

NOT ANOTHER TG STORY



By
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CONTENTS

<u>Title Page</u>
<u>Copyright</u>
<u>Dedication</u>
<u>Chapter One - Rip-Off</u>
<u>Chapter Two - Mall Rats</u>
<u>Chapter Three - The Short Way Home</u>
<u>Chapter Four - Cheery Day</u>
<u>Chapter Five - Pom Pun</u>
<u>Chapter Six - Dress Rehearsal</u>
<u>Chapter Seven - It Was Wet</u>
<u>Chapter Eight - Bikini Season</u>
<u>Chapter Nine - Leashed</u>
<u>Chapter Ten - Pussy Whipped</u>
<u>Chapter Eleven - Girly Thoughts</u>
<u>Chapter Twelve - Party Time</u>
<u>Chapter Thirteen - No Control</u>
<u>Chapter Fourteen - Skipping Breakfast</u>
<u>Chapter Fifteen - Nick's Surprise</u>
<u>Chapter Sixteen - Life's a Beach</u>
<u>Chapter Seventeen - Friendly Outing</u>
<u>Chapter Eighteen - Did She Plan That?</u>
<u>Chapter Nineteen - Make a Woman Out of You</u>
<u>Chapter Twenty - Thigh Gap</u>
<u>Epilogue</u>
<u>About the Authors</u>

NOT
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STORY

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We would like to dedicate our first book to all those who have supported our gender transformation art and writing over the past few years. This includes our close friends, fans who write to us, and loyal followers! Special thanks to Belladonna and Jennifer Yager for providing advice and editing the book.

CHAPTER ONE

Rip-Off

“NO! I am NOT wearing that dress!”

“C’mon man, it’s a tight fit, but it looks great” replied Kyle.

It was a familiar argument over the past year. It started when Kyle walked in on his best friend Dylan wearing a bra in his bedroom. Kyle had been looking for a way to crossdress anyway, so he threatened to tell everyone Dylan knew unless he agreed to let him crossdress as well in Dylan’s sister Amanda’s room. Unlike Dylan, Kyle didn’t have a sister and didn’t own any girl clothes. Since his parents were divorced, he mostly spent time at his dad’s house, taking him away from even his mother’s clothes.

“I like the design and everything but it’s going to make me look fat!”

“No way! It’s tightest around the waist, meaning you will have more tits and ass,” said Kyle. He was trying to squish Dylan into a hot pink dress, while he wore Amanda’s Victoria’s Secret PINK Hoodie and yoga shorts.

“Fine, I’ll try it on, but at least help with the zipper in back,” Dylan acquiesced reluctantly.

Kyle quickly agreed as he moves over behind his friend, amusedly watching Dylan struggles to get the dress on and into position. Kyle reached out, grabbing the zipper and pulling up forcefully with all his might. “C’mon man, breathe in or something!” Kyle huffed as he pulled with both hands. Unfortunately, the next sound he heard wasn’t the zipper moving up. Instead, it was a sickening tearing sound as the side of the dress split open.

“FUCK MAN! I told you that was going to happen! It was way too small!” Dylan screamed. “This thing is ripped all down the side! It’s

brand new. Still has the tags on it. God Damn it... What are we going to do?"

"Right, if we hide it do you think she will notice? I mean, girls buy clothes all the time, they wouldn't notice one thing going missing....right?" Kyle said wishfully.

"This is different!"

"Wait! Pass me the tags."

"It's not the price or anything. I heard her talking to mom about it," Dylan replied, suddenly realized just how much trouble he could be in.

"No idiot, look! It says the shop! Perfect, we have a way out!" Kyle stated excitedly with a smile.

"What!? How could that possibly help us?" Dylan replied, eager to find out his friend's idea.

"It's simple, we just go to the store and buy the same dress. Problem solved! She will never know!" Kyle smiled to himself, pleased with his own genius plan.

"Dude, she fucking bought this from Charlotte Russe. We would look like total faggots walking into that store by ourselves and exchanging a dress!" Dylan said dismissively.

Kyle's smile quickly dropped off his face as he looked down at Amanda's clothing scattered on the light cream carpeted floor. After a while his eyes darted up to her vanity, looking at the wide array of makeup scattered across it, then back to his friend. Dylan immediately sensed his intentions and protested.

"Fuck no! There's no way in hell either one of us would be passable. We haven't even done this outside, let alone in public," Dylan quickly

stated, figuring out Kyle's plan before he even said it.

“Bullshit, I've seen the way you look at yourself in the mirror. We both know that with different hair and makeup you would be easily passable!” said Kyle in a slow steady voice.

“Dude, are we seriously talking about this? Voice? I don't walk like I have a pussy? Lack of tits? And what about you!?” Dylan counted on his fingers to help list the problems as he shouted them out.

“Well, unless you want to go up to Amanda and explain how her little brother was trying on her new dress when he ripped it, yeah I am! You don't have to talk anyways. I can go with you and pretend to be your boyfriend or something. I will do all the talking,” he said rather casually.

“I'm NOT gay.”

Kyle smirked, and then started laughing at his friend in the ripped dress with panties and bra underneath. Dylan, seeing there were no other options, sighed and began thinking things through.

“How about this....First off, NO HOLDING HANDS! Then...I think I can pass only if I don't wear anything tight, so maybe one of Amanda's hoodies and sweat pants? I'm sure she has a ski mask somewhere?” Dylan responded, ignoring Kyle's cackling.

“Ha-ha, see? It'll be sooo easy man. I'm telling you. In, then out, no hassle.”

“Says the guy who doesn't have to go out in public dressed as a chick,” Dylan said as he took off his peach colored push up bra and threw it on Amanda's purple sheeted bed.

Kyle reached over, grabbed the bra and threw it back at Dylan.
“What the hell are you doing!? Put your bra back on!” Kyle yelled at his friend.

Dylan riposted defensively back, "What the shit? I told you I'm wearing a hoodie. Why would I need to wear a bra?"

"Look, you're pretending to be a girl. Girls wear bras! We can't afford to be found out, so just put your pretty bra back on!"

"Amanda is a 38DD, how am I supposed to fill these cups? My chest isn't that big!" Dylan stated, his temper flaring.

"Just use socks or hose or something, I dunno. I think I read a story where they used water balloons?"

"I'm NOT taking a chance at one of those bursting. Where the hell did you hear that story anyway?" Dylan said, questioning Kyle's knowledge.

"Some weird site. Don't worry, just use tights then. Roll them up for padding," said Kyle as he pointed to Amanda's top drawer.

Dylan hurriedly searched through his sister's underwear drawer for some leggings or panty hose. As he was stuffing his bra with a pair of hose, Kyle noticed a small but very noticeable bulge in his friend's panties.

"Shit, I almost forgot! What the hell are we going to do about that?" Kyle said as he pointed to Dylan's orange colored bikini style panties. The bulge was pushing the little bow around the waist way out, making the lace detailing around the edge stretch with it.

"I don't think it's going to happen when I'm in front of people. I don't know..." Dylan replied, more out of hope than experience.

"I'll be right back..."

As Kyle left the room, Dylan searched around for the rest of his disguise. He managed to find a pair of leggings that were

comfortable to wear, then put on one of Amanda's gray University of College Lawn hoodie over his now ample chest. Amanda was about twenty pounds lighter than him, but about the same height. While Amanda was an average build and blessed with beautiful curves, Dylan had always been slightly overweight for a guy of his short five foot eight stature. Knowing he had to blend in as a seventeen year-old girl, he wanted to play it safe. After finding a pair of Amanda's UGGs he pulled his semi-long hair back in a ponytail, which was about the only way he knew how to "style" his hair. He then grabbed a pair of Amanda's glasses to complete his look.

Kyle came storming back into the room slightly out of breath. "Right, you're gonna hate this, but I have the perfect thing for your little problem!" He held up a roll of duct tape in his right hand for Dylan to see.

"Hell no, man! That's going to hurt like a mother fucker. What if I have to take a piss?" Dylan instantly rejected Kyle's idea.

"No man, trust me it will be easy to take off. Just a little water and it will rub off, and, well, you will just have to sit down to leak like a girl anyway."

"I'll have to wait till I'm not hard anymore. I'll just tape it later in the car. How does this look?" Dylan said as he extended his arms and staggered around in a very unladylike manner.

Kyle nodded approvingly, "Neck down, you look like a shy teen girl, perfect!"

"Do my boobs look even?" Dylan asked as he adjusted his bra. "Her bras have always been tight on me and this stupid stuffing isn't making it more comfortable!"

"Well, thinking about it, while we are shopping you could always you know... Get your own bras and stuff," Kyle said hopefully without even looking at Dylan's new breasts.

“That's not a bad idea actually, but I don't know how much they costs and returning this fucking dress is priority. Also, we don't want to be spotted by anyone we know. I mean what are you going to say if someone recognizes us?” Dylan exclaimed, sensing that they were making a huge mistake.

“I have no idea, I mean at least I'm not the one dressed like a fag. I could just say I was going along with your idea,” Kyle replied before laughing.

“DUDE THAT'S NOT FUCKING FUNNY!” Dylan shouted as he hurriedly took off his UGGs and started to remove the hair band holding his ponytail.

“Oh c'mon, I was just kidding. Look with a bit of makeup and you not hiding your face, no one will know. Surely makeup can't be that hard, let's just watch a tutorial on YouTube or something,” Kyle said as he tried to calm his friend down.

Dylan shook his head in response. “We don't have time for that! Have you ever tried it before!? She's definitely going to find out if we use too much of it.”

“Then let's just use lipstick, eyeliner and perfume. Easy!”

“That IS MAKEUP! It's too hard to put on!” Dylan said, convinced that they could not do it without Amanda noticing.

“Look, you are doing this! It's the only way you're looking passable, you can buy some make up to replace hers as well while we're out. Now, sit down!” Kyle sternly told Dylan while pointing to a chair.

Dylan obediently sat into Amanda's vanity chair and spread his legs wide while doing so.

“That won't do! I mean you look like a dude, stand back up!”

Dylan stood up and looked at the clock, nervous that someone might come home.

“Now, sit down again, but, for god's sake, try and look like a girl doing it. I'm not having everyone find out about this cause you can't act like a girl for a couple hours!” Kyle commanded.

Dylan straddled the seat and started humping it in a crude joking manner before replying, “Man, it's not like we ever practiced walking or acting like girls. I just liked wearing the clothes and shit. How do you expect me to know how to sit like a chick?”

“You're the one with the sister, just think about how she moved and copy what she did.”

Dylan sighed and, with a surprising amount of grace, sat in the chair, immediately crossing his legs with his hands on top of his knee while looking into the mirror with his back straightened.

“Holy shit, man! That was spot on, man, looked gay as shit, but girly,” Kyle laughed as he commented on his friend's movement.

“I'm just going to do lipstick and perfume. I'm afraid of hitting myself in the eye with those fucking pencils she uses for eyeliner,” Dylan stated, once again ignoring his friend's ridicule.

“Yeah, I don't get how the hell that works either. What color are you going with?” Kyle said leaning over on the edge of the bed towards Dylan.

“I look like a girl just bumming, so this will do,” Dylan said as he picked up his sister's Urban Decay Naked Lipstick and applied it to his boyish lips.

“Man, watching girls put on lipstick is pretty damn hot.”

"I'm NOT a girl!" Dylan said, quickly annoyed by Kyle.

"Says the guy putting on lipstick with tits! Ha-ha!" said Kyle as he sprayed his friend on the neck with Viva La Juicy perfume.

"Well, let's just hope smelling and dressing like a girl will help me act like a girl..."

"You do LOOK like a girl, I mean not the hottest one ever, but a definitely a girl. This might actually work!" Kyle said, sounding surprised much to Dylan's dismay.

"Are you ready? I think she left the receipt for this in her bag over there."

Kyle grabbed the bag, rifled through it and found the receipt, as well as a necklace. He walked back towards Dylan, who was still sitting at the vanity.

"Here, it's pretty and will hopefully take attention away from boy things in that area..." Kyle said as he carefully draped it over his friend's neck and closed the clasp in the back. "There, outfit complete! Let's go already."

"So since you're my boyfriend you are driving, right?"

CHAPTER TWO

Mall Rats

Dylan and Kyle were listening to a hard rock station on the radio as they usually did as they made their way to the mall in Dylan's car.

"Cross your legs! No girl sits with her legs open unless the bitch has a skirt on with no panties and is looking for some dick or something," Kyle warned Dylan.

"It's not that easy man! You try crossing your legs when you have a... you know," Dylan said shyly as he moved his leg over the other slowly and rather awkwardly.

"Speaking of that thing, you got that duct tape?" Kyle asked.

"Well, yeah, but, I mean, how the fuck is it going to help!?"

"Dude, I saw you with a woody before in girl's clothes. That shit can't be happening today. Just like... umm pull it back and put tape all around it like a diaper," Kyle said, trying to concentrate on the road.

Dylan snorted in disgust, replying "I can't just pull it back when it's hard! I'll break it or something!"

"Fuck man... Have you been hard this entire time?"

"Have you seen what I'm wearing, I can't stop it," Dylan said defensively.

"I would tell you to just jerk off or something, but you aren't doing that in my car!"

"Well, where could I do it anyway without staining her clothes?" Dylan retorted, not expecting an answer.

“Just do it once we get to the mall in the ladies’ room,” Kyle replied, as if it was the perfect answer.

Dylan shot a horrified glance back at Kyle before shouting, “You’re joking right, I mean you can’t be serious? You want me to walk into the mall, then into the WOMEN’S toilets to jerk off? All the while, having a massive hard on?”

“You can’t go into the men’s room if you have to piss today, so why not?” Kyle said while he pulled into a parking spot.

Dylan cursed under his breath, before taking in a few deep breaths and replying, “Right... but how do I hide it till I’m there?”

“You have to carry the bag with the dress in it, so just hold it in front of your dumb ass,” Kyle said with a heavy laugh.

“Right yeah okay, are you sure we should do this? I mean if it’s too risky, we should go back home,” Dylan mentioned, hoping his friend would agree.

“And then tell your sister you ruined her dress that she just bought? And knowing you, you would squeal and probably then tell her that both of us have been wearing her stuff for weeks...yeah right, that’s not happening... Come on let’s go,” Kyle said while turning off the engine and taking the keys out and placing them into his jeans’ pocket.

As he left the car, Dylan made one last futile attempt to convince Kyle before letting out a sigh and stepping out crossdressed for the first time.

Dylan looked up into the cloudy February sky, as a quick breeze making him shiver. Looking around much to his annoyance, the mall was as busy as ever. Cars drove around them, each looking for a spot, families walked together towards the mall and Kyle waited for Dylan on the other side of the car.

“Remember, I’ll do all the talking, okay? We’ll just say you have sore throat or something,” Kyle said while holding the mall entrance door open for Dylan, who appreciated the small gesture of kindness from his friend.

Squinting slightly at the bright lights inside, Dylan looked around nervously, checking for people looking at him strangely. Much to his surprise, and relief, not a single person seemed to realize his ruse.

“Man, why did you park so far away from the closest bathrooms!” Dylan said under his breath, thoroughly annoyed at his friend.

“SHHHHH NO TALKING!!!” Kyle warned.

Dylan mocked him as they headed straight for the restrooms.

While walking through the mall, just a few steps from the bathroom, Kyle spotted a Claire’s Store with a sign advertising ‘Free Piercing with Purchase.’ Grabbing Dylan by the arm, he dragged him into the store.

They entered the shop, Dylan too scared to ask Kyle what he was doing. Dylan noticed Claire’s was fairly empty with only a few mothers and young daughters in the store. There was a cute teen salesgirl behind the register, so Kyle dragged Dylan right in front of her.

“Hey, my girlfriend wants her ears pierced today. How much are earrings?”

The blonde sales girl looked to be about the same age as Dylan and Kyle, though she looked very different to Dylan. “Well... we have a lot of different kinds. What styles do you like?” She asked, addressing Dylan.

“She can’t talk today because of illness.....” Kyle quickly answered.

“Alright... well, what part does she want to have pierced?”

“Well... she’s never had them done before?” Kyle replied unsure.

The sales girl smiled, “That’s okay! We have plenty of first timers here!”

“Just pick some out baby.....” Kyle said to Dylan as he pointed to the earrings section.

Dylan stood completely still, anger getting the best of him from being called baby by his male friend. Out of the corner of his eyes, he caught the cashier giving him an odd look. Realizing that he had better not draw more attention to himself, he moved towards the earrings.

“We’ve been selling a lot of these round crystal studs,” the young bubbly blonde salesgirl told him with a smile on her face.

Dylan’s mind screamed for him to say no, to run out of the store and take off his girlish clothes. But all that came out was a meek little “sure” and nod of his head.

“And these are cute if you want to do a hoop style once they heal. I’m sure your boyfriend would like them,” the cashier said while showing Dylan a small golden hoop style of earrings.

The words ‘your boyfriend’ made him cringe. “This is horrible!” Dylan thought as he looked pleadingly over to Kyle for some much needed help.

“I think you should get both,” Kyle said smirking at Dylan.

“He is so going to pay for this, both literally and figuratively!” Dylan thought. Against his better judgment, Dylan nodded, then took a seat next to the salesgirl, cursing Kyle under his breath as he did so.

“Great! Before we begin, we need you to sign a waiver form. Are you eighteen?” she asked Dylan.

Dylan shook his head, hoping this was the excuse he needed, getting ready to stand back up.

“Okay, well you are going to need a parent to sign for you...”

Kyle interrupted, handing the salesgirl a twenty dollar bill.

“I’ll just put that you are eighteen...” the salesgirl said with a smile.

Dylan stared daggers into the back of Kyle’s head. 'What the fuck did he think he was doing', he thought, seething that he had not even made it to the ladies room yet.

The salesgirl starts putting on safety gloves and prepared the area for Dylan’s first piercing. After applying some disinfectant to his ears, she grabbed the piercing gun before asking, “Ready?”

Dylan nodded. Scared, angry, yet annoyingly still aroused by the whole situation, Dylan felt his erection straining against the panties, leggings and the bag a top them.

The salesgirl quickly and expertly pierced his first ear. Expecting pain, Dylan was surprised to find when he opened his eyes she has already done with the second and was smiling back at him.

“They’re all done and pretty, you know there’s a sale over at Forever 21 for really cute clutches that match these perfectly. It’d go better than your current bag.”

To emphasize her point, she patted the bag sitting on his lap. The sudden touch caused Dylan to immediately shake a little. He could feel the sensation building, and he was doing his best to hide it, but everywhere he looked he was reminded of his clothing and his

situation. Eventually, he could not hold back anymore and started to fill his panties with his cream.

Dylan slowly got off the chair still holding his bag by his crotch, desperately hoping to conceal any mess that may have run through his panties. Kyle looked at him oddly then figured what may have happened. Dylan whispered lightly, "Just grab it for me..!" Although Kyle didn't know if he meant his dick or the earrings the sales girl was holding.

"Just grab and it take it to the register, we have to go," Kyle said to the salesgirl.

"OKAY, sounds great!" The salesgirl said with a smile while she walked over to the register before asking, "Did you need anything else today like some head bands or a cute necklace?"

Dylan shook his head sideways in embarrassment just trying to get out of the store as soon as he possibly could.

Kyle had different ideas. "Actually, she was just talking about that on the way over, right?"

Dylan stood there, stupidly hugging his sister's bag close to his crotch, which he could, now, awkwardly feel was soaking wet with his prior orgasm. He soon realized the clerk was looking at him very oddly, so he forced a smile and nodded to her.

"Great! Our selection is over there. Just come back to me when you have what you want," she said, always happy to make a bigger sale.

Kyle grabbed Dylan's hand and practically dragged him over to the area of the store with necklaces, bracelets and rings. As soon as they were out of earshot, Dylan angrily whispered in his ear. "What the fuck are you doing!? We were only supposed to come in here and replace the dress, that's it!"

“Would you calm down and look around idiot. It’s working! You’re completely passing with no problems!” Kyle replied, quite pleased with himself.

“No problems! My...Amanda’s panties are gonna be ruined!” Dylan tried his best to remain whispering, but struggled to control his anger.

“Well, then it’s a good thing we are at the mall. We can just buy another pair. Now, would you stop being such drama queen and pick some accessories.”

“NO! I’m not going to spend money on this girly shit! I already got my ears pierced, what else! Let’s just return this stupid dress so we can get OUT OF HERE!” Dylan said as he started raising his voice.

His raised voice brought the attention of a mother and her young daughter who both look awkwardly over at the pair. Dylan quickly grabbed Kyle’s hand and headed towards the cashier at the register.

She looked up from her magazine, pretending too not have noticed their little domestic argument, “Oh, hey guys! Everything all right?”

“We’ll go ahead and check out. This is all we need...” Kyle told her, rather annoyed at being the one dragged for once.

