

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 qualifica-

tions 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 flat shoes (that she’d just removed from the apartment) my calf muscles really began to hurt. Yet these sky-scraper heels were equally painful on my toes and feet.

“The first thing I need to do is to wean myself off these fucking heels or get myself more comfortable shoes,” I declared outwardly as I sat on the kitchen stool staring unhappily at my arched feminised feet. “Shit maybe that’s why she took all those flat shoes away with her. It looks though that I’ll have to carry on stepping out in Amy’s heels until I can find a way out of this crazy situation I am in.”



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 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.

I set off for Fulham in my thankfully warmed up car with a full tank of petrol and 45 minutes later I was driving around the area of the apartment looking for a free parking space. Lewis had sent 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 as he was already in London on business. He had offered to pay for a taxi for me, but I told him that 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 foot throbbing distance in these heels and the second was that I was going to feel very cold by the time I got there. I decided that women did have it worse in these situations where their fashions were concerned. Oh yes, they might look and feel sexier with all those lovely sensations from their clothes, but men had it so 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 as 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 out 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.

Chapter 5 – Meeting Mummy and Daddy

The next morning, I got going at around 10am after a lazy few hours on my phone messaging the other pink panthers.

Em had asked. *“Have you heard from Lewis yet? Did he get to Carlisle safely?”*

I messaged her back, *“no he hasn't been in touch yet.”* and I then added an unhappy emoji.

She then obviously tried to cheer me up, *“Perhaps he's very busy right now and I'm sure he's bound to call you later.”*

After a few messages backwards and forwards, I decided that I'd no choice but to make a huge effort to look the part of Amy for my lunch date with my cousin's parents. First I spent an hour plastering on my make-up just as the real Amy would have done, but I felt that I looked like a circus clown with way too much make-up caked onto my face. Unhappy with the result, I wiped my face clean and then decided that I would just apply a little foundation cream onto my face, mascara on my already long false eyelashes, eyeliner and some lip gloss on my trout pout lips.

I dressed casually in Amy's leggings and my new blue 4-inch pumps with a warm long red sweater completing the look. I got there half an hour before Amy's mum and dad arrived and so I sat with my phone responding to the panther's constant messages. Amy's parents finally arrived just after 1pm.



Feeling nervous waiting on Amy's parents to arrive

When I saw them enter the restaurant, I stood up and excitedly waved to them both. They spotted me and eagerly walked towards me.

"Oh, Amy it's wonderful to see you," said the man who was ostensibly my father now. He hugged me warmly. "You're really looking wonderful though you really do need to eat more. You're looking so much thinner than I remember."

"I will daddy. I did lose a lot of weight after Grandma died," I replied and then I warmly hugged my aunt Mathilda who was Amy's mum.

"I think your dad's right," she said agreeing with him about my weight loss. "Your face looks a lot thinner than I remember."

"Yes, I think I've been a bit caught up emotionally to realise that I wasn't eating enough," I told her and then retook my seat.

"In that case I'll order something filling that you'll like Amy," Amy's dad said looking through the menu. "How about the soup of the day, the vegetable burger and chips, and the sticky toffee pudding for dessert?"

"Oh, that's way too many calories for me daddy," I replied meaning it. Several months earlier I would have easily eaten all of that and much more, but now I knew that as a woman I'd no choice in the matter. I knew I couldn't eat that amount now.

"How about this?" I asked after looking through the menu. "The soup of the day, then the roast beef and no potatoes but two side dishes of vegetables and a vanilla ice cream?"

"Oh so you've given up on your vegetarian diet now Amy?" she asked.

"Oh no I wasn't forgetting that," I replied lamely. "I won't eat the meat but veggie burgers don't sound that great to me. Then I didn't see anything else for vegetarians that I liked."

"Yes it's a bit bare for your usual choices," dad said agreeing with me. "Wait a minute I'll ask if there is a vegetarian menu."

"Yes there is sir," the waitress replied to his question. "I'll just bring it."

I was inwardly annoyed that as Amy I wasn't able to eat what I wanted and that I had to be content with a cheese salad with lots of different salad leaves and cherry tomatoes smothered in vinaigrette to remove the bland taste. When the soup of the day had arrived first, I found that I couldn't eat that either as it was oxtail soup which actually smelt amazing.

"Any more word about my cousin?" I asked Amy's mum. "I've been very worried about him ever since you called me yesterday."

"No, he seems to have completely disappeared or something bad has happened," interrupted Amy's dad. "It's most strange as he's always been a very level headed young man."

"Perhaps it was something like breaking up with his girlfriend that had a bad effect on him?" I suggested vaguely.

"That could be a possibility because I know he hasn't had a girlfriend before," said Amy's mum.

"I know from experience that broken relationships can lead to disturbing behaviour. I know how bad I was when Lewis and I broke up a year ago," I replied.

"I noticed you with him again at the funeral," said mum. "Will you be seeing him again?"

"He invited me to a friend's engagement party in Fulham on Friday night and we had a really nice time," I replied voluntarily mentioning the invitation from Lewis. "He has gone up north this week for work, but he's asked me out on a dinner date next Friday."

"Did you accept?" dad asked.

"Yes, I have. I've even bought a new dress for the occasion, so I think on balance I'd like to remain good friends with him," I replied. "I've also changed my mind about him because he seems a lot steadier nowadays."

"That's good to hear," said dad. "I had a nice long chat with him at the funeral and he told me that he'd missed being with you."

"Oh, he said that to you?" I asked.

"Yes I think from what he said it's obvious that he's still very fond of you honey," he volunteered.

"Yes, he said as much to me at the party on Friday night," I replied. I knew that he was sexually aroused and attracted towards me but I didn't feel that I should mention it.

"Can you see yourself marrying him?" asked Amy's mum shocking me.

"I'm not sure," I replied. "I quite like being single and fancy free."

In truth the thought of marrying someone like Lewis filled me with dread. Of course I doubted that it would ever get that far that he would possibly propose to me, but I wondered what the hell I would do if he did. I would obviously have to reject his marriage proposal, as I just wasn't equipped to be someone's wife regardless of how it would hurt him by rejecting it. As I thought about the idea of marrying Lewis, Amy's dad thankfully changed the topic of conversation.

"Now if one thing that your grandma's sudden passing has taught me is that we don't live forever and on speaking to my accountant the other day he said a good way for me to avoid inheritance tax would be if I gave you some money regularly," he then said.

"Daddy do you really want to do that? Are you not scared that I'll just squander it?" I asked.

"No I don't think you'll squander it. Ian my accountant said that I can gift you 3000 pounds a year tax free and for any larger amounts, I'd need to survive 7 years to avoid my estate paying the death tax. The other thing he recommended was that I should set up a trust so you could draw down funds when you reach 25," he explained.

"Well if that's what you want to do daddy, I certainly won't complain," I replied happily. "I really could use a new hybrid car. My wee Mini is a few years old now and the panthers mentioned the possibility of a week's winter holiday to the Canaries yesterday."

"Well, any money I give you is to be used wisely and not to be frittered away on holidays and new cars," he chided.

"Yes, you're right dad, I'd really like to use it to buy a bigger apartment nearer to your office," I replied noticing that Amy's mum was still staring intently at me and not saying anything. That look worried me but I carried on. "I'll obviously just leave it in my savings account at the bank for now."

When the last course finally arrived, we all started eating the home-made ice cream and then the conversation changed to talk about dad's business.

"I'm hoping to get back to work two or three days a week from next week," I said.

"Yes, we could use you at reception next week as Mary is now also part time," he replied referring to the lovely lady who had been his receptionist for years.

"How about I come in on Wednesday afternoon through to Friday, if Mary can do from Monday until Wednesday lunch time?" I said offering a possible solution to the staffing problem.

"Yes, I think Mary would like that, so that could be perfect," he replied.

The chat over coffee went well until my phone starting ringing and I saw that it was from Lewis.

"Sorry it's Lewis, please give me a second," I said taking the call.

"Hello Lewis, can I call you back later? I'm with my parents at lunch right now," I asked.

"No problem, I'll speak to you soon then, bye, bye," he replied and he hung up.

Meanwhile Amy's dad had then asked the waitress for the bill and he then quickly paid it. "We'll need to get moving!" he said drawing the lunch date quickly all to a close. "We told your aunty Marjorie we would drop by and see her this afternoon."

"Please do give her my love," I replied remembering that she was Amy's grandma's sister. "I'm very sorry I didn't get a chance to speak to her at the funeral. I could see that she was very upset."

"Don't worry I will," said Amy's dad who gave me a hug and a kiss on the cheeks. Amy's mum also gave me a warm farewell hug.

"Look after yourself honey," she said. "If you hear anything about Scott let me know."

"I will," I replied knowing that I would have to remain silent about Scott's whereabouts.

When I got back to the apartment, I called Lewis back and found that he was feeling a bit lonely hence his earlier call.

"For dinner on Friday, I was wondering if you could wear the dress that I bought you just before we broke up last year," he asked surprising me. I had no idea which dress it was he was referring to.

"Oh I can obviously do that. But I just bought a new blue dress and heels yesterday with the girls, I was just going to wear those," I replied.

"Oh I'd really still love to see you in that dress. I've been looking forward to seeing you in it for such a long time," he said and I could tell he would be very disappointed if I didn't wear it.

"I guess I can wear your dress. Can you remind me what it looked like?" I asked obviously unsure which dress he'd bought for the original Amy.

"Oh, I can't believe that don't you remember it," he said sounding disappointed that I'd clearly forgotten about it.

"Lewis I've got so many dresses in my wardrobe and it will help me find it easier if you could describe it," I replied trying to find a way out for not remembering the dress. Of course I'd no idea which dress it was and I realised that I should have texted Amy after the call to find out which one it was.

"I'm really surprised about that as you told me at the time that it was the sexiest dress you'd ever seen," he replied. "It was the red dress with the V neck that showed off your deep cleavage and it had a split skirt that went right up your thighs. I also bought you that pair red heeled shoes to go with it."

"Thanks, I'll go and look for it right now," I replied feeling that my excuses for not knowing the dress he'd bought me were a bit lame.

With him on the phone, I looked through both wardrobes and was shocked to discover it wasn't on the rail but had fallen onto the floor at the back.

"I've found it but I'm sorry to say that it's been lying on the floor of my wardrobe and it's all gotten all creased and crushed," I said.

"Oh, that's a shame," he said sounding quite disappointed.

However, I could see that despite lying on the floor for a while, it was looking and hanging fine on the door. However I could easily see the reason he wanted me to wear this dress was because it was going to reveal too much cleavage. That was going to make life very difficult, if not impossible, to conceal that my breasts were clearly fake.

"Did anything else happen at the shopping centre yesterday?" he then asked.

"Only that I've found that my cousin Scott has suddenly disappeared," I replied. "He has stopped attending college and hasn't been seen or heard for a few months. His landlord has evicted him from where he was staying."

"Oh, that's a shame because I really liked Scott," he claimed. "I hope he's okay. Sadly I better get moving and I'll see you on Friday evening wearing that dress."

"Yes, I'll see you then," I replied still strangely feeling aroused during my conversation with him. 'What the hell was wrong with me?' I thought as I wondered why he should excite me this way. Even thinking now was making my dick twitch at the thought of wearing the red dress and seeing his reaction.

However I looked at the red dress and realised that I'd definitely need surgery for breast implants to be able to wear it to that dinner date.

Chapter 6 – Doctor's appointment.

The next morning, I spent more time in the Cynthia's salon having yet more electrolysis done on

my face and neck. This time it was to either side of my nose and yet more laser hair removal onto my back and shoulders. As Cynthia worked away methodically on my face, I consoled myself with the knowledge that if Scott ever reappeared in the future then I wouldn't need to shave any more.

The next morning, I spent yet more time in the Cynthia's salon having more electrolysis done on my eyebrows. She informed me that my eyebrows were very bushy and she had altered them into two thin arches by the time she was finished. With the remaining time she did more removal on my back and shoulders. Although I wasn't that hairy, I decided that it would be better to have it done if I had to wear any shoulder less or deep cleavage dresses. It was tough going, but I knew it had to be done if I was going to remain convincing as Amy. However it was going to be hard to disguise my new thinner feminine looking eyebrows if I ever got my old life back as Scott.

Following that session of hair removal in the morning, I went to the doctor's surgery at around 2pm so that I wouldn't be late for the gender specialist. As I sat patiently in the waiting room, it gave me time to check on all my text messages.

"The doctor will see you now," the receptionist suddenly announced half an hour later as I sat there waiting with my legs crossed at the knee.

"Thanks," I replied and quickly walked along the corridor towards the doctor's office.

"Doctor Philips?" I asked as I knocked and walked in.

"Yes, please do come in and close the door," she replied. "What seems to be the problem? Ah yes it's Ms Amy Brooks isn't it?"

"Well, yes," I replied.

"What's the matter that you needed to see me?" she asked.

"I've been living in stealth as a woman for quite a long time now but I'm very worried that I'll be read as transgender now going forward," I said feeling quite apprehensive that I might not be believed that I was trans.

"Oh I see yes," she said. "I wouldn't worry too much about that as there are a lot of things we can do that will prevent that from happening. But I can see that there are no medical records of you being transgender until now, so when did you really start to live as a woman?"

'Oh God,' I thought to myself realising that I had to construct a convincing story of transition right there and then.

"I moved into my current apartment around 3 years ago and I registered here as a patient just after that," I said remembering an invite to Amy's house warming party I'd received way back then. "Living on my own for the first time, I then started cross dressing to see how it felt and I then decided that I would dress full time as Amy around 4 months ago."

That four months I described was at least true.

"So is this your first time to see a doctor here at this practice?" she then asked.

"Yes," I replied. "Until now I was just a bit scared to get in touch since I moved to Epsford."

"Why were you scared?" she asked.

"I just was. I didn't want anyone else to know my secret," I replied. "I think I pass pretty well, but I'm worried that I won't always do so. So I wanted to get some proper help with that."

“Right now I understand. I’ll obviously need to ask you some more very personal questions,” she said.

“Please go ahead,” I replied.

“Have you been taking any female hormones or medications without any prescriptions?” she asked first.

“No but I think I’ll need to start sooner or later,” I replied already facing up to the consequences of being Amy were going to be huge.

“Well, I see that you already have a bosom. Are your breasts real?” she then asked.

“No, unfortunately they’re silicone breast forms and I was wondering about getting breast implant surgery as well as starting hormone therapy,” I replied. “I’ve been reading articles online that to get hormones, I needed to live full time as a woman and I’ve been doing that.”

“That’s correct. Since you’ve been living as a woman for the last four months we can consider writing you up for a month’s estradiol supply today,” she replied taking out a prescription pad from her desk drawer. “Now regarding getting your breast implant surgery done on the NHS there is obviously a long waiting list and women who have had breast surgery removal for cancer treatment will take priority over someone like yourself.”

“What is the waiting list like?” I asked.

“The last I heard was that it was around 9 months,” she said. “Sorry to be the bearer of such bad news.”

“Could I go private?” I then asked realising such a delay would have huge implications towards me remaining undetected as Amy.

“Yes you could consider getting the surgery done at a private clinic. To be honest that might be your best option as you wouldn’t need to wait too long,” she replied. “Would you like to explore that route?”

“Yes I’d like it done a lot faster obviously,” I replied. “I have a boyfriend now and he wants that done too.”

“Well, you can easily pursue the surgery privately if you both wish it,” she said. “I can recommend some good plastic surgeons if you’d like that?”

“Thanks, yes that would mean a great deal to me,” I replied though I was very scared at the prospect and the consequences of having breast implant surgery done. I figured it was sadly necessary and I figured that if they could be inserted then they could be removed subsequently if I ever resumed my life as Scott.

“Before we go on I’d like to ask you some more questions,” she continued.

Then she started to ask me her probing questions and I did my best to answer them truthfully as possible and where I couldn’t I was forced to invent things. Only once did I struggle to answer and that was when she asked when I’d started to feel that I could be transgendered.

"I'm not too sure of the exact date, but perhaps it was when I was 6 or 7 years old," I replied after a short time to think about inventing a convincing answer.

"I wonder why you haven't sought help sooner about transitioning if you felt it was so important?" she then asked.

'Indeed why hadn't I done something sooner?' I asked myself and then I started to formulate a reply.

"Well, for a long time during my teenage years, I obviously tried to block my inner feelings and then as I said earlier it was only when I moved into my apartment that I was able to cross dress more easily," I explained.

"So what caused you to start cross dressing?" she asked.

"My girlfriend at the time left lots of her clothes in my spare room. Then one day she caught me dressed up in her clothes and she broke up with me there and then," I replied. "I decided that it was time to act then as I was no longer in a relationship."

"I see," she replied. "Do you think that was the sole reason that triggered your transition?"

"Yes, I'd say so," I replied. "After she left, she left a suitcase full of her clothes and I decided to wear them pretty much all the time. I felt much more comfortable, so I went out and bought my own clothes and shoes. Now I don't have any of my old male clothes left in my apartment."

"Talking of shoes, I couldn't help noticing the very high heels you're wearing. You seem to be quite at ease wearing them and it does give you a really feminine walk. Do you only wear high heels?" she then asked.

"No, I try to wear other kinds of shoes too," I replied and then I laughed. "I still have to buy more flat shoes though."

"As you said one of the prerequisites of receiving hormone treatment is that you should undertake a real-life test at the same time. However, I can see that you've already started living as a woman so we'll get you started today," she said writing out a prescription for me on the pad. As she wrote she added, "I'm happy to prescribe a testosterone blocker and estradiol pills for the next four weeks until your next appointment. When you return in 4 weeks' time, we'll do a blood test and check you haven't had any bad reaction to this treatment."

"I see," I replied happily taking the prescription and putting it into my clutch bag. "Thank you so much for seeing me."

"I'll see you in four weeks' time then Ms Brooks. Make a new appointment at reception for four weeks today on your way out," she said happily.

That appointment made, I walked outside into the cool fresh wintry air and headed towards the nearest pharmacy. I felt weird when I received the boxes of pills a few minutes later knowing that they were going to change me significantly. I was about to swallow my first pill from each box when I suddenly realised what I was about to do. I put the bottled water and the pills into the plastic bag and decided that I had some scope to back out of the situation rather than blindly accept what my cousin Amy had wanted.

After my meeting with the doctor I was feeling hemmed in. I thought that I should make an effort to get my old life back regardless of the consequences. As I drove home in the yellow Mini I just knew I had to try and break out of the position I was in.

As I parked the car outside Amy's apartment I realised it wasn't all doom and gloom just yet because I owned a few things of value. Since I was now Amy Brooks, I owned the apartment in name and the yellow Mini was worth at least £10K. So I started the car again and drove into the town centre with two things on my mind.

First I called into the estate agent's office in the high street to enquire about the sale of the apartment. The lady who dealt with house sales invited me into her office.

"How can I help you today?" she asked as we sat down.

"I wanted to sell my apartment," I replied.

"Do you have the title deeds?" she asked.

"The title deeds?" I asked.

"Yes you'll need to provide those before we can act on your behalf for the sale," she explained.

"I've no idea where they are," I said realising that I couldn't contact the real Amy to find out where they were. "Can you perhaps let me know how much my apartment might be worth?"

"From its good location, size and condition, I would say it's worth around £200K," she replied. "Is there a mortgage on the property?"

Again I had no idea but that was at least one question I could ask my cousin. "Can you give me a few minutes to find out?" I asked.

"Of course," she said getting up to leave the office.

I messaged Amy, *"Is there a mortgage on your apartment?"*

"Unfortunately yes there is a fifty thousand pound mortgage on the apartment," she replied. So a quick sum of 150 thousand pounds might be obtained if I could get the apartment sold. That would be a tidy sum with which to start afresh.

I told the lady about the mortgage and she said that the building society would have the title deeds until the mortgage was paid off.

"Thanks," I said. "I'll obviously need to get more information."

As I drove home again I wondered if selling the apartment was going to be as quick and easy as I had hoped. Then 150 thousand might not be enough and would probably be classed as theft. I remembered that there was a key operated safe in the bedroom wardrobe and wondered if information on the apartment might be inside.

Finding the key caused some problems initially, but I suddenly remembered seeing a bunch of keys in my dressing table drawer. I anxiously tried them all and the last one worked. When I opened it there were no title deeds or any information on where they might be.

“Fuck!” I exclaimed pulling out a small metal box that needed another key to open it. I tried another key in the bunch and it opened to reveal two thousand pounds in fifties and twenties. There was also a letter from the Building Society declaring that the mortgage payment was 400 pounds per month.

At least I had the mortgage information and that it was paid on the seventh of each month from Amy’s bank account. I stuffed the money from the safe into my purse and sighed. It seemed that my idea of selling the apartment was going to be more difficult than I imagined and it probably wouldn’t give me enough to break free. Frustrated and annoyed I threw a glass flower vase onto the floor so it smashed into a thousand pieces. I sank into a deep depression that night as I realised that I still had to continue being Amy.

I reached for my bottles of pills and took the stated dose. For some reason, I felt strangely calm about the consequence that I was chemically sterilising and castrating myself. However I just couldn’t see any other alternative to taking them. Then in four weeks time, the doctor would be able to review the situation which made it seem under control.

Since the doctor had also said I was free to source a plastic surgeon from the list he had given me for breast augmentation surgery, I then did some phone calls and quickly found a local clinic that did breast implant surgeries and other transgender confirmation procedures.

“We could see you tomorrow morning,” said one clinic located just ten miles from my apartment.

“That sounds perfect,” I replied feeling relieved that I was able to arrange a consultation with one of their top plastic surgeons who specialises in breast augmentation surgery for the very next morning.

Chapter 7 – Plastic Surgery looms

That next morning I was at the clinic on time and after a very brief wait, I was shown into an office to see their Mr Maxwell, the plastic surgeon. We shook hands and I sat down remembering to keep my legs pressed together. Mind you I was wearing a very tight skirt.

“I’m very pleased to meet you Ms Brooks,” he started. “You mentioned on the telephone to our sales manager that you were interested in breast augmentation surgery as part of your gender transition.”

“Yes that’s quite correct. At the moment I’m wearing breast forms held onto my skin with adhesive and I’m a bit scared that they’ll be detected if I ever wore a bikini or even some low cut dresses,” I said explaining my problem.

“Oh I see yes. Why don’t I examine your chest right now and we can see what’s going to be possible for you?” he then suggested. When I agreed he added. “There’s a screen behind you, where you can undress. You’ll also find a dressing gown.”

“Thanks,” I replied and after I stood behind the screen to take off my blouse and my bra, it felt very weird that I was going to let another man see the breast forms stuck onto my chest.

“When you’re ready, please come out and lie on the examination table for me,” he then said. So I walked out towards it and with just a little effort I easily got up onto it. I lay back against the cold leather back that propped me up. “Can you pull your dressing gown open for me please?”

I pulled it undone so he could see my chest with the forms stuck to them.

“First off I can see your breast forms are well stuck down. Would you like to have implants that will give you the same size bosom as you have now?” he asked.

"I'm not sure, what would you recommend?" I asked as he started to measure around my chest with a cloth tape and noting the results on a small notebook.

"Honestly I think you could go a little larger than you are now, so I'd probably use a 450cc implant like this one," he advised putting a sample implant beside my current breast forms. "It's just a little bigger than your forms. What do you think?"

At first I gulped at the thought of having two of those gel implants inserted under my skin and onto my ribcage. "What would that probably mean in terms of bra size?" I asked which was strangely the first question that entered my head.

"Well since your chest measures 38 inches just under where your new breasts will be, then I think you'd probably need to wear either a 38D or a 38DD cup bra in the future," he said. "We wouldn't know for sure until after the inevitable swelling post-surgery went down and everything has all healed up."

"Do you think it would look okay to have them as large as that?" I then asked.

"Yes given the size of your rib cage and your slightly wider shoulders, I'm confident that will give you a very realistic bosom size and torso shape," he said and then added. "Since you're genetically male with a larger torso than a genetic female, then I've found that it makes good sense to give you a proportionately slightly larger bosom."

I then began to realise that it wasn't going to be possible to hide these breasts unless I wore really baggy shirts or tops, T-shirts and sweaters. My new breasts were clearly going to be highly visible in normal tight female clothing.

"My next question is how long will it take for all the swelling and bruising to clear up?" I asked as I anxious to recover as quickly as possible.

"That varies, but it usually takes most women patients around 4 to 6 weeks to get fully back to a normal life," he said. "I'll give you a booklet which will take you through a step by step guide on how to care for your new breasts. Unlike most genetic women who usually have some existing breast tissue, it will mean having to use a much larger implant for your case. That will mean the skin will be a lot tighter and thus tender to the touch for much longer."

"What about the pain? How much will it hurt?" I then asked.

"I won't lie, after breast implant surgery it will hurt, but we can easily manage that for you during the first few days following surgery with some good painkillers," he reassured but then he added, "It hurts because your skin and chest muscle will need to stretch to cover the implant properly. When the tissues get used to the stretching, then the pain subsides and eventually disappears. Most of my patients subsequently enjoy having their breasts touched because they become much more sensitive."

Although I didn't like that it was going to be painful, I reluctantly decided that there was no alternative but to go through with the operation sooner rather than later.

"What about the effect of the hormones I've just started taking?" I then asked.

"Yes they really need to be considered," he replied. "In time there will be an increase in your natural breast tissue and I think that will help make your breast shape look even more natural."

"When do you think that you could do the operation?" I then asked.

"I know that I've just had a cancellation on Friday afternoon so I can take you as early as then. Would you want to have it done as early as this Friday afternoon?" he asked stunning me that it would be so soon.

"Oh that's a pity as I've arranged a dinner date on Friday evening," I replied suddenly remembering my looming night with Lewis.

"Okay let's see what other dates that I have available," he then said leafing through his diary. "I'm on holiday for two weeks from next Monday so the next free date would be about a month later."

"Oh dear no, that won't do. As a woman I think I'm allowed to change my mind. So in that case let's go for this Friday," I replied impulsively. "I'll just cancel the dinner date and just hope he'll understand."

"Wonderful," he said handing me an instruction leaflet detailing the things to follow before the operation. "Just remove your breast forms by noon on Friday."

"Can I eat anything beforehand?" I then asked.

"Yes but have nothing after nine o'clock," he advised. "You can get dressed again now."

"Thanks," I said eagerly pulling the dressing gown closed again. I quickly put my female clothing back on and then I realised that perhaps my biggest problem was going to be how I was going to finance the operation. I had the money I'd rescued from Amy's home safe but it wouldn't be enough.

I quickly checked my bank account app on my phone and saw that I was going to struggle to pay the fee for the surgery with what was in my current account. Amy's dad had promised to give me £3,000 and possibly more in due course. Unfortunately I didn't think that wasn't going to happen for a while, so I looked at my credit card in the banking app and I saw that it had a £5,000 spend limit.

"All okay?" Mr Maxwell asked as I rejoined him from behind the screen.

"Yes I was just checking that I could pay your fee for the surgery," I replied. "Can I use my credit card as my bank account is a bit depleted at the moment?"

"Yes we take both Visa and MasterCard credit cards," he advised. "When you go back to reception they will take your card details for billing."

"Wonderful," I said feeling relieved that the financial obstacle was also overcome before Friday. My credit card though was showing the massive hit when I left and I just had a few weeks to wipe off the debt before huge interest charges would kick in. I had the two thousand in cash but it would still leave a big debt.

After I got into the office, I started to formulate a plan on how to explain my necessary absence on Friday. As I sat looking pretty at reception having taken over from Mary, I decided that I would claim that I'd ruptured a breast implant that Amy was known to have had done a year earlier. It obviously needed to be removed and replaced quickly.

