagers that Brenda was stable and resting under sedation. "You gave her a very nasty shock tonight, Stephen.. she nearly died and I still do not know how she will react when she comes out of sedation.

Amidst his tears, Stephen apologized. "I thought I could get her to understand... what was I supposed to do ? I can't keep pretending to be her daughter indefinitely," he sobbed.

"You must understand, your mother has a very weak heart, I do not honestly believe that she has more than a month or two to live anyway."

The doctor's words shocked Stephen.

"We can't do anything to make her better but we would like her to spend her remaining time happily. She was looking forward to returning home and spending her few remaining months with her daughter."

"You mean she knows she is going to die?"

"Yes she does and she has accepted it. Now, with her condition and all, I do not think she will ever accept that she has a son rather than a daughter, her belief is far too well ingrained. I think the kindest and only way is to allow her to carry on believing that she has a daughter for the few weeks that she has remaining... can you do it? Would you be prepared to make that sacrifice, allow your mother a few months of happiness? I know how much I am asking but with our help, and that of your lady friend here.. if she is willing, you can do it, it's not as if we are asking a long time here."

Stephen was too stunned to respond immediately, his tortured mind was in turmoil. Veronica gripped his arm "Of course I will help him, doctor. I will do all that I can."

"I... I didn't know, she had so little time, nobody told me."

"Perhaps that was my fault. I believed if you knew she hadn't long to live you may not have been prepared to do as much as you have done, not deeming it worthwhile," The doctor confessed.

"I'd never have done as I did tonight but, what if she does come back home...it will mean me masquerading as a girl fulltime. What psychological damage can that do to me ?"

"Yes, I suppose it will mean you having to remain in a feminine portrayal while in the house with her but so long as you are happy in knowing you are doing it for the benefit of your mom I don't think it should harm you. I do think that you owe the person who gave you life a little back in return, you could regret it for the rest of your life otherwise. and it would be too late to make amends - a month, two at the most, will soon pass."

Stephen remained scared and apprehensive. "But what about what happened tonight? I told her I was her son, I was male, how do we clear that up? Everything is such a mess now."

"If you are prepared to spend the next two months as Stephanie while you are indoors, then I may have an idea. Come into my office and I will tell you."

\* \* \* \* \*

Doctor Beecham led Stephen and Veronica into his office and invited them each to take a chair around his table.

"The situation with Mrs. Clarke has, I am sure you will agree, got rather out of hand...not least with the stunt you pulled tonight." The Doctor pointed out, pulling no punches. "I am convinced that with Mrs. Clarke's present state of health and mind, that, unless we play our cards very carefully, she will die. She has created the belief in having a daughter and it was your telling her you were her son tonight that has caused this latest relapse. I think that we can repair the damage but only if you continue to masquerade as her daughter. Tell her that you decided on a change of hair-style, a short, modern cut and I will try to convince her that it was she, herself, that over reacted to the new style. Working on her current state of mind, you can tell her that you never said that you were her son, that it was a figment of her imagination triggered off by the new, shorter cut...her seeing you with short hair."

"Do you reckon it will work?" Stephen asked.

"Yes, I believe so, especially if each of us stick to the same story. The trouble is though, you will have already aroused suspicion in her mind. She may well watch out for signs so as to determine whether or not you really are a girl. Because of this you must be foolproof, more convincing than what you are portraying at present."

Stephen didn't like the sound of this idea at all and was in no rush to become more feminine looking than he had so far been.

"So okay, what if she is suspicious and does prove that I am a male, her son and not her daughter, that is what I have been trying to get through to her. She would have to accept me as she did before her heart attack, I can go back to just being me can't I ...I'll tell her how I dressed as her daughter so that she would get better."

The doctor slowly shook his head dashing any hope that Stephen had of getting out of the stupid and embarrassing dressing up situation that he was in.

"No, I'm afraid it's just not going to be that easy Stephen. Like I said, your Mom now firmly believes that she has a real daughter, no amount of proving or trying to convince her otherwise will be of any use. She will simply see you as an impostor trying to fool her once again, it may all be too much for her. I'm afraid as far as your Mother is concerned, Stephen Clarke no longer exists."

"But Doctor, can we really make Stephen so foolproof as not to be detected even when his Mom comes home?" Veronica asked with a hint of excitement in her eyes.

"That largely depends on Stephen's willingness, young lady, but I do truly believe that after tonight he must go all out to look convincing. I'm sure that you can play a major part in helping him."

"Yes.. of course." Veronica eagerly volunteered.

"And I too can play a part. I can help him achieve a much greater degree of femininity and help him feel more comfortable and less embarrassed in playing the role."

"I'm all for anything that will make me less embarrassed Doc, but what do you have in mind?" Stephen asked suspiciously.

The Doctor studied Stephen before answering. "Now, don't go freaking out and getting jumpy but, I could give you a small course of hormone treatment."

Because of his somewhat sheltered life Stephen didn't understand the Doctors idea. "What is that ?"

"Uhm, it's uh, female hormones...you know. They will give you a more girlish look and er, more shape..and such. And, they will help by making you feel just that bit more in tune with being a girl."

"You're joking aren't you? Don't you think it's bad enough having to dress as a girl without feeling like one too?" Stephen answered, still not following the full implications.

"No not really. In girl's clothing you are like a fish out of water, you feel uncomfortable about wearing them. That will show to your Mother, especially if she does return home. I am not intending to change you into a girl, Just help you mentally accept what you are doing."

"And what's this girlish look and shape business? You're not suggesting I grow breasts or anything are you?"

The Doctor looked uncomfortable. "There will be some very small changes brought about, all totally reversible, mostly a softer skin and glowing complexion. As for breasts there would be nothing drastic. prolonged use of hormones will cause some breast development but it takes time, you'll hardly be on hormone treatment long enough."

"But it would be developing? No, no way, I love my Mom dearly but, well she's going to die soon anyway while I may have a pair of tits on my chest and carry the mental scars for the rest of my life."

"You misunderstand me, Stephen. This hormone treatment will be administered just for the duration of your mom's life. Two months is too short for any positive changes to occur and as soon as the treatment is stopped any kind of development will vanish, your own male hormones will counter whatever female hormones were given. I can even give you a booster shot of testosterone, the main male hormone, which will make you more virile after it is all over."

"No, I don't care. I could never get it out of my head, it will remain with me psychologically, all this hormones and living as a girl, I would never feel a complete man again."

"STEPHEN. This is your mom's life we are talking about," Veronica pointed out - incredulous of Stephen's attitude concerning his mom's life.

"Don't start throwing the emotional blackmail stuff at me," Stephen cried out in anguish before running out of the office.

Veronica ran after him, finding him in a corridor sobbing with the sheer mental torment he was experiencing, firmly placed between something he hated doing and the love of his mother. Calming the frightened and emotional boy down, she drove him back home.

On their return they discussed the problem deep into the small hours. Veronica tried telling him how small a sacrifice he would be making after all his mom had done

for him. She tried to instill how small any changes would be and how short a time two months were. She promised him her full support and all the help he needed.

“But this thing will ruin us together. How can you see me in the same way as you do if I'm dressed like you and how can we go out on dates together? I would have to leave the house dressed as a girl every time.”

“Don't you see, I would have all the more love and respect for you if you saw this thing through. There can be times that we can go out on dates from my place, other times we can go out as two girls..best friends or, better still two sisters..it will be fun. Then, when we are alone together you can show me just how much a man you really are. If you think about it, it gives us more time to be together. Your mom would never allow me to sleep over with you if she thought you were her son and me your girlfriend but, if she thinks you are her daughter and me your best friend she would have no objections...girls sleep together all of the time.

Somewhere through their talk, Veronica's logic smoothed out Stephen's main fears and had him prepared to make, what he viewed as, the ultimate sacrifice. He knew that she and the Doctor had spoken truthfully in that, if he said no, the guilt would last longer and burn deeper than anything he was being asked to do. The two youngsters fell asleep on the sofa, wrapped in each others arms, it had been a long night of soul searching and persuasion.

\* \* \* \* \*

Doctor Beecham was very relieved to take the phone call from Veronica the following day.

“We have discussed it thoroughly and Stephen is ready to accept your plans, though he is understandably very nervous and apprehensive about doing it.”

“Yes, I can understand that, I think it is to be expected in the circumstances. Will you see if you can persuade Mr. Clarke to come in and see me before 1:00 PM ..The sooner we start with this thing, the better. I would like to give him a shot and then put him on a course of pills to be taken daily.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Stephen felt he might faint as he sat on the Doctors couch waiting for the Doctor to finish filling the hypodermic needle with a yellowish liquid. His heart pounded and he felt light headed, he began to feel physically sick as the Doctor positioned the needle at his rear and then jabbed. He could feel the stuff entering his body... *he swooned*.

As Doctor Beecham tended the ashen faced boy, giving him a sip of water, Stephen meekly felt his chest with his hands as if checking that no breasts had suddenly sprouted out.

Doctor Beecham laughed. “See, there is nothing there, growth is very gradual, it takes over a year to even reach a young lady's A cup size. You'd have barely started to develop before you are withdrawn.”

As Stephen settled down, feeling more reassured, the Doctor brought up the subject of clothing. “I think we may well have to keep your mom in here for another week owing to last night's relapse. But I suggest that you begin wearing female clothing

about the house as much as you can anyway so as to feel more comfortable and natural in them when she does come out.”

How can wearing female clothing be natural for a boy?" Stephen responded, far from happy at having to dress unnecessarily, as he saw it. "Oh, okay, I'll try."

"Well done. Now I think you ought to start by making more of an effort tonight, we have to win back your mom's trust." The Doctor added.

Once again Stephen mumbled his acceptance but without too much conviction, he really did wish this horrible nightmare could end. He hated the humiliation and embarrassment, he loathed making himself up to look like a girl and wearing sissy clothes but, what choice did he have?

## **Chapter Two: Looking The Part.**

*Stephen hated it...* he looked so terribly girlish. He didn't want to look male enough for people to see that he was a male, obviously, but neither did he want to look this convincing either. In his troubled mind he was thinking: "If I can so easily look like a girl then in reality I cannot be very masculine, can I?"

Veronica had arrived early, almost two hours earlier than she had normally come, so as to work on him. She had first gone by the hospital to pick up all the clothing donated by the nurses - she also brought several garments of her own.

We ought to have these things here so that you don't have to keep changing in the hospital and, more importantly, to replace the clothes you have here. When your mom comes out it will be necessary to have feminine clothing in your drawers and closet, not men's things, so the sooner we put that right the better."

Veronica had then gone on to style Stephen's hair into a sexy, short, modern looking ladies style; parted down the center and with bangs in front. His eyes were dramatically emphasized using eye liner, a deep blue shadow on the lids and three coats of mascara to make his eyelashes thick and fluttery. His skin had been given a beige complexion with a foundation with just a hint of blush added and his full lips coated with a luscious deep plum lipstick.

He had been put into a figure hugging, short sleeved top and tight black leggings, on his feet he wore black pumps with a modern shaped, three inch heel and front strap. Veronica had also given him a green, double breasted jacket with large flap pockets and gold rimmed buttons that had belonged to her. To complete the picture of femininity Stephen had large, gold colored disk earrings clipped to his lobes and a long, chunky, beaded necklace.

In reality, there was nothing ultra sexy or feminine yet it was nothing like a boy would wear. But Stephen was feeling very conscious about what he was wearing and how he looked. He stared pleadingly at his girlfriend in the hope that he didn't have to go out like that.

"Come on Stephanie, let's get it over with. We have to try and patch things up with your mom and have her accept you again, so let's go."

"Do you have to call me Stephanie here?" Stephen challenged

"I will have to when your mom is around, so I may as well get used to calling you that whenever you are dressed.

At the hospital, among all the other visitors and patients who were walking along the corridors, Stephen hardly dared lift his head and look at anyone - he felt sure everyone was pointing him out and laughing at him.

Veronica advised him to go and see his mom first as they reached her ward so as to clear the air and see her reaction to him. Nervous and apprehensive, Stephen peered around the corner... he saw her propped up on pillows and reading even though she looked very drawn and weak. For the longest time he just leaned against the door frame scared to approach her in case she dismissed him as an impostor again.

After what seemed to Stephen like an eternity, Mrs. Clarke saw the solemn figure of her 'daughter'. She lowered her book and gazed.

"Stephanie, how long have you been standing there? Come on in and sit by the bed."

Stephen sheepishly came alongside the bed and was going to try and mutter some kind of excuse about the previous night when his mom cut him off.

"I like your hairstyle dear," She complimented as he took a seat by her bed. "..It does suit you even though I did prefer it longer. I'm so sorry about my reaction last night, I really don't know what came over me, the doctor said that when I saw you with your new, short cut I began calling you a boy and an impostor. I really don't know what is coming over me, maybe it's the medication that I am on. I even thought I could recollect you yourself telling me you were my son and that I didn't have a daughter...it was that terrible belief, that I didn't have a daughter that caused me to relapse. I feel so ill, dear."

Stephen smiled and kissed his mom on the forehead, and then continued the thought.. "Yes, the Doctor told me what you thought I had said. What I was saying to you was 'I have got a boyish haircut' maybe that confused you but I can assure you, Mom, I am your loving daughter and if you prefer me with long hair I will grow it again."

Brenda took her daughter's hand and squeezed it. "Oh, Stephanie, you are such a lovely, thoughtful girl... the best daughter in the world! I didn't mean to nag or interfere but you have such a lovely face and your gorgeous red hair really looks prettier in a longer style."

"Yeah, well I was pretty upset too - they cut it far shorter than I had asked."

"Where is your friend Veronica - hasn't she come tonight?"

"Yes, she is here but she had to go to the bathroom, she will be here shortly," he told her as he signalled Veronica over from where she was waiting.

As Veronica settled by the bedside and became involved in the conversation, Brenda turned to her... "Am I right in remembering that you live in a rooming house on your own dear?"

"Yes Mrs. Clarke that is right."

“Well I have a large house with more bedrooms than I need. I was thinking poor Stephanie must be very lonely on her own in the house and you seem like such a good friend. I wondered, perhaps you could move in with her for company, it will save on the board that you pay and it will stop both of you from being lonely.”

“That’s a very nice offer Mrs. Clarke, but I would have to make sure I still had somewhere to go when you came out of hospital.”

“Well don't think that you'd have to move out on my account, there are four bedrooms so I am sure you could fit in comfortably. Anyway, think about it dear, you are more than welcome.”

On their way back out at the end of the visit Doctor Beecham called Stephen into the office and gave him a box.

“This is your hormone treatment. Take one pill at morning and one at night..don't forget. There is just one other thing that I have to make you aware of.” He began as he cleared his throat and looked serious. “...I hope you do not mind my acting without your consent, but treatment such as female hormones have to be accounted for. Because of this I have sent for your medical file and entered that you are receiving the prescribed amount of estrogen prior to your having sex change surgery.”

“WHAT?!” Stephen gasped in alarm.

“No need to worry Stephen, this is just a cover while you take the course up till your mother's passing away, I would not be allowed to administer it otherwise. When she does die and you withdraw from the treatment I will simply file in that you have had second thoughts about gender reassignment and report that you have now been put on testosterone to counter the imbalance in your body... as I promised you.”



It all sounded technical to Stephen but he trusted that the doctor knew what he was doing and so left it at that.

“You are sure this isn't an obligation to have any surgery, that the books will be changed when it is all through?”

“Trust me,” The doctor replied sincerely.

As Veronica's car drew up at Stephen's house ten minutes later he looked steadily into his girlfriends eyes. “Well, are you going to take Mom up on her offer and keep me company... as well as warm in bed?”

Veronica smiled. “Darling, with your mother's own consent it's an offer too good to miss... besides, someone's got to be here to ensure you take your daily pills and practice your dressing every day.”

“Oh no, what have I just let myself in for?”  
\* \* \* \* \*

The following day was like some kind of dream to Stephen... or was it a nightmare ? Whatever, it was totally unreal. Veronica wasted no time in moving her things from the rooming house to his house while he was out at work and had gathered up and put most of his male things in boxes, replacing them with his new wardrobe of feminine clothes.

She cleared off the top of his chest of drawers and placed a large mirror on top, surrounding it with an array of scents, cosmetics and toiletries of every description.

In one of the spare rooms she placed her own clothing plus several items of Stephen's male clothes for him to wear to work. She managed in a very short time to make his old male bedroom look feminine enough to befit any young girl, even adorning the walls with posters of pop groups and heart throbs.

He was greatly surprised by the changes that had occurred while he had been at work but he was even more shocked at the way Veronica suddenly took control of everything.

“Right Stephanie, I've got you a bath all ready, go on up and have a good soak...and don't forget to dress more appropriately before coming back down. There is a fresh change of clothing set out on your bed.” She told him immediately that he'd set foot through the door.

