

My Cousin Amy Part 2 (c) Elaine 2025

This a fan fiction story was written with the consent of original author DS1000 with various constraints to avoid any confusion

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In my view the original story sadly ended quite abruptly with a brief epilogue as Scott now playing the part of Amy was faced with the reality of impersonating his cousin full time as a punishment. This part of the story leads on from the previous one and assumes that the reader has read the original

Prologue.

“What the hell have I done to myself?” I screamed out loud as I looked into the full length mirror in the bedroom in my apartment at my naked curvy body. I had 40D cup large pear shaped breasts sagging naturally, a much narrower waist and wide womanly hips. There was no body hair to be seen anywhere as I ran my long-nailed fingers over my now sensitive nipples.

My body had been surgically altered almost beyond belief and a shock message from my dear cousin Amy’s Whatsapp account had just condemned me into being Amy Louise Brooks for good!

When I read that message, I realised that being released from being Amy after being her for a year was now completely impossible. It was like an impenetrable door had been slammed shut in my face with me unable to escape my own personal prison cell. There was also now no option of ever getting my lost life back as Scott Kennedy. I just couldn’t wind the clock back any more.

As I stood on my tip toes looking at my curvaceously feminine and hairless body, I already knew that my future was irrevocably linked to being my glamorous blonde cousin Amy Brooks. All that message had done was to confirm what I already knew. That there was going to be no ‘get out of jail free’ card. A year earlier Amy had put me in this prison of my own making. The cell door was locked and there was clearly no key or escape.

‘Did I make the wrong choice?’ I asked myself. ‘Shouldn’t I have had the courage to call her bluff and just dared her to call the police a year earlier?’

However, I remember being absolutely terrified of the consequences of what I’d done in emulating my cousin Amy and back then I was probably staring at several long years behind bars. Ironically if I’d chosen that route, I might have been allowed out of prison on licence by now and then begun getting my life as Scott back on track by going back to college to study to be an engineer. Now it seemed that what was most important in my life as Amy was how well I emulated her and what I wore so that no one would know I was an imposter.

I wasn’t my cousin Amy, but I had slowly become her over the months and this is my shocking story.



Recovering from my gender change surgery in hospital

Chapter 1 – Shocked

Note: This part of the story picks up near the end of Scott and Amy’s conversation in the apartment after she walked in to discover me dressed in her clothes.

“I’ll be honest Scott, my first reaction when you explained what had been going on, while I was away was that I should just report you to the police and leave them to deal with you,” she declared making me wonder why she hadn’t actually called them.

“But?” I stammered too shocked to be able to talk.

“But I’ve suddenly decided to change my mind.” she replied and so I wondered what she had decided instead. “You know you seem to want to play the part of me and you do it so very well. You really do look just like the blonde bimbo Amy I was before I went into rehab, compared to the Amy I am now.”

“It wasn’t easy to look like this,” I replied. “My ex-girlfriend Jessica pushed me into it a lot.”

“I bet she did,” Amy replied. “When I first met you both during the summer she immediately struck me as being quite pushy towards you.”

“We’ve split up now,” I replied sounding sad.

“Well perhaps that’s for the best. Not many women like their men looking better than them. Then she’s probably got what she wanted out of it with you looking like you do,” Amy sneered contemptuously. “Like I said I was going to report you, but I’ve now decided against that. In a way it’s all going to work out just fine as I don’t have those stupid blonde long hair extensions in my hair like you do any more, or those false furry eyelashes glued to my eyelids, or the crazy long false nails. Then I don’t have to worry about having breast forms

glued onto my chest like you. It is actually very convenient for me to discover that you do though!”

As I stared at her through my unblinking long eyelashes, I was still wondering what she had in mind. Then I'd noticed how much different she looked compared to just a few months earlier. She



now had what I assumed was presumably her natural light brown short shoulder length hair and it was so unlike the long blonde bimbo hairstyle she used to have and that I'd emulated so successfully.

A shocked Amy looking at me

“So what do you have in mind?” I asked nervously.

“First off I’m not going to go to the cops,” she replied which eased my mind considerably.

“So if that’s the case, can I assume that this means you’ve forgiven me? Can I just go back home and return to being Scott again?” I asked hopefully after she’d said that there would be no police involvement.

“No cousin Scott. You must realise that you still need to be punished for what you’ve done,” she replied approaching me and wagging a finger in disapproval.

“What? Well what kind of punishment do you want to give me?” I asked not understanding how I might be punished if she wasn’t going to contact the police. “I don’t have much money, but I will give you all that I have.”

“Oh you silly goose, I don’t want or need your money,” she replied laughing at my new discomfort. “In fact you’ll end up getting lots of money with the punishment that I’ve decided to give you.”

“I don’t understand. What do you want?” I asked feeling completely confused.

“I want you!” she then declared vaguely.

“What do you mean by that?” I asked. “What do you want me for?”

“I think that your punishment should absolutely fit the crime and it could even potentially be a life sentence,” she replied.

“I still don’t understand. What do you mean by a life sentence, Amy?” I asked but suddenly I was beginning to have a weird idea of what she might want.

“I would have thought it was plainly obvious by now,” she laughed with a sneer. “But just so that it’s clear to you inside that dumb blonde bimbo brain of yours, your punishment is that

you're going to carry on being me! Your life as Scott Kennedy is now effectively over."

"But Amy! I already told you that I wanted to stop all this!" I protested pointing to myself in the dress.

"Yes but that's why this punishment so deliciously fits your crime," she sneered.

"Surely what you're asking is way too much?" I asked.

"I'm not asking, I'm telling you that if you don't carry on being me then I'd obviously have no alternative, but to contact the police," she then finally explained. "I'm not a criminal lawyer, but the penalty for trying to defraud me out of my inheritance is likely to be a long term in prison. So, you've got a simple choice and that is you either continue to be Amy Brooks or you face going to prison for a very long time as Scott!"

"That's not much of a choice you're giving me," I replied. "Why should I carry on being you?"

"Like I said the alternative is a long stretch in Wormwood Scrubs or perhaps even a women's prison like Holloway at his majesty's pleasure," she laughed.

"Please, Amy, please don't do this to me," I begged, my voice trembling as I looked at her with wide pleading desperate eyes. My long false eyelashes seemed quite stupid now and so was the idea of being trapped in this nightmare reality indefinitely. After months of playing Amy already, it seemed that it was more than I could bear.

"No your greed has forced all this on yourself, my cousin Scott," Amy answered, her voice sounding cold and final. She looked straight at me with a hard unyielding expression. "You told me that my life was easy. Well, now this easy life is going to be all yours! So being me is going to be your punishment for the deception you've played on everyone. You get to carry on deceiving everyone with no ending."

"So my punishment is going to be that I continue to deceive people?" I asked for confirmation. "That hardly seems reasonable."

"Well what you've been doing is hardly reasonable," she replied putting her finger under my chin and lifting it up. "Just look at you. You're a young effeminate looking man wearing a dress and high heels. Is that behaviour what you would call reasonable?"

"No," I replied looking at her face through my long eyelashes. "Well then wouldn't it be better, if you just reported me to the police?"

"No!" she said simply. "If you go to prison, I'd need to come back here and need to be the Amy Brooks I was again and I really don't want to do that. Honestly, I'm going to be much happier staying away with my new boyfriend Doug and with you playing Amy here that will give me that perfect opportunity."

"So, just to be clear then all I need to do is to carry on as before and you won't report me to the cops?" I asked thinking that I'd just leave anyway after she left the apartment.

She nodded 'yes' and then said. "Regarding the monthly allowance from my grandma's lawyers that Amy receives, I've decided that you'll send me half from now on."

"Half? Why not keep all of it?" I asked incredulously knowing it was going to be an impressive £2,500 per month.

“Because you’ll still need money to help pay the bills living here and for your new expensive designer lifestyle. Don’t forget that Amy also had a part-time job at her father’s business. And lastly when Amy reaches 25, I’ll even let you keep half of that inheritance too,” she said astonishing me yet again.

“Are you sure you want to do that Amy?” I asked. “That’s a great deal of money and I feel I don’t deserve that generosity.”

“It’s interesting that you should have qualms about it now Scott, but yes you are right. You don’t deserve it!” she replied. “However, in time you’ll need that money to fund your new lavish Amy hedonistic lifestyle of cosmetic surgery, fashions, make-up, parties, holidays, drugs and jewellery.”

“Honestly I won’t take any pleasure from doing any of that,” I replied.

“Oh, but I think in time you will,” she replied. “Besides you just won’t have any choice in the matter!”

“If you’re sure that’s what you want me to do,” I replied at least realising that I stood to become very wealthy. That I didn’t expect, because I’d always struggled to have access to money unlike her.

“Yes, Doug my new boyfriend is a very wealthy businessman, so I don’t need that much now. Then you’ll need money to play at being Amy successfully, so I don’t think that you’ll be lining your pockets,” she replied.

“I have to ask you why you want me to carry on being you? Why don’t you just elope with Doug and then just disappear?” I asked.

“Oh, that’s easy. I don’t want anyone to come looking for me,” she replied. “I just want to start my life again with no pressures or interference. I don’t want to keep looking over my shoulder for my past to catch me up.”

“Well, what’s to stop me just leaving here as I’d planned to do before you arrived?” I then asked.

“How about a phone call to Epsford police station if I find out,” she replied taking some pictures of me dressed as her, using her mobile phone.



My eyes opened wide at her decision

“Fair enough,” I replied reluctantly acknowledging it and not seeing any other way out. “I accept that I’ll continue to be you and live here.”

“Good girl!” she exclaimed clapping her hands gleefully.

I groaned outwardly at her use of the word ‘girl’.

“Now that’s settled, you must remain in character all the time and to be successful you’re probably going to need to make some permanent changes to yourself,” she replied. “If you’re ever outed as a fraudster imposter, then the obvious consequence is that long term in prison.”

“Yes,” I acknowledged nodding my head.

“I came here to pick up some personal belongings from my past life,” she said walking towards the bedroom. “Never did I ever expect to find my pretty sissy cousin sitting in my apartment wearing my clothes and shoes and looking like my twin sister.”

“I wish you wouldn’t do this to me,” I pleaded again as she walked into the bedroom. I followed her and watched her quickly pack up some of her clothes and all her sensible flat shoes into a suitcase.

“But Scott, it still seems that you can’t see that you did all this to yourself,” she sneered. “Besides this comfortable life here in my apartment is going to be infinitely better than living in a small, crowded prison cell for a few years. Isn’t it?”

“That’s true, but my ambition was to get my degree and to become an engineer,” I replied.

“It wouldn’t be easy to do that from a prison cell though Scott and as Amy without many qualifications it would be simply impossible,” she replied. “Look Doug’s waiting for me outside in the car. Here is my email address and phone number. Add me onto Whatsapp and message me when you get the money through from the solicitors. In a few weeks, I’ll be living happily as Mrs Doug Fowler in the USA so that cash will help to pay for my honeymoon.”

I groaned again unhappily, but I walked with her to the front door as she carried a full suitcase with difficulty.

“Are you definitely not coming back?” I asked hoping that she would relent and admit that she would return.