"Mary I wonder if I could ask you for a huge favour," I asked as she picked up her coat and bag and was about to leave.

"What's up Amy?" she asked buttoning up her coat.

"I was wondering if you could cover for me on Friday afternoon." I asked.

"Yes I could do that. The money would come in handy with Christmas looming. Why what's up?" she asked.

"It's just that I've arranged to get some cosmetic surgery done on Friday afternoon," I replied and then I told her my brain wave explanation. "It seems that I've ruptured a breast implant and I'll need to get them both replaced."

"Oh you poor thing," she said sympathetically, "Yes of course I'll cover for you."

"Thanks then I'll cover for you when you need time off next," I replied getting up and giving her a grateful thank you hug.

Thankfully it wasn't a busy afternoon and in between answering phone calls, I decided that the lie I'd told Mary would also work with Lewis. That decided, I called him to tell him that I would need to reluctantly cancel the dinner date on Friday evening.

"Hi Lewis," I started.

"Hey Amy, what's up honey?" he replied sounding happy that I was calling him.

"I'm just calling to tell you that I sadly can't make Friday night anymore," I replied sounding unhappy and serious.

"Why? What's the matter? What's wrong?" He asked sounding worried.

"Unfortunately it seems that I've ruptured a breast implant and I'm having fresh surgery to have them both replaced on Friday afternoon," I said still sounding serious and sad. "I'll be recovering from the surgery on Friday evening and then throughout the weekend. So now it's sadly just not possible to have dinner on Friday."

"Oh Amy, poor you," he then said sympathetically but sounding disappointed. "Couldn't you have them done next week?"

"No the first chance I had was on Friday and the surgeon goes away on holiday so I had no choice but this week," I replied. "Since I know what the surgery involves, it means I'm not really looking forward to it. It's going to max out my credit card too."

"Yes but from what you're saying I guess that it does need to be quickly fixed," he then conceded. "Will you be kept in the clinic on Friday night?"

"I'm hoping not," I replied. "I'd much prefer to sleep in my own bed afterwards. I won't know for sure until after the operation on Friday evening if I'll be allowed home. Hopefully my dad will be able to pick me up to take me home."

"I'll drop by to see you on Saturday if you do get home, but in the meantime, please keep me posted on how you're doing," he replied sounding very concerned and worried. That was at least heart-warming hearing it in his voice.

"I will honey, don't worry." I said happy that he seemed genuinely interested in my wellbeing.

Next I went to speak to Amy's dad in his office about arranging Mary to cover for me on the Friday afternoon. When I told him why I needed the time off, he seemed to be surprisingly okay about it.

“Unfortunately I’ve maxed out my credit card this morning,” I told him and his reply then truly astonished me.

“Sounds like I should pay this bill for you just as I said on Sunday,” he declared helpfully. “I’ll transfer some money into your bank account later to help you cover the cost.”

“Thanks daddy. You are the best dad a girl could ever have,” I said walking towards him and hugging him warmly.



Working in reception after my visit to the surgeon.

“What’s happened that you suddenly need this surgery?” he then asked.

“I’m not quite sure, I just felt that something was wrong with one of my implants so I had it checked out this morning and one was found to have ruptured. So I’m having them both replaced as quickly as possible,” I replied. “The earliest the surgeon could take me was on Friday afternoon so I’ve decided to go ahead and get them fixed. He recommended replacing the other one just in case it bursts too.”

“Yes that sounds very sensible,” he replied but quite rightly he added, “Having breast implants in the first place though isn’t so sensible.”

“I know now that it was the wrong decision, but the surgeon said that having the both implants replaced is much easier than undergoing complicated breast reconstruction surgery after removing the ruptured implant,” I replied. “If I can get allowed home on Friday night, would you be able to pick me up and give me a lift home?”

"Yes I can, but I think it might be better if you just stayed in the clinic on Friday night to recover a bit more and then you could go home the next day," he replied. "I'm just thinking about you wearing a seatbelt so soon after the surgery and if God forbid we had an accident in the car."

"Yes that's true," I agreed seeing his sensible approach.

So I went back towards reception and carried on working. I handled a large number of telephone calls and enquiries from customers. I switched off my laptop a few minutes after five o' clock not having typed very much thanks to my stupid long false nails.

"I'll see you back here tomorrow, good night daddy," I said to him on my way out to my car.

As I drove home that night I suddenly had a severe and huge reality check. "What the fuck are you doing to yourself Scott?" I ranted out loud.

Then I shouted out loud again to myself. "You're a bloody crazy stupid fool! Because on Friday you're going to be cut open and they'll put two big bags of silicone gel inside you. Then they'll stitch you up so you can't take them out again. That's just weird and crazy to go through that! It's just plain fucking stupid!"

Somehow I felt better for my rant as I parked the Mini outside my apartment. However as I walked in, I still felt annoyed at my crass stupidity. I was very angry at myself for getting into this situation and try as I might I just couldn't see any way out of it. Then I reasoned if there was no way out of it, could I somehow possibly even learn to embrace it? And perhaps at some point could I even welcome it? Could I even begin to enjoy playing the blonde, busty, vegetarian Amy Brooks rather than live my old life as plain, old, boring Scott Kennedy?

I made myself a nice cup of hot chocolate and sat on my sofa to watch television. Then I set about messaging the other panthers to let them know about my impending date with a surgeon's knife.

"Hey guys, I've got some sad news. Unfortunately it seems that I've ruptured one of my breast implants, but I've managed to line up surgery for this Friday afternoon to get them both replaced," I texted them all on Whatsapp.

Almost immediately I got lots of texted sympathy from the other four girls.

However Em also called me immediately to ask, "How are you feeling?"

"Physically I'm feeling fine, but I'm really so annoyed it's happened right now," I told her. "The only good thing is that after the surgery I'll likely be a double D cup."

"Sadly that's going to hurt you for a few days," she said speaking from her own recent implant experience. "When I had mine done it really hurt for about a week. I'm still glad I got my boobs done though, but God did it hurt."

"Yes it did for me too last year and my credit card has just taken another huge spanking," I replied laughing nervously. Then at that very moment Amy's dad just transferred the 5000 pounds into Amy's bank account to cover the cost. "You won't believe this Em, but my dad has just this very second, paid all the money for my surgery into my bank account."

"Wow, that's just so amazing," she replied. "You're so lucky to have a dad like him."

"I know ain't I though? He's just so unbelievable. Remember when he bought my Mini for my eighteenth birthday?" I said knowing that to be true as the real Amy had told me that to make me feel

jealous. She'd obviously succeeded in making me jealous as I probably wouldn't be in the position I was in now, if I hadn't acted so stupidly pretending to be my cousin..

"Yes, I do. We had a lot of fun when you first got it. That trip we had down to Brighton was so amazing," she replied remembering. "That yellow Mini is just so you Aimes."

"Thanks you're so right," I replied.

"Well I suppose I better go and make supper," she then said. "Keep me posted please."

"Don't worry I will," I replied signing off.

The next day at work was almost routine apart from the continuous gossip messaging from the other four panthers. They asked if I was okay and where was I getting it done. Then who my surgeon was and was he handsome. Then they asked if I was going to have bigger boobs.

The lie that I had to tell them about the implant rupture just happening and I was going to get it fixed very quickly was working and thankfully it was sympathetically believed by them all.

"Good for you! Stay positive!" Jenn had texted me. *"But I guess your dinner date with Lewis is off now though."*

"Yes I've had to cancel the date, as the surgeon told me that his next free date for the operation would have been a lot later in the month as he's going off on holiday next week," I explained. *"Fortunately Lewis has been very supportive and he has understood why I had to cancel the date."*

"In that case it looks like you're doing the right thing babe," she texted back. I could tell she meant it.

The others all texted with their good wishes that day but I just told them not to worry and that I would message them after I came round from the anaesthetic. However that Thursday night I hardly slept, as I was so nervous and worried about what was about to happen the next day.

By about 4am, I must have finally dozed off, but I was woken again by early morning messages of support on my phone first from Lewis and then from my cousin Amy who I'd messaged late the night before.

"You'll be fine," she'd messaged. *"It hurts like hell for a few days but the results are truly amazing. You'll soon grow to love having large breasts."*

I just gave her a lame thumbs up in response and I then decided to get up out of bed. After a small bowl of cereal, I began to pack a bag for what I hoped would be a short stay at the clinic. I even packed my newest lace nightdress and a warm dressing gown.

Then the final thing I needed to do was to remove the stupid breast forms which I started to do using copious amounts of the solvent on the adhesive. It felt so good to finally get them both off my chest and then with their job done, I promptly threw them in the kitchen waste bin. I took my electric razor to the newly exposed skin to remove the remaining sparse hairs.

After a short walk outside in the cool fresh air, I called for a taxi as I wouldn't be able to drive my yellow Mini home. I arrived at the clinic just a few minutes after twelve noon and I was quickly admitted into a private room.

"I'm Nancy and I'll be your primary care nurse today," a friendly young lady said after I walked into my room. "I'll be back in a few minutes to take your temperature, blood pressure and pulse. I'll leave you in peace to get undressed. Please put on the clinic's nightdress lying on the bed."

"Thanks," I replied feeling scared and deep trepidation in the pit of my stomach.

It didn't take long to get changed into the night dress and around thirty minutes later my surgeon, Mr Maxwell suddenly came into the room to see me.

"Good to see you again Ms Brooks. Can you bare your chest for me again?" he asked as he undid the top of a blue felt tip marker pen. I lay perfectly still as he marked up my chest where he would need to make the incisions.

"There now that will help save me a little time in the operating theatre later," he said and then added. "When you've healed up I'd suggest that you visit a tattoo artist to make your areola have the average diameter for a female of about 4 centimetres. That will make your breasts look even more realistic."

"Thanks that's a very good idea, so I will arrange it," I replied and since I wasn't a stranger to tattoos any more with the butterfly tattoo on my shoulder I knew where to go.

"Right then," he then said. "Let's get you ready for your operation. I'll arrange for you to get a pre-med injection that will make you feel relaxed and drowsy. It won't be long now and I'll see you in the operating room in a few minutes time."

After the pre-med was given by Nancy, I started to feel drowsy quite quickly and my apprehension seemed to diminish almost immediately. When it was time to go, I was helped into a wheelchair by a porter and he gently pushed me towards the operating room.

Within a few minutes I was lying on my back on the operating table as the injection was then given into my hand to knock me out completely.

Roughly two hours later, I came too back in my bedroom and at first I couldn't quite comprehend just how tight the skin felt on my chest. At that stage I didn't feel much pain just this tight pressure all over my rib cage and upper chest. I looked down and thought that my bosom didn't look too big, but I wasn't aware that it was wrapped tightly with lots of elastic bandages.

"How are you feeling Amy?" Nancy asked seeing I was finally awake at last.

"It really, really feels very tight pressure on my chest," I said almost struggling to breathe. I felt the intense pressure and tightness of my skin and on my ribs making each breath I took very difficult.

"It's okay that's normal. I'll give you something to ease your pain in just a second," she said preparing the painkilling injection for use into my IV line. "There you go. You'll feel that help pretty quickly. Try and get some sleep and I'll get you something nice to eat when you wake up again. If you need me or want something just press this button. Okay?" She put the button near to my right hand as I dosed off again.

I was just so thankful when the pain relief kicked in and that made me feel relaxed enough to sleep for a few more hours. I woke up again at around half past six in the evening feeling a lot better and rang for a bed pan to use.

"Do you think you could walk to the bathroom if I supported you?" she asked showing me where it was.

I shook my head 'no' and she dutifully then went to fetch me a bed pan. She helped me sit up in the bed with the head rest now sloping behind my back which made me feel better as I could look around the room.

As I sat to urinate into the bedpan, I heard my phone announce the arrival of another Whatsapp message. I eagerly reached out for the phone and then instantly felt the pain spread across my chest sharply as I did.

When I saw that the message was from Lewis asking how I was feeling, I suddenly felt very happy that he cared about me.

"I'm still feeling tender, but it's beginning to ease off now I've had something for the pain," I texted back cursing my false nails again. Thank God for predictive text.

"Good I'll talk to you tomorrow. Rest up, hurry and get better," he replied. I could tell he was impatient to see me again.

After I texted the panthers with a thumbs up emoji signal I then sent messages to Amy's parents that the operation was over and it had gone very well. Then after I'd eaten, I was going to just relax watching television and then sleep.



Waiting for daddy to collect me.

Just a few minutes later, Mr Maxwell my surgeon breezed in and he instantly grabbed my wrist to measure my pulse. "Everything went very well during the surgery and I'm confident that you'll be delighted with the results," he said. "How are you feeling now?"

"Honestly like I've been hit by a truck," I said trying to make a joke.

He laughed, "yes but believe me you will feel a lot better soon. Just ask for pain relief if you need it. Don't be a martyr okay?"

"Okay I will. When do you think that I can get home?" I asked.

"It's probably best that you stay here tonight and it's likely that you'll be able to go home tomorrow afternoon," he said patting the back of my hand. "Just rest up and relax as you've been doing."

"I hope that you'll enjoy your holiday," I said as he walked out towards the door.

"Thanks I really need it. I'll be playing golf in the Algarve by the time you get home tomorrow, My colleague Mr Wilkinson will see you here to remove the stitches in a week or so," he said. "Just hurry up and get better."

I settled down into the soft pillows and realised that until now I could always go back to being Scott

fairly easily at some point, but now it was going to be almost impossible with these massive silicone implants sticking out of my chest. I was a bit sad that I couldn't go home, but I also realised it was better to stay here than stay in my lonely apartment that night and I asked Nancy if I could have a glass of warm milk. With so little sleep the night before, and following the surgery and the medications I slept really well that night.

Chapter 8 – At home

Amy's dad arrived late the following afternoon as agreed to take me home. I was still struggling to come to terms with the reality of my situation, but at least I felt strong enough to make the journey home back to my apartment.

He gave me a tender kiss on the top of my head instead of his usual fatherly hug and immediately asked how I was feeling as I filled my holdall bag with all my things.

"I'm still a bit tender and sore but otherwise I'm getting stronger," I replied moving slowly out of the bedroom. "I've been fitted with a very tight support bra which is helping to avoid pressure on my stitches."

"How about any hard pain?" he asked showing real concern in his voice as he opened the outside door of the clinic for me.

"Thankfully it's eased off a lot today. It's more like discomfort now," I replied. "It only hurts when I cough and laugh."

"I'll try not to tell you any of my funny jokes then," he said smiling as we reached his Range Rover. We chit chatted all the way home about the office and work which did help to take my mind off the two large lumps of silicone stuck on my ribs.

When we got back into the apartment, I went into the kitchen to make something to eat.

"For some strange reason I fancy a mug of hot tomato soup," I said as I opened a tin and poured it into a saucepan. "How about you?"

"Yes I haven't had that in a while," he replied as I heated up the saucepan quickly and then I poured the contents into two large mugs for us both.

"Oh that's much better," I said as I carefully took my first sip of hot soup from the mug to avoid burning my mouth.

"Yes that tastes good," he agreed.

"It's the first thing I've had to eat all day. I seem to have lost my appetite," I replied. "I think I might have found the secret of losing weight."

"What might that be?" he asked.

"Having breast implant surgery," I said laughing.

He laughed. "That's quite a drastic way to diet."

We then talked for a while about Scott still being missing and whether the police were making any progress in finding him or Jessica.

"Your mum asked but they haven't found Jessica yet either," he said putting on his coat to leave. "I think you should hop into your bed with a hot water bottle and try and get some more sleep. I can drop by tomorrow with some food for your lunch if you want."

"Oh no that's okay. I got some food on Thursday but I'll message you if I do," I replied.

"I doubt that you'll be fit enough to come into work on Wednesday," he said.

"We'll see. I think I might be fine but I will need a couple of hours off on Friday to get my stitches out but I'll try to delay that to the following Monday when I'm off," I replied. "Drive safely daddy and thank you for picking me up."

Before he left, he again affectionately kissed me on the top of my head again. "Go on get into bed and get some sleep," he suggested.

On closing the front door, I immediately called Lewis to tell him that I was home at last and I was feeling so much better.

"Do you want me to come over now?" he then asked.

"No not now. I going to bed as I need to get some rest and beauty sleep," I replied.

His voice gave it away that he was disappointed so I told him, "please drop by after three tomorrow."

"Okay I'll see you then," he replied sounding brighter.

I gratefully lowered myself gently onto the bed and I was asleep in seconds despite it being just after 7pm. I slept soundly in Amy's perfumed bed until around 4am when I had to get up to use the toilet. I then slept another couple of hours and woke up just before 7am physically feeling a lot better.

I put on my warm housecoat, eased my feet into the fur topped mules and walked into the kitchen to make some breakfast. As I cracked open some eggs to make an omelette, I stared down at my inflated chest as it raised up and fell as I breathed.

For some reason I unclipped the support bra and I could feel the heavy unsupported weight of the implants for the first time. I hastily clipped it back up. I finished cooking and I took the plate into my bedroom to eat it as I watched morning television. After I finished the eggs, I put on my warm chenille crew neck sweater and my thick fleece lined leggings. Lastly I put on some thick slipper socks over my polished toenails.



Waiting on Lewis to arrive. I now had these painful massive breasts sticking out of my chest and I looked exactly like my cousin Amy.

It had only been a few days since my cousin Amy's surprise visit and already the differences between what I was then and now were becoming huge. Was I beginning to forget what it had been like to be Scott Kennedy already?

I'd found that with my constant wearing of high heels even simple things like walking, meant I was now moving with a pronounced wiggle in my hips. Then the long fingernails meant that moving my hands and my fingers had become necessarily more delicate. I soon found out that my long nails hurt my fingers if I wasn't too careful.

As I sat in front of my mirror, I noticed that some facial hairs were still poking through in the untreated and treated areas of my face and I was dismayed to see that I obviously needed yet more electrolysis and laser hair removal at Cynthia's salon.

Then the very feminine act of applying my make-up was becoming routine even if I didn't go out of the apartment. I would sit and apply my foundation, eyeliner, eyebrow pencil, lip liner and then lipstick onto my plump lips was the final step.

Fixing my long blonde hair even though I stayed in at home was also now a huge part of my daily routine as I couldn't be seen as anyone else but Amy Brooks. I hated what was happening to me, but I couldn't think of a way to change it. Amy had been right that this was like a prison, but without the cell and the bars.

I then considered that it might be an idea to flee the country to somewhere warm like the south of France or Spain but I had no money to survive there. Then if I did do a runner, my cousin Amy would just tell the police and they'd probably arrest me through Interpol or something.

One thing though that hadn't changed was that I still thought of myself as a male. At that time I was still a he and him inside my head rather than a she and her. That was despite the confusion I felt with my growing arousal I felt whenever I was kissing or being with Lewis. I'd never felt any sexual arousal caused by a man before, but I reasoned that perhaps it was his amorous behaviour that was causing that to happen. The more he treated me as his girlfriend Amy, surprisingly the more I found it to be sexually arousing.

My sexual arousal was obviously one thing that could give the game away, so wearing one or both my tight panty girdles was obviously the best way to avoid any embarrassing shows for now. I then wondered if my cousin Amy would insist on the ultimate sanction of gender reassignment surgery at some point. Would I rebel over that? It was not something that I had ever wanted. I really desperately wanted to be Scott Kennedy again, but it was becoming increasingly difficult to see how that would be possible.

When Lewis arrived just after 3pm I had to painfully get up off the sofa to let him into the apartment. He was so happy to see me that he wanted to hug me tightly until I told him to back off.

"When do you think that I can hug you again then Amy?" he asked.

"I think it will take at least a month before I'll feel fully healed and recovered," I replied. "I have to wear the bandages and support bra for the next week or so until the stitches can be removed."

"I can't wait to see you in some sexy lacy bras and panties," he then added. "I brought you some get well goodies."

"You did?" I asked sitting back on the sofa and keeping the front of my house coat pulled tightly closed over my sweater.

"Yes," he said lifting a bag up onto the sofa to show me. "Let's see what I brought you."

He put his hand into the bag and pulled out a large bottle of prosecco. "You've always liked prosecco Amy."

"Yes I do but don't open it today as I can't drink alcohol just yet because of the painkillers I'm taking," I shrugged. "What's next?"

"I brought along a chick flick DVD for later. You've always liked them too," he added putting it into my hands.

"Yes, but you don't like chick flicks if I remember rightly," I said taking a lucky correct guess.

"That's true but this movie has won a few awards," he claimed and pulled out some other DVDs. "But if that DVD proves to be crap, I brought both the latest Tom Hanks and Tom Cruise action movies too!"

"Oh the Tom Hanks movie looks interesting on the cover," I replied looking at it. Then I added. "What's next? I'm really liking these surprises."

"A nice basket of fruit," he said placing the small basket containing bananas, apples, oranges, grapefruit, and red grapes on the coffee table.

"You are being so good to me," I replied picking up a grape and popping it into his mouth.

We then watched the chick flick movie and after it ended, he said, "I'm sorry babe, but I've just remembered that I have to get home to prepare something for work tomorrow."

"Oh that's a pity, I was just about to make you some supper," I replied.

"It's okay, I can grab a takeaway on the way home, but I was wondering if I could see your new boobs before I go," he said.

"Seriously?" I asked.

He nodded a 'yes'.

"There isn't much to see," I replied undoing my housecoat to reveal my sweater. "There's a support bra on top."

"Can you take the sweater off for a minute so I can see?" he then asked.

"Follow me," I replied and we walked into the bedroom. For some strange reason I didn't want to say no to him so with his help I removed my sweater and then the support bra to reveal the elastic bandages underneath. Then I lay back on the bed supported by the pillows.



“There you go,” I said showing him my new breasts.

“They do look very impressive,” he said as I clipped the support bra back in place. “Thanks for showing me.”

He reached down to kiss me tenderly on the lips.

“Rest up and get well soon,” he said. “Don’t get up. I’ll let myself out.”

"Thanks, switch the room lights off and I'll just get some sleep now," I replied.

When he'd gone, I got up and sat at Amy's vanity and looked at my face framed by the long blonde hair that trailed down over my shoulders and onto my new artificial mounds. I closed my eyelids and sighed. Then I looked through the vast array of Amy's cosmetics and realised all the items on her vanity top were now mine.

I realised that the cause of all my problems could be traced back to the fact that genetically my cousin Amy was my half sister. That was because my mum and Amy's mum were identical twins. I was born just a couple weeks before Amy had arrived and as we grew up, our relatives would often remark how alike we were physically. Our faces and stature were both very similar and it had now come back to haunt me.

Chapter 9 – Discovery

The next day was Monday and I was feeling considerably better, but I still didn't feel completely back to normal. I was beginning to feel that I might be able to go into the office on Wednesday afternoon however, I wasn't going to look the part of a receptionist with all the bandages and support still all over my chest.

What still felt bad in my mind was that I had these two lumps of silicone sticking out of my chest and adjusting to that mentally was going to take me some time. Although I'd been wearing bras and the breast forms for months, the effect of the implants was a huge change. Before now I could always get the forms off, while it was impossible to do that unless I went back under the doctor's knife again.

"Hi babe," said Lewis first thing that morning on the phone.

"Hi yourself," I replied wondering why Lewis never gave me anything but his full attention.

"Are you feeling any better today?" He then asked.

"Thanks yes, I'm feeling a lot better today and I don't have any of the sharp pains of the last few days. It's more just like a dull ache now," I replied.

"That's got to be good news then," he replied. "Have you got anything planned for today?"

"No I'm just going to settle down in front of the television and watch some afternoon soaps and game shows," I replied.

"Oh, I hope you don't get too bored," he said.

"I'll try not to. I might do a little light housework tidying up my apartment," I replied. "It needs a good vacuum clean."

"Unfortunately duty calls, so I better go. I'll try and talk to you later babe," he said and then he hung up quickly.

After another set of boring adverts on the television, I got up and walked into my bedroom. Out of curiosity I started to go through the various drawers in my dressing table and was surprised to find a large leather wallet at the back of the first drawer.

When I pulled open the zip in the wallet, I was even more surprised to find twenty crisp fifty pound notes and a couple of handwritten letters still in their opened envelopes. They had obviously been read and I noticed the post mark was dated just over a year earlier.

Curiosity got the better of me and I opened the first letter and I was surprised to find that it was from Lewis.

"Honey,

Please find enclosed some money for your upcoming Christmas spa beauty treatment that I promised. I think you deserve to be pampered after the heavy lovemaking session we enjoyed yesterday. I can't wait until we do that again.

Lots of love

Lewis"

"Oh my God," I exclaimed out loud. "Amy had regular sex with Lewis. How the hell do I get round that little fact if he wants to start doing it again?"

Then I realised with my breasts still healing, that was going to buy me a month or more of time so that would thwart any sexual advances from him in the short term.

I then opened the second letter and this letter shocked me even more. Inside I found a pair of small gold rings that had a cut in them. I wondered what they were for but I was soon to find out on reading the letter.

"Hello Amy,

Please find enclosed the two gold hoops I talked about last weekend to be used for your labia piercings as we agreed."

"What the hell?" I said out loud after reading the brief letter again. "This guy's a fucking control freak pervert!"

I read on.

"Then when they're healed up I'll padlock them together."

"God no wonder Amy broke up with him," I said to myself. "I should do the same before he tries to do anything weird like that with me. He's definitely a control freak and obviously wanted to lock her up like she's wearing a medieval chastity belt or something."

However as much as I was repulsed by what I'd just read in his letters to Amy, I was also intrigued to find out more about the kind of relationship they had. If I didn't know any better it read like they had some kind of Master submissive relationship going on at one point. The best way to find out was to ask Amy more direct questions about Lewis.

"Hi Amy, I'm sorry to bother you, but I was wondering about your previous relationship with Lewis. Would you say that he was a bit of a control freak?" I asked her outright by text.

"Why do you ask?" she replied a few minutes later.

"I've been seeing him, and he invited me to a friend's engagement party last week and this weekend he wanted me to wear a specific dress that he bought you last year to dinner," I replied. Then I added, *"I found two gold rings inside a letter he sent you that you were supposed to wear in piercings in your labia. Is that why you broke up?"*

"No we broke up because I found out he had gone to bed with another girl," she texted back surprising me.

"So were you going to do the piercings?" I then asked.

"Yes I was going to have it done. I loved him at the time until I discovered his infidelity," she replied. *"I couldn't trust him after that."*

"Did you tell him you would do the rings the way he wanted?" I then asked.

"Yes I did," she texted back.

"For obvious reasons it's not possible for me to do that," I then said. *"Thanks for your replies."*

"Yes not unless you undergo gender reassignment surgery," she added. *"You are welcome. Message me any time."*

After my texting session I actually began to feel aroused at the thought of my cousin Amy undergoing this piercing procedure and that Lewis was clearly a dominant alpha male.

Thinking about it, I also knew that I had submissive tendencies of my own because I'd allowed Jessica to talk me into emulating my cousin Amy. I decided that I would not mention the rings unless Lewis did, because quite clearly I physically couldn't undergo now what he had wanted.

Then I wondered if I wanted to be involved with someone like Lewis. I decided that it wouldn't do me any harm in the short term and any relationship I did have with him would help to validate me as Amy with the other panthers.

The panthers called me a lot that Monday to ask how I was feeling and if I needed anything. That was heart warming but I told them that I had plenty of food to eat and I was slowly getting better.

I put all of that money into my purse and I decided that I'd treat all the panthers next time we were together to some cocktails. Then I sorted through all the other drawers and put the contents all in order so I could find things to wear easier. I had drawers for Amy's huge collection of lingerie including her panties in all styles, materials and colours.

That done I started to go through all of Amy's untidy shoe collection putting them into neat pairs. I had no less than 15 pairs of stiletto heeled pumps and just two pairs of wedge heeled sandals. My only flat shoes were a pair of fur lined Ugg ankle boots.