Stephen was instantly aware of the fragrance coming from the bathroom. The water had been scented and was full of foamy bubbles, he dreaded to think what she may have chosen for him to wear.

After his bath he was forced to leave the bathroom in a fluffy, lavender colored toweling bath gown that had been hung up for him on the back of the door and he padded into his bedroom in feminine slippers.

On his inspection, the supple changes to his room seemed far greater to him than they actually were and he became distraught at seeing all the makeup and perfumes on top of his drawers.

At least the clothing set out for him wasn't as bad as he had feared. There was a red woolly sweater, peach colored satin panties and a matching padded bra along with a pair of cream colored stirrup pants and a pair of black leather loafers. He decided to cheat on wearing the panties by wearing a pair of his jockey shorts instead.

He was immediately thwarted however as soon as he opened his underwear drawer and found it stuffed with panties, bras and packets of pantyhose.

“What the...! She needn't think I am wearing pantyhose, there is just no need, and where are all my things?”

Stephen was just as stunned to find, on inspection, that his shirts, pants and tee shirts were all replaced with blouses, tops and lacy bodysuits; slacks, leggings and skirts. This was a terrible nightmare.

The voice of Veronica speaking from behind startled him. “Come on sweetheart, dinner's nearly ready and you still haven't dressed, you haven't even dried your hair or put your make-up on.

“But I don't need make-up on to eat dinner.” He protested.

“Stephanie, of course you do. A girl always has to look her best and besides, it will save you time later... you'll only have to touch-up a bit before going to the hospital.”

“Please don't calling me Stephanie when we are alone,” he pleaded.

“But it's important sweetheart, so that we do it without thinking when your mom comes out.”

Stephen wondered where his argument had gone as Veronica helped him dress in the things she had chosen for him, dried his hair and styled it and the applied his makeup. He began to wonder if she was actually getting a kick out of this.

\* \* \* \* \*

Each day was similar after that: Veronica would arrive at the house from her job, start the meal, run a bath for her boyfriend and set out some clothes for him to wear. She ensured that he took a pill each and every morning and again before they went to bed. The only relief that he had from this enforced femininity was his growing love for Veronica... it was so good to be able to sleep with her every night and for her to fill the emptiness of the house - even sharing in the workload that he alone had normally had to do.

By Saturday of the same week Stephen had gradually become used to his new routine and had started to accept everything that Veronica prepared for him without question.

Taking his hormone pills for the first two days had been a terrifying ordeal and he was scared of somehow instantly turning into a girl... he even had nightmares about them. As he began to realize that there would be no instantaneous affects, however, he began to just pop them into his mouth each time he was given one.

He was wary about how carefully Veronica 'tidied' him up though ...as she put it. For instance his nails; he had formerly cut them down just as soon as he realized they were getting long. Now, Veronica tidied them up each evening... not clipping them but

filing them, not rounding them but shaping them. He was becoming worried that someone at his place of work would notice.

The notion that his mom could be released at any day now was dropped as, although she was no worse, she still was not getting any better, certainly not well enough to come home. Stephen began to wonder if she may never return home, that she would die in hospital. If so, all of this charade that he was going through at home would be for nothing, all the changes to his home and wardrobe, pointless.

Veronica had continued to make changes...bringing things in, adding things, repainting in delicate colors. Anyone visiting the house for a first time would have the immediate impression that only women lived here, there being nothing manly about the decor at all. "Yes." He sighed. "...all for nothing. But if she does die in hospital at least then I can change things back to the way they were and get out of this terrible cross dressing for once and for all."

\* \* \* \* \*

That afternoon Veronica suggested that they go to the tennis courts at the local park and play a game, return home for a quick meal and then get ready to visit Mrs. Clarke.

Stephen enjoyed a game of tennis and fancied the idea until he realized that Veronica was suggesting he go out dressed as Stephanie.

In reply to his protests she told him that before too long he would have to be leaving the house wearing women's clothing in public anyway. "...and you already wear them to the hospital."

"Yeah, maybe, but...I feel safer there and nobody has time to scrutinize me, they are all too busy coming and going. It will be much different in a public place where there will be lots of people just being leisurely, including men and groups of boys."

Yet again however, as she always seemed to do, Veronica got her way. Within the hour Stephen walked out of the front door in sheer panic, wearing a white top and black cardigan, black slacks and a pair of slip on's. He may not have felt too bad with what he was wearing but for the all telling twin mounds that tented out from the front. How could he ever get used to such a feminine presence? Carrying his sports bag and racket he quickly climbed into the passenger side of Veronica's car.

At the courts they each went into a changing cubicle but he flipped when he discovered that the short sleeved shirt and shorts he had packed into his bag had been replaced by a purple short sleeved blouse with white trim and a pleated, white tennis skirt. As he cried out his protests Veronica entered his cubicle.

"I cannot go out wearing these!"

"Well you would look a whole lot stranger if you went out in the things that you'd packed, what with those boobs jutting out in front an' all." Veronica calmly replied.

"Veronica, for your information, I intended to take the bra off and comb my hair into a ponytail."

"Yeah, and still wearing your makeup too?"

"I'd wipe it off," Stephen quickly replied, having forgotten about having makeup on.

"Like hell you'll wipe it off. You have really got to get used to being seen in different circumstances as a girl so that you will feel better about it, sweetheart."

"Uh, well I can't wear this skirt anyway, it's too short and will show off the hair on my legs."

"Your hair is light colored and not too heavy, nobody will notice from a distance and as we will be the only ones in our court it will never be noticed, I promise you."

It took quite some persuasion but after ten minutes Stephen stepped out of the changing rooms wearing the purple top and flaring white skirt that barely concealed his white satin panties. He also wore fluffy white sports socks and girls white sports shoes with pink laces and piping. He felt very nervous and embarrassed as he walked out to face Veronica.

Once the game got underway and he had to quickly return her serve... his mind became too preoccupied to dwell on what he was wearing or if anyone was watching him. He almost enjoyed the freedom of his legs and the cool fresh breeze around them.

In spite of losing five sets to love he had really enjoyed the game and he'd had more fun than at any time since his mom had gone into hospital.

He gallantly applauded the victor as they returned to the changing rooms laughing merrily. "I really enjoyed that." he enthralled, "We really must have another game some time, I was a bit rusty out there but I swear next time I will whip your ass!"

Veronica playfully whacked his bottom with her racket. "Huh, you *wish!*" She laughed.

\* \* \* \* \*

The following day being a Sunday they both slept in until late, then, for the remainder of the day Veronica attempted to show her boyfriend a few female mannerisms and gestures while ironing out his typical male ways of sitting and walking. She worked very hard, telling him that unless he perfected it someone would see through his disguise. She had him repeating everything she showed him over and over again.

"Hey! Slow down will you?" Stephen complained. "If you drill this stuff too deeply into me I will be doing these things at work too, or unable to stop doing them after Mom passes away."

"Stop worrying, you'll be all right, just worry about being read as a male unless you perfect moving like a female...and I am not just talking about your mom reading you but everybody. It could cause you a whole lot of embarrassment so I suggest you get to work on it."

"Huh, it's been causing me embarrassment ever since Mom took ill." Stephen complained miserably.

\* \* \* \* \*

He never thought things could get any worse than they already were - dressing in girl's things as soon as he got home from work and then having to rush out to see his mom.

He didn't even get a reprieve from femininity at bedtime as Veronica always insisted that he wear a night dress and, of late, it was she who lay on top of him and took control of their lovemaking, screwing him almost as if he was the girl and she the man. He did try to resume his normal missionary position but she always forced him back onto his back.

Then, on the following Tuesday, things got worse. Mrs. Hutchinson, a nosy old neighbor from down the road bumped into both him and Veronica as they were leaving for the hospital.

"Excuse me," she called out. "I hope that you don't think me rude or nosy..." Stephen, his head bowed low in embarrassment, rolled his eyes at her statement. "...but I couldn't help notice the two of you coming out of number twenty three. I've noticed you both several times before...do you know the Clarke family?"

As Stephen tried to think of a reply whilst trying to hide his face he heard Veronica speak. "Oh, yes indeed, Stephanie here is Mrs. Clarke's daughter."

Stephen shuddered in embarrassed agony. Veronica had made a mistake; Mrs. Hutchinson knew the family... he desperately wished the old bag to go away.

"NO !.. really? I never knew that Brenda had a daughter. Are you really, dear ?"

"Uhm..yes." He replied in his practiced, higher voice. "I... er, I've been living in France with my older cousin Graham since mom and dad split up. I've come back home to help look after the house and my brother, Stephen."

His story was a believable one. Mrs. Hutchinson hadn't really known his family before the split but she did know of relations living in France. It alleviated and suspicions that she may have had and answered her curiosity.

"Oh yes, I remember Graham and Terry - they came over for the funeral when Joan... you're mom's sister was killed in that terrible crash. I still don't recall having seen you though dear, how is your mom?"

"Well, as you ask we are just on our way to see her now. We really must dash or we will be late. "I'll tell her that you were asking about her Mrs. Hu...er what is your name?"

"Mrs. Hutchinson dear, Freda Hutchinson...is Stephen not going with you?"

"I'm sorry Mrs. Hutchinson but we really do have to go now, bye." Veronica stepped in as they quickly climbed into the car before the neighbor could ask who the other girl was.

"Wow, that was close. I nearly called her by her name before I was supposed to know it." Stephen sighed.

"Yeah, I noticed."

\* \* \* \* \*

It was two days later that Veronica over heard two women talking together in a local store all about Brenda Clarke having an illegitimate daughter who had come over from France to stay in her mother's house. Mrs. Hutchinson had obviously got the gossip rolling and others had put their own version onto it. At least with that knowledge, Ste-

phen no longer had to feel nervous about going out into public when dressed as everyone would take him for being the illegitimate daughter of Mrs. Clarke.

This deception was further enhanced when the next door neighbor stopped Veronica on her return to ask of Mrs. Clarke's welfare. It was obvious that she was fishing for information so Veronica cast the bait.

"Yes Mrs. Clarke is doing fine thank you and no, I am not Stephanie, I'm Stephanie's friend Veronica...I'm living in and helping her manage the house."

"I always thought young Stephen did the household chores - here *is* he? I haven't seen him for the past few weeks."

"Oh, didn't you hear? Stephen has gone on a works training program at a college down south. Actually, things aren't too good because of that."

"Why... whatever has happened?"

"Well, Stephen was sent by his work boss. It was 'go or face losing his job.' Naturally, Mrs. Clarke was upset about him going while she was ill... not understanding that he could do nothing about it. Anyway, she has disowned him completely."

"NEVER! ..Oh my Lord."

"Yes it's true. She got really angry. The doctors believe it's been made worse because of her condition but she is actually telling everyone that she never had a son at all... poor Stephen, he only went so as to keep his job which he needed to pay the house bills while his mom was in hospital. He is so upset himself at being cast out and disowned that he has threatened never to come back."

"My, that poor boy, and after everything he has done. I sure have a few things to put over to Mrs. Hutchinson if this is all true."

Veronica was sure that the neighbor swallowed every word and equally sure that pretty soon she would spread the gossip throughout the neighborhood. She knew this would now give Stephanie her freedom and explain Stephen's whereabouts. It also covered for when Brenda came out of hospital telling everyone how she had a daughter but never had a son.

She didn't know that the neighbors were already saying what a fine daughter Brenda had... to come rushing over from France in her mother's hour of need. Some were making comparison's with the family similarities, how Stephanie looked just like her mom and how she could almost be Stephen's twin.

Stephen was far from pleased as Veronica gushed out how clever she had been in laying the story.

"Oh fine, that's just great." he moaned. "So, I am free to walk about as my pretend sister without fear of recognition as being Stephen or without being ridiculed... but just how does Stephen go to and come back from work without his being seen, may I ask? And when do I get the chance to be myself and free from this disguise?"

Veronica had not been as clever as she had thought. Her weak solution was for him to leave the house each morning dressed as Stephanie wearing a touch of lipstick and

whatever just in case anyone was looking. she would drive him to work and he could change into his own things along the way, she would then pick him up in the evening.

It all seemed very messy and complicated but there didn't seem to be any other way at the moment. Stephen tried to point out to her that their neighbor must not have seen him coming and going to work over the last few weeks and maybe they still wouldn't. Veronica however challenged that by saying that there was always the chance that someone would see him... someone who had heard the story she had just concocted.

On their Saturday visit to the hospital Doctor Beecham told them that he was still concerned for Mrs. Clarke's health and could not foresee the hospital being able to release her back home.

"She is more ill than she actually looks. It is imperative at this stage that you keep up the disguise, anymore set backs really could finish her off. She is happy and stable whilst in the belief that she has a loving daughter...keep up the good work."

The following morning when Stephen finally rolled out of bed he made what seemed at first, to be a strange request to Veronica...

"Have you got one of those bra's that are made of that soft silky material? I wore one a couple of weeks ago."

"What... you mean a satin one that goes with the matching panties? Hey! Don't tell me that you are actually starting to enjoy the feel of girl's clothes."

"Well, not really, no. But the cotton ones that I have been wearing lately are a bit rough on me and causing an irritation around my nipples - either them or the padding that I have to use. My nipples are becoming really sore."

Veronica asked to see them and saw that they were slightly puffy with an elongated nipple as well as the aureole being slightly darker. She smiled to herself but kept quiet what was on her mind..

"Hold on, sweetie, I have some cold cream that may relieve them a bit - I'll go get it." She sped off to the spare bedroom where she kept her things. She removed a white jar that contained hormone based breast development cream. This had not been prescribed by the doctor - it was her own contribution to Stephanie's feminization that she had purchased from a health center.

"Here you go, just rub this in morning and night," she informed her hapless boyfriend. "It will help soothe the soreness."

"Gee, it's cold!" Stephen complained as he put a dollop of the stuff onto his nipple.  
\* \* \* \* \*

Things got worse the following day...

Stephen, having to endure leaving the house as Stephanie and changing back into his own things inside the car so as to go into work, began to detect a different atmosphere amongst the other male workers.

He sensed that he was being talked about and that he was often being watched. Occasionally, a group of men would laugh out loud as he passed by.

As he became self conscious, his work began to deteriorate.

On a positive note, if it could be regarded as such, he began to feel more comfortable about being dressed as Stephanie. He certainly no longer feared discovery and he had to admit that he not only made a convincing female but a darned attractive one too.

As he sat waiting for Veronica to ready for their visit later that evening, he took a look at himself in the mirror. There in the reflection he saw himself wearing an orange jacket and tight, smooth, black leggings. He had his right leg crossed primly over the left knee with his hands clasped demurely in front of him.

On his feet he wore 1 inch sling- back shoes. His reddish hair was brushed and lacquered into a young girls modern style and large, pendant type, earrings clasped on his lobes and framed his face. His beard growth had never been strong and now, possibly because of close shaving twice a day and with the constant use of creams and moisturizers his face appeared soft and smooth.

He wore only a delicate amount of mascara on his lashes, a light lipstick and a hint of blue eye shadow. Far from him feeling uncomfortable at looking so feminine, he felt quite pleased with the effect. This was a girl he could fall for and ....*that girl was him.*

Before all of this, Stephen was always critical about his own looks finding features about his face or faults that he was far from happy with. Stephanie, on the other hand looked flawless and he now reveled in the soft, comfortable feel of women's clothing... they made him feel so relaxed and stress free somehow.

As always, Brenda was pleased to see him and hugged and kissed him with an affection he had been denied as her son. His mom's stronger feelings towards him made Stephen's own love for her all the greater.

He knew that he would do everything he could to keep her happy while she was alive, maybe even giving her the will to live. This however caused conflicting emotions within himself, he wanted her to live yet while she was alive he had to continue his double lifestyle. Although he was feeling more comfortable now *en femme*, he did not want to lose touch with his own masculine identity.

\* \* \* \* \*

The weekend arrived once again.

It was now the beginning of May and Stephen was immersed in the role of Stephanie. The day was hot and he had a fancy for sitting out in the garden to take some sun and a little fresh air.

He had been keeping a low profile so far, not wishing to see any neighbors, only leaving the house to go to the hospital or into work. But today was just too stuffy to stay indoors.

Not wanting to overemphasize things yet needing to maintain his disguise... just in case - he donned a pair of Veronica's tight fitting turn-up denim jeans, a sleeveless, black polo necked sweater and a pair of sunglasses to save having to make his face up (though he did trace a bright red lipstick across his lips).

One thing that he didn't have to bother with was his hair... somehow, yesterday, Veronica had talked him into letting her perm it for him, telling him that it would make it easier to manage and style. Now it was all in tight curls, swept back off his forehead and looking very feminine.

If that hadn't been bad enough, all because once when returning from hospital one of his earrings had dropped off and was lost, he had also gotten his ears pierced. So... now he had rhinestone studs in each lobe, and they were easily visible because of his backswept hairstyle.