However, she then handed me her front door latch key, “you might as well have my key as I won’t be needing it anymore. Remember to keep in touch using Whatsapp. Also feel free to ask questions about being Amy Brooks should you have any need.”

“Thanks,” I said taking the door key from her. I stood in the doorway wavering slightly as I stood shivering in her high heels.

“So long Amy,” she said, and she rushed off up the path leaving me with my mouth wide open in shock.



Amy turned back towards me to wave goodbye. Little did I know it would be the last

time that we would meet as she started living her new life in Florida!

Then as she walked quickly over to the expensive looking Range Rover to deposit her suitcase in the back seat, I called out, “please come back inside and let’s discuss this!”

Ignoring my request, she turned briefly, waved back at me and then got into the front seat of the big car. Unhappily I walked back into the apartment and closed the door. I then leant against the apartment front door, took a deep breath and let out a long sigh.

Chapter 2 – Adjusting

“What the fuck do I do now?” I said out loud to myself incredulous at what my cousin Amy had just done to me. I wondered if I should add her new mobile phone number to Whatsapp and then send her a message. I realised that I didn’t have much choice. I picked up what was now my iPhone and added her new number. That done I saw that she was already calling herself Amy Fowler.

She sent me a wave emoji, and I hopefully sent a friendly wave back.

“You absolute fucking bitch Amy,” I exclaimed at my phone as I walked back into what was now going to be my apartment. I felt completely ridiculous and any thoughts I’d had of becoming Scott Kennedy again were obviously going to come to nought.

I walked into the designer kitchen and noticed my heels clicking again on the tiled floor. I’d been wearing Amy’s high heels for so long that it was my automatic choice of footwear. Perhaps I was already becoming acclimatised to being Amy. I’d recently found that whenever I wore her she’d just apartment) really began skyscraper equally toes and

“The first is to wean fucking myself more shoes,” I outwardly as kitchen stool at my arched “Shit maybe took all away with though that on stepping heels until I out of this am in.”



flat shoes (that removed from the my calf muscles to hurt. Yet these heels were painful on my feet.

thing I need to do myself off these heels or get comfortable declared

I sat on the staring unhappily feminised feet. that’s why she those flat shoes her. It looks I’ll have to carry out in Amy’s can find a way crazy situation I

I got up and looked around at what was now obviously my apartment. I opened cupboards I hadn't looked in before, I looked through her wardrobes full of designer clothes and shelves of expensive high heeled shoes, her vast array of cosmetics on the dressing table and realised sadly that it was now all mine.

Just then my iPhone rang, and it was Lewis the man I'd kissed at Amy's grandmother's funeral.

"Hi gorgeous, I was wondering if you fancied going to a party with me on Friday night?" he asked coming straight to the point.

"Hello Lewis, where's the party?" I asked. I was really scared that if I went to the party, he would quickly realise I wasn't really Amy. I would have to make sure that there were no tell-tale signs of Scott if I went to a party with him.

If he found out that I wasn't Amy, the consequences could obviously be dire. Back then I didn't know what his reaction would be if he ever found out my true gender. That made me shudder just thinking about a situation if he ever got fresh with me and then started to feel my intimate places.

"Oh, the party is in Fulham," he replied. "My friend Eddy and his girlfriend Moira are getting engaged. Well I've been invited to their party and I thought perhaps that you might like to come with me." He sounded hopeful.

"I'm not totally sure what I'm doing on Friday but I think I'm free," I replied in typical Amy airhead style. "Can I call you back a little later to confirm?"

I also needed time to think about what else I should do to make sure Scott wasn't going to be detected.

"Sure," he replied. "Amy, I have to say I really enjoyed our wonderful kiss that we had at your grandmother's funeral. Your lips were just so soft and inviting. It was just amazing to be with you again."

"Thanks I really enjoyed it too," I said realising I'd have no choice but to continue living a lie as Amy for a long time to come. "I'll give you a call when I find out what I'm doing, but I'm immensely flattered that you've asked me. Okay?"

"Okay," he replied sounding happy. "Babe I'll speak to you soon then."

"Ciao Lewis."

Right then the memory of that kiss came flooding back as it had caused me to break up with Jessica, my girlfriend. At the time I was in two minds about that kiss. On the one hand I was revolted that another man had kissed me passionately on the lips but on the other I was thrilled that I'd deceived him enough into believing I was now Amy. Now that I'd broken up with Jessica, I didn't see any harm in enjoying myself at a party. Could I risk going through the possibility of being outed by Lewis? Then of course Lewis might want to go further than just a kiss on the lips next time.

Jessica's angry words had stung me hard then as she was absolutely furious with me. She'd called me a bitch, a Barbie and a cheat after we'd met up after my visit to the lawyer's offices. She'd sadly witnessed me kissing Lewis apparently in her eyes eagerly and passionately beside the graveyard. Then she'd accused me of totally being into all the 'girly stuff', but her last words of saying that I was a screaming poof had really stung me the most.

I'd then tried to reason with her that I wasn't into the 'girly stuff' or kissing men and that I was just playing an acting role. Then I made it quite clear that impersonating Amy had been very difficult at times. It had also been very stressful as I'd wondered how I was able to successfully deceive so many people. Even now I was shocked that I'd managed to get away with the deception, but I felt it was only a matter of time before someone noticed that I wasn't really Amy. It was then that I started to realise that I needed to consider some more changes to my appearance.

My desperate appeal for common sense made no difference to Jessica as she'd angrily declared, "Your lover boy can have you! You've never been man enough for me anyway in your fumbled and clumsy attempts at lovemaking!"

I shook my head violently from side to side so my earrings hit the side of neck and it caused my long blonde hair extensions to fall into my eyes. The hair stuck to my painted lips too and I had to pull it away. In frustration I exclaimed at her, "Do you know what? Fuck you, Jessica! We're done!"

I had hoped that she would change her attitude, but if anything it led to our breakup going even faster. So then I'd started up the car engine drowning out the torrent of verbal abuse she was still aiming at me. I drove off with the car radio blaring pop music and I raised my long nailed middle finger as I sped away from her without looking back. My plan was simple. I would just leave her by the side of the road and then change back into being Scott again.

Amy's arrival and threat had now stopped the last part from happening. For a few days after the real Amy had found me, I'd hated my life as unfortunately I still missed Jessica a lot. Any thoughts I had of us ever getting back together again were completely dashed when I found

out a few weeks later that she'd bagged another boyfriend who played rugby for Harlequins. When I'd initially heard that, I resented my cousin Amy even more, but I just couldn't think of a way out of this self-inflicted feminine prison I was now in. If I tried to go back to being Scott Kennedy, the real Amy would just report me to the police and if I screwed up with my impersonation of Amy, then the likely outcome was going to be the same result. Prison for several long years.

Then I wasn't quite sure what I was doing right as I impersonated my cousin Amy, but the fact that we were genetically half twins must have certainly helped.

The only immediate compensation I could see was the welcome monthly influx of Amy's inheritance money. There was also the prospect of a substantial payout three years down the line, That's of course if I could get used to being Amy that long.

It surprised me no end that to all Amy's girlfriends and besties, I was still the very lovely and bubbly Amy Brooks. It had been months since they'd seen the real Amy, and apart from my initial strange behaviour, I was now completely accepted as a carbon copy of Aimes as they usually called me.

A few hours after my cousin had left, Amy sent me a first Whatsapp text message.

"Well Scott I wish you well being me. However I'm now giving you another huge warning that you have to act like you're Amy all the time. I'll be doing regular checks on you and if I'm not satisfied or happy with what I see, then I'll just call the police," she'd warned. I gulped as I read her repeated threat.

"I'll try and do my best," I replied anxiously. *"It's not been so easy learning to impersonate you."*

"Wrong answer Scott, you're not impersonating me. You are now me! You are Amy Brooks now and you do also need to realise that you're no longer Scott Kennedy," she had texted back. I could almost hear the vitriol in her voice as she'd typed that response.

I meekly texted her back, clumsily thanking predictive text because of my long nails which were still causing me problems. *"Thanks for reminding me. I do fully understand the situation and I've been trying very hard."*

"Frankly I don't want to hear that you've been found out or discovered. It will obviously not do you any good going to prison," she'd added in the last few lines that I'd read out loud. *"I don't want to return to my old life. My old life is now all yours!"*

'I just can't take any chances,' I then thought to myself. 'It won't be a good idea to be caught out. That means I've got no choice but to continue the deception with Amy's mother who was also my aunt Mathilda and all Amy's friends and now Lewis, Amy's previous on and off boyfriend.'

Of course, I didn't realise back then that the real Amy would have been seen as an accomplice as I had all these Whatsapp texts from her as proof.

It was after 9pm when I finally summoned up the courage to call Lewis back to tell him that I as Amy would go with him to his friend's engagement party.

"Oh, good show Amy. I'm glad you can go," he said sounding delighted. "It should be a lot of fun and it'll be nice to spend the evening with you again."

"I think it would be very rude if I refused your lovely invitation," I replied sounding happy. "Let me know the arrangements for meeting up on Friday, okay? Perhaps you can organise an engagement present too?"

"Don't worry I've already got them a set of 6 expensive crystal glasses. So don't worry honey," he said. "I'll speak to you soon and I'll see you on Friday."

Being called honey by another man for the first time was a new experience. Did I want to be the 'honey' of another man? Then if I was going to be with another man at least it helped that Lewis was a handsome one.

Mentally exhausted, I got into what was now my perfumed bed and I was beginning to like the feel of Amy's cool silk sheets on my hairless skin. As I lay in bed that night, I just couldn't drop off to sleep as I thought about the consequences if I was ever caught or outed. I'd probably end up in prison and this petticoat prison I was currently in although bad, it surely wouldn't be as bad as losing my liberty in a small cell shared with other men.

I realised that no matter what happened there was clearly not going to be a career as a civil engineer and instead as Amy I'd be expected to work in the Brooks family business in their offices as a receptionist or perhaps at most the personal assistant to one of Amy's hard working uncles.

Up until now I'd only shaved or waxed what facial hair or light body hair I had, but clearly that was going to have to change and quickly, so still unable to sleep, I picked up Amy's expensive top of the range iPhone, and searched for local beauty salons that specialised in hair removal. I found a few near to Epsford where I now lived. If I was going to go through with this hair removal, I wanted it done quickly and efficiently.

The next morning I called them looking for a first appointment that day and most were already fully booked. Then on my fifth call, I struck lucky and brazenly told the lady that I was a trans girl in transition and I wanted to permanently remove all my facial and body hair. I wasn't scared about telling her that I was trans as I was feeling sure she would keep my confidence.

"Well why don't you pop around today?" she suggested unfazed by my comment. "We have an opening at half past eleven this morning, so we can fully assess your needs then. How does that sound?"

"I think that sounds wonderful. I'll see you then. My name is Amy Brooks and many thanks," I replied ending the call. I had thought at first that I was making a big mistake telling the salon that I was transgender but the way the lady seemed unfazed by my comment was encouraging.

I just couldn't quite believe that I'd willingly made an appointment to begin permanently removing all of my hair below my eyebrows and that I'd said I was transgender. I got up out of bed and washed my long blonde hair as I showered. As I'd soaped up my body, I could feel the stubble growing again on my legs and torso even after a few days, so I decided right then I was doing the correct thing in getting rid of it.



