

MY STEP SISTER ELVIRA

By Cheryl Lynn

Let me tell you about my step sister Elvira. I know as soon as you hear that name you might think of that television character. That “Elvira” with the long black hair, fantastic alabaster bosom and low cut black dress. In any case my Elvira looked nothing like the TV star. It would be kind to describe her as big boned with short brown hair in a pixie cut. I don’t think she even owns a dress preferring pants and jeans. Instead of enjoying dance or yoga she worked out in a gym. You see my Elvira is a butch lesbian.

They say that genetics plays a significant role in whether or not someone is gay. In Elvira’s case that plus wanting to please her father who desired a son sealed her fate. She graduated from tom boy to dominant lesbian over the course of her twenty-two years. Now she is a journeyman carpenter working construction jobs.

Me, I’m Alex, nineteen years old and I first met Elvira when I was sixteen. Her father married my mom then. Ted had been widowed for about six years and mom divorced for two. With the divorce, my dad moved clear across the country. Like a lot of sixteen year old boys I was scrawny, a bit uncoordinated and very curious about girls. Back then it seems like I had a constant erection whenever something feminine crossed my path. Thankfully I discovered masturbation which became a regular stress reliever.

When I first heard that mom was going to marry Ted who had a daughter, I was happy. Then I met her, Elvira. She was older, bigger and stronger than I could ever be. Instead of the delicate feminine image I had envisioned, I had what amounted to an older brother. An older brother who detested me and whom I teased and taunted at every opportunity. She in turn would call me a wimp, pervert or sissy.

My step father, Ted, was a bear of a man tall, muscled and ruggedly handsome. He was a pharmaceutical salesman with a strong type A personality. Me, I took after my mom inheriting her auburn hair, fair complexion and petite size. My mom, Gale, was Irish and my dad English. From my father I inherited his sky blue eyes and my sex. I was proud of my package if for no other reason than taking communal showers after PE. I might be small of stature but my dick made up for my shortcomings.

At the beginning of the marriage I had hoped Ted would accept me as his son. That never happened as his daughter was more of a man than I was. Something she proved over and over again to my shame. The first time we were left alone, Elvira beat me up bringing me to tears. When she showed our parents that she could do the yard work both quicker and better than I, Elvira was then given that chore. I was left helping mom in the kitchen and around the house. My image was further damaged by wearing one of mom’s aprons when I did that. Mom insisted and even her plain aprons had bunches of floral decorations. So I guess I can’t blame Ted for thinking I was not much of a man.

Like I said she was bigger and stronger, participated in sports. Me, the best I could do was run with the track team. Ted didn’t consider track as a manly sport. It didn’t help my standing with him when Elvira kept insisting I was better suited to be his step daughter. It didn’t help my ego when mother kept telling them I had always been “a delicate” boy. Delicate my ass. I just had a high metabolism rate and I did try to muscle up. I tried weights and drinking those protein shakes but no matter I couldn’t

muscle up.

Having to help mom do the housework and wear that stupid apron I decided to man up. This time I was serious about building muscle. Given time I would show that lesbian step sister up and determined to get out of that apron. Ted had a weight room set up in the garage and he and Elvira used it regularly. I was happy when he agreed I could use it as well. However, either he or Elvira had to be present when I tried the weights until I knew how to use them properly.

Since he was away working, I was stuck with Elvira most of the time. She was the one that laughingly set up my workout schedule. I should have been more suspicious at the time when she offered to give me some booster vitamins and protein shakes. It was so totally unlike her to be remotely nice to me but I accepted. A small handful of pills with a shake every morning and after supper each night. I was very disappointed when she started me off using these little one pound chromed dumbbells while on the tread mill. I protested but she insisted that I start off slowly to build up my stamina. When I bitched to Ted about it, I was told in no uncertain terms to do exactly what she told me or forget using the weights altogether. Well if I had to do what Elvira told me to get out of wearing aprons, I had no choice.

I could understand warming up with the tread mill but wanted to build up my biceps and upper chest. Elvira told me that I had to build up my lower body first. Since I had to do what she said or lose my weight room privileges, I complied. Plus it kind of made sense to build my lower body to help support real weight lifting. The sets she demonstrated were just as ridiculous as the tread mill. No barbell with decent weights this time either. It was a series of squats with the barbell held behind my back again with only one pound weights. The other exercise was a deadlift with the one pound dumbbells on the floor in front of me. I would then bend at the waist, grab them, stand with back straight lift them then put them back on the floor. The final exercise was with the medicine ball. Holding it over my head, I would bend from the waist right and left then twist right and left. When I finished for the day both my waist and butt felt the burn. The first time I did this workout with Ted he gave me a funny look but didn't say anything. Over time I didn't get any stronger but I did put on the pounds. Pounds in all the wrong places. My butt blossomed, my waist narrowed and my pectorals got flabby.