Of course, he shouldn't really have expected to be left in peace. He had just settled down in the lounge, soaking up the sun and closing his eyes behind the shades when he heard the voice of Mrs. Hibbit, the next door neighbor, calling to him from over her side of the fence.

"Hello, hello young lady."

"Goddamn it," Stephen cursed through his pretty red lips.

"Hello..it's Stephanie isn't it? Would you mind if I come round?"

Stephen lifted up his sunglasses and made ready to glare at her, only to find she was not there, within a minute she was in his back garden. Mrs. Hibbit could talk the hind legs off a jackass.

"Hello dear, I am your next door neighbor, Mrs. Hibbit - but you can call me 'Mary' if you wish - I thought it was you ..are you taking a bit of sun dear? I saw your friend the other day.. was it Valerie er, no.. Veronica - that's it. Well she was telling me that your mom is now more stable. I am so pleased! I was surprised to hear about your brother Stephen, though... have you heard from him? ...I was telling Mrs. Rollings down the road how surprised I was... he always seemed such a nice lad..."

*Christ! She hasn't stopped for breath once,* Stephen thought to himself. He was getting exhausted just listening to her.

As it was he didn't have to try hard to lift his voice, being confined as he was to the odd nod of agreement, shake of head in mock disbelief and an occasional "Hm -Yes (or No)."

Through the barrage of words he discovered that everyone among the usual clique of busybodies now believed that he was Stephanie from France and Stephen was down South on a training course and unlikely to return.

Finally, after more than an hour, it was over. *Stephen continued to try and relax in the sun while periodically rubbing at his itchy nipples.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Sunday morning had Stephen and Veronica once more preparing to go down to the tennis courts.. but not before a little disagreement had been resolved.

"...No, I will not," Stephen protested. "I didn't the last time that we went and you said yourself then that nobody would be close enough to notice me, so why now? I am prepared to wear a tennis skirt again... to please you, but I am not going to remove the hair from my legs."

“But Steve, your legs will look and feel much better for it, honest. It's only a bit of hair for Christ's sake and when the weather becomes even hotter your legs will feel so much cooler under those ski pants and leggings that you insist on wearing.”

“I don't care. I've done perfectly well all my life with hair on my legs while wearing men's pants or jeans in hot weather... and it is NOT just a bit of hair..it happens to be my last remnant of masculinity. I won't do it!”

“Actually your last bit of masculinity is quite safely tucked between your legs... and there it will stay. But think, darling, when your mom comes out you are going to have to wear dresses at some stage and you cannot have hairy legs and wear a dress.”

“Who said anything about wearing a dress? I am okay in what I am wearing, anyway. We don't have time to do my legs now, we won't get a court if we don't hurry.”

“Yes we *do* have time. I bought some depilatory cream that dissolves the hair in a matter of minutes. Won't you try it? For me? ...Pretty please.”

Why was it that every time Veronica pouted and then kissed his ear he buckled to her whim and gave in to her?

\* \* \*

Stephen was stunned. He was looking down at a strangers legs that looked pale, almost white... smooth, shiny, almost rounded looking. They felt funny, almost rubbery to touch... *so very smooth.*

“Now who's wasting time.. let's get going shall we?” Veronica demanded.

Boy did his legs ever feel strange to him when he put his ski pants on. He could sense his soft, hypersensitive skin rubbing pleasantly against the soft fabric. They looked strange to him all over again when he changed into his tennis skirt. In fact, they looked *shapely*. The cool air felt different too, rushing around his naked legs as he ran to hit the ball.

Again Veronica beat him soundly but he felt that it had been much closer this time.

“How come I keep losing to you?”

“Because women are superior to men!”

“No they are not! Male tennis players are much better than women.”

“Who said? Why do you think men never play against women on court? So they don't get shown up, that's why. Who plays best in mixed doubles? Answer me that! And who beat who today, Huh?”

\* \* \* \* \*

Now that he had smooth hairless legs, Veronica tried to coax her feminized boyfriend into wearing a dress or at least a skirt to go and see his mom that evening by telling him how much it would please her.

Stephen emphatically refused, saying how much he had already done to please her in the whole stupid charade. He'd had his hair permed, ears pierced, legs denuded... he would suffer nothing else.

“Please try to remember, I am still a male and I want to try and retain at least some part of me. I have sacrificed quite enough already! I will not wear a dress or a skirt, period.”

Veronica did not try to pursue the matter but gave him a pair of long dangling earrings to wear along with a string of beads in five different colors. The earrings were so long that they brushed his shoulders. Stephen probably would have refused them had Veronica not bought them for him as a special gift... he did not want to hurt her feelings or seem ungrateful.

He was also given to wear what he considered to be a far too feminine purple synthetic top with a low neckline. This garment belonged to Veronica and she had brought it out specially for him to wear. Not for the last time did he wish that all this madness would soon end.

It didn't end.. it worsened.

The next day while getting ready to go to work, Stephen was devastated at not being able to get his hair to look anything other than feminine. He was equally horrified when Veronica would not allow him to take out the studs from his ears - telling him that if he did the holes would close up.

“But I'll have to, I can't go into work with these in my ears!”

“Of course you can... I told you, it's fashionable. Men wear all manner of girlish things nowadays! I'll bet you will be the center of attention at work - you wait and see.”

Veronica never spoke a truer word: He was the center of attention, but for all the wrong reasons.

Stephen's work mates openly laughed... blowing kisses and waving limp wrists at him. He was humiliated beyond belief, several times having the greatest desire to run out of there and never go back.

So bad had he felt that, on returning home, he flatly refused to put anything feminine on at all, including dressing to see his Mom that night.

“But Stephen, you can't go as you are, you know what that may cause. Come on, Sweetheart, you have endured so much all this time, it would be stupid to bail out now.”

It was all to no avail, he was adamant. Veronica ended up going by herself to see Mrs. Clarke, leaving Stephen to sit at home and sulk. On her return she told him that she had informed his mom that her daughter was having a heavy period. The excuse caused Stephen embarrassment but, according to Veronica, it had worked.

Not unexpectedly, Stephen was very reluctant to go into work the following morning, having no wish to face another day of ridicule. While Veronica had been visiting his mom the evening before, he had tried washing his hair over and over again - attempting to get the perm out. But to no avail.

Veronica nagged him to go in, saying he couldn't afford not to Rather than leave the house as Stephanie, he donned a long overcoat to cover over his male clothing that he wore beneath, the sunglasses to cover his face, and he sped to the car.

His worst fears came true. Almost immediately upon his arrival at work he received more scoffs and sarcasm. At midmorning, he was called to the office by his boss, Mr. Robinson.

“Take a seat, Clarke. What employees chose to do in their own time, by and large, is their own business... what goes on in this workplace is mine,” he began.

“It has come to your supervisor's notice that, over the last few weeks you have been coming into work with traces of women's makeup on your face.”

The sudden accusation made the blood drain from Stephen's face and he felt a cold sweat break out on his forehead.

“Then, yesterday, you came into work with your hair permed in a feminine way and wearing studs in your ears.”

Stephen now felt like just curling up and dying. He had no will power to challenge the accusation or to try and give his reasons.

“Like I said, Stephen, what you do in your private life is your affair. But it is affecting my work-force and, consequently affecting your work too.

“You have been making a series of errors and your normal standards have dropped remarkably. This thing is not going to resolve itself... I know that you are experiencing ridicule by other members of staff and there is a great amount of unrest going on at the moment. I believe the only way to remedy the problem and get my business back to operating smoothly is to give you your notice.”

Very little of what Mr. Robinson continued saying was now actually registering. Stephen was not just shocked but deeply embarrassed right through to his very fabric. He had never had the slightest suspicion that traces of makeup were on his face for all to see.

“I really am sorry I have to take this course of action Stephen, but it is the only option open to me. I am not trying to persecute you... each to his own I say. If you enjoy dressing up as a woman that's up to you,” Mr Robinson continued, now in a gentler, less business-like tone. “You are a good worker and I am sorry to have to lose you.

“I know the problems you are having with your mother. Maybe what you are doing is a cry for help... have you considered counseling? I can recommend a good shrink if you are interested”

“Thank you sir but I really feel I can handle things myself,” Stephen replied.

“Well, it's up to you. If you do need to talk feel free to contact me. I hear that cross-dressing is more common than people realize.”

“Will you require that I work through my two-week notice?”

“As a rule that is our requirement. But in your case, to spare you further embarrassment you can leave immediately. I will make your paycheck up to the end of the week and include any vacation money. I'll send it on to you and provide you with a reference if you need one.”

Stephen walked away totally stunned. He had to make his own way home, having no money on him. He had to make sure nobody was around as he slipped into the house.

### Chapter Three: Deeper And Deeper

Veronica returned home fuming having just waited for over half an hour outside Stephen's workplace to pick him up. She was even angrier when she heard what he had to say.

“Stop feeling so sorry for yourself! At least you are alive and well. Your mom is at death's door and unless you want to put the final nail in her coffin you cannot pack your disguise in. Also, we must continue for you to be Stephanie to the neighbors for when your mom comes out of hospital... if you dress as Stephen again all the neighbors will think he has returned to live, then we are back to square one and we will have all the trouble of disposing of Stephen again. If we don't get rid of him your mom will be aware, via your neighbors, that she has a son.

“Everything will come out again and this time you will kill her... do you want her death on your conscience?”

The distraught boy felt too down and full of his own woe's to care about anyone else. Once again he refused to dress to see his mom that evening - and he also refused his hormone pill.

There seemed no point in trying to push him just yet... that would only cause him to be more resolute. For the second night running, she left him by himself and went to see Mrs. Clarke.

Whether he wanted them or not, she made sure that he took his prescribed hormones... both in his food and his drink.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three days had elapsed. Stephen was still withdrawn and depressed. He hadn't been out of the house since losing his job.

Veronica decided to try again.. telling him how his mom was missing him and how she was seeming a bit more poorly of late.

“How are you going to feel if she dies in hospital without and you haven't visited? You know that although the doctor gave her two months to live she could pass away at any time... how will you feel if you weren't there to say a last good-bye? Think about it, won't you?”

Stephen thought about it. He did not want to go back to masquerading as a girl. He hated the very thought. But he did want to see his mom again. Also, he had become like a prisoner in his own home, to go and see his mom would get him out of the house... yet, that meant continuing to dress.

“Not just yet Veronica, not tonight,” he pleaded. “Tell Mom that I'm still out of sorts but I am getting better, I'll definitely go and see her tomorrow... I promise.”

\* \* \* \* \*

As Stephen woke up on Saturday morning he once again found Veronica taking charge of things.

“Come on you, get yourself a soak and you had better do your legs again. I've put your days clothes out in the spare room for you.”

“But...”

“You promised. Don't go forgetting all that I told you last night. I suspect that you have gotten out of practice so lets start the day as we mean to go on. You have no excuse now, not having a job to go to and all the neighbors believing you are your sister. There is absolutely no reason why you can't dress full time as a girl.”

Stephen gave a long groan at that idea.

After his bath and hair wash and, thinking he was taking a hormone pill again for the first time since Tuesday, Stephen had to once more prepare himself for wearing girl clothes.

“Do I really need to wear a bra?” he pleaded desperately. “Despite that cold cream that I put on every night, my nipples are still really sore.”

“Well it can't be the bra that is causing it then, can it? You haven't worn one for four days. ...Though I suppose you could wear a camisole top.”

Although he had been dreading it, putting on girls clothes once more wasn't anywhere near as bad as he thought. He had a sleeveless black shift top and tight black Lycra cycle shorts... though the shorts did reveal a large amount of smooth, hairless leg. He wore black loafers with a gold buckle on the front and he covered his perm with a floppy black hat while he sat in the garden playing with his pet dog, Candy.

His presence in the garden plus the barking from Candy, alerted Mrs. Hibbit who popped her head over the five foot fence.

“Hello dear. I haven't seen much of you this week, not that I have been looking of course, haven't you been too well?”

“Good morning, Mrs. Hibbit. No, I had a bad menstrual period but I am feeling all right now, thank you.”

No sooner had he spoke the words than he felt a deep shame from having just told someone that he had suffered from such a feminine complaint. Still, Mrs. Hibbit sympathized and wished him well.

After dinner Veronica presented Stephen with an idea...

“I imagine that you will be feeling subconscious about going outside dressed again after so long So how about a trip into town shopping to get you back into the frame again?” It's days since you have been out and a trip out will buck your spirits up and prepare you for going out tonight to see your mom.”

“Er, no, I don't think I'll bother.”

“Nonsense, I am not taking ‘no’ as an answer. You have never been out shopping with me yet and I'll bet you will really enjoy it.”

*How was it that she could always manipulate him so easily?* he wondered.

Stephen used to hate it when his mom would drag him around the stores looking for new clothes but now, with Veronica, he found himself looking through rack after rack of blouses, skirts, dresses and coats. It was interesting to see all the different styles... and see what colors most suited him.

Veronica held up lots of dresses against him and he was mildly surprised that he didn't feel over embarrassed about it. After all, he *did* look like a girl... a girl out shopping for clothes like so many others girls. What was so strange about that?

He was far more surprised at himself to actually return home with a tight-fitting red miniskirt. He hadn't intended to buy anything at all so how come he had ended up buying a miniskirt of all things? He just liked the look of it and Veronica had encouraged him. He trusted on it fitting as he simply refused to go into the changing rooms to try it on.

After a rushed meal and tidy up Stephen went upstairs to choose something for wearing to the hospital... he was starting to really look forward to seeing her again.

As he opened the top drawer for a pair of fresh panties his eyes fell onto a packet of pantyhose that had been put in there a week ago. He held the packet up and fleetingly wondered what they would feel like to wear on his legs. It also occurred to him that the rich tan material would provide some color to his pale looking legs. No sooner had the thought registered than he shrugged and replaced them in the drawer.

"Why don't you try them on?" Veronica asked. She had followed him upstairs to help him choose some clothes and had seen him studying the packet.

"No, I er, I can't wear anything like that."

"Why ever not? They are just an item of girls clothing, like panties and bras, you wear *them*, don't you?"

"Yeah but, well... I have to wear panties to hold my manhood flat and I need to wear a bra to give me some realistic shape. The only reason girls wear pantyhose is to glamorize their legs and make them feel feminine."

"So? You need to look and feel feminine to help with your image don't you? Go on Steph, try them on - you'll like how they feel."

With that, Veronica encouraged him to take the hose out of the packet and then showed him how to roll them up and work them up each leg.

The feel of the soft material on his hairless skin was delightful and he was all the more enraptured by how they gave his limbs a rich, healthy color. He discovered that his legs now glided together sensually and his feet felt so much more comfortable in his slip-on shoes.

"Hey! You can wear that new sexy red skirt to show off those gorgeous legs of yours tonight."

Stephen's face reddened. "No, I'm not ready for giving a leg show yet..if ever. Okay, I admit they feel good but I don't want to wear either a dress or a skirt to the hospital."

With that, Stephen began pulling the pantyhose back down.

“Wait! Keep them on. Even if you don't want to show your legs off you can enjoy the feel of them under a pair of slacks.”

Still marveling at the silky feel of the fabric, Stephen agreed to keep them on and pulled a pair of pink colored slacks over the top of them. His sensations were now swimming in new delights as the soft material of the slacks rubbed enticingly against his nylon clad legs.

To complete his evening's ensemble he was given a colorful, floral print silk blouse and shiny black low heeled pumps, plus large pink, flower earrings that went with the blouse, and a touch of mascara, blush and pink lip gloss to transform him once again into his female alter-ego.

Brenda was naturally delighted to see her daughter again and sympathized about her period pains. One of the nurses who was nearby even gave him a bottle of medicine to “help ease the cramps” - even though she knew who he was. Had she temporarily forgotten because of his transformation or was she just playing along with the deception?

As they talked, Stephen couldn't help noticing how much closer his mom and Veronica had become during the time that he hadn't attended. There seemed to be something the two of them were sharing, but he didn't know what.

\* \* \* \* \*

As Veronica had pointed out, now that he wasn't going to work, there was no reason why he shouldn't dress all the time as a girl. She had explained that it would be safer just in case one of the nosy neighbors ever called to the house unexpectedly - which seemed likely... especially Mrs. Hibbit and Mrs. Hutchinson.

Stephen was feeling trapped in the role he was playing. It may not have been too bad if his mom was actually back home - that way he would at least feel as though there was a purpose to his constant dressing.

At times he would get really down about it and even cry to himself... something he hadn't done for a long time. He attributed this to all the frustration and stress that was mounting up and trying to find a way out.

Veronica however, knew *exactly* why Stephen had become so emotional... *his body was undergoing many changes from the DOUBLE doses of hormones she was giving him.*

Sometimes Stephen would weep because of the soreness of his nipples, other times it was just crazy little things like not being able to find his lipstick or the first time that he put a run in his pantyhose.