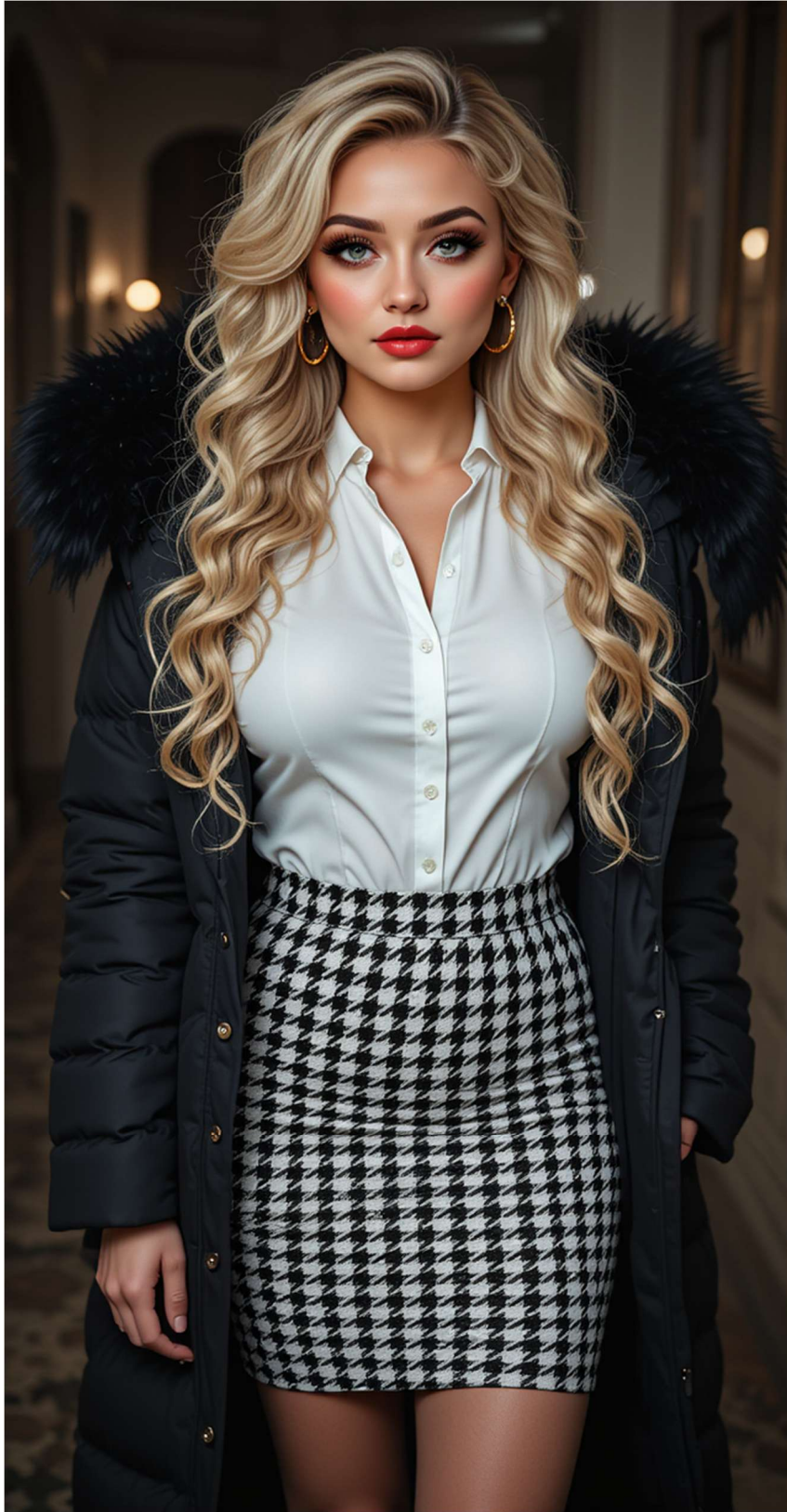
Damp hair in a turban – I had applied make-up around my breast forms.

With my damp hair in a towel turban, I got dressed and remembering that first day I'd nervously gone to see the lawyers about Amy's inheritance, I decided to put on the same outfit of Amy's that Jessica had chosen and styled for me. I remembered that the outfit had helped convince the solicitor Mr Peterson that I was Amy Brooks back then. It was weird though wearing again that black and white hounds tooth patterned skirt that Jessica had then paired with a crisp white cotton blouse. Back then I'd really struggled with the feminine vision I presented, but now it wasn't nearly so unfamiliar as I pulled the sleeves down and buttoned them tightly at my wrists. Was I already becoming used to being Amy Brooks?

Then suddenly I remembered the same black ribbon Jessica had used and again tied it into a pussy bow around my neck. Then I found the black belt and pulled it tight around my waist to give me a slight curvy feminine figure. Lastly, I put on a pair of opaque black 100-denier pantyhose and saw that thankfully my growing leg hairs were not visible.

I went to what was now my shoe cupboard and selected a pair of 5-inch patent black platform pumps with a needle-sharp stiletto heel. I wasn't sure if I could walk long distances in them, but I figured I'd need to learn as most of Amy's friends had chided me for wearing block heels the last time we'd met up. At least being able to convince Amy's very discerning female friends had given me much needed boost in confidence.

After I'd finished my make-up finally to my satisfaction, I undid the towel and started to blow dry and brush out my long damp blonde hair.



Walking to my car and my short trip to the salon.

Putting on my warm coat, I walked outside towards what was now my yellow Mini at around half past ten. I drove for only a few minutes and then parked up outside the salon. I took a deep breath to dispel my anxiety and then boldly headed towards the front door with my heels click clacking on the path.

"Hello I'm Amy Brooks, I have an appointment for half past eleven this morning," I said nervously to the receptionist.

"Oh, you're a little early Ms Brooks, please take a seat and I'm sure that Cynthia, the owner will see you as soon as she can," she replied pointing to the seats beside the entrance.

"Thanks," I replied as she walked through to speak to the salon owner that I'd arrived early.

I picked up some women's magazines from the table and started to skim through them. I found the adverts on skin care, cosmetics and perfumes less than interesting though there was an article on a soldier who had transitioned into a woman. It was then that I suddenly remembered that I hadn't used Amy's usual lavender perfume after my shower, so I quickly took the small bottle from my bag and sprayed my neck and wrists.

The receptionist returned and happily announced, "Cynthia says she will see you in about 5 minutes. She's just having her tea break."

No sooner than I'd said, "thanks," than a charming middle aged lady appeared and asked me to follow her into a private room. She closed the door behind me.

"I'm sorry that I arrived a little early," I said taking a seat on a chair. "I'm just anxious to get started."

"That's quite all right because we've had a cancellation," she advised and then pointing towards a screen, "Please go behind the screen and remove all your clothes and put on this dressing gown."

"All of my clothes?" I queried.

"Oh I am sorry I was forgetting," she laughed nervously. "It's just that you pass so well. Perhaps you can leave your bra and panties on for now."

A few minutes later and I stood wearing the dressing gown with just my bra and panties on underneath and she said, "Your problem will clearly take quite a few visits to fix, but we can make a start today. We'll use electrolysis, laser and even waxing to keep your body hair free."

"I'm all yours then," I replied raising my arms in acceptance of the problem that the real Amy would never have had.

"Normally you'd need stubble length hairs for laser hair removal, and you have a lot on your legs and torso. So, we could start there today. What to do is to avoid shaving parts of your face and we'll also work on your face using electrolysis next time."

"Sounds good," I replied trying to sound keen even though I knew it wasn't going to be pain free. Then I wondered how I had managed to avoid being found out for so long. Could I keep the illusion going?

"This laser treatment will hurt so be warned," she said handing me the laser safety goggles which would cover my eyes. When she put on her own set, she asked, "Are you ready?"

"Yes," I replied and so it began as pulse after pulse of laser light was fired into my left leg starting on my foot and working upwards.

"That's all the dark hairs I can see on this leg," she said as she proceeded to deal with my right limb. "Laser is so much faster."

Then she managed to trim all the longer hairs on my left arm with an electric trimmer and then she started hitting those with the laser when the hour was finally up.

"You've done very well," she said applying soothing skin lotion to the areas that she had treated. "You can get dressed and I'll see you outside."

I noticed a huge difference in my legs as I felt how smooth they were as I put on my pantyhose again. I quickly got dressed and paid the bill. I arranged another appointment for two days' time on Friday morning. Then I also booked a makeover session with Emily or Em, Amy's best friend who worked in a friend's beauty salon for later that same Friday afternoon. I wanted to look my best for the party.

I was always amazed that Em hadn't noticed I wasn't the real Amy before now. I always made sure that I acted as closely as I could to what the real Amy would do with her best friend with warm hugs and air kisses.

The last time I'd been in that salon it had been unsettling as I'd entered with my nerves frayed wondering how I'd get on with Emily and whether she would detect something was wrong, but she'd quickly given me a huge hug happy to see Amy again. Her rapid acceptance of me as Amy easily made me feel less nervous. I was up to date on Amy's life by then and I was able to respond easily to Emily's constant chatter.

That previous time I'd had a spray tan, laborious eyelash extensions, and then more hours on my hair where she had added hair extensions that went down to the small of my back. Then she'd re-dyed my long hair ash blonde. That final process had been the most dramatic, as I found that I had a high ponytail of cascading curls that bounced with each tiny movement of my head. The memory of that final reveal in the mirror had been shocking back then, but now I could no longer harbour feelings of disgust since I was so totally immersed into life as Amy. I had to embrace that now.

"What's up Aimes?" she'd asked when I'd tried to book the makeover session for that Friday afternoon.

"You'll never guess, or perhaps maybe you can?" I replied vaguely.

"Come on spill the beans Aimes," she cried. "What's the big secret? Who is he this time?"

"It's Lewis! He's asked me out to a party this coming Friday night, so I'll need the works done in the afternoon. Is that okay?" I asked.

"You've got it, nails, hair and face," she replied. "You're booked in for 2pm that should be enough time."

"Thanks Em," I replied and then asked. "How are you doing?"

“Oh, I can’t complain,” she replied. “I’m always busy working though. We need another get together with the others soon as they were talking about going on a holiday break.”

The ‘others’ were nicknamed the ‘pink panthers’ from the time when they’d all worn pink to a party at college in a huge, amazing coincidence. I quickly learnt that the five girls, Jenn, Stace, Em, Rach and Amy had all regularly kept in touch with frequent meets since that fabulous night.

I honestly thought that interacting with the other panthers initially would be another huge problem but in the event they all seemed to overlook my slightly strange behaviour. I found out later that they had all put it down to the effects of Amy’s long periods away in rehab. I’d quickly explained that rehab wasn’t a holiday camp and it had changed my personality.

After a recent night out together, I’d freaked out the next morning when I’d discovered that all five of us had had similar pink butterfly tattoos done on our right shoulder blades. I’d been so drunk or spaced out with drugs that I hadn’t even remembered having the tattoo done on my hairless back. Yet there it was as a constant reminder of my membership of the pink panthers. Even the real Amy didn’t have that membership mark.