“AWWW...well she’ll need this cleaning stuff for her ears. Be sure to follow the directions for the next few days to make sure they don’t get infected. That comes to \$18.34. You can swipe your card right there,” the cashier said while pointing to debit machine.

Kyle looked over at Dylan and noticed he was still obviously angry. “Don’t worry babe, it’s on me,” he said as he swiped his card and entered his PIN number.

The cashier handed Dylan his bag, “Have a great day!”

As they walked out of the store, Kyle knew Dylan was still walking like a guy, so he decided to hold his hand again to make him look more feminine. Even with a baggy hoodie on, very little makeup, and his hair in a ponytail, Dylan appeared to be feminine, especially with his new ear studs.

Dylan tried pulling his hand away, but Kyle's grip was too strong and only served to make it look like they were swinging their arms like a cute teen couple while they walked towards the next store.

The Townsend Town Center Mall was starting to get less busy, which Dylan was relieved about. A few kiosk workers tried stopping the 'couple' as they walked by, but they kept walking at full speed, spurred on by Dylan.

"I really need to change out of these panties," he muttered under his breath.

"First, you have to buy some to change into, and ones to replace them if you have ruined them. Did you read the label? Remember what store?"

"They are just some orange ones from Victoria's Secret. Wait, why should I wear panties again? No one is going to see boxers at all," Dylan asked, annoyed that he could not just go straight to the toilets.

"Are you stupid? Why would you risk it? Someone could see the waistband through the leggings. Besides you need your own panties to cum in, ha-ha," Kyle replied amusingly to himself.

"I don't even know where Victoria's Secret is here."

"It's upstairs on top level, I think," Kyle said as he tried to remember where he had seen it before.

"All the way up there! I'll be spotted!"

“Just quit being a pussy and come on! You are only delaying this process!” Kyle said, reasoning Dylan unfortunately could not fault.

Walking up the escalator, Dylan hurried as fast as he could with the bag in front of him. His panties were constantly reminding him of what he had done in them, humiliating him like never before while he continued up the escalator.

As Dylan walked into the store, he went straight in without looking at anyone, desperately searching for the panty section.

A friendly red headed salesgirl in her early twenties approached them. “Hey!” she said with a smile before adding, “All of these are five for twenty-five dollars.”

Just before Dylan could protest and say he was only there for one pair, Kyle stepped in again.

“Great! C’mon babe, lets pick out five pairs you like,” he said grabbing Dylan’s hand and walking towards the panties.

“What are all these different kinds? I thought they just called them panties or thongs. What the fuck is a ‘hipster’ panty?” Dylan said as he picked up a pair and held them up in the air before added, “I don’t see the difference, do you?”

“Let me feel,” Kyle replied, starting to get an erection for the first time since going out.

While Kyle scanned through the panties, Dylan luckily found the exact pair he was wearing.

“Yes! Got the pair, now, let’s get the hell out of here!” He told Kyle while trying to walk towards the register.

“I think this checkered bikini style will look great on you? What are you? A large?”

“Put that shit down! I went along with this stuff longer than I should have! We are going to buy these, go to the toilets, then replace the dress and leave!” Dylan said, again raising his voice in public.

“Dude, just think about it! This is your chance to finally get some stuff of your own without having to wear your sister’s dirty underwear all the time. Who else are you going to steal from? Your mom? Plus these are on sale!”

Dylan thought for a moment, then sighed as he replied, “Ugh fine! But you aren’t wearing them!”

“That’s fine. I can fit into Amanda’s a little better than you can anyways! Not only do I want to get in her panties, but I also want to wear her panties!” he said crudely.

Dylan turned back and took the checkered panties from Kyle, then proceeded to select a blue hipster pair and yellow boy shorts before he reluctantly accepted the pink thong Kyle teasingly held up.

Going to the register, Dylan had an instant realization, “SHIT, KYLE! I can’t buy these with my card. My card has my name on it, and I know damn well they are going to see it! I only have \$10 cash on me! Can you pick this up?”

“Do you think I’m made of money!? I’m like your sugar daddy today! Being a girl must be expensive!”

After ringing up, Dylan and Kyle made their way back into the mall. They quickly came to the Men’s room. “... This could be REAL bad if I go in there...” said Dylan.

“Here, just put this one pair of panties in your pocket and change them out in the women’s room,” Kyle said handing a pair to him.

Dylan snatched the pair and darted into the women's room, immediately going into a stall without a moment's hesitation. He locked the door then looked down at the panties in his hand.

"It fucking had to be the thong didn't it!?"

A whisper from the stall over broke Dylan's thoughts. "Is someone in here? Do you have an extra tampon?"

Dylan almost screamed, but he gained his composure quickly.

"I...Uhh...what?" he said, stammering out a response.

"I really need a tampon or a pad, which do you have?" the voice responded.

Dylan placed his handbag on the toilet and rooted through it looking for tampons, sighing in relief when he found one. Whispering to himself, 'Never thought I would ever be doing this.'

Dylan called back to the neighboring stall in his best female impersonation voice, "Umm I have a tampon."

"OH GREAT! Just pass it under."

He bent over and placed the foreign object into her hand gently before standing back up letting out a huge sigh of relief.

Dylan wondered to himself how women deal with the bleeding for a few days each month and that if he were born a girl, he would have to do the same thing. The thought of putting one of the tampons in his butt came to mind, but he quickly decided against it.

Dylan slid down his leggings and saw what a mess he made in his panties. After pulling off his panties and wiping himself with toilet paper, he ripped off the tags on the thong and slid it up his hairy, mannish legs.

It took him a couple attempts but he eventually positioned his dick back between his legs so the panties fit snugly. It wasn't overly comfortable, but he thought it would do for now.

"How is it?" Kyle asked as Dylan emerged from the women's room.

"Not too much different, no urinals to piss in and some nasty bitches asking for stuff."

"I meant the thong!" Kyle said, laughing while he asked.

"It's weird! I can constantly feel it, Thanks for that by the way, dick. Couldn't have been any of the others?"

"Just trying to make you feel like a girl! Sure you don't want to stop by a salon or have your make up done in Macy's?"

"Ha-ha. You're so funny! Let's just replace this dress and get home, so I can wear some proper clothes," Dylan said, determined to get this over and done with.

Charlotte Russe was one of Amanda's favorite stores. She loved getting stylish clothes for cheap prices that fit her just right, which Dylan knew was the cause of his present misfortune. Unlike in the other stores, they went straight to the register this time.

"How's it going?" The salesgirl said, happily greeting the couple.

Dylan pulled the dress out of the bag and placed it on the counter waiting for Kyle to speak up, eventually stepping on his foot until he spoke.

"Oh, right. Ermm yeah we'd like to replace this dress please."

"It's ripped!" She said in surprise.

“Yeah... we bought it like that...?”

“I have a HARD time believing that. Did you try it on in the store?”
She questioned them.

“No, I don’t think so.”

“This doesn’t even look like your size. It looks like it would be a better fit on your boyfriend!”

“Ah, yeah, ha-ha, she must have picked up the wrong size as well, I guess,” Kyle replied, trying to make light of the situation.

“But it’s completely destroyed. We can’t sell this again.”

“So we can’t just replace it?” Kyle replied, starting to panic a little.

“Do you have your receipt?”

Dylan quickly placed his bag on the counter and rooted around in it again, accidentally knocking a tampon onto the floor from the box he left open in bathroom.

“Shit,” Dylan said while covering his mouth, realizing he still sounded like a guy.

“Are you okay?” The woman behind the counter asked, looking a little worried.

“She’s just really upset about this dress and has been sick the last few days. Can you please just take it back?” Kyle pleaded with her before adding, “She still wants this dress though.”

“A large will probably fit her better, let me grab the same kind and give you a dressing room.”

They both followed the girl as she led them to a changing room, and Dylan stepped inside while she pulled the dress off the rack.

“No boys allowed!” The salesgirl exclaimed.

Dylan let out a laugh from behind the curtain as Kyle walked back towards the counter dejectedly.

The salesgirl returned with Dylan’s dress before she said, “Here you go, let me know how it fits!”

Dylan nodded his head in acknowledgement after taking the dress.

While closing the door to the dressing room, Dylan could not help but feel nervous. He had crossdressed dozens of times in his sister’s room, but this was much different. He was socializing with people who thought he was a girl and, therefore, needed to be one. He knew it was pointless to try on this dress since Amanda wore a medium size and he was probably a 12 or 14 Large/Extra-large, but it would be awkward if he declined. He pulled off his hoodie and pants and saw his reflection in the dressing room mirror. As a self-reflection, he admitted his face looked somewhat feminine but his body disgusted him. He had always been a little overweight for a guy his height and would be considered a ‘fat chick’ if he really was a girl.

His makeshift boobs out of pantyhose and his sister’s bra didn’t look realistic at all and his penis was falling out of the thong since they aren’t meant for boy parts to begin with. Even with unshaven legs and more body hair, Dylan placed his hand on his hip and turned his body sideways to pose as a girl. “Maybe with practice,” he thought to himself.

He unzipped the dress and stepped into it. It was still a little tight, but was relieved that at least it did not rip like the last one.

“How is it going in there?” The salesgirl inquired.

“Fine,” he managed to croak out.

“Are you okay? You sound hoarse.”

Dylan tried to talk higher pitched as he responded, “I’m good!”

Dylan got out of the dress as fast as he could and joined them back on the floor.

“So did it fit all right? You sure you don’t need me to get a different size?” She says expecting her to say yes.

“It’s fine,” Dylan did his best to pass his voice off as a girl’s and apparently succeeded, albeit as a girl with a sore throat.

As Kyle paid the money needed and received the bag, Dylan was glad that his ordeal was finally drawing to an end.

“Bye. Thank you for your business. Hope you feel better soon!” the salesgirl said while waving to them slightly.

As they left the store and headed towards the exit, Dylan froze throwing Kyle off as he turned back to him.

“Dude, what’s up?”

“Shhhhhitttt! Man, it’s Sarah Smith, from Biology class. What do we do?!”

Kyle walked back next to Dylan just as the girl stopped looking through the window of the shop and headed straight for them!

Dylan quickly moved forward wrapping his arms around Kyle and burying his face in his chest, Kyle shocked at first soon regained his composure and hugged back, hiding his friend’s face as Sarah walks by and out of view.

“Okay, looks like she’s gone, and you smell nice!” Kyle mentioned, still in the embrace.

Dylan quickly pulled back and straightened himself up looking at his friend half blushing, half angry.

“Would you shut the hell up and let’s get out of here already,” Dylan retorted.

“Hey girl!” said a confident voice from across the walkway.

They both turned around to see a tall teen boy walk towards them. He was well groomed, nice haircut and carried himself very well.

“Hey, Kevin right?”

“Kyle, actually,” he stammered a response.

“Kyle right, so aren’t you going to introduce me?” the guy said, nodding to Dylan and smiling.

“Oh right sure, Nick this is Dy... Dani...” Kyle says, almost giving it away.

Nick interrupted him midway through his sentence.

“Nice to meet you, so are you guys a thing or...?” He let his sentence trail off while keeping his eyes on Dylan.

Kyle went to say yes, but Dylan shook his head side to side then realized what he was saying.

Dylan did not know why exactly he said no, but it was a natural reaction.

“So, how do you two know each other?”

“Just friends,” Kyle quickly chimed in.

“Okay cool, so, Dani, where do you go to school?” Nick asked.

“She has something wrong with her throat today and can’t talk much,” Kyle says, covering for Dylan.

“Ah... well, shit. Looks like you’ll just have to give me your number, so I can text you then, Dani,” he said confidently.

Dylan’s eyes go wide as he looks at Kyle then back to Nick, eventually seeing no way out of it he took out a pen from his bag and jotted down his number on a spare piece of paper, passing it to him.

“Great, well see you around Kev, and I’ll be seeing you soon Dani.”

As soon as he is around the corner, they both let out a sigh of relief.

“Dude, quick thinking on giving him a fake number!” Kyle said, proud of his friend’s ability to think on his feet.

“Fuck...”

CHAPTER THREE

The Short Way Home

Traffic was heavy on Dullany Valley Road as they left the mall. Dylan, still shocked by the events that had just happened, pulled down the visor mirror in the passenger seat to take another look at his newly pierced ears. He turned his face side to the side, checking both ears, with the shiny studs easily noticeable.

"I can't believe you made me get my ears pierced, how am I supposed to explain this to everyone? You're such an asshole!" Dylan yelled so loud that the people next to them at the traffic lights must have heard him.

"Just tell them you are going for a new look. Simple," replied Kyle, acting as if it was no big deal.

"New look my ass! I'm taking these out as soon as we are back. You can have them if you like them so much!" Dylan said, extremely tempted to rip them out then and there.

Kyle frowned and replied "You heard what the girl said, they might get infected if you do that. Better off just letting them stay in than to risk death, right?" Kyle replied as he secretly hoped he could persuade Dylan to keep them in.

"Never again am I going to the mall with you. It was humiliating," Dylan sighed, thinking about the messy panties still in his bag.

"Fine, no malls! We can just get you some bra and panties at Wal-Mart like your mom does!" Kyle said, laughing at his own joke.

Dylan shot back a threat, "You're so lucky I'm wearing this stupid stuff or I'd kick your ass and walk home by myself!"

"If you would have bought some more skanky clothes like those sluts at Express, then you could have walked home and made some money along the way!" Kyle replied, starting to get just as angry as Dylan.

"What is that supposed to mean? You know I don't like guys!" Dylan scoffed.

"Then why the fuck did you just give your number out to a guy who obviously hit on you!"

Dylan blushed slightly, and then looked out of the passenger's window. He then replied, "It was an accident. I was scared of being found out thanks to your stupid distractions. I wouldn't have had to if you hadn't made me do all that shit," still blaming Kyle for the whole mess.

"I'm hungry, let's stop at Five Guys," Kyle said trying to forget the ordeal at the mall.

"No fucking way! We can go after I change, this thong is unbelievably uncomfortable," Dylan said while squirming in his seat.

"Fine. We'll just go in, get the food and eat it at your house."

"God damn it! Okay, but if you try and do anything, I swear to God...."

The stop in Five Guys was brief. Dylan entered looking extremely embarrassed and uncomfortable. He was a little hungry as well, but reminded himself of how unladylike it was to scarf down on a triple cheeseburger with greasy fries. He decided to order just a hot dog and water as Kyle got his usual order of a double cheeseburger and large fries with a large coke. While walking back to the car, Dylan got his first text from Nick, which read:

"Hey, so random to meet a cute girl like you today Nick :x"

Kyle leaned over and asked, "Who is texting you?"

Dylan blushed slightly and quickly replied, "Huh? Oh, some girl. Know one you would know."

Kyle said, "Ahh Shit, Dylan is going to get some pussy while looking like a pussy!"

"Ha, erm, sure, dumb ass," Dylan responded as he locked his phone without texting back while slipping back into the car.

Dylan breathed a huge sigh of relief as they pulled into his driveway and saw that his parents and sister's cars were nowhere in sight. They both carefully went into the house and immediately hurried up to his bedroom. Eager to get back into some of his clothes, Dylan pulled the hoodie over his head, accidentally giving Kyle a great view of his push up bra.

"You know...you could leave it on for just a little longer," Kyle said, staring longingly and hoping his friend would agree.

"Dude, are you fucking serious? This thing is uncomfortable," Dylan said as he unhooked his bra naturally as he had practiced taking off his sister's for months. He threw the bra at Kyle. "Here, you try it on!" Dylan joked.

Kyle grabbed the bra and put it down on the bed next to the rest of the clothes before he replied, "Nah, I'm good. You really did look pretty good in it though. I mean, no one had a clue." It might have been his first honest statement of the day.

Dylan admired how his butt looked in his sister's leggings. Kyle was right, he was dressed just like an average bumming girl and no one said anything. Not to mention, some hot guy actually hit on him! He pulled his pants down to see his erection sporting out of the lace thong. "Um... dude... can you give me a minute?" Dylan said blushing.

“Ewww, what the fuck, man!” Kyle responded as he left the room muttering, “Needs to get a girlfriend...”

Dylan quickly threw Amanda’s clothes into the hamper in their shared bathroom and got changed into his normal boy clothes of jeans and a RVCA hoodie with baseball cap on backwards. The earring studs still looked gay, but he tried styling his hair to cover them slightly, hoping no one would notice until he could take them out.

Dylan came downstairs and talked with Kyle for a few minutes before Kyle grabbed his keys to drive back home.

Dylan lounged on the sofa in the living room and did some channel surfing until he found a show about monster trucks on the Spike Network. It felt good to relax and not be stressed after an emotional day, especially since, now, he was back in his normal clothes. He was happy to be back in boy mode and being able to sit down with his legs apart without having to worry about looking ladylike.

Taking out his cell phone again, he wished he actually did have hot girls from school texting him throughout the day, but it just wasn’t happening. He had a few dates in the last few months, but mostly with boring, overweight, nerdy girls. The closest he came to getting lucky with the hottest cheerleaders was thinking about them when jerking off at night. The ONE person to text him affectionately that day was a boy who wanted “Danielle,” not Dylan.

In his mind, there were some benefits in flirting with Nick. He was obviously a lot more confident with women and more successful at getting girls’ numbers. Maybe if he played a game with him, he could learn some skills on how other guys approach women. He decided to respond to Nick’s text with a simple Smiley face.

“:-)”

It only took about ten minutes of watching cars crush other cars before his phone lit up again showing the number. Picking up his phone he read out the message in his head:

"So what are u up 2 2day babe?"

Dylan was tempted to respond immediately to his question, but also considered waiting since he had already spent most of the day as a girl. If he were to respond, he would have to continue thinking like, as well as acting like, a teenage girl. Then again, if he waited too long to reply Nick would probably lose interest and start chatting with other girls. After a few seconds, he responded with:

"Busy bee, how about u? I can probably text more tomorrow."

The next response from Nick was:

"How about I just call you tomorrow cutie?"

Dylan froze. He could suddenly hear his very accelerated heartbeat. He was unsure how or even if he should respond to the text as he thought that it was one thing to be acting shy and talking quietly in a crowded mall, but it was another thing to talk one on one on the phone. Surely he would notice his voice.

"Maybe.... ;)"

With an added wink face Dylan responded. Trying not to give a definitive answer, thinking he could maybe just ignore the ring and pretend his phone was off.

Another few minutes then another message:

"Great! chat 2moz hun xx"

Dylan saved his contact information under the name 'Nick Guy' and closed his phone. He couldn't concentrate on TV, so he went upstairs to his bedroom and went online to research how to practice talking like a girl.

CHAPTER FOUR

Cheery Day

That night, there was more tossing in turning in bed than ever before. Dylan was having a very difficult time sleeping and could not get the thoughts of what happened that day out of his head. It was likely the most embarrassing day of his life. He had practiced being a girl, got hit on, and then had to make up a story about getting his ears pierced to his parents. Not even jerking off made him feel better.

As he lay reflecting on the day's events, the texting with Nick kept returning to his mind. The call tomorrow made him panic, yet, at the same time, he felt excited for it, like a girl waiting for a call from her crush.

It took over an hour to finally fall into some type of sleep, however, Kyle woke up multiple times during the night. Sometimes he would feel like he woke up from a bad dream, while other times it was from a slight headache. Glancing over at the alarm clock, he saw that it was 5:35 AM, one hour before he usually woke up for school. This time, he had bad cramps in his abdomen. He tried rolling over on his front, but he had a slight pain in his chest when he did.

Putting his hand to his chest, Dylan felt swelling below his skin. He was sweating more and more. He attempted to get out of bed, but did not have the energy to. Feeling more light headed, he put his hand on his forehead, only to find his hair had grown slightly longer and felt thicker.

While attempting to get out of bed, his legs rubbed across each other. The smooth silky skin he felt struck him as odd. Dylan could not shake the sense that something was wrong, but he dismissed it as having had a rough night.

He grabbed a pillow and pulled it close to his chest. That's when he felt extreme pain in his testicles. It was unlike anything he had experienced before, even the time Kyle "accidentally" kicked him there during soccer practice. He did not want to touch them because the pain was so bad, but he turned on the nightstand lamp and looked down his boxers. His testicles were GONE! The only thing that remained was his small penis and a very flaccid scrotal sack.

Dylan started too panic. Maybe they had just shriveled up and were hiding inside, he thought. He had heard that this could happen in one of his sex education classes. Shuffling around on his bed, he sat up and looked back down to see his balls still missing and his penis looking minuscule. It could not have been much more than an inch. He blinked in disbelief as he could not bring his hands down there, just watching as it seemed to disappear into him until he could no longer feel it. His head thumping, his vision blurring, he fell onto his side and closed his heavy eyes.