Ooo

Soon after I started working out other things began to change as well. Elvira began a deliberate course of undermining my masculinity. No she didn't overtly do anything. She was devious and malicious in her methods. As with my weight training, I didn't realize it but those exercises were for women. Women wanting to build up their butts and trim the waist. Another thing I didn't know at the time was those supplements and shakes were female hormones and testosterone blockers.

Not long after I began taking those supplements and shakes my emotions began getting the better of me. It seemed like one minute I was happy as a lark then next crying. I never cry, well, not unless I was really hurting like hitting my thumb with the hammer. Whenever I cried, Elvira never failed to mention my girlie behavior to her dad or my mom.

"You know daddy, Alex actually cried like a little girl today when he broke a glass. The poor thing."

"You know Gale, Alex really should have been your daughter. Like, I mean, what kind of boy cries so much over little things?"

Those kind of comments were one thing but when mom found a pair of girl's panties

and a bra in my room. My honesty and manhood were seriously called into question. Mom found them when she was changing my bed linens. Of course I had no idea of how they got there and Elvira didn't help.

“Gale I've been telling you that someone has been messing around in my lingerie drawers and in my closet. Now we know who the little pervert is.”

No amount of pleading my innocence made any impact. The clothing didn't get there on their own. The adults never realized that Elvira never wore the very feminine items found in my room. Like a dyke like her would wear lace frilled red satin hip hugger panties or satin uplift bra. Yes, I admit I did sneak around in her room once but that was it. My mom was obviously disappointed but Ted was furious. My butt was streaked with the imprints of his belt over that incident. I had to swear never to do that again before the spanking stopped. I was totally innocent but lied only to stop the punishment.

About a month later Elvira served up another whammy. Mom found a gay magazine I had “accidentally” left on my nightstand's bottom shelf. When I was busted for that, Elvira suggested they check out my computer. When Ted and mom checked it, well, let me tell you the shit hit the fan. I even had an account on a gay dating site. It gave my real name but asked that I be called Rene Ann.

How did that get on my computer without me knowing? Well, it was on a hidden file. I didn't even know that file existed. It was hidden. If Elvira hadn't suggested where they should look, you get the idea. I wasn't given a spanking but the looks Ted gave me were worse. Mom's disappoint was heart breaking. I was given the silent treatment. I was an outcast to both Ted and my mom who only talked to me when absolutely necessary. Even then I was addressed as Rene Ann. Elvira, usually at the dinner table, would talk to me. If you can call “twenty question” talk. She would ask Rene Ann if she wanted her advice on makeup. Did she want to borrow some of her lingerie, etc?

It didn't help my position when I would break out in tears. I knew it was all her doing but couldn't prove anything. Without absolute proof, I could change nothing.

Making my situation even worse was Ted discovering that his estrogen and testosterone blocker samples were missing. The only time his bag of physician samples left his sight was when he was home. Even then it was kept on the top shelf in the closet. A shelf I couldn't reach without a ladder but Elvira could. Elvira found the nearly empty bottles in “my” gym bag. I say “my” gym bag because I didn't know I had one but it was in a corner where I was told to do my work out.

That was the straw that broke the camel's back. Ted had had enough. Slapping his hand solidly on the table top, hard enough to make the dinnerware bounce, he shouted, “Enough! If Alex is gay and wants to be a girl then so be it....But enough of all this pretense! Taking those medications without a doctor's orders is very dangerous. I'll get him an appointment with a doctor I know so he can be monitored. Gale as far as this family is concerned, Alex no longer exists! You have a daughter Rene Ann from now on. See to it. Elvira help your mother.”

With that pronouncement I was doomed. I could only sit there, tears streaming down my face, my lips moving but no sound coming out. Elvira had royally fucked me over and there was nothing I could do about it. Later when I confronted my mother I received no sympathy. She just looked at me sadly and scolded me for not telling her sooner that I rather be her daughter. She also believed that Ted was right about me pretending to be someone I wasn't.

Ooo

That next morning after my shower when I came back into my room there was clothing on my bed. The red satin panties and uplift bra that had been discovered in my room plus a pair of baby blue denim shorts and white cotton ribbed crop top. I was both confused and scared as I raised my voice and shouted, "Mom."