Other than that, the daily dressing as a girl was beginning to feel more natural to him. He was more acceptant and at ease with it and less self-consciousness. Without his actually being aware of it happening, he began to slip into the role much more easily.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was nine days after his supposed menstruation period that he wore his first dress. He had been continually wearing pantyhose under his slacks since that first

day but now, for some unknown reason, he just had an urge to try on a dress and show off his nylon clad legs to Veronica.

*Why not?* he had reasoned to himself. I'm supposed to be a girl so I should be able to wear anything that a girl wears without fear.

Veronica was pleasantly surprised when she returned home that evening and found him in a crushed, Blue velvet cocktail dress and wearing 'mink' colored nylons, shiny black shoes with a low heel and pointed toe, long dangling bead earrings and a necklace. He leaned vampishly, one leg crossed behind the other, on the porch fence.

"STEPHANIE! ...You look adorable!"

Stephen, totally ignoring being called Stephanie now, gave a twirl and asked if she liked it.

"You bet I do. Steph, you simply must wear it to go and see your mom tonight. It will be an absolute tonic for her... you know how she hates you being a tomboy by what you wear. She has told me how she would love to see you dressed more lady-like.

Stephen looked thoughtful. "Perhaps, maybe just once for Mom - we'll see."

Of course, Veronica constantly nagged at him thereafter to do so. And when he finally promised just to get her off his back, she looked him up and down critically before suggesting a bit more padding in the bust as there was a degree of sagging in the dress's bosom.

Stephen slipped out of the dress while Veronica pulled some wads of cotton wool.

"Hey, you're not wearing a slip with that dress," she suddenly exclaimed on noticing the absence. "Wait there, I'll go and get one. I know just the thing."

She returned with a white satin slip and worked it over the top of Stephen's head, helping guide his arms through the spaghetti straps before allowing it to slither down his frame. Stephen experienced tingly sensations as the cool material settled around his torso.

Coming to the front to pop the cotton wool pads into his bra cups, Veronica suddenly stopped to look in surprise. There on his chest, was a distinct puffiness around his nipples... and the aureoles were much darker. The nipples were definitely more elongated and seemed slightly inflamed. She reached in to touch one but Stephen jerked back.

"Don't touch please, they are very tender."

"How long have they been like that?"

"I dunno really. I only became fully aware of them myself awhile ago.. it's got a bit worse since then. Do you think there is something wrong or is it just the affect of those hormone pills?"

Veronica smiled. "I rather think it's the affect of the hormones, I doubt there is anything wrong with you."

Stephen reddened. "So... so these are, these are growing breasts then?"

Veronica smiled in an unsure manner. "Yes, they are your budding breasts."

“Gee, I'm developing female breasts, do you think, I mean... they won't get much bigger will they?” His face flushed even redder.

“I shouldn't think so, mine took years to grow so yours shouldn't grow so big in the few months that you are on hormones. Not much bigger than now.”

It was hard for Veronica to tell if he looked relieved or disappointed.

As expected, Brenda was delighted that her daughter had visited her wearing a dress. Stephen didn't notice the questioning look that she gave to Veronica or Veronica's shrugged response.

Obviously Stephen had no desire for his mom to die but he was very mindful of what Dr. Beecham had told him - that he only gave her two months to live on the outside. Seven weeks had already elapsed since he had made that statement. Yet, if anything, she was looking better than she had done for ages.

\* \* \* \* \*

Brenda did not 'suddenly' die the following week, nor the week after that. Although pleased that she was still alive, Stephen was worried about just how long he would have to go on living as a girl and taking hormones that he knew were changing his body. It was now well past the amount of time he had agreed to.

Drastic changes were taking place, he had actually put on weight - yet looked slimmer. On inspection, he realized where the added poundage was coming from, his bottom being one such place. He could sense that it was larger, more rounded than before and his hips had also swollen out, they felt different too... fleshy rather than bony. His thighs had also become heavier and rounded while his ankles seemed to have slimmed and his calf muscles less muscular giving his legs a shapely, feminine appearance.

Although not attributable to his added weight, the spongy fleshy-ness under his nipples had developed some more, now forming small cone shapes with an elongated nipple perched atop of each. One relief was that they weren't nearly as sore now as they had been, though they did tingle a rather pleasant but incessant tingle.

His face was changing too, not only by the wearing of cosmetics, it had rounded, his cheeks being fuller and his lips more plump, his skin had gained a silky soft texture.

He viewed himself in the mirror, his permed hair swept back in a delightfully feminine style..Veronica had given it a blonde rinse and back combed it. With blue eyeliner, lashings of mascara on his longer, thicker lashes, a touch of blue shadow and creamy pink lipstick, he did look like a very attractive girl. Even his hands were feminine, Veronica had continued to shape his nails into long ovals, each one lacquered with a glossy pink varnish and the skin on his hands was much softer.

There were times when he was obviously concerned over how he was looking, and he feared what it may all do to him, mentally. Yet at other times he was secretly thrilled that he could look so pretty and feminine, his own reflection was a turn-on for him.



As he continued viewing himself, his slender feminine fingers tugging up the sleeves of his soft white cashmere sweater over the palms of his hands, he smiled at the pretty reflection and she smiled back.

The hospital had been concerned about releasing Brenda from their care, especially as they hadn't expected her to live so long. Now, with no signs of her health deteriorating, they decided to give her what she most wanted and allowed her to go home. A date was set for the weekend.

Doctor Beecham consulted with Stephen and Veronica on how to care for her and what medication they should give her. To answer Stephen's unspoken question, he said that he really could not now put a time on her life expectancy. "She really has astounded us all, I wouldn't have given her a hope of living this long."

"So do you think that she is strong enough for me to approach her with the truth?" Stephen asked hopefully. "All of this feminization is getting to me."

"No, please don't. I certainly would advise against that. She has really created the existence of her daughter firmly in her mind while, at the same time, erasing any memory of her having a son. Not only would the truth confuse her but the ultimate disappointment to her would be severe. It is a safe bet that the very reason she has survived is because she has been reunited with the daughter she always wanted."

"So you are telling me that I must carry on dressing and posing as a female, for the foreseeable future? I'm getting trapped into this thing, aren't I?"

"Well only for as far as we can see... but your mom still is a very sick woman. I still don't think that she has long to go."

\* \* \* \* \*

On the Saturday morning both Stephen and Veronica worked like troopers to get the house spotless for Mrs. Clarke's return. One of the things that was on Stephen's mind was, that once his mom was back living in the house, Veronica was going to

have to start sleeping in the spare bedroom. She had suggested with a smile though, that she could sneak back into his bed occasionally.

Veronica talked Stephen into looking his best for the home coming, redoing his perm with just a touch of mascara and cherry colored lipstick. He wore a black cotton top, black skirt, a rich red colored jacket and chocolate colored pantyhose along with a pair of sling-back sandals. Although the sandals only had a modest two inch heel they were higher and more slender than any heel he had so far worn and it took time to get accustomed to walking in them. To top things off he wore a pair of large, black plastic, hoop earrings.

The ambulance arrived with Brenda shortly after two in the afternoon and the nosy neighbor brigade filtered in not long afterwards. Soon the house was alive with several well-wishers, including, of course, Mrs. Hutchinson and Mrs. Hibbit. Veronica met them all at the door and suggested to each that nobody mention son Stephen as Mrs. Clarke had still not forgiven him and it would most likely distress her.

Almost as if to compensate, once the formalities of asking how Brenda was feeling, the chat changed to Stephanie.

“Why ever didn't you tell us that you had a daughter?”

“Isn't she a lovely girl? She has your features, Brenda.”

“Such a pleasant child, she's so pretty.. and what a figure.”

Stephen didn't have much time to listen to all the embarrassing appraisals as he and Veronica scurried in and out of the kitchen with cups of tea, cakes and sandwiches. He did catch one comment made by Mrs. Hutchinson though.

“The other young lady is very pretty too... she's been living in with your daughter, you know. I haven't seen either of them with boyfriends while they have been living here. Such attractive girls ought to have many admirers you would think.”

Brenda immediately cottoned on to what her neighbor was trying to imply. “Yes, Veronica is a very nice girl, Stephanie knew her from school you know. I asked her to live in so as to keep Stephanie company and she will be remaining here as my house guest. As for Stephanie not having a boyfriend, the poor dear girl hasn't had much time for suitors with visiting me each evening and keeping the house in order.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Money was going to be short. Brenda had a disability allowance to draw on and then there was the lodging money that Veronica paid. Brenda told Stephen that as he was now out of work he should try to get welfare. Stephen had considered the possibility himself but he didn't know how to. Playing a double role, he couldn't claim as Stephanie and yet claiming as Stephen would cause complications. How did he go out to sign for his check and it coming through the post with his name on it? If his mom were to pick up the mail there would be a lot of explaining to do.

It was Doctor Beecham that helped sort the problem out for him.

“Remember, I entered you in your medical files as receiving gender reassignment treatment. So, to all purposes you are listed as undergoing a sex change. By law you can live and dress as a girl and use a girl's name legally, even listing yourself as fe-

male. The one thing that you cannot do is change your birth certificate. I will provide you with a cover note explaining your situation, you then go to the welfare office and apply for state benefit under your pseudonym of Stephanie Clarke. That's all there is to it. We will change everything around after your mom dies so that you can return to your normal role.”

Stephen went along to the Welfare office on the Monday morning feeling extremely nervous, very embarrassed and vulnerable. He had never gone out alone dressed as a girl before and, as the pretty girl behind the counter read Dr. Beecham's note, he felt shamed standing before her dressed as he was, embarrassed to the core knowing that the note stated that he was under going a sex change. Every once in a while the girl glanced up at him with interest, though not mockingly.

As she began pulling out forms for him to fill in she surveyed his body; the pink knitted sweater he wore and the obvious protrusion of womanly breasts beneath, casting her eyes lower still she viewed the black slacks that he wore and the tan colored nylons that were on view between the cuff of the slacks and the tops of his flat heeled slip-on shoes. As he gripped the pen to fill out the form she gazed at his manicured, pink varnished finger nails.

Once finished with all the details she gave him a friendly smile.

“That's all of the formalities over with Miss Clarke. You will receive your first check through the mail this weekend. Oh, and may I just say how brave I think you are, I think you will make an adorable woman.”

Stephen blushed to his roots and sped out through the door.

\* \* \* \* \*

The rest of the week went by with Stephen being forced to continue his role as Stephanie without any let up now that his mom was back home, he had to dress, talk and act like a girl. He saw to all her needs and did all the cleaning of the house on his own, which seemed only fair now that he wasn't working and Veronica was.

He woke on a morning, slipping out of his nightdress and into slippers and robe, downstairs to prepare breakfast then returning back upstairs to his vanity table to put on his make up and get dressed in blouse, skirt and pantyhose ready for going out to do the days shopping, it was all becoming second nature to him.

As the neighbors all knew him by his new identity now, he would always be greeted as Stephanie. His mother, of course, also referred to him as Stephanie and it was becoming difficult to remember the last time anyone had called him Stephen.

That weekend the two girls returned to the park for another game of tennis. This time Stephen was aware of a big difference as he ran to return the serves. He could feel movement on his chest. It was like a slight jiggling movement which quite unnerved him. In spite of this, he beat Veronica three sets to two.

“Ah ah, beat you at last, I beat you at last,” he cried gleefully. “Who said that girls were better than boys?”

“I did, and it's still true.” Veronica answered. “You beat me today because you are becoming a girl.”

The smile disappeared immediately from Stephen's face as he listened to her words. It was true, he hadn't been taking too much notice of it but he was more of a girl than a boy now. Living as a girl, dressing like a girl, looking like a girl and even developing breasts and wide hips like a girl.

“Wow, I've got to slow things down,” he thought. “If I don't, I'm going to lose touch with my real gender. I'm slipping into this thing far too easily and allowing myself to become absorbed in a feminine world. I must keep reminding myself what I really am... I'm a boy. I'm a boy.”

To help with his resolution not to get too deep into his masquerade he decided to stop wearing things that were too feminine: He should stop dressing in skirts and go back to wearing slacks again, for instance. He would also stop wearing pantyhose and wear less makeup, he would stop painting his finger nails.. it didn't matter if his mom approved or not, he had to preserve his masculinity at all costs.

His vows were shattered almost immediately as fate once more dealt him a cruel blow. As he returned home he found his mom up in his bedroom hanging up and sorting through a large pile of feminine clothing that he'd never seen before.

“Hello dear, did you have a good game with Veronica? Oh, and by the way, Mrs. Wilson at number 22 has given me this lovely bundle of clothes for you to wear. They belonged to her daughter but she has outgrown them and Mrs. Wilson thinks that they should fit you perfectly. I'm sorry but I have had to dump your slacks and tee shirts to make way for them, but I notice you no longer wear those things now anyway.”

Stephen's spirit dropped as he looked at the array of colorful girls clothes on his bed and in the closet and, worse still, all his less feminine things had been removed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Stephen felt like he was fighting in a losing battle. Over two weeks had gone by since his mom had returned home. His body was continuing to change, it was softer, more rounded than ever and his breasts were no longer just small lumps, they now had shape. The nipples were long and pert and the amount of flesh beneath them now jiggled about with every move. Even his hair was growing long again at what seemed like an accelerated rate. He was scared and confused, yet often excited all at the same time. He wasn't sure anymore whether to keep fighting it or just go along with the flow of things.

He was aware that his mind was thinking differently now but he didn't know it was the hormones were causing it - making him accept the changes. He no longer thought in a masculine point of view nor was he now frightened of the changes that were occurring.

He and Veronica had only managed to sleep together once since his mom had come back and that was just three days after. Since then they hadn't even managed a passionate kiss together. But then again, with Veronica now it was almost like having a sister living there than a girlfriend. Although this didn't help their relationship it did bring them even closer as good friends... they would gossip together more and share each other's things.

Brenda watched her new daughter carefully that evening as he was changing out of his day clothes for something more comfortable.

He pulled his form fitting, pink, shift dress up over his head revealing to her gaze his slim, shapely body. His pert young breasts filled out his A cup bra, his bikini briefs snuggled comfortably around his rounded bottom and across his wide hips.

*Yes darling, you are going to make one lovely girl and you'll be decent and beautiful, unlike your Father - even if I am not around,* she thought to herself.

\* \* \* \* \*

Days continued to race on without let up in Stephen's transformation. He was living in a feminine world with a face and body to match. Everyone he knew called him Stephanie, even his unemployment allowance checks referred to him as Miss Stephanie Clarke and there were times that he felt like just accepting it all, giving up and becoming his alter ego.

He sat out in the garden one day and pulled off a flower head that had gone to seed, blowing at the seeds to make a wish. His initial intention was to wish for this whole thing not to go on much longer but, even as he was thinking that, he was saying, *I wish I was as beautiful as Veronica.* As he realized what he had just said he blushed and promised himself to remain as manly as he could under his feminine disguise.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mid week, twenty five days after her return home, Brenda was coming down the stairs having been laid down for a rest. She stopped halfway down the stairwell and looked through the open door of the kitchen.

Stephen was dressed in a denim shirt and flared, knee length floral print skirt. His feet and smooth hairless legs were bare and his growing, silky hair fell around his face as he hummed gaily to himself while tackling a pile of ironing.

At the sink all the dinner plates had been washed up and the floor had been mopped. He seemed so content as he got on with the household chores, Brenda buzzed with pride as she looked upon him.

He suddenly noticed her, his red painted lips stretching into a broad smile. "Hi Mommy, feeling any better? I'll make a coffee if you fancy one?"

"Thank you darling but with all the work that you've got through while I've been resting, it should be me who makes you one."

It was good for him that he and his mom were getting on so well now as he saw very little of Veronica lately. She still worked each mid week day and now she had been required to do mornings too. Working all the time as she was, she had grown tired of staying in on evenings. She was young and full of life and wanted to go out and enjoy herself. Many times she had tried to persuade Stephen to go out with her but after his constant refusals, she had now begun going out with other girls.

Although Stephen no longer had hang-ups about going out during the day as Stephanie he had no desire to go out on evenings as a girl. He knew they would go where there would be lots of young people of both sexes, groups of young men out

chasing a bit of skirt, and the weirdo's too. Evenings did not appeal to him at all when disguised as a girl.

There were times that Veronica would go out four nights a week, leaving Stephen at home with his Mom and lately he had started to suspect she may have met someone else. What could he do about it though? He certainly couldn't blame her, she'd wanted him to go out with her and it was he that refused. Also, how could he class himself as her boyfriend any more looking like he now did?