While unconscious, the transformation of his body continued. The stomach cramps he had earlier were actually his new feminine reproductive system forming. Mother Nature was calling, and he would need to learn how to use maxi-pads the next day since he now had a uterus. His entire pubic region was freshly shaven, just as if he had been taking care of himself down there all along.

As Dylan lay there motionless, his body had almost completed its transformation. His nipples hardened and slowly but steadily the mounds on his chest grew until he had a full firm set of 32B cup breasts pushing tightly against his 'Daddy's Girl' PJ top.

His facial features morphed into a feminine version of himself. Long blonde hair with curls at the end now framed his delicate face. He slowly shrank until he was only 5'2" tall, making him the perfect size for an attractive teen girl. He had somewhat of a bubble butt and was wearing small plaid panties that desperately needed to be changed.

The alarm clock went off, which Dylan quickly slammed off, as well as the two more times it buzzed after being snoozed. A familiar voice yelled that it was time to get up and breakfast would be ready in twenty minutes. Not only had Dylan been transformed into a girl, but his entire environment had been changed as well. The pillow he was hugging had turned into a white teddy bear, while his bed sheets were now red with a pink comforter. To his left where there used to be a drum set and rock band posters, now stood a vanity covered with makeup, brushes, papers, a few bras, candy and soft towels. The carpet on his floor was covered with various loathing items like yoga pants, sports bras and dirty panties.

Dylan groggily slumped over onto his side and moved his legs over and onto the floor. His pink painted toes hit the fluffy zebra rug, and he managed to get up, stumbling his way towards the bathroom. After turning on the cold water tap and splashing water onto his face to wake him up, he grabbed a hand towel and wiped his face, eventually moving it out of the way and coming face to face with the large mirror.

Dylan was shocked to see his reflection. Where he expected to see a teenage boy, he was staring back at a teen princess. Blonde and ample breasts, small and innocent. He let out a high pitched scream and grabbed his tits in the process.

“Bitch, what is all that noise! Keep it down,” his sister Amanda yelled from the next room.

“What is Amanda doing home!??!” Dylan thought to himself. His older sister Amanda was a sophomore at College Lawn University and had been living on campus. She only came back to the house every other weekend or so but NEVER on weekdays.

Dylan stared into the mirror while the blonde girl in the mirror was mimicking his every move. Looking down, he noticed his new PJs and what he now had, and lacked, underneath them.

He looked like the stereotypical blonde, athletic, popular girl, which was a major contrast from the slightly overweight, nerdy guy he once was. Looking down at his PJs and panties he saw blood spots down there. "FUCK! AM I REALLY ON MY PERIOD!?"

"Just tell everyone in the street why don't you, geez, Danielle!" His sister's voice yells loudly from the other side of the door. Danielle? She thought his name was Danielle?

Dylan shook his head and started getting teary eyed. Not only was he completely disgusted at the thought of being a girl on the rag, but he had NO idea of what to do.

He wondered if he could ask his sister before he thought, 'No that's weird, what girl asks for menstrual advice at seventeen years old?'

Dylan then thought that his sister surely would have some tampons in the bathroom drawer before realizing that he was a girl now, which meant he would have period shit as well!

Dylan remembered Amanda had some in her bag and logically thought he must as well. He sprinted into his room and yet again let out a high-pitched shriek.

Dylan covered his mouth, as he realized that the room was more feminine than he thought. His bedroom curtains were lavender and there were English boy band posters on the wall with lipstick stains on them. On the back of the door was a rack full of no less than twenty pairs of shoes ranging from heels to Keds. A few clothes hung out of their drawers in the dresser, proving he was still messy as a lady.

On top of the dresser was even more of a shocker. Dozens of photo frames, showing "Danielle" in a cheerleading outfit at a basketball game, a family photo of her in a Christmas sweater, her kissing Nick on the cheek, and even a white sparkly frame labeled 'BFFs' forever. The girl in the BFF photo looked like she could be Kyle's little sister,

if he was not an only child. She had the same Ashkenazi Jewish nose and facial features along with dark brown curly hair. The pictures showed them both in cheerleading outfits hugging each other, in their nightgowns hitting each other with pillows, as well as posing in their bikinis at the beach.

It took him all the effort he could muster not just to scream and hide under his covers. How could this happen, why would this happen? His train of thought was broken when he heard his phone receive a message.

Searching under the bed and behind it, he finally found a pink gym bag that his phone was inside. Scoffing at the hideous Hello Kitty cover on it, he flipped it over and saw it was from someone saved as 'My Man'.

"Can't wait to see you today, baby girl."

Dylan thought to himself, "What the fuck?"

Was Nick his boyfriend? What the hell was happening? Dylan scrolled through the previous message to get an idea on how much his world had been turned upside down. There were DOZENS of texts from the night before of "DANIELLE" flirting back with "her man". Seeing pictures of himself in a thong and selfie hand bra nearly made him vomit. Apparently, Danielle was VERY comfortable with her sexuality and had even been sexting with Nick. What else had "she" done? He threw the phone down on the bed in disgust.

Unzipping the other side of the bag, he found what he was looking for. Holding it out at full length like it was poisonous, Dylan walked into the bathroom and sat down on the toilet looking at the back of the box for instructions on how to use the damn things.

Dylan unwrapped the tampon and put it straight into his vagina.

"OUCH!!!!!!!" Dylan exclaimed wondering if he put it in backwards.

He wondered why it hurt so bad when it did not even seem to go all the way in.

He sighed at the fact that he had to get to school soon. He wondered if maybe he should say he was on his period to his mom and that he cannot go. Those thoughts quickly were dismissed by Dylan as he knew that his mom hardly ever let him stay home from school, so why would it be different now that he was a girl?

He flushed the used tampon down the toilet and wiped his vagina with toilet paper. He tried another one and failed in the same way.

“How do girls do this!?!? UGH! There has to be something else,” Dylan whined to himself.

Searching through the bathroom drawers, Dylan was happy to find some Always maxi-pads. He quickly unwrapped and took a look at it. It seemed less complicated. He guessed he would just put it in panties before he wondered if he should not shower first so he did not smell too bad. Dylan then stripped off the remainder of his clothes and stepped into the shower.

Stepping into the shower, he realized for the first time in his life he was actually seeing a girl naked. A REAL girl, not just some video on a porn site. The idea of rubbing his new clit and masturbating popped into his head, but before he could decide to act on the thought, Amanda knocked on the door, obviously annoyed he was taking so long.

“Are you almost done in there!? I have to get to class!” screamed Amanda.

“Yeah, in a sec...AHH! My voice!? I mean...ermm...my throat is er...a little sore” Dylan replied, rather embarrassed at his new feminine voice.

“Well, hurry the hell up Princess! Oh, my gosh, I knew I should have stayed on campus!”

Dylan noticed that there were many more bath products than usual in the bathroom. He used to use just Axe body wash and one type of shampoo, but there were now literally twenty bottles of soaps with flowers on them from Bath & Body Works and at least five kinds of shampoos and conditioners.

He quickly grabbed the white loofah on the hanger, applied a random red soap bottle with a rose on it, and started washing his breasts and legs. He was SO glad he didn't have to shave his legs before he started to wonder why were his legs, vagina and armpits were freshly shaven.

Quickly rinsing off the shower gel and wrapping himself in a towel, he grabbed a box of pads and ran out of the bathroom into the pink hell that was his room.

“Right, all yours ermm... Sister Dearest!” Dylan announced.

Throwing the box on his bed, he went over to the drawer and searched through the assortment of panties and bras trying to find ones that actually left something to the imagination. Burying his hand into the drawer, he came across something stiff.

“Oh, that's where I put my girl wallet?”

Dylan looked at his options for panties. As a girl, he apparently spent a lot of money at Victoria's Secret and Aerie. There were many different colors and styles. He pulled out a white bikini bottom with “Princess” written in sparkly glitter. ‘I AM NOT WEARING THIS!’ Dylan thought in disgust.

Looking for the most boyish thing he could find, he saw some white boy shorts with lace around the edges. He grabbed them, throwing them over his shoulder and onto the bed, quickly finding a white bra

with yellow flowers covering most of it. Turning around sharply, he took a deep breath and grabbed a pad out of the box opening it up.

After staring at it like it was an alien device, Dylan unwrapped his maxi-pad and noticed one side of it was sticky.

Questions began to arise in his mind as he tried to ascertain what the flap inside of his panties was or if the pad was supposed to fit in there. He remembered a corny Kotex commercial on TV that had a diagram and put the stick part on the bottom of his panties. As many times as he had worn his sister's underwear, this felt totally different. Without his penis or testicles being in the way, Dylan felt more comfortable in them, but still felt extremely awkward considering he was still a little bloated and felt constantly wet down there.

Pulling them up tight and snug, he let out a sigh of relief. Turning around, he saw his floor length mirror and his bare chest showing. Instinctively, he put out his hands over his breasts just like a girl would.

'Weird...' he thought, shrugging it off as probably the least weirdest thing to happen that day. He grabbed the bra and expertly clasped it behind his back. He may have been a boy, but that was one thing he knew to do as a girl.

Dylan then walked over to his closet. Danielle had so many clothes. Were his parents richer now that he was a girl? The rack was filled with formal dresses, club dresses, blouses, girly T-shirts and a bunch of random clothes. Going through them, he found a Metallica T-shirt, but with shorter cut sleeves. Dylan found himself wondering if he still like older heavy metal even though he was a 'girly girl'. He threw it on and went over to his dresser in hopes of finding the most gender neutral pair of jeans he could find. That was when the realization came to him.

"Wait.....I'm a girl..... I'm a girl....."

As if the period, girly room, and breasts were not enough to remind him, Dylan thought about it. He had been crossdressing for years and had never thought about living full time as a girl. Maybe this was his chance.

‘NO! What am I thinking? I want my dick back!.....UGH!!!!’ Dylan thought.

Grabbing a pair of skinny jeans, he quickly squeezed his legs into them and grabbed the shirt almost ripping it with the speed he took hold of it. Looking in the mirror, he quickly realized his mistake. It was not his old Metallica shirt. While it was identical, not only did it have shorter cut sleeves, but it had also been cut down into a type of crop top showing of his stomach.

“I CAN’T WEAR THIS FUCKING SHIT TO SCHOOL!”

Swearing very unladylike, he took the shirt off and threw it across the room. “Ugh! Now, what am I going to wear!?”

He grabbed the shirt and put it on again before running downstairs to see if he could ask any questions and find out exactly what was happening to him.

“I haven’t seen you wear that shirt in awhile,” said Amanda, freshly out of the shower and dressed.

Dylan did not acknowledge her at first. Their parents were downstairs as well, but did not say anything. It seemed as though nothing was out of the ordinary.

“I thought you would be a little more excited today?”

“About what....? I mean, Amanda... I’m just not feeling good today.”

“Oh sorry... it’s just it’s all you’ve been talking about the last few days.”

“What?” Dylan asked.

“You know the thing with you and Kayla.”

“Have you noticed anything unusual the last few days, Amanda?” Dylan asked.

“Unusual... Not really, no, why what’s this all about?” she asked.

“Oh, er, nothing, guess I’m just being silly.”

Dylan’s mom, Julia, walked into the room from the kitchen and put a plate down in front of him.

“Yeah, sure is, me and Kayla doing.... that thing, I’ve been talking about,” Dylan said.

Amanda looked back at her in disgust before she said, “Dani...you are going to be late for school again...you can’t keep waking up late and spending so long prepping yourself! I think Mom and Dad said they are going to cut back expenses for you if you keep this crap up!”

“What expenses?” asked Dylan.

“You know... like the \$800 they gave you for prom!” replied Amanda.

‘\$800 Fucking dollars?!?!?! What were they thinking?’ Dylan thought.

Dylan had asked for some expensive things before but he had never got that much money from his parents. Dylan wondered what he was buying that day. A new car? Drum Set? New TV?

“Thanks, Dad...” Dylan announced.

“I would hope you would be more enthusiastic,” said Amanda.

“I’m thankful... It’s just... really, not feeling good today.”

“What’s wrong?” asked Amanda.

“Oh, you know...”

“Oh, okay. Just hope you can get through the day okay. Have a busy day. And where is your gym bag, you have cheer practice after school today don’t you?”

“Oh right, of course... I left it upstairs. I’ll grab it before I go.”

Dylan hated the idea of being a cheerleader and got the idea to “accidentally” leave his bag behind, thinking it was a stroke of genius.

Going back upstairs, Dylan noticed things he had not seen on his way down. Family photos of him as a girl, senior portraits, even a picture of himself wearing a tutu.

‘How could the whole world have changed around me?’ He thought before he saw the pink Adidas bag as he stepped back into his room. Unzipping it to examine its contents, he found Nike Pro shorts, extra panties, a G-string, black sports bra, pink sports bra, hair ties, more tampons, a grey t-shirt, running shoes, short white socks and a clear bag that held a few make up products. “Well, shit, I guess cheerleaders DON’T WEAR their uniforms to practice, thank God...”

He looked over at his alarm clock and saw it was time to leave. Not that he had any problems getting out of his room, as that was his top priority. Although, on second glance, he did notice that the colors and designs made the room look peaceful and friendly.

Dylan thought for a moment of leaving the bag behind. He knew nothing about cheerleaders other than they were usually hot and seemed ditzy. He did not know what they even did at practice, let

alone how he would go. However, to address the situation, Dylan felt that it was probably best to take the bag with him to avoid any questions. Following that line of logic, Dylan grabbed a pair of red Converse shoes on his way out.

“Good luck!” Amanda said as he walked out the door.

As Dylan exited his home, his eyes were greeted with a red Pontiac Sunfire where there had once been a 2001 Camaro in its place. Dylan opened the door, horrified to see a pink fuzzy steering wheel cover and necklaces hanging from the rear view mirror.

He put the bag on the passenger seat and started up “his” car, as soon as the engine kicked in the satellite radio started playing some boy band pop song he had never heard of before. Almost breaking it, in his clumsy attempt at turning it off, he rested his head in his hands.

“Come on, man, just keep it together long enough to find out what the hell is happening,” he mumbled to himself.

His cell phone chimed with a notification of a text from Kayla Goldstein:

“R U @ School Yet?”

Dylan replied with just “on my way” before driving to Dullany High School.

Driving to school, Dylan was as nervous as he could remember being in his life. What would today have in store for him? How much of his world had been turned upside down? Was Kayla really Kyle? How many other people had switched genders? If no one else, why them? Was it some type of weird curse from Nick? Maybe something from the infection of his ear piercings?

His head was spinning a million miles per second with crazy ideas, some even involving medallions and spell stores.

CHAPTER FIVE

Pom Pun

Dylan arrived at school and figured it was probably the safest to text Kayla since it was obvious she knew him. Hopefully, if she WAS Kyle, she would have memories of being a boy as well.

"Where are you right now? Just got here."

Kayla texted back:

"The same spot always am silly girl"

Dylan sighed with relief, surely Kyle remembered because they would always meet near the main doors to watch the hot girls as they went in.

Dylan tried to calmly walk towards the school without bringing too much attention to himself. His efforts, however, something which failed horribly. Nearly every person he passed stared at him. He did not know if they knew he was really Dylan or if they were just staring at some hot chick. He wondered which would be worse.

As he walked about, he noticed something different about his walk. He was naturally walking more straight and less slouchy with his chest sticking out. The worst part was that nothing about this felt wrong. Strange, different, and new, yes, but definitely not wrong. In fact, it felt right to be walking this way.

Dylan turned to see a girl wearing a purple cardigan with tight jeans. She was about Dylan's height of 5'2" and had a curvier body. Her dark, curly hair was pulled back in a pony tail, and he found himself was wondering why she was so tan given that since it was February. She was wearing a Star of David necklace and rim hipster glasses. Dylan recognized her instantly, it was Kayla from the photo!

Dylan could feel a scream rising in his throat. What he was looking at was most definitely not his old friend. Calling him “Dani,” her choice of outfit, her overall perkiness; it could only mean that Kayla could not remember Kyle unless Dylan helped him to remember.

“Erm, Dani, you okay? You seem pretty spaced out. What’s up?” asked Kayla.

“Huh? No, I’m cool, Kyle, I mean, Kayla. Why are we outside here?”

Kayla looped her arms around Dylan’s before they started walking together towards their class. This caught Dylan completely off guard, and he struggled to keep up with her feet and story.

“So, is everything set for later on? I got money from my Daddy. No problems there really. It’s going to be so great! I can’t wait! Thoughts about what you want to get? I heard a lot about what the other girls are getting, but we need to try and be original and stand out. Also, you have to talk to Nick about getting something that matches!”

Dylan was too confused to follow Kayla. So much was being thrust on him today, and it seemed like it would not end. He needed some clarity on what was happening.

Dylan asked, “Kayla.... have you seen Kyle around today?”

“Who is Kyle?” wondered Kayla wondered aloud.

“Never mind. Where are we going today?”

“Did you drink before coming here today?!? We’ve been talking about it all week! After cheer practice, we are going to get our dresses for prom!”

Dylan stopped dead in his tracks as he thought, 'This couldn't be happening?' Dylan bemoaned. Why today, why of all the days to change into a girl, was this the day of his fate. He wondered if, a

witch, or whatever it was the catalyst of his metamorphosis, was had chosen this day? Dylan knew he had to think fast and quickly for a way out of this.

“Kayla... I have to take a rain check...”

“What are you talking about ...why!?” Kayla said shrieked with a disappointing look on her face.

“I’m not feeling good down there?”

“Me either, silly!”

“Great...then can we go, ummm, next month?”

“All the good dresses will be sold out by then! And I don’t know why you need to cancel just cause of that. You know I’m on my period too.”

“You ARE!?”

“Duh, our periods have been in sync since eight grade!”

Kayla grabs grabbed Dylan’s hand and as they kept walking while she said, “Look, I know you’re are nervous, so am I, but we are going to find the most amazing dresses. We will look like princesses and then get with our amazing princes!” Kayla said, stopping outside of a classroom and smiling at her friend.

Dylan remembered his theory earlier that day. He needed to go on just living as “Dani” until he could get to the bottom of discover why him and Kyle had transformed into girls and why everyone around him thought of him as a girl.

“Okay, Kayla... I’ll go...”

“GREAT! I’m so freakin’ excited!”

Kayla gives gave Dylan a huge hug, then walked into the classroom, leaving Dylan standing alone outside to comprehend exactly what he had just agreed to.

“Aren’t you coming in, silly girl?”

“Oh, yeah,” Dylan said, adjusting his bra strap as while he walked into class.

Miss Simone’s physics class was one of Dylan’s favorite classes. He mainly enjoyed it because she was an attractive brunette women in her early thirties with HUGE ample boobs that he always enjoyed staring leering at. This was the usual time for Dylan’s clocked erection, however, he knew that obviously was not going to happen that day.

Dylan soon found that he actually had no interest today in being attracted to anyone from the female population.

Dylan stared long and hard at Miss Simone, but the only mildly erotic thoughts that entered his mind were about her choice of clothes. Dylan was critiquing her clothes in his head and wondering if that same outfit would work on her as well before he thought, ‘... her?’

Dylan's mind raced as he wondered if Did he really just called himself a girl? A piece of paper then smacked him in the cheek, breaking his train of thought before and landing quietly on the his desk.

Dylan figured that Kayla was obviously very outgoing and slightly immature, much like she had been as Kyle. He smoothened out uncrumpled the piece of paper as he read it, “Did you do it with Nick last night?”

Dylan blushed and put his head down in his hands, laughing. He laughed a little too loudly apparently, catching the ire and attention of Miss Simone.

“Is there something funny I should know about, ladies?” asked Miss Simone.

Kayla immediately looked down while Dylan looked up at her and replied, “No, Miss Simone, nothing funny,” while he said moving his arm, and accidentally revealing the note.

“What does the note say?” asked Miss Simone in a stern voice.

“UMMMMMMM.... Do you like bacon?”

The class let out a small laugh, which further annoys annoyed the teacher.

“Why don’t you let me see it young lady?” demanded Miss Simone demanded.

“NO!” shouted Dylan shouted.

Miss Simone came over and grabbed the note, then read it quietly to herself. She shook her head as she said, “I should send you both to the office, but I don’t have time for that. Please pay attention and no more notes!”

The rest of the lesson went pretty smoothly. No more notes were passed from Kayla, but every time she turned, Kayla did burst out into a fit of giggles.

After second period Algebra II AP Class, it was lunch time. Usually Dylan, Kyle, Stuart Minkus, and John Taylor shared a table where they talked about girls, sports, cars, rock music, etc. It was no surprise that Dylan was now sharing a table with four other girls

including Kayla, all of whom were well dressed, preppy, had athletic bodies and were somewhat snobby.

“Ugh, we are seniors. When are they ever going to let us leave the school and actually go to, like, Chipotle for lunch!? This food is disgusting,” whined Ashlee Harper, a freckled brunette with a girl-next-door look looking chick with brown hair and some freckles.