"What's the matter Rene Ann?" she said entering my room.

"These," I said pointing to the pile of clothing.

"Oh, Elvira donated them. She thought since you seemed to like the panties and bra that you could have them. She also was nice enough to give you the shorts and top. Now remember, no more pretense. Get dressed and come down to breakfast. Later we're going shopping to get you more suitable clothing."

"Mom! Please I'm not that way. I promise. Please don't make me do this. This is all Elvira's doing. I swear."

"Enough! We've already had this discussion and I'm as fed up as Ted is with you. Now do as I say or I'll have him come in here with his belt."

Looking back I guess I can't blame her. If I had been any kind of man I should have stood my ground, refused to wear the offending garments and taken the punishment. Instead I stood mute, tears flowing down my face. What a wimp.

A shudder ran up my spine as I pulled the red panties up my legs. They felt totally alien to my cotton boxers as the crotch settled tightly against my groin. I had worn shorts before but again these felt alien. The denim material had a bit of stretch and hugged my butt and groin like a second skin. The back seam dug uncomfortably into my ass crack and the crotch...the crotch smashed my poor balls painfully.

I thought about not putting on the bra but mom's warning about Ted's belt, I made the attempt. I slid my arms through the thin satin straps but no matter how hard I tried couldn't get the confounded band to hook. I finally gave up with only one of the two hook and eye closures fastened. The thin white cotton top like all the other clothing just didn't feel right. What brought fresh tears to my eyes was the bra could be seen through the top. That most feminine of garments and most humiliating item couldn't be hidden. Everyone seeing me would know I was wearing a bra. It was too much. I sat on the edge of the bed and let the tears flow. The tears weren't just from the way I was dressed. When I sat the crotch of the shorts dug deep in both my butt and groin. That's how my step sister found me when she was sent to check up on what was taking me so long.

The sneer on her face quickly changed to sinister laughter as she approached. "Well if it isn't my perv step brother all dressed up crying tears of happiness. Get your ass up and come on, Mom's waiting. By the way Rene Ann put a big smile on that sour puss face of yours and keep it there. Otherwise Dad is going to be really pissed. It was all Mom could do to keep him from coming here with his belt when she told him what you said. He's positively livid over your continued pretense of not wanting to be a girl."

"You did this to me you bitch! You have to tell them it was all your fault! No way I ever wanted to be a girl."

"Watch your dirty tongue perv and show me some proper respect or I'll make damn sure Dad knows you want to have that wiener removed. You know he'll believe me, so smile and do as I tell you."

As I walked by her she snapped my bra band making me yelp in surprise. It also made the single fastening come free. Fresh tears filled my eyes as she refastened it.

“Shit Rene Ann, you’d think a perv like you would know how to fasten a fuckin bra by now,” she sneered then swatted my butt. “Nice ass for a perv. The boys will all want to tap that booty,” she added giving me a shove.

After a meager breakfast with the family, mostly in silence as Ted looked ready to explode, Mom handed me a brown leatherette purse. “I put some tissues in there along with your wallet, cell and keys,” she said tight lipped. She was almost as mad as Ted as we walked to the car.

Like I wanted to go outside looking like this much less venturing out in public anywhere. Seeing the looks on Ted’s and Mom’s face, I certainly didn’t have any choice in the matter. Again it was a moment in time where I had to man up. If I didn’t stand my ground now, I would be well and truly fucked. There would be no going back. No salvation in the foreseeable future. Instead I remembered Elvira’s threat and the look on Ted’s face, so I forced a weak smile and followed Mom and Elvira out to the car.

The first stop was Mom’s beauty parlor which wasn’t due to open for another two hours. There her stylist Betty gave me the works. My slightly below the collar auburn hair was styled in an old fashioned big bob with the sides flipped up. My brows plucked into high arches. The makeup wasn’t overly done but my lips were stained a bright pink and given a slight puckered look. Acrylic half inch nail extensions applied and varnished a hot pink to match my lips. By the time Betty had finished, the other stylists had come in along with some customers. Other than saying hello, I was given no special attention. Apparently they all thought I was just another customer.

I didn’t see my reflection until Betty finished and I arose from the chair. For several moments I was stunned. Looking back at me was a pretty almost beautiful girl’s face. With the tight shorts, my manhood wasn’t obvious so everyone assumed I was a girl. In many ways I was both pleased and disappointed. I was pleased that I was accepted as a girl but at the same time discouraged that I looked so convincing. What boy, almost a man, wants to pass as the opposite gender? I had had hopes of still looking like me and Mom and Ted would stop all this pretense nonsense.