"It's hard to believe that I own all these shoes," I said to myself as I surveyed the elegant stilettos lined up on the shelves.

Chapter 10 - Healing up

It was five days after the operation when I decided that I really needed to wash my hair which was becoming lank and greasy. I decided that I would try washing my hair in the shower and so I covered my still healing body with a plastic raincoat of Amy's. It seemed to work, but I still found lifting my hands above my head to be quite painful.

I managed to get my growing hair washed and conditioned. I wrapped a towel around my head and I knew that it would be nearly an hour before my hair was looking presentable again. Gone were the days when I would hit the shower, wash my hair, and then get dressed by throwing on a pair of denim jeans and a shirt within 15 minutes.

Instead I decided to get dressed first before tackling my damp hair with Amy's impressive Dyson hairdryer. So I first pulled on my tight panty girdle, and my usual sheer black pantyhose. I really had begun to love the feel of the pantyhose on my long slim hairless legs and I would let out a little sigh of pleasure as I crossed my legs at the knee as the material rubbed together. It was such an incredibly nice feeling that I actually found it preferable to put on a knee length skirt rather than the pair of baggy rayon ladies pants that I'd have chosen to wear a few weeks earlier. With the skirt on, I could rub my legs together all day and when I walked I'd feel the swish and zip from the pantyhose as my thighs rubbed together in the tight embrace of the skirt.

With the skirt zipped up, I pulled my chenille polo neck sweater over my head and covered my healing bosom before unwrapping the damp towel on my head. Then I started to blast my long hair and extensions with Amy's expensive hairdryer. I began brushing it out as I blow dried it.

Around thirty minutes later, my long clean blonde hair was cascading down my back and over my shoulders as usual.

I got up and eased my feet into my lowest pair of heels and walked into the kitchen to start dinner. I pulled two large chicken breast fillets out of the freezer and defrosted them in the microwave. I'd received a text message from Lewis that he would call round with some food shopping for me, so I thought he might appreciate some home cooked dinner in compensation.

I peeled and diced some onions, carrots and a large potato. I added a little olive oil to a pot and softened the vegetables on my hob before adding the defrosted chicken fillets. I opened a jar of spicy sauce which the label said was good with chicken and added that with a little water. I stirred the pot and added the contents into a cast iron casserole dish. Then I covered the mixture with thin slices of potato before putting the dish into the oven to bake for 45 minutes.

Around 6pm Lewis arrived and announced, "Hey that smells good and so do you." He then kissed my head over my newly washed hair.

"Thanks I'm just trying out a new recipe," I replied. "I figured you'd be hungry after a long day in the office."

"You certainly got that right," he replied approaching me. "I'm hungry for you too."

We kissed briefly on the lips and then he kissed me much harder so he took my breath away. My dick really stirred inside the panty girdles, but didn't cause any unexpected bulges in my skirt unlike Lewis who clearly had a hard on showing now in his pants.

He put his hands onto my waist and asked, "How are you feeling today darling?"

"A lot better now the sharp pains have ended," I replied happily.

"That's good to hear," he said stroking my clean long hair. "I was wondering how long it would take until you were back to normal."

"The doctor said I can get my stitches out a week today and I'm hoping to go back to work next week," I replied and then I heard the oven timer ping to indicate the chicken was cooked. "It sounds like our dinner is ready."

“What have you made?” he asked and then he added. “It does smell so good!”

It was then that I was suddenly dismayed to remember that as a vegetarian I wouldn't be able eat any of what I'd just made in front of Lewis.

“It's a chicken casserole,” I said getting up to serve it up for him.

“Oh, I didn't realise that you'd given up on being a vegetarian,” he said. “You've been one since you were at school if I remember rightly.”

“No I made the casserole for you honey,” I said from the kitchen though I was sorely tempted to eat some of the nice smelling dinner. I ladled the casserole onto a dinner plate for him and I pulled a frozen quiche from the freezer and put it into the microwave for myself.

“Where's yours?” he asked as I put the loaded plate down on the table beside him.

“It's in the microwave,” I replied. “Please don't wait for me and just eat it while it's hot. I'll put all the shopping away that you brought and join you in a few minutes.”

It didn't take long until I sat down beside him with around a third of the quiche lying on my plate.

“That was very good chicken,” he said finishing the meal while I'd barely started eating.

“I'm glad you enjoyed it,” I replied. “I can offer you some cheese and walnuts or a choc ice from the freezer.”

“I'm fine,” he said rising up and putting his plate into the kitchen sink. I finished my quiche and then put both plates into the dishwasher.

We sat down on the sofa to watch another movie together and he grabbed my hand to kiss it.

“I don't know how you manage with those long nails honey,” he said looking at them closely. “They look amazing – almost cat like.”

“You get used to them quickly enough,” I replied though I'd already decided to get them reduced in length the next time I was in Emily's salon.

“Good,” he said. “Because I don't want you to have them any shorter.”

“Why?” I asked feeling concerned that his control freak nature was emerging again.

“Oh I want to feel you digging them into my back when I make passionate love to you,” he laughed.

“Very funny,” I replied.

Then at that moment he did something I didn't expect. He just unzipped his pants put his hand inside and pulled out his hard erect cock. His manhood was huge compared to mine and he then pulled my hand over towards it.

“Go on babe, wrap your long nails around it. It won't bite you!” He declared.

I reluctantly did so feeling how thick and long his hard cock was. Then my own smaller item suddenly twitched excitedly inside the girdle in response, as I slowly worked my hand up and down on

his large hard cock. I'd done this many times to my own cock since I'd become Amy, but this time there was no mental excitement in my brain just a slight erection of my own compressed dick.

"That's it darling slowly wank my big hard cock until I cum," he ordered. "Let me feel those long nails teasing it on the cock head. Do you see what you do to me babe?"

I was revolted and fascinated at the same time by what I was freely doing. I scraped my nails up and down his hard-on and then I upped the pace as I wanked him harder and harder until suddenly he just erupted lots of creamy cum all over my hand. I felt quite jealous of him right then.

"Oh that was just so amazing babe," he said slowly coming down from the high of his orgasm.

"I'm so glad that you liked it," I replied. I could hardly believe what I'd just wanked him off so he came. Maybe Jessica was right and that I was gay after all. I wondered what Lewis would have said or done if he knew what was straining inside my panty girdle at that exact same moment.

We lay on the sofa for a while watching an old fifties black and white movie on television until it finished, and then he got up and made us some coffee.

"I must get going," he said as he drank his coffee. "I have another big presentation to give tomorrow morning to a client in the office."

"I hope it goes well," I said knowing my own day was going to be boring in comparison as I slowly got better.

"I'll see you soon, babe," he said putting on his coat. I walked him to the front door and then outside towards the main entrance to the apartment. "Oh my God," I exclaimed feeling the drop in temperature. "Look it's been snowing!"

We looked out on a white illuminated car park. I shivered as he gave me another deep passionate kiss with his coffee tasting tongue filling my mouth yet again.

"See you soon," he repeated and he walked out into the 2 inch deep snow towards his parked Range Rover. After he cleared the windows of snow, I waved to him as he drove off towards the main road outside the estate.

The only meaningful thing that I did for the rest of the week was to go for two more hair removal sessions at Cynthia's salon. After the second session, she told me that we'd been making good progress on my facial hair using electrolysis but that I should make a lot more appointments. I agreed because I knew that my face had to be completely hair free if I was going to be kissed by Lewis in future. I couldn't face the possibility of him finding stubble on my face.

Other than those two trips to her salon I just stayed at home with just a single trip to the local convenience store to buy some bread and milk. With each day that passed, I was getting stronger and stronger but I wasn't feeling up to going into work just yet so I'd called to say sorry to Amy's dad.

Chapter 11 – A few days later

That week resting at home flew by and it was finally Friday when I would go back to the clinic to get the bandages removed from underneath what I hoped were my rapidly healing new breasts. The week had gone so well, but I desperately wanted to get examined to check that everything was healing satisfactorily, so I'd arranged an appointment back at the clinic to have the dressings removed and changed just a week after the operation. I also hoped that the stitches could be removed too.

I decided that I would look my best as Amy for the appointment and for some reason I wanted to try wearing nylon stockings for the first time. I'd found some new lace top stockings still in their wrapper amongst some old lingerie that had belonged to Amy in a set of drawers in the spare bedroom. I had then attached the suspender tabs that came with my panty girdle and then I pulled up the panty girdle to compress and hide my limp equipment as usual. Attaching the tabs to the stockings was difficult, but I was delighted when I managed them all.

Then I put on my loose fitting chenille sweater again to cover and keep my new assets cosy and warm. I stepped into a knee length navy blue pencil skirt that I'd found and I actually let out a soft moan as the silky sheer underskirt material rubbed against my taut stockings. I decided then that although I liked wearing pantyhose, I loved wearing sheer stockings even more.

With the skirt zipped up at the rear, the stockings felt delightful as I ran my hands up and down my legs relishing the wonderful sensations. Then when I walked to get my heels, the tight pencil skirt made my thighs rub together sensually. As I walked back into the living room wearing Amy's 4-inch black pumps, for once I felt strangely very comfortable with them on my feet. Somehow the shoes didn't hurt as much as I'd expected and it was then that I wondered if I was beginning to fall in love with dressing in all these feminine clothes. Or perhaps it was just becoming perfectly normal as it had been such a long time since I'd last dressed as Scott.

I had sadly put the last few items of shabby clothing that had belonged to Scott into a plastic bag a few days earlier and on my way out to the car, I just threw the bag into my rubbish bin. That was strange behaviour, as I'd previously decided that somehow being Amy couldn't or wouldn't become something permanent or my new normal. Somehow or other I just had to try and get my old life back if possible. But then suddenly I'd asked myself if it would it really be so bad if I couldn't go back to being Scott again? All this mental confusion was playing havoc with my feelings.

I took out a sheet of paper and drew a line down the middle from top to bottom. Then I listed out all the pros and cons of being Amy on either side of that line.

The pro side clearly and easily won the emotional fight as I'd gained lots of friends as Amy and she now had a good social circle and parents who cared about her. Then I had a regular income with money in the bank and a nice roomy apartment that I owned, a nice little car and lastly a huge inheritance to look forward to.

On the con side the biggest negative was that the original Amy had been a committed vegetarian for over a decade. Obviously to avoid suspicions, I'd no option, but to become a committed and albeit reluctant vegetarian too. Then it also seemed that I was always on a constant diet and I couldn't eat as much as I would have liked to keep my weight in check.

One of the biggest financial drains were my large salon bills as Amy. I also had to buy expensive designer clothes and shoes as the other panthers were all shopaholics. Then I had Amy's usual long blonde hair to contend with and that frustratingly continually got in the way of my face until I learnt how to deal with it properly. Amy rarely walked outside unless her face was heavily made up with her cosmetics and I knew I'd have to be the same to avoid anyone seeing Scott lurking underneath. Then of course having Amy's trademark long false nails made even the most simplest of tasks very difficult and awkward.

Another negative aspect was that it hurt physically when I had to deal with the discomfort of dressing in her skimpy clothes in cold weather. Another was that my feet and ankles usually hurt after a day walking in her stupid ultra high heels. Lastly my male equipment was constantly compressed within the panty girdles, while the breast implant surgery had initially been off the scale in terms of pain. Lastly the hair removal sessions I'd endured hadn't been a bed of roses either.

There was no doubt though that Amy was a lot more popular than Scott Kennedy had ever been. It had taken months for anyone to notice that he'd simply disappeared and only now were the police

actively looking for him. Obviously that had made me feel sad that he had no one looking out for him, while Amy had lots of people who had actively messaged all week as I slowly recovered from the breast implant surgery.

Then of course Amy was always the girliest girl you could ever imagine, with her long enduring love of Barbie dolls and pink clothes, while Scott on the other hand never won any prizes in the macho man stakes.

At first I'd truly hated this forced new life with everything I had, but it seemed that I was slowly beginning to get used to it all. Perhaps the absence of any pain that morning from wearing Amy's high heeled shoes was a first sign that I was becoming more and more comfortable being her.

Then I was actually enjoying the regular contact of the other panthers and the affectionate feelings I had for Lewis were strangely growing to the extent that I was happy to rub his cock to an orgasm again just the night before last. He seemed to get really turned on by being near me, which was certainly something that had never happened to me when I'd been with Jessica.

Obviously to make sure that everyone didn't suspect my true identity, I had to maintain Amy's flawless appearance with expertly applied make-up and good sophisticated choices of clothing. All of that was becoming second nature though, so it wasn't the struggle or conflict that it had once been. Then by throwing away the last items of Scott's clothing into the bin, I avoided any potential conflicts in the future. Amy's clothing in contrast was on another scale in terms of quality, looks and style.

With my next appointment at the clinic looming, I drove to the clinic in Amy mode again after my internal mental analysis over the last thirty minutes or so. As I walked into the clinic, I was wearing my warm padded coat, fur hat and gloves as it was still hovering around zero degrees outside.

After a brief wait, I was shown into the examination room and one of the doctors started to remove all the dressings from around my newly enlarged breasts.

"It's all looking very healthy indeed Ms Brooks," he said happily as he removed the last of the pressure bandages.

"Will you be removing the stitches today?" I asked keen that should happen.

"No I think we should leave them in for a little while longer just to be on the safe side though the healing process is now very well advanced," he declared happily. "It won't hurt to leave them in for another week. I think we should remove them all next Friday."

"Well you're the doctor," I replied feeling frustrated as he attached new smaller lighter dressings to both the healing suture lines.

"You can leave off wearing the surgical support bra now though and you just need to wear a soft long line sports bra for now," he said taking the new one I'd brought from the apartment with me to examine it. "This one will do perfectly."

It was just a plain white cheap stretchy sports bra which was certainly very comfortable to wear. Losing the old compression support bra and wearing this new sports bra allowed my new breasts to instantly look a lot bigger as my bosom now stuck out a great deal more.

"Oh that's so much more comfortable now," I said automatically adjusting the bra straps onto my collarbones.

“Good so we’ll see you next week at the same time and we’ll remove all your stitches then,” he declared happily.

“You will,” I replied pulling on my warm sweater again. Even though the sweater was loose fitting there was now no hiding the twin lumps sticking out of my chest anymore. “Thank you, doctor.”

“You are welcome,” he said. “While you’re here Doctor Maxwell told me that you’re a transgender woman. I must say that I would never have guessed if he hadn’t told me, however we can help you in other ways, now that this breast implant surgery is almost finished.”

“What ways did you have in mind?” I asked curious what else could be done to hide Scott yet further.

“Well we can do facial feminisation surgery, liposuction, a tracheal shave to remove your Adam’s apple, Brazilian butt lifts, voice changing surgery and of course lastly your gender reassignment surgery,” he explained.

“Do you have a price list?” I asked out of curiosity but feeling unsure I wanted to go through with any of the other major procedures. He handed me the price list and I could see that it was all going to cost a huge amount of money.

“There you go,” he said handing me the leaflet.

“Can I ask you a question?” I asked.

“Of course,” he replied folding his arms.

“I don’t have much money right now so what would you recommend that I should do next?” I asked curious to learn what he would choose.

“I think I would say that your waist could benefit from some liposuction and we could inject the fat into your rear so that would give you a more dramatic curvier feminine figure. But I’d also say that the cheapest would be operations on your voice box and throat,” he replied. “Your voice could do with being a little softer and higher pitched. Let me show you. Can you please pull your sweater neck down a little?”

As I held it down he took some profile pictures of my neck using his phone. He then showed me the pictures of my neck and it seemed to me that the bump caused by my voice box was sticking out quite noticeably. I was quite amazed that no one had yet noticed.

I quickly thought that neither of those operations would condemn me to a life of being Amy, so I decided to ask for another appointment to just get them done. Shaving of my Adam’s apple would hardly be noticed if I ever became Scott again while I was confident that I’d be able to deepen my voice again.

“Very well,” he replied, “I’ll be seeing you next Friday anyway so why don’t we do the stitch removal and those minor operations all at the same time? They won’t take very long and you’ll be going home a few hours later.”

“Okay that sounds good,” I said feeling strangely enthusiastic and I arranged the extended appointment at reception on my way out. I paid using the money that Lewis had given Amy a year earlier.

In the car before I drove home, I texted Lewis and the panthers that I was improving, but that I would need another week before the stitches were all removed.

"Please come and see me at the salon today," Em texted back. "I need to ask you something."

I wondered obviously what she was going to ask me. I thought perhaps that she wanted to suddenly confront me without announcing it in the group chat that I was an imposter and I wasn't the real Amy. So curious to find out what she wanted, I dropped by to see her on my way home from the clinic.

"What's up?" I asked as I walked into her beauty salon confidently around an hour later.

"Nothing, I just wanted to see you to ask you something person to person," she replied.

That made me feel even more uneasy and worried that she'd seen through my disguise, but I found out it wasn't about that, but something much more enjoyable. I was still feeling paranoid that Em would uncover my disguise.

"As you know we've been talking about taking a sunshine break this winter and we were wondering if you would be fit enough to come and join us for a fantastic week in the Canary Islands?" she asked. I breathed a sigh of relief and smiled happily.

"When were you thinking of going?" I replied. "I'm definitely interested if I'm able."

"We all thought that you'd need some more time to recover and I suggested four weeks from today. We'd come back a week later hopefully rested and sun kissed," she declared happily.

"Yes in that case please do count me in," I said enthused. "I wouldn't miss it for the world. I think I will be fully recovered by then."

By then I knew that I would also have had my areolas enlarged as I knew that girls living together will go around topless and even naked.

"Good then here are the flight details so you can book your tickets," she said handing me a piece of paper with the return Ryanair flight information. I wasn't sure if Amy had a passport or not, but 4 weeks should give me enough time to get a new one.

"I'll book my seats when I get home," I replied. "It sounds though that we're going to have a fantastic time as usual. Do you have any idea where we will be staying?"

"Jenn's taking care of all that. She's booked two double rooms and we can organise a bed on the floor in one of them and take it in turns to sleep there," she replied.

"I just hope we don't get kicked out of the hotel if they twig what we're doing," I replied.

"We should be okay. It's what we did in Ibiza last summer, do you remember?" she asked and I hastily lied that I did.

"I better get moving," I replied happily. "Thanks for inviting me. I can't wait."

I knew that when I left Em's salon for home that I'd have to quiz my cousin Amy about her relationship with the other panthers in more detail and in particular what they got up to, on that recent Ibiza trip.

I sat in the car and sent her a text. *"What can you tell me about your holiday to Ibiza last year with the other panthers?"*

"Why?" she texted back.

"Because I've been invited to go to the Canary Islands with them in four weeks time. I also need to know where your passport is," I replied.

"The last one is easy. My passport is out of date now so you'll need a new one. The old one is in a safe deposit box in a bank vault in London," she replied. *"I'll send you details of my Facebook account where all my holiday pictures are stored. We also have a pink panthers' Facebook group and so you'll need my email address and password to access Facebook. It also gives you access to my email account. There is also an Instagram account that you can load your selfie photos onto."*

"Do you trust me with all that information?" I asked.

"Yes because it's no use to me anymore," she explained. *"I've set up a new email address and passwords. My old email account is Aimes2002@gmail.com and my password is Pinkpanther05. You'll find the safe deposit details in a small notebook in my bedside cabinet."*

I then accessed the gmail app on my phone and logged easily onto her account. I could see that there were around 100 unread emails. So I started to go through them one by one and most were special offers and discounts on make-up and clothes from online stores that Amy had used in the past. I deleted most of the emails but some were interesting enough to make me look at them again later.

Since I needed a new passport, I then decided to drive to the local post office to pick up an application pack. I knew that I'd need some head and shoulders pictures too so I used the photo booth to get some made. Before I sat down in the booth, I'd brushed my hair and tied it up into a high ponytail and then applied some fresh red lipstick. I tried not to smile as the camera flashed four times.

Since I was going to need my passport in a hurry, I set to work filling in the application form in the post office right then with all of Amy's known details. I found that for a small surcharge, I could fast track my application which is just what I did. Fortunately I knew all the answers to the questions on the form and handed over the completed application with my bank card. I had also managed a reasonable forgery of Amy's signature and I had obtained Amy's birth certificate.

"There you go love," the counter clerk said handing me a receipt for the fee and my bank card back. "The application takes about a week to process through us. I hope you're going somewhere nice and warm at this time of year."

"Thanks my friends and I are going to the Canary Islands in a few weeks," I replied as I watched her put the envelope containing my application form into a mail bag. I then realised that I was applying for a passport as someone else, which also carried a long prison sentence.

"I do so hope that you have a nice time," she said and then I walked out into the darkening winter skies.

My cousin had given me details of the bank where her safe deposit box was held and so the next thing to do was to call them. Since it was approaching 5pm I asked, "Hello, I was wondering if you can you tell me when the safe deposit vaults are open again?"

"We are open again on Monday from 10am until 4pm and every week day," he replied helpfully.

Armed with the bank address, I decided that I would get the train into London on Monday and then the tube to the station nearest to the bank rather than drive.

When I got home I texted all the other panthers. *"Guys I've just noticed that my passport has expired, so I've ordered a new one as I do want to come to the Canaries too."*

"Oh that reminds me," texted Rach. *"I better check mine can still be used too."*

"Me too," said Jenn.

"How are your boobs today?" asked Stace changing the subject.

"Much better thanks but I have to wait another week to get the stitches removed," I replied. *"At least the pain has subsided a lot, so no more painkillers."*

"Thank goodness," said Jenn.

"It's good to know you are on the mend," added Rach.

Doctor Maxwell's idea of having my areola enlarged by a tattoo artist was then something that crossed my mind, as I knew that I'd be sharing a room with at least two of the other panthers and they were sure to see me go topless in the room at some point like they would do.

I called the local tattoo parlour in Epsford high street and asked if that was something they could do to my breasts. The man replied, "It's a very unusual request but yes I can do that."

I decided that I was going to have the tattoos done before the stitches were removed and I made an appointment for the next afternoon. As I walked into my apartment – I didn't consider it to be Amy's anymore. It was all mine. I noticed that without the bandages and the tight surgical support bra, my new breasts actually jiggled and moved around as the sports bra I wore didn't offer that much support. I went into the bedroom and pulled out all of the other sports bras I could find and chose one that seemed smaller and thus tighter. I put it on and it helped to contain the disconcerting wobbles.

As I made my cheese salad supper, Lewis texted me as he wondered how my hospital appointment had gone.

"I'm healing up well according to the doctor. Though the stitches won't be removed for another week," I replied.

"Oh that's a pity," he replied. *"I was looking forward to playing with them this weekend. I can't wait to get my hands on them again."*

"I bet!" I just texted back simply. *"You'll just need to be patient."*

"Do you feel up to going for that dinner yet?" he then asked.

"Yes dinner sounds good, but I can't wear that dress of yours as I would need to wear an underwire bra with it. Unfortunately I need to wear a sports bra until I get the stitches out," I explained.

"Just go topless then!" he exclaimed.

"Oh that's just not possible. They still need support," I replied.

Just after his text messaging ended, there was then a surprise call from a woman called Cheryl.

"Hi Amy I just wanted to let you know that now I've had my baby, I'm starting up my yoga and aerobics exercise classes again. Would you be interested in coming along on either Monday or Wednesday night as before?" she asked.

I ignored her question at first about the classes and warmly congratulated her on the birth. "How was the birth and how is your new baby?" I asked.

"Oh that's sweet of you to ask. My labour was quite long and in the end I had to have a caesarean. My baby Michael is doing fine now too. He's putting on weight. So can I put you down for one of the classes?" she asked getting back onto the subject of the yoga classes again.

"Yes please! Monday suits me best," I replied. "Where will the classes be?"

"We've moved to the local school gym and I'll text you all the details," she replied happily. "I'll see you on Monday night then."

That was something new I'd learned about my cousin Amy. I wondered what other things I would discover in the future.

"Before you go, I had breast implant surgery a week ago, so would it be okay for me to attend so soon after my op?" I asked.

"No it's probably best if you can delay coming for a week. We'll just concentrate on your legs and bottom, a week on Monday," she laughed.

I hung up and then suddenly realised I had forgotten to take my hormone pills that morning, so I took both pills with a glass of milk.

I'd already noticed that my skin seemed softer and there were two small hard lumps already developing behind my nipples. While I was in the bathroom I had noticed that I normally sat down now while I used the toilet. Being Amy was suddenly becoming very familiar.

And then my life as Amy was fast becoming very complicated. There were tattoos, passports, holidays, stitches to be removed from my new breasts, looming voice surgery, dates with Lewis, more hair removal sessions and now yoga lessons. I really began to wonder what surprises would be next in my new life.

I didn't have long to wait as there was a loud knock at the front door. I opened it to find a man standing there holding a parcel.

"Hi there, I'm your Evri delivery man and I've got a package for Ms Amy Brooks," he said holding the parcel up so I could take it.

"Yes that's me," I confirmed.

"Can you hold it a second so I can take a picture to prove it's been delivered?" he then asked.

"Sure," I said holding it up realising it was my recent order from Shein that had just arrived much earlier than I'd expected. I closed the door after thanking the man and headed towards the sofa to open it.

I realised that I needed a knife or scissors to open the tough plastic wrapper so I walked through to the kitchen and pulled out a pair of scissors from the kitchen drawer.

I quickly and carefully sliced it open to reveal bags and bags of clothing such as the sexy oily pantyhose that I'd heard so much about and wanted to try. Lastly there was a shoe box with a pair of red 5" stilettos that I'd ordered.

"Oh my God. Did I really order all this stuff?" I asked myself. "Whatever happened to me buying some sensible items for Scott to wear? Am I slowly losing my mind?"

I was though pleasantly surprised at the quality and fit of the clothes as I tried them on. That included the heels which would be perfect for a dress I knew I had in my wardrobe. I tried the shoes on and they looked amazing on my feet as the peep toe front showed off my cherry red nail polish of my toenails.

I was also amazed at how easy they were to walk in and I found that I was actually able to tolerate wearing the higher heels much easier than I'd expected. It was as if my toes and ankles were slowly accommodating the position they took in such extreme footwear.

"Practice makes perfect," I said as I tried on the clothing including a dark ribbed body contour dress that easily showed off my new enhanced bosom.

Deep down I had always had a sexual attraction towards my cousin and I had always liked her elegant style. Now it was weird knowing that I was just like her and in some ways I was even sexier with my new larger bosom.

Mentally I was still coming to terms with everything that I'd had done, and I was still about to do. At least as Amy I had the freedom and the money to try new things and to buy whatever caught my eye.

The next day, I decided to walk into Epsford for my appointment at the tattoo parlour. By all accounts it went pretty well as Greg the artist was happy to help me.

Greg saw and appreciated what I was trying to achieve as my areola were about the size of a 10 pence piece in diameter.

"I can definitely make your breasts look even more realistic with something else," he said surprising me.

"What do you have in mind?" I asked.

"Your nipples themselves are also quite small but I've just thought of a good way to give you larger ones," he replied showing me some small steel balls.

"How?" I asked simply.

"I can just insert something like this sterile steel ball under your existing nipple. That would make your nipples look so much larger," he explained. "I usually insert these in people's faces or their forehead but the principle would be the same."

"Do I get a local anaesthetic?" I asked. "Also I presume that they can be removed easily enough?"

"Yes I'd use the same stuff a dentist would use so you wouldn't feel a thing," he promised lifting a syringe. He promptly gently injected a small amount of novocaine into both of my nipples. "Yes the balls can be removed and you won't feel anything soon."