Claire Todd, a skinny brunette whose parents had moved to the United States last the year before, replied in her South London accent, “Totes!”

“Hey, Dani, were you in a rush this morning or something? You look a mess today,” asked Ashlee.

Dylan thought to himself, 'What a rude bitch...'

Jennifer Yager, wearing heavy make up and sporting curly blonde hair continued, “I mean, you always are dressed well, have a lot of make up on, and style your hair, and didn't you say you were going to see Nick later tonight?”

“Yeah, just because he goes to a different school doesn't mean you can slack off looking good, haha!” Haylee said with a laugh in a friendly nature.

“I just woke up late, okay? Didn't have a great night's sleep,” Dylan said replied, trying to take the attention off of himself.

“Well, you better have more energy for practice today! Regional competition is next month, and we still have to polish everything!”, said Kayla, who was just now identifying herself as team captain of the cheer squad.

Jennifer rather annoyed added, “Yeah, can't have you messing up like you did last year, Dani.”

It then hit Dylan. Last year during their “We R Who We R” routine at the regional conference, Dylan did a tumble and had a hard time getting up back up to his feet, which put him slightly behind beat with the other girls. It took about two-seconds to get back on track, but the judges noticed and marked the team down, causing them to drop to third place.

It was surreal. Like it was his memory, but he knew it should not have been. He had to find out was happening to him and fast before something bad happened.

“I just need to go to the bathroom, I will be right back,” he said as he stood up.

“I’ll come with!” Kayla said as she bounced out of her chair. Dylan noticed her boobs bounce as she did so. This used to cause him to get an erection immediately, but, now, had zero effect. It did not turn him on in the least.

Walking towards the bathroom, Dylan almost laughed out loud. Here he was the second day in a row going into the girl’s bathroom. This time it was slightly different though.

The girls grabbed side by side stalls and started their business. Dylan noticed his pad looked disgusting and was smelling pretty awful. He reached in his bag for another pad as he asked, “Um... Kayla..... how often do you change these?”

“Well, usually every few hours or so, but it depends on the flow? You sure you’re okay, Dani? I mean... it’s not your first time, haha.”

“Just feels different I guess.”

After wiping himself and putting on a fresh Always pad, Dylan washed his hands before he was joined by Kayla at the sink.

“Ugh... my hair looks disgusting,” said Dylan, slightly confused by his own words.

“That’s not the only thing... Ha-ha, just kidding. You just need a little touch up, here take some of mine,” Kayla says replied while she slides over her bag.

Dylan fingered through the bag full of various lipsticks, eye pencils, mascaras, and palettes.

“What do you think I should wear, Kayla?”

Kayla shot him a confused look in response.

“Erm, just a little lippy and eye liner maybe?” said Dylan then said innocently.

Dylan took out a liquid eyeliner and started applying it to his eyes. He had tried wearing Amanda’s lipstick a few times and had even painted his toe nails before, but he was afraid of using too much of his sister’s makeup at home in fear that she would discover it missing. Not to mention that having a pencil hovering two millimeters from his eye ball did scare him a little. However, he soon applied the liquid eye liner to himself as if like he had done it a hundred times before. He then chose an Urban Decay Naked shade for his lipstick and skillfully applied an even shade on his lips.

As he finished smacking his lips together, he remembered when his mom first showed him how to use makeup. Watching her, it amazed him watching her do it. When it was his turn to apply makeup, he ended up looking like a clown, which made his mom laugh. Dylan shook his head slightly, wondering why these memories were flooding back in now.

Dylan took a brush out of his bag and stroked his blonde hair a bit before asking Kayla, “Could you braid my hair real quick?”

“Sure thing, you can do mine later on,” Kayla replied as he happily started braiding Dylan’s hair while chatting about small things. For a couple of minutes, Dylan forgot his situation and relaxed, enjoying having a friend this close to him.

Dylan suddenly remembered meeting Kayla the same way she met Kyle, in fifth grade during gym class. He remembered riding horses with her, playing on the same volleyball team, and even when they hit puberty, and he was the first to mention wanting to make out with boys.

Kayla seemed a LOT more calmer and nicer than Kyle. But still, all these thoughts still raised more questions for Dylan. Why did Kyle transform into a girl, and why didn’t he have any memories of being a boy?

“Hey, Kayla, I have a random question for you...” asked Dylan said.

“I have a random answer!” responded Kayla,

“What do you think you would be like if you were a boy?”

“Erm gay? Ha-ha-ha.”

“You must really like boys...”

Kayla placed her hand on the back of Dylan’s neck pulling in for a kiss on the lips then replied, “And girls too...”

Dylan was stunned by the kiss, “Kayla?! Are you bi!?”

“No stupid!” Responded Kayla.

“Then, why did you just kiss me!”

“Cause we are hot cheerleaders and boys think that’s hot. Which means... we GET MORE BOYS!” Kayla replied excitedly.

“But there’s no boys in the girl’s bathroom!” Dylan replied before shouting in his head, “Except me!” Dylan shouted in his head.

Then more thoughts soon came into Dylan’s increasingly ditzy head. Kayla and him kissed all the time. They were not lesbian or bisexual, it was just a sign of affection. When they both were twelve, they would practice kissing each other just so they would be good kissers when it came to making out with their boyfriends, so it was not something they were used to and other people were used to seeing.

“All done, your hair is sooo pretty! I’m jealous!” said Kayla.

Dylan noticed that he, now, had a fish tail braid. It was a common look for cheerleaders at school. With his new hair style and makeup applied, he looked much more appealing and flirty. He adjusted his bra and started walking towards the exit.

As they both left the bathroom, they noticed everyone had left for the next class, so they headed there too.

The rest of the school day was boring for Dylan. He had his regular classes with the same people he had them with before. It was the same assignments and topics they had went over before the “change” happened. Everyone treated him like he had always been a girl. That was the only difference.

He noticed some boys in class kept staring at him, which make him a little flattered, yet uncomfortable. He could not, however, keep his mind off what would happen after school.

After school let out, he received a message from Nick, “What time do you get out of cheerleading practice?”

Dylan replied, “5:00 PM,” before he wondered, 'How did he know that?'

“Okay, well I want to come see you for a bit so can I meet U in the parking lot at like ten min after that?”

“Sure”

As soon as he sent the response, Dylan caught himself as he thought, 'WHY DID I HE SAY YES?'

Dylan was starting to do things that would come naturally for Dani's life anyways. Kayla found him after school, and they both walked to the locker room together to get ready for cheer practice.

“Good thing we've been practicing together. We know each move off by heart now,” Dylan said as they made their way to their lockers.

Dylan soon realized that the girls' locker room was not that different from the boys. The only real difference was that it was girls getting naked in front of each other this time. Dylan stripped down to his bra and panties and scrambled through his bag in front of Kayla.

“OMG! You are wearing a pad? What the fuck happened?” asked Kayla worried.

“Umm... I ran out of tampons?”

“Yeah right, you haven't used a pad since you were, like, fourteen! Do you need one, right now?” asked Kayla.

Dylan replied back sheepishly “Ummmm, that'd be great...”

Dylan went into the ladies' stall and spent about four minutes trying to insert the tampon. After a bit of fussing, he realized all he had to do was put one leg up on the toilet and place the applicator right to his vagina and the tampon glided in smoothly. A smile came across his face as he thought, 'Success!'

Feeling rather proud with of himself, he waltzed back into the room to get ready. He could not help but watch the other girls change. If he was his normal self, he probably would have experienced an orgasmed by now, but, instead, there was no arousal, no orgasm, nothing at all.

Dylan did not figure that he had to change his panties and slide his tight gym shorts on, which hugged his round butt very well snugly.

“EWWW, DANI! Really? Go home, you’re drunk! VPL alert!” said Kayla.

“What?”

Dylan just stared at her. It was as if she was speaking Chinese to him. “... VPL? What the hell could that mean?”

“Hellooo... Visible Panty Lines!” Kayla replied, growing impatient with Dylan's lack of a response.

Dylan nervously took his shorts and panties off and thought “Now, that’s why the g-string was in there...”

The g-string was white and looked like NOTHING. Certain it would definitely go up his butt, Dylan realized why. No wonder he had to wear tampons.

After sliding his shorts back on, he took off his normal bra and put a pink sports bra on. The cheer coach walked in and asked the girls if they were ready.

Dylan said yes as he threw his grey shirt on, which said, ‘Dullany High Cheer Squad.’

They all almost ran out of the lockers and into the gym to start practicing. Dylan was getting really nervous as he made his way into

the gym by now. He knew nothing about cheering, let alone this group's routine.

“Okay ladies!” Mrs. Rachel said with a stern voice. “Great job on Saturday. We have a lot of work to do today, so I hope you all are ready. Let's start by jogging around the gym. Get on it!”

Loud Top-40 music started blaring, and Dylan followed the other girls around the gym. He seemed to have more energy now and found that not having a penis actually made running easier.

As they all lined up in front of the coach again they all started their stretches, basic ones at first before moving up to more complicated ones.

Dylan followed the moves to the new dance routine just as the group had practiced before. Everything was so natural, and he was smiling the entire time, having a lot of fun with his friends.

Dylan was surprised to find out that he was amazingly flexible, able to do the splits and even a position similar to a bow.

After practice was over, Dylan headed to shower with the other girls. He had brought a small bag with soap and his favorite Herbal Essence shampoo.

Just before he got in, Kayla helped him unbraid his hair as she said, “Almost missed that! Would have been a disaster right?”

CHAPTER SIX

Dress Rehearsal

During his second shower of the day, Dylan noticed some differences in his body that he had not seen earlier. His skin was nearly perfect. There were very few moles, blemishes or scars anywhere to be found. His breasts were the perfect size for his body and everything was proportionate. After drying himself off, he changed his tampon once again. Dylan knew that it was something he was definitely going to have to get used to doing multiple times a day.

Once Dylan reached into his gym bag, he discovered Nick had just texted him:

"Hey, I'm here. Ready?"

After changing back into his clothes, he said goodbye to all the girls and gave Kayla a kiss on the cheek.

"See you in a few minutes," Dylan said as he timidly walked out of the school and into the parking lot.

Dylan somehow remembered that Nick drove an Audi S4 before he wondered if he was dating a rich boy. Dylan got into Nick's car and just said, "Hey."

'WHAT AM I THINKING GETTING INTO HIS CAR?!' Dylan thought, struggling to understand why he got into the car before he remembered Nick was his boyfriend.

"Hey babe," said Nick as he reached over and kissed him on the cheek before inquiring, "How was practice?"

"FUN! We are working on this new dance routine to this hot song and the girls are all doing so well! I think we are going to win at

regional, and I can't wait to go!" Dylan replied unconsciously.

"That's cool. Those pics you sent last night the way were amazing by the way..."

"OH! Thank you..." Dylan said as he giggled and blushed while putting his head on Nick's shoulder.

Nick kissed him on the forehead while edging over to him. While picking up his hand, Nick said, "You know, I've been wanting to see you all day."

Dylan could not believe how sweet Nick was being. It was making him feel like the only girl in the world before he realized that he was supposed to be a boy in the world.

"I should probably get going, Nick. Kayla and I are shopping for dresses today," Dylan said as he put his hand on the door handle.

"Aww, come on, babe. I just want to spend a couple minutes together..."

Dylan sighed and turned his head to his boyfriend.

Sensing his moment, Nick leaned in and placed his lips against him. Dylan was shocked by the domination he was encountering and did not have a moment to resist before Nick's tongue pushed into his mouth.

At that moment, Dylan no longer felt anything like a boy. He felt submissive and under Nick's control and was actually getting a little turned on by Nick's desire for him. He felt Nick firmly grasp his hand and raise it up to his mouth to kiss it. Dylan thought it was so sweet and melted emotionally in his seat. It was not long before he realized his hand was now on Nick's lap.

“We should stop, Nick! How long have we been dating again?” Dylan asked.

The memories flooded Dylan’s brain. He had met Dylan in August at College Lawn Diner where he was eating with some friends. Nick and a few other guys came and hit on them. He did find Nick very attractive and charming at first, so, he figured, yes, he would talk to him and see where things went.

Nick was the sweetest guy to “Dani” and made “her” feel like a princess all the time. “She” had so much fun hanging out with him. “Her” parents loved him. They both had plans for the summer together, etc. They started becoming physical in October. Nick’s penis was not the first she had seen, but the first she had touched and also the biggest.

He relaxed a little and let his hand rest on his bulge. His heart was thumping in his chest, yet he left it there as he kissed Nick back, feeling so submissive under him. His head was screaming “no...” but his body was on autopilot by now, and he just gave into Nick’s advances.

“NO, we shouldn’t! What if someone sees?” Dylan cautioned.

“What are you talking about, girl? You do this all the time in the parking lot!”

Dylan was hoping for a memory jog, something that would tell him what he was supposed to do, but nothing happened, just Nick’s continued heavy breathing and protruding tongue. He attempted moving his hand, but it just made Nick push it down again making it look like he was rubbing it.

“Just unzip me, baby. I really want to feel you down there, right now.”

As a boy, Dylan had never received oral sex, let alone GAVE IT TO ANOTHER BOY! He had seen some porn videos online of girls

doing it. It did not seem too hard, but Nick's penis was certainly hard!

Dylan saw no way out of this situation, so he made a decision to try to make it as quick and painless as possible. Nick broke his kiss with Dylan and moved his hands behind his head, forcing Dylan to do all the work.

Unzipping his boyfriend's Diesel pants and pulling them down slightly to reveal his boxers, he could see Nick was very hard and his dick was very visible. Dylan pulled down the rest of his pants and saw his penis from about a foot away.

Nick's penis was much bigger than what Dylan had between his legs before his mysterious sex change. Nick was probably about seven and a half inches and very thick. He had a nicely trimmed pubic region and, upon lifting up his shirt a little bit, Dylan could see some killer abs.

Dylan could not help but get aroused. Not in the shower, not when kissing Kayla, not in the changing rooms, but, now, looking down at Nick's very prominent manhood. He slowly reached out his hand, shaking a little as he brushed up against it.

Dylan pulled his hair back and placed his hand at the bottom of Nick's shaft. With his eyes closed he went down and put the tip of his penis to his girly lips to give it a kiss.

He heard him give a slight moan as his lips gently caressed the tip. Leaning back up slightly, he saw a string of pre-cum still connected to his painted lips.

Nick placed a hand on top of Dylan's head and pushed him down a little. "She" gladly accepted more of his body into her mouth and twirled her tongue around the base. She placed her free hand upon his knee for support.

Dylan breathed through his nose as he took a little more in. He moved his hand up his thigh and around the bottom of the shaft, gripping softly. Moving his head back up with his hand, he lavishly licked at the head. Swirling his tongue around it made Nick moan lustfully, which in return made Dylan satisfied that he was pleasing his man.

Nick thrust part of himself deeper into Dani's mouth. "She" responded to the action by moving "her" mouth up and down his big penis and squeezing the bottom of his shaft a little bit in hopes of bringing him to an orgasm so "she" could taste more of him.

Bending over a little bit, breathing more heavily, Nick whispered, "I'm going to cum soon. I guess you are going to take it in the mouth as usual?"

"Dani" replied by shaking "her" head "yes" while slightly jerking him off and moving "her" tongue rapidly around him.

"She" was too caught up in the moment about whether or not "she" should swallow enough.

"She" just wanted to make "her" boyfriend happy, and it was very apparent that "she" was doing a good job pleasing "her" man.

"She" tried going down as far as "she" could before coming back up. It was a proud feeling, being able to fit most of his penis down her throat without gagging. It probably was from plenty of practice in the past.

"Dani" wrapped her lips around his engorged head and used "her" hand to slide it up the shaft. Slowly at first, but building up rhythm as she heard him let out a sign of pleasure.

As soon as "she" felt his warm cum pour into her mouth, "she" started swallowing, making sure that none of it would exit "her" mouth.

“She” pulled his penis further into “her” to make sure all of his pleasure went into “her” body. The taste was not as bad as “she” was expecting. Dylan, as a boy, had never tried to taste his own cum, but, considering what Nick said, “Dani” was a growing expert at giving the perfect blow job to boys.

As he finished having his orgasm, “Dani” slid her mouth off his penis while looking up at Nick. She swallowed his cum with little difficulty, finally able to smile up at him. With only a little bit of his semen on her lips, Nick slowly placed his index finger on her and slid it back in her mouth.

She secretly always tried to leave some of his juice there so he could do that exact same gesture. It made her feel so appreciated that he really did think that she gave amazing oral sex. Dani slide herself up Nick’s body to kiss him, wrapping her arms around his neck.

Just before she kissed him, he leaned back and said, “Uh, wait a minute. Not that I don’t want to kiss you hun, just maybe you should have a drink of water, maybe a stick of gum?”

“... Asshole!” Dani screamed as she pushed Nick’s chest. However, Dani accepted his offer to freshen up her mouth even though she was a frustrated with that comment.

“Would you like me to finger you?”

“Um... now, isn’t the right time. I need to get going to Kayla!”

“Ahh okay, thanks. Have a nice time,” Nick said as he leaned into Dani.

She gave her boyfriend one last kiss and exited the car, swaying her hips slightly as she walked away. She then sent Kayla a text: “All right, all done. U ready!?”

She heard a honk of a horn not too far away and hurried towards it.

Kayla asked, "Well?"

"Well what?" Dani asked back.

"You know what! You always have that smirk on your face after you've done something. What was it?"

"Oh, just giving my boyfriend a kiss!"

"Sure..... come on, girly! We have some shopping to do!"

As Kayla twisted the key and turned off the car, Dani stepped out into the cold breeze blowing outside. Rubbing her arms slightly to try and warm up, she headed through the parking lot and through the doors of Synch Boutique, one of the region's best prom dress shops.

An African-American sales associate in her 30's greeted the girls with a warm smile as they entered, "Hello ladies, my name is LaShaunda. How can I help you today?"

"We made an appointment to try on some dresses for prom," Kayla responded.

"Oh exciting! Did you already have some styles in mind or would you like for me to show you some ideas?"

Kayla replied, "Well... Miss Popularity here is dying to win the Prom Queen title," she said as she pointed to Dani before adding, "She wants the BEST dress, something no one else has and something super girly!"

LaShaunda smiled as she told Dani to follow her over towards a section showing large dresses. The girls could easily tell that these dresses were the most expensive ones in the store.

“I can already tell you that Night Moves collection has been big sellers this season, so you may want to avoid those. Can you give me some ideas of what kind of style and colors you were looking for? Short? Long? Mermaid? Ball Gown? Pink? Purple? Orange? White? Black?”

“Dani, you have to look better than me at prom. I really want you to win Prom Queen! I’m going to get a dress that’s cute, but not as glammy as yours,” Kayla announced.

Kayla’s remarks hit Dani’s heart. Her friend wanted to put her on a pedestal. Dani knew she needed to look the best of any girl there. The prettiest, sexiest and most intimidating object of envy.

“I believe I have the dress for you, young lady. Our store only allows ONE of these dresses to go to each school prom. Where do you go to school?”

“Dullany High School.”

“Perfect! We haven’t sold one of these there yet, so you would definitely be the center of attention. It’s from Tiffany Designs: Style 16016. They make a lot of eye-catching dresses for prom and pageants. What do you think?” LaShaunda asked as she held up a Red and Ivory colored gown.

The dress instantly made both teenage girls smile. It had a strapless, sweetheart neckline, which Dani knew would accent her breasts. The satin top would hug her hourglass figure tightly, but would not be too tight like those skanky dresses some girls wore at formal events. Her dream dress had lace and tulle starting at the pelvic line, which would run all the way down to her heels in a sweep train fashion.

“OH MY GOSH! It looks AMAZING! I HAVE to try it on!” Dani said as excited as any girl would be who just found her dream dress.

“Of course sweetie, would you like for me to show you a few others so that you can...”

Dani interrupted LaShaunda, “No, THAT’S MY DRESS!”

“Okay, you look like a size...”

“FOUR!” Dani interrupted again, too excited to keep her mouth closed for very long.

Dani suddenly wondered how she knew what size she was. She had been a girl for only a few hours. She still had complete memory of the transformation. However, new memories were quickly replacing those. Dani shrugged off the odd thought as just being nervous.

“Who would have guessed shopping for a prom dress would be so easy?” asked Dani.

“And what dress type did you have in mind young lady?” LaShaunda asked while looking at Kayla.

“Oh, you know, I just want to look pretty. Blue is my favorite color. Dani jokes around that I act like a boy sometimes! So just pretty and blue, and I don’t want anything too short.”

LaShaunda walked away for a brief moment before returning with a long length, dark blue dress with a sequin design around the bodice. It looked more like a dress for Plain Jane bridesmaids at a generic wedding than for a girl going to senior prom.