From the salon we went to the mall and Mom now had replaced her frown with a smile. To my relief the mall hadn’t been open long and there wasn’t much of a crowd. I knew no one could tell I was really a boy but that didn’t stop the butterflies rumbling around in my belly. I kept my head down staring at my feet as Mom hurried down the granite tiled hallway. We hadn’t gone fifty feet when she suddenly stopped and faced me.

“Rene Ann, unless you want everyone here to know that you are a boy passing as female, keep your head up, smile and take shorter steps. You’re drawing unnecessary attention. We girls love to shop so start acting like you love it,” she hissed into my ear. It wasn’t easy but I forced a smile holding my head up while on the inside I was dying from embarrassment. I almost lost it when Mom had me sit in the chair inside the Piercing Pagoda. The triple piercing in each ear only stung slightly but I left with a few tears. What boy has triple holes punched into his ears? They might be only pink keepers but Mom purchased several ultra-feminine dangly earrings for later.

At the Macy’s MAC counter with the help of an overly made up young woman I selected the cosmetics I would need. Mom had gone to another counter leaving me alone with my step sister. At Elvira’s insistence my lipstick choices were kept to the bright reds, magentas and scarlet’s. Likewise my eye shadow choices were restricted to the bright purples, plums and lavenders. With the large cosmetics purchase, I was given several instructional DVD’s. The DVD’s would teach me how to apply heavy evening wear

makeup. Something Elvira was going to make damn sure I would learn and use daily. "None of that natural look for you Rene Ann. You're the super girlie girl type and just love tons of makeup," she whispered.

My humiliation didn't end as we went to buy me a whole new wardrobe. First it was a stop in the foundations department. With my physique, tight confining panty and long-line girdles had to be purchased. Thanks to all those exercises in the weight room, my butt didn't need any padding. However, they did make my front look as flat as any girls. Next on to outer wear. Short flirty skirts with frilly feminine blouses, mini-dresses, skin tight leggings and Capri's plus the necessary skinny jeans with fancy colorful embroidery on the back pockets completed that task.

Leaving Macy's with me wearing a baby blue panty girdle under my denim shorts, we headed to Vickie's Secrets. I apparently needed a ton of panties, bras, camisoles and such. Here my embarrassment went to mortification as a sales girl measured my bust. Based on her figures I was a 34 small B cup. Damn those hormones Elvira had been sneaking into my shakes and so called vitamins. We left with me wearing a new gel filled black satin bra giving me a full C cup and several pink bags. The bigger chest filled my view whenever I looked down and being black really showed through my thin top.

The next stops were the shoe stores where I became the proud owner of two dozen pairs of shoes. Most were strappy sandals but pumps, sling backs and ankle boots were purchased. None of the shoes had less than a three inch spiked heel except for one pair of gray and pink striped trainers. I wore the trainers out of that store.

The final and probably the most taxing part of the shopping trip was accumulating the accessories. By this time I was completely exhausted of both mind and body. Earlier we had stopped at the food court where I had a chicken salad and diet soda. Both items which I detested but now that I was a "girl" had to eat. Some BS about having to watch my weight. Making matters worse I was acutely aware of how I was dressed. I had the most uncomfortable feeling that everyone was staring at my chest. I expected at any moment someone would point at me and shout out that I was a boy.

Between the girdle and fear, I ate very little. As I slurped the last of my diet drink I realized what a mistake I had made. I needed to pee in the worst way. Mom saw me squirming in my chair as she and Elvira finished eating.

"Looks like someone needs to use the potty. Let's finish up and we'll stop at the ladies," she announced.

With that statement I knew she meant me as well. Hell, the women's changing rooms were bad enough but to actually use the lady's restroom. Wasn't that illegal? Mom grabbed my hand and whispering for me to make sure I sat, pulled me into that forbidden room. The stalls had at least one person waiting something I was totally unused to. Again, Mom saw my growing fear and calmed me by talking, taking my mind off my surroundings. By the time I got into a stall, pulled that dratted girdle off and sat it was almost too late.

The late lunch had given me a slight boost but now going through a stack of purses, I could barely keep my eyes open. Plus the girdle and bra were really bothering me. The girdle was digging into my waist and hot while the bra's straps kept needing adjustment, the band digging into my chest. Maybe if I were a real girl, I would have had more energy but I detested everything. All I wanted was for this day to end. With the trunk and half of the back seat filled with bags and boxes, we finally headed home.