Chapter 3 - Date Night

After yet more laser removal on my body hair in the morning with Cynthia at another cost of 75 pounds, as usual Em did an amazing job that Friday afternoon with my hair and my make-up. As I admired what she’d done looking in the mirror, it was like she’d turned the screws on Scott’s coffin lid another turn tighter, and only Amy was only allowed out.

“My eyelashes are just so long,” I said fluttering them and feeling the weight of them with each blink of my eyes. “They’re just the way I like them babes!”



Em had me pose for a photo during my makeover

Honestly it wasn't the way I liked them, but I didn't have any choice as Ems knew it was the way the old Amy liked them.

Unknown to me the real Amy had been in touch with Emily to explain the situation to her. She was asked to treat me completely as Amy going forward. When Emily had asked her why, the real Amy had told her that I was taking her place so she would get out of the excessive recovery cycles she had recently endured and to start a new relationship with

Doug.

Emily had then told my cousin that she would do as she asked and Amy had told her that she would be invited over to Florida where she and Doug were going to stay. Of course I had no idea about this conversation and subsequent conversations between the two friends. Only that Emily had seemingly eagerly agreed to Amy's punishment plan for me. I'd noticed Emily staring at me occasionally during my appointment and I had wondered why.

"You're welcome, babes. Your long lashes are always to die for Aimes," she declared seemingly content to go along with my cousin's plans. "They are so you and they make your eyes look so sultry looking."

"I do so love what you've done with my nails too," I declared eagerly though inwardly I was desperately unhappy that they had been extended a good centimetre past my fingertips. She'd given them a pale pink polish on each pointed shaped nail to make them look even more feminine.

Then without being asked, she'd then injected more fillers into my lips to inflate them even more. "Lewis is going to love kissing those new love pillows of yours," she'd said laughing.

"God they're so big now," I replied laughing at her joke about Lewis. "My lippy bill is going to be like totally huge."

"Don't worry babes I'll give you some tubes of red lippy on the house," she replied giving me two new dark red shades to try. I found her applying the lipstick to be most erotic experience so far. My large lips were coated with the waxy colour and it made my lips even fuller.



"Yes Aimes you really do suit dark red lippy," smiled Ems after she'd finished coating my lips.

As I left Em's salon, I was feeling badly conflicted about what she'd done to me. On the one hand I was more than ever looking gorgeously feminine which meant that people would be less likely to guess my guilty secret, while on the other I was about to go out to an engagement party as the willing feminised partner of another man.

I realised though that it was important to feel confident as Amy and Em's makeover had certainly achieved that. I was getting admiring looks from men as I walked towards the nearby Marks and Spencer store to look through their lingerie.

After buying a couple of tight-fitting panty girdles to help with tucking instead of using tape, I drove home and I realised that when I arrived at the party as Lewis's partner, I wouldn't need to worry about what anyone else thought of me unless I made a complete fool of myself. Since I was driving home after the party, I'd use that as a good excuse to avoid drinking alcohol. Regardless of that I needed to get my head around that I was the girl for the night as Lewis's date. I didn't want to be another man's arm decoration, but that's what I was going to be looking like I did.

As I sat in the driver's seat after parking the Mini, I decided that it was obviously better not to worry about feeling this way and that I would just try to be Amy as best as I could. Hopefully what all the other party goers would see was a super confident stylish young woman. So, if I felt sexy and bold then I'd act sexy and bold. Then the others would see confidence.

Now all I needed to do was to choose a dress from Amy's extensive wardrobe that would make me feel less petrified and perhaps even super confident. On returning back to what was now my familiar apartment, I pulled out four dresses and held up each one in front of me as I looked in the mirror, I finally chose the best mini dress that I now owned, which was the little black dress with the mesh top that I'd worn to the will reading with the other beneficiaries.

That done, I headed towards the bathroom. I would have loved a hot shower but having just come from a makeover at the salon; all I could do was wash and shave my already shaved armpits with warm soapy water. The area stung briefly as I sprayed them with Amy's fragrant deodorant and I then wondered if my cousin Amy still bothered to shave her armpits nowadays. My dress for the night meant a change of lingerie, so I discarded both the panties and my bra into the laundry basket. It was hard to believe that all the bras and panties in Amy's lingerie drawer were now all mine. I had no underwear that Scott would have worn in the apartment.

I clipped on a padded underwire bra in front of me as it was easier with my stupid long nails to fasten it there. Then I slowly and gratefully undid the tight tape between my legs and yelped with each slow pull as it removed more of my pubic hairs.

When I'd popped into Marks and Spencer earlier, I'd had a long look at what they had in the way of panty girdles and shapewear. I'd found several black styles in a size 12 that would not only tightly pull in my tummy; they would gently squash my boy parts with a bit more care than the unforgiving and painful duct tape I'd used to tuck previously.

After a search through Amy's bedroom drawers, I found a few pairs of unused pantyhose still in their packets and one pair caught my eye. I opened the packet and the pantyhose had a smooth almost oily sensual feel to them. I bunched them up and put my left foot in first and then my right. I carefully pulled them up my legs and I had to admit they had an electric feeling. I rubbed my legs together and the feeling was just incredible.

"Wow," I said really liking the feeling as I crossed my legs at the knee. Fortunately, I hadn't



caused a run in them with my long sharp nails. It seemed that it was so much easier to slide the dress up my legs with the sheer pantyhose on. It certainly felt amazing as the dress's silk lining rubbed against my nylon clad legs. Then I settled the dress over my strapless padded bra. Reaching behind to pull up the zip in the middle of my back was a lot easier than I'd expected.

The tight dress hugged my slim figure well and after weeks of near starvation dieting, I was possibly the thinnest I'd been in years. Although my waist wasn't as narrow as the real Amy, I had put some sponge padding inside my girdles to widen my hips.

After I zipped the dress up, I looked and felt amazing.

I sat on the bed to slip on Amy's platform pumps with the 5-inch heels not because I wanted to, but because I had to. Lewis would tower over me if I didn't wear them.



These heels of Amy really hurt my feet as I walked, so thankfully I took them off and put on her 5" heels instead.

Once dressed, I changed my earrings for gold hoops. I pulled one of the lipsticks that Em

had given me out of my designer handbag and freshened my lip colour onto my plumped up lips. I grabbed my dark glasses and put them and the lipsticks back into my clutch bag. I then put my studded purse inside the bag as I needed to buy some petrol for the trip into London.

I grabbed a dark long wool coat from the coat rack and slipped it on. With a big sigh I pulled the apartment door closed and with my heart racing, I walked as briskly as I could towards my yellow Mini again. At first it had been an eerie feeling going out elegantly dressed as Amy, but suddenly it was all starting to feel normal. Everyone in the apartment block where I stayed saw and always treated me as Amy.

My long hair framed my face, but the cold wind that night was a nuisance as my hair was being blown about and I then realised I'd forgotten to use some of Amy's hairspray to hold it in place. I found it quite disturbing that I had such long hair thanks to Em as I sat down in the driving seat of the car and quickly started the engine. Then I turned the heater control to maximum as my legs and feet were already feeling so cold in the sheer pantyhose. The car took a few minutes to warm up, but I was very grateful when the warm air finally hit my thinly covered legs and feet.

Driving in high heels was something I'd done before, so I didn't hesitate to select first gear and head off towards the nearest petrol station to fill up. Amy's little yellow Mini was proving to be a fun car to drive and just a few minutes later, I was standing in my heels again as I filled up the tank with 95 octane petrol. I was shivering when I finally put the fuel nozzle back on the pump and then I walked briskly into the shop to pay.

"Pump number 2 please," I said holding up my visa debit card.

"Thanks. Do you have our loyalty fuel card?" asked the woman from behind the sales counter.

"No sorry I don't," I replied as I looked for the payment machine. "Do I need one?"

"Well, it's 5p a litre cheaper if you use the loyalty card," she told me helpfully.

"In that case, how do I get one?" I asked.

"There are some brochures on the rack in front. Do you see?" she asked.

"No, I think they're all gone," I said looking where she'd indicated.

"Oh, here you are," she replied handing me a folded brochure with the card inside. "Just fill in the form with this pen and you can use it straight away and so qualify for the fuel discount."

So, I stood there quickly filling in all my contact details as Amy Brooks just to get a few pence a litre discount off my fuel.

"That's great," I replied handing the completed form back to the woman.

"I really love your nails," she said seeing my nails as I handed the completed form over to her along with Amy's bank card.

"Thanks, I've just had them done today. I think though that they're just a bit too long," I replied. I paid her and put both cards back into the card section of my purse and then headed out to my car again with my heels clicking on the hard concrete forecourt.

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off for Fulham in my thankfully warmed up with a full tank of petrol and 45 minutes later driving around the area of the apartment looking for a free parking space. Lewis had me the address by text earlier and after driving around for 15 minutes, I eventually managed to find a space. Unfortunately it was about half a mile away from the address. Lewis had told me he would meet me at the party but he was already in London on business. He had offered to pay for a taxi for me, but I told him I would just drive my car.

Two things struck me as I put on the car handbrake. The first was I had to walk that throbbing distance in these heels and the second was that I was going to feel very cold the time I got there. I decided that women have it worse in these situations where their fashions were concerned. Oh yes, they look and feel sexier with all those lovely sensations from their clothes, but men had it much better and easier when the weather was so dreadful.

Unfortunately, a mixture of rain and sleet had started to fall as I parked the car, so I walked quickly as I could under the shelter of my umbrella down some dimly lit streets towards the party address. I'd never been scared walking at night before when I was Scott, but as Amy I was feeling petrified that I was being followed or stalked in those dark streets.

As I walked, I thought I heard footsteps behind me following, and I decided to walk over to the other side of the street.

I was feeling so grateful when I heard the muted music from the apartment as it signalled that I was headed towards the right location. I climbed the entrance steps into the building and I collapsed my folding umbrella so that I could carry it easier. I walked up the brightly lit steps to the top floor and again I started to feel nervous that I would somehow be read as Scott. I know that the panthers had accepted me, but it was always in the back of my mind that someone else would make an unwelcome comment.

I gently knocked on the door and was warmly welcomed inside by a very pretty woman in her mid-twenties.

“Hi, I’m Amy and I’m supposed to be here with Lewis. Is he here yet?” I asked in a bubbly happy way trying to mask my nervousness.

“Yes, he’s only arrived just a few minutes ago,” she said checking her guest list. “By the way I’m Moira the one who is getting married to Eddy.”

“Oh, congrats hun,” I replied giving her a warm hug. “I see Lewis is over in the corner, so I’ll go over and annoy him. Where can I put my coat to dry? It’s really horrible weather outside.”

"I'll take your coat from you and hang it up in the hallway above the radiator," she offered generously and kindly.

The party was in full swing and there were about 20 people in attendance in their small apartment dancing and chatting away. There were another dozen or so in the adjoining dining room. When I'd crossed the central part of the living room towards Lewis, he quickly handed me a champagne flute full of sparkling wine.

"There you go Amy, that's for you," he said eagerly kissing me on the neck sounding happy. "Babe I must say you're looking absolutely gorgeous tonight. You usually do look gorgeous, but I must say you look exceptionally fine tonight."