Taking a scalpel he made a tiny incision in the right nipple and he then slipped the small ball inside. "That's the first," he said closing the wound with a sterile strip and he immediately started on the

second. "I use these small plaster strips to hold the cuts closed and I'll give you more. The wounds should be healed in a day or so. But as you can see the steel balls do make your nipples look so much bigger."

"They do," I replied happily.

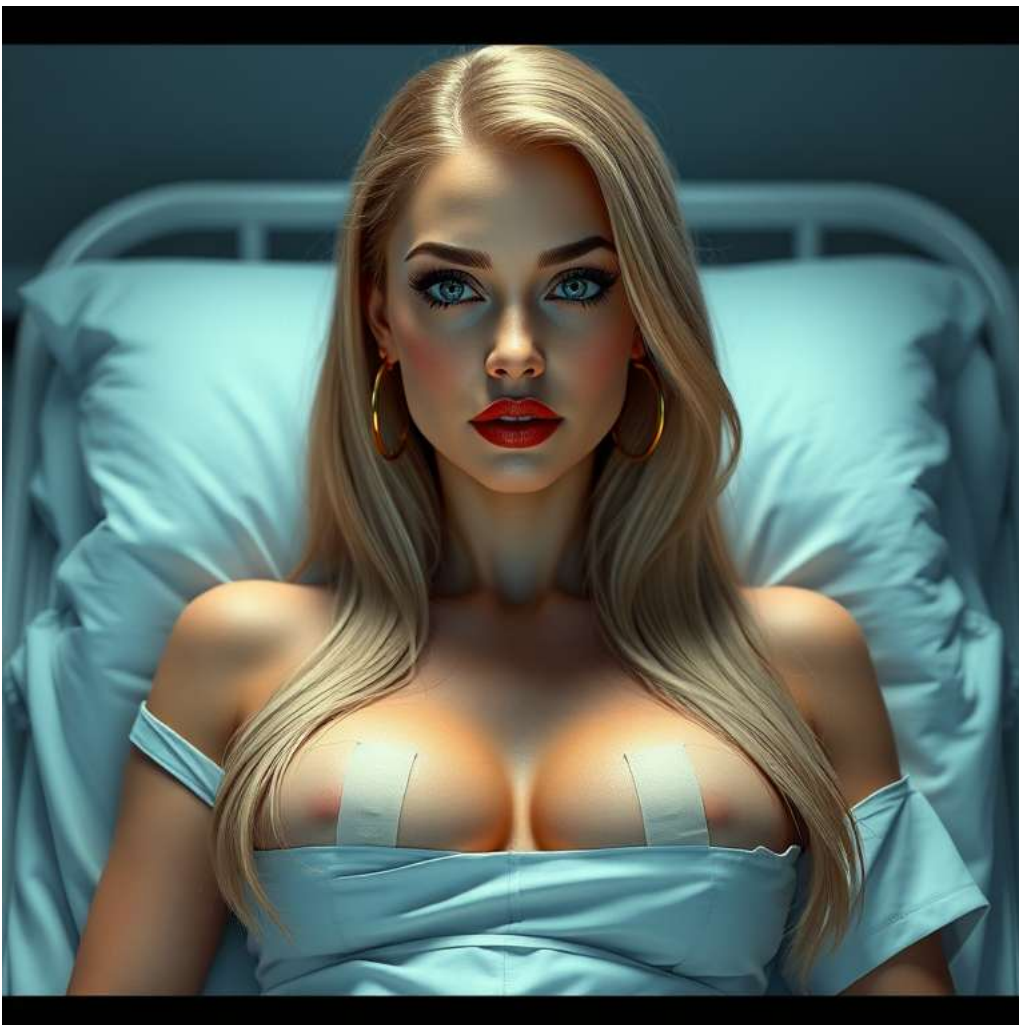
"Now let's mark up your breasts in a roughly circular shape and then I'll start to fill in the area with the dark brown pigment," he said. "Because the area is numb you should also be able to tolerate the tattooing."

"Yes it's fine," I said looking down at him working.

When the first breast was done, he commented, "You should get all the hairs removed around your nipples. Otherwise they are looking good if I might say so."

"Thanks I will," I replied. "I just had implants done 8 days ago and the stitches are due to be removed next Friday. I will ask the beauty salon to work on these hairs next time I visit."

"There you're all done now," he said after he speedily finished the filling in of my right breast. He took a mirror to let me see what he had done. "What do you think?"



My breasts after taping up

"I really like what you've done," I replied putting on my sports bra again.

"If you look you can even see your nipples through the material of your bra now," he said pointing them out.

"Oh my God," I exclaimed astonished. "Yes you're right. They look so real!"

"Let me know if you would like anything else done," he said and I suddenly thought of something else.

"There was one thing else I wanted done," I replied thinking that I should get this over with too.

"What's that?" he asked.

"I've been thinking that I would like a piercing done at my belly button but I'm scared it's going to hurt," I said.

"It's not pain free but I can numb up that area too," he said showing me the belly jewellery he had in stock. As we waited for the area to numb up, I picked a heart shaped pink coloured stone with a stainless steel piercing.



My new pretty belly button jewel

“Okay are you ready?” he asked after he had cleaned the decoration with disinfectant.

“Yes,” I replied bracing for it. In the event it didn’t hurt until later when the novocaine wore off.

“That’s it all done,” he said.

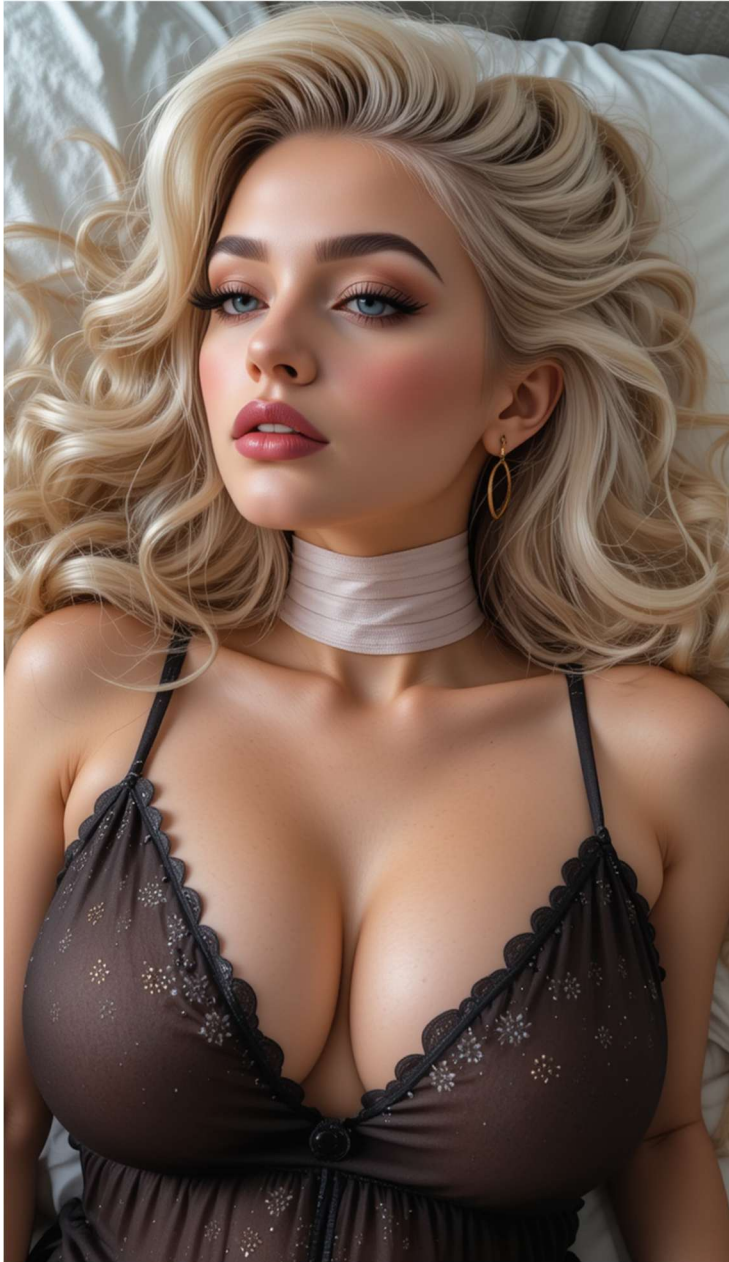
“Thanks,” I replied staring at the pink stone nestling prettily inside my belly button.

After I paid him, he gave me a leaflet on how to treat the piercings until they healed.

Chapter 12 – Stitches come out

By the time my next appointment arrived at the clinic to remove my stitches, I’d done two more sessions of hair removal around my nipples and on my neck. I had also worked two days in reception despite my dad telling me to go home.

Then that Friday, as I removed my sports bra the doctor saw what had been done to my breasts by the tattoo artist.



In no time I was awake again and I had a bandage covering my throat.

“They look incredibly realistic to my eyes,” He said as he removed the bandages over my stitches and started to undo the stitches themselves. He worked away for several minutes cutting them and pulling them out of my skin one by one.

“It’s all looking very good, Ms Brooks,” he said as he finished removing them from my last breast. “The scar lines are very fine and they will fade away in time. And now as we agreed we’ll just knock you out for a little while, so I can tighten your vocal chords and shave your Adam’s apple by a tiny amount.”

“Don’t speak for the next day or so,” he cautioned afterwards handing me a small note pad. “Just give your voice a chance to recover and heal up. If you have any questions meantime just write them in the notepad.”

I nodded my understanding and just wrote *"thanks."*

"I've been playing around with some computer software that models what you might look like after all your transition procedures have been completed," he said handing me the picture.

In his eyes I'd have a narrow waist, large DD cup breasts and much wider hips. Lastly I couldn't help noticing that I would have a slit between my legs.

"Can I keep this?" I wrote down on the notepad as I studied it in complete disbelief at what was going to be possible.



The computer image he produced showing what my body could look like.

“Sure,” he said putting the picture into a large manila envelope.

“Thanks,” I replied as my phone pinged a Whatsapp message. It was a message from Lewis that I read as I got my clothes on again.

"Amy I can pick you up from hospital if you'd like?" Lewis had asked.

I texted back, "Thanks honey, but my dad has already offered to pick me up. He wants to take me out to dinner to celebrate."

That was my devious way of avoiding contact with Lewis that day, as I was sure he would want to either pop round later or take me out to dinner himself. In the event, I'd decided to just go home and hide up until my voice had fully recovered and I could talk again. I was also feeling very curious to know how my voice would sound now.

Then when Lewis had called me later at around 9pm the same day, I just let his call go onto voice mail rather than try to answer it as I still couldn't talk. I texted him back later that night, *"I'm so sorry I missed your call because I was sleeping. I'm fine and all the stitches have been removed and all the wounds have healed up really well."*

He then texted back, *"can we go out tomorrow night then?"*

"Sorry I can't as I'm seeing Jenn and Rach to talk about our holiday in the Canaries next month," I texted back. *"I'm free on Sunday if you fancy buying me lunch?"*

In fact I stayed at home the next night too, I opened the bottle of prosecco to celebrate and then I tried on some of Amy's lacy and sexier bras. She had a large collection, but I was disappointed to discover that none of them fitted me as they were smaller 36C bras whereas it seemed that I needed a 38D bra at least.

Chapter 13 – Voice altered

That Saturday morning I was very anxious to find out what the surgery had done to my voice and it was a huge shock when I heard myself for the first time. Just to be sure, I then recorded my voice using my phone and then played it back. There was no doubt that my voice was decidedly and clearly feminine in tone and pitch and no matter what I tried, I just couldn't get it any deeper.

On the one hand, I was shocked that my voice had been altered so dramatically, and now everyone was going to notice because I'd assumed that it would not sound so high. Then the bump on my neck caused by my voice box shaving was also gone.

I took my daily hormone dosage as usual along with my breakfast of porridge as my throat was still feeling sore. Since I had to wear the throat dressings for another few days, I wore my usual favourite chenille polo neck sweater. The one thing I noticed though, was that my nipples were now sticking out of the tight material of my bra.

Like seeing the computer picture the day before, the shock of seeing that was a huge surprise to my still male mind.

At around 10am that morning I suddenly had another surprise call from Amy's mum.

"Hello Amy," she began.

"Hello mummy," I replied recognising her voice.

"I've just had a phone call from the police and that nice policeman told me that they've finally tracked down Scott's former girlfriend yesterday," she started.

"Oh and what did she say?" I asked anxiously on whether Jessica would go back on what we'd agreed.

"She told him that she'd no idea where Scott had gone. She told him that Scott had taken their relationship break up quite badly and had even threatened suicide unless she took him back," Amy's mum then explained.

"Oh my God!" I shrieked. "And do they think that Scott has done that?"

"There's no clear evidence that he has, but the police are going to close the missing person search now. They think that he has somehow taken his own life while being in a state of depression," she replied.

"That's really so sad. I hope that Jessica is proud of herself if he has killed himself," I said sounding angry and bitter at this news. Inwardly though I was in two minds about this news. On the one hand I was apparently more secure as Amy than ever before and on the other I was reluctantly conceding that my past life as Scott was now effectively over.

"Well there's no definite proof that he has," she replied. "I wouldn't condemn her for what happened. It was hardly her fault that he would react so badly to their break up."

"I guess it's true that it isn't her fault, but it certainly looks that he must have been suicidal to just disappear like that. He hasn't been seen in months, he's lost all of his possessions from his apartment and his disappearance coincides exactly with his break up with Jessica," I said. "It does look quite grim."

"Yes," she simply agreed.

"Thanks for letting me know," I said.

"Your voice sounds much different today," she then said.

"Does it? I think I might be coming down with a cold as my throat hurts," I replied dismissing her concerns. "I got my implant stitches out yesterday and it's all healed up very well. The new implants are so much larger, so I'll need to get some new bras. All my old ones are much too small now."

"Well perhaps we could go shopping for some new ones at that lingerie store in East Grinstead later today?" she then eagerly suggested.

"Thanks that sounds like a great idea," I replied. "Would you be able to pick me up?"

"Yes I can drop by and pick you up at around 2pm," she replied. "I actually need some new bras myself too."

"I'll be ready," I said unwrapping a fresh pair of sheer pantyhose that I'd begun to enjoy wearing. I found that the Lycra in the pantyhose hugged my hairless legs in a most electric way. It was definitely the best thing I enjoyed about being Amy as the embrace of the pantyhose on my legs increased as I gently pulled them up into place around my waist. It had to be done carefully to avoid damaging them with my long nails.

As I got dressed, the idea of going with Amy's mum on a shopping expedition for lingerie was suddenly beginning to make me feel quite nervous. As I was putting the finishing touches to my make-up around my eyes, Lewis texted to tell me the arrangements for lunch on Sunday.

I replied with a texted *'thanks'* and added, *"My mum wants to travel to East Grinstead so I can be measured properly for some new bras."*

"I wish I could help you pick some new bras," he texted back. *"It seems you're always busy."*

"Yes I've just been very busy lately what with hospital appointments and getting better after my surgery. Also I haven't felt in the mood for company whilst I've been recovering. Then I have had to get a new passport for this holiday to Tenerife as my old one has expired."

"Oh that sounds great," he texted. *"If I wasn't so busy at work, I would have loved to come with you to Tenerife!"*

"I doubt the other panthers would appreciate you coming along on a girls only holiday," I replied and adding a couple of laughter emojis. *"I think you know what they're like by now."*

"Yes I guess you're right about that. I'll talk to you later then babe," he said bringing the messaging to a close.

I made a cup of milky coffee for what I treated as my lunch as I got dressed in my shiny flared pants and my chenille polo neck sweater again to hide my neck, my 4" spike heels and my long padded coat. I grabbed my phone, purse, red lipstick and put them all into my handbag. It was quite disconcerting to look down at the two bumps sticking out of my chest and realising that it would take another operation to remove them. Before I left the apartment, I applied a little foundation to the small bruised area around my Adam's apple just in case it became exposed.

Thankfully my aunt was waiting for me in the car park, when I walked outside just before 2pm.

"I was just about to call you that I'd arrived," she said starting the engine as I got into the passenger seat.

"Good timing then," I replied accepting her warm hugs before I clipped my seat belt on. I breathed in her familiar sweet feminine perfume. "I'm so glad your car is nice and warm. It's so cold again today."

"Your voice sounds even squeakier," she said noticing the result of my voice surgery.

"I know," I admitted, "I still have a sore throat."

As she drove, I pulled down the sunshade to look in the vanity mirror. When she stopped at a set of traffic lights, I coated my lips with some of the lip extreme volume lip gloss I'd received in the parcel from Shein.

"Oh!" I said feeling my lips nip from the lip gloss. "This stuff is so weird."

"What is it?" she asked.

"It's called lip plumper," I replied. "I got it from Shein for my lips and it's painfully stinging my lips. Here try it!"

She applied some at the next stop sign. "It's just like I've been stung by nettles," she declared.

"I couldn't resist finding out what this stuff would do, but Emily usually does my lips regularly at her salon with fillers," I explained.

“So are you all recovered now from your operation?” she then asked.

“Yes I’m glad to say that the doctor at the clinic was a really nice guy and it didn’t hurt to get the stitches out,” I replied sounding happy because I was feeling better rather than the fact I now had two impressive mounds of silicone surgically lodged inside my chest.

When we walked into the lingerie store, the lady owner walked towards us and recognised us even though it had been a while since either of ‘us’ had visited last. In my case it was my first time, but obviously my cousin Amy had been a frequent visitor.

“How are you both today?” she enquired warmly.

“We’re both fine,” said my aunt ignoring my comment about my throat. “My daughter Amy has just had breast implants fitted and I’d really like her to be measured up for a couple of bras that will fit her perfectly. Plus I’d like to do the same for me too.”

“Oh bra fitting is our speciality,” the owner replied. “I’ll get Sarah my colleague to help deal with you both presently, so would you please follow me into the fitting rooms. You’ll be assured of discreet privacy in there.”

We followed and she showed us into adjoining curtained rooms. “Please remove your coat and sweater and Sarah will be with you in a jiffy,” she said to me before going next door to deal with Amy’s mum.

“Thanks,” I replied removing my coat and hanging it up. However I kept wearing my sweater until Sarah arrived.

“Can you remove your sweater too please,” Sarah asked sweetly. When I did to reveal my sports bra underneath she added, “your bra too now please.”

It felt weird exposing my newly enhanced bosom to this stranger, as I unclipped the front clasps holding my bra closed, but she proved good at putting me at ease.

“I think the surgeons have done a wonderful job,” she said as she wrapped the tape measure around my ribs under and then on top of my new breasts. She noted the measurements in a notebook and then declared, “It seems you’ll need a 38DD bra from now on Ms Brooks! Let me bring a selection of bras for you to try on.”

“Thanks but please no plain T-shirt bras, I prefer lacy styles,” I replied as she quickly left to look through the shelves.

“Are you alright in there?” asked Amy’s mum who was standing next door having finished her measurements.

“Yes it seems I’m two cup sizes bigger now,” I replied lying as Amy had been a C cup before.

Sarah arrived a few moments later holding at least half a dozen 38DD bras with a couple that I could see looked very soft and lacy.

“Do you have any particular style that you prefer to try on first?” she asked holding up the bras.

I chose the lacy bra and she helped adjust the shoulder straps until she could clip it into place in the middle of my back.

"This one should give you lots of good support and it is lovely with all that pretty lace detailing on the cups," she said enthusiastically.

"It fits really well plus the inside of the cups are so soft," I replied. "Does it come with matching panties by any chance?"

"Yes it does, and a matching suspender belt," she advised helpfully.

"Good I'll get those too then," I replied knowing my 'mum' would be paying.

"What style and size of panty do you prefer?" she asked. "We have high cut, thongs and normal styles."

"Oh one of each kind in size 14," I replied unclipping the bra releasing my breasts free again. "Let's try on another bra first."

She pulled the nearest bra off the hook and after she adjusted the shoulder straps, I tried it on.

"This one fits really well too. I like the long line style which helps to support my boobs better," I said happily. "These two bras and the matching underwear will do for now. It feels good that my breasts are not being squashed, so I'll just wear this one out if that's okay?"

"Yes, that's fine Ms Brooks," she said as she adjusted the fit at the back and on my shoulders to maximise comfort. "You have such wide shoulders," she observed.

"Yes, so I've been told, it's all thanks to my passion for swimming when I was younger," I replied trying to dismiss her comment. I was still feeling shocked inside that I needed a 38DD bra. 'These breasts are going to be impossible to hide,' I thought.

When I emerged, my aunt was waiting near the sales desk as I handed her the two boxes containing one of the two bras. Sarah had then retrieved the matching underwear.

"Those are the two styles with panties that I want," I whispered knowing that my aunt was helpfully going to pay. "These come with panties and a suspender belt. I can always get cheaper bras at other shops. I think they're just a bit expensive here."

I walked out of the store wearing my new long line bra and I was conscious that it was the perfect size. On the way out to the car we passed a group of young men who passed some comments at us.

"Look at the jugs on that younger one," one guy said loud enough so I could hear the comment.

That was a shock that he was referring to me. My aunt just ignored the comment, but I felt embarrassed and troubled. My aunt gave me a nice gentle hug as we walked back towards her car. We drank our coffees that I'd bought as we walked.

"What will you do tonight?" she asked.

"Just relax on the sofa, watch a movie and go to bed early," I replied. "I feel like an early night as I've got Lewis visiting tomorrow afternoon."



Shopping with Amy's Mum – we could be sisters.

Chapter 14 – Lewis Knows

Lewis arrived at 2pm the next afternoon and I'd already decided that I wasn't going to make a big effort to get ready. Apart from my usual make-up on my face and eyes, I still wore my polo neck sweater to hide the band aid dressing on my neck. I had replaced the larger white bandage for the band aid because the wound was healing well.

I wore my warm fleece lined leggings and my new lingerie underneath. I wore my 4 inch heels through habit.

Lewis just walked towards me when I opened the door and immediately embraced me. Then he did his trademark passionate kiss on my lips. He was so much stronger than me and even if I wanted him to stop, I couldn't have fought him off.

"How are you feeling now?" he asked as we drew breath after our long passionate kiss.

"I'm feeling so much better every day," I replied. "What do you think? Do they look okay?"

"I think they look amazing," he admitted. I briefly lifted up my sweater so he could see them in my new bra.

"My mum bought me two new lacy bras yesterday with matching underwear," I said pulling my sweater back down as he was about to put his hand out to touch them. "No they are just a bit too sensitive to be pawed just yet."



Feeling nervous with Lewis in my living room

“They do look amazing though,” he said kissing me again on the lips. “You did really well going through with that.”

"Thanks," I replied with my new shrill voice.

"Your voice sounds a lot softer today," he then said noticing the change in my voice.

"I have bit of a sore throat," I replied. "That could be it."

"I like it this way. You sound sultrier and sexier," he said. "I was going to ask you something."

"What?" I asked in reply.

"Oh yes, I was wondering if you would like to accompany me to my office night out next weekend?" he asked. "I almost forgot to ask you."

"What kind of night out is it?" I asked rather than just say yes straight out.

"It's a formal function event to celebrate the formation of the company 10 years ago, so we are having a tuxedo and evening gown event at a top London night club," he explained.

"Oh really?" I replied. "What kind of evening gowns did they have in mind?"

"Let me look," he said taking his phone out of his pocket. He opened an online store on the large screen phone he carried and quickly brought up a picture of a dress that he had in mind for me.

"How about this long purple dress in a mermaid style with the opera gloves and matching shoes?" he said showing me a picture of a classic dress. It was a glamorous tight fitting dress that revealed lots of cleavage.

"Don't you think it's just a bit too revealing?" I asked feeling alarmed at the prospect of my new assets spilling out of the dress.

"No I don't think so. You now have the figure to do a dress like that justice, so why not flaunt it a bit?" he asked. "Of course we'd get you the shoes too, to match."

The model was standing on 5-inch pumps and showing lots of leg and cleavage while dancing holding a fur wrap.



The picture Lewis showed me on his phone of the model. Could I wear something similar?

“Then instead of leaving your hair long and flowing, I thought instead you could get it slicked back and tied in a tight bun at the back. I saw that style the other night in a movie and I think it would really suit you. What do you think?” he asked.

“I suppose I could ask Em if she can do it at the salon,” I replied not dismissing the idea out of hand.

“Then for make up, you could wear lots of eyeliner and dark or even black eye shadow,” he suggested once again obviously trying to take control.

"Then for jewellery I thought a choker around your neck in purple velvet with a brooch in the centre and then some long dangly jewelled earrings," he said sounding very serious.

In the end, I agreed to what he wanted, rather than cause an argument after he agreed to pay for everything that he wanted me to wear.

"So long as you order it," I said and then added. "Then I'll wear it. I will go and make us some snacks and then we can watch a movie."

"That sounds like a good idea babe," he replied.

I did some microwave popcorn and then some small roast chicken sandwiches for him, I loaded the tray with dip and Doritos, the popcorn and sandwiches and lastly a bottle of beer for him and a small glass of white wine for me.

"There you go," I said putting the tray down on the coffee table as he started the movie which starred Tom Cruise.

I looked over at Lewis a few times as the movie played on my large screen television, and he would look back and smile. Then he suddenly grabbed my hand and pulled it towards him so I felt his hard on inside his pants.

"That's what you do to me babe," he said.

"I could see the bulge in your pants earlier," I replied. "Pull your zip down for me."

He duly did and he pulled his large hard cock out from his pants. I started to rub his shaft up and down slowly as we watched the movie. As he got harder and harder he then said, "You know Amy you are such a cock teaser, but I want to feel your lovely mouth wrapped around my hard cock."

"What? No way!" I protested. I felt that I would be sick if I tried to suck him off. "I'm not sucking you off!"

However he wasn't going to take 'no' for an answer and he easily pulled me towards him. "What's the problem? You used to do it all the time last year," he said. "You must remember how much we both enjoyed getting and receiving oral."

I groaned cursing my cousin Amy under my breath. 'Trust you Amy to screw up my life again!'

"I'm just not in the mood," I replied shaking my head 'no'.

Then he put his hand down over my crotch and he started rubbing. I tried to push his hand away but he was much stronger than me and kept it going.

"What's going on?" he asked. "You used to love having your pussy rubbed! You really have changed a lot since last year."

"I know," I replied. I then realised that I was going to either break it off with Lewis or I'd need to tell him why I couldn't have sex with him.

"Come on Amy. What's the big problem?" he asked and I was then faced with the task of finding a suitable good excuse.

“Well Lewis it isn’t that there isn’t a problem,” I replied fumbling for an answer. “It’s my time of the month!”

“Last year when you had your periods you were okay with me using both your rear and your mouth,” he said shocking me that Amy had even allowed him to do that. “So I don’t understand why you can’t do that now. I promise that I’ll be very gentle.”

‘Now what could I say or do to counter that?’ I wondered. “Well I don’t think I can do it that way now,” I eventually replied.

“Why not?” he countered. “Last time we did it you really loved it, because I rubbed your clitoris as I came inside your ass.”

“All right! All right! Enough! Enough!” I repeated. “There’s a very good reason why I can’t do it that way again now.”

“What that might be?” he asked but before I could reply he asked another question. “Could it be that you’re not really Amy Brooks but you’re actually her cousin Scott Kennedy? He was Amy’s cousin and for some reason you’re now playing at being Amy Brooks?”

“You know?” I asked incredulously.

“I’ve suspected something for a while,” he replied. “You really do impersonate Amy very well, but you gave me lots of little clues of who you really were.”

“Don’t you mind knowing that I’m not Amy?” I then asked.

“No why should I mind?” he replied. “You’re ten times sexier than the original Amy Brooks ever was. You kiss so much better and for a transwoman you look much better than she ever did.”