Apparently Ted had been busy while we were shopping. My room had a totally

different look. The walls freshly painted a soft baby pink and the smell of latex paint mixed with a heady floral scent filled the air. My old twin bed was gone replaced by a snow white monstrosity. It was a Gabrielle upholstered low profile bed with a wood framed headboard in a bright white fabric upholstery, tufted with crystal accents. The low profile footboard had a curvy apron and grooved edge design. The linens were pink with a lavender quilted satin duvet. A matching white with pink piping bedside table, chest of drawers and vanity, small computer desk with straight backed chair completed the furnishings.

My eyes must have bulged out like one of those cartoon characters as I surveyed the room. It was so utterly feminine in not only furnishings but in smell. There were those plug-in deodorizers in most of the sockets I could see. Worse yet all my boy stuff was gone. My prized Clay Matthews life sized wall decal was gone replaced with a fathead decal across from the foot of the bed of Niall Horan and on the side wall by the bed one of the boy band, Big Time Rush. Between everything that had happened to me today and this room, I collapsed to my knees, bringing my hands to cover my face and began crying.

“Oh look mommy and daddy! Rene Ann is so thrilled and happy she’s overcome with joy,” was the last I heard before passing out.

Ooo

True to his word Ted set up an appointment with some quack he knew. At first I hoped I would get some sympathy and understanding from the doctor. Elvira made sure I presented a proper image for the visit. Laid out on the bed as I returned from the bath was an outfit from hell. Glistening white satin rumba panties with row upon row of white floral lace on the back and a matching lace embellished training bra. A bra that would seriously be overfilled by my B-cup breasts and uncomfortable. The three tiered satin party dress with sheer white balloon short sleeves with attached white net petticoats was even more ridiculous than the underwear. Completing the outfit was a pair of white lace welted thigh highs and pink patent leather Mary Jane styled shoes with metal taps no less.

“You can’t be serious! I’m not wearing that!” I exploded.

“Oh yes you are perv,” she replied advancing on my trembling form.

She had a wooden hairbrush in her hand and my feeble protests went for naught. With reddened eyes, I slowly donned the childish outfit. I felt the complete fool as she helped me apply full evening makeup. When she was finished with me I looked like a slutty ten year old with big hair. Picture Tammy Wynette’s head on Shirley Temple’s body and you get the general idea.

Standing in front of Mom and Ted, face flushed as pink as the dress, I told them I was ready to go. They both had shocked expressions and Mom looked like she was going to tell me to change when Elvira spoke up.

“Mom, Dad Rene Ann insisted on wearing this. I tried to talk her out of it but she wouldn’t listen. You know she’s such a girlie girl at heart. So I guess it’s okay.”

With a loud grunt of exasperation, Ted turned and headed for the door. “I don’t have the time to waste arguing. Come on let’s go.”

There are no words to describe how humiliated I was sitting in the doctor’s waiting room. It was bad enough for my family to see me dressed this way but a room full of strangers. Bet you can’t guess who the center of attention and snide commentary was. Actually I didn’t get all the attention, Elvira didn’t escape notice. She was

wearing a white ribbed undershirt, black sports bra, dark olive green fatigues and desert camouflaged boots.

When I was called into the exam room Elvira volunteer to go with me. Mom and Ted were more than happy to let her go. As we walked into the clinic, the background noise rose. Our extreme contrasting mode of dressing the obvious cause. Fortunately when I saw the doctor I was only wearing a paper gown. His exam was thorough but mostly done in silence. Whatever questions he had, Elvira promptly answered for me. When the doctor looked at me, I could only nod my head. Elvira had made it very plain what would happen should I do anything different.

After he finished my examination, he gave me a stern lecture about using hormones without medical guidance. With the lecture over he gave me two injections and a prescription. I guess about the only good thing that happened was the doctor didn't see me in that awful outfit.

Ooo

My days were no different than my nights. Each was a living nightmare. Elvira had her girlfriend come over every day after everyone left for work. My step sister had gotten a job as a journeyman carpenter. She wasn't about to leave me to my own devices or revert to my male persona. Ellen was a very feminine, pretty girl whose life spun around fashions, makeup, music and of course, Elvira. Since she knew more about being feminine than Elvira, she was put in charge of my learning. I spent summer learning how to walk, talk and behave just like Ellen. I was force fed a diet of womanhood, fashion and boys. Yes, boys. Elvira positively glowed when Ellen taught me about the birds and bees from the girl's point of view. These were very painful lessons for me both physically and emotionally. Despite being very feminine Ellen had a sadistic streak and loved using the ping pong paddle on my upturned ass. As a result, I don't think I could have moved or acted like a man without serious concentration by the start of my senior year.