"Thanks Lewis," I replied uneasily as he put his arm around my waist and pulled me towards him to give me a smacker of a kiss on the lips.

"That lipstick you're wearing makes your lips just so kissable Amy," he said as he made me feel weird inside that he was complimenting me on my girlish looks. My eyes opened wider as he then tried to push his tongue inside my mouth on the next kiss. "You taste bloody good too."

Inside my mind was screaming, 'no,' but I had to accept that he was the man and I was the woman right then. So reluctantly I opened my painted lips a little and let him eagerly explore the inside of my mouth with his tongue. Even so I just couldn't get my head around the fact that another man was French kissing me. Unlike Jessica, his lips were rough and hard whereas I was the one with the soft puffed up painted lips. Then his designer stubble was roughly scraping the skin on my face.

After we finished that passionate kissing, I eagerly took a sip of my wine as if I was trying to wash the taste of him away. As we'd kissed, I'd also felt his hard erection pressing against my stomach and weirdly it actually started to turn me on because I was successful in deceiving him enough to turn him on. Unlike him though, my small dick was compressed hard between my legs inside that tight unforgiving panty girdle. Then I suddenly wondered if my aroused reaction to his kiss made me gay or even bisexual.

"Shall we go and formally meet the happy couple?" he then suggested sounding happy. "Together we can give them their engagement present that I brought."

"Yes, we should go and wish them a happy life together," I replied. "Besides that's why we're here isn't it? Where did you put their present?"

"It's right here. I was waiting until you got here to give the crystal glasses to them," he replied showing me the gift-wrapped box.

"I'm sure they'll love them," I replied. "I've already met Moira at the door but I haven't met her fiancé yet."

"Who else do you know at this party?" I asked.

"I just know Eddy," he replied. "I've never met Moira before either."

So, we walked over towards them with my feet on fire after standing in the killer heels for a few minutes talking and kissing with Lewis. Lewis carried the gift under his arm and just handed it over to his friend Eddy who was busy making drinks for some of the other guests who had recently arrived.



Looking over at Lewis as I danced with Eddy later in the night

“How do you two know each other?” I asked Eddy pointing a long-nailed finger towards Lewis.

“We went to the same school and played on the same rigger team in college. Then until a year ago we worked in the same office,” Eddy explained. “Hey Lewis. Aren’t you going to introduce me to this gorgeous looking bird of yours?”

I was shocked at being called a ‘bird’, but i realised that was how I looked.

“Sure. Amy this is my old mate Eddy, Eddy this is the gorgeous Amy.” Lewis replied handing over the engagement present. “That’s a little something from us both.”

“I’m very pleased to meet you, Eddy. Many congratulations on getting engaged. You do look a great couple,” I said air kissing Moira again who’d just joined us. I really wanted to do more than air kiss her but that obviously would not be a good idea. She was a beautiful woman with carefully applied make-up.

“What can I get you both to drink?” Eddy then happily asked.

“I’m driving home later, so just something soft for me please,” I replied.

“That’s very sensible,” Eddy replied putting crushed ice into a tall glass. “My mate Jim just lost his driving licence for 18 months after testing positive during a spot check by the cops in Hammersmith. He was just over the legal limit too. The poor guy is going to miss driving that Ferrari of his.”

“I think I know how he feels, because I’d be completely lost without my yellow Mini,” I replied laughing at his friend’s misfortune.

“I have a good idea about what we can do regarding your soft drink, Amy. Have you ever tried ginger beer and lime juice?” Eddy asked.

“No, I can’t say that I have,” I replied and so I watched him mix the drinks in a tall glass with ice.

“Ginger beer and lime it is,” he declared topping up the glass with more crushed ice. “There you go Amy. I hope you enjoy it. If you do, I hope you’ll give me a dance or two later.”

I took a sip and then smiled. “I agree it’s very refreshing, so thanks Eddy,” I said feeling happy about the drink but not about the prospect of a dance.

“What’s this? Not having your usual glass of wine?” Lewis asked when he’d ended his chat with Moira. “It’s very sensible, but it’s so not you Amy.”

“I know but I really don’t want to lose my driving licence and I was involved in a near miss accident just after my grandma’s funeral that wasn’t my fault,” I explained. “Then after any accidents the police breath test everyone involved regardless of whose fault it was.”

“Oh well then it’s definitely for the best, but since I’m not driving, I’ll have another Scotch on the rocks,” Lewis said after Eddy had indicated it was Lewis’s turn to choose his drink.

With his drink poured, Lewis and I clinked glasses and Lewis said, "Cheers babe!" towards me. Although I was still not used to anyone calling me 'babe', I was beginning to like it, because it meant that I was obviously convincing enough. However, I also winced inside after he'd said it because I really deep down didn't want to be a 'babe'.

After a brief pause to toast the happy couple by everyone, the music started up again with the Bee Gees singing Saturday Night Fever as Lewis took my drink and put it down on the shelf beside us, he dragged me out onto living room carpet to dance.

We then danced together for a few songs, and I remembered to keep smiling at Lewis as we moved to the music. I was so tempted to look down at my aching feet, but I kept my head up looking at Lewis who was clearly enjoying himself as he had a huge grin on his face.

After several fast songs, the DJ then played a slow number and Lewis immediately moved closer to put his hands around my narrow waist to pull me towards him. I then took my inspiration from the other girls around me and put my arms around his neck and let my head fall naturally onto his hard chest and shoulder.

After that slow romantic dance, he turned his head and gave me yet another long hard passionate kiss on the lips. When I opened my mouth to protest, he then simply pushed his tongue deep inside my mouth yet again. My eyes opened wide in surprise and alarm, but he just pulled me tighter so my firmly attached false breasts were hard up against his broad manly chest. Then yet again, I could feel what I knew was an erect penis pressing against my waist.

That he was so aroused obviously rang some alarm bells that he clearly wanted to have sex with me, and I did my best to stay calm as the passionate kiss seemed to last for hours. I realised that I would need to message Amy about whether she'd ever had sex with Lewis when they'd dated a year earlier.

"Steady cowboy! Don't get too carried away now," I joked as that long passionate kiss finally ended.

"Well Amy you're certainly a great kisser. Your red juicy lips are just so inviting that I couldn't resist them," he claimed.

"Thanks, you're not a bad kisser either," I replied although kissing a man was very much different to kissing Jessica, it wasn't unpleasant. I'd just closed my eyes and tried to imagine I was kissing Jessica instead. It was only when his beard bristles touched my cheek that I was brought back into reality.

When the buffet supper was announced by Eddy, a queue formed quickly near to the dining table, so Lewis and I decided to wait until the queue finished and then we could just help ourselves.

"I'm feeling quite hungry," I said remembering I hadn't eaten anything since breakfast as we finally headed over to the table that was still loaded with food. As Scott I'd always had a huge appetite, but I knew that vegetarian Amy would just eat like a dainty bird and peck at her food. With that in mind, I only picked two small cheese and pickle sandwiches, a couple of tiny hors d'oeuvres of stuffed mushrooms and some carrot sticks.

"Still on your vegetarian diet I see," he said observing my meagre non meat selection.

Meanwhile Lewis had stacked his plate high with food and I couldn't resist saying in typical womanly fashion, "Hey you need to leave some for other people!"

"Don't worry Amy, there's still plenty more," said Moira who overheard my comment.

"Great Moira," replied Lewis who began munching on his small mound of food, while I bit into a carrot stick and started chewing on it.

After I'd finished eating, I excused myself to visit the bathroom and as I sat on the toilet to pee, I sent Amy that text about Lewis. She came back in a few minutes with a reply.

"Yes, we did make love a few times," she replied. "He's good at lovemaking and loved giving me oral before we did it with him on top."

"Thanks Amy. Then I will need to avoid him getting too fresh," I replied now knowing that Lewis had been more than just a platonic friend to my cousin Amy. *"Besides I don't have your plumbing!"*

"Yes, for now you don't," she replied. I gulped when I read that as I knew what she was referring to. It was something that I really didn't want to happen.

"Thanks, but I'm going pass on that," I replied and put my phone back into my bag. I stood up and checked my appearance and realised that I needed to freshen my lipstick. Somehow it actually felt sexually good to take out my lipstick and coat my lips with colour before I then went back out again

The party was clearly a great success with good food, lots of drink, great music, happy laughter and conversations and dancing. It was so good that I completely lost track of time and when I tried to suppress a yawn, I then glanced at Amy's tiny expensive Rolex wristwatch after a slow dance with another man who had asked me up, much to Lewis's annoyance. It was now well after midnight and clearly time to make a move back home to my own apartment.

"Lewis I've just seen the time and as it's been a long day, I've got to head off home. Thanks for inviting me and I've had a super time tonight," I said happily to him.

"Thanks for coming. Both Moira and Eddy were delighted you could be my partner tonight. Moira said that she thinks we make a great couple," he replied enthusiastically. "I was going to crash out here on their sofa tonight, but I wonder if it would be possible to get a lift home from you instead?"

"Sure. I'll just go and get my coat," I replied heading towards the hallway where my coat was still on a coat hook. By the time I'd retrieved it and then went back to thank both Moira and Eddy for the party, Lewis was patiently waiting for me by the living room door. As we walked down the stairs together, he grabbed my gloved hand and held on to it tightly.

"Do you remember where I live?" he asked as we reached the wet pavement outside. Thankfully the sleet and rain had stopped, but it was now much colder with slippery frost and ice in places on the pavement.

"Of course, but it might be a good idea if you could put your address into the car sat nav," I said and then pointing to the icy conditions underfoot I added. "Please give me your arm as a steady just in case I go flying in these heels."

"Yes, it's very slippery underfoot now," he agreed and we walked carefully along the empty quiet and frosty London street back towards my little car. I slipped a couple of times helplessly, and thankfully Lewis stopped me from falling each time. It made me feel a little

helpless and stupid that I hadn't worn more sensible shoes.

"I'm glad you're here Lewis. I hate walking in quiet dimly lit streets like these after dark and my shoes making such a loud noise," I said as he then put his arm around my waist to support me as I was still slipping often on the ice.

"I'm just glad to be of service Amy," he replied gallantly. I could tell he was in a happy mood having drunk a few glasses of whisky and had clearly enjoyed my company. When we finally reached my car, he complimented me on my taste in cars and said, "Yes a yellow Mini is just so you Amy."

"Thanks," I replied gratefully pressing the key fob button to unlock the doors. Instead of going to his side, he gallantly opened the driver's door for me and held it until I was seated inside the car. I then gracefully pulled my legs inside and he gently closed the door. As I started the engine and fastened my seatbelt he then quickly hopped around the front of the car and into the passenger side.

"Could you put your post code into the sat nav?" I asked adjusting the heater controls to maximum. With the car heater on maximum and directed towards the windscreen it slowly started to defrost the iced up glass. Lewis took a tissue to the inside of the cold windscreen to help soak up some of the condensation from our breathing. That done, he then grabbed my hand and squeezed it tightly.

"You know I really want to spend the night with you again babe," he said. "How about staying at my place tonight?"

"Thanks for the offer, but let's take it slower this time," I replied knowing that what was between my legs was so unlike what he'd enjoyed a year earlier.