“Oh my God!” I exclaimed. “But the big problem is.... is that I’m not really a transwoman.”

“You could have fooled me,” he laughed.

“Honestly I’m not trans. I’m being blackmailed by Amy into playing her so she’s free to run off and marry a rich American she’d met. She wanted to start a new life with him in Miami,” I replied remembering what she’d messaged me about going to live in the USA a few days earlier.

“So just why is she blackmailing you?” he asked wanting to know what had happened.

“Because when she was in rehab her grandma died and I stupidly got talked into trying to steal Amy’s inheritance by my girlfriend Jessica.” I explained. “However Amy caught me dressed up as her in this apartment and she told me that if I didn’t carry on playing the part of Amy Brooks, she would just report me to the police.”

The shock on his face soon turned to a big grin and then a happy smile.

“I would have loved to have seen that meeting. So you’re a poor thing that’s being blackmailed into playing Amy. However, I actually think that it’s perfect,” he claimed stunning me again. Not only was he not unhappy with me pretending to be Amy, he seemed to be highly delighted with it.

“Why do you think it’s perfect that I’m playing Amy?” I gulped pointing to myself.

He thought hard for a minute or two and then he started. "Can I be completely honest here?" he asked

"Of course," I replied. "What's on your mind?"

"I'll put all my cards on the table face up," he started. "I've always wanted a drop dead gorgeous woman to be my wife and since you've now got to be Amy Brooks, I think we could have a great life together. I truly think that being my attentive wife would give you the perfect cover you need to continue being Amy Brooks and so you can avoid going to prison. Of course the alternative would be what the real Amy had said. You'd have to endure a very long stay in prison."

"Let me get this right?" I then asked incredulously. "You actually want me to carry on being Amy and you want me to be your wife? Why do you want to marry me?"

"Yes I do want you to carry on and I'm certain that I really don't want kids, but I do want a trophy wife. And as Amy Brooks you'd be perfect in that role," he then declared.

"But why am I perfect?" I asked still in disbelief. "Am I perfect even with what I have between my legs?"

"Well obviously that is a small problem, but that can be surgically changed into something more appropriate for you as Amy Brooks," he said matter of factly. "I really want to see your new breasts now."

"Really?" I asked and when he nodded 'yes' I reluctantly lifted off my sweater to reveal my new bra.

He then quickly unhooked my bra to uncover my new breasts. "I mean if you were prepared to tolerate having these beauties installed into your chest, then going all the way to become a complete physical female is hardly going to be insurmountable."

"Lewis that's just way too much to deal with right now," I said alarmed and shocked. "After I receive the legacy in a couple of years, I want to go back to being Scott again. I want to go back to college again and study to be a civil engineer."

"Sadly for you Amy, I don't think you can do that now," he said using my feminine name.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because a badly mutilated and decomposed body was washed up on the Norfolk coast last week. The authorities now think that it's the body of the missing Scott Kennedy. The body was your age and build. However it was unrecognisable as you, after being so long in the water," he said opening his phone screen to show me the news story.

"Oh no!" I cried. "I didn't know. Where did you hear this?"

"It was on the BBC news website," he replied opening the website on his phone and handing it to me to read.

I read out loud. "The body discovered near Yarmouth yesterday is believed to be the missing student Scott Kennedy." I was feeling shocked and stunned as I read the article. "Mr Kennedy has been missing for several months and the decay in the recovered body was commensurate with it being so long in the water. It is believed that Mr Kennedy drowned in the Thames after committing suicide following the break up with his girlfriend and his body was then washed out to the sea."

I shook my head from side to side totally shocked. I didn't think to talk about dental records as a means of identifying the body.

"Scott is officially dead now," he said taking back his phone. "So since the real Amy Brooks is in the States you have to carry on being her and I'm quite prepared to help you do it."

"How can you possibly help me out of this deep shit?" I asked still reeling from the news story.

"I'll give you the moral support you need and even some financial backing going forward. You won't need to go through life on your own now," he explained. "You mentioned that you were trying to defraud your cousin of her inheritance. How much are we talking about?"

"Her grandma left Amy 5 million pounds when she reaches 25 years old," I explained still coming to terms that Scott had been officially declared dead. "Amy told me that I can split that fifty, fifty with her when the time comes."

"So you'll then receive 2.5 million?" he asked. "That's still a tidy amount."

"Yes but it could be more if the stock market keeps on going up," I replied.

"Well that's all the more reason to help you," he said and I could see he was serious. "Don't you think so?"

I was still feeling numb, shocked, and unhappy at the news of Scott's death, happy that Lewis knew about me and he seemed to accept me as Amy and lastly feeling frustrated at being completely stuck as Amy Brooks with no way to get out of it.

"What are you thinking?" he enquired.

"I'm totally confused about what to do now," I complained.

"It's not going to be easy, but with my support, you can physically become Amy and that means eventually gender change surgery and possibly some facial feminisation surgery," he said.

"Why all that?" I asked feeling overwhelmed. "Amy's parents don't think there is anything wrong with how I look."

"If it's needed I'll support you through the counselling you'll need and in time you'll move into my house. As you saw the other week, my house is more than big enough for us both," he explained.

I was still feeling confused. "I don't know what to say. All I know is that I don't want to carry on being Amy Brooks," I replied.

"Well you do know that that's quite impossible unless you do want to go to prison. Legally you're Amy Brooks," he replied. "Amy's parents and all her friends accept you completely as the lovely Amy. Then Scott is now officially recorded as dead!"

"Yes," I finally admitted feeling frustrated. "It's a huge bloody mess!"

"No it's not a mess," he replied stroking my face. "It's an excellent opportunity for both of us and I'm sure you'll make the most gorgeous bride for me when the time comes."

"But I already told you that I can't give you any kids," I protested.

"That's fine because I don't want to have kids," he admitted.

"I had always wanted to have a couple of kids with Jessica my last girlfriend," I replied honestly.

"We could arrange for some of your sperm to be frozen and that could be used to fertilise a donor egg given by a woman who looks like you. Then we find a surrogate mother and we can formally adopt the kids. So legally you'll still be their parent. Just not their father if you see what I mean," he said sounding like he was crazy.

"That's just fucking crazy Lewis," I replied swearing as he continued gently massaging my bare breasts. I was too shocked to stop him.

"I know it sounds crazy Amy, but that is what makes it completely perfect. No one would ever suspect that you were not the real Amy Brooks with two kids," he explained.

"No I really don't want to do this," I protested standing up and putting my bra back on expertly behind my back.

"Amy babe there's just one problem," he said.

"What problem?" I asked.

"The problem is that you don't really have any choice in the matter. If you don't agree to do that I'll just call the cops myself," he said and then he threatened it by picking up his phone again.

"All right! All right you win," I repeated. "I'll need some time to get my head around all this. It's not going to be so easy to adjust. I'd always had the ambition that I would just resume my old life in a couple of year's time, and live on Amy's inheritance money in either Spain or Italy."

"No babe! That's not going to happen now. You'll be living as Amy for keeps and in time you'll be Mrs Lewis Walker when we get married," he said adamantly.

I groaned unhappily and pulled on my polo neck sweater again to hide my bra. However my large breasts were still prominent pushing out the wool of my sweater. With the top on, I felt warmer as I walked around the living room and then walked to the window to stare unhappily outside.

"You know you move so easily and effortlessly in those high heel shoes," he observed. He got up off the sofa and joined me by the window. He wrapped his arms around my waist and pulled me back so that I could feel his rock hard erection pushing into my rear.

"God you're still so hard!" I exclaimed. "Why do I turn you on that much?"

"Yes babe I can't deny that I'm very aroused. You still turn me on like no other woman can, including the real Amy Brooks," he said and I suddenly felt very flattered.

He spun me around and then kissed me on my plumped up lips with more pent up passion as we also warmly embraced. He forced his tongue deep into my mouth again. It all felt perfectly natural and loving. At that moment I then felt that I had some genuine affection for him even though my life as Scott was effectively over.

"Are you turned on too?" he then asked.

"Yes," I admitted. "Though the female hormones I'm taking, mean I don't get so big nowadays."

"What do you wear down below to prevent yourself showing?" he asked.

"I bought some Marks firm control panty girdles," I replied. "I wear two and they do a good job."

"So you're constantly wearing panty girdles?" he asked laughing.

"Yes I need them to keep myself in check," I replied.

"Oh well perhaps that's another good reason for having the gender change surgery?" he queried. "Women don't normally have erections though an engorged clitoris is hardly going to be noticed. But if you're aroused when I kiss you, then that's a good sign that I can sexually excite you. It makes me wonder what it'll be like when we make love properly. Come on babe!"

He led me back to the sofa and he began to remove my clothes again, until I was standing in my heels wearing just my panty girdles. Then he pulled them both down.

"So cute," he said grabbing my freed 4-inch erect cock and he then began rubbing it harder. Before I knew it, I'd erupted hard into his hand. "Now I think it's my turn babe!"

He pulled his large cock out of his pants which was at least double the size of mine. He eagerly grabbed at my shrinking cock and then pulled my body down towards his monster.

"Suck it for me babe!" he ordered.

I shook my head 'no' but he then pushed my head down towards it.

"Lick it then, come on don't try my patience!" he said as my face got closer and closer to his large purple headed cock. "Come on babe! Do it!"

I reluctantly stuck my tongue out and licked the tip. I was thankful that it didn't taste as bad as I'd expected. However impatiently he pushed my head down even more and I found it going deep into my mouth so I choked. I shook my head again 'no' but he carried on moving my head up and down until he then suddenly erupted into my mouth a few minutes later.

I felt like I was going to be sick, but he just lay back with a satisfied grin on his face.

"There now babe, that wasn't so bad now was it Amy?" he asked. "Next time I'll suck you off and in time when you get your pussy, I'll always make you cum using my mouth on what will be left of your cock. Of course you'll not have a hard, big monster like mine any more, but just a tiny piece of it that will be used to emulate a woman's clitoris. I'm assured that many transgender women can orgasm, but they are more whole body centred rather than focussed on the head of what was their penis. So who knows what that will be like?"

I wiped his cum from my mouth and began to get dressed again. I pulled up my panty girdles and clipped on my bra. Then I pulled on my leggings and polo neck sweater again.

"Okay, now don't forget what I said," he said.

"I won't forget," I replied.

I needed time to get my head around this new development with Lewis, so I asked myself some questions inside my head.

'Did I want to be Amy Brooks forever? No I didn't.'

'Could I stop that happening? No it's not possible because if I tried, it would probably mean jail.'

'Did I want to marry Lewis? No I didn't want to be his wife.'

"Did I want to have gender change surgery? No I wanted to keep what I was born with!"

"What are you thinking?" he then asked me.

"I'm just thinking that I don't want what you're proposing," I replied. "I'm not gay!"

"Oh in time you'll see there is absolutely no alternative Amy," he said laughing. "All it will take is a phone call to the local constabulary and you'll see that you'll have made a big mistake. Hopefully in time you'll learn to enjoy being my trophy wife."

I wondered if I should just call his bluff. Unfortunately I'd never been good at playing poker. Amy's parents clearly accepted me as their daughter and if Scott was declared dead who else could I be but Amy Brooks?

A tear dropped down my left cheek staining it from the mascara and eye liner I'd used.

"Oh come on babe, don't cry," he said catching the tear on my cheek with his finger.

"I'll try," I sniffed.

"Good I have to get moving home," he said and walked towards the front door. "Take your time to think about things."

"I'll try," I repeated seeing him out.

He turned and kissed me tenderly on my lips.

Chapter 15 – Tears

After he left I really started to cry with lots of tears falling down staining my cheeks from the mascara.

"Stupid fucking female hormones," I said as I wiped my cheeks clean with a tissue from my hand-bag. I sat down on the sofa and felt in despair at what my future life was going to be like.

"I can't believe that I've done this," I shouted out loud annoyed at myself.

I needed to get out of the apartment and I decided to go out for a drive in the Mini. Before I left, I texted the panthers. "*Does anyone fancy meeting up for a drink?*" I'd asked on Whatsapp.

"*Sure what's up?*" Jenn asked.

"*I'll come too,*" replied Rach. "*What's up?*"

"*I have some sad news,*" I texted back

"*What's up?*" asked Em directly to me

"It's Scott my cousin. It seems that his body has been washed up on a beach. It seems he's committed suicide," I replied.

"I'm so sorry hear that," said Em. *"Unfortunately I can't come over to hug you as my dad's here."*

"That's all right. Don't worry Jenn and Rach will meet me in the pub," I replied.

The other two had agreed to meet up at a pub five minutes drive away from my apartment. So I got my coat, purse and car keys and locked the apartment. It was another cold night, so I had to spend a few minutes clearing the frost from my car windows.

Despite that I was still the first to arrive with Jenn walking in a few minutes later.

"What would you like to drink?" I asked sipping on my small white wine.

"A G and T," she said to the barman and opened her warm coat.

With the drink poured, I settled the bill.

"So what's the news?" she asked as we moved towards the warm seats beside the log burning stove.

"Just a second here's Rach," I said getting up. "What would you like to drink?"

"A Cinzano," she said simply sitting down beside Jenn to get a heat from the log fire as I went to order her drink.

A few minutes later I sat down beside them and offered cheers.

"Cheers," they both said in unison.

"So what's up?" Rach asked.

"Sad news. I just heard that my cousin Scott has finally been found dead. Unfortunately his body was washed up on the coast of Norfolk," I replied.

"Oh no!" they exclaimed.

"Apparently they think he jumped into the Thames and committed suicide," I continued. "They reckon he had been depressed after he broke up with his girlfriend Jessica Burnett."

"Oh dear God," exclaimed Jenn. "I can see why you needed to talk. You used to be very close towards him."

"Yes we grew up together," I replied taking a sip of my wine.

"How did you find out?" Rach asked.

"Lewis told me. He said he read it on the BBC news website," I said truthfully.

"He must have been seriously depressed to jump into the water," Rach said. "Such a waste because he was such a good looking man!"

“Yes he suddenly disappeared and my mum told me the police were looking for him,” I said as the other two sat back talking away in their comfortable armchairs.

The heat from the stove was impressive and I started to think again about Lewis and his wedding proposal.



Jenn called me back from my thoughts as I sat in front of that warm log fire

“Jenn calling Amy. Come in please,” Jenn said as she noticed me staring at the log fire.

“What’s up?” I asked realising what she’d just said. I had been so deep in thought about Lewis’s marriage proposal that I’d just stopped talking.

“You were miles away. Did you hear what I said?” she asked.

“I am so sorry Jenn. You’re right. I was just thinking about what Lewis had told me earlier,” I replied.

"It must have been pretty significant to keep you in such deep thought," she declared after a sip of her drink.

"You could say that again," I replied. "He's just asked me to marry him."

"You what?" she said as though she didn't hear me correctly. Then a big smile spread across her face.

"I said he's asked me to marry him," I repeated.

"And did you say yes? Are you going to marry him?" she asked.

"At this moment I haven't fully decided yet," I said reflecting on the uncertainty I felt about his marriage proposal.

At that moment Stace appeared in the bar and after buying herself a drink, she sat down beside us. "What's up guys?"

"Lewis has just asked Aimes to marry him and she doesn't know whether to accept or not," Jenn said summarising the situation. "Also the body of her cousin Scott has been found washed up on the shore in Norfolk."

"You are joking Aimes. Lewis is loaded and he's so handsome. I would have said yes in a heartbeat!" Stace said giving her expert opinion. She'd dated Lewis briefly after Amy and Lewis had broken up. "When I dated him, I could sense he still wanted you."

"I know that you mean well Stace but you probably don't know him as well as I do," I replied. "He can be extremely dominant at times. He's extremely generous and good looking but so was Gray in the book fifty shades."

"He's that bad?" she then asked.

"Yes sometimes he's that bad. He loves oral sex giving and receiving," I said probably giving out too much information.

"Yuck on the giving," interrupted Jenn pulling a funny face and pretending to vomit. "I dated a guy a couple of years ago. What was his name? Oh yes Richard. Do you remember him?"

"Oh yes I remember him. He was really good looking. So what happened?" Rach asked.

"I told him to stick his cock where the sun doesn't shine," she replied and we all burst out laughing and giggling.

"It's such a shame about your cousin too," Rach reflected. "I hope that Jessica is happy with herself now."

"They made a good looking couple," I said. "I saw them in the high street a couple of months ago. He looked truly happy being with her. He was obviously deeply in love!"

"It's tragic!" said Jenn. "I had heard about the news that a body had been washed ashore but didn't connect it to him."

"Okay," I said still feeling down. "Would you three be my bridesmaids at the wedding if I accept his proposal? I'm sure that Em will be my maid of honour."

“Yes that sounds right since you go back a long time with her,” Jenn agreed,

“Does that mean you’re going to get married to him?” Stace asked.

“Yes I will be,” I said realising I had no other choice.

“Congrats,” they all said toasting my decision.

“I think you should call him and tell him,” Stace suggested. “Put him out of his misery and tell him.”

“Yes do it now!” Jenn said eagerly.

So I picked up my phone. Found his number and dialled.

“Hi honey,” I started. “I’ve decided to accept your proposal. I’ll marry you!”

“That’s wonderful,” he said.

“The panthers are here and they told me I would be crazy if I turned you down.”

“I’m glad that you’ve seen sense then,” he replied happily.

“Yes,” I said simply realising that I had no choice in the matter.

“We’ll talk soon. Thank the panthers for me,” he said.

“He says thanks for convincing me,” I said putting my phone down.

“I think this calls for a celebration,” Stace said getting up to go to the bar. She returned a few minutes later with four glasses of champagne on a tray.

“To the happy bride to be and her bridesmaids,” she said making her toast. With that we all drank our bubbly.

“Thanks Stace. That was so sweet of you,” I said leaning over to hug her.

“Don’t mention it,” she replied. “It’s lovely to see you blush.”

As I sipped at my champagne I stared at my long nails and at my fingers realising soon my wedding finger would have a diamond engagement ring and then followed by a wedding band.

‘Did I want to marry another man?’ I asked myself as my eyes filled up with tears again. ‘No but I didn’t have any choice.’

“Awh bless, Amy’s tearing up,” said Jenn looking at me.

“So she is,” said Rach.

“Tears of joy and happiness,” said Stace.

“Thanks guys,” I replied taking a tissue out of my bag and wiping my face.

"Your mascara has run down your cheeks," laughed Jenn.

"Oh see what you made me do," I replied grabbing my bag. "I'll need to go and fix my face."

Before I knew it all four of us were in the toilets with both stalls occupied by Stace and Jenn as Rach and I repaired our make-up.

"How do I look?" I asked her after I'd blended in more foundation into my cheeks.

"Good as new," she replied and giving me a warm hug so our breasts squashed together, "Congrats honey. You'll be fine."

"Thanks," I replied and when the other two emerged we had a group hug right there in the ladies toilet.

After a warming strong cup of coffee, we all headed off back home happy at the prospect of a spring wedding.

Chapter 16 - No choice

Lewis called me the next Monday morning at around 10am.

"Are you still sure that you'll go through with it?" he asked bluntly.

"Do you mean to marry you?" I asked in reply.

"Yes and everything else that you'll need to do," he said simply.

"Yes well I don't see that I've got much choice," I replied still feeling quite depressed.

"Oh come on Amy, marrying me won't be that bad," he replied. "After we get your little problem sorted, we'll get married and you'll be a lot happier."

"Is that what my genitals are to you now? A little problem?" I asked annoyed at his comment.

"Yes well we both can't afford for you to be seen as anything other than a complete female," he replied sounding serious. "I doubt anyone in my social circle would appreciate me being married to another male and you have too much to lose if you're discovered as not being Amy."

"Well I've done all right up to now haven't I? Why can't I just keep it?" I pleaded sounding quite pathetic.

"I've been doing some reading while you were out last night seeing your friends," he then said. "There are lots of resources online to inform and educate for transgender women."

"I already told you that I'm not a trans woman, but what did you learn?" I asked.

"Despite taking male hormone blockers you might still be producing some testosterone. That means you're still going to develop male characteristics such as body and facial hair. I don't think we can really allow that to happen!" he then declared.

"But I'm already taking pills every day to reduce those effects," I replied.

"You just said it. The pills reduce the effects not eliminate them," he then emphasised. "We need to completely eliminate the effects and not just reduce them. The easiest way to do that is if we arrange to remove your balls."

"You want me to lose my testicles?" I asked incredulously at his comment.

"Yes it looks absolutely necessary to me," he said simply and then added. "We can store some of your sperm before they go. The operation is called an orchiectomy and I've found a clinic near Brighton that can do it quickly."

"It sounds like you were very busy while I was away seeing the girls," I replied still sounding quite sad as I knew he was going to force this issue through.

"I was looking for a good solution to our problem and it turns out there isn't any other solution. You are already taking those pills every day, so after the surgery you won't need to take them anymore. You obviously need to remain totally convincing as Amy and removing those little problems is certainly going to help," he said like it was no big deal.

Little did I know that he was being economic with the truth back then, but I believed him because I had been growing fond of him and I didn't see him lying to me over something as serious as this.

"I suppose you're right though I really hate to admit it," I replied still feeling quite down.

"Good because I've booked an appointment for you on Wednesday morning with that clinic near Brighton. According to their website it's not a big procedure and you'll be in and out in a couple of hours," he said after giving me yet another bombshell decision.

"It might not be a big procedure, but it's still a huge life changing event for me," I responded annoyed at him for already arranging this appointment without consulting with me. "Why did you arrange this without talking to me first?"

"Yes sorry, you're right," he agreed. "I should have done that, but I think it's important to get this done. Perhaps it won't be so bad and it will make things so much easier for you as Amy going forwards."

"How will cutting off my balls make it easier?" I asked still annoyed at him.

"I was thinking that it will force you to accept that you're Amy Brooks now. Your breast implants can be removed, but this procedure just can't be reversed. Once we start this, your new path will be set," he explained.

"When is this happening on Wednesday morning?" I asked still feeling shocked that he'd done this without consulting me.

"It's at 9am so an early start south would be needed," he explained. "I'll drive you down there myself."

I tried to think of a way out of this position and short of killing him, there seemed to be nothing I could do to stop it.

"I'm feeling annoyed and upset right now so I'll talk to you later," I said and I just hung up.

I thought I better send a text message to my cousin Amy who had suggested that I consider having this operation done earlier.

"Lewis has booked me in to have an orchiectomy done on Wednesday morning at a private clinic near Brighton," I texted simply.

There was no immediate reply as usual so I realised she was probably still asleep in the USA. Around an hour later there was a pinged reply.

"I know. It seems he'd already messaged me. Then you already know that I think it's necessary to get this done!" she replied.

"Damn me! Zero sympathy from her," I said out loud.

I decided to text Lewis, *"what have you managed to arrange regarding a donation to the sperm bank?"*

"Nothing so far, but I'll organise something for tomorrow," he declared.

I started to get ready for my first Yoga class regardless because I hoped it might free my mind to think about something else.

Chapter 17 – Yoga classes

When I'd started to emulate being Amy, Jessica had insisted that I do yoga and aerobics exercises every morning to make me move easier. At first I disliked those sessions, but in time I noticed the steady improvements in my flexibility which helped with my feminine mannerisms and deportment. Now I fondly remembered those sessions as Jessica would help me do the various yoga positions.

Now that she'd broken up with me, I hadn't done those exercises since then, so I was worried that I would stiffen up. Yoga was something I'd started to enjoy, as I'd noticed a huge improvement in my joint flexibility and subtleness so it made sense to take up the exercises again. Then I found that I could immerse my whole being into the moves and exercises.

When I tried on Amy's tight fitting leotard for the first time before leaving for the yoga class, I could see that the major problem I was going to face was that the costume left very little to the imagination between my legs. My sessions with Jessica had highlighted that everyone should expect to see the camel toe outline of all the women including me through their leotards. As I had to wear my genital crushing panty girdles again it was clearly missing from my appearance.

In fact my girdles could only be seen through the stretchy one piece suit. Then the only compensation was that my new hard nipples could be clearly seen pushing out of my chest.

It was quite a shock to my male mind that my full ample breasts were on public display because the leotard just didn't hide them. I had tried to be nonchalant about them, but inside I was still feeling quite disturbed by what I'd done to myself.

'I'm a boy for God's sake and boys don't have breasts like mine,' I'd thought because my internal voice was still male. However my external voice no longer sounded masculine anymore. I sounded just like any other girl, I moved like a girl and now my breasts bounced and hung on my chest just like a girl.

"How are you feeling now Amy?" Cheryl had asked me in a friendly manner as she saw me walking toward the school entrance for my first yoga lesson. Despite not having met Cheryl before, I guessed that she was our teacher for the night.

"I'm actually feeling better every day," I replied. "I'm just glad I had the ruptured implant replaced quickly when I did. The surgeon said it would have caused big problems if they hadn't got the old implants out."

"That's good then," Cheryl said as we walked down the corridor towards the gymnasium hall.

"I really need to lose some weight and get fit again because I haven't been able to do much exercise since my surgery," I replied.

"You look fine though," she said complimenting me. "I need to lose this post pregnancy belly."

"Oh, I do feel bloated at times too," I replied. "Ever since I was a teenager, I've worried about my weight. I think it's just habit because I weigh myself every day and I've only gained a couple of kilos."

"You'll soon lose that now you're active again," Cheryl said confidently as we walked into the changing room.

"I hope so. It can't hurt to feel fitter," I said putting my bag down onto the bench beside a locker.

That first Yoga lesson at the local school was a real eye opener for me in many ways. I had signed up for 20 sessions with Cheryl not really knowing what I would be letting myself in for.

I joined the other ladies in the class in the gym hall before we began. I'd brought Amy's yoga kit with me which I'd found in a rucksack inside the bedroom wardrobe. Inside the rucksack I'd found four leotards in various colours all with plunging necklines. There were several pairs of thick compression style pantyhose. Lastly there was a pair of sparkly ballet slippers which were soft and pliable.

To avoid getting changed in front of the other ladies, I'd put on the pantyhose and the pink leotard at my apartment and then I had put on my high heels as usual. All I needed to do when I arrived was to change my footwear and then remove my warm coat.

However the others had all started to change out of their normal clothing in front of me swapping skirts, tight jeans and trousers for their yoga outfits.

There they were stepping into their brightly coloured leotards with their breasts fully exposed as I laced up my ballet slippers.

"Hi I'm Jane," said a woman beside me. "This is my first time here. I see you've already changed. That was a good idea."

"Thanks Jane, I'm Amy," I replied shaking her hand.

"Our teacher Cheryl has been off for a while to have a baby so it's been a while for me. Hopefully it will be fun. Cheryl was talking about combining some aerobics at the end so we should get some exercise too," she said showing me a leaflet that I hadn't seen before.

I watched the others getting changed into their one piece leotards. Some had pink and white tights and then used red tops. I noticed that all of them were showing off their nipples, cleavage and their camel toe outlines. They would tie back their long hair into pony tails or used hair bands to keep their hair out of their faces.

When Cheryl clapped her hands to call us into the hall, we all moved in and stood on place mats.

“Welcome girls,” she said. “We’ll do some warm up and stretching exercises first.”



We all stopped talking and lined up in front of her like a row of soldiers on parade.

“Can you say your names and then introduce yourselves?” Cheryl called as we warmed up. We all sounded off and my voice didn’t sound out of place as I called out, “Amy!”



Amy's tight pink leotard stretched tightly over my new assets with my deep cleavage revealed by my leotard.

"It's so lovely to see you all. So let's do some yoga positions now," she ordered and showed us the first position. I found it easy to get back into the positions as we did them. I found it amusing that some of the women struggled to do some of the positions. One of the exercises hurt my chest and so I just couldn't do it.