My ordeal started about this same time two years ago when I asked to use the weights. My actual dressing began as soon as school had let out for the summer. Thinking back the worse thing I ever did was ask to use those weights. If I hadn't done that I wouldn't be the feminized creature I was at present. By this point I felt undressed without my girdle and bra or wearing at least some makeup. Ironing pleats was a no brainer and scooping my skirts under before sitting an unconscious act. Selecting the right outfit and accessories still took time and thought but what girl doesn't do that. Other than my shrunken genitals I looked and behaved like any eighteen year old girlie girl. So the idea of going back to my old school as Rene Ann scared me to my very core.

I thought Ellen was trying to be nice when she recommended to my parents that I be transferred to her school. She mentioned that with the proper paperwork from my doctor, the transfer and identity change would be no problem. She was right and I was enrolled into Sutter High as Rene Ann (F). Elvira told me the only reason she didn't have me drop out was so I could date boys. Date boys, like I would ever do that. Practicing oral sex with Ellen's dildo made me physically ill. Doing it in real life I knew would be impossible for me. Despite how I look and act, I'm most definitely so not gay. In any case I needed the courses, grades and graduation to get into college. More importantly I needed this to have any hopes of becoming me again.

I admit by this point in my life I was very submissive especially with Ellen and Elvira. Their painful methods of instruction and incentives had made a mockery of my male ego. Add the complications of being on female hormones and testosterone blockers, I

didn't have much of a chance.

I had been in classes for less than two weeks when Ellen told me I had a date for the Friday night football game. Of course I told her there was no way I was going out with some boy.

"Look Ellen, you and Elvira may have me looking and posing as a girl but I'm still me inside. I'm not gay and don't need any of your help. All I want is to graduate and get the hell away from all of you. You and Elvira have destroyed my life already, so why not just leave me the hell alone."

"Rene Ann don't be so melodramatic. We only want what's best for you. By the time you graduate, you need to be confident in your feminine self. The only way for that to happen is for you to date and socialize. Your senior year is supposed to be the spring board to the rest of your life. Now Elvira and I have decided that getting intimate with boys is the best way to do that. So, I have set you up with Rodger Neal. He's a member of the LGBT group here on campus and I told him all about you. He said he would be more than happy to help you come to terms with your femininity. You know it's not that common for gay men to want to date really feminine boys like yourself. So be happy that we found someone to take you out."

"I don't care! I'm not going out with some boy! Tha....that's just sick! There's nothing you can do to make me do that."

That afternoon Elvira and Ellen took me to a tattoo parlor where a good friend of theirs worked. I left with an elaborate colorful floral tramp stamp tattooed across the small of my back. While that was being done, I was shown numerous other very girlish tattoos and piercings that could be added to more visible places on my body.

Ooo

Ellen and Elvira helped me get ready for my date. Over the summer I had been taught all about dating hygiene and Elvira made sure I followed it. Three warm water douches and liberal application of lubricant. A smirking Elvira said I probably wouldn't need it on a first date but it didn't hurt to be prepared. My tears had pretty much dried up by the time I sat at the vanity.

I guess in retrospect it could have been a whole lot worse. Elvira could have insisted I look and act like a total slut but she didn't. As it was my first date, she had me wear virginal white high cut nylon panties, matching satin push up bra and lace trimmed half-slip. The "trashiest" lingerie she insisted upon was a lacy garter belt and sheer hose with a lace welt.

For outer wear she had me put on a black high waisted box pleated flare mid-thigh skirt and blue cotton full sleeved blouse with a pointed collar. She insisted I keep the top three buttons of the blouse undone. Black and blue were the school colors by the way. Blue leather strappy sandals with a three inch wedge heel completed my dressing. A number of thin metal bangles for my wrist, large gold hoops and pearl studs, rings on my fingers and a blue purse completed my accessories.

I sat on the vanity stool fingering the hem of my short skirt waiting to be called to meet my date. I wasn't looking forward to going out with another boy but given my choices. Mom had actually seemed pleased when she checked on me and told me I looked pretty. I guess over the summer Mom had gotten used to having a daughter and accepted it. As for Ted he avoided me as much as he could. So there I sat, plucking at my skirt nervous and anxious awaiting Mom's call.