"I think it will be another minute or two until the windscreen clears," he predicted as the car interior slowly warmed us up. "So, we might as well warm ourselves up a bit," he added and he leant over towards me to kiss my lips again. His left hand was on my right false breast and he began to massage it hard. So hard I was scared that the adhesive holding it onto my ribs might break which would obviously be a huge problem. "I just love playing with your boobs Amy."

"So I've noticed," I replied taking his hand off my false chest. "I think it's time to get moving home at last."

"I do want to suck on your big nipples again babe," he then said seriously.

Ignoring his comment and breaking off the clinch I replied with, "I can finally see outside now the windscreen has cleared." I put my heels onto the pedals and I was able to select first gear. I revved the engine a little as I pulled away. "Thankfully the road has been gritted."

"There's no rush babe," he replied putting his hand on my left hose covered leg and squeezing it. "Your leg feels great in that sheer hose. Just take it nice and easy. Let's get home safe and sound."

I followed the sat nav directions religiously as I'd no idea exactly where he lived. After a slow drive, we finally reached his house and I was quite surprised to find that he lived in a large 5-bedroom villa deep in the Surrey countryside but not that far from my place at Epsford.

"Would you like to come in for a warming coffee babe before you drive home?" he asked as we sat in his house driveway now warmed up with the engine still running. I was getting used

to him calling me babe now.

“No, but thanks for asking though,” I replied knowing it wouldn’t be a good idea to go inside with him. “I better get home as it’s now nearly 2am!”

“Before you go I wanted to tell you something first,” he said emphatically and he forcefully turned towards me so he could put his left hand on my left knee.

“What’s up?” I asked thinking he had finally sussed me out as an imposter.

“You remember last year when we broke up that you accused me of being a control freak with you?” he asked. “That you didn’t like me insisting that you always look and act in an ultra feminine way?”

“What do you mean by act in an ultra feminine way?” I asked not familiar with the term.

“Oh don’t you remember that I used to insist that you always wore dresses and short skirts instead of pants on our dates?” he asked and when I didn’t reply he added. “Then I wanted you to have long hair, long nails and heavier sultry make-up.” He said it as if he were reminding me.

“Yes what about it?” I asked not sure where this was heading.

“Well I still like things done my way,” he said. “So I hope I don’t frighten you off again. However I can see that if anything you’re now acting voluntarily in the way I want, rather than me ordering you to do it. Unlike last year you’re more feminine than ever.”

“How do you mean?” I asked.

“I love your long false eyelashes, your long nails, your high heels and that little black dress you’re wearing. When we walked to the car from the party along that icy pavement and you held onto me for support because you were struggling to walk in your high heels, it really turned me on. I think the Amy of a year ago would never have put herself into that position and then there you were behaving exactly the opposite,” he explained.

“Yes well I was just glad that you were able to stop me from falling,” I replied ignoring his comments about my feminine appearance. “The path was very slippery.”

“I still found it incredibly sexy that you had become so helpless and vulnerable as you leant on me for support,” he said and I could tell he meant it. “So I really think that’s a huge change in you.”

“I suppose it must be,” I admitted not realising that I’d gone too far with my Amy impersonation.

However, then before I could say, “stop” he reached over again and pulled my head with his hand over towards his waiting lips. He kissed me so passionately in a way I’d never experienced with anyone ever before that I suddenly felt my cock twitch again despite being deep inside my tight panty girdle. I was shocked that I was getting turned on by the reality of another man passionately kissing me. Then it was also making me feel weird when he’d told me that I was this ultra feminine woman instead of being macho engineer Scott Kennedy.

“Hey that’s not fair,” I said getting my breath back after his latest passionate tongue kiss had ended.

“But, Amy you looking so drop dead gorgeous isn’t fair on me either though,” he replied after he sat back in the passenger seat wiping his lips. “Just looking at you turns me on so much. Amy, I want you to know that I love being with you and I want us to go for dinner next weekend. Unfortunately, I’ll be busy with work until Thursday, but I’d really like to buy you dinner then.”

“Thanks, let me know exactly when you’re free Lewis,” I said and he then reluctantly opened his door letting the unwelcome cold air rush into the car so that it chilled my thinly covered legs instantly. I hated that fashionable women’s clothing was so poor at keeping me warm.

“Goodnight Amy. Thanks for the lift home and I’ll see you soon babe,” he said and he then closed the door. He walked steadily over the gravel driveway towards his house and he gave me a cheery wave from his front door as he then searched for his door key. I waved back and flashed my headlights as I put the Mini into reverse gear. I slowly backed out of his driveway back onto the road. By then I was feeling quite sleepy as I set off for home. Thankfully the roads had all been gritted and I got home just ten minutes later without incident because I wasn’t driving fast.

As I shut off the engine outside my apartment, I wondered how on earth I was going to deal with an amorous dominant man like Lewis in my life. I got out of the car, walked carefully into the building and I gratefully closed the front door behind myself.

“Oh my God,” I cried out loud suddenly realising I was in absolute agony. “My poor feet! Oh my poor fucking feet!”

I instantly kicked off my heels and walked bare foot painfully over towards the sofa though still on my tip toes. I sat on the sofa and eagerly massaged my feet and ankles through the pantyhose as my painted toes were visually numb because of the cold weather. The tight pantyhose might have felt electric on my legs, but they had provided no resistance against the low night time temperature. As I removed them, I stupidly put a sharp nail through the nylon material instantly destroying them. With a disappointed sigh, I rolled them up and put them in the waste basket.

After a good few minutes massaging my bare feet and my aching calf muscles without much benefit, I decided to walk towards the kitchen to make a hot water bottle. I added water to the kettle and switched it on. As it heated, I went into the bedroom and found a pair of furry slipper socks and put them on. When I got back into the kitchen, the kettle was whistling away to indicate that it was boiling. I poured the water into the hot water bottle and then walked back into the bedroom to put it under my duvet.

I was still feeling the ache in my lower limbs as I walked around. I desperately wanted to brush my teeth as I felt that I could still taste Lewis’s whisky flavoured saliva in my mouth. Back in Amy’s and now my perfumed bedroom, I then eagerly just stepped out of the unzipped black dress. I laid it carefully onto a chair rather than hang it up because I was so exhausted. Then I just sat on the bed and pulled the duvet up over my aching tired body thankful for the hot water bottle on my cold feet. I stupidly fell asleep quickly without removing any of my make-up or that damned crushing panty girdle.

Chapter 4 – An abnormal Saturday

When I awoke the next morning, I asked my Alexa what time it was as I struggled to open my heavy false eyelash laden eyelids.

“Good morning Amy, it’s 10:26 am,” she replied simply.

I stretched out in the warm bed as I slowly gathered my thoughts about my time with Lewis the night before. At first I was quite surprised that I'd enjoyed myself so much at the party. It had been scary at first, but then it had been a lot of fun that I'd been able to deceive everyone into thinking that I was Lewis's girlfriend Amy Brooks. I was also pleased that I was so easily accepted as Amy, but I was also feeling weirdly disturbed by the lusty amorous actions of Lewis who was clearly heavily sexually attracted towards me.

Everyone had treated and accepted me as Lewis's girlfriend at the party and Lewis had made it clear that he wanted to see me again and again. Obviously I had played the part of Amy well, perhaps I had done it too well, but I didn't really have the choice but to do it as well as I could.

Then I wondered if perhaps Lewis had deliberately overlooked that I was an imposter. We had been physically very close for most of the night and I felt that it was a miracle if he hadn't realised that I wasn't the real Amy Brooks. Then I had hoped that I had managed to fool him.

I still didn't know what I was going to do about Lewis and his amorous nature along with his wild passionate goodnight kisses. That final kiss of the night had deep down oddly really thrilled me and I knew that I wouldn't mind if I received another kiss like that. That was a huge conflict for me as I was turned on by the idea of Lewis kissing me and even treating me like a girl. I hadn't expected that reaction in my mind and I had thought that I would be revolted and not turned on by the idea of his advances.

As I thought about it, I suddenly felt myself get aroused inside my tight panty girdle at the prospect of him kissing me again so passionately. I was tempted to massage my erection to an orgasm, but in my mind I somehow felt that it would make me feel even more interested in Lewis. I didn't want to feel that I was gay or bisexual as until then I'd always wanted to be with women. However with Lewis I was being treated as the woman and I felt that my imitation of Amy meant that I had to react as Amy should.

To avoid any confusion I decided to get up and strip off all my underwear as I'd slept in my bra and panty girdle. Then I headed into the bathroom for a cool shower to calm myself down. I donned my shower cap putting all my glamorous long blonde hair inside it to stop it from getting wet and so I could easily wash all of the smeared make-up off my face.

I examined the breast forms that were still stuck on my chest and realised that if Lewis got really fresh with me, he'd soon discover that they were fake. I also knew that I'd have to keep on wearing the panty girdle to avoid any potentially embarrassing erections though it was so much better than the tape I'd used previously. Just as I got out of the wonderful shower, Amy's iPhone rang and I could see that it was Jenn from the panthers calling.

Before I answered I cleared my throat quickly as I wanted to sound like Amy immediately.

"Hey Aimes," she began cheerfully as usual.

"Hi what's up Jenn?" I asked using my Amy voice which was becoming more natural with practice. It was definitely getting easier.

"I've invited all the other panthers for some retail therapy at the shopping centre this afternoon at two. I was wondering if you'd like to come with us for some early Christmas shopping?" she asked quickly getting to the point.

"Of course I'll come. You know how much I love to go shopping with you guys. Besides I need to find a new dress, as Lewis has asked me out to dinner next weekend," I replied

chirpily. "I could definitely use some help to choose it."

"Oh, Aimes does he still have it bad for you?" she asked. "I think you really need to be careful with him. After what you told us last year, you know what he can be like."

"Yeah but he does seem to have mellowed a bit now. After the passionate way he kissed me last night, I'd have to say that he still does have it bad for me," I giggled. "It wasn't just his usual affectionate kiss on the cheek either. It was more a deep exploration of my tonsils."

"All right Aimes that's just way too much information for me," laughed Jenn.

"Yeah well, I was just desperate to tell someone what happened last night," I laughed in reply. "I'll meet you guys at two at the shopping centre."

"Yes we'll see you at the main entrance as usual," she confirmed.

"Ciao," I replied happily that I'd been invited and I was still an active member of the pink panthers.

However I realised that before I met up with them all again, I needed to pull myself together and become outwardly the lovely Amy Brooks again.

I took a quick look outside and saw it was still cold and frosty so I declared, "to hell with high heels and short skirts today! I'm going to wear my warm fur boots, thick pantyhose and a pair of warm leggings and my long quilted padded coat!"

Then suddenly I heard my phone alert me to the sudden arrival of another Whatsapp message. I opened up the screen and saw it was from my cousin Amy.

"Hi can you send me a topless picture of yourself right now?" she'd written. I wondered why she suddenly wanted that. So, despite my untidy long hair and no make-up, I dutifully took a topless selfie and sent it to her without any words thinking that would satisfy her.

Within a few minutes though she replied, *"those breast forms look quite ridiculous. I honestly think you'll need to see about getting some implants or start hormone treatment or both."*

"You're kidding me, right?" I replied back. I didn't want to even consider either option as I still wanted to go back to being Scott sooner or later.