A few days earlier the doctor had brought his mom back in for tests and at last he and Veronica had a chance to be together. As they went to his bedroom Stephen made a rather unnerving discovery, he found that it now seemed strange kissing his girlfriend - it didn't seem right somehow. He also found that his shriveled penis was failing to respond to her administrations, remaining in a semi flaccid state.

Veronica didn't seem to be upset by this, instead she began to fondle his developing breasts. He soon started to become aroused as he should have done when she had played with his cock. By the time that she began sucking and nibbling on his rubbery nipples he was writhing in ecstasy, all of his feelings being centered around his chest rather than his groin. He was left though feeling unfulfilled since he was unable to ejaculate.

In an attempt to keep Veronica interested in him for when he was finally free and able to live his own life again, he decided that he ought to keep up fairly regular activities with her. He tried that evening in the hope of persuading her to stay home, suggesting that they play CD's together.

“Oh Steph, I'm really sorry sweetheart but I've arranged to meet someone tonight.”

“Male or female?” Stephen inquired icily.

Veronica answered by way of a guilty smile. “...You don't mind do you? He's just a friend.”

“No, of course not. You have every right to go out and enjoy yourself,” he replied, holding back on his true feelings.

“Look, I'll tell you what, let's spend the whole of Saturday afternoon together, soon as I come home from work. We'll have lunch out then do some shopping in the mall, how does that sound?”

Stephen forced a smile on his face and got on with serving out dinner.

\* \* \* \* \*

The day's seemed to drag before Saturday finally came along and he could spend some precious time with Veronica.

She had requested that Stephen dress nicely for their outing and, not wanting to upset her, he put on a skimpy black and white jumper, a blue skirt that fell two inches short of his knee and a pair of low heeled court shoes. He made up his face using just a touch of lipstick, mascara and blue eye shadow.

Once more he had lots of fun looking through the racks of blouses and skirts, Veronica suggesting what would look good on him. They spent over two hours looking through department stores and both tried several items on in the fitting rooms.

By the end of the afternoon he had bought for himself a new yellow cotton skirt, a cashmere sweater, a half slip a couple of pairs of panties and two packets of pantyhose. Veronica treated herself to two new dresses. They returned home in high spirits and giggling as they showed Mrs. Clarke their purchases.

Stephen's enjoyment of the day out and his closeness to Veronica was short lived when she told him that she was going out again the following evening.

As she informed him of her intent, the look of sadness on his face was plain for Veronica to see. "Oh Steph, I'm so sorry, but, I just don't feel like staying in and you never want to go out."

"I can't go out, can I? Not like this... and I can't go out as myself, not with Mom watching my every turn."

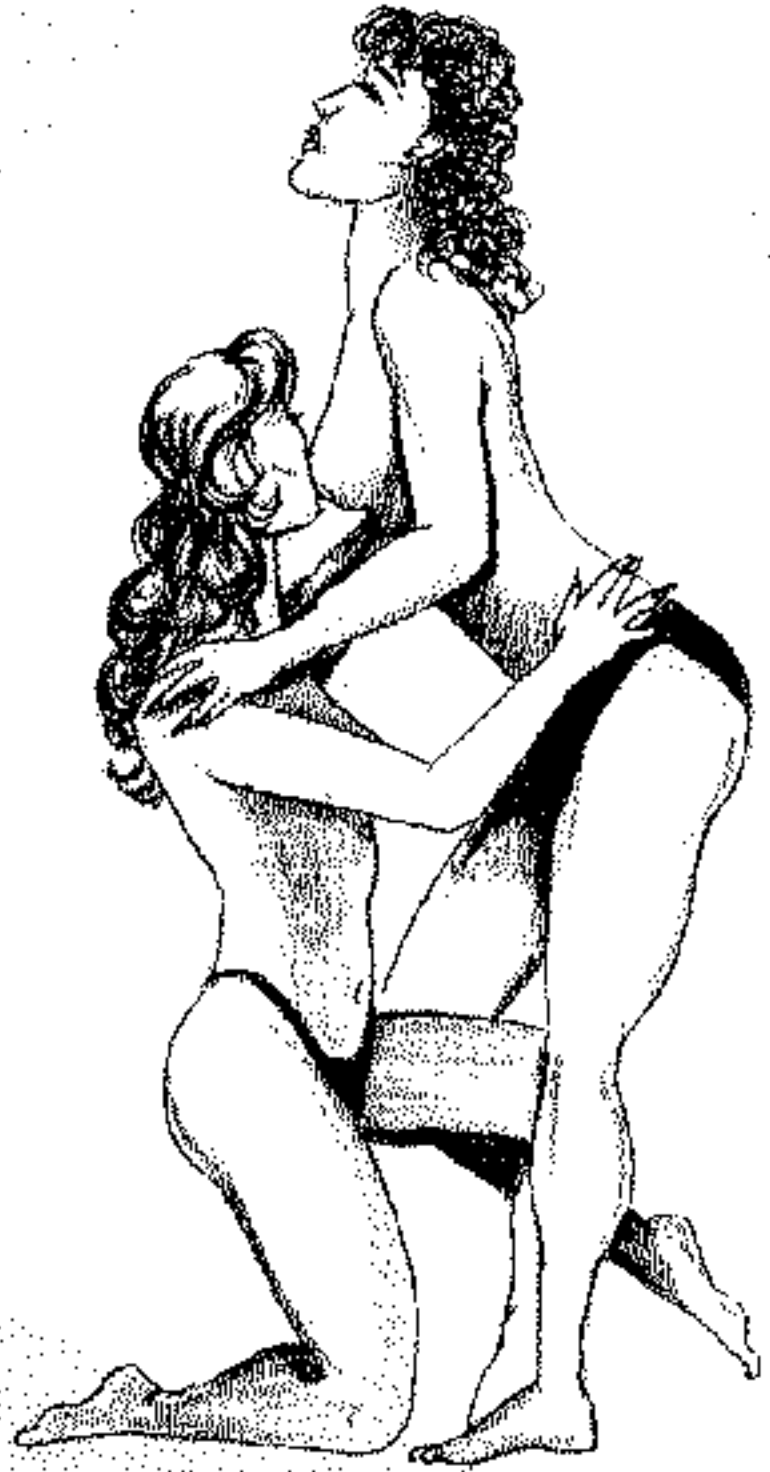
"Then go out as Stephanie. You really have nothing to fear, you know yourself that nobody will have the slightest suspicion that you're a male... especially now, with all the hormonal changes."

"Yeah, and I look so convincing what if some guy comes on to me?"

"Well look, er...I'm going out with a boyfriend tonight..."

"A BOYFRIEND!?!?"

"Not a boyfriend in *that* way... not like you, he's just a friend, an old friend...well, you could come too, I'm sure Vince wouldn't mind and, out in the company of a man it should keep the wolves away."



After a lot of thought, Stephen decided to take up the offer. It had been such a long time since he had last gone out on an evening - even as himself, and it was an opportunity to check out this Vince and see if there really was anything between him and Veronica.

As soon as he said he would join her, Veronica suggested that they had both better start to get ready.

Stephen didn't have any evening wear except the still unchecked items that Mrs. Wilson had given him. Veronica searched through those things and discovered an absolute dream of a dress for him which was shimmering black with a low neck line that was ornate with ruffled satin trim, the arms were made out of a fancy black lace and two inch tassels hung around the hem of the dress.

With black pantyhose and 3 inch pumps, Stephen looked a real knockout. He was concerned about the shortness of the dress.. the actual hem - minus tassels..barely covering his crotch and revealed an awful lot of his shapely legs. Pale blue eye shadow and pink lipstick completed his look.

The night went well, starting with drinks at a tavern then onto a disco. Vince being a gentleman and not wanting to leave Stephanie out, asked if he wanted to dance after having several dances with Veronica. Of course, Stephen declined.

As the evening continued, the place they were at began to fill up with more and more boys. Stephen began to notice that many of them were looking at him, especially when Veronica and Vince were up dancing. He knew that before long some of them would be moving in on him.

At the next opportunity he accepted a dance with Vince reasoning that it had to be better than being harassed by lots of drunken lads. His only problem now was trying to dance like a girl while wearing high heels.

As the night wore thin the three of them all got up dancing as a trio until the music began playing a slow waltz. At that time Stephen went to the ladies room and locked himself in until people started to leave.

He couldn't be sure whether he had enjoyed it or not. It was certainly a new experience... dancing while dressed as a girl with his nylon cased legs fully exposed and tripping about on narrow heels.

As he returned home, opening the front door, he turned to say goodnight to Vince, who had dropped the two of them off, and thank him for the evening... *only to see he and Veronica locked together and kissing passionately.*

His heart sunk and a deep hurt engulfed him. *Huh, some 'just an old friend* he thought to himself, turning back around to go inside.

Oh, why could he not be Stephen again ? He believed that he loved Veronica more than ever now that he sensed that he was losing her. He knew that she loved him too... when he was himself. It was all so unfair, was the love of his mom really worth losing the love of his life?

Veronica hardly noticed his sadness when she finally came in. "Vince said for me to say goodnight to you... I'll say it too, I'm whacked and up early in the morning."

That night Stephen cried himself to sleep, his body emotionally racked with new emotions as he grieved over his apparent loss of Veronica and the trap he was unable to get out of.

A depression hung around him for the whole of the next day and then, on Tuesday, he received a call from Dr. Beecham.

“Hello Stephen,” he began. Stephen was instantly aware how unusual it sounded to be called his correct name after so long. “Your mom is coming into hospital today for a check up and scan. I'd like to see you too if you can come in with her, it's now exactly three months since I put you on hormones and gave you the jab, I'd like to see how things are going.”

Stephen took the advantage of it, he was desperate to know if he could ease off from the prescribed dosage.

In the hospital Dr. Beecham found time to see Stephen on his own after dealing with his mom.

Stephen expressed all his fears while the doctor took his blood pressure and had him strip down while he felt around his young breasts. It felt weird to Stephen having a man cupping his soft breasts but, to his amazement and shame, he also realized it felt nice. The doctor also felt around his hips and buttocks before telling the boy to re-dress.

“I'm surprised at the amount of breast growth but I can't really sanction you to cut down on the hormones. It's either all or nothing. If I cut your dosage you may start back with secondary male characteristics once more. The level of hormones I prescribe to you is just enough to over balance the male hormones that your body is producing. In fact, I was really wanting to give you a second booster shot today.”

“What good will that do?”

“It will heighten the level of female hormones in your body to keep you feeling comfortable with your pretense and maybe expand a little more on your shape... though I didn't expect you to have developed so well anyway. More importantly it will help with your mental attitude as it realigns your feelings to be in tune with your body. If it was not done you would reject your developing body psychologically which will cause you deep depression and, possibly, suicidal tendencies.”

“But I don't want to get any more shapely than this Doc, I'm a guy. I want to look like a guy, I don't want to lose my sexual identity... and I hate living as a woman. This thing is already causing me depression. I've already lost my job and it seems as though I am now losing my girlfriend.”

“Before you start raising the roof, I had best tell you something now which I was intending to tell you before you left anyway. I'm sorry you lost your job and I hope your girlfriend sticks with you, but even if she doesn't, do not back out now. Your mom's heart is very weak indeed, in fact it's decaying and, today I have discovered that she also has a cancer growing too. Stephen, She really does not have long left to go... don't foul things up now. I cannot give you a precise time... that's down to your Mom's fighting spirit, but she really does not have long.. let her live the little she has left in happi-

ness. Believe me I would not be putting you on a stronger hormone if this was not true.”

Stephen returned with his mom from the hospital, his bottom feeling very tender from the hypodermic. He was petrified to think what new changes this new shot may bring about, how more feminine he may become without being able to prevent it. Yet he vowed to fight it, not allow it to affect his mind or take away his masculinity. He knew that deep down, beneath all the silk and lace, the makeup and the breasts, he was still a male with a male heart. He would return and challenge for the affections of Veronica.

One other thing which was going to torment him was that the doctors had asked him to keep the condition of his mom a secret... to not let her or anyone else know, including Veronica. It was not in his mother's interest to know she now had cancer too.

That night before bed he took his hormone pill as he had been doing for so long now. The doctor had given him a new prescription, these were a different type and, as he swallowed it down he had no idea that Veronica was still putting an extra pill in his meals.

## Chapter Four: Ninety Percent Female

As the hormone booster and stronger pills began to take their full affect on the hapless boy, Stephen's resolve to stay mentally male began to deteriorate. He really did try to fight it but his mind and emotions were changing fast and he had a strong tingly feeling, not just in his breasts but throughout his whole body - almost vibrant, and it was making him feel good.

Saturday, Veronica suggested that they go out shopping again, and Brenda offered her daughter some money to spend on nice clothes.

Stephen set off downtown wearing black denim jeans, lace front boots and a white knitted cardigan - still trying at that point to retain some semblance of the male in him. As they shopped in the various stores though, they began to wear some of the items that they bought. Eventually, by time they were at the last store, Stephen was now wearing a lacy black top which could have been deemed as see-through were it not for the darker, rose design lacing that decorated it. His skirt was a dance skirt made up of layer upon layer of red satin and he wore navy colored tights on his legs and a pair of navy court shoes with a two inch heel. Veronica was nowhere near as femininely attired - just wearing a black, button through dress, sheer black hose and matching shoes.

As they prepared to leave for home Veronica noticed a sign on an office window.

**PART TIME SECRETARIES REQUIRED. NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY, TRAINING WILL BE GIVEN.**

“Hey Steph, why don't you try for that, it will get you some much needed extra money.”

“I don't know the first thing about being a secretary,” Stephen replied. “Besides, it's a girl's job.”

“It says training will be given. Come on, let's give it a try.”

Stephen was far from happy about doing this. He would have liked to have a regular day job again to free him from the house, but, *working as a girl?* ..And besides, was there any use taking such a job when his mom may die any day? Yet, he couldn't give that as an excuse to Veronica without giving out the secret of his mom having cancer.

Veronica, as manipulative as ever, ushered him into the reception. “They can only say no to you.”

An hour later as they walked out from the building Veronica was saying, “I told you so” - while Stephen tried to come to grips with what had just happened.

The managing director, a Ms Fionna Walters, hadn't laughed at the transsexual who had come for a job, nor had she said “no.” In fact, Stephen... or rather Stephanie, started on Monday and with a guarantee from his new boss that nobody would be told about his medical condition.

Having secured a job as Stephanie obviously meant that Stephen's life as a girl was getting deeper and deeper... but he wasn't as much worried about that fact as being nervous about going back to work in a position that he had no experience in.

On Sunday, the following day, he and Veronica took a trip down to the park. Stephen went dressed as any normal teenage girl would be likely to dress. He wore a blue denim mini dress, black opaque tights and fashionable, black suede, strap sandals with 4" block heels and inch thick soles, the wide straps crisscrossed over his foot and buckled at the ankle. His lengthening hair fell about his shoulders and pendant earrings adorned his ears, at that moment in time he really did feel in tune with his developing body.

Leaning back supported on his arms he stretched out on a park bench, not caring that he was showing off a large amount of leg. As three boys walked by giving appreciative whistles he merely smiled back at them twisting his hair seductively with his finger.. which brought a quizzical look from Veronica.

\* \* \* \* \*

For his first day at work he decided to dress in black ski pants and a white sweater top.

The typing pool where he was to work was full of females aged 16 and 40. Some worked on typewriters others on computers and VDU's. He was initially embarrassed to find that Ms Armstrong had informed everyone that he was a transsexual undergoing hormone treatment but everyone was very warm and supportive towards him... treating him just like one of them.

The first few days flew by with Stephen being taught all manner of office skills including typing, telephone manner and filing. Being so accepted by the girls helped him feel relaxed and comfortable.

He had never felt so settled and happy at his previous job where he was rushed and demanded upon. Here, they seemed to be happiest just making cups of coffee, eating cookies and generally being more laid back - though, in truth, they got through a greater workload than seemed possible.

Working from twelve to five, he would travel to work himself and Veronica would pick him up on her way home. On his fourth day, Veronica waited outside for him and he appeared coming through the door wearing a plain black shift dress and cream colored jacket. His legs were bare and he wore blue canvas, wedge soled shoes on his feet that tied with a ribbon and fastened above the ankles.

As he tried to stop his soft locks of hair from blowing in his face a man with a beard stopped to talk to him.

"Hi, you're one of the new girls aren't you? Did you start on Monday?"

"Yes," Stephen replied.

"I've always got my eye open for a new pretty face at the office... my name is Lance, by the way."

"Stephanie Clarke," Stephen replied with a smile as he took the man's hand in a gentle shake.

"Say, it would be really great if you could join me for lunch sometime. It's such a drag eating alone," Lance suggested.

"Sorry, Lance but I'm only a part time temp, I don't start work until twelve."

"Dinner one evening then?" Lance pressed.

"Sorry again, Lance, but I have to look after my sick mother on an evening... she doesn't have long to live."