We spent the next hour or so stretching and moving, copying Cheryl exactly as possible.

"That's us done for tonight girls," she declared clapping her hands and we all clapped too happily.

Cheryl approached me and asked, "How was that Amy?"

"It was much easier than I'd expected," I replied.

"Good. I'm sorry I'd forgotten all about your recent surgery," she said. "You did the right thing taking it easy on some of the positions."

As we walked back to the changing room, Jane asked, "What was wrong you couldn't do some positions?"

"I've just had my boobs done two weeks ago, so they're still a bit tender," I explained. "Some of the positions really began to hurt, so I had to stop."

"Oh my boyfriend wants me to get mine done and I keep telling him no," she said.

"If you don't need to get them done and looking at you I'd say you don't, then tell him you won't consider it," I replied. "They hurt like hell after the operation."

"What bra size are you now?" she asked.

"I had my bra size measured at the weekend and I'm now a 38DD," I replied.

"I'm just a 36C," she said.

"That's a perfect size. So if you want my advice don't do it!" I replied feeling qualified to give her advice. "They're expensive and you'll need a new wardrobe as none of your old tops and dresses will fit if you go up a couple of cup sizes."

"I'll take your good advice then Amy," she replied. "Though I do love your deep cleavage."

I smiled as she started to pull on a loose fitting sweater over her leotard.

"Girls we can meet out in the cafeteria for a coffee when you've changed," announced Cheryl. "Or you can head off. Thanks for coming tonight!"

I followed Jane to the coffee machine and we sat down in the restaurant area.

"What do you do?" she asked.

"I'm a receptionist in my dad's company," I replied. "He's given me a lot of time off since I've had my surgery."

"What made you decide to do it?" she then asked.

"I had an old breast implant rupture, so I had to get them redone," I explained. "What do you do?"

"Oh I'm a lawyer," she replied. "I work in a practice in East Grinstead dealing mainly with divorces."

"Oh that sounds interesting," I said.

"It can be," she said. "It's amazing how vindictive divorces can end up."

"I bet," I said finishing my coffee and putting on my high heels. "See you next week."

I walked back to my yellow Mini in my heels feeling the tell-tale strain in my calf muscles again.

Chapter 18 – Contacting the Police

As I drove home, I suddenly decided that there was only one way out of my situation. I realised that I had to try and call a halt to what was about to happen to me on Wednesday. So even though I

hadn't considered it before, with a heavy heart I parked outside the local police station to confess my attempted fraud of Amy's legacy.

So also feeling very nervous and anxious, I walked up the steps into the police station to speak to someone who would investigate or follow up the information I was about to say. I rang the bell and a young policeman came to the window.

"Good evening miss, what can I do for you?" he asked nicely.

"Hello, I've just learnt of reports that the dead body of a man called Scott Kennedy has been found washed up on a beach in Norfolk," I began slowly to the constable at the window.

"Yes what about it?" he asked.

"Well it's just that I'm actually Scott Kennedy," I confessed.

"You are miss?" he asked looking astonished and incredulous as he looked on at me.

"Yes I'm Scott. Or rather I was," I replied. "I now go by the name of Amy Brooks."

"Yes miss and I'm the king of England," he said disbelieving me. "Do you like wasting police time?"

"Seriously until a few months ago, I was Scott Kennedy, only I'm now called Amy Brooks," I repeated.

"I'm sorry Miss Brooks or whatever your name might be. I don't mean to be rude, but there's no way that you're Scott Kennedy. From what I remember of the case, the body in Norfolk has been positively identified as the late Mr Kennedy. We took an interest in the case as he used to live near here in Surrey," he explained. "I believe his remains have now been cremated and buried."

"I just wanted to give you a statement," I said feeling flustered.

"A statement about what?" he asked. "Do you have any identification that confirms you were this Mr Kennedy?"

"Well no," I replied knowing that I only had Amy's driving licence and her bank card in my purse. I had nothing that identified me as Scott any more in Amy's phone.

"Without that, I doubt that I can help you then," he said.

He must have thought I was seriously deranged claiming to be a man who had been recently declared dead looking like I then did.

I was clutching at straws but decided to ask, "what about my fingerprints? Won't they prove that I'm Scott?" I took off my tight leather goat skin glove to reveal my long slim fingers still adorned by my manicured long nails.

"If you were this Scott Kennedy why would you have such long nails, long blonde hair, make-up and an obviously female body?" he then asked.

"I'm a transgender woman," I then said.

"Look Miss I don't mean to upset you, but why don't you just go home and stop wasting police time," he then said.

"But constable," I said but he interrupted me.

"I'll tell you what. If you can speak to me in a deep male voice I might start to believe you," he said.

"Very well," I replied. But try as I might I couldn't deepen my voice any more. "I've just had voice changing surgery last week so my voice is fixed high."

"Sorry Ms Brooks," he said passing my driving licence back to me. "I don't see any point in carrying on this discussion."

"Sorry, yes I guess you're right," I replied reluctantly.

"Good night miss," he said closing the hatch window as I slowly walked out into the cold night air again. As far as the police were concerned I was officially Amy Brooks now too.

I walked back to the Mini and I decided to call Lewis.

"Hi. You know that you threatened to let the police know about me if I didn't do as you wanted?" I started.

"Yes," he said. "What about it?"

"Well I spoke to the police tonight and told them that I'm Scott Kennedy," I replied.

"And?"

"They didn't believe me. The policeman refused to accept that I could be anyone other than Amy Brooks," I replied. "So there's no point in you threatening me with the police now."

"With respect Amy, do you think the police would believe a blonde airhead like you claiming that you were Scott?" he replied. "On the other hand, if I went into the station and claimed the same thing then they would definitely take notice. They would have recorded your arrival on CCTV tonight and the policeman you spoke to would easily remember talking to an attractive woman like you."

"So what happens now?" I asked.

"We carry on as before," he said threateningly. "Don't you think so? Your little attempted confession changes nothing."

'What the hell can I do now?' I screamed inside my head.

"Yes I guess so," I shrugged as I started the car engine as I was feeling cold. Now I couldn't see any way to prevent what was about to happen to me.

The next day Lewis eventually organised an appointment at a sperm bank for that afternoon. All I had to do was to have an orgasm and he would then take my ejaculate into the bank. After ten minutes or so of trying, I managed to empty my watery cum into the small container they gave him and I put a lid on the top, labelled it with my name Amy Brooks. Then he went off on what I thought would be another ordinary deposit into the sperm bank.

It was about two hours later when he returned looking quite gloomy.

"Why the long face honey?" I asked him as he walked into my apartment.

"Sorry Amy but your sample was unacceptable to the sperm donation bank! The sperm were weakly concentrated and those they saw were all showing signs of poor quality," he explained.

"What do I do now?" I asked. "The operation is tomorrow morning! Can't we cancel it?"

"I asked the doctor at the bank if anything could be done," he replied. "It seems the drugs you've been taking have already caused some chemical castration."

"How long after I stop the pills would it take for my fertility to recover?" I asked.

"The doctor said it could take a month or more," he said. "However you can't afford to stop taking the pills that long as that would then have a strong adverse masculinising effect."

I shook my head in disbelief and became quite upset again. Crying was something I did a lot these days.

"Well I decided that since your sample wasn't viable I would give them one of mine," he then said looking smug.

"Just great!" I said. "I bet they took that."

"Yes they were very happy with it," he confessed.

Chapter 19 – A eunuch

After an almost sleepless Tuesday night, early the next morning I was woken by Lewis banging on my front door. I had hardly slept a wink because of worrying about what was about to happen that morning. I got up and let him in dressed in one of Amy's sheer lace nightdresses and her furry heeled slippers.

"You look very nice and feminine Amy," he said putting his arm around my waist and pulling me close to give me a deep passionate kiss on the lips. I didn't resist him. "Unfortunately we need to get moving babe. Get dressed in something comfortable and not too tight."

"I'll wear a skirt then," I replied realising that my leggings and panty girdle combination were going to be much too tight afterwards. I sat in my bedroom and quickly put on my eye make-up and skin foundation and then brushed out my long hair.

"Are you ready yet?" he asked knocking on my bedroom door. "We need to get moving or we'll be late."

"Yes," I said feeling somewhat reluctant to move. "Can't we talk about this some more first?"

"It's all arranged though babe," he confirmed. "We've already talked about this a great deal. You know it's necessary for you to continue being Amy successfully. There's really no option in the matter now!"

"Yes I guess you are right," I reluctantly agreed.

We walked out into the cold winter sunshine and I shivered as the cold air hit my thinly clad legs. Fortunately his car was still warm inside as we got in. He drove quickly but safely southwards and just thirty minutes later we were parking in the clinic car park.

He grabbed my hand as if he was making sure that I walked into the clinic with him. My heels were clicking quickly on the sidewalk paving as we walked towards the entrance.

It seemed that everything happened at lightning speed as within minutes I was lying in the small operating theatre with my legs up in stirrups awaiting my destiny with the surgeon's knife. When he arrived, he tried to put me at ease with a smile.

"I promise you won't feel a thing. We'll just numb you up first," he said taking a large syringe that he loaded with liquid from a bottle. "Just a couple of little pricks with the needle here and there and then it will quickly numb up the area."

I shut my eyes as he worked away injecting the pain killer into me and he kept doing it until he was satisfied that it was enough.

"We'll just wait for a few minutes and then we'll begin," he advised. "You've done very well so far."

With his gloved hand he took his scalpel handle and pressed it into me sharply. "Did you feel that?"

"No. No pain," I confessed. "I did feel it but it was pain free."

"I must say that you do present very well as a woman," he said complimenting me which I thought was an understatement since my friends and parents hadn't said a thing. "I feel you're doing the right thing today."

Without a word of warning he then started the first incision into my scrotum.

"Thanks," I replied still feeling extremely nervous.

"Try and relax. It will be over quite soon. That's the first one done already," he said sounding confident as my first testicle was put into the tray.

I looked down past my breasts at the screen covering my crotch as he continued to slice me open again. I could feel him fumbling as he pulled out the second offending testicle. Within a few minutes it was all over and he'd begun to stitch up the small incisions he had made.

He looked up at me as he finished the few stitches, "you'll be glad to know that the deed is now done. No more male hormones to delay your successful transition into a woman Ms Brooks."

"Thanks," I said shaking realising that I'd just been neutered like a young horse or dog.

"Just rest there for a few moments and I'll apply a dressing to the suture lines," he then advised. "Once that's done you can go home and rest up. Just make sure to take the full treatment of antibiotics and the stitches will be easy to remove in a few days. Keep us in mind when it's time for your gender change surgery. We do at least three a week now and the results have been favourable with all our patients."

"Do you have more information?" asked Lewis who had held my hand throughout the operation.

"I'll put something in the mail to you later," he replied and Lewis having already paid the bill, it meant we were free to leave.

"How are you feeling?" he asked as we walked out very slowly back to his car.

“Just numb mentally and physically,” I replied. “Yes numb sums it up exactly!”

“I can imagine,” he said as he helped me into the car back seat.

As we drove back the painkilling injections began to slowly wear off, but there was no real pain as such just a dull ache from between my legs. The drive back was a lot slower and 3 hours after we left, he helped me back into my apartment.

“I suggest you take the day off and just rest up in bed,” he said and I readily agreed. I was too depressed to do much else.

“Yes I don’t feel like doing much except sleep,” I replied.

He tucked me into bed still wearing my clothes and then announced, “I have to head off to the office now, but I’ll talk to you later babe.”

As he quietly closed the front door, I started crying at the situation I now found myself in. Perhaps I should have jumped off a bridge into the river like the body they’d found. Eventually I dozed off and I awoke a few hours later strongly feeling the ill effects of the surgery between my legs.

“What the fuck did you just allow to happen?” I shrieked at myself as I walked gingerly towards the kitchen to get a thirst quenching glass of milk. No longer needed, I put the bottle of male hormone blockers in the bin and took my female hormone pills as usual. Since I had no more male hormone production, I’d read I had to take something else and all I had were my oestrogen pills.

I realised that there was no other option remaining and that I was going to be Amy no matter what I wanted. On walking back to the bedroom, I lifted my skirt and looked down at my crotch using the mirror on the wardrobe door. I could clearly see the two small bandaged areas and my completely empty scrotum to confirm that I’d been castrated.

Then at that point, I realised that nothing could be done to go back to being a man again. I couldn’t see how I could reverse things now. It was certainly going to be very difficult if not impossible. As I looked down, I then tried to imagine what life would be like without even having my penis. Having to sit to pee, having Lewis fuck me inside my vagina and having no more erections. Would I manage to deal with that too like everything else?

I made a point of standing there in my bathroom as I urinated as usual into the bowl.

As I walked back into the bedroom I thought that perhaps eventually I could learn to like living as Amy Brooks. I hoped that I could. I’d called in sick earlier and so took the afternoon to rest and recuperate.

‘What the hell do I do now?’ I asked myself as I sat watching the 1pm news. ‘With Lewis it would feel good to have someone I could confide in and to ask for advice. Someone to give me even a little sympathy, even if nothing could be done to solve my problems.’

I had thought of talking to Emily but I wasn’t sure that she would be sympathetic if she found out I’d deceived her as I had been emulating her best friend for months. All I could do was to grin and bear that I was Amy and see where I ended up. Unfortunately for me it looked like I was going to become physically female in body but still male in my mind.

Then I thought what was going to be so bad about being Amy? She was wealthy and shortly she would be even wealthier. Then every day I was becoming more and more used to being Amy with my new breasts and shrill voice. The other things such as my long hair, my long nails and high heels reinforced the feelings of being stuck as Amy.

Then I'd never seen myself as being attracted to other men and yet being with Lewis was something I'd become used to doing. Could I begin to enjoy being the female in a relationship with him?

Only time would tell.

Chapter 20 – The purple dress

When I was finally wearing the purple dress that Lewis had chosen that was another huge shock to my system as I stood in front of the mirror staring in disbelief at my reflection.

I just wasn't prepared for that moment. I moved my elbow gloved hand up towards my face, then almost automatically I took out my Dior red lipstick from my ornate clutch purse. I instinctively pulled off the cap and screwed the base so the creamy wax colour emerged. Then I almost eagerly re-coated my bloated lips with more deep red colour. In my mind I was both excited and shocked to be in this situation because the feeling of being completely stuck as Amy Brooks was now huge. I wasn't Scott any more. I was Amy and I was now Lewis's girlfriend and soon to be his lovely and loving fiancé.

Looking in the mirror, I was dressed as a sophisticated lady and I looked just like one. The conflicting internal emotions that I had were strangely disappearing. On the one hand I was attracted to the woman in the mirror and on the other I was shocked that I could look so completely and utterly feminine.

From my feet perched in the 5-inch stilettos then on up my legs embraced with the tight sheer sensual feeling pantyhose; then the tight figure hugging dress pulling in my stomach. Perhaps the biggest shock though was seeing the deep cleavage and the top of what were now my natural looking but large breasts.

Unlike before with the breast forms, these couldn't be removed and they were undeniably part of my body. My breasts filled the cups of my new dress to perfection. I realised that if the real Amy had showed up at a party looking like that, I'd have wanted to kiss her. However it was going to be me on the receiving end of kisses from Lewis and I felt strangely calm about that now. He was such a strong masculine self-assured man and it would be hard not to submissively accept his passionate kisses and desires.

Perhaps I saw the kisses as some kind of perverse reward for what I'd just done. I don't think I could look any more feminine or more of a woman if I tried. However I knew that I just had to be.



Dancing in my new purple dress at Lewis's office party.

I was constantly asked up to dance by Lewis's colleagues and if I tried to duck out, Lewis would give me disapproving looks.

"You look gorgeous tonight Amy," said the managing director of the company as he danced with me towards the end of the night.

I was the belle of the office party in my purple dress.

Chapter 21 – My second appointment

So much had happened since my last visit and consultation with Doctor Philips at my local medical centre that I almost forgot the 4 weekly appointment that I'd made. The only thing that made me realise that I was due another chat with the doctor was that I'd swallowed my last hormone pill and I would need a fresh supply.

"Oh my God," I exclaimed. "My next appointment is today!"

So I got ready and wore my new formal business suit of a knee length skirt, matching jacket, open neck blouse and my usual 5" heels. I'd styled my hair using my Dyson hairdryer and air wrap. As usual my trip to the doctor's office was uneventful as I walked into reception confidently.

"Please take a seat Ms Brooks," the receptionist said inviting me to sit down in the waiting room. "Doctor Philips is running 20 minutes late at the moment."

"Thanks," I replied and I sat down. I crossed my leg at the knee courtesy of the tight skirt I was wearing. Then I noticed an old man sitting opposite and he was staring intently at me. He started smiling.

"Excuse me Miss, are you by any chance Charlie Brooks little girl Amy?" he asked and I wondered how he knew that.

I nodded a 'yes'.

"I must say that you've grown up a lot since I last saw you a few years ago in school. Do you remember me now?" He then asked.

Obviously I had no idea who he was, but clearly he had been a teacher at my old school.

"You will need to remind me," I replied.

"I taught history. Do you recall now?" he asked.

Of course I'd no idea who he was and what his name was because back then I wasn't Amy Brooks and I'd never gone to the same school. I slowly nodded that I remembered, but I'd no idea what he taught my cousin Amy as I wasn't around.

"Do you remember?" he asked.

"It's not that I don't remember you. It's that I don't want to remember as I was never a big fan of history," I replied.

"Ah yes I remember you failed your O grade exam. Did you ever manage to get a good job?" he then asked.

"Yes I work for my father," I replied as an announcement was made.

"Ms Brooks please. Doctor Philips will see you now," said the receptionist into her microphone. I quickly and confidently got up onto my heeled feet and walked towards the doctor's office and sat down facing him again.

"Ah Ms Brooks. How lovely to see you again and I see some big changes in you now compared to how you were four weeks ago," he said.

"Yes you could say that I've been very busy," I replied crossing my leg and loving the silky feeling of my pantyhose on my legs as they rubbed together.

"So how have you been?" he then asked.

"I've been good on the whole. I took your advice about the breast implants and had them done a week after our last talk," I replied.

"How has that been?" he then probed.

"It was very painful at first, but obviously I'm feeling a lot better now," I replied.

"Anything else occurred?" he then asked.

"Yes I've also had my testicles removed," I replied as though it was nothing to worry about. "My fiancé said that it would help my transition to have it done."

"That seems a bit drastic as you were already taking drugs to inhibit your male hormones," he replied. I could tell that he was quite unhappy with that news. "Have you noticed any big changes?"

"Yes and no," I replied. "On the down side I seem to have lost a lot of energy."

"Are you still taking the pills I prescribed?" He then asked.

"Only the oestrogen pills now," I replied. "I threw the others out after the orchiectomy operation."

"Before we go on we need to do a blood test today," he then said taking out a disposable syringe, needle and two blood sample tubes. "If you could bare your arm for me please."

He quickly donned some latex gloves, assembled the syringe and then expertly extracted enough blood to fill both sample tubes.

"I'll send you the blood test results in a couple of days," he said as he labelled the blood sample tubes with my details.

"Yes please do let me know," I replied as he capped the tubes containing my blood.

"Now in future let me know first if you decide to have any more procedures done," he cautioned sounding serious.

"There is only one more thing to do isn't there?" I asked and then answered the question. "My gender confirmation surgery."

"You still have over 6 months to go of your real life test before I would recommend you for bottom surgery," he said. "You'd need a letter from me before a reputable surgeon would operate."

"What even in Thailand?" I asked knowing that Lewis was considering a trip to Bangkok in the New Year for the surgery.

"Yes even over there," he replied. "Most gender change surgeons want assurances that mentally their patient can cope with the post surgical effects. It has been known to cause a great deal of trauma and distress post surgery."

"I see so I need to wait another six months?" I asked hopefully. I was in no rush to do what Lewis wanted as I still saw myself as male. I might be a feminised man but I was still mentally male.

"Yes at least that with more sessions here but it might be sooner if I think you're ready," he explained.

"What would make you decide that I was ready?" I asked out of curiosity.

"It's hard to say but lots of factors might affect my decision. For example right now you're presenting as an extremely attractive and dare I say a very feminine young woman and so if you maintain that for a few months I think we might speed things up," he explained.

"I know that my fiancé wants everything done quickly but I want it done right without any pressure or rush," I replied trying to show that Lewis was the one pushing me.

"Well the next time you attend here, bring him too so I can talk to him," the doctor said.

"What about liposuction or a butt lift procedure?" I asked. "He thinks that my rear and waist line aren't curvy enough."

"Those should be fine," he said. "Though they can be fraught with complications so choose a plastic surgeon that has done them before."

"Thanks," I replied looking at my watch that the appointment was over. "I just need a fresh prescription then. My last four weeks supply are finished."

"Very well," he said writing out what I should take going forwards. "I've written you up for progesterone and the same dose of oestrogen."

"What does the progesterone do?" I asked.

"It helps to alleviate stress caused by any sociological factors that you as a transgender woman are more susceptible to including the stress of transitioning, work related stress and relationship stresses. It also increases bone density which reduces from oestrogen use, it will help you sleep better, although you have a full head of hair it will help to prevent any male pattern baldness, it will help with male odour problems and lastly increased breast growth," he explained.

"It sounds like it will help me then," I replied taking the prescription from him

I took my first pills half an hour later, as I sat in my parked Mini located in the medical centre car park.

Chapter 22 – Tenerife with the panthers

Before I'd left to go on holiday, Em had insisted on doing her magic on all the panthers in her salon.

"You'll all look fabulous," she'd claimed and when she was finished with me I could see that she wasn't kidding. She had weaved in longer hair extensions into my growing hair, then she had botoxed the lines on my forehead and my lips were injected with fresh fillers again. Then my eyebrows had yielded to a fresh bout of hair removal while my eyelashes were now extra-long.

After my makeover she'd given me a fill in manicure so my nails were even longer.

"I don't suppose you want your nails shorter now?" she'd asked and knowing that my cousin Amy would have said 'no'. I realised that I had to go along.

As I stared into the mirror I couldn't see my old self anywhere. I looked, acted and spoke like my cousin Amy. I even smelt like her.

On my tongue I tasted the fruity lip balm Emily had used to coat my puffed up lips and my sense of touch was frustrated by the long nails on my fingertips. My long eyelashes fluttered with each blink accelerating my heavy lined eyes.

"You're good to go now," Em had declared when she had finished my makeover.

We hugged and air kissed. "Yes let's get moving. We have a plane to catch in four hours."

At first our holiday to Tenerife turned out to be a lot of fun with the girls until something dramatic occurred in the last few days. I shared a bedroom with Em and Rach for the full week, where we took it in turns to sleep on cushions robbed from an armchair that was laid on the floor. We used the spare blankets and pillows from our room and the one shared by Jenn and Stace so whoever slept on the floor was still warm and comfortable. We would stagger back from the bars in the wee small hours slightly tipsy but obviously happy.

The money we saved from the hotel bill was enough to pay for our drinks over the week. Drinking strong spirits and snorting cocaine seemed to be the norm for the other four panthers and I struggled to join in. In the past this heavy alcohol and drug use had been a huge problem for my cousin Amy and that had eventually led to her going into rehab care. So that was in my mind as I didn't embrace it with the others.

Then if that wasn't enough, the other girls would find themselves unattached men to dance with and then to drag them back to our two rooms. Often they would disappear overnight having spent the night in their latest man's bedroom.

After a few days, Jenn was obviously the most popular of the panthers, as she'd already had sex with a couple of guys.

With a couple of days to go until we left, I was with Rach in a bar in the town of El Medano.

"Come on Aimes," said Rach who had a young guy to hold. "Go and dance with Gerry's friend Mike. He thinks that you're looking hot!"

"Okay," I said looking over at this tall well-built man with an unshaven but handsome face. He saw me looking at him and gave me a warm smile as he walked over towards me.

"Do you want to dance?" he asked.

"Sure," I replied getting back onto my heels again. Unbelievably my feet were now totally used to wearing high heels and I was no longer in any pain from wearing them. In fact if I didn't wear them my calf muscles would hurt. After months of constantly wearing them, I also moved confidently and effortlessly wearing them all night long.



Trying to be happy on the dance floor and my breasts jiggled naturally in my dress.

As we danced on the disco floor with the music blaring, he shouted in my ear, “Where are you from?”

“Surrey,” I shouted back into his ear as loud as I could.

“Cool I’ve met quite a few gorgeous girls from Surrey just like you,” he shouted back.

A few months ago I would have been horrified at the thought of being described as a ‘gorgeous girl’ but now I allowed myself a smile that he at least found me attractive and that he’d probably bedded a few of the Surrey girls he’d met. I was determined though that I wasn’t going to be another of his conquests. As we danced, I was in my short mid thigh red dress that showed off my deep cleavage. It was hard going as we danced to the techno music on the crowded dance floor.

He had his white cotton shirt wide open down to his belly button. He wore a gold chain with a Saint Christopher medallion around his neck. The music seemed to get even louder so any conversation was almost impossible, so I just smiled through my painted red lips at his clumsy efforts at dancing.

After around half a dozen fast songs the DJ suddenly slowed the tempo and I found Mike’s arms going around my waist to pull me towards him. I put my arms around his neck and he then shouted in my ear again.

“What would you like to drink?” he asked pointing to the bar.

"A gin and tonic and a set of ear defenders please," I replied trying to make a joke.

"Very funny," he said laughing and grabbing my slim hand. "Come on!"

We walked towards the bar where he bought our drinks. Then we headed outside into the cool night air to sit on a wooden bench outside the club.

"Oh that's so much better," I replied pretending to nurse my feet and ankles as I sat down.

"Are you okay?" he then asked.

"Yeah just suffering from the usual perils of wearing high heels," I replied.

"Yes but they do make your legs look great," he said looking at them. "Put your foot up on top of my knee and I'll massage it."

So I did as he asked and he duly massaged my foot, calf muscles and ligaments to help ease the pain.

"Oh that's so good," I said as he then started on the other leg. "That's helping a lot."

"I think you look stunning," he then said surprising me. "My name's Mike by the way."

"Amy Brooks," I said simply.

"I know. Your friend Rachel told me your name," he replied. "Do you fancy a walk down by the shore?"

"Sure now I've got my breath back," I replied quickly finishing my third gin and tonic of the night.

He grabbed my hand as we headed down the quiet cobbled streets towards the shore. It was a clear moonlit night and it was obvious what Mike had in mind as he stopped and put his arm around me.

"Do you mind if I kiss you?" he then asked moving closer.

"No I don't mind," I replied happy that none of the other panthers could see me. He put his big hand on my right breast and massaged my nipple through the thin top of my dress.

"Your nipples are so hard Amy," he said.

"I know," I replied coming up for air from his kisses. He started massaging my left breast and all the time he was kissing me passionately on the lips. Then he put his hand on my thigh and then started to move his hand up inside my dress.

"No stop that!" I said pushing down on his hand but he persisted with his strong groping upwards. "No Mike!"

His hand reached my panties and he then discovered my little secret.

"Wait, are you a bloke?" he asked pulling back. "I thought I felt something that shouldn't be there."

"Do I look like a bloke?" I replied.

"Well no," he said, "but you do have a small cock."

"I'm going to Thailand to get that little defect corrected soon," I replied.

He laughed, "It still makes you a bloke! I have to say a very pretty one, but a bloke all the same."

"So?" I asked.

"Will you suck my cock if I suck yours?" he then asked. I knew that his offer wouldn't come to fruition after he'd had his orgasm.

"You want me to suck your huge big cock?" I asked like I hadn't understood his question. "Why should I want to do that?"