Rodger was tall, at least four inches taller than me in my three inch wedges. His body

was toned and his face ruggedly handsome. He was wearing a blue pull over collared shirt and black tight fitting jeans. Everything about him was totally opposite of my old Alex self. I found out that he was the captain of our school's swim team. Good enough to get a scholarship offer from a top tier college. I can't say that I totally didn't enjoy our date. The game was a close one and exciting. Other than holding my hand or clasping my waist, Rodger was a gentleman.

It wasn't until after the game that things became uncomfortable. The school was having its customary "Victory" dance in the cafeteria. I had never danced, in the girl's role and in heels no less. I was clumsy doing the fast ones but kept my eyes on other girls trying my best to copy them. Fast dances pretty much came down to gyrating my ass and twisting my torso. The slow ones were more complicated. Not complicated as doing a backwards box step but the up close and personal body contact. I became very uncomfortable during the slow ones as Rodger grabbed my ass and pulled our groins together. Actually his groin was pressed against my stomach. Feeling a hard dick pressing against my belly as we danced was extremely disconcerting. Other than that and some nibbling on my neck, the school dance was okay.

When not dancing we sat at a table with some of his swim team buddies and their dates. Between dances I talked to the girls and Rodger talked to his buddies. I was shy at first interacting with other real girls but with my reading and tutoring didn't give myself away. I easily held my own on fashions, makeup and such. I was a little concerned when as a group we girls went to the restroom. As soon as we entered the other girls gave me the third degree over my relationship with Rodger. Since it was my first date I managed to evade most of more embarrassing questions. It also occurred to me from the conversation that no one knew Rodger was gay.

It wasn't until I was taken home that I began to panic. Rodger had become more touchy-feely as the night progressed and that worried me. I could put up with him playing grab ass, rubbing my back and kissing my neck at the dance. However I wasn't sure what he would do now. What I did know was that his dick was as stiff as a board during the closing slow dance. My hopes that my ability to pass as female would turn the gay boy off evaporated with that dance.

I was pleasantly surprised when he drove me straight home. He escorted me to the front door. With my back to the door, he put his hands on both sides of my head and before I could turn my face, kissed me full on the lips, forcing his tongue deep into my mouth. I tried to break the kiss but he was too strong.

Finally after what seemed like a long time, he pulled back and with a big shit eating grin said, "I'll pick you up same time next Friday."

I was left sputtering on the stoop as he quickly walked back to his car then drove off. I couldn't believe that I had just been tongued by another boy. It felt weird, it felt disgusting but didn't leave me puking my guts out. My daze was broken as the door opened behind me. Mom and Elvira were both standing in the doorway grinning from ear to ear. Crap! They had seen everything. I walked between them then ran as fast as I could in my wedges to my room. Tears of humiliation flowing down my cheeks as I did so.

"Wow! That was some hot kiss perv," Elvira said sticking her head inside my door.

I threw my wedge heel at her but missed her head. I even throw like a girl now. Fortunately, I was left alone for the rest of the night. Out of forced habit I removed my makeup, put my hair in curlers and wearing a flouncy baby doll went to bed. What a friggin night.

Over the next week at school I sorta teamed up with the girls I met at the Victory dance, Mary, Rhoda, Laverne and Kathy. It all happened Monday in the cafeteria. I was leaving the line with my tray when I saw them at a nearby table. Laverne waved me over and told me to have a seat. Of course they started off the conversation asking all about my date but soon turned to other topics. I guess sitting with them at lunch made me a member of their click. It also put me on high alert to make sure I blended in. Looking back over the last year mixing with those girls had made me even more feminine. We didn't have any classes together but met every day for lunch. Occasionally I even spent time with them at the mall on the weekends. The only kidding I received from them was my so out of date hairstyle and retro dressing.

Ooo

Friday arrived all too soon along with my upcoming second date with Rodger. Ellen and Elvira had a blast picking out my outfit. They were disgusting, making me want to gag. When they weren't teasing me (I hoped they were teasing) pulling out childish dresses, they were playing tongue tag and feeling each other up. I even got the courage to tell them to go get a room.

Finally they settled on a black velvet baby doll dress with a blue satin sash. The sash tied off in a big bow at the low back. It had a low rounded neckline and reached mid-thigh. The lingerie was all blue satin and the lace welted hosiery also a sheer blue. I was embarrassed when I tried it on for them as a large amount of cleavage was exposed. It was late September though not cold would be chilly. At least I could cover up my exposed chest with a baby blue cardigan. Ellen told me if she saw it buttoned, my ass would be grass. I guess I forgot to tell you she was a senior and a cheerleader.