“OH MY GOD, it’s the perfect dress for me! This is so easy! Dani, what do you think? I mean...it’s definitely not as glamorous as yours!” Kayla said to the amazement of LaShaunda.

“Yeah, that makes it perfect!”

LaShaunda handed each dress carefully over to the girls and escorted them towards the changing room. The room had a pedestal to stand on which faced mirrors that showed three sides. There were a few sofas in the room and various booths for ladies to change in privacy if they decided.

“Let me know if you ladies need anything. I’ll check back with you in a few minutes,” said LaShaunda.

“Thank you!” The girls replied in unison.

Dani took off her North Face jacket, still smiling in excitement. She tossed her UGGs to the side and slide off her jeans revealing the thong she put on after cheer practice. Since the dress was strapless, she took off her bra and hung it on the hook on the door. She looked in the mirror smiling and cupped her breasts. Dani thought nothing of changing in front of Kayla. In her internal mindset, they had always been best friends and were used to seeing each other naked.

They were used to even switching their outfits half way throughout the school day, including underwear. Dani noticed that Kayla was about the same height, but had a little less curves, especially in the hip area. Kayla stripped in front of Dani revealing her smaller, but just as firm young breasts.

“Can you help me put my dress on Kayla?” Dani asked in a demanding way.

“Of course!” Kayla responded as she walked over to Dani in her bra and panties. Kayla lifted the gauzy dress up as Dani extended her arms in the air. Lowering the dress over her friend, she slowly zipped up the back for her and adjusted small pieces of it until it was perfect.

Dani smiled at herself in the mirror and placed her right hand on her hip while swaying back and forth and checking out how her butt looked in the dress. She knew everyone was going to be envious of her, and Nick was going to think she was a goddess. He was really going to feel like the luckiest guy to be her date.

While Dani was admiring herself in the mirror, Kayla set about putting on her own less extravagant dress, sliding it on and into position. "Could you help with my zip, Dani?" She sweetly asked her best friend.

"Hold on a minute..."

Dani grabbed the tulle section of her dress and pulled it out admiring the detail of the dress. She started thinking about what type of heels she would wear; probably silver ones that were at least five inches or so. Dani turned her head towards Kayla, "Do you think I should get the gloves that go with this dress in lilac or ivory?"

"DANI, PLEASE!" Kayla said in desperation.

"Oh, yeah, okay," Dani said as she walked over and helped her friend.

Holding her arms out by her waist, Kayla spun around, "Well, what do you think?"

"I love my dress! It's classy and very me!" said Kayla.

"No, not you."

Dani looked at Kayla, for a few seconds confused on what else she could mean before she added, "Ohhh you! You look great, Kayla, pretty."

"Dani, you really look beautiful. It's amazing that you found the perfect dress in less than five minutes!"

“Well, you know the world was made for me!”

The girls took their iPhones out and took at least two hundred pictures of themselves in various poses in their dresses. Dani wanted every angle of her body captured.

Playing with her hair to see what it would look like in an up-do, Dani asked Kayla, “You know what’s really amazing to think about, Kayla? I’m finally going to become a woman in this dress, Kayla...”

“Are you sure you don’t want it sooner?” Kayla asked.

“It needs to be prom night, Kayla. I’ve been dreaming out it for years. Wearing the perfect dress ... being crowned queen... having my boyfriend take my virginity...”

Kayla seemed surprised as she replied, “I just figured that you give so much oral, and he goes down on you a lot, that you would have lost it by now.”

“I don’t consider that losing my virginity.”

“Well, what about something else?” Kayla replied.

Dani asked, “What’s that?”

Kayla placed her hands on Dani’s hips and gave her a soft kiss on the lips.

“Kayla...” said Dani, slightly confused. However, she was not as concerned about this as her surprise kiss earlier that day.

“My kisses to you are normally just friendly, but I think we both know we are meant for each other...”

Kayla went in for another kiss, this time sliding her tongue into Dani's mouth to touch her tongue as well. After kissing her for a few more seconds, Kayla grabbed her friend's bottom lip with her teeth and slowly pulled herself away before letting go.

Dani let out a breath of relief before she said, "That was different..."

"It feels kinda wrong, but feels so right."

The two girls engaged in another kiss, this time a little more aggressive. The former boys locked their lips and showed their attraction to each other. Both of them could feel their mouths getting warmer and nipples getting harder. Kayla reached up to place her hand on the back of Dani's head and pull her in closer. Exiting the kiss, she rubbed the tip of Dani's nose with hers and bent her head down to kiss parts of her forehead.

It was strange feeling submissive even under Kayla, but somehow this seemed right to Dani. Curious to touch breasts that were not her own, Dani squeeze Kayla's right breast through her prom dress. Kayla looked down at Dani's cleavage.

"That dress seriously makes you look like a sex goddess." Kayla said as she leaned forward and kissed the top of Dani's breasts.

Dani ran her fingers through Kayla's curly hair as she enjoyed the pleasure she was receiving from her BFF. Kayla ran her tongue up Dani's torso and started kissing the left part of her neck. This caused Dani to feel more sensation throughout her body and let out a small "Ohh," orally approving Kayla's actions.

After kissing her neck for a bit, Kayla continued kissing up the side of her cheek until reaching Dani's ear. She nibbled on the bottom of it and then ran her tongue into Dani's ear.

"Pull up your dress," Kayla demanded.

Dani followed the instructions and then saw Kayla's right hand move towards her pelvic region. Dani's thong was very wet and Kayla could feel the warmth down there from a few inches away. She used her index finger to go down Dani's underwear and started rubbing her clit.

At that point, Dani had no memory of ever being a boy and had no reason anymore to care. This was the most sexual activity he had ever had and was enjoying every moment of it. It was obvious Kayla had no memory of being a boy either. Maybe in reality, they should have been girls all along because they were meant for each other.

Squeezing both of Kayla's breasts, Dani kissed Kayla's neck while still being fingered by her. Kayla began to add fingers, as her index finger joined in the penetration. Dani moved her hand towards Kayla's round ass. She gave it a hard squeeze and pulled it towards her.

"Lay down on the sofa..." Kayla instructed.

Dani followed Kayla's orders and laid down, spreading her legs as she did so. Kayla pushed more of the extravagant dress out of her way and removed Dani's thong, showing her new vagina.

"I haven't done this before either, Dani..., but at least my first time is with you," Kayla said as she kissed her right thigh. Dani reached down, petting Kayla's head, as Kayla's tongue finally met Dani's pussy.

CHAPTER SEVEN

It Was Wet

The intensity of the orgasm shook Dylan awake. An orgasm that powerful was something he had never experienced, but he soon noticed the mess he had just created.

“Ugh, not again!” Dylan muttered, looking down at the cum stains that had leaked through his panties to dampen his pajamas.

Dylan wondered, why was everything in his dream was so realistic. It was as if he and Kyle had been born girls.

Dylan turned on his nightstand lamp and walked into the bathroom to clean up. He took off all of his clothes and wiped cold cum off his leg and penis before he threw the soiled tissue in the trashcan.

As Dylan thought back to the dream, his eyes fixated on the various cosmetic products on the counter that reminded him that he shared the bathroom with his sister, Amanda, who was home occasionally on the weekends. She had just gone back to College Lawn for the semester which was not far away, but, thankfully for Dylan, she spent most of the year at her place near campus.

There were more lotions, soaps and other mysterious things than he could count. Looking in the mirror, Dylan felt slightly depressed about his body. Yes, he needed to lose weight. Yes, he was pale and yes, his dick was small. He always said he was going to do things to improve his body, but he never gave it any effort. He placed his hand on his hip and turned his head slightly to the right as he wondered, 'What if I was really born a girl?'

Dylan posed in front of the mirror making various poses and faces. He knew the dream version of himself would have looked sexy as hell, but the poses of the flabby boy in the mirror looked ridiculous to him.

“Maybe I do look better as a girl,” he thought.

Wanting to clean up a little more, Dylan stepped into a lukewarm shower and put the water on a lukewarm setting. His eyes glanced around the shower and spotted some of Amanda’s hygiene products. The soap had the scent of fresh kiwi and made several promises about making his body “soft and silky”.

He shrugged while grabbing it, rationalizing, “It’s not like anyone will notice.” Rubbing it liberally all over himself, Dylan smiled as he noticed he was starting to smell so similar to his sister. Familiar thoughts started to creep back into Dylan's head as his nostrils sniffed the scent.

Dylan blushed as he tucked his penis in between his legs to see what he would look like without it. Running his hand from his ankle to his thigh, he was getting even more sickened by his own body after feeling the long hairs. Although he had never shaved his legs before, he figured that now was the time to try it since he did not have gym class this semester.

“No shorts is an easy decision with this weather anyway,” he thought.

Grabbing a bright pink Venus razor from the shower wall and some shaving cream, he set started to work on his legs. Dylan rubbed the cream all over his short legs before hesitating and pondering, "Is this really the right thing to do...?"

“Fuck It!” Dylan answered himself while he started shaving the top part of his thigh in a short choppy manner, the same way he shaved his face.

“OUCH!” he exclaimed as he nicked himself after only a minute before putting his hand over his mouth.

“Hmm, maybe I need to be more delicate, more ladylike,” Dylan guessed.

Gliding the razor over his chubby thigh, Dylan slowly realized this might take longer than expected as he began to wash the hair off the blade

One hour later, Dylan felt that his pale legs resembled those of a fat Irish girl. Dylan ran his fingers along them and realized that they did not feel smooth at ALL and there were about a dozen nicks all of his legs. He was also bleeding a tad. He felt that it was almost a sick joke that there were STILL some hairs left despite all the time and effort he had spent on his legs.

After drying himself off with a towel, Dylan snuck into his sister's room to steal another pair of panties. Amanda was cute, but chubby, so her bikini style panties fit him nice and snug. He picked ones with purple lace and a zebra print to wear back to bed. Going into her closet, he found a nightshirt from Body Central with a built-in bra for the breasts he did not have yet.

Dylan strutted with a girlish wiggle in his walk as he went back to his bedroom, imagining himself as a girl. He pursed his lips as he glanced at himself in the mirror and checked out his butt and how it looked in his sister's panties with his newly shaven legs. He let out a disgusted sigh as he noticed that he had forgotten to shave his armpits and chest as well.

Grabbing the cream and razor again, he set to work on his armpits. This went a lot more smoothly and quicker than his legs, and after a short while, he was done. Once again returning to his warm bed, Dylan laid down and started thinking about his weird dream. He realized that his dream life, although weird and different, seemed to be much better than his current situation. Even the thought of having a boyfriend was different, but exciting.

Looking at his alarm clock he saw it was 4:00 AM, Dylan moaned "Ugh!"

Dylan put his hands over his eyes, knowing he had to wake up in two hours for school, yet he was not even tired. Dylan grabbed his phone and searched for "Boys that want to be girls," curious to see what his search would return.

What came up was various sites about transgender people, but after reading them, he dismissed the idea of being one. After searching more, he found pictures and sites of crossdressers, which suited him far better.

He soon found a site containing TG stories and artwork, which had a major impact. He really wanted one of the stories to happen to him and loved the way the girls looked on the page. He decided to send an e-mail to the creator with the only text reading, 'What would you do to make me a girl?'

The cap site made Dylan horny again, so he masturbated and had another orgasm. Luckily, this time he was prepared with some toilet paper, which was always in his nightstand for his convenience. That orgasm relaxed him enough to fall asleep until the 6:00 AM alarm clock roused him from his slumber.

School was as boring as usual. Dylan spent most of the day thinking about the dream that impacted him and thought about what life would really be like as a girl. Staring at the visible bra straps of girls in his class did not help take his mind off the subject. He wondered if he could get away with wearing one to school.

A bump on his shoulder ended his daydreaming. "Hey, what's up? I haven't seen you all day," Kyle asked as he sat across from Dylan in the overcrowded and loud cafeteria.

“Oh, yeah, man... umm, just not feeling well. Didn’t really get much sleep.”

“How come? Stay up too late playing Xbox?”

“Nah, man. I beat my new game already, something else,” Dylan replied, trying his best to be vague.

“Jerking off... I see...” Kyle chuckled.

“Ha, not exactly.”

“Alright, man. So, what ya doing after class?” Kyle continued to questioned, not really caring why Dylan was up so late.

Thoughts of cheerleading as he did in his dream came into Dylan’s mind. He thought of himself wearing a g-string under his shorts, wearing a sports bra, and, actually, having fun with his friends the cheerleaders instead of...

“Oi! Dylan, I asked a question,” Kyle snapped.

“Oh, well...umm... I think Dad and I are going to get some hunting supplies at Gander Hill,” Dylan replied, thinking of the manliest thing possible.

“Making up for something, huh, Dani boi?” Kyle replied, holding back his laughter.

Dylan crossed his legs as his friend’s comment sank into him,
“Well...I did have a crazy dream last night.”

“Was it about Nick? Ha-ha. Were you his Princess?” Kyle smirked, enjoying Dylan’s embarrassment.

“You were a Jewish girl actually,” Dylan replied, quickly refuting Kyle’s statement while trying to diffuse the conversation.

“Was I having my Bat Mitzvah or something?” Kyle inquired to quiz Dylan as he smiled.

“And we were cheerleaders... And we went shopping for prom dresses...” Dylan whispered, finally admitting his secret dream.

Looking at his friend, Kyle paused before he responded, “What the fuck are you talking about?”

“It was just a dream...” Dylan stammered out.

“So, we were chicks... Weird man, was we like, really butch lesbians? Ha-ha.”

Dylan’s palms started sweating. He was debating whether or not to tell Kyle the truth. In his dream, they were much happier as girls and even started having lesbian sex in their prom dresses. It was ridiculous and something he had only heard of in outlandish online stories.

He thought of the other option, which was to tell him that he was Nick’s girlfriend and that they were extremely close. He had tried to push what happened in Nick’s car out of his memory, but it kept popping back in.

“Well...” Dylan stuttered, “It was all just a little too real. That’s all I’ll say.”

“Well, keep me out of your little gay dreams next time. People will start to think I’m gay!” Kyle replied, distancing himself from Dylan.

“I’m not either man!” Dylan rejoined.

“Well, I better head to class, check you later, cheer girl! Ha-ha,” Kyle laughed, muttering the last part under his breath as he got up and

left Dylan alone at the table once more since Stuart and John were absent from school.

Staring around the empty table, Dylan could not help but think that they would have been better off as the girls of his dreams again. In his dream, he was Miss Popular and was gossiping with the other cheerleaders who were a little stuck up, but at least they had plenty of friends. He just could not wait for school to end. When he really thought about it, he knew that he would easily chose to live as a girl for a little while just to see what it would be like, but it was impossible. He was barely passable, had almost zero clothes and only had a handful of friends, most of which obviously did not support his habit and would probably just make fun of him if they ever found about it.

Comparing Kyle to Kayla, it was an easy choice for whom he preferred. Kayla was sweet, helpful, kind and supportive, whereas Dylan had a hard enough time not punching Kyle right in the face half the time.

It was then and there that Dylan made the decision. As soon as he got home, he was going to practice talking like a girl for an hour or so and try on more of Amanda's clothes to find his own style. He also needed practice walking in heels and generally acting like an average teen girl.

Just then he felt his leg vibrate. He reached into his pocket and looked at the text on his phone from Nick:

"What up girl, been thinkin bout u all day."

CHAPTER EIGHT

Bikini Season

His sister's panties, thongs, and bras were the only things on Dylan's mind when he drove back to his house. As he pulled into the driveway, he breathed a sigh of relief when he saw that his parents' cars were gone. Both of them had to work that day, and he knew that they probably would not be home until their usual time of 6:00 PM. Unlocking the door, he yelled out, "Mom? Dad?" to confirm he was alone since he wanted to ensure that the gender transformation fantasy land he was about to create would be enjoyed in private.

Throwing his bag down on the floor, and almost falling up the stairs in his haste, Dylan checked each room on his way up to his sister's room, just in case somehow, someone was around. Luckily for him, every room was all clear. His heart was beating faster in his chest as he approached his sister's door, knocking softly before putting his hand down on the cold metal handle.

Dylan had been in his sister's room many times before. He first started cross-dressing two years earlier by trying on a pair of Amanda's dirty underwear that she left in the hamper in the bathroom they shared, but this was something different. He, now, had to prove to the world, or at least Nick, that he could be a girl. Since he had just drunk an energy drink on the ride home, he went to the bathroom to relieve himself and decided to sit on the toilet rather than stand.

Trying to get into the perfect girly state of mind, he took a few pieces of toilet paper and wiped a few times before standing up and returning to Amanda's room. Standing in her doorway, he took a deep breath and scanned the room before summing up his options. Dylan wondered where he should he start. Should he put out an outfit on the bed or just go straight for underwear and see where it took him?

Amanda had been in and out of the room since her freshman year at College Lawn. Most of the clothes that remained in her room were clothes that were out of season, stuff from her high school days, as well as other belongings she left behind for when she came home for a few days at a time. Amanda had a “shopaholic” syndrome, Dylan realized as a smile came to his face. He could not believe there were things in her closet with tags still on them. He almost ripped off his hoodie and threw it on the floor, knowing that he wanted to try to fit into at least one of her sexy little black dresses by the end of the night.

Going over to her dresser and opening the top drawer, he stood gazing over her vast bra collection full of different colors and styles and even different sizes. Dylan imagined for a second how he could be fitted for the perfect size, but he figured he would need help and the only one person that knew was his dick of a best friend.

Some of the bras felt a little worn out since they were a little older. His favorite bra to wear was the Victoria’s Secret red demi-cup. The size was 38DD and was very loose, but it made him feel very feminine. He slid the straps onto his rather unfeminine shoulders and fastened the back. He had previously tried stuffing the cups with socks and panties, but he decided to just use some of Amanda’s tights this time.

Folding them up over themselves and carefully placing them into each cup, he gave himself a little shape up top. Admiring the two round bumps on his chest, he firmly grasped his new chest enjoying the slight weight. Letting go of his new breasts, he closed the top drawer and opened the one underneath, revealing a similar array of colors and designs, but much less material. Determined to find the matching panties, he searched around the back of the drawer, making a little bit of a mess before clasping his red lacy prize.

While Amanda had left behind a collection of various intimates that Dylan liked to try on, the ones that he found most comfortable were her boy shorts from Aerie that were light blue in color. Although

there were a few menstrual stains from when Amanda was on her period, Dylan did not mind wearing them.

Placing the blue boy shorts to the side for later, he stood up, sliding off his jeans and boxers before pushing them away with his foot. Dylan slowly stepped into the red, lacy bikini bottom style panties, pulling them up his legs and into place over his growing penis. Dylan could tell his body looked much more feminine wearing panties with shaved legs as he sat on her bed and crossed his legs.

The panties were a little tight, but he could still barely notice that his penis was there. Smiling down at his legs and flat visage, he thought again about his dream and wondered if having a vagina would be better than his penis, but he quickly forgot about the idea. While he liked looking flat, he still liked having his equipment, albeit tucked tightly away in lacy panties.

As those thoughts passed as well, Dylan got up and strolled back to the closet. Flipping through the dresses, the thought that he shared similar tastes with his sister came into his mind. She was very proud of her femininity and loved wearing dresses on all kinds of occasions. He remembered the night of her senior prom when she wore a short purple strapless cocktail dress. Jealousy crept into his mind, not because he was dateless for Junior Prom, but because he wished he could have been a girl for that night and feel as pretty as he was sure his sister had felt.

Wistful thoughts overtook Dylan again as he hoped that when he closed his eyes that night that he would find himself in Dani's pumps on prom night. Imagining wearing a massively extravagant dress, becoming prom queen and even dancing with Nick, it would all be a dream come true to Dylan. Although he was sure he was not gay, he was not disgusted by the thought of it since he was a girl in his dream, and, thus, it was only natural. Coming back down to reality, Dylan's desire to wear the perfect little black dress overcame his prior hesitancy. He took a short, tight black dress off the rail and held it up at arm's length, admiring its design and style.

Dylan's heart raced when part of the dress got snagged on his fat stomach again. He counted himself lucky that it did not rip this time as he finished smoothing it over his frame. The short Bebe little black dress came down to just about four inches past his groin area and hugged his butt quite well.

The straps of the red bra looked a little odd emerging from beneath a strapless black dress, but that did not keep him from admiring his figure in the full-length mirror on the back of the door. He twisted his lower body so he could see his butt a little better while he ran his hand up and down his body a few times. Cupping his new "breasts," he was amazed that it actually looked like he had real boobs. He thought of taking a picture and then realized he had not texted Nick back yet. Mincing delicately over to his shorts, he fished into his pocket, careful to ensure that he did not damage the dress in any way. After finding the phone, taking it out and unlocking it, he clicked on his text messages and found the latest one from Nick.