"I really am sorry, excuse me for pressing you.... but, do keep me in mind though... if you ever become available."

Veronica watched the conversation from her car with pangs of jealousy. When Stephen joined her, however, she covered it over, smiling and saying: "I see you are making lots of new friends... he looks nice."

The new hormones continued to change Stephen's thoughts and attitude without him being overly aware of it or realizing how differently he was acting... just as the doctor had intended.

Doctor Beecham was only too aware that Brenda's longer than expected survival meant Stephen's extended masquerade and, without something to help him he would quickly oppose the lengthened time. He knew he had to get him to accept his feminine guise or he would demand it be stopped and refuse to take any more hormones - thus shortening Brenda's chances of living her life out happily. So far, his idea was working like a charm and not harming either party.

As Stephen became more in tune, both mentally and physically, he found that he wasn't so shy in front of men while dressed as a girl.. why should he be? What they all perceived was a pretty girl and not a boy dressed as a girl - so there was no reason to be nervous.

This fact was proven one particular morning when, with Veronica out at work and Stephen's mom having been taken into hospital for her regular checks and treatment, he was sat at home waiting for the plumber to arrive to fix a leaking pipe under the sink.

Having just done the vacuuming and clearing away of the breakfast dishes he sat down with a sandwich and cup of tea in the kitchen, desperately hoping that the plumber wouldn't be long and not make him late for work.

At just 11:00 there was a knock on the front door and Stephen answered it to find an attractive man in about his late twenty's standing outside carrying a tool bag.

"Mornin', Miss. I believe that you have a leaking pipe?"

Stephen showed the man to the kitchen and pointed the leak out before returning to sit at the table and finish his sandwich, crossing his shapely, nylon clad legs at the knee as he sat.

He chatted to the workman quite confidently and even laughed at his humorous banter as he fixed the leak. He became aware of the workman's occasional glance at his legs but Stephen's only course of action was to allow the hem of his black skirt to ride even further up his smooth thighs, rather enjoying provoking the man.

"I sure could use a drop of that tea," the plumber suggested as he completed the tightening of a valve and putting a sealant around it.

“No problem, would you like a sandwich as well?” Stephen offered.

“Huh, not just a pretty face but a perfect hostess too. Wish all my customers were as generous.”

After he joined Stephen at the table they talked some more until Stephen suddenly exclaimed “I'm sorry but I am going to have to rush you or I'll be late for work.”

Finding that Stephen worked in town, the plumber said that he was heading that way and could drop him off.

Having taken up the offer, Stephen noticed again along the way that the plumber was glancing at his shapely legs, but he simply smiled and gave a very light tug down at the hem.

Parking outside the office, Stephen thanked the plumber for the lift.

“Glad to have been of help, I hope you get another leak real soon.”

“Oh you!” Stephen laughed before waving goodbye and tottering into the building on his three inch heels. The following day, before going into work, Stephen called at a department store and bought a few items. He decided to have one last go at keeping Veronica's interest in him alive.

That same night he called her into his room once he thought that his mom was asleep. Veronica entered to see him fully made up with his hair brushed out, bare chested and wearing sheer nylon stockings held up by a lacy white garter belt, white, high heeled, sling back sandals and holding his naked, erect penis in his hand invitingly.

“What on earth are you doing, Stephen?”

“I thought that we might have a bit of sexual fun. It seems ages since we last had sex.”

“So what gives with all the feminine get-up? It may be okay for seducing a man but I'm your girlfriend, remember?”

In his feminized mind he had dressed to please her without thinking that the lingerie may not have the same effect on a girl as he recalled they had done with him before all of masquerading.

He had been pleasantly surprised when dressing in his stockings for the first time, to have the added bonus of becoming erect... it had been ages since he could recall getting a full erection and had wanted to display it proudly to Veronica... now it began to quickly wilt in his grasp.

“But, I am... was .. I wondered if you wanted to do anything that we haven't been able to do for a while.”

Veronica stared at him in amazement. She may well have found it amusing if it wasn't so pathetic.

There he stood, posing seductively, holding his member proudly while otherwise looking for the world like a pretty young temptress. The contrast of his penis and growing womanly orbs looked all out of context.

“Okay you've got an erection but, why the clothes and where did you get them?”

“I just wanted to look nice for you and getting an erection too... I thought that was why you have been ignoring me... because I wasn't able to perform properly last time, but look, I still can.”

Veronica gave an encouraging smile. “Maybe you can, Steph... while the rest of you looks all female, and in such clothing too, you hoping to seduce me? I didn't even know you had a garter belt and stockings.”

“Oh, I found them among that pile from Mrs. Wilson,” he lied, looking downcast. “...So, you're still not interested in me?”

“Not sexually at the moment,” she replied. “Lets just wait until you come off the hormones sweetheart, till then we will be best girlfriends.”

“I don't understand, we've made love before with my body like this and now I know that I can still satisfy you. It was you who pushed me into looking like this, encouraging me, helping me along and, now that I don't look masculine enough for you, you're dumping me.”

There was nothing Veronica could say or do. He had it in his mind that she was chasing proper men to replace him. She couldn't say what she would have liked to tell him so, the only thing that she could do right then was to go back to her room and leave him feeling bitter and miserable.

\* \* \* \* \*

Their relationship over the next few days became strained. Brenda could sense it but thought better than to get involved. Veronica continued to go out evenings, more so now to get away from Stephen's moods and accusations. Meanwhile, Stephen was becoming more friendly with the girls at work.

He was informed that on the Friday of the following week they were organizing a party to go out to a ladies night at a night club - they had been planning it for months.

“You really must come and join us, Steph,” Olivia, the girl whom he had become closest to, told him. “I'm sure it's not too late to get you in. We'll have a great night... and there are some male strippers on.”

“Yes, you have to come,” Tanya chipped in. “We all get dressed to the nines in our sexiest dresses and have a blast.”

“But I don't have anything like hay to wear!” Stephen replied.

Tanya walked up and stood against him. “You know, you are about my size and I think I have just the thing for you. Come over and have dinner with me next Friday, you can try the dress on and we'll leave together from my place.”

All the other girls joined in trying to encourage him to go. Finally, outnumbered, he said yes.

\* \* \* \* \*

Stephen stayed indoors all that weekend, turning down Veronica's offer to go downtown together. They spoke civil enough to each other but the rift still had not been healed in spite of several attempts by Veronica.

The following week days were, by and large, uneventful. Veronica continued to try and get things back as they had been between them. She still loved him, but Stephen had convinced himself that she wanted out because he had become too feminine. He therefore remained standoffish with her.

He decided to tell her, though, of his plans to go out with his work friends on Friday and how he would be having a meal at the house of one of the girls first. But, if he had hoped to make her jealous by his announcement, he failed.

She simply and sincerely replied that it sounded like a good evening... she told him that she was pleased he was getting out and hoped he would enjoy it.

\* \* \* \* \*

When the Friday of the night out did come around, Stephen became very excited about it and was really looking forwards to going out. As usually happens when one is looking forward to something, the day dragged by.

Finally it was 5:00 p.m. and Stephen caught the bus with Tanya to go to her house. It was the first time that he had gone to anyone else's house dressed as a girl, let alone the house of a girl that he had only known for twenty five days.

Tanya's mom was very pleasant as she greeted him... "Hello Stephanie, take your jacket off and make yourself at home. Dinner will be in 30 minutes... oh, by the way, please do call me Jane."

The meal was terrific. Stephen usually only ever had his own cooking or the shared efforts of himself and Veronica. It was great just to be able to sit down and enjoy a meal without all the trouble of preparing it first.

Once finished, he helped Tanya to clear away the dishes and then they both went upstairs to start getting ready.

The dress that Tanya had ready for him was something else. It was low cut with narrow shoulder straps. The bodice was a silver synthetic and crusted with sequins and rhinestones in an intricate design all the way up to and including the shoulder straps. The patterned, bronze colored skirt flared out from the hip and had a gold satin trim all the way around, it looked very expensive. It fit him like a glove and accentuated his every feminine curve. Tanya also provided him with a pair bronze colored, leopard skin design high heels to match the skirt and which also fit perfectly.

Tanya thoughtfully gave him privacy, knowing that he was a preoperative transsexual. After pulling on the ultra sheer, pearl luster pantyhose that he'd bought that day, he eagerly slipped into the dress.

Once dressed, Tanya joined him and helped in putting his hair up in the back. He then applied his makeup using a bronze eye shadow of Tanya's and a deep scarlet lipstick. Tanya had some nail polish that was close to his lipstick shade and applied it for him before offering him a pair of real diamond ear studs.

The two beauties caught a cab to town and the coffee bar where everyone had arranged to meet. Before long, Stephen was part of an all-girl party.

As well as Tanya and Stephen there was Olivia, Monica, Kathy, Gwen, Becky, Maria, Eva, June and the boss, Fionna Armstrong. As the girls chatted together excitedly Fionna came and sat by Stephen.

"You are looking exceptionally pretty tonight, Stephanie," she complimented.

"Thank you very much Fionna." The beautified boy returned, blushing proudly.

"You know, many of the transsexuals that I have watched on television or seen in the newspapers still have that manly look, even though they say they feel like women inside. I've always said if I saw one in the street I would know they were transsexual immediately. Not you, though. In fact, looking at you it is obvious that nature has made a tragic mistake in that you were not born female. Still, you knew that your body was wrong and you had the courage to have it corrected. It would have been a sin had you not done so, and I have only admiration for you."

Stephen did not know how to respond so stayed silent.

"It is obvious to me that all the girls have taken to you. They like you and I am pleased with the work you are doing. Come to my office on Monday morning... I would like to discuss making your position a permanent one."

Stephen felt uneasy. How could he take up a permanent position where he was required to be a girl when, in a short matter of time he was planning to go back to being a male? Still not knowing what to say he smiled and just said, "thank you."

Eventually the party filtered out to the club and in no time the drinks were flowing. As the male strippers came on, the party started to get boisterous. Stephen sat between Tanya and Olivia who were both shouting their heads off and making some quite obscene remarks.

"Come on Steph," Olivia laughed. "Get with the spirit, girl! You're one of us now, remember?"

Not wanting to seem out of place, Stephen put his dainty hands to his mouth and yelled out: "Get 'em off."...only to recoil in embarrassment when the stripper looked directly at him and gave him a big smile.

The stripper left the stage and went into the audience. Going to one table, he had a girl there pull a tie that secured the right side of his briefs. Holding it together with his hand, he then approached Stephen's table, setting the girls off clapping and cheering. He made his way to Stephen and indicated for him to do the same with the other side.

Embarrassed, Stephen meekly reached for it and tugged it loose. He closed his eyes expecting the stripper to be exposed before him. But, when he eventually looked, the stripper had a very small thong type garment beneath that was clearly straining to hold in the man's genitals.

Before he could react, the stripper took his hand and pulled Stephen from his seat and began leading him up onto the stage. The party was going wild now and shouting out encouragement to him, though he himself was feeling totally humiliated and very embarrassed.

He was so nervous that he couldn't bear to look at the audience and instead kept his eyes on the stripper.

The good looking, muscular man gently prompted him to kneel and then lay down on the stage floor as the music hit a tempo. Then, to Stephen's shock, the stripper lay on top of him, widening the feminized boys legs apart and began to simulate intercourse.

The act only lasted a few minutes but to Stephen it was an eternity. As the sounds and beat of the music rang out over the top of a frenzied, cheering crowd of women.

Stephen looked up at the stripper in pleading embarrassment. The man smiled and gave him a single kiss on the lips before getting up and helping the hapless boy to his feet... escorting him back to his chair before leaving the stage to a torrent of cheers and applause.

He was too humiliated to look at the delighted faces of his party or hear what they were saying to him. He kind of just vegetated in his seat thereafter.

By the end of the evening the workmates were all in merry mood. Even Stephen was getting over his embarrassment with the help of several strong drinks. They were all laughing and joking - and the star of their party, without any doubt, was Stephen.

Now that he had gotten over his shame and realized that his friends were not making fun of him, he also realized that he had really enjoyed himself and had just felt like one of the girls.

He caught a cab with June who lived close by him, telling Tanya that he would return her outfit and things on Monday.

Veronica had gone to work by the time that he got up the following morning. He couldn't wait for her to come home so he could tell her all about the party. He really wanted to patch up their friendship, let her know that it didn't matter if they were not to be lovers for awhile so long as they remained the best of friends until the time he could be Stephen again.

No longer having the affects of the alcohol on him, he again felt embarrassed by what had happened. He felt ashamed by the thought... yet not really disgusted. And, more important, he still knew he had enjoyed himself in spite of the shame he had felt.

When Veronica came home she was cold to Stephen. As he tried to interest her with his report of the evening she listened with seeming disinterest. He believed she might be angry with him for his recent despicable behavior and he wanted to apologize... but for some reason he never got around to it.

The next day, Sunday, she was a little less hostile and he again tried to make friends. To try and patch things up he asked her cheerily, "Fancy trying to beat me on the courts today?"

"No thanks, Steph, I have lots of things to do."

He felt rejected by her again and began to understand how he had made her feel when it was he was moody. But, almost in defiance, he got himself ready, grabbed a racket and, making sure that she saw him leave, went down to the park himself.

Of course he had nobody to play against so he just batted the ball against a wall and hit the rebounds. He had been doing this for some ten minutes when a voice startled him.

“Fancy a game?”

Stephen spun around to see an attractive, fair haired man of about twenty smiling at him. The young man bent to pick up Stephen's ball which had been forgotten about as it bounced off the wall.

“Hi, I'm Todd ...Todd Landers. Sorry if I made you jump. I saw you here on your own and, I'm here on my own as my partner didn't turn up so, I kind of just wondered if you would give me a game?”

“I, I er... I'm not very good.”

“Nor me. I just enjoy the odd game every once in a while... how about it?”

Stephen smiled, taking an instant liking to the man. “Well, okay. If you want, we can always break off if she turns up.”

“Well actually it's not a she, he's a he... my business partner Mat. And I don't think he will come now.”

By the end of the afternoon Stephen had won six games to two.

“Hey! I thought you said that you weren't that good?” Todd laughed.

“Well, I'm not really, but, I'm a girl and girls are better than men,” Stephen replied also laughing.

“Well I don't intend to get into a dispute about that - but, I have just realized I have been beaten hands down by an attractive woman and I don't even know the name of my conqueror.”

“Oh, sorry Todd. Stephanie Clarke but you can call me Steph ... I'm pleased to beat you.”

“Okay, Stephanie Clarke, you could at least patch up my injured pride by having dinner with me sometime.”

Stephen studied the man with a smile. Although Stephen was a heterosexual guy, Todd didn't seem like someone who would take advantage of a girl. How could a meal hurt? Going for a meal with another man didn't make him gay.

“Okay, that's the least I can offer to a beaten man - I'd love to.”

The date was fixed for Wednesday evening when Stephen knew Veronica would be staying in and so his mom wouldn't be alone. As he returned from the park he asked himself again whether it was right or wrong... why had he just accepted a dinner date with a man who thought he was a girl? Yet far from regretting his decision, he was glowing inside.

\* \* \* \* \*

Back at work on Monday morning, Stephen kept his appointment to see Fiona as she had instructed.

“Well, how do you feel about being a fulltime employee of our company?” Fiona asked.

“Thanks for the offer Fiona but I'm afraid I am going to have to turn you down.”

Fionna, not expecting her offer to be rejected, looked stunned. "May I ask why? I thought that you were happy here.. or are you planning on taking another job somewhere else?"

"Oh no, it's nothing like that at all. I really have never been happier, I love the job and all the girls are really super. It's just that, well, my mom doesn't have long left to live and I look after her and do all the housework in the morning. She has a care nurse in the afternoon but I need to be there mornings."

"Well, I don't want to lose you. You show great ability and you have fit in very nicely here. You have the makings of an excellent typist and I have even thought of developing you to become my personal secretary. I want to keep you on the books as a temp at least. Then, if any time in the future you are available, I will make it a permanent employment.. and you will have a healthy salary increase."

It felt so good to be accepted and appreciated that, after leaving Fionna's office, Stephen went into the toilets and had a good cry. He knew it was a very girlish emotion but then...

\* \* \* \* \*

Veronica was stunned when Stephen told her that he had a date, she didn't even believe him at first. She slowly realized that he was telling her the truth after the meal on Wednesday... which he hadn't joined but had said he was going up to get ready as he was eating out.

"You're really going out on a date?"

"Sure. Why not? You've been doing it."

"I've been going out with friends, Stephen, - friends. I've invited you to join me often enough but you were never interested."

"Just friends, huh? I don't call passionate kissing on the doorstep with Vince just being friends."

"Oh, come on Stephen, It meant nothing, Vince had bought our drinks all night long. It was just a show of appreciation."