"No! I had my implants done a year ago and you'll need them a bit bigger and those forms just wouldn't fool any of the panthers if you ever had a sleepover with them," she responded back quickly.

"Thanks for your advice, but I'm not getting breast implants or taking female hormones," I texted back adamantly.

However, the real Amy though had other ideas. *"The alternative is a prison cell if you don't! You can't afford to take the chance of being discovered as an imposter! So, I strongly suggest that you enquire about meeting a gender councillor ASAP!"*

"Shit!" I said out loud because reluctantly I realised that she was right. If it came out that I was impersonating Amy, then I could end up being charged with fraud at the local police station. I hadn't even considered the possibility of having breast implants, as I hadn't thought being Amy was going to be a permanent arrangement.

"I'll make enquiries on Monday then," I replied reluctantly.

"Keep me posted here on Whatsapp," she ordered in response.

I realised that her order would need to wait until Monday with it now being Saturday morning, but I decided to call my local doctor right then anyway so I could leave a message on their answer machine, but I was surprised to find that my call was answered by a receptionist.

"Hello I was wondering if I could make an appointment to see my doctor early next week," I asked.

"What seems to be the problem?" the woman taking my call asked.

"Well I would say that I've been suffering from gender dysphoria and I need some support during my transition from male to female," I replied somehow deciding that it was better that I tell her that I was transgendered. I'd known that the real Amy had previously enjoyed good health apart from her drug and alcohol abuse so she probably hadn't used her local doctor since she'd moved into her apartment. So although there was a risk that yet more people would know that Amy Brooks was a trans woman, I didn't see any alternative but to go down that route, if I wanted proper medical support.

"Rather than your doctor, it might be better if you met our usual gender specialist instead. She's here at the medical centre on Tuesday next week. Would you like an appointment with her instead?" the receptionist then kindly offered.

I had to hope there was no evidence of the real Amy ever having had cervical smears, vaginal thrush or any breast cancer checks in her medical records. Then having had breast implants done privately a year earlier, perhaps her Health Service records would show that my cousin was never transgendered.

"Yes, please that sounds perfect," I replied simply.

"Very well. What's your name and date of birth please?" she replied.

"Amy. Amy Brooks and it is the 6th November 2003," I said giving Amy's correct date of birth.

"As yes I see you're a patient here. Well I can give you an appointment at 2:30pm. Would that be okay for you?" she asked.

"Yes that would be fine," I replied politely.

"Perfect, I've now got you down to meet with Doctor Anne Philips at 2:30pm on Tuesday," she replied. "Was there anything else that I can help you with today?"

"No that's all, thank you so much," I confirmed and I hung up.

As I put my iPhone on the bed, I wondered if I was doing the right thing and then after some deliberation, I decided that it wouldn't do any harm to see this specialist and it would hopefully get my cousin off my back for now.

"I've made an appointment to see a Doctor Philips who is a gender specialist next Tuesday afternoon," I wrote on Whatsapp and she responded with a thumbs up and a *"keep me posted on what they say."*

I decided I'd worry about the appointment on Tuesday, as it was still a few days away. In the meantime I had to meet up with the pink panthers in a few hours, and I had to look my best as Amy.

After almost two hours styling my hair, doing my make-up, putting on my jewellery and then deciding against my first-choice of comfort clothing, I dressed in usual Amy style with a short skirt, sheer stockings and a thin top that showed my lacy bra underneath. As a concession, I kept my long black quilted jacket and pulled out a pair of leather gloves with fur trim on the wrists and a false fur hat.

Then I filled my large handbag with what I needed including my purse, two spare tampons just in case I ever got asked for one by a panther in the lady's rest room, my mobile phone and my usual cosmetics including my mascara, lipstick and lip gloss.

I physically shivered from the cold temperature, as I walked out to my car which was looking quite dirty after the drive home the night before on the salt covered roads. I was the first to arrive at the shopping centre, but I only waited a few minutes as each of the others turned up in turn each blaming the crazy Saturday traffic on the roads for their late arrival.

"Never mind Em you're here now," I said to her as she was the last to arrive. Then I suggested, "Let's grab some lattes and then see what we can find?"

We walked towards our favourite coffee shop and Rach made the others laugh at my expense, "it must be the coldest day of the year so far and yet Aimes is still wearing her high heels, a short skirt and sheer pantyhose as if it's still summer."

"Well I did think of wearing my Uggs, my fur lined leggings and a warm sweater," I replied. "But someone has to try and defy Jack Frost!"

They all laughed in unison. "Yes, but that's so you Aimes," laughed Jenn who hugged me happily.

Then with the coffees in hand as we walked towards our favourite department store, Em suddenly spotted Lewis emerging from a menswear shop carrying a shopping bag up ahead.

"Hey isn't that your man Lewis?" she cried pointing to him and we all looked through the crowds of shoppers.

"I'm sure it is," I replied and then as he saw us he immediately changed direction towards us. "He's seen us too and he's heading over."

We stood and waited as he quickly approached with a huge smile on his face.

"Hey ladies, it's lovely to see you all again," he said giving us all hugs and kisses on our cheeks in greeting.

"I thought you were going to be busy Lewis?" I asked him after he'd kissed me on the cheek last in greeting. I was feeling so glad that I'd shaved my face very closely earlier.

"I am, but I just needed to get a few things before I left," he replied. "I also needed some new shirts before I drove north later today. It's lovely to see you again so soon after the party last night Amy. You do look incredible as usual."

"Thanks, you're so sweet Lewis," I replied happily at his compliments.

“So, what are you guys looking for?” he then asked the others.

“Amy is looking for a new dress, she tells us you’ve invited her out to dinner next weekend,” blurted Rach who I decided obviously didn’t know when to keep a secret.

“Yes, that’s quite true,” he replied looking at me. “A nice dinner for two at Luigi’s next Friday. I just booked a table for two so I’ll drop by and pick you up Amy.”

“You will?” I replied. “What time?”

“I booked it for 7pm if that’s okay? Then perhaps we can catch a movie afterwards,” he replied.

“That sounds good,” I said. “I fancy seeing that new hit romantic comedy starring Matt Damon.”

“Yes that does sound good,” he replied and then added. “I’d love to stay and chat with all you lovely ladies, but I really must get moving. I have to be in Carlisle by eight tonight for dinner.”

“Drive safely then,” Jenn said for all of us. After goodbyes we watched him head off in the direction we’d used on our entry.

“He does seem to have got the hots for you Aimes,” said Stace. “Did you see the big bulge in his pants?”

“Yes I saw it,” I replied. “It was also on display last night as I could feel it as we danced together last night!”

They all laughed again. “You’re such a hoot Aimes. That’s so funny,” said Jenn laughing so much the others joined in.

Once again it seemed that my interaction with the rest of the pink panthers was going very well and meeting Lewis who’d arranged a date with me in front of all of them had helpfully reinforced that I couldn’t be anyone else but Amy Brooks. Sure, I’d have to endure another amorous night with Lewis, but if it helped to convince the others a little more that I was Amy Brooks then that wasn’t a bad result of my acting skills.

The panthers had formed a strong friendship and they normally didn’t allow any men to come between their bonds for one another. Sure, they might joke and make fun of each other, but they all knew deep down that if one was hurt, then the others would rally around and offer their active support.

“You’re such a lucky bitch that you’ve got that handsome guy hooked again,” Jenn then said as we walked towards the first store. “I think we all fancy him. Don’t we girlies?”

There were several, “yes” comments and nods from them. They were clearly happy for me as we walked into the biggest store in the shopping centre.

“What are you looking for today?” I asked Em.

“New boots for me,” she replied. “I want a warm pair of fur lined ankle boots. I hate it when my feet get so cold at this time of year.”

“That sounds a good idea Em. My feet were numb last night when I got home from the party. How about you Jenn?” I then asked.

“Stretch skinny jeans for me,” Jenn replied. “I’m walking my neighbours’ dogs with Geoff on the heath tomorrow, so I thought some new jeans would help keep me warm. What are you looking for Rach?”

“I haven’t got anything in mind, but if I see something I like then I’ll get it,” Rach replied. “Oh, wait I know. Warm gloves and I’d love a fur hat like yours Aimes. That leaves you Stace.”

“Well, you all know that I’ve just applied for a new job, but what you don’t know is they’ve offered me an interview in a letter today,” she said happily. “They want to see me early next week.”

“Yes, and so what have you decided?” I asked.

“For the interview, I want to get a proper dark skirt suit and a nice cream blouse to go with it,” she replied.

“I saw the perfect thing for you then,” Jenn said helpfully. “That store at the other end of the shopping centre has a skirt suit in the window on display. And the sign said it was 50% off.”

“I think we should help Aimes to get her dress first,” suggested Em helpfully who as Amy’s bestie always wanted to help her friend out.

“How about we try this? You guys choose a dress each and I’ll try them on and you can judge which one is best. Whatever dress wins I’ll then buy,” I replied. “I also hope that we can get some Christmas shopping done too.”

So that’s what we did regarding my dress and I walked out around 45 minutes later with a royal blue dress that Stace had selected and the rest liked best. It had a hem that was above my knees and because it was strapless and was sleeveless it showed off my false cleavage. We’d even found some 5” stiletto heels to match the dress colour so I was feeling concerned about being on display.

“What about wearing this on a cold night?” I’d asked and was told I could wear a shawl or a short coat when I was outside.



Trying on my new blue dress and shoes in front of the panthers in the store.

Jenn quickly found her stretch jeans that showed off her great legs. Em bought herself a pair of sheepskin lined Ugg ankle boots only these were black. On the way to look at the skirt suit, Rach also found that the new Samsung phone was on offer in a telecom shop and she just had to have it.

That just left Stace to choose and we were all keen to find her something.

“That looks perfect for me,” she said finally looking in the window at the skirt suit. “That was well spotted Jenn.”

We all walked in and waited patiently as she tried on the outfit. “That looks good to me,” I said as she stood in her stocking feet eagerly modelling the suit for us.

“And me,” said Jenn.

“How about you two?” Stace then asked.

“Try it with some 4” heels,” suggested Em. “It will hang better on you if you’re wearing heels.”

“Here borrow mine,” I said generously pulling my recently purchased blue shoes out of the bag.

“Thanks Aimes,” she said happily and she slipped them onto her feet. “How’s that then Em?”

“Yes, that works and looks good on you,” Em replied while Rach who had her nose deeply looking at her new phone looked up enough to eagerly agree.

So as Stace went to get changed out of the suit, Em suggested, “I think we should go and get a drink now to help her celebrate getting that job interview.”

“Good idea,” agreed Jenn. “I could sure enjoy a nice glass of prosecco right now.”

So, we all walked back through the shopping centre happy with our purchases and walked into the bar to order our drinks.

As we sat at the bar, some guys walked in and tried to chat us up. In the end, they paid for our drinks and Jenn then told them to get lost. That was after one of the men patted her on her bottom and started to get fresh with her. We just laughed at them as they left us in peace to enjoy our drinks.

After around 2 hours I finally and cheerfully bid goodbye to the girls who were fast becoming my great friends. Then I drove home at a sedate speed, as I’d had two small glasses of wine and didn’t want to fall foul of the police and so lose my driving licence. That would have a big impact on my life as Amy, if I’d picked up a driving ban.