He placed his unpolished fingertips on the phone to text and replied:

`"Hey sorry was busy earlier but now I'm home :)"`

Putting down his phone, he looked at his fingers. He wondered how they would look with his nails painted. A red color to match his sexy underwear struck his fancy as he fantasized about it. The realization that it would be hard to explain to everyone why he had bright red nails was inescapable though. 'Maybe I could try black and just tell everyone I'm going Goth?' Dylan then thought.

Dylan's eyes veered from his fingers towards Amanda's vanity table. It was, as usual, very messy, even though she was not living there at the moment. Not only were there tons of makeup containers, nail polish bottles, brushes, towels and cotton balls on the table, but also various hand bags, towels, old shirts and papers, among other things. He managed to find a red nail polish bottle in the mess, but he was disappointed to find that it was empty. His disappointment did

not last long, however, as there was a glittery looking purple bottle that looked super girly not far from the empty red bottle. He knew some girls at school wore the same color for a few days at a time, but he could just remove it after he was done.

Before he started, Dylan located his sister's nail polish remover under the sink. He took it out just in case the glittery color did not wash off his nails with soap and water on its own.

Slowly bending down at the knees, he noticed the dress hiked right up and nearly went on his hips. It took Dylan a little time before he realized that if he bent at the waist the dress would not go up, allowing him to maintain his modesty. Grabbing the bottle, he gleefully skipped back to Amanda's vanity, feeling excited to see what his nails would look like after they were painted.

While Dylan knew the paint job he did on himself was rather rough, his hand did look more feminine after it was done. Not long after he finished his nails, Nick texted him back:

"What ya up 2?"

Forgetting that the polish had to dry, Dylan quickly texted him back:

"Just girl stuff...."

After getting the purple polish all over his fingers with his messy typing, he sighed before washing it off in the sink and trying again. This time, remembering that he had to wait for them to dry, he even tried blowing on them as he had seen girls do in films.

Dylan re-examined the studs in his ears after pulling his hair back a tad. While they really did not look that bad after all, Dylan knew that Amanda had left some jewelry behind. He went to her jewelry case and found a few bracelets, including a silver one with 'BFFs' written on it. As Dylan took hold of an earring, he thought about the seven piercings he knew Amanda had between her nose, ears and lip.

'God knows where else she's pierced,' Dylan thought before concluding that he might buy his own after all.

Slipping on his sister's bracelet, Dylan wished he had a BFF too. He never really realized what he was missing until having that dream the night before. Kayla had been so nice and really was the perfect friend. Kyle, on the other hand, acted like a total jerk. Dylan imagined that Kayla was the real one as he adjusted the bracelet and smiled to himself. A necklace then caught his eye, and he picked it up, carefully admiring it. Long and sliver with a cross on the end, he slipped it on and into position. After fumbling to lock it at the back, Nick texted:

"What kind of girly stuff? Y U NO Take selfies :P"

He was right. Girls his age were always taking hundreds of selfies. Why should he be any different? Dylan knew that at least his torso could pass right now, so he took a shot of his "boobs" in the dress and sent it to Nick. Not long after sending it, he thought about what he had done.

'What if Nick actually calls me?' Dylan fretted, realizing that the male voice on his voice mail box would NOT be a good sign.

Knowing that he could not change his voice mail to a girly one in case anyone else rung him, Dylan decided that he would have to keep his phone close at all times just in case Nick rung him. As Dylan thought about what he had just sent Nick, he started to worry. Was he being too flirtatious? There was no harm in it after all, right? And what exactly would Nick send back? A picture of his chest?

Dylan closed the text-messaging app and figured he would worry about it later. He got on a video site and looked up walking in heels, knowing that he needed to learn how to walk more lady like. Amanda had only left one pair of heels at the house, a pair of white three-inch heels that were a little dirty. He wondered why the ends were shaped

liked they were given that his wide foot barely fit in them. He stumbled a few times while trying to even walk two feet.

Following the instructions from the video, Dylan kept at it without getting much better, falling over a few times until he started to at least be able to walk very slowly and wobbly. After a while, he sat down on the bed and crossed his legs, enjoying how they looked in the heels. Noticing he could see his toes through the peep hole in the shoes, Dylan got the idea that he could paint his toenails as well.

He looked at the clock and noticed it was already 5:32 PM. He cursed at the fact that his parents would surely be home within the hour and there was no way he wanted them to find out he was cross-dressing, let alone that he was flirting with another boy via text. He figured he would just hide the nail polish in his room and do it later that night before he got a text back from Nick:

"Nice... want to see part of me?"

Dylan read the text over in his head again and again, knowing what he meant. Dylan knew he had to refuse, even if some small part of him was curious, especially after his dream.

"No thanks, maybe later"

He texted back before realizing that while he may have said no now, he did just leave the possibility open in the future by accident.

Dylan then slipped out of Amanda's sexy tight dress and walked over to the dresser in only his red lacy panties, matching bra and white heels. In the third drawer down, he found some yoga pants with leopard print around the waist. He tried them on once before and loved the way they felt against his skin. After sliding them up his legs, he sensed how much better they felt with shaved legs and loved the way they hugged his butt. He walked back over to the closet, where he found a white blouse with a V-neck line. He thought it would be a good blouse to wear if he had real cleavage, especially if he accessorized it with a cute heart necklace.

Putting it on, he admired himself in the mirror, making various poses, including a few raunchy ones. With a massive smile on his face, he turned back towards his phone and decided to take a picture in the mirror to remember the outfit. He took one of him just standing in front of the mirror slightly awkwardly, but he then took a few more while making poses he had seen on the front of his sister and mom's magazines before taking one final picture by bending over slightly and taking a photo of his butt.

Dylan looked it over and thought it looked pretty good. "Maybe Nick would like it," he thought too himself.

Running his newly manicured fingers through his hair, he thought that he really should grow it out. If anyone questioned him, he could just say he wanted to look like a rock star and not a bearded hipster. Amanda had a few butterfly clips, so he tried his best to emulate a feminine style without busting out her curling iron just yet. He also remembered he needed to practice feminizing his voice, so, in a high-pitched squeal, he blurted out, "I'm Danielle!"

He laughed to himself before repeating a little more quietly, "Hi, I'm Danielle." Wondering if he was over doing it with the high-pitched tone, he experimented, trying several different voices. Eventually, he managed to get the hang of talking high, but without sounding like a mouse. One final time he recited, "Oh hey, Nick. How're you?"

Trying as gracefully as he could to still walk in heels back to his phone, he looked up "Talk like a girl" and found a few videos on feminizing vocal training. He figured if he practiced every day after school before his parents got home, he could probably sound just like his sister in a week or so. It just needed to be a priority for him, just like carrying himself as a woman.

After watching a few more videos, and deciding that he would assign himself Danielle homework, he got undressed and placed the yoga bottoms and blouse carefully back where he found them before

doing the same with the red panties and bra. Picking up his favorite pair of Amanda's panties, he slid them on. After positioning the blue boy shorts perfectly, he set about getting a different bra.

"OHHHHH you are no fun, sure you don't want to see? It's 8 inches ;-)"

"WTF?" Dylan thought to himself after reading Nick's text. He wondered how this guy could have a penis that is TWICE as big as his erect.

The more he became involved with this "Dani" persona, the more he thought of himself as a girl though. And as a girl, he was curious about seeing what it looked like, although he was not quite sure if he was ready to see it yet.

Picking up a pink laced, slightly sheer bra with a floral design, he put his arms through the straps before managing to hook it up at the back in one try.

'I'm getting good at this,' he thought.

Filling up the cups with hosiery again, he decided on trying on one more outfit before cleaning up and returning to boy mode. Digging deep into her closet, he found some special outfits. There was an ugly bridesmaid dress Amanda had worn to their cousin's wedding, a cat outfit she wore for Halloween the year before, her high school graduation gown, some random Hot Topic dresses from her self-described "Emo MySpace Days" and a few other random treasures. He then found a plastic tub in the corner of the closet labeled 'Summer Shit'.

Opening it, Dylan felt that he stumbled upon a goldmine of girlishness, Amanda's swimwear collection. Hauling the tub out of the back of the closet and throwing it down on his sister's bed, he opened it up further and moved his hand inside it, feeling the familiar material of waterproof clothing. Looking through her collection, Dylan

realized that there was some stuff that looked years old, while other pieces looked like they had hardly been worn once.

The swimsuit that caught his eyes was a bandeau style bikini top with a matching bikini bottom. The top was a soft pastel pink, while the bottoms were lined with a similar color but had a tropical design print.

Although his testicles were hanging out of the bottom of the bikini, it surprisingly fit well around his hips as he put it on. He was so glad he had shaved his pubic hair off as well, knowing that it would have made the bikini bottom look terrible.

The top accented the man boobs he created by tightly pushing them together. The thoughts of having natural DD's like Amanda graced his mind as he walked barefoot across the room looking for other girl stuff he could try on. The text messaging sound altered him, Dylan thought with a smile, 'Must be a dick pick from Nick.'

As he checked his phone, however, the text read:

`"Coming home soon, got carry out from PF Chang's! Love, Mom x."`

Dylan panicked as he read the text, knowing he needed to hurry up and put everything back before she came home. He thought about putting the bikini away first, but he was enjoying wearing it too much, so he started by putting the little black dress away. While putting away the dress, he noticed his nails were still painted, but he figured it would be pretty quick and easy to take it off in the bathroom since she would not interrupt him in there.

"WHAT.....THEFUCK.....!" Dylan heard a voice yell from behind him as he walked into the joint bathroom.

"AMANDA?"

Turning towards his sister, still wearing her bikini, Dylan's mouth opened, but no words came out as his face instantly turned bright red. Amanda placed her hands on her face and kneeled down to the ground.

CHAPTER NINE

Leashed

Dylan stared in shock at his sister, who still had her hands over her face and seemed to be weeping. Dylan struggled to get the nerve to ask, "Are you okay!?"

"You are such a faggot," she replied, forcing Dylan to realize that she was laughing hysterically and not crying at all.

Dylan blushed furiously as he responded, "What!? N... no, I am not!"

Looking down, Dylan saw the bright pink bikini that tightly clung to his body. Trying to turn back, Dylan quickly muttered, "I will just go change back quick."

"Mom and Dad are going to be SO happy when they find out they have two daughters," Amanda replied gleefully.

"No way! You can't tell them Amanda, please!" Dylan pleaded, terrified.

"You can go ahead and keep that bikini. Looks like your penis needs out, but if you didn't have one..." Amanda replied, giggling.

Dylan had never felt more humiliated and embarrassed in his entire life as he responded, "I don't want to keep it, I just want to change."

"Oh come on Dylanielle, I've always wanted a sister growing up that I could dress up as a little princess!"

"It's Dani...J...Just shut up!" Dylan replied, catching himself mid-sentence from admitting his girl name to his sister.

Amanda stopped laughing when it sank in that this was not his first time dressing in her clothes. Dylan noticed a serious look on her

face as she asked, "Are you gay? Trans? What's going on?"

"No, I was just messing around that's all. Please just let me get changed and we can forget about this," Dylan pleaded in response to his older sister.

At that moment, Dylan's cell phone chimed once again with a text message from Nick.

"Who is that?" Amanda demanded to know as her eyes grew wider.

Snatching his phone and holding it to his chest, Dylan snapped, "No one. Mind your own business, Amanda!"

Amanda tried controlling her laughter from the sight of her little brother's defensive clutching of his phone to his bikini-clad chest. Collecting herself, she responded, "Come on! Why are you so defensive? Got a boyfriend or something, you little faggot?"

"NO! That's crazy. I told you I'm not gay, just leave me alone and let me get changed, Amanda," Dylan replied. Clutching his phone, Dylan turned around and walked towards her room, trying to get to his clothes that were still on her floor.

"Okay, I'll just tell Mom," Amanda beamed as she retorted.

Freezing in place, Dylan realized how much control she had over the situation before he replied, "Fine....What's it going to take for me to keep this between us? Give you and your friends lifts? Clean your room for a month?"

"Give it here," said Amanda as she extended her hand to take his phone.

"What? Why?" Dylan replied as he held onto his phone with all his might, accidentally showing off his glittery purple nails to his Sister.

“Oh, and you painted your little nails? How cute...even though it looks like you need some practice! Maybe Mom can help you?” she teased.

Giving into her demands, as he knew that she had him right where she wanted him, he sullenly handed over his phone to her without making eye contact. Amanda scrolled through the messages, going back as far as his first message from Nick.

“So how did you meet this guy? It looks like he thinks you are a girl...” Amanda quizzed Dylan while trailing off.

“He asked for my number at the mall...” Dylan admitted.

“Wait! What? So, he knows you are a boy? You really are gay? This explains everything now...”

“No! Explains what?... never mind! No, I was kind of, you know,” Dylan struggled to reply, stammering his words while trying to stall for something, anything to enter his mind that struck him as a reasonable explanation for his situation.

Amanda started texting Nick back:

“Feel free to call me anytime...” she wrote as she clicked on the send button.

“What did you just do!? Amanda, what the hell!” Dylan yelled as he walked forward, trying to get his phone back.

Amanda placed her hand on Dylan’s chest to hold him back. They were about the same height, but Amanda was about fifteen pounds heavier and carried her weight in different places than Dylan. After a few seconds of wrestling in his bikini to get his phone back, Dylan gave up the struggle and pleaded, “Please!?!.....”

Just as Amanda was about to reply to Nick again, Dylan's phone burst into life. Dylan almost screamed while Amanda just smiled wickedly and swiped her finger across the screen. Her eyes were trained on her brother as she pulled the phone up to her ear while holding her finger up to silence Dylan.

"Hello....?" Amanda answered in a slight whispering voice into the phone.

"Oh, hey I was trying to get Danielle. Is she there? It's Nick," the deep voice over the phone replied.

"It's me silly!"

"Oh, right, you sound a little different then you did at the mall. Probably cause of the phone ha-ha. So what's up?"

"Just hanging out with my sister, painted my nails... school was boring, and I have a lot of stuff to do tonight."

"Right... cool," he replied sounding a little surprised. "Yeah, it would be better if you came to my school, if we would have the same classes."

Dylan's face was turning redder by the moment as he wondered what his sister was planning. He took off the bikini top and got changed back into his clothes while he waited for Amanda's phone call to end.

"Yeah, totes," Dylan heard his sister reply to Nick.

"So, I was wondering, you doing much on the weekend? There is this party a friend is having that I thought you might like to come to with me," Nick replied.

Amanda pressed mute before yelling into the other room, "Dylan... he wants you to go to a party with him this weekend!"

Dylan looked up from buttoning up his jeans to see Amanda smiling. Shaking his head, he almost screamed, "NO! Amanda, please! You have to say no!"

Amanda took the phone off mute and replied, "Sorry, had to check my calendar. I had something going on, but I'll see if I can get out of it cause I would rather spend time with you..." with a flirty tone in her voice as she ignored her brother's pleading.

"Yeah, me too, so yeah, I'll text you the details and stuff for when I'll pick you up. Talk to you later, babe," Nick responded.

"Bye, Bye!"

Locking the phone up then placing it on the side of the sink, Amanda clapped her hands excitedly. Dylan shot her furious glare.

"Tell me all about him!? He sounded so nice!" Amanda demanded.

"I don't even know him, Amanda. I met him for like five-seconds, and I was forced into giving him my number," he admitted.

"Sure...now tell me ... What's the REAL story behind this?"

"I'll tell you later, Amanda!!! Mom should be home soon. Can you please help me take off this polish?" Dylan replied, panicking about his Mom finding out about his girl mode.

"Sure you don't want Mom to know? You know, she'll probably be cool with it. She let me go on birth control at sixteen."

Dylan gave his sister an angry stare as he replied, "I gave you my phone, and I promised, so just help me get this stuff off."

"Fine...I'm staying the night, so we are going to have some 'Girl Time' tonight and talk about all of this. I have this one dress here that

should be perfect for you to wear to the party!”

CHAPTER TEN

Pussy Whipped

As soon as the last of the polish was off his fingers, Amanda and Dylan heard the front door bang open, signaling their mother's arrival with dinner. Dylan took a deep breath, hoping that Amanda would hold up her end of the bargain.

Dylan remained quiet for the next hour, playing a game on his cell phone in the kitchen while Amanda rambled on to their parents about her life at school this semester. She kept complaining that her Biology professor was a 'bitch,' how messy her roommate was, and how she was going to a job fair in Sea City in a few weeks to try to work at the beach for the summer and "enjoy life." She mentioned that she was not dating anyone. Dylan had met two of her boyfriends in high school, but knew she had not dated anyone steady in a while. Her stories were getting boring, but at least she was avoiding the subject of what just happened in her bedroom.

Eventually, she sat down across from Dylan, who was still on his phone while his parents were prepping the dinner table. "Whatcha doing? Texting Nick?" she said loud enough for everyone in the house to hear.

"No...."

Looking rather annoyed at his tone of voice, she gave Dylan a slight glare before smiling and responding, "Oh? Well, aren't you all going to some party on the weekend?"

"Oh yeah... I forgot to ask mom. It's cool right? It's some friends from school..."

They heard a non-specific answer from his Mom, obviously not paying that much attention.

“Any ideas on what you’re wearing? Or is planning out an outfit something only girls do?” Amanda asked, causing Dylan to squirm uncomfortably.

“I don’t know...” Dylan answered nervously while slightly grinding his teeth.

“You could always just go shopping to get some new stuff for it. Hell, I can help. Give you a girl’s perspective maybe?”

“NO, Amanda...just drop it. Guys don’t care about that stuff! Plus, it’s just a few friends getting together. Everyone will be in hoodies and jeans.”

Dylan noticed Amanda smiling at his humiliation. Their parents, however, never chimed in though with questions regarding the party he would be attending as a girl. Amanda smirked at Dylan, waiting for the moment when she could force her brother to wear a dress upstairs.

Just as Amanda was about to continue her interrogation about “Danielle’s” party, dinner was brought in. As her mother placed the food down on the table while telling everyone to grab what they wanted, Amanda thought about just how far she could push this and what exactly she could make her brother do.

“I’m SO glad you made your World Famous Meatloaf Mom! I’ve been craving this since I was back for Christmas. Too bad Dylan cut out red meat though!”

Reaching out to grab some meatloaf with a fork, Dylan froze and stared back at Amanda before questioning her, “What the hell are you talking about?”

“You mean you didn’t tell them yet!? OH! It’s exciting! Dylan said he wants to lose some of that baby fat he still has, so he’s cutting out

red meat and soda, and is going to exercise everyday to try to lose a few!"

Dylan's shocked expression soon turned to anger. After looking over to see his mother smiling, however, Dylan replied through gritted teeth, "O...er yeah sure! Thanks a lot, Amanda."

His hand grabbed at a spoon for a side of mashed potatoes, but Amanda quickly redirected his hand to the salad bowl. He ate his meal slower than usual, trying to put off the embarrassment he was sure he would face through the remainder of the evening.

Throughout the meal, Amanda kept gesturing with her knife and fork for Dylan to eat slower and with more care. After a few minutes, Dylan noticed that slowing down caused him to eat more like her and their mom, rather than wolfing it down like he and his father usually did.

The discussion around the dinner table mostly revolved around Amanda's homecoming for a few days. Dylan largely avoided the conversation because he had other things on his mind. Amanda did mention that she was going to have a little "Sibling Time" alone with Dylan, noting that they would watch a movie upstairs or "something".

As they finished eating dinner, Dylan could not wait to retreat back to his room, but, once again, Amanda had different ideas.

"Dylan, how about you help clean up?" She asked.

"What? I never do..." Dylan started to reply, but after seeing his sister's facial expression, Dylan stopped talking and started helping out. He walked back over to the table to start bringing dishes over. After spending a few minutes doing what he had always dismissed to his sister as "women's work," he headed upstairs to his big sister's room with Amanda.

As soon as the door closed behind them, Dylan turned to Amanda to furiously ask, "What the fuck was that?"

Amanda stepped closer to her brother and placed her index finger over his lips as she replied, "Quiet....you are under my control, now."

Dylan thought about swatting away her hand, but with his parents downstairs, he decided he should pick a better time to strike back at Amanda.

"Don't make a big deal about this. I'm trying to help you. It looked like you were having fun by yourself earlier. You can keep that bikini by the way because I am NOT wearing it after your dick has been in it."

"I don't want to keep it, Amanda! I just want to forget this ever happened and go back to normal!"

"How long have you been wearing my shit anyway?" Amanda demanded to know.

Dylan tried to avoid the question, but Amanda just stood there waiting for a response, forcing Dylan to reply, "That was the first time. I was just doing it for a laugh. Honest."

Amanda stepped a little closer to Dylan, bending over and squinting her eyes, giving Dylan what their father called her famous "Amanda stare".