The game was at my old high school across town. While I was pretty sure none of my old classmates would recognize me, I was nervous. We sat with Rodger's buddies and their dates Laverne, Mary, Rhoda and Kathy. Needless to say I was the only girl in the group wearing a friggin dress. Laverne looked especially hot in black fringed leggings and a blue long sleeved cowl necked angora sweater. The game was lopsided with Sutter winning by a large margin. Since it was an away game there was no Victory dance and we went to get pizza. Again Rodger was a gentleman for the most part. During half time, he saw me shivering and pulled me into his lap. With his arms pinning me against his body I could feel his erection pressing into my bottom as he bent his head and kissed me on the neck. The other girls were doing pretty much the same with their boyfriends so I had no choice.

As we were finishing up the pizza one of the boys said he had a case of beer in his trunk and we should all go to Look Out Point. It was just getting dark as we pulled into a secluded spot overlooking the lake. It didn't take the guys long to start a fire while the girls scattered blankets around. Roscoe rolled a joint and Bobby brought out a case of beer. Apparently the guys had pre-planned everything. As much as I didn't want to be there, I had no choice. The beer was cold, the pot relaxing and I did partake. As long as I was stuck I might as well get high.

I was feeling pretty mellow when Rodger grabbed my hand and pulled me upright. "Come on Rene Ann I want to show you something," he said giving me a passionate kiss,

We walked a ways along the lake shore until we came to a small cove. Rodger tossed the blanket onto the sandy shore, gave me another deep kiss and guided me down. The full moon was just above the horizon reflecting its soft light over the calm waters. In my pot and beer induced haze I thought it was fascinating. My reverie ended as Rodger pulled me on top of him and began kissing me fiercely, passionately on my

lips, neck and exposed chest. The zipper on the back of my dress echoed in my ears as he pulled it down. The top of my dress quickly followed along with my bra being unhooked.

Warm moist lips on my nipple sent a tingle up my spine. Not unpleasant but unexpected. I let out a gasp as he sucked and nipped it with his teeth. The sensations coming from my breast was totally unanticipated. I admit I had played with them from time to time but this....this felt so different and much more pleasant. He rolled us over and now Rodger was on top, his lips demanding as he suckled my breasts. In the process he was between my legs and I could feel his erection pressing into my groin. I was lost in the new sensations coming from my breasts that I didn't notice until he began slowly humping. Alarm bells rang in my mind but I ignored them as he slid down my body. My drug and alcohol dazed mind kept me from objecting.

When I felt him pulling down my panties, I did begin to panic. Shoving at him with my hands and managed a strangled "Nooooo," without effect. My protests died when I felt his lips on my penis. With the drugs I had been taking it was miniscule compared to what it had been. It was also unresponsive to my manipulations. Rodger's lips and sucking however did make it twitch but not erect.

My mind screamed that this was so wrong so queer but after so long it felt...well I can't really describe it. I was lost in the moment my mind screaming in protest but at the same time screaming in rapture. It wasn't until Rodger moved his groin over my face that I began to panic once again. As he had been sucking on my dick, he had pulled his jeans and boxers down. Now as his groin hovered above my face, his seven inch engorged dick filled my vision. I was going to yell "No" when it plunged into my mouth. Instinctively I reached out and grasped it around the base preventing it from going all the way in. I tried to turn my head but his knees pressed tightly. All I could do was swallow and attempt to push it out with my tongue. It was too stiff. He moaned, and began to pump it slowly. Not pulling all the way out or trying to push too far in.

I was just too weak to stop what was happening. Over the past year with the pharmaceuticals and strict diet, I was physically weak. Now, for the first time I realized just how weak I was in my mind. Rodger's masculine strength and dominance was overpowering me. I realized how a woman must feel and the helplessness of being possessed by a male. Driving home the point was the fact that I was enjoying it. While the event was not with my consent I really didn't do anything to stop it. Swallowing cum wasn't the worst thing I had ever tasted and it didn't make me sick. Afterwards Rodger was attentive and told me he loved me. Loved me! No one had shown me any love in a long time. So how could I have been mad? He had needs and so did I. It took me some time after that night to understand my feelings.

After that night I was very emotional. At first I felt dirty, unclean for letting it happen. However the more I thought about it and how I felt loved for the first time in ages, I accepted it. I was now a "woman" in my mind's eye. I couldn't deny that my physical form would never revert to maleness. I couldn't deny that it felt good being with another male. The easiest way for me to cope would be to accept myself as a woman. Besides there was nothing I could do to change anything. If I allowed myself to be miserable then Elvira would have won. I will not let that happen. I was Rene Ann, a woman, hear me roar.

end