When I got back into the apartment, I made myself a chicken salad for supper and I was eating it when Amy’s mum Mathilda suddenly called. She was also Scott’s Aunt Mathilda and so far thankfully, she hadn’t seen through my Amy disguise.

“Hello darling,” she announced leaving me to wonder what she suddenly wanted. “I was wondering. Have you recently heard from your cousin Scott?”

“No. Why do you ask?” I replied wondering why she would suddenly mention his name.

"It's just that he's strangely gone missing," she replied. "He hasn't been heard of or seen in a couple of months."

"Oh dear, I hadn't heard that," I replied showing raised concern in my voice. "Have you contacted the police about him?"

"Well, it was the police who contacted me about him this afternoon. It seems that he's not been seen at college," she said and I realised that was true that I hadn't been able to attend any of my classes because I'd been constantly in the role of her daughter Amy Brooks.

"He has a girlfriend called Jessica. Maybe she knows where he is?" I asked helpfully. "I met them both in the high street a couple of months ago."

"Oh I didn't know he had a girlfriend," she replied. "I'll let the policeman know. Do you know her last name by any chance?"

"No we just met briefly in the street, so I didn't get her full name," I replied feeling alarmed that she or the police might find and then speak to Jessica. "I just hope nothing bad has happened to him. I've always liked Scott."

"Yes it's a huge worry," she declared.

"Did the police say where he was last seen?" I then asked wondering what the police knew of his possible whereabouts.

"They said that he had just stopped attending college without warning and the college called the police when he couldn't be contacted about returning college property that he'd borrowed that was important for his course. His apartment has also been re-let and all his belongings have been impounded by the landlord as he was owed a couple of months' rent," she replied.

"Oh, that sounds really mysterious," I replied as I realised that all my male clothes and belongings were now completely out of my reach. That meant that the only male clothes I had were just a pair of tatty old denim jeans and a white T-shirt. Other than those, I only had Amy's clothes to wear.

"Anyway, he's been officially listed as a missing person," she repeated and then continued. "Whatever has happened could also explain why he didn't show up to your grandma's funeral."

"Yes, I wondered why he didn't show up," I replied knowing full well that he couldn't show up because I had to be his cousin Amy.

"He was a keen cyclist, wasn't he?" she then asked me. "The landlord has also confiscated his expensive racing bike to get the money he owed in rent."

"I wouldn't know about that mummy," I replied annoyed at the thought of losing my expensive carbon fibre framed road bike that had been my pride and joy.

I'd seen my aunt staring at me a few times when we'd met recently and yet miraculously somehow she hadn't seen me as an imposter. Or then perhaps she had noticed and deliberately hadn't said anything. I then wondered why the real Amy had wanted to have a

complete break from both her parents. Did Amy really think that I was so identical to her that even her mother wouldn't notice? Something didn't stack up in their relationship I then realised. I wondered what that could be.

"Anyway, I'll tell the police to look for his girlfriend Jessica but they won't know her last name. Are you sure you don't know what it was?" she then asked.

"Sadly, no I don't," I replied breathing a sigh of relief that they didn't know who Jessica was and I didn't know where she was staying either. "I remember thinking she was much taller than Scott and she looked a lot heavier. He was quite slim and petite compared to her."

"Well if that policeman comes back, I'll let him know that," Amy's mum replied.

"I'm only sorry I can't be of more help. Like I said I only met her that once," I replied remembering the encounter when the real Amy had bumped into us in the street.

"What are you up to these days?" she then asked.

"Nothing much. I was out shopping and having fun with the pink panthers earlier today," I replied.

"Oh, I do wish you'd stop calling yourselves that," she complained. "It's so demeaning! How about we meet up with you for some early Christmas lunch tomorrow?"

"Where and when for lunch mummy?" I asked.

"There's a new pub opened near us in Guildford," she replied and then she gave me its name. "We'll book a table for three for 1pm. How does that sound?"

"Thanks that sounds fine. So how is daddy?" I asked remembering Amy's pet name for him as he would be at the lunch too.

"He's fine now. He was obviously hit very hard by your grandma's sudden death and it's taken him such a long time to get over it," she replied.

"I can imagine that, as he loved her dearly," I replied.

"Yes, we all did I suppose," she said without much meaning. "We'll see you tomorrow then dear."

"Yes, you will," I replied hanging up after we'd said our goodbyes.

I really wanted a quiet no pressure night in, but already my mind was racing about the impending lunch date with Amy's parents and about Scott being listed as a missing person. Would the police manage to track down Jessica I wondered? If they did, would she let the cat out of the bag about me impersonating Amy. If she did, I would just tell the police that it was her idea and we'd both go to prison.

Then I realised that I would need to call her. I found Scott's old phone and although the phone had no calling ability with the expired sim card, I was able to extract her phone number after it had charged up enough so I could switch it on.

So then I called her using Amy's iPhone.

"Hello Jess," I said really struggling to speak in Scott's huskier voice. "I was wondering if we

could talk for a few minutes.”

“What is there to talk about Scott? She asked. “We’re through and we’re finished!” She was still sounding very angry and upset.

“Well quite a lot as it happens,” I replied. “Unfortunately I still need your help.”

“Scott why should I bother to help you?” she said obviously annoyed.

“Please just listen to me for a minute,” I replied trying to remain calm in response to her agitated state. “I’ll try and explain.”

“Go on then,” she said impatiently. “I’m listening.”

“Okay here goes. I’m now being blackmailed by the real Amy Brooks!” I started. “She caught me red-handed in her apartment dressed as her just after we broke up. I was just about to quit being Amy for good, when she just walked into the apartment!”

“Oh I bet that must have been funny if she saw you dressed up as her,” laughed Jessica. “So what happened then?”

I wasn’t happy that Jessica thought it was amusing, but at least she was interested in what I had to say about what had occurred.

“At first she was incredulous when she realised it was me standing in front of her in her five inch heels. I honestly thought that she would just report me to the police after I admitted to her what was going on, but then she decided on a far worse and quite different kind of punishment,” I replied.

“What can be worse than getting the police involved?” Jessica then asked.

“Well she told me that she’s now had enough of being the blonde bimbo Amy Brooks and she was going to live with a man she’d met in the states. Then she dropped the bombshell on me that to enable that to happen, she wanted me to carry on being Amy in her place,” I explained.

“What the fuck? That’s completely fucked up,” she laughed. “She wants you to carry on playing her? I hope you told her to go to hell!”

“I tried to, but she said that if I didn’t do it, she would just call the police. I’d probably end up in prison for a few years with a conviction for fraud,” I replied. “I didn’t want to go to prison, so I didn’t have any choice but to agree to her demands.”

“Yes that’s probably true about you doing time in prison,” Jessica replied. “So what do you want from me? I can’t suddenly wave a magic wand and change you back into Scott Kennedy again.”

“Well the problem is that Scott has been reported as missing by his college and they and his landlord are looking for him as he owes them money. The police now know a girl called Jessica was his girlfriend, so they might track you down and ask you straight if you know where Scott might be or what’s happened to him,” I explained.

“So?” she asked unhelpfully.

“So if they do get in touch with you, could you just tell them you don’t know where Scott

Kennedy might be?" I asked hopefully.

"What? Do you want me to lie to the police?" she asked.

"Well yes," I replied.

"Do you know what I really think?" she asked suddenly sounding angry again.

"Go on," I replied. "Tell me."

"I really think that deep down you really want to carry on being your cousin Amy. That despite all your howls of protest in the beginning, you actually enjoy dressing up as your wonderful cousin. I think perhaps that you even love being the lovely and girly Amy. So why should I care that you want to be a blonde bimbo for good?" she asked. "I think that you are trans!"

I sighed. "It's not that I want to be Amy. The real Amy told me that she wants a fresh start with her new husband and she told me that I had to carry on playing her. She's even let me keep all her clothes, apartment and her car."

"She must be desperate then if she'll let a sad loser like you play at being her," she sneered. "What about her grandma's legacy?"

"Well she said being Amy won't come cheaply so I'll get to keep half of it," I replied.

"Oh well you'll finally be quite rich then," she sneered.

"The money isn't so important now. What's important is to avoid doing time in prison," I replied. "And if I'm convicted you'll find yourself implicated too. So it's probably in your best interests to say that you don't know where Scott Kennedy might be. Now we've broken up, you could even just declare that you don't care where he is!"

"Yes alright," she agreed after a moment to think. "Yes you do have a point. I could be convicted as an accessory, so yes I'll do it."

"Thanks," I replied realising that sadly I'd actually prevented the re-emergence of Scott Kennedy for the foreseeable future if not for good through this action.

"So are you now officially Miss Amy Brooks?" Jess asked.

"Yes it seems so," I replied. "I have to look, sound and act exactly just like her."

"So are you also dating that guy who kissed you at the funeral?" she then asked.

"Lewis?" I replied.

"Yes if that's his name!" she asked.

"Well yes I do see him from time to time," I replied not wanting to mention my date the night before at the party.

"I think that you clearly preferred him to me," she laughed. "Judging by the way that you kissed him back. Now'll you get your big chance to date a handsome hunky man!"

"If you must know Lewis had an affair with the real Amy a year ago and they broke up

because he was a bit of a control freak. Now he thinks that I'm Amy, he wants to get back with her again. Besides that day at the funeral, I was just playing a role. It was honestly nothing more than that!" I said in self-defence.

She laughed. "Well now you get to keep playing the role all the time. So yes I will tell the police I don't know where Scott is and now all I know is where the lovely Amy Brooks will be. Walking around in her tight short skirts and dresses in her killer heels."

"Very funny," I replied deciding not to tell her anything more about Lewis. "Anyway how are you doing with your new boyfriend?" I asked out of curiosity rather than for any past feelings I'd had for her.

"It's all good," she replied. "His family are loaded and he looks after me unlike you ever did or could."

"That's good news for you," I replied.

"Yes Amy so please take care now," she sneered. "I just hope your new boyfriend treats you right when he finally finds out your little secret."

"Bye," I said annoyed at her as I put the phone down. I felt better and worse at the same time right at that moment. I was feeling better that she wouldn't tell the police what had happened to Scott and then worse that I really wouldn't be able to resume my past life as Scott any time soon.

Then I had to think of a story if the police ever turned up and knocked on my apartment door asking about the whereabouts of Scott Kennedy. I decided that I would just tell them I'd no idea where he was. I would tell them that I'd also no idea about him breaking up with his girlfriend Jessica.

As I watched television that night, I realised that since Scott had lost all of his clothes and possessions, I thought it might be an idea to see what I could order from the Shein website to replace at least some of those male clothes. Surprisingly though I found myself pouring over the stuff for women rather than make an active effort to replace any of my male clothing. I found myself ordering around 50 pounds worth of cheap fashions that only Amy might wear. Happily some of it would be used when I was relaxing here in the apartment as it was mainly comfortable shoes and clothes that I'd ordered. Everything I'd ordered was practical and lastly quite cheap.

Among the stuff I ordered were two pairs of stretch pants and some plain long skirts and warm tops all at their bargain prices. After I ordered, I was disappointed to find that delivery was going to be at least ten days away.