"Whatever, I have to get ready now."

Upstairs, Stephen slipped into a black jersey wool dress that showed off his now very womanly cleavage, it's wide hem falling to just mid calf. He wore sheer black stockings to go with the garter belt that he had purchased earlier... black leather sling-back shoes with a three inch heels and a black silk half slip with a four inch wide lacy hem completed the outfit.

He gathered his long red hair up onto the top of his head and pinned it with bobby pins and hair clips. A string of pearls went around his neck which he had borrowed from his mom along with pearl drop earrings. With his makeup and perfume he felt ready but very nervous.

As he waited for Todd to arrive he reached down to pull back up the heel strap of his shoe which had slipped down. As he did this the right strap of his dress slipped over his shoulder then, as he was still bent over dealing with his shoe strap a wisp of

hair fell lose and tumbled over his face. He was starting to get flustered and panicky and wondered whether or not to cancel the date... he shouldn't be going on a date with a man anyway. How had he got into this situation?

“Oh, damn,” he cursed as he tried to put his hair back into place and anxiously checked his makeup in a wall mirror. Just then a car horn sounded outside.. it was *him*. He was here!

Quickly replacing the strap of his dress he rushed to where his mom was sitting, gave her a kiss with a promise not to be out late and went to the door.

\* \* \* \* \*

Todd was the perfect gentleman all evening. He was smartly dressed and looked handsome. He took Stephen to an expensive restaurant, opened doors for him, pulled out the chair so that he could sit and ordered expensive table wine.

The meal was really out of this world and after feasting they chatted as they sipped the wine. Stephen finding Todd incredibly easy to talk to and very interesting. Had he met him as a male he believed they could have been good friends but instead there was the pressure of Stephen being female.

It turned out that Todd was a successful businessman and was used to circulating in the company of opulent and famous people. No matter what topic Stephen chose to talk about, his date had some knowledge about it and could converse.

By the end of the wonderful evening Todd drove Stephen home, opened the car door to let him out and escorted him to the front door making Stephen feel just like a lady. However, it also caused Stephen to feel uneasy and apprehensive for the first time that evening. He didn't know what to expect nor what to do. He didn't want to offend Todd after such a lovely evening.

Todd could see the nervousness in the young lady and leaned forwards only to kiss his date lightly on the cheek. “Thanks for the wonderful company Steph, is it okay to call you sometime later?”

“Huh, erm...yes...please. Thank you for the evening I really did enjoy myself.”

Without putting his date under any more pressure Todd returned to his car, waved goodnight and drove away.

Stephen stood outside the porch for a few minutes collecting his thoughts. Being kissed on the cheek by a man - while feeling unusual - had given him a warm, tingling thrill throughout his whole body. He was mostly aware of the tingling in his nipples and couldn't quite come to grips with the way he felt or why he felt like that, he felt... well...delicate and...feminine.

Inside the house, Stephen felt a mixture of emotions relating to the kiss: Slightly embarrassed by it and sort of confused. He was thrilled and elated from his date. He felt giddy but most of all he was confused. He didn't understand his feelings or how to combat them he wasn't even sure whether he should. He had vowed to retain his masculinity and keep his mind male, yet how could he achieve this if he was dating men? Why did he thrill to being kissed on the cheek? Was he becoming homosexual?

He didn't tell Veronica anything about his date and gave his mom only sketchy details. But at work he was the center of attention and everyone wanted to know everything. He took pride in informing them all that Todd was going to call him again.

His boastful narration was brought to a stop when Tanya asked him a question that caused him to consider how deep he may be getting. "Are you gonna go steady?" She'd innocently inquired.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was Saturday morning and the phone was ringing. Veronica answered it then passed the receiver to Stephen.

"Hello Steph? It's me, Todd. I was just wondering if you weren't doing anything else tonight, whether you would like to join me for a drink?"

"No and yes." Stephen answered with a happy smile. "No I am not doing anything tonight and Yes I would love to go out for a drink."

"Great. Pick you up at around eight then?"

Veronica watched Stephen put the phone down as giddily as a schoolgirl and with a sparkle in his eyes.

"I take it you are going out with him again tonight?" she asked rather icily.

"Erm... yes, he's picking me up here at eight o'clock. Can you help me choose something to wear?"

Veronica looked at Steph incredulously. "Sorry, I've got to rush out shortly... I've got an appointment, that's why I didn't go into work." She bit her tongue over what she really felt like saying. She was hoping for Stephen to inquire as to what her appointment was but he didn't - he hadn't even realized she would normally be at work.

Stephen was in the bath humming to himself when Veronica returned and he could hear her talking to his mom.

From the bathroom he went into his bedroom and began to get ready for his date, carefully unwrapping the towel that was wrapped around his chest to reveal the delicate little peaks that were growing there before covering them with a lacy pink bra.

He chose a light gray shift style dress to wear with a lightweight black cotton jacket. Sheer 'nearly black' pantyhose soon adorned his legs and he slipped his feet into a pair of 3 inch heeled pumps before brushing out his hair and applying evening makeup.

When he was finally all done getting ready, he went downstairs to await Todd's arrival. There was no sign of Veronica so he presumed that she must be sulking somewhere. The idea that she may be jealous of him dating pleased him - it meant that she still cared and there was still nothing he wanted more than for them to get back together again.

Todd arrived on time with Stephen still hoping for Veronica to show up so that she could see how handsome his date was and be even more jealous, but there was still no signs of her.

Todd introduced himself to Mrs. Clarke before escorting Stephen to the car. As his date put his arm protectively around Stephen's waist he wondered once again why he was allowing himself to be taken out... as a *girl*, by a *guy*.

He abolished the idea from his mind, rationalizing to himself that he didn't get out very often and this was a golden opportunity which didn't cost him anything. He was sure that Todd was safe, doing no more than kissing his cheek on their first date, he could handle that as price for a good night out.

In the crowded bar they went to, Stephen sat facing Todd over the table. They conversed like old friends seemingly having much in common. Over the course of the night Stephen had a few more drinks than he was used to. On several occasions Stephen saw girls checking his date out and it made him feel proud that Todd was sitting with him and not them.

By the end of another enjoyable evening Todd again escorted Stephen to his front door. This time Stephen surprised himself by hoping that Todd would give him a more proper kiss goodnight, though he didn't expect it after the last time.

Todd wanted to kiss the beautiful girl too, but was unsure if that was what she wanted. The last thing he wanted was to blow things with her and so he merely kissed her on the cheek and said goodnight leaving - Stephen with a deep sense of disappointment before he went indoors.

That night, as he lay atop of his bed in his sleek nightgown and peignoir set, Stephen desperately tried to rationalize his feelings. Why had he wanted to be kissed by another man? Were the hormones now making him feel and think like a woman or was he really a latent bisexual? He didn't know the answer, nor did he really want to know the truth about himself. What he *knew* was that he had a burning desire to kiss Todd that evening. *He was attracted to him.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Stephen arose bright and early the following morning and prepared breakfast for three while humming merrily to himself. Not long afterwards Brenda came into the kitchen.

"Good morning sweetheart. Did you enjoy your night out last night?"

"Yes, thanks, Mom. Todd really is wonderful company."

"Yes, I liked him too darling... you ought to keep hold of him. He seems very keen on you. Oh, by the way, you just want two places for breakfast."

"Why? What's with Veronica, is she sleeping in?"

"No dear, Veronica's *gone*. She found a flat yesterday and moved out last night. She thought it best now that I was back home and she said that things between the two of you were a little strained at the moment ...I'll miss her."

Stephen felt his heart sink... a feeling of loss enveloped him. But almost immediately he cast the feeling aside as he thought, "Oh well - if that's how she wants to be and she couldn't even tell me she was going, let her go... I've got Todd now."

Todd rang later that day to arrange another date for the coming Wednesday. This time Stephen wasn't too sure as he didn't want to leave his mom home by herself. However, Brenda told him to go ahead with his date and that Mrs. Hibbit would come over and sit with her.

On the evening of the date, Stephen again took great care to look his enticing best. He felt that this relationship was going somewhere - not stopping to think of the obvious consequences that would arise with him still being male where it counted the most... or the fact that he was supposedly going to go back to his previous existence after his mom was no longer with him. He was thinking only of the present.

He dressed tastefully and femininely in a black turtleneck sweater and red tartan skirt combination with black opaque tights and a black leather jacket. On his feet were black leather sandals with wide straps and four inch high block heels presenting a very youthful image. He slung his kid leather purse over his right shoulder as his date arrived.

As always with Todd, Stephen had a great time just being in his company - listening with interest to all that Todd was talking about while looking intently at his boyfriend's face.

He really did feel strongly attracted to this man, no matter what that made him. He had the greatest desire to put his arms around him and hug him close. He experienced a wonderful feeling at the end of the night as they left the bar and Todd held his hand possessively.

Once more at the porch doorway, Stephen looked up into Todd's eyes in a way that almost begged *Kiss me, please kiss me!* And this time Todd did kiss him on the lips... but all too lightly and briefly. Stephen had wanted the kiss to linger - to be more passionate. Yet again, he was left feeling frustrated and disappointed.

\* \* \* \* \*

As was usual, the girls back at work wanted to know every last detail about Stephen's date. It was half of what they ever seemed to talk about - each others dates... the other half being clothes and makeup.

Stephen felt that he would be deemed a failure in their eyes if he said he still hadn't got into a passionate clinch with Todd so instead he related his fantasy to them about their tender embraces and deep-tongued kisses outside the front door. The girls all swallowed it up, oohing and ahing.

Their next date had been arranged for Friday night and this time Stephen intended to take the lead and show Todd his feelings. However, the date had to be canceled when Brenda collapsed on Friday morning.

It all came as a shock to Stephen as she seemed to be doing so well. She had been in good humor that morning and busied herself around the kitchen when she had suddenly staggered clutching at her heart.

Stephen immediately called an ambulance then traveled to the hospital with her in deep distress. He was scared of losing her, especially now that things were so good between them, better than at any time in his life.

As his mom was taken into surgery, Stephen had rung Todd at work and tearfully explained what had happened, saying he would phone again when he knew more.

It seemed like days had elapsed before a doctor finally approached him to give a report.

“Your mom is stable now, Miss, but she will have to stay in hospital overnight. Doctor Beecham will be coming in at a quarter after nine tonight for his ten o'clock shift, he will probably see her straight away. There's nothing else really that you can do here tonight so I suggest you go home and get some sleep.”

The young doctor apparently took Stephen to be a girl and so it seemed obvious that not everyone at hospital knew of his secret.

Stephen was surprised to discover that it was already 8:20 PM and suddenly realized that he had not eaten since the morning. Returning home he prepared a light meal then went off to bed, once more feeling the silent loneliness of the house and he truly began to miss Veronica for the first time since she had left.

He stirred from a restless sleep to the deathly quiet of the house as dawn was breaking. Fixing a quick breakfast he dressed and returned to the hospital, missing all of Todd's six calls to him that day.

Doctor Beecham was nearing the end of his twelve hour shift when Stephen arrived.

Your mother is comfortable at the moment and you can go in and see her but she will not be permitted to leave hospital again. She is very sick and I really cannot see her regaining enough strength to go back home.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Now that Stephen was all alone in the house he considered not taking the hormone pills anymore - especially now that Veronica wasn't there to push and prompt him. However he decided that it was his duty to remain looking as feminine as he could for his mom's remaining time. *After all, what could it hurt now ?*

As he left for the hospital on Sunday night he had just gone out through the gate when the telephone rang... again from Todd. It seemed to be fated that every time he tried to call, Stephanie was either at hospital or traveling to or from it. In his own present state of mind Stephen believed that Todd had ditched him owing to his canceling the date and it never occurred to him to try calling Todd again. He needed company right now... yet he seemed to have nobody in the whole world who he could turn to, or could understand what he was going through.

Todd finally caught up with Stephanie in between arriving home from work and setting off to the hospital. For the very first time, Stephen was able to put Todd in the picture as to all that had happened. He was overjoyed to realize that Todd had been continuously trying to reach him. He was even more delighted when Todd asked if he would be free to join him for a meal out that coming Wednesday.

“Todd I'd love to, but I must put it to Mom first and see if she doesn't mind my missing a visit... if you don't hear from me then it will be all right.”

As it was, Brenda practically insisted that her daughter go on her date. "You do have your own life to live dear. I'm in perfectly good hands here, you go and meet Todd, enjoy yourself."

That night Stephen sat down and took stock of the situation.

Veronica was gone, Mom was in hospital for good and he was all alone... except for Todd. Todd was a man ...Stephen was a man too.. kind of... and he felt it was wrong for him to have such a close friendship with another a male - there were times that he felt very awkward about dating Todd. Yet, he knew that he was attracted to him even though he had never before had homosexual tendencies. If he was attracted sexually to another person regardless of their sex, then why was it wrong, especially now when he really needed someone close in his life?

He considered his own feelings. Perhaps he had always been bisexual but had never met another boy who attracted him before. Maybe it was changes brought on by the hormones? One thing he had to be honest about, *he now considered himself to feel more female than male.*

He had vowed he would never let that happen to him but it had, and there was nothing he could do to prevent it ... not just yet

\* \* \* \* \*

As a way of being more attractive, Stephen - for the first time ever - made an appointment at a beauty salon on the morning of his date.

The place seemed a strange and unreal environment to him. He, a male, in such a feminine establishment, yet in he went.

Over the two hours that he was there he first had his hair washed, set and styled. His face cleansed with a mask then creams and lotions applied into the skin. His eyebrows were plucked and shaped, his nails manicured and painted, and his legs waxed. The makeup artist got to work applying a foundation to match his skin tone then blended in supple shades to his eyelids and cheeks, glossed his lips and fixed false lashes to his own.

By the time that Stephen left the salon he really couldn't help feeling 100% female.

His friends at work were all enthusiastic about his new appearance and when Fionna learned of his date she loaned him some expensive perfume.

Getting ready that evening, Stephen carefully touched up his lips and hair then began dressing in a white silk blouse, tight fitting black mini skirt and patterned, black lace hose.

He slipped on three inch, strappy sandals - enjoying seeing his painted toe nails on view between the weave of his hose. A good spritz of Fionna's perfume and he was ready to knock Todd dead.

On Tod's arrival that night, Stephen achieved his desired effect as his date stood looking stunned at the beauty before him. No way would he ever have imagined that this person could be male. She was the epitome of femininity and he could have ravished her there and then. But he still viewed Stephanie as a shy girl and he had no desire to lose her by acting ungentlemanly.

Their evening was great and Stephen thoroughly enjoyed himself, casting off all his anxieties about his mom or even the situation he himself was in.

There was one point in the evening while Todd was bringing fresh drinks, that two boys approached and began chatting Stephen up. Far from being offended or embarrassed, Stephen felt flattered. The boy's weren't bad looking but he was even more pleased when, on Todd's return, his date warned the youths, "The lady is with me."

Stephen had a warm tingly feeling in his breasts as they traveled back home and it was spreading through the rest of his body. He felt lusty and he wanted to ensure that this evening didn't end up in the way the others before it had done. He was feeling sensuous and seductive owing to the alcohol he had consumed and this also allayed any fears or self-doubt he may otherwise have had.

As the car drew up outside the house Stephen turned to Todd before his date could get out of the car and flung his arms around him. Drawing him close, Stephen kissed Todd fully on the lips.

"Hey! What's this?" Todd inquired, his voice muffled by the kiss.

"Hmmm, just thanking you for a lovely evening." Stephen mumbled in reply, barely breaking his lips free.

Todd was not slow to take advantage and soon the couple were in a passionate clinch, their tongues exploring each others mouths. Stephen's breath was starting to become heavy and his breasts heaved before Todd cupped them in his hands and fondled them.

Deeper and more passionate their embrace became as Stephen felt Todd's hand slip from his breasts and settle on his lap, gently stroking up his thigh. Higher and higher the hand was wandering whilst all the heavier their kisses were becoming. As Todd's hand reached Stephen's panties from under the cover of his skirt, the feminized boy finally came to his senses.

Stopping Todd's hand with his own before there was chance of discovery, he gently mumbled "No."

Todd pulled away, unpacified by the request. "What? What's wrong with you? ...I thought that you wanted to..."

"No, not that, I can't do that, Todd." Stephen whispered softly as he tried kissing Todd again, but Todd pushed him away angrily.

"That's not good enough... to hell with this. Listen, I've had the hots for you for ages, but I've kept back, not wanting to come on too heavily. Then, tonight, you come onto me like some vamp, you get me all horny and excited then you say no. Just what are you playing at?"

"I'm sorry Todd, it's just that..."

Todd broke him off. "Spare me. I suppose you're going to say it's your time of month. Don't you realize what that does to a man?"

Stephen nodded sheepishly.

Well, if you won't let me fuck you, will you do *something* for me?" ...Todd leaned over and whispered his suggestion in Stephen's ear.