Cracking under her gaze, Dylan muttered quietly "A couple years on and off..."

Amanda slowly drew back before she replied, "Let's get ONE thing straight, because it's obvious you might NOT BE straight, don't lie to me ever again. Okay?"

"Fine, I won't, is that it? Can I go now? I won't do it again."

“What about your little boyfriend?” Amanda asked.

“Nick isn’t my boyfriend. I only met him once, okay!” Dylan shot back defensively.

“I mean, you admitted you’ve been cross-dressing for years, you obviously met some guy and have been texting and God knows what else with him. What else have you done?”

“Nothing! Well...I sent a couple pics, but that’s all I swear!”

“And what made you do that?”

Dylan answered, “I’m not sure. It seemed all right to do at the time.”

“And I’ve NEVER seen you date. Have you ever had a girlfriend? Are you really gay? Bi-curious? Trans? It’s okay; you know I’m fairly liberal.”

“I’m straight! I just made a mistake giving him my number is all.”

“Then why are you still texting him? Didn’t we just talk about no more lies?” Amanda questioned.

“I’m not lying. I just...liked the attention I guess,” Dylan responded, blushing heavily.

“And you didn’t answer my question...Have you ever had a girlfriend?”

“Yeah! Well...sort of...”

“Who?”

“Okay! I haven’t, Happy?”

“So, other than being breastfeed by Mom and maybe rubbing up against a girl by accident, you’ve never touched a boob?”

Dylan just stared at Amanda before shaking his head before he replied, “I guess I just don’t want to be found out. I’d be a laughing stock.”

Amanda pondered the situation for a minute. “So, why don’t you look at this as a great chance to one, learn more about women, and, two, actually like hang out with someone and have a “practice relationship”? I mean, he invited you to a party and all, so you can have fun with that and maybe actually meet better friends than that fucking douchebag hipster Kyle you always hang out with.”

“You really want to help me? Not just make fun of me?” Dylan asked.

“You just need to listen to everything I say. It will be really bad news if people found out you were a boy,” Amanda replied with more than a hint of a threat.

Dylan swore he could hear himself do a cartoonish, over the top, gulp. However, he just nodded to confirm his agreement.

“Great. I’m only here for, like, three days, so we have a lot to do. We can cover just the basics tonight like doing your nails, figuring out what to do with your hair and picking a great dress from what I have. It’s going to be so much fun! First thing I need you to do is take off all of this,” Amanda stated as she pointed her finger up and down Dylan’s body from his shoes to his neck.

Dylan hesitated, looking at the door since he was thinking about his parents, but soon he refocused and set about stripping down, knowing that his parents hardly ever went into his or Amanda’s room. Slipping out of his shorts and t-shirt quickly, he stood in front of Amanda, wondering what she had planned.

“Those need to go also,” Amanda said as she pointed towards Dylan’s dick.

“What?” Dylan shrieked.

“How many girls wear grey boxers? I’m going to make you wear some of my panties. Don’t think a thong will work, but some of my like bikini or boy-short styles will.”

Dylan muttered under his breath before turning around and getting naked for the first time in front of his sister since they were kids. He awkwardly stood facing away from Amanda.

“Well?” said Amanda. “Come on, it’s not like I haven’t seen something like that before!”

After what seemed like hours, Dylan finally managed to turn around, using his hands to hide himself.

“Just show me. I’m going to have to see it at some point. I can already tell from here that you shaved already like a good little girl.”

Slowly moving his hands to his sides Dylan stood completely nude in front of his sister in her room.

“Could this day get any weirder?” he thought to himself.

Amanda smiled as she said, “Well, now I know why I’m going to call you my little sister...”

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Girly Thoughts

“Here, put these on, you little sissy,” Amanda commanded as she tossed Dylan a simple black panty with lace around the waistband.

Dylan was not pleased about dressing up in front of his sister, especially with their parents downstairs. He feared being naked in front of her even more, however, as he eagerly grabbed the panties and slid them up his legs and around himself.

“I know they aren’t like those sexy leopard print or red satin ones I had before that you probably jerked off in, but you can never go wrong with black undies. Guys think they are sexy as hell.”

“Amanda! I don’t want guys thinking I’m sexy!” Dylan retorted with his hand on his hip.

“Ha, well, they definitely don’t like a girl who isn’t confident and is always nagging!”

“Let’s just hurry up. I don’t want Mom and Dad finding out what we’re doing up here,” begged Dylan.

“Were you actually wearing my bras? They would be WAY too big on you even with your mini man boobs and all,” Amanda said while trying to hold back her laughter.

“Well, I used padding so they fit a little better,” admitted Dylan.

Amanda smiled, “I knew girls who used a few tissues while they were in puberty. Guess you’ll keep having to use your little padding until you get breast implants!”

“Implants? You’re crazy!”

“You know living as a woman isn’t too bad. I’m going to take a wild guess and assume we have it better than, you know, guys who don’t have a job... have no ambition... and only a few friends... and definitely not a girlfriend. Sound familiar?”

“I don’t want to live as a girl though. I’m happy being a normal guy.”

“Yeah, because so many normal guys wear their sister’s old bikinis. Go to the dresser and pick out your bra,” Amanda commanded her brother.

Realizing he should just stop complaining and start doing what she said, he moved towards the dresser. Searching through the vast assortment of delicates, he found a similar black bra and held it up, showing it to Amanda.

“That bra is so uncomfortable. It’s why I left it here. I got that like 3 years ago. You know, maybe we should just go to the mall right now and get you some stuff of your own.”

“No, please just no! Help me pick out a comfy one then?” Dylan asked.

“Umm...it’s uncomfortable because I actually have these things to carry around and my back hurts after a while,” Amanda replied as she took her hands to her 38DD chest.

“I WAS JUST SAYING,” shouted Amanda after a pause before continuing, “I’m assuming you know how to put those on correctly? Let me see you...”

Quickly putting each arm through each strap, Dylan rather expertly clipped it up in one try around his back and then made a little sarcastic “Tada” pose to his sister.

“Ha, I guess that’s one way.... I’ll show you another once we get you out of your training bra phase,” Amanda said as she started stuffing

her brother's bra with small socks.

"Do you think if I went to the party, anyone would notice I don't have real boobs?"

"Maybe if you wearing a fucking strapless or something, but the dress I have in mind is cute and casual. I got it from Charlotte Russe a few months ago and just haven't worn it yet."

"Can I see it?"

Amanda grabbed her sissy brother's hand and walked him over to her closet. Flipping through various dresses, Amanda let her commentary on each be known.

"This red satin dress would work well if you were going somewhere a little more classy. It shows a lot of leg though, and I noticed you need help learning how to shave your legs as well... ugh where is this dress!? OH HERE IT IS!" Amanda stated as she grabbed the dress Dylan had recently replaced for her.

Dylan almost let out a chuckle as he wondered what the odds were that the dress she picked was the one he had replaced with Kyle. Amanda placed the dress up to Dylan's body to get a glimpse before she asked, "Isn't it pretty? It may be a little tight on you though."

"Yeah, it hardly fi..." Dylan knew he had said too much before he stopped. He still hoped Amanda by chance had not heard what he said.

"Umm, maybe we can make this easier. What HAVEN'T you worn in my closet?" Amanda inquired.

"Well ermm... I'm not sure really..."

Amanda went through a few more casual dresses she had in her closet before pulling out a blue chiffon skater dress and placing it to

his body, “You know, with a white pull over, some jewelry, and working on your hair and makeup, I think I can turn you into a little princess.

Dylan had all but lost the will to fight her and just instead decided to go along with this nightmare.

“Yeah, thanks, sis,” Dylan replied.

The soft polyester feel of the dress against his body made him get a little hard, which Amanda noticed. “EWWW! Are you seriously getting an erection in front of me? Think maybe Dad has some duct tape you can borrow to make sure this doesn’t happen again?”

“What? No! It’s just the material, and you are not taping my dick, Amanda!”

“Well, what’s going to happen when that guy you are seeing makes you hard?” Amanda questioned.

“He won’t! I mean, I’m not seeing any guy.”

“I think I can summarize this whole thing that you are into with one statement.”

“What is it then?” asked Dylan.

Amanda stared at her brother as she inquired, “If you were a real girl, you would be straight right?”

“I...guess yeah. What’s that got to do with anything?”

“Because if you START thinking of yourself as being a real girl for this situation, then this will be a lot easier.”

“So, you want me to stop being Dylan completely?” Dylan asked.

“All I’m saying is just stop putting up a fight and just try it out for a while!”

“Ugh, okay I can pretend to be Danielle for tonight and see how it goes,” Dylan suggested.

“REALLY!” Amanda replied, in somewhat of a shock before adding, “That’s great! It’s going to be so much fun playing sisters tonight. Now, keep in mind that means ACTING like a girl as well as looking like one, is that understood?”

“Yeah, I understand,” Dylan closed his eyes and let out a light sigh before opening them back up and smiling at Amanda.

“Try that again! Acting like a girl means NOT sounding like a boy!”

It was a good thing he had practiced earlier he thought to himself. Putting on his high girly voice, which he still needed practice, he asked, “Is this better?”

Amanda took her hand and slapped Dylan in his crotch. Dylan rocked back slightly as he said, “Oww! What the hell was that for?”

“Just wanted to see if boys really do talk in higher pitch when they get hit down there,” Amanda replied while sticking out her tongue.

“But, I’m not a boy...” Dylan retorted before sticking out his tongue.

“Okay, let’s just pretend that little thing down there doesn’t exist. Now, put on your dress!”

Danielle grabbed the dress and looked it over for a second. It was a very pretty dress. He just hoped he would not look ridiculous wearing it. Stepping into it with one foot and then the other, he slowly pulled it up his legs before he slipped his arms through the straps.

Amanda glanced up from 'Danielle's' legs to 'her' shoulders. She pulled some of the fabric on Dylan's hips to see how tight it was fitting and noticed that it did appear as if he had somewhat small breasts with the bra he was wearing.

"Could you zip me up please?" Dylan asked, turning his back to her.

Amanda placed her hands on the shoulders of 'her sister,' turning 'her' around so that she could see the back of the dress, but also so that 'Danielle' could see herself in the full length mirror that hung on the back of Amanda's closet door.

From the neck down it did look good, Dylan thought. While it was not amazing, it was snug enough to show off his body without making it look silly. Playing with the hem, he admired his legs in the dress. He thought that his legs really were his best asset at the moment.

Amanda finished zipping up the dress for her feminized brother and then ran her fingers through his shaggy hair while she asked, "What do you think?"

"It's pretty, shows off my legs pretty good too. Though it's a little tight around the waist."

"I was going to say you could probably wear some thin black leggings if it is cold out that night with this dress. Some ballet slippers would look cute with this until you get good at walking in heels."

"Do you have some of those I can borrow?"

"No, I took them all with me to College Lawn. Are you sure you don't want to go to mall? We could probably go tomorrow"

Danielle hesitated; although he knew that, since he was a girl, he should have no qualms about going to the mall with his sister. Yet, he still did not want that.

Amanda then asked, "I mean, have you tried walking in heels yet?"

"Yeah, though I haven't really had that much practice in them," he admitted in response.

"I only have one pair of heels here. Let me see you try to walk in them."

Dylan sat down on the bed, accidentally letting the dress ride up to the top of his thighs as he sat with his legs apart.

"Um, I think we should probably work on this... Stand up, girly!" Amanda demanded.

"Work on what?" he asked, standing up and feeling confused.

"When you sit back down, place your hand on the bottom of your dress so it doesn't ride up and cross your legs as you sit so you don't show the world..."

Looking back at the bed as he sat down, he kept his right hand on the hem of the dress at the back, keeping it down as he sat down before moving his right leg across in a low arch over his left.

"Now, place your hand on your knee and rest the other on top of it. Sit up straight and chin up. Make sure you are smiling."

Placing both hands on top of his knee, he straightened his back and beamed a big smile towards Amanda.

"Much better, girly girl!" Amanda complimented her brother as she walked to him with the heels in her hand and said, "Now, slip these on."

Reaching down with difficulty to get the heels, he eventually, much to Amanda's amusement, uncrossed his legs and slipped both heels on. He then got prepared to stand back up on the unstable heels.

“Careful,” Amanda insisted.

Still, with one hand on the bed and one reaching out to Amanda, he managed to stand up still. Amanda then grabbed his hand to guide him while she said, “Just try strutting back and forth between here and the door.”

Carefully putting one foot in front of the other, he made it to the other side of the room before nearly toppling over. Using the door to steady himself, he walked back to Amanda without encountering many problems.

“Well, you seemed to have SOME practice, young lady. You should probably just keep wearing them all week to get used to it. I mean there are going to be a lot of teens there, and it’s a house party right? You may be the only girl there in heels...”

“I can’t wear them to school though, sis,” Dylan responded.

“Of course not, unless you start going to class as Danielle,” Amanda teased.

“I...Uh... don’t think so. I can just practice at home.”

“You know, I really wish I would have feminized you back when you were in like middle school. Imagine how different things would be if, like, you started on hormones back before you went through puberty and had been living as a girl for a few years! It would have been massive fun. Maybe you would have even joined the cheerleading team or became a twirler or something. I could see you being a girly girl.”

“Hormones? I think you are going too far into this Amanda. Once the party is over, I think I will quit.”

“NONSENSE!!! Remember...you need to think of yourself as a girl for tonight. So, no more discussion about ANYTHING boy related or this whole ordeal...I mean I could always bring Mom in here and see what she thinks.”

“No! Okay, I understand. I’ll be good little sister,” said ‘Danielle’ forcing a smile.

“That’s the spirit! Now, what to do about your hair...”

“I usually just do it up in a high ponytail. Is there anything else that can be done with it?”

“You at least have something to work with, unless you want to wear a wig or have hair extensions put in.”

“I’d prefer not to, but whatever you think, I will do...”

“Have a seat at the vanity table, and I’ll grab some stuff I brought home out of my bag...”

Slowly and carefully, he walked towards the seat then swept his dress under him as he sat down, finally crossing his legs to wait patiently for his sister to return.

Amanda took a black hair band out of her bag and placed it in the front of his head, then pulling his hair back a bit. She scrunched her face as she said, “Okay, that is NOT cute.”

‘Danielle’ pouted a little before asking, “Okay, what would be?”

Amanda grabbed a curling iron out of her bag and plugged it into the wall outlet by the vanity table and said, “It should be a few minutes...”

“Doesn’t that usually make the hair stay that way for a while?”
‘Danielle’ inquired.

“Just a little,” Amanda admitted.

‘Danielle’ heard his phone get an alert and looked over at it on his sister’s bed, but he did not get up to get it, hoping Amanda did not hear it.

“Must be your little boyfriend again... Has anyone else texted you today?” Amanda said.

“I...I think it’s just been him texting me. I’ll read it later.”

“That’s fine. We have work to do,” Amanda stated in response.

“Great, what now?” ‘Danielle’ said, starting to actually be excited about how he might turn out.

Amanda stood behind her brother, staring into the vanity mirror with him as she noticed his smirky smile. Running her fingers through his hair, she noticed some knots.

“Wow, I guess boys really do just use shampoo, but when was the last time you washed all of this? Last week?” Amanda inquired.

“A couple days ago I guess, why?”

“Just do me a favor and throw out that shitty three dollar AXE stuff you use. I’ll give you a pressie tomorrow and bring you home some good shampoo from Bath & Body Works. Do you like strawberries?”

“I guess so,” ‘Danielle’ replied.

“I wish we had time to just do it, now, but I guess we can work with what you got, girl,” Amanda responded as she reached over to the table and grabbed a heat protecting spray that she sprayed all over “Danielle’s” shaggy brown hair.

'Danielle' closed his eyes so he did not get any spray in them and then kept them closed in case she had any other sprays.

"You don't have to close your eyes, silly. I'm not going to spray you in the face, but you do have to shake your head a little. How does it smell, now?"

Shaking his head a little too much, he smiled as he stopped, taking a deep breath through his nose. He had to admit his hair smelt much better now, even a little feminine.

"Great," Amanda said as she grabbed a hair clip and pulled the top of his hair back before uttering, "OH MY GOD!!!!"

Panicking, 'Danielle' almost screamed out, "What? What did you do?"

"More like what did you do....You got your fucking ears pierced!"

Letting out a sigh of relief, 'Danielle' admitted, "Oh! Them, er...yeah I got them done at the mall a few days back"

"This is going to be much easier than I thought..."

"Why's that?"

"If you got them a few days ago, you should be able to wear real ones by the party. Did you get any real ones when you were at the store?"

"I got these and a pair of small gold hoops the sales girls said are popular",
'Danielle' replied.

"Wow, you are keeping it basic. You should probably get a few more when we go shopping together" Amanda said while she started brushing a small strip of "Danielle's" hair.

“We’re going shopping together?” ‘Danielle’ replied, slightly confused.

“At some point when you aren’t going to be such a pussy.”

He looked down at his hands on his lap, embarrassed and actually feeling guilty about letting his sister down.

Amanda kept wrapping small pieces of his hair in the curling iron before instructing her brother, “This is what you want to do when you do this by the way. Just wrap small pieces at a time and hold for a few seconds. I like to leave a little bit at the end for a more natural look. Then, you just let it go and do another piece.”

‘Danielle’ studied what his sister was doing in the mirror taking mental notes of everything she did, quite enjoying the attention he was receiving. Within about five minutes, Amanda had turned her brother’s hair from being a shaggy, messy boy’s style to a flirty, curly short style that was popular with girls their age.

“What do you think?” Amanda asked.

‘Danielle’ could not believe what a few minutes with a curler could do to his overall look. He replied, “I... I look...It looks amazing! How’d you do that?”

“This is simple girly stuff that you are going to learn. Spray yourself with this...” Amanda commanded as she handed him a bottle that was just labeled “#HOLD ME”

‘Danielle’ awkwardly held out the spray and closed his eyes spraying the hair spray all over his head until putting it down and coughing.

“Now, for the harder part, doing your makeup”

“I’ve only practiced once or twice with makeup.”

"I didn't leave any here when I moved out. Did you use Mom's or something?!"

"Yeah I borrowed some lipstick, mascara and stuff. Please don't tell her," 'Danielle' begged.

"You didn't wear HER panties... did you?"

"No! I only wore yours," 'Danielle' blushed at admitting his biggest secret so openly.

"There's still something pretty disturbing about that, but okay..."

"I really am sorry. I didn't really think about your feelings when I did it..."

"Like I said, you can have the undies you wore of mine and that bikini... I would burn them knowing your penis had touched them rather than wear them again."

Hearing this did nothing to help the guilty feeling he had. He promised himself to make it up to her some way.

"Well, I could buy you a few things to replace them...at the...um...mall?" 'Danielle' said, almost whispering the last part.

"Well, I'm only going to be here for three days or so, but maybe we could find some time. I didn't bring much makeup stuff with me so we are just going to keep it simple," Amanda said as she grabbed a Smashbox premier out of her bag.

"This will do for now, although the more we get into transforming you into a girl, the more likely we will need to match your skin tones and get you proper products, girly."

Forcing a smile he nodded in agreement and prepared himself for what was about to happen.

“Put this primer on in spots across your face. Here’s a sponge, just spread it out afterwards.”

Taking the bottle he set about putting small amounts on each cheek, his forehead and chin. He then grabbed the sponge and attempted to even it out over himself.

Amanda then took hold of some face powder and applied it to her brother’s face with a brush. The soft bristles were a foreign feeling to his face. He could not help but smile and giggle a little from the ticklish feeling of the brush.

“What’s so funny, missy?”

“T...the brush just kind of tickles, sorry,” ‘Danielle’ replied as he kept up his smile and waited for what was next.

“Your eyebrows are way too thick for a girl...”

“Sorry, I mean there’s not much I can do about that...”

“We could just shave them off and paint them back on...” Amanda replied while she placed her hand on his chin to turn him into her direction to see the stone cold expression on his face.

“I suppose we can just make do for now....” Amanda continued, since her words had their intended effect.

Amanda then took out a smaller brush and a small pallet which had two shades in it. “Hold still,” she demanded as she applied some shade to his eyebrows.

Being careful to remain one hundred percent motionless, he let his sister go to work on his brows.

“Now close your eyes, angel, the next part is eye shadow”

‘Danielle’ felt the brush slowly go over each eyelid, unsure what color she was doing and nervously awaiting the moment he could open his eyes and see what she had done.

Opening his eyes, ‘Danielle’ noticed the eye shadow was a sparkling blue that instantly made ‘her’ look MUCH more feminine than when she was just a boy walking around in his sister’s panties at the mall, which made ‘her’ smile.

“I know...hot right?” Amanda said.

Nodding furiously ‘she’ replied, rather shocked, “My eyes look amazing! You’re really good at this!”