"I think it's the least that you can do for leading me on," he replied. I could tell he was serious. I felt scared that he was going to do me bodily harm as he suddenly clenched his fist. He undid his zip and pulled out what I can only describe as the biggest cock I'd ever seen.

"I don't want to do this," I said trying to resist his strong push down on my shoulders.

"Sorry Amy but it's not what you want. It's what I want now," he replied. "You gave up the rights to choose when you decided to wear a dress. If you want to wear a dress then you get treated like someone who wears a dress. Now suck my cock or else."

I opened my mouth to complain, but it was clear I was wasting my time as he was so much stronger than me. Before long I had his cock going down my throat as deep as he could manage. I couldn't talk as his cock completely filled my mouth.

I gagged, I cried and I choked on his massive dick. Within a few minutes, I was grateful that he came, but not grateful that he came in my mouth. I thought that I was going to throw up because the taste of his cum was revolting.

"I think you've found your true vocation Amy," he said coming down from his orgasm as I wiped the mess off my face with a tissue from my clutch bag. As he put his cock back inside his pants, I re-applied my lipstick to my puffed up lips almost automatically.

"You're certainly a great cock sucker," he said pulling up his pants zip.

"Thanks," I replied feeling frustrated at my own situation. He'd cum but there was hardly a murmur from my own little inert member confined inside my lacy panties. Thankfully my time of wearing panty girdles was at an end now my dick had reduced in size and I no longer had my testicles. It rarely got hard these days too since my operation to remove them.

"Well if you're happy now, I'll head off back up to the club," I said.

"Wait! Can I see you again?" he then asked.

"Sure, we're here for another few days yet," I replied adjusting my dress so it seated over my breasts properly.

"In that case, I'd really like that," he said grabbing my hand. "Come on let's go back."

As we walked he talked. "It's my first time with a girl like you. A trans girl I mean."

"And did you like it?" I asked not having the heart to tell him I wasn't a bone fide trans girl but an imposter.

"Yes I must say that you're very feminine and you really turned me on," he replied. "What made you decide that you wanted to be a girl?"

"I've always felt that I was a girl for as long as I could remember," I said lying.

"It's funny, but when I was younger I used to wish that I could wake up as a girl," he suddenly confessed as we walked back up the hill towards the club.

"Not now?" I asked.

"No. I'm built like a truck driver so I'd look a bit ridiculous in a pair of high heels and a dress," he said seriously. "Unlike you, I'd look like a freak."

"In that case you're actually very lucky," I said seriously. "You really wouldn't want to go through transition and if you can't do it so much the better."

"Well I guess so, but when I see someone like you who passes so well it does seem very unfair. I mean it's sad that I can't pass as well as you," he said as we arrived back at the club entrance.

The bouncer had seen us leave and helpfully opened the door. When we were inside Mike asked, "So are you going to have the final operation?"

"Yes my fiancé wants it done. He thinks I should be a complete female so we're not seen as being gay," I replied.

"Yes but do you want it done?" he asked.

"Yes I suppose on balance I do now," I replied.

"You don't seem so sure," he said listening to me sounding hesitant. In truth, I didn't want to have my genitals mutilated any further. I never wanted to be female and I wanted to keep what I had, but I couldn't tell Mike that.

"At the moment I'm in a halfway house. Not one or the other, so if I get married to Lewis having the operation will probably help," I replied knowing Lewis was pushing me to get it done sooner.

"Well if it's any consolation I don't think you'd be making a mistake. I think you make a very convincing young woman and removing that last issue makes complete sense to me," he said as we walked back towards the bar. "What would you like to drink?"

"You know I loved drinking lager when I was a boy, but since I became Amy full time it's all been gin and tonics and girly drinks," I replied. "So how about a nice glass of lager beer? Besides I do need to wash away the taste of your cum."

As Mike ordered our drinks, Rach came up to us and asked, "Where have you been Aimes?"

"We just went for a walk down by the sea," I replied. I then whispered in Mike's ear, "Please don't tell Rach about me as she doesn't know."

He nodded as he handed me my drink which I eagerly gulped down to get rid of the evil taste of his cum. I also happily quenched my thirst too as I thanked him. I looked at my tiny expensive Rolex jewelled wrist watch and saw it was now just after 2am.

“Rach are we heading back to the hotel?” I asked. “It’s after 2am.”

“No you go if you want. I’m going back with Bob to his hotel room,” she said handing me her room key.

“Will I see you tomorrow?” Mike asked knowing I was about to leave.

“You can, but how about you walk me back to my hotel?” I asked not wanting to be out on the streets alone.

“I’d like that Amy,” he replied enthusiastically.

When we finished our drinks, we walked back outside and headed off in the direction of our hotel. He surprised me by grabbing my small hand in his large hard skinned hand.

“What do you do for a living Mike?” I asked as we walked. My heels were making clicking noises on the pavement and cobbled streets again.

“I’m a car mechanic. I work for a Mercedes dealership in the West Midlands,” he replied. “What do you do?”

“I’ve recently started working with my boyfriend as his PA,” I replied having left the job as a receptionist at my dad’s business.

“It’s good that he knows and accepts you completely as Amy,” he said.

“Yes he does and he’s okay with it,” I replied.

“That’s a pity because I’m okay with it too,” he replied. He held my hand tighter as we walked.

“Thanks,” I replied. “You’re sweet and here’s my hotel now.”

“Mine is just a few hundred metres down this road,” he said as he stood to face me again. He leant down to kiss me tenderly on the lips. “Thanks for the kiss. It doesn’t feel like I’m kissing a guy. You kiss like a girl. You act and talk like a girl too.”

“Thanks I guess,” I replied stroking his cheeks with my long nails.

“Sleep well babe,” he said as he headed off into the night.

Chapter 23 – Date Rape

“Thanks you too,” I replied and happily walked into the hotel. I was exhausted and I went up to my room happy as I knew I could sleep in the bed and not on the cushions again on the floor. I gently opened the room in case Emily was asleep only to find her lying on her back in the bed with a man on top of her.

“Oh God, I’m so sorry Em,” I said seeing my best friend underneath this giant of a man who was clearly having sex with her. She seemed to be enjoying herself too much to notice me and it seemed he was on a mission as he took no notice of me as he carried on pounding into her. So I

went into the bathroom to pee and brush my teeth. When I'd finished, I sat on the toilet seat and waited patiently as I could still hear the bed creaking next door.

Suddenly they stopped and I heard the room door open and close with a bang to indicate that he'd left. I stepped into the room again gingerly to find Emily still stretched out on the bed. She'd been tied to the four corners of the bed using her pantyhose and she was clearly unconscious. I then realised that was why she hadn't responded to my apology when I'd entered at first. I decided that she'd just been raped.

"Oh my God," I said trying to undo the tight knots on the pantyhose but it was impossible with my long nails. I tried to rouse her and when that too failed I began to get worried. I went to the bathroom to wet a towel and started to wipe her mussed up face with it.

"Emily wake up!" I ordered starting to feel desperate. The wet towel at least drew a response of sorts and I then decided to text the group on Whatsapp.

"Come quick to our room. I think Emily has been raped," I typed it in as fast as I could. "Damn these long nails," I cursed out loud.

Within seconds Jenn and Stace arrived still in their nightdresses from their room.

"What the hell has happened?" asked Stace.

"I just found her like this," I replied. "There was a guy on top of her fucking her when I came in and so I went into the bathroom. I didn't realise what he was doing until he'd left. I came out and found her like this all tied up."

"She's probably had her drink spiked," said Jenn. "Let's get her untied first. There's a room service knife in our room. Go and get it Stace!"

Within a few minutes the pantyhose was cut away and they pulled Emily up into an upright position. She was still unconscious and so Jenn asked, "Did you see what that bastard looked like?"

"Not really. He was a huge guy though. He was a lot taller than Emily," I said unhappy at what had happened to her.

"Damn she's still out!" declared Stace wiping her pretty face with the damp towel. "Let's try her with some strong coffee."

I flicked the kettle on and a few minutes later I had made Em and the other two some instant coffee. I tasted Em's drink to make sure it wasn't too hot.

"There you go!" I said passing the cup to Jenn.

Emily slowly revived as Stace cut the remainder of the pantyhose around her ankles and wrists.

"What the hell's happened," Em slurred her speech slowly coming to as we stared down at her.

"Do you know who that big guy was?" Jenn asked.

"No I just met him at that bar two streets away," she said still struggling to come to terms with her situation. "God my vagina is throbbing so much and it really hurts."

"No wonder," said Jenn. "He must have been hung like a horse."

"At the bar I started to feel drowsy and unsteady on my feet. He then offered to help me get back to my room claiming I didn't look very good. So he helped me get back here and onto my bed and I must have passed out completely after that," Em then explained.

"Poor you Em," I said shedding a tear in sympathy. "Do we need a doctor?"

Stace switched on the main room light and said, "We might but let's take a look at you down below."

We also shown a light between her legs using our phones.

"You'll be glad to know I don't see any obvious physical damage," Jenn reported after her inspection. "You'd better take a morning after pill just in case. I suggest you have a hot bath with some antiseptic added too."

"Yes," she eagerly agreed.

As I looked between her legs, I could see that her pussy was still oozing out his cum so I got some tissues and wiped her tenderly.

"What a fucking nightmare!" Jenn declared.

"Just typical of Emily though," said Stace. "She got laid last time too remember?"

'Poor Emily,' was all I could think as I saw the state she was in.

"She'll be fine," said Jenn. "Just let her sleep it off. You stay with her tonight Aimes."

"Yes I won't be sleeping on the floor tonight," I said happily.

"How was your night Aimes?" asked Stace.

"It was okay until now," I replied. "I met a nice guy and we walked along the shore."

"Oh God you didn't go out with Mike the mechanic did you?" she asked.

"Yes do you know him?" I replied.

"Yes I bloody met him the first night here. We went for a walk too and he wanted me to suck his cock. So I just told him to fuck off. I left him there. Did he try the same with you?" she asked me.

"You guessed right," I replied.

"And did you suck him off?" she then asked.

"Well he kind of forced me to do it," I replied.

"Damn I should have warned you guys about him," Stace said sounding unhappy. "I hope it wasn't too bad."

"Well he did cum in my mouth very quickly," I confessed. "Before I realised it, it was all over."

“God I fucking hate the taste of cum,” announced Jenn who got up to leave. “It tastes vile and makes we want to puke.”

“I agree,” I replied. “The only consolation was that he bought me a drink to get rid of the taste.”

“That was very generous of him,” Stace said sarcastically as I poured the contents of a small bottle of red wine from the mini bar into three glasses.

“Thanks guys,” I said offering them a drink each. We all downed our drinks and then Jenn and Stace headed back to their room after Emily was tucked in and sleeping soundly.

Chapter 24 – Heart to heart

The next morning I woke to find my arm wrapped around Emily as we had spooned during the night. I gave her a nudge and a kiss on the cheek to wake her up.

“How are you feeling?” I asked her showing loving concern. “Do you remember what happened last night?”

“I feel fine now apart from a headache. Yes I remember what happened. That bastard spiked my drink,” she declared.

“Yes you are correct,” I replied sympathetically.

“Thanks for staying beside me all night. I really appreciated that,” she declared. “I want to talk to you, but first I have got to go and pee right now.”

She returned back a few minutes later and I got up and relieved myself too. After brushing my teeth I walked back in wearing just my panties to get dressed. I opened my case and removed a bra and started to put it on.

As she sat on the bed she suddenly became all serious as she spoke, “Do you know that I know all about you?”

“What do you mean Em?” I asked putting my arms through the bra straps as I felt my heart beating much faster. “Could you hook me up please?”

“I know that you’re not really Amy Brooks. The real Amy is living in Florida with her new husband. She’s told me everything!” She said as she helpfully hooked my bra together behind my back. “There you go.”

“Exactly what did she tell you?” I asked turning to face her.

“For a start she told me that you’re not really Amy Brooks,” she said.

“If I’m not Amy then who am I?” I asked my jaw dropping at this unexpected revelation.

“You’re really Amy’s cousin Scott and she caught you dressed up as her in her apartment. Then you admitted to her that you were trying to extort her inheritance,” Emily replied.

“Is that all she said?” I asked shocked at this unexpected development. “That’s true what she told you, but I can explain.”

"She then told me that she wanted to start her life over again with a man she met in rehab and to do that she forced you to become her since you were so alike in many ways," Emily continued.

"Yes I wanted to stop and live as Scott again, but she stopped me," I replied trying to explain what had happened.

"Well then she told me that she was doing you a huge favour as she thought you were obviously a transgender woman," Emily continued.

"No, that's definitely not true! Originally I got talked into emulating Amy by my old girlfriend Jessica," I replied. "Since then my cousin Amy told me that if I didn't carry on being Amy, she would report me to the police. That left me with no choice but to be as convincing as Amy as I could. I did see you and Rach looking at me closely a few times, so I thought you both must have had your doubts and suspicions. However the others didn't seem to notice, so I carried on thinking that this nightmare would end soon and I could go back to being Scott again."

"I see and yet you dated Lewis Walker. Why?" she asked.

"Simply because he could give me more confirmation that I was really Amy," I explained. "If I was going to be Amy then it made sense to me to have a boyfriend like Lewis."

"So does he know all about you?" she asked.

"Yes he does and he's been pushing me hard to become completely female," I replied. "He's already paid for me to have my balls removed."

"Dear God that's really horrible," she exclaimed and then she embraced me warmly. "You don't deserve this."

"Thanks for your sympathy Emily, but it's all my own stupid fault that this has happened," I replied. "I found that I can't go back to being Scott again now that he's been officially declared dead."

"Scott's dead?" she asked. "I don't understand that happening. I really did like him until Jessica got her claws into him."

"But Em, a body was found washed up on shore in Norfolk and the police thinking was that Scott had jumped into the Thames and drowned himself after he broke up with Jessica," I explained. "They've cremated the body they found and a death certificate has been issued, so I guess I can only be Amy from now on."

"Not unless the real Amy comes back," said Emily. "However her last message to me was a week ago and she said she loves her new lifestyle out in Florida."

"Look Em, I even tried to turn myself into the police a while back, but they didn't believe me and told me not to waste their time," I added. "I don't have any valid identification for Scott, but I do have a brand new passport and a driving licence for Amy. I have all her bank account details and even her facebook password."

"I see," Emily replied. "It seems then that in a way you're being punished but not with arrest and prison but in another very extreme way."

"How long have you known about me?" I asked.

"I've known this for months and as I wanted to see what you would do, I didn't say anything to you that I knew what Amy was doing. Besides that you've behaved completely like my friend Amy

would do. You did everything that she liked to do. It seemed true that Amy's description of you as a transgender woman was correct as it was always clear to me that you were very happy being Amy Brooks," she replied.

"Did you tell my cousin that?" I asked.

"Yes I told her that you seemed to be very happy being her. You never complained and you were outwardly your same bubbly self as Amy every time we'd met. Even in the salon you seemed to be enthusiastic about all the beauty treatments you received," she explained. "I deliberately tried to make things difficult for you by adding extra long hair extensions, longer nails, and all the other beauty treatments, but each time you seemed to accept that it was part and parcel of being Amy Brooks. What was the story of the ruptured breast implant?"

"I'd initially used breast forms, but I felt sure that they would be eventually spotted sooner or later so I hit on the idea of getting implant surgery. Back then I also didn't see any alternative, but to get the surgery done as Amy was still threatening me with the police," I explained. "My talk of having a ruptured implant was my tame excuse for why I had to visit the clinic in a hurry. They never replaced a ruptured implant they gave me completely new huge ones and God did they hurt."

"I'm beginning to get the feeling that your cousin was not telling the truth about you," she replied.

"In what way?" I asked

"That you're not a transwoman as she originally claimed. Am I right?" she asked.

"Yes you're right. I'm not transgender and I don't like what's happened to me since I became Amy Brooks," I confirmed.

"I can imagine that, but does Lewis accept that you aren't transgender and if so why does he still want to marry you?" she then asked.

"Yes he knows," I replied. "However I'm not totally sure why he wants to get married. He insists he isn't gay so that's why he wants me to have my gender change surgery. He has offered to pay for the operation in Thailand in the New Year and then we'll get married in the spring. I like him, but not enough to marry him. But then if I'm supposed to be Amy Brooks it's what will happen to make sure I don't go to prison."

"I take it that you don't want to go to Thailand?" she then asked.

"For a holiday it would be nice, but no I don't want to lose my dick even though it doesn't get hard anymore," I replied.

"If it's any consolation your cousin got me to promise that I wouldn't tell anyone about this situation between her and you," she then said and I could see that Emily was sincere. "It's been very difficult at times but I've kept my promise. None of the other girls know about you. Perhaps you should tell them?"

"No I think it's best this way for now," I said shrugging. "Besides honestly being a panther is the best part of being Amy. I don't want that to end. You guys are the best friends I've ever had. I would be very sad to lose your friendships which might happen if they found out the truth about me."

"Well I'm happy to say that they feel the same way about you," said Em surprising me. "We were talking by the pool a couple of days ago and they all agreed that you were an angel and a lovely person deep inside."

"That's a first as I've never been called an angel before," I smiled and then felt contented.

"In many ways you're so much better than your cousin in Florida. You are so much gentler. You don't do drugs like Stace or Jenn. Then like us you enjoy a drink, but not to excess. You clearly care deeply about us four and not once have you done anything that could ever be construed as bad," she said confirming what I'd tried to do since my cousin had forced the issue of me playing her.

"Yes Emily but the reason that happened is because my cousin told me that if I didn't, she would know and she would call the police," I explained. "I'm beginning to think that she told you so you would spy on me for her."

"Yes she would ask how you were doing regularly," Emily confirmed. "So what do you want to do now?"

"We just carry on as before as unfortunately I'm still Amy Brooks until my cousin ever decides to return, but first we need to get you a morning after pill," I declared.

I felt that I had gained an ally in Emily and a good friend after our heart to heart. I hoped that she would continue to support me over the next few weeks and months.

Chapter 25 - With the panthers

Later that morning we all sat down to breakfast and we decided that we should report what happened to Emily to the police. Emily provided his description but it wasn't very detailed. He was very tall, dark hair with no bald patches, spoke Spanish and very poor English. She vaguely remembered him as she was passing out on the drugged trip up to our bedroom.

Fortunately she didn't remember anything of the rape itself. Then I was able to provide a rough description of what he wore and nothing much else as he had his back to me.

"It's a big pity you didn't see him better," Jenn complained.

"Perhaps we should go back tonight where Em met him?" I suggested.

"That sounds like a good idea," replied Stace.

Discussing what to do at breakfast. I couldn't eat the egg.



“Do you think he would be stupid enough to use the same club again?” I asked.

“There’s only one way to find out,” said Jenn.

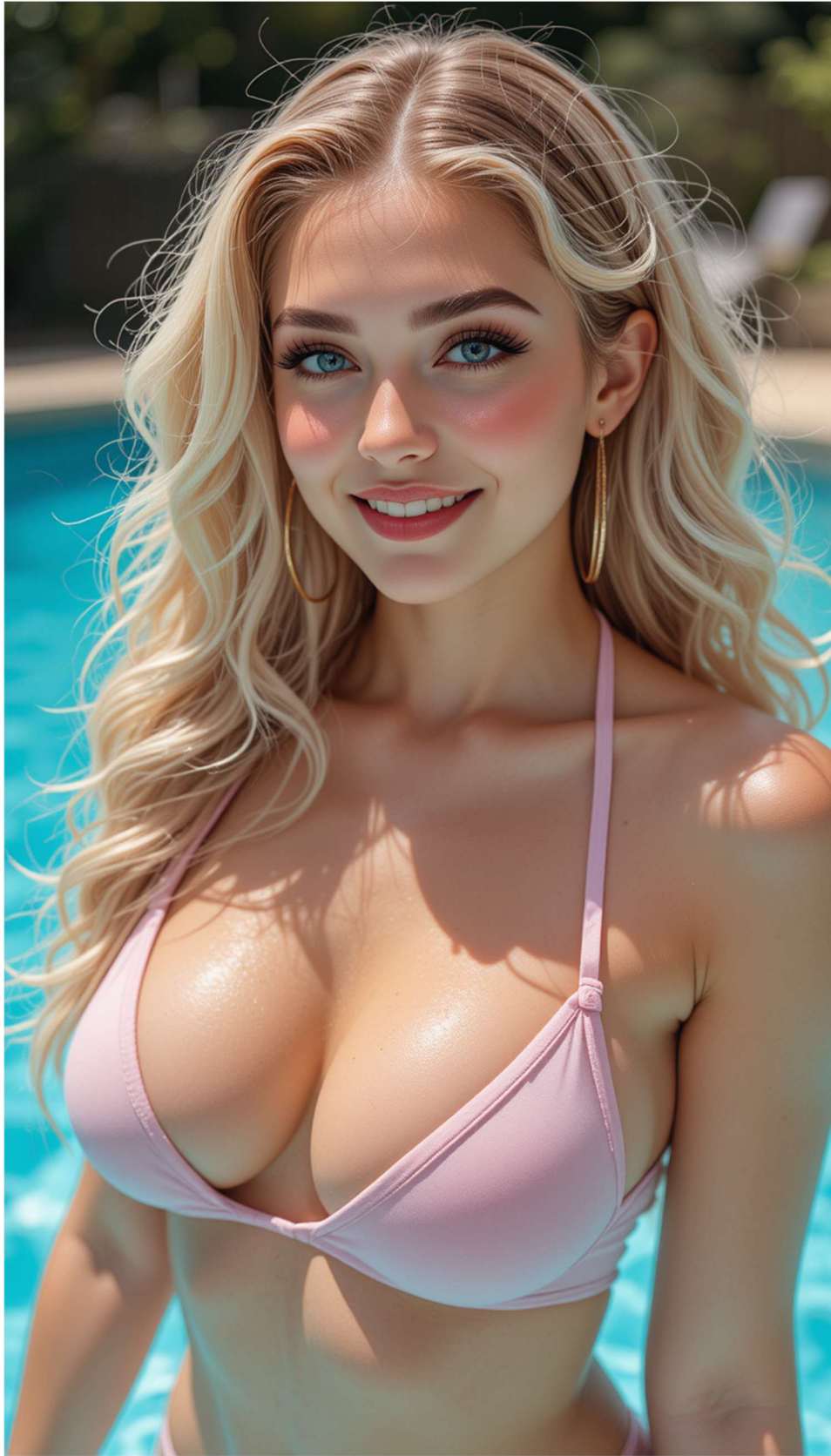
“I don’t want to go back there again,” declared Emily.

“I really don’t blame you,” declared Rach.

“Rach, how about you stay with Em and we’ll go to the club to look for him?” suggested Jenn.

“Yes we can all look out for each other,” agreed Stace.

“Okay, then let’s meet up in the hotel lobby,” said Jenn. “That gives us the day to relax by the pool.”



Lazing by the pool in my pink bikini

“I like the sound of that,” I said finishing my breakfast except the hardboiled egg.

So we lazed around the pool in the warm sunshine, chatting about the usual panther subjects of men, fashions, and life in general.

Jenn surprised me when she spoke to me when there was just the two of us left by the pool. "How are you getting on these days Aimes?"

As I thought she was meaning about how I was coping with being Amy, I replied simply. "Good now. It's been a tough couple of months."

"I assume you're completely over the breast implant surgery now though," she enquired. "I must say your girls are looking wonderful."

"Yes, I am now. Everything has completely healed up," I replied being reminded of the two large silicone lumps on my chest.

"I've noticed a huge change in you since you got out of rehab," Jenn then said.

"I hope it's a change for the better," I replied.

"Definitely," Jenn said but she wasn't able to say what as Stace rejoined us with a round of drinks.

"I suppose we should go over our plans for tonight," Stace said as she lay down on her lounge. "I think we should all get Em to do our make-up and hair sexier and then go to the club separately."

"We don't go in together?" I replied. "There's strength in numbers."

"No the pervert is more likely to approach one of us if we're alone," Stace suggested.

"I think you're right Stace," Jenn replied.

So that night after Emily had applied our make-up and styled our hair, and we'd picked out our sexiest dresses, we set out from our hotel at 5 minute intervals to walk to the club. I was first to arrive and it was dark and quite dingy inside, as I made my way to the bar to order a drink.

"Can I have a bloody Mary please," I said in Spanish.

"Okay," the barman replied as I inched up onto the tall bar stool. I tugged at the hem of my dress but it made little difference as the tops of my pantyhose could still be clearly seen. I crossed my legs at the knee after my drink arrived and I sipped it quietly. I heard the main door open and close and turned to see Jenn arrive right on time. She ordered a drink and headed over to a corner booth to observe the entire bar area. There were just a couple of small guys in the bar playing pool. Then Stace arrived but immediately following her was a couple of taller men as she reached the bar.

"Can I buy you a drink?" Asked the taller man to Stace.

"Sure why not," she replied. "I'll have a glass of white wine please."

"There you go pretty lady," he said handing her the glass. "Can I ask where you are from?"

"East Grinstead in Surrey," she replied.

"Oh, I live not too far from there," the man replied enthusiastically. "Which clubs do you go to?"

"I turned around and then shook my head at Jenn to indicate that he wasn't the one we wanted.

At least I didn't think it was him because he came from the UK. I kept a close eye on him all the same as Stace followed the two men to a vacant booth beside Jenn. Then the ploy was to leave her drink unattended by using the ladies toilet and I would keep an eye on it. Although he moved her drink on the table a few times he didn't spike it. When she returned she just carried on talking.

I was so intent on watching Stace and the two men I didn't notice three more men enter the bar. Since Stace seemed to be fine, I turned to order another drink.

The tallest of the three men, asked me in Spanish, "What would you like to drink pretty lady?"

"Another bloody Mary," I replied. As I sat there waiting for my drink to be poured, I stared at my long nails looking for chipped nail polish. I felt my long false eyelashes on my eyelids with every blink then I was conscious of my feet squeezed into my tight stilettos. Then my hair was cascading down my back in soft waves and it made me want to play with it just as I used to do with Jessica's hair. Only now it was me who had the long feminine hair.

I had sunk into a deep depression that night at what had happened with Emily. Having dropped off the bar stool, I was standing on my tip toes as usual talking to the stranger on my right at the bar. He seemed pleasant enough, but from what I could gather I thought he was Portuguese. He had slicked back greasy black hair and he had a goatee beard with grey hairs near the corners of his mouth.

He was also sporting a couple of days of designer stubble. I really didn't want anything to do with him as he bought me a drink. I resisted taking big gulps from my glass and only sipped at it like a bird.

Looking like I did then I was probably considered to be fair game for the three men to chat up. I thanked them for my drink as they stood closely on either side of me.

"So what brings such a gorgeous woman to this club?" the tall Spaniard on my left then asked.

"I just wanted a quiet drink," I replied. "Then to see what turned up."

"Well I turned up," he said laughing confidently at his crude joke. "Do you like?"

"Yes I like," I said happily.

"I know a much better club," he said surprising me. "Would you like to see it?"

"Sure why not!" I declared enthusiastically.

"It's very new and it's owned by a good friend," the Spanish guy said in faltering English. "We can dance and they have a great DJ who plays the best music. My name is Marc and you?"

"My name is Amy," I replied but I was obviously feeling wary so I said. "Sorry Marc but I need to use the ladies rest room."

When I got back, I saw Jenn giving me a thumbs down sign about my drink. It had been spiked, but I decided that since I hadn't drunk any and he would just try again. I decided against drinking anything more.

"Hola Amy," Marc said handing me my drink on my return from the lady's toilet.

“Thanks Marc,” I said putting my glass up to my lips but not drinking anything. I knew not to drink any or I could end up just like Emily.

I turned to the two panthers who were busy calling the police as we had previously arranged that afternoon.

“Drink up chica,” Marc said impatiently.