The look of horror on Stephen's face said it all... he hadn't come so far as to be prepared to do that with a guy.

"Do you want to come in for a coffee or something, we could talk?" Stephen offered.

"What? ...'or something?' No thanks, I've had enough prick-teasing for one evening, I don't want to go getting my hopes raised again just for you to go all coy on me. You want to loosen up a bit Steph... get real."

Getting out of his side, Todd came around the car and opened the door for Stephen but without the usual escort to his door.

Stephen's "Will you call me?" went unanswered as Todd got back into the car and sped off.

For the remainder of that week Stephen tried to contact Todd at work but without any response. Other people would say that he was out, not taking calls or that he was in a meeting. Eventually Stephen stopped trying and accepted that things were over between them.

## Chapter Five: Living On My Own

To get through life during the following weeks Stephen absorbed himself into his work and visiting his mom, He was at home very infrequently.

His workmates rallied around him and were marvelous, they all knew of his split with Todd and they were constant company for him, often enough, one or the other of them invited him out, especially Olivia or Tanya.

“Come and have a meal at my house again, Mom would love to see you again, she really took to you,” Tanya told him.

For all of their kind offers, Stephen declined all their invitations to socialize, he really didn't feel much like being merry and anyway, it was only fair to visit his mom each evening. He was grateful to know that they were there for him though and that he still had such good friends, without them his life would be virtually empty.

His mom hospitalized, never to come out again. Veronica was gone, Todd was gone... he couldn't help feeling miserable. His life was such a shambles and he was having to live it in the wrong sex.

\* \* \* \* \*

This kind of existence and lifestyle dragged on for two and a half months for Stephen, yet he never stopped caring for himself and looking his best. He was always well turned out looking smart and feminine, either for work or his hospital visits. Despite this, probably because of how his life was going, he failed to notice the steady changes that were happening to his body.

His hair had grown long again and was straight, soft and silky apart from where the ends curled inwards. His young breasts had taken a pert shape and fit into a 36b bra. His face was not just pretty but beautiful when fully made-up. His skin had become softer and smoother with a clear creamy complexion. His eyes seemed larger, wider and bright... his lips were full and pouty. Indeed his whole body had softened and become rounded, lacking in any masculine tone. His legs appeared long and shapely, his hips wide and his waist narrow, yet, he managed to miss all of this and still believed that he would eventually return to being male.

\* \* \* \* \*

Many months had gone by since he had started to pose as his mother's daughter... months of taking female hormones. Then it finally happened; his mom passed away.

She had been very weak as he sat by her bedside, tenderly holding her hand. She had seemed to just fall asleep as she often did, but it was the loud continuous beep of the monitor that startled Stephen and warned him that something was wrong. Two nurses rushed to the bedside but it was of no use - she was gone.

It was several hours later that Stephen walked out of the hospital with tear stained eyes, still in a state of shock and confusion, wrapped in a shroud of grief and loneliness. His mom had left him... she was really gone... *he was truly alone.*

He wandered aimlessly through streets and back roads for hours, absorbed in his own thoughts and his memories, not aware of where he was heading... just walking.

He eventually reached the far side of town, a strange part unknown to him before he stopped and realized. It was then that the pain, the grief, the memories, all the pent-up emotions that he had carried for so long, welled up inside him as one. He couldn't take it... too much had happened in his young life.

He was free at last, free to live his own life... but with nobody to share it with. He was free to return to being himself again... but what of his job, the one thing in the world that he had left? What of his friends at work?

Returning to being Stephen, he would have no job, no friends, just alone, all alone... in a feminized body. But he didn't want to live on as a girl... he wanted his old life back and he still didn't know all that there was to know about being a girl. *He was trapped.*

Torment racked his body and he tossed his head back in despair, screaming out girlishly as tears filled his eyes and stung them. He stumbled onward, not mindful of where he was going.

From somewhere he heard a voice call, "LOOK OUT!"

He tried to see but the tears blurred his vision whilst bright lights dazzled him. He heard a screech of breaks, he felt the large, sharp thud to the pelvic area of his body and of his being hurtled into the air. His torment vanished instantly into clouds of blackness.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Bring her in here and draw the curtains," the surgeon ordered. "Nurse, I want you to strip off her clothing and prepare her for surgery."

As the surgeon prepared to take the casualty into surgery he heard his nurse gasp. "Doctor, she's... I mean, *he's* a man!"

The Surgeon approached the unconscious form in front of him and at the large bruising and abrasions on the left side of the body, the shattered pelvic bone and broken femur. His gaze went to the womanly breasts and then down to the shrunken genitals.

"Good lord, this person has been on a course of hormones. Okay, I want someone to trace the patient's name and find out which hospital he is registered at and have them fax his medical records through... immediately."

"There is a work card in her... I mean *his* purse that lists him as being a Miss Stephanie Clarke - it also has the patient's insurance number."

"Very good. We may as well save time and take her records from the computer then. See which doctor she is registered with, let's find out what's going on," the surgeon ordered.

Within a quarter of an hour Stephen's medical records had been printed out from the hospital computer. The surgeon read them...

"Miss Clarke is listed as a transsexual under Doctor Beecham and she has been on the hormone course for forty-two weeks, a bit shorter than the recommended period. Hmm.... I do gender reassignment surgery... and I can't imagine operating on her in a

few weeks with all the scar tissue she will have... you can't just re-operate over old wounds. Seeing as she is here and we have to operate around the groin, we'll get all her surgery over and done with and give her a nice, pleasant surprise to wake up to. With this murch damage to be repaired it is the only practical approach.”  
\* \* \* \* \*

Doctor Beecham learnt too late that Stephen Clarke had been involved in a road accident, that he was in Stateside hospital and that they had accessed his medical records on computer. By the time he had contacted the surgeon, Frederic Mortimer, all of the main surgery had been completed.

“Yes, doctor. I decided that rather than forcing Miss Clarke to have to return to hospital for her corrective surgery after all the trauma's of *this* surgery, I may as well get the job done here and now. As you probably know, it would more than likely have been myself who carried out the gender corrective surgery anyway. There isn't a problem with that, is there?”

Doctor Beecham said that there wasn't - that he was just concerned as to the welfare of his patient. He could hardly have said otherwise having made illegal entries so as to prescribe the hormone treatment to an otherwise healthy, heterosexual male.  
\* \* \* \* \*

Stephanie awoke to pain. He could vaguely recall the sound of a braking motor vehicle and of being hit hard... then she passed out again. Later, she stirred again but had been heavily tranquilized and neither knew where she was nor could she remember what had happened to her.

She slept much, then would wake briefly... but most periods of consciousness she was in a groggy state and unable to function properly. Now and again her eyes would flicker open and she would be aware of nurses changing his bandages though he felt too weak to really care. She felt the pain and discomfort down her side and the throbbing ache around her groin. She tried to sleep as much as possible if only to relieve the pain.

Gradually the pains lessened and she was able to stay awake longer. She could now recall being hit by the van though it was all a blank after that. Shee spoke to nurses and they told her that she'd had surgery but didn't elaborate. She knew she had urine catheter and couldn't move much.

A doctor had once come to check Stephanie over and read her chart but he too would only say that she had sustained damage to her right side and groin - and had a fractured pelvis. During this time 'Stephen's' mind was tormented. 'He' had been dressed as a girl, 'he' had a girl's bosom and wore makeup.

*They must know I'm a boy, they must have seen my penis, 'he' thought to 'himself.'*  
*How come nobody has asked why I dress as a girl and have breasts?*

Stephanie had been conscious for three full days when she saw a face that she knew approaching his bed. Doctor Beecham didn't have his usual white coat on, instead he wore a suit and tie and 'Stephen' wondered if he was coming on or going off shift.

“So, how are you feeling today?” the doctor inquired.

“Stiff and aching,” Stephanie replied before lowering her voice to a whisper. “Doctor, they must know about me, they must know I'm a boy... they operated around my pelvis. Did you have anything to do with the operation on me?”

“No,” Dr Beecham responded. “I'm only a visitor here, Stephanie... you're not at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, this is Stateside... though I do know of your injuries and the operation that was carried out... you've been here for five weeks.”

“WHAT!?” Stephanie gasped, hardly able to believe her own ears. “But my mom... what about my mom... I've missed her funeral.” She began to sob.

“Don't go getting worked up,” Dr Beecham told her, holding her hand... something that ‘Stephen’ thought strange. “You have not missed it, your mom's body is resting in the mortuary and she will not be buried until you... her only kin, are fit enough to attend it. My main concern at the moment is getting you back to health. I have been negotiating your transferal back to St. Bartholomew's as soon as possible and placed in my care. But first I have something I need to tell you and I want your full attention.”

“Okay, doctor but... well, If I go back to your hospital can I go back as Stephen? I think it's high time to put all this behind me and get on with my own life. The accident has at least given me the opportunity to break away from the female disguise and life I created, had I not been injured I may never have got out of it, I was in too deep.”

“Stephen, please, listen to what I have to say,” Doctor Beecham replied gravely, squeezing Stephanie's hand while motioning to a nurse. “...Like you suspected, the doctors here discovered that you were a biological male. Without my being aware, they took your medical records from the central computer. You will remember that I entered on your file that you were a transsexual in order for me to prescribe the hormone dosage. The surgeon here saw your details and took it as read that you were a true transsexual case... he assessed your injuries and determined that multiple surgeries on your pelvic region would be impossible... *and he carried out the necessary plastic surgery.*”

‘Stephen’ did not immediately understand what the Doctor was telling ‘him’ and looked baffled. Then he looked down at ‘his’ chest to see if they had surgically removed ‘his’ breasts, even though ‘he’ knew they were still there. Then, for the first time, ‘he’ realized that ‘he’ was wearing a lady's bed gown.

“No Stephanie, not surgery to your breasts,” the doctor said softly.

Stephen glanced back up to the doctor's face searching for an answer.

*“The surgeon has removed your last vestige of masculinity... made you a complete female.”*

Stephen's eyes opened wide as reality gripped him. As he struggled to find words, the nurse that had come up to his bedside, put a needle into his arm to prevent him from going into shock.

As Stephen glanced to where the needle had gone into his arm he felt sleep already overcoming him. He could hear Doctor Beecham's voice becoming distant...

“Rest now, Stephanie, you need lot's of rest. Don't worry about your mom's funeral or your house.. your neighbors are watching it for you. Let's just get you well again... I'll see you again tomorrow.”

Stephanie felt very drowsy. Her mind still in a whirl of confusion and fear. Her eyes closed and she knew no more.

\* \* \* \* \*

Slowly over the following days, ‘Stephen’ came to terms with being Stephanie for the rest of her life - no longer being a male but a *female* in every possible way.

Two days after the visit by Dr. Beecham, she was transferred to St. Bartholomew’s hospital where her treatment continued.

The girls from her office, learning that she was at Saint Bartholomew's, took it in turn to visit her and brought her flowers and candy and would sit with her, encouraging her to get better.

Early the following week she was allowed back home as an out patient, still heavily bandaged around her hip and thigh but her new vagina healing rapidly and functioning perfectly well. She was given a dialator - something like an oversized dildo - which she had to use every day to promote proper healing of her new plumbing. She was slowly starting to get used to not having a penis between her legs.

The funeral of Brenda Clarke took place two days later. Stephanie attended dressed all in black, wearing a polo neck jumper and an ankle length skirt to hide her bandaged and bruised leg. Her hair was gathered back and held with bobby pins and she wore sunglasses so as to hide the tears she knew she would shed.

Amongst the mourners were all of Brenda's friends and near neighbors and Stephanie's own closest work friends who came in support... including her boss, Fionna Armstrong. *Standing away from the assembly of mourners was one other person who remained unseen by Stephanie and who silently slipped away when the service was over.*

**\*\*\* SIX MONTH'S LATER \*\*\***

The shadowy figure of a girl stood against the corner of the street watching intently towards the bright, illuminated doors of the night club. She had stood there for almost thirty five minutes.

She scanned the club revelers as they began to pour out of the club as it closed for the night. Among the stream of young people, the lone figure spotted a group of girls who had been out for the evening together and were now grouped outside laughing and chattering. One girl in particular was being watched by the mysterious figure.

She was very pretty and her long auburn hair flowed and fell softly over the shoulders of her lacy, black patterned dress that came to her calves and which was so sheer that her black silk camisole and high waisted panties could be seen underneath. She

also wore a lightweight black jacket and ultra sheer black pantyhose along with open toed sandals that had five inch spiked heels.

The watching girl left the shadows, crossed the road and walked towards the group of girls as the one she had been watching French-kissed a young man who had joined them.

"Hello, Steph," The intruder greeted - causing Stephanie to cut her amorous kiss short and look.

"Veronica!" She murmured on recognition before turning back to the man "I'll call you, Frank... she's an old friend, we have a lot of catching up to do."

As Frank departed with the rest of the crowd, Stephanie rushed to Veronica and the two embraced.

"Wha... What are you doing here... how did you find me?"

"I saw you go in, and I've been waiting for it to close... I've been here some time in case you left early. Steph. I really would like to talk to you sometime... if we can arrange it."

"I have a cab coming to take me home. If you don't have to be anywhere in particular then get in with me and come back to my place, I can put you up for the night if you like?"

If you don't have anyone waiting for you... I have so much to say to you."

Veronica accepted the invitation saying she had no reason to be home - she lived in a rooming house by herself.

Once indoors, Stephanie turned on the lights and invited her friend inside. "Same old place, nothing's changed... except my mom is no longer here. Did you hear about her?"

Veronica nodded... "Steph. I've been trying to pluck up the courage to come and see you for ages but didn't know how you would receive me... what you might think of me. The thing is ...if there is nobody else... if that guy that you were with tonight isn't serious I... I'd like to come back to you."

Steph studied her friend without any expression to indicate her own feelings about the offer.

"Frank is just a guy I've dated once or twice but, listen Veronica, it's different now, I'm not the same person I was before."

Veronica looked gloomily at the red haired girl. "I sort of expected that... so, you've lost your feelings for me, you don't think we have a future anymore?"

"You don't understand Vee, I'd take you back tomorrow, I still love you nothing has changed that way but I have... I really have changed, I'm no use to you anymore."

Ignoring the last remark, Veronica rushed into her friends arms and embraced her. "You would?" She cried.

"Vee...please, *listen* to me! I'm a woman... I mean a complete woman, I don't have a ..."

"I know, I know," Veronica interrupted.

"What?"

"Let's sit down Steph, I really need to talk to you."

As soon as the two were settled, Veronica went on at length to tell Stephanie how her mom knew that she was really Stephen.

"..She did believe that you were her daughter at first but when you cut your hair and confronted her, she then knew... she remembered and believed but didn't want to admit it. ...Do you remember when you wouldn't go and see her and I went myself? She confided with me then and swore me to secrecy.

"I was beginning to realize that I was turned on by your blossoming femininity and admitted to myself that I must have some sort of latent lesbian tendencies to feel as excited about you as I did, that's why I was so turned on and enraptured by you each time you dressed as a girl and especially when you began to grow breasts.

"Your Mom told me that she intended to keep you wearing dresses and being her daughter, she found out from me that you were on hormones and that they would eventually change your feelings and personality to a more girlish one.. she was so proud of you for the commitment you made."

"But why did you leave like you did? I know we had fought and I was seeing Todd, but I still loved you, still wanted you, I just wanted to make you jealous in the hope of bringing us closer again."

"I didn't want to leave you Steph, your mom asked me not to remain sexually connected with you as she believed your having a girlfriend would obstruct your developing femininity. She wanted you to have boyfriends. To relieve my own frustrations I began going out but when you began dating Todd I became insanely jealous. I couldn't stand it and there seemed no other alternative but for me to move out, I had lost you."

Stephanie gripped her friend's hand and squeezed it. "No, you hadn't, you would never have lost me."

"I read about your mom's death in the paper and then I learned what had happened to you from Doctor Beecham. I visited you several times at Stateside but you were always heavily sedated... I also attended your mom's funeral. I was dying to come and comfort you but I was scared to. Now, after months of turmoil I finally plucked up the courage. I love you Steph, I probably love you more now than ever before... when you were a man. If you can love a woman when you are now a woman yourself and not be worried by what others think, I really would like to try again."

Steph fell into Veronica's arms, her 36 B breasts pressing into the bosom of her friend. "Oh, Veronica, why didn't you come to me? If only you knew how much I longed for you to be there for me after my surgery and again after mom's funeral and all the months since then. After I came home I had to accept I was a girl now, I had to learn to be a girl and act like a girl for real. Eventually that meant dating guys, either that or being celibate. I have tried out my new sex, several times... it's good but I have always had your face in mind when I have been doing it."

"Does that mean I can move back in?" Veronica asked needlessly.

**THE END**