“Just a moment,” I replied in Spanish. “My friend is waving to me.” I waved back to Jenn.

Around five minutes later a couple of plain clothed detectives leading several uniformed policemen came into the bar and the two girls got up on their feet and pointed towards Marc standing beside me.

Fortunately one of the detectives spoke English and I gave him my glass as evidence. “My friends saw this man add something to my drink and he was eager that I should drink it as he said he wanted to move to a new club.”

He poured the contents of my glass into a clean bottle and put the glass into a plastic evidence bag. They arrested Marc and the uniformed police led him away with cuffs on his wrists.



I had to go to the police station with the detectives to give a witness statement.

"We will get the drink tested and if it confirms that it has been drugged, then we will charge him," the English speaking detective said.

"Before you take him away I would like to take his picture as my friend Emily might be able to identify him," I said taking out my phone.

"No," he replied. "Bring her to the police station tomorrow morning and we will hold an identity parade for her. If she can pick this man we will be satisfied."

"What time tomorrow?" I asked.

"After 9am please," he replied. "You have been very brave because if the drink was drugged you could have become a victim too."

"Yes I know, but we wanted to get revenge for our friend," I replied.

The Portuguese man spoke to me. "You did well. I think he deserves to be punished."

"Thanks," I replied. "You were not with him?"

"Yes I was," he replied. "He came here to show me how he would get a woman into bed easily. I met him in a bar only tonight."

We all walked out of the club to see Marc wearing hand cuffs being pushed into a waiting police car. The three of us then walked back to the hotel in a very happy mood. We laughed and giggled our way back to report our success to Emily. She in turn was delighted with the news that a man had been arrested and eagerly agreed to attend the identity parade the next morning.

The next morning we all went to the police station for the parade and she was able to pick out Marc as the culprit and he was charged with rape after Emily gave a written statement. There would need to be a trial for which we would all need to return to give evidence in court.

At the court hearing hastily convened as we were all leaving late the next day, Marc pled guilty to the charges realising that he had been caught red handed. He gave us an evil look as he was led away to start a lengthy time in jail. As we walked outside, the policemen were chatting on the steps and they thanked us as they had been trying to arrest Marc for some time.

"There's no need to come back here for a trial," said one of the policemen.

"Yes but we would have come back if necessary to get him thrown into prison," Stace replied.

"A safe trip home tomorrow night then ladies," he said saluting us.

As we walked back to the hotel we were strangely in a sombre mood after what had happened with Emily.

"It could have happened to any one of us," declared Jenn.

"Too right," I replied though I did wonder what Marc's reaction would have been if he had tried to date rape me after spiking my drink. I felt that would have been potentially very risky as he could in

his frustration just strangle me. I did wonder if it might not be safer to have the final operation irreversible as it might be.

As we flew back on the long 4 hour flight back home, I was leaning more towards having the operation. I reasoned that I was 90% female anyway with large breasts, long blonde hair and a soft girlish voice so I began to think that there was no alternative as I couldn't be Scott anymore.

After our heart to heart I could rely on Emily now for help and support. She was generally supportive of me completing my confirmation surgery after I told her what I'd been thinking.

"What do you think I should do?" I asked as we chatted on the plane.

"I can't give you a definite answer as I've never been in your position before. However having heard from your cousin again yesterday, I don't think it's going to be a hardship for you to go all the way," she said giving me her honest opinion. "On one hand I know you're not transgendered but you do seem to have adapted to your new life as Amy very well. I doubt that your cousin will return to her old life as she told me she's very happy now. Then if you do have the operation, Lewis will be around to look after you."

"I don't know if I want to get married to him," I replied. "Deep down I still feel like I'm a man, but I'm now trapped in the body of a woman. I do get very depressed about the situation I'm in quite a lot."

"Perhaps in time you'll learn to enjoy it?" she asked. "What do you enjoy most about being Amy?"

"I enjoy all the attention Lewis gives me. He really puts me on a pedestal and he really appreciates the efforts I make to look good. What he fails to realise is that I wish the roles were somehow reversed and I had the pretty blonde with me rather than me being the pretty blonde," I replied.

"Oh I see now what you mean," she said understanding my point of view. "Yes that seems a bit screwy. I can only imagine what it must have been like."

"If I decide to go through with the final operation I'll be doing something that I can never undo. I can always have my breasts removed and try and live I suppose as something like a transman but then that's going to hurt Amy's parents and probably destroy my relationship with you and the rest of the panthers. Obviously Lewis would walk away too," I explained. "On the one hand I want to do what's best for me but on the other I've strangely got obligations too!"

"I know that the other girls would be sad to lose Amy Brooks, the girl from their lives so that would be a good reason for carrying on," said Emily. "So what you're telling me is that you just don't know what to do. As far as I can see there is nothing you can do about your cousin's threat about contacting the police, so you can't just suddenly stop being Amy Brooks. Then Amy can't just disappear like Scott did. He wasn't missed, but Amy certainly would be."

"Yes, I think you're right unfortunately," I replied. "Then in a couple of years I'm going to be very wealthy. Just yesterday I had my monthly payout from the lawyers."

"Money isn't everything. It helps but it doesn't always make you happy," she said.

"I know that's true," I replied.

"You know after all this talk between us nothing has really changed. You might not like it, but it's who you are and who you'll be. I honestly think that you realise it's who you are too now. The downsides and upsides exist and you'll need to learn to accept them," Emily said and I nodded that she was right.

“Yes I think you’re right,” I replied.

“If Lewis wants you to have more cosmetic surgery soon what will you do?” she then asked.

“I’ll probably go along with it,” I replied. “Don’t forget he also threatened me with the police too. Though I have my doubts that he would do that as it could get out he was dating a transwoman and he would hate that. Besides I think he’s totally besotted with me now.”

“Whatever happens, I’ll still be your best friend,” said Emily and we hugged closely.

“Thank you so much. You don’t know how much it means to me to hear that,” I replied.

We dozed for the rest of the flight after our intense chat.

When we landed the other three panthers made their separate ways, but I’d left my car in the long stay car park at the airport so I gave Em a lift home in my Mini.



Chatting with Emily on the long flight home

Chapter 26 – What Lewis wants

When we got back to Epsford, I dropped Emily off at her house and then I called Lewis that we'd arrived back home safely.

"That's good Amy," he said but he sounded a bit off hand. I noticed that he called me Amy instead of babe as he usually did. "I'll be glad to hear how your holiday went tomorrow."

"Oh you're not coming over this evening?" I asked wondering what was going on with him.

"Sorry Amy I can't. I have some urgent work to do tonight," he replied.

"Yes okay fair enough. Will you call me tomorrow?" I asked.

"Yes I'll see you soon," he said. I started the car and drove back to my apartment. As I drove back, I wondered why Lewis wasn't so enthusiastic towards me. Maybe it was my imagination, but he also seemed less than keen to talk.

After I'd gone to bed, he surprisingly called back just before 11pm to apologise. "Sorry babe I was really busy when you called earlier."

"You should have just said you were busy," I replied sounding annoyed. "It sounded as if you suddenly didn't care about me."

"Sorry babe. I thought I'd mentioned that I was busy," he replied still sounding sullen.

"So are you coming round tomorrow?" I then asked.

"Yes of course," he replied sounding a good bit more enthusiastic. "How about we go out to lunch?"

"What time?" I asked.

"How about 12:30pm?" he replied.

"I'll see you then," I said. "I'm exhausted so I'll tell you tomorrow what happened on the holiday."

"I'm looking forward to hearing all about it," he said sounding genuinely interested.

"Night Lewis," I said ending the call. As I lay in the dark, I felt that Lewis was up to something

The next day I dressed casually and did my make-up as usual to face Lewis who had called to say he was running a little late. Perhaps I shouldn't have worried because he pulled me close as I opened the door to let him in. Then he gave me the most passionate kiss on the lips I'd ever had. So passionate it seemed he was sucking all the air out of my lungs.

"It seems you really missed me then?" I queried after the kiss ended.

"More than you would ever believe," he replied kissing me tenderly on the forehead. "I still want us to be an item Amy, so will you marry me?"

He took out a small jewellery box from his pocket and opened it to reveal a diamond engagement ring with a huge stone that I could only assume must have cost thousands of pounds.

"Oh Lewis, it's absolutely gorgeous," I exclaimed having my previous doubts about him suddenly dispelled. "You're crazy giving me a ring like this because you know I'm not a real woman."

"I know but I want you to consider that you'll eventually become my woman in every way possible," he said as we walked towards the sofa to sit down in the sunshine.

"I've been talking to Emily about my life as Amy and I'm still very confused about what to do," I replied. "I'm still deep down a boy under all this long hair and make-up. I don't want to give up hope of the possibility of being Scott Kennedy again and I would be doing just that if I married you."

"Amy I know deep down you're a bloke under the make-up and hair and we'll make allowances for that," he said then he confessed. "Strangely your stuck situation actually turns me on a great deal."

"What turns you on?" I asked wondering what he meant.

"That your mind is still actively male and that you're now stuck as a female," he replied.

"Just what about that turns you on?" I asked incredulous at his comment.

"Maybe it's because you combine the best of both worlds. A male mind and a very pretty feminine face and body. Then I know that you don't want to be Amy but the reality is that you have no choice," he explained.

"Isn't that a bit cruel?" I asked incredulously and pointed to myself. "You get turned on at the thought that I'm stuck like this?"

"Yes stuck but with a couple of million pounds coming your way, you'll obviously want for nothing. I'll make sure of that of course," he said.

"I guess you're right that it's too late for me to change back now," I then admitted. "Even if I cut my hair and bandaged up my breasts I'd still look like a woman. No one gets me confused for Scott now anymore."

"It's amazing," he said and then he unzipped his pants. He then pulled out his large cock. "See what you do to me."

"I see," I said feeling his hand grab mine and then he pulled it towards his hard erection. Initially I thought he just wanted me to wank his cock again until he came, but this time he wanted more. A lot more.

"I want to see you willingly suck my cock Amy," he then declared.

"I can't and I won't," I replied refusing to budge from where I sat. I still had my long nailed hands around his erect dick.

"Oh but you can and you will!" he ordered. "It's not that bad."

"No Lewis!" I replied adamantly. "You can't make me."

"No I can't make you," he declared. "You have to want to do this."

"I'll throw up," I said feeling nauseous at the thought of sucking on his cock as I still rubbed his cock up and down. "Can't I just wank you off instead? Even this is hard for me to do."

“Well the alternative is that I can use your other opening,” he then said shocking me again.

“No you’re not using my ass either,” I said becoming annoyed at him.

With that he grabbed my wrists and turned me around. “You’re hurting me Lewis.”

“Relax this won’t take very long,” he said making me kneel on the sofa. He was much stronger and bigger than me and I no longer had the muscle strength I used to have to fight him off. He pulled down my leggings and silky panties.

He forced his large cock into my rear and fucked me hard. It hurt at first, but then it suddenly became strangely pleasurable.

Chapter 27 – Apres operation

Around 6 months later, I woke up feeling Lewis’s fingers intertwined with my slim bejewelled fingers. I was lying on my back and my head was lying on very soft pillows. I opened a long eyelash eye or tried to as I squinted past the long furry eyelashes Em had recently given me for the trip to Thailand. I squinted because of the bright lights in my private clinic bedroom.

“What the hell just happened?” I squeaked out with my familiar modified voice. “I feel like I’ve been run over by a truck!”

“Nothing that drastic babe. You’ve finally had your little birth defect corrected,” he said as though it was no big deal.

“Oh?” I asked feeling quite shocked. “So it’s all been done down below?”

“Oh yes. The surgeon told me that you were his fiftieth gender change patient and everything went extremely well,” he said.

“Then why the hell does the rest of my body hurt so much?” I asked feeling pains across my stomach and thighs.

“While you were under, he did liposuction on your waist and then he injected the fat into your rear to give you the proper curves you should have been born with,” he explained.

“I don’t remember signing up for any of that,” I exclaimed in my shrill voice.

“I did that for you babe. I thought it would help you by getting that done too,” he continued.

“Gee thanks a lot Lewis,” I replied sarcastically feeling the tight bandages everywhere around my ass and waist. “Nice of you to volunteer me. I would have thought that removing my dick would have been enough for you.”

“The doctor reckons you’ll have an hourglass 40 – 30 – 36 figure,” he said ignoring my comment. “Sounds like the perfect sort code for a new bank account when those millions from Amy’s grandma finally arrive.”

After I had healed up from the surgery it was weird seeing my crotch was irrevocably altered to look like a passable representation of a female vulva. I really wasn’t prepared for that outcome though I knew of course what was going to happen to my dick after several hours of surgery. Naturally things didn’t go as smoothly as I had hoped and I took a long time to heal up properly. Dilating was a pain as not only did it hurt keeping my vagina open several times a day it reinforced that I

was physically no longer male. What was left of my penis was just a flat but sensitive button stitched on just above my neo vagina.

Lewis liked the result though and would often play with my new genitalia out of curiosity to see if I could still obtain pleasure. I was amazed that I could still enjoy some sensations particularly when he went down on me after I had finally healed up. Whereas he could get rock hard erections when aroused, I had nothing left to get hard any more.

I still wore my panty girdles out of habit, but I had to wear a sanitary towel on the lining most days in the beginning to collect any weeping from my new opening. Then sitting down to urinate had been something that I had done before particularly when I was out and about and had to use public toilets. I just couldn't take the risk of sounding like a man using the toilet by standing up. I especially didn't want the panthers to hear something they shouldn't when we were on holiday together. However, when I was at home in my apartment I would always stand up to urinate almost as an act of rebellion. Post the surgery even that simple male activity was denied to me now.

After several months post-surgery I had healed up enough so Lewis impatiently desperately wanted to take my virginity. I put him off for several more weeks saying that I still wasn't ready until he took a close look at me dilating one Sunday afternoon. When I pulled out the dilator it was clear of any discharge and that was enough evidence for him that I was finally ready.

"Hey it's clear," he said pointing to the rod.

"So?" I replied getting up to clean it.

"So it means I can try it out your pussy for size," he said and I could see he was serious.

"You want to do it right now?" I asked thinking I might as well get this first time over with at last.

"Yes do you need more lubricant?" he asked putting a condom onto his shaft and lubricating it.

"No but just take it very slowly okay?" I asked as he spread my legs wider.

"Yes Amy I'll take it very slow, so don't worry," he said as he eagerly put his cock up against my opening.

He then gently pushed on my opening and my vagina suddenly opened from the pressure. Soon I could feel him just inside me.

"Slowly please," I said exhorting him to just ease it in.

With that he just stayed still just inside me by about an inch. Then he eased in a little more and he waited until I gave him the signal to carry on. Slowly but surely he penetrated me until finally he was all the way inside my vagina.

"How does that feel now babe?" he asked.

"It feels okay," I replied. "No pain as such, but it feels like you are really stretching me inside."

"Put your legs up onto my shoulders then," he then ordered. With that done he was able to get another fraction of an inch deeper inside me.

"What now?" I asked.

“We just lay here so you can get used to it,” he replied but he started kissing my lips face and neck.

“How long?” I replied. “I have laundry to do!”

“Another 10 minutes or so,” he said and then he pulled out and pushed slowly back inside me again. “How was that?”

“It felt weird,” I said. “Warn me the next time before you do that.”

A few weeks later and he finally got what he wanted when he actively started making love to me. In time I would lie on my back as he thrust into me for a few minutes until he came.

“Another cream pie,” he said putting a finger inside my pussy and pulling it out all wet with his cum. “I love fucking you Amy. So let’s get married.”

The wedding was to prove to be a huge anti-climax because all the arrangements I’d made went so smoothly. There were no embarrassing moments or mistakes and we walked out of the registry office slowly to the cheers of our friends and family.

At the door we smiled in the sunshine for the photographers until everyone seemed satisfied they had enough photographs.



Posing for photographs at our wedding

We had the wedding reception at a nearby hotel and we did all the ceremonials including cutting the wedding cake and our first dance together. Emily kept me right during the day, helping me to get through it all. It proved to be an arduous nerve wracking day.

With all the ceremonials over, I could relax and pose for pictures with relatives and friends. The day had gone well and we were finally alone in our bridal suite bedroom at the hotel.

“The honeymoon starts now,” Lewis declared happily on undoing his necktie from his shirt.

“I’m so tired right now,” I replied. “I’m glad we got through the ceremony and reception without any problems.”

“What problems were you expecting?” he asked helping me to remove my veil from my hair.

“Oh I thought someone would shout that I was an imposter or a phoney,” I said.

"It's unlikely after all this time," he replied. "You are now officially Mrs Amy Walker."

"I thought Emily and the other panthers were so supportive today," I then said. "They looked lovely in their matching dresses."

"Yes they did. I think you're so lucky to have them as your best friends," he said sitting beside me.

"Can you help unzip me please?" I asked.

"No I thought that I'd make love to you wearing your dress," he replied lifting the hem up to reveal my white stockings and white heels. He hooked his fingers around my panty girdle and pulled it down to my ankles. Next he did the same to my lacy thong panties and then inched them over my heels.

"I love you Mrs Walker," he said pulling down his own boxer shorts to reveal his hard dick ready for action. With my dress up out of the way he spread my legs wider and then climbed on top of me and he proceeded to penetrate me as I dug my white tipped long stiletto nails Em had given me the day before into his back.

"I love you too Lewis," I moaned as he proceeded to fill my pussy with his manhood.

"Is there anything of Scott left?" he then asked as he suddenly orgasmed deep inside my vagina.

"Who is he?" I asked feeling him stop his rhythmic thrusting as he just lay on top pinning me to the bed.

"He's still not inside you?" he asked.

"Not now," I replied. "I'm Amy now. Your trophy wife. The receptacle for your cock. Now let me up so I can get out of this stupid wedding dress."

As I stepped out of the dress I revealed my sexy lingerie to him. I wore a sexy basque that pulled in my narrow waist. It had six suspenders holding up my taught seamed sheer stockings and my massive breasts were held in a low cut underwired bra.

"I love my trophy wife," he said as I started to inch my cream coloured pencil skirt up my legs. The silk lining of the skirt rubbed sensually against my stockings. I turned towards him so he could pull up the zip, I pulled my silk blouse off the hanger and started to button it up. My breasts were clearly going to be on show.

"We better get moving if we don't want to miss our plane to Naples," I said kicking off my wedding shoes for the matching pumps that Em had found for me.

"Yes let's go," he said standing in just his boxers. I knew from experience that he would be ready to go before me as I started to remove the hair decorations Em had inserted to pin it up in place. That done I brushed my long mane of hair until it shone. I changed my shade of lipstick from pale pink to dark red and smiled.

"How do I look?" I asked as I turned to see he was buttoning up a cotton shirt over his ripped torso.

"Like a woman that's just been fucked should," he replied. As he pulled on his leather jacket he pulled out a colour leaflet and handed it to me. "This is for your next procedure."

“What?” I said looking in astonishment at the leaflet. I saw that he wanted further surgery done between my legs.

“Labiaplasty and hooding your new clitoris so it looks even more realistic,” he said. “Your inheritance money will easily cover it,” he said as he walked out of the room towards the guests waiting to say goodbye to us.

“I’ll think about it,” I replied.

Chapter 28 – Unexpected News

About a week after my fairytale wedding to Lewis, we were enjoying our honeymoon south of Naples on the beautiful Amalfi coast, when I heard the familiar noise of an incoming Whatsapp message on my phone.

Obviously I automatically reached into my expensive designer handbag and pulled out my phone. I was used to operating the phone now despite my long nails that Lewis insists I must always maintain. He loves to feel my sharp nails digging into his back but that is another story.

On opening the app, I saw that it was a new message from my cousin Amy. Once I read the message I suddenly realised that I’d made a horrible dreadful mistake. I just couldn’t believe what I’d read. I was in a state of complete shock and Lewis obviously noticed.

“What’s wrong babe?” he asked seeing the distressed look on my face.

“I just can’t believe what’s happened,” I replied still not saying what it was.

“What?” he asked extending his hand to take my phone so he could read the message. I gave him the phone.

As he read, I announced, “It’s my cousin Amy. She’s dead!”

Lewis then started to read out the message, *“Hi all just to let you know that my lovely wife of one year, Amy has died following a tragic plane crash into the Gulf of Mexico a few hours ago. Coastguard have confirmed that the six occupants including Amy all perished when their plane crashed into the sea off the coast of Florida. I will make an announcement regarding funeral arrangements in due course. In the meantime I and my kids are devastated to lose our lovely Amy.”*

Apart from the obvious feelings of sadness at the loss of the real Amy, I was still coming to terms with the news that my blackmailer of the last 18 months was now gone. It was thanks to her that I wouldn’t or couldn’t revert back to being Scott again. However I was also now already completely stuck as Amy, Lewis’s trophy wife.

Then Lewis chipped in with his thoughts.

“With her passing I doubt that you’ll need to pass on her share of the inheritance money in a few month’s time,” he announced handing me back my phone. “You’ll clearly inherit the whole 5 million pounds now.”

“Yes I suppose I will,” I replied still feeling numb. The realisation about the money didn’t make me feel any happier. I thought perhaps that I could take the money to a clinic and at least get the breast implants removed, but there was clearly nothing I could now do about the loss of my manhood.

I stared at my expensive diamond engagement and gold wedding rings on my left hand and I realised that I did care deeply about Lewis and he clearly cared about me as he held my hand tightly as we hugged.

"It doesn't change anything else now unfortunately," I said sadly.

"It's funny I was about to guess what was going through your mind," he said. "That was the conclusion I had too. However I think you were probably wishing that this had happened a year ago. I can see it written on your face."

"Yes you are right," I said not wanting to admit to him that I always felt that my gender change surgery had been a huge mistake then and even more so now that my cousin Amy was dead. He'd talked and coerced me into having the surgery and I was sad that I hadn't stuck to my decision not to do it. "I'm obviously sad that my cousin has died too."

"What even after what she did to you?" he then asked.

"No it wasn't all her fault. It was my own jealous stupidity and greed that caused this," I replied realising that I was going to be my cousin Amy for the rest of my life. "I've had to accept this situation. However I'm now your wife and nothing short of a divorce can fix that. And as you said I only have a few months to go until I inherit all of that money."

"Yes," he said simply.

"So I have to carry on being Amy for that to happen, if nothing else. However I now know how much Amy's parents love me. Then so do my friends Jenn, Em, Rach and Stace. Then there's you. I know how much you want me to be your loving wife," I continued.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Honestly I would want to go back almost two years in time, but that's obviously impossible now," I replied. "I would tell Jessica to forget all about my impersonating Amy."

"Anything else?" he asked.

"I'll tell you what I want now though. I want to enrol at my old college that Scott attended and then I can complete my degree course," I said after a brief period of thought.

"That would be something good, but it won't work out though babe. How many A levels did the real Amy get before she left school?" he asked.

"Oh God, she left school after her fourth year with just a couple of O levels in biology and home economics," I said realising that she clearly didn't have enough qualifications to apply for study at a top London college.

"Even if you could use Scott's qualifications do you think you could still do it?" He then asked. "And then do you need to do it? I mean soon you'll be a very wealthy woman."

"I was forgetting that Amy left school early," I replied realising I would have many years of attending night school as my cousin, to get the necessary qualifications again to attend college.

"Not only that it would look totally out of place for Amy to do something like this," he replied. "I mean everyone will think you've gone insane as it would be completely out of character. An airhead like Amy just wouldn't have a clue."

Chapter 29 – Poor little rich girl

With the five million in my bank account, travelling to warmer countries was something I really enjoyed particularly in winter. However one place I'm sure I would have liked to explore was Thailand where I'd had my gender reassignment surgery a year earlier. Both Lewis and I were not very pleased with the results of my first attempt at gender change surgery.

To say that I'd been botched was a bit of an understatement. So I'd had a further three visits to tidy and improve the unsightly problems down between my legs.

Each time, I didn't want to go through yet more pain of surgery and then the recovery, but Lewis would just easily persuade me that it was the right thing to do. Of course, while they did that they would find something else that needed done, such as having my ears pinned back or yet even more liposuction to my already narrow waist.

I'd always dreamed of seeing the world, but not the inside of every hospital in Bangkok as I was slowly modified yet further. In time I had a very pronounced hourglass feminine looking figure and although Lewis wanted me to have bigger breasts, I dug my usual 4-inch heels in and said no.

Then when I was home I'd continue to have my regular maintenance sessions at Em's beauty salon, while the local health spa almost became my second home, as I worked on maintaining the rigorous beauty regimen expected of me as Lewis's trophy wife.

I almost lost track of the countless treatments I endured. My teeth were all veneered like Katie Price and I'd more decorative tattoos done on my arms and I had two ornate bows tattooed above my ankles which could be easily seen through the sheer 15 denier stockings I usually wore.

Then my lips sported a constant trout pout look that screamed that I was very good at sucking cock. That had become true as I'd eventually gotten used to the sensation and taste of Lewis's hard cock deep inside my mouth whenever the mood took him. Of course until recently I'd had the knowledge and experience of knowing what he was going through when he exploded in my mouth or inside my pussy. For me, although I could orgasm, it was harder work to achieve and it wasn't nearly as satisfying as it had been before when I was Scott. There was no obvious physical indication like before. Now I'd just shudder as he nibbled on what was left of my dick and that was all that happened.

Perhaps the most annoying thing of my becoming cousin Amy was the constant attention I drew from men when I was out and about on my own or with the other panthers. Those views and the lewd comments were anything but subtle.

There's no doubt that the physical side of my relationship with Lewis had been difficult at first, but now it was just something that happened as Lewis was the one with the insatiable sex drive. It was easy to say what my sex drive was like compared to before my surgery. It had fallen off a cliff since then.

When I'd first opened my legs and felt him inside me, I was filled with a great mental and physical discomfort at what was happening. As with many things in my strange new life, it slowly became easier with time. The turning point came when I found that I enjoyed being on top in bed a lot more. In my mind I felt that I was the one doing the fucking instead of being fucked.

Of course after my orchiectomy, the female hormones had completely unhindered ability to alter my body and it was disconcerting to discover that my breasts continued to grow such that I went up to a 40E bra size. My 'girls' now could never be hidden from view even in the largest of loose tops, so I stopped making the effort and let them go fully on show all the time. The strange feeling of

having these heavy twin mounds bouncing on my chest and having to wear a bra never truly disappeared. Then as I worked in an office, I got used to men intently staring at them as they explained to me who they wanted to see.

I'd occasionally wondered if the real Amy had survived that plane crash would she ever return to resume her rightful place, but clearly during her brief time in the USA she'd found happiness. Often in quiet thoughtful moments of reflection, a deep sadness would settle in on my mind. It wasn't for me being my cousin Amy, but for not being Scott any more. That was what stung the most. Yet, as much as that realization stung, it also brought a feeling of acceptance that I was now happily married Mrs Amy Walker.

On the plus side everyone I met as Amy seemed to adore me, with men in particular always trying to attract my attention with a whistle or a comment as I walked by in my stiletto heels, my skirt flapping around my thighs, my cleavage on full display and my blonde hair cascading down my back in soft waves.

"Hey darling where have you been all my life?"

"Hi babe, let me show you a good time?"

"Go on make my day honey, sit on my face."

I found those comments difficult to process at first, but my new life was far from being boring. When I looked in any mirror and I always saw my cousin Amy staring back, I had to accept that for better or worse, this was my life and nothing was going to or could change it.

I'd never expected that by doing my cousin a simple favour of watering some plants, I would spend the rest of my life in the most bizarre and transformative way.

The End

I hope you have enjoyed my story. If so please send me comments and reviews to Elainetguk@yahoo.co.uk My sincere thanks go to Linda for reading and making suggestions to the story.