“Thank you, sweetie.” Amanda replied, pleased with the compliment as she applied a plus to his cheeks to add to his cheekbone illusion.

“So are we done?” ‘Danielle’ asked, half hoping there was more.

“What do you think we should do with your lips?”

“I’ve used lipstick most, it’s the easiest to do.”

Amanda went through her make-up case grabbing about five different kinds of lipliners, lipsticks, and even a container of chapstick.

“We’re using all of that!? I mean I’m just washing this off in a few minutes?”

“Yeah right... You are staying in girl mode all night! Pick which one you are going to put on.”

Pointing to a light pink color of lipstick, he questioned his sister further, “What do you mean? What if Mom or Dad needs me?”

“Unlikely, Sissy.”

Although it was unlikely, the chance of it happening was preying on his mind as he got ready for the lipstick.

“Pucker up...” Amanda said as she applied some lipstick to his lower lip.

Puffing out his lips and letting her coat his lower lip before moving them together and getting the lipstick evenly over the top lip.

“Almost done DANIELLE!!!!” Shouted Amanda, loud enough almost for their parents to hear. Amanda then grabbed makeup setting spray and told ‘her sister’ to close ‘her’ eyes.

Without questioning her, ‘Danielle’ closed his eyes and felt the light spray go over his face before blinking his eyes open.

“Last step!” Amanda said as she sprayed her brother with some Daisy perfume.

Smelling the sweet fragrance, he smiled and then asked, “So, how do I look?”

Amanda grabbed her cell phone and leaned in towards her brother’s curls to take a selfie picture with him. While this was happening, for the first time since his dream, ‘Danielle’ really did feel completely feminine. He also felt a lot closer to his sister, since they had barely spoken for months before she stumbled upon ‘Danielle.’

Both girls smiled as Amanda snapped the photo.

“That’s not going online is it?” ‘Danielle’ asked.

“Maybe...” Amanda replied while looking at her cell and smiling.

Worried over the evidence of his cross-dressing she now had, he nervously smiled at her, trying to form a plan to delete the picture off her phone before she did anything dangerous with it.

“Get up and walk around a bit, Danielle”

Uncrossing his legs and smoothing out his dress, ‘Danielle’ stood up steadier than before and managed to walk over to her bed and his phone.

“Havnt heard muc from u 2day cutie”, ‘Danielle’ read from the text as he picked it up.

“SEND HIM A PICTURE!!!!” Amanda demanded.

“ARE YOU CRAZY!”

“AHHHH, remember...you are supposed to TALK LIKE A GIRL AT ALL TIMES, you little bitch.”

“NO!” ‘Danielle’ said in a higher pitch.

“What happened to thinking like a girl tonight....”

‘Danielle’ paused for a second before he felt that a genius comeback had come to him. “I’m not sending him a pic, because I don’t want him seeing my outfit for the party. It should be a surprise,” ‘Danielle’ replied, rather pleased with himself.

“Do you at least feel comfortable wearing a dress and heels, now?”

“The dress feels natural, still getting used to these heels though.”

“Okay, again, just keep practicing this week. The white pull over is in my closet by the way. Let’s get you changed...”

“White pullover?” ‘Danielle’ asked.

“It might be cold out! It’s just a small cardigan you can wear over YOUR dress,” Amanda said as she noticed her brother’s curls bouncing as he moved his head to reply.

“Oh, okay. Yeah, better safe than sorry,” ‘Danielle’ said as he walked over to the closet and waited for his sister to show him the pullover.

“It’s just this right here,” Amanda said as she showed him a short cut, mid sleeved white cotton garment from Express.

Taking it off the hanger, and putting his arms through the holes, he finally wrapped it around himself before spinning in front of his sister.

“Well...?” ‘Danielle’ asked.

“You look SO cute. Nick is going to have a really special date!” Amanda said as she snapped another picture of her newly created sister.

‘Danielle’ frowned a ‘she’ replied, “Why do you keep calling him my boyfriend?”

“Would you rather me say FWB?”

“What benefits?”

“Fuck buddy.”

“Ugh, never.”

“Sure... okay, let’s get you changed so we can send some pics and have fun tonight...”

Thinking she meant change back to boy clothes, he thankfully slipped off his heels. He then attempted to undo the zip on the back of the dress by himself.

“Need help there?”

“Uh, yes, please, no wonder girls take ages to get themselves ready...”

“You’ll get used to doing this just like you’ll get used to hooking your bra and checking your panties for when your period starts,” Amanda responded with a grin as she unzipped her brother.

“Ha, going to have to wait a long time for that sis,” ‘Danielle’ said in a joking tone.

Amanda walked over to her dresser as ‘Danielle’ stripped out of his dress. She returned with yoga pants with leopard print around the waist and a pink cami.

“Want me to leave while you get changed?” ‘Danielle’ asked.

“Funny, these are for you... You are going to stay dressed like a girl throughout the night and can at least sleep in these.”

“No way! Mom will find out!”

“Does she watch you sleep!!!”

“Well no... but what if she wakes me up?”

“I’m not asking you... I’m TELLING YOU! Take off your dress, faggot”

Being called faggot just reinforced “Danielle’s” rebellion, “No way, you’re crazy”

Amanda pulled out her cell phone again, threatening to share with the world how happy her brother looked with his feminine hair and wearing a girly dress.

“You wouldn’t....”

“Does hashtag: boyswearingersisterspanties work?” Amanda retorted.

Defeated, he slipped off one strap and then the other letting the dress fall to the floor.

“You can leave your bra and panties on.”

“Just hand me the clothes,” ‘Danielle’ stated angrily.

“Put you arms up,” Amanda said as she moved her face close to “Danielle’s” and slid the cami down his body.

Shaking his head to sort his hair back out, he picked up the dress and placed it on the bed. “Can’t I just wear some of my shorts or something?” He inquired.

Amanda slapped ‘Danielle’ in gently on the face before retorting, “STOP arguing with me!!!”

Although his cheek stung a little, he was more scared of the noise from downstairs. A voice yelled up, “What’s wrong Amanda?”

‘Danielle’ froze in place, frightened at the endless bad possibilities.

“OHH, UMMM...just my computer freezing up!?!”

While she was responding, ‘Danielle’ grabbed the yoga pants and quickly stepped into them pulling them up his smooth legs and over his panties.

Amanda grabbed her brother's butt, "Wow, these do make boys look more feminine!"

Stepping back, still annoyed, 'Danielle' gestured to the bathroom while he asked, "Can I go to bed now then?"

"It's only 9:12 PM!? Are you kidding! We still have a lot to do!"

"Like what!?"

"NAILS!"

"Won't we just be taking it off before I go to sleep?"

"That wasn't the plan...."

"Well, I can't wear it too school can I?"

Amanda grabbed "Danielle's" hair and pulled 'her' head to her face, then bent down to tell 'her' in 'her' ear, "LOOK! I'm doing you a massive favor. This isn't about making you look like a prissy princess for tonight. It's about teaching you HOW TO MAKE YOURSELF A GIRL! It's why you needed to learn how to curl your hair, do your make up, flirt with boys, put a tampon in, do your nails, gossip about friends, order a latte, etc."

"Ouch, OKAY! I get it! Just stop. It hurts," 'Danielle' replied, trying to pull himself away from her clutches, but the more he struggled the more he hurt until he stopped struggling and gave up.

Amanda let go of his hair and said, "Let's get started..."

Amanda spent the next thirty minutes showing her 'sister' how to properly do 'her' nails. They had quality girl-time together and had more casual conversations on Amanda's bed. For a minute, 'Danielle' even forgot 'she' was pretending to be a girl and talked in

'her' feminine voice naturally, even managing to watch a 'chick flick' with 'her' sister on Amanda's laptop.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Party Time

'Danielle' looked like an angel cuddling a teddy bear as he slept. His hairless arms and fake breasts in his bra added to the illusion that he was going to become a girl. Wearing his sister's yoga pants to bed was most likely going to become a nightly occurrence. They did not bother to remove his make up or nail polish before going to bed. He still had the aroma of strawberries on him, which helped him have "girly" dreams that night. Occasionally, he tossed and turned, exposing more of his curvy body. All the more reason of why Amanda kept taking more pictures of her brother while he slept.

After she felt she had enough "evidence" of her sleeping sister, Amanda decided to head to bed herself. After all, the two of them had a very big day tomorrow. While leaving the room, she noticed a bag poking around the back of his dresser. Grabbing the bag and searching through it, she found five different panties, including one bright pink thong and a pair of her panties that were clearly dirty and stained.

"That little bitch..." Amanda thought to herself. The reason why 'Danielle' wore his sister's panties when he had his own would remain unclear until that morning when she confronted him about it before she wondered if she even should.

The morning sun lit up "Danielle's" room, forcing him to turn his back to the window before groaning about waking up too early. Grabbing his phone he saw the time was 6:45 AM. After failing at trying to fall back to sleep, 'Danielle' groggily got up and looked around his room while stretching out his back. It did not take 'Danielle' long to remember what he was wearing as he got up and headed for the bathroom.

Looking in the mirror, he was a bit of a mess. His hair was still really curly, but it needed some treatment. The makeup around his eyes was a little smudged, and he really needed to shave his face since there was a little stubble coming in. 'Danielle' washed all of the makeup off, which he really should have done the night prior, before shaving. He then sat down on the toilet to pee and wiped himself after doing so.

In the shower, he shaved his armpits again, as well as any other place where it was visible that hair was making its reappearance. As Amanda heard him in the shower, she started her diabolical plan.

She snuck into his room and frantically searched for his phone. After finding it, she went into the text messages and found Nick's unanswered text from last night:

"Realy want 2 cu."

She took off her nightshirt, exposing her breasts. She wrapped her left arm around her body, covering her nipples while also creating some wonderful cleavage. Using her free arm, she took a selfie of just her body that she sent with a message:

"Good Morning: Thought I would send u something to look forward to....."

After sending the message, she deleted the message from the sent folder on the phone, grabbed her shirt and ran back into her room throwing the covers over herself.

He knew he needed to spend the rest of the day in "girl mode" to prepare for the party that night. However, he still hoped he could have a little break before then. There was no reason at all that Nick needed to know he was a boy. The bath wash he used was Mango scented, and he applied some of Amanda's shampoo as well. Stepping out of the shower, he grabbed a towel and wrapped it around his waist before sneaking back into his room, hoping to get dressed normally before Amanda woke up.

Slowly closing the door behind him, he sat down on the edge of his bed and contemplated getting fully dressed up in his normal clothes. He knew Amanda would be annoyed, but surely he had to go downstairs at some point. Before he could get up and grab some boxers, he heard his phone chime with a text. Fearing it was Amanda, he grabbed it and slid his finger across to unlock it. He did not expect what happened next as he read the text from Nick:

"This is what you do to me babe"

That, however, was not the part that caught his attention. Below the message, taking up almost the whole screen was a picture of Nick's penis.

He almost screamed, but kept it in, not wanting to wake anyone. In his mind, he knew he should delete it, but something kept 'Danielle' from doing that. Maybe it was the fact that it was almost, if not, double the size of his or maybe it was just curiosity, but he sat there staring at it for a good while.

He was unsure about whether to reply or not. He thought that if he did send a reply, he would send more pictures like that on a regular basis, which would be REALLY embarrassing if it happened in front of Amanda. Although if he did not reply, he figured that Nick may not like him anymore and the party would be off. He decided to reply with a simple:

" :)"

Dreading the reply he would get, he decided to ignore his phone for a while and focus on getting dressed. After he finished drying himself, he grabbed some boxers and put them on before clasp a pair of cargo pants and his favorite Metallica T-shirt. His hair was still curly, but pulling it back into a boy ponytail helped cover that up. Relieved to be back as 'Dylan,' he looked over at the bathroom door before turning on his TV and grabbing his Xbox controller.

After several minutes of killing zombies, he heard a knock on his door. Without breaking his stare from the game, he said, "Come in..."

Amanda entered and asked, "Hey Danielle, how are you feeling?"

He continued focusing all his attention on the video game. He had managed to get to a pretty high round, which demanded his full focus. His plan was to ignore Amanda until she said his real name.

Amanda cleared her throat and said, "URMMMMMM... Excuse me, Missy!"

"Yeah? I'm kinda in the middle of something here, sis. Give me a few," he replied without breaking eye contact with the screen.

"Turn this shit off," Amanda demanded as she stepped in front of the TV.

"We have a LOT to do today! Girl things," Amanda added.

"Amanda!" He shouted out, still trying to look at the screen around her before continuing, "Can't you see I'm busy. Give me a couple hours."

"This is your FINAL warning..." Amanda retorted, steaming and crossing her arms.

"Warning? You aren't a cop. What are you going to do?"

Amanda walked out of the room and closed the door, causing him to turn his head to the door in curiosity, but he then went right back to playing his game, thinking she was just going to come back in with a water gun or something juvenile like that.

While in the hallway, Amanda logged into her account and found one of the pics of 'Danielle' sleeping in 'girl mode' and uploaded it after

applying a filter. The upload could not be complete without tagging HIM as well. She then applied the hashtags: #faggotbrother #Inowhaveasister #boyswholovecrossdressing #sisterspanties.

He tried concentrating on his game, but he knew his sister would not have given up that easy. It just was not her style. Hearing his phone vibrate again, he wondered if it was Nick and if it was just a text or maybe another pic. Eventually, his curiosity got the best of him, and he put his controller down to grab his phone.

It was not a text, but it was an alert telling him that his sister had posted something. Getting a terrible feeling in his stomach, he opened it and screamed, "AMANDA!!!"

Amanda walked back in the room laughing so hard she had to catch her breath, "I..... I... told you to listen to me!"

"You're fucking insane! Delete it now, bitch!!!" he yelled, not caring that the entire street could hear him.

Amanda checked her phone still laughing, "Oh wow, five Likes already!"

He begged, "You have to delete before someone that knows me sees it!"

"Let's play a little game..." Amanda replied as she smiled.

"Fine, whatever. Just delete it, now, then we can play!" he said holding out the controller.

"Sorry, baby. I'm making the rules! I will delete it as soon as you get in full girl mode. That means putting on panties, stuffing your bra, wearing girl clothes, doing your makeup and hair and getting ready to go to the mall with me."

"You can't be serious! I don't even know how to do half of that!"

“Didn’t we go over all of this last night?” asked Amanda.

“One session doesn’t mean I know how to do my hair and makeup!” he rejoined, getting desperate.

“Oh, wow, someone just commented, “You have a sister!?” Amanda said hoping to spark his attention.

“Fine, just please take it down first?” He pleaded.

“NO! Get dressed! The longer you wait, the more people are going to see. By the way, I think Kyle is a friend on my feed.”

Seeing no way out of it, he almost leapt to his feet and sprinted through the bathroom and into Amanda’s room before asking, “So, what am I supposed to wear?”

“Well, this is what I am wearing!” Amanda said as she exposed her arms showing she was wearing jeans, a T-shirt and a North Face Jacket. Not overly feminine attire at all he thought to himself.

Stripping down to his boxers, he walked towards her drawer and grabbed the first pair of panties he saw, a plain white hipster design. He sighed once again before speeding up, slipping his boxers down and, then, pulling the panties up to replace them.

“Are these okay to wear in public?” he said as he held up Amanda’s yoga pants that he slept in last night.

“Ha-ha, sure. Want to show some booty in public?” Amanda said snickering.

“Help me find a pair of jeans then, please, and a top?” he replied, standing awkwardly in her panties.

“Fine, princess. I’ll make sure you are completely passable again.”

Walking past him and towards her closet, Amanda searched until she found a pair of slim fit light blue jeans and a pink tank top. Placing them on the bed before pointing to the dresser next to him, she then said, "You're still going to have to pick a bra though."

A few hours later, 'Danielle' and Amanda returned from the mall with several bags from Nordstrom, Victoria's Secret, Torrid and Sephora. Amanda came up with the great idea of treating her little sister to a salon visit so 'she' would look stunning at the party that night. She also had "Danielle's" makeup professionally applied so 'she' would stand out as being one of the most feminine girls at the party, since 'Danielle' needed to make Nick a very proud man that night.

As they walked towards the front door 'Danielle' whispered to his sister, "What about Mom and Dad? They're both inside. Will they see me?"

"I could always say you are a friend! Ha-ha."

"As long as they don't see my face, it could work."

"Oh, yeah, that won't look awkward at all...Having a girl they haven't met before walk in with her face covered!"

"Well, just distract them while I run upstairs then!"

"Unless they already knew because of that short lived photo this morning...", Amanda replied, trying to scare her new sister.

"I'm still angry about that! You promised not to tell!"

"Like I said before, you are under my control for now on. Just do what I tell you and things will be cool... Okay, let me just go check

inside and see what they are doing,” Amanda said as she turned the knob to the front door.

Amanda came back shortly thereafter still wearing her sunglasses, “There’s a note on the fridge. They went for a walk and said they would be back around 6:00 PM!”

“That’s great!”

Both girls walked in and put the bags in “Danielle’s” room. Amanda went to use the bathroom while ‘Danielle’ went back downstairs to chill before his parents returned.

Amanda came back down after a few minutes and saw ‘Danielle’ texting on the sofa with his pink sparkly manicured hands, “Who are you texting now!?”

“None of your business, do you have to know everything I do?”

“As a matter of fact…”

‘Danielle’ held his phone up showing her, “It’s Kyle, if you have to know. He wants to know if I can go to his house and play games later on.”

“Have him come over and see the “new” you! I’ll help him get girlified as well!”

“If only you knew,” ‘Danielle’ thought to himself before saying, “I don’t think so. I’ll just tell him I’m going to a party later on.”

“Isn’t that party in like three hours? You may want to come upstairs and put that shit away before Mom and Dad come back. Is Nick picking you up?”

As soon as ‘Danielle’ started a mini-temper tantrum, the phone rang. It showed that Kyle was calling. ‘Danielle’ picked up and said,

“Hello?” still in ‘her’ girly voice.

“Who the fuck is this?” said Kyle.

Looking over at his sister, ‘Danielle’ coughed and returned to his normal voice, “It’s me, just had something in throat.”

“Alright, well where is this party at? Going to be some hot pussy there? Cause, we haven’t been to a banging ass party in forever. What’s the address?”

“We?” ‘Danielle’ said his eyes widening.

“Yeah dude. I can probably get some whiskey from my Dad’s cabinet again.”

“No offense man, but I’m not sure you’re actually invited...”

“Black tie? Yeah right, I’ll just roll up in there. You want to drive with me?”

“I have someone picking me up. Are you sure you want to go? It will probably be boring.”

“What the fuck man, how long have we been friends? And you’re bailing, now? Just tell me the address, and I’ll come by for like five minutes. If it sucks, then I’ll leave. Ain’t got nothing else going on tonight.”

Feeling bad about potentially bailing on his friend, he agreed. “Fine, I’ll text you the address and time.”

“Great, see you there,” Kyle said as he hung up.

“What the hell am I going to do?” ‘Danielle’ muttered, placing ‘her’ head in ‘her’ hands.

Amanda came up behind him and put her hand on “Danielle’s” back, then sat next to him, “How about... have a good time!”

“But with Kyle there, he could give me away!”

“That’s why he should go as a girl as well...”

“Trust me, he isn’t passable at all...” ‘Danielle’ replied, knowing as soon as he said it that he had made a mistake.

“Oh, my God! You mean he’s been doing this whole thing too?” Amanda shouted, half excited, half shocked.

“Well, just a little. He didn’t go out like me,” ‘Danielle’ said, deciding, unlike last time, that honesty was his best course of action given his circumstances.

Amanda smiled while she replied, “I think we have a lot of potential here. I just discovered my little brother can look like a girl and even DATE boys, his best friend wears girls clothes too... I mean... what if we started a webpage about boys who wear their sisters’ stuff?”

‘Danielle’s’ nerves were really bad in the hours before Nick arrived to pick ‘her’ up. There was no doubt that Amanda’s feminization and control of her brother’s looks had increased his likelihood of passing. ‘Danielle’ tried to chicken out at least three times, but each time Amanda stepped in and made it clear that ‘Danielle’ had to go. When Nick finally arrived, Amanda fussed over her “little sister” before telling her to have a great time and pushing him towards the door.

The conversation in the car helped him relax a bit. There was very little pressure, and Nick commented on how much ‘Danielle’ seemed to open up now that they had some alone time together.

‘Danielle’ thanked the practice he had put into his feminine voice, as it seemed he was passing without any problems. The drive was pretty short and when they arrived, he had to fight the overwhelming feeling to run back home, not that could have made it that far in his heels.

To his amazement and embarrassment, he was shocked to see only about ten people at the party when he entered the home, not to mention that he was the only “girl” there. ‘Why did Nick bring me to a sausage party?’ ‘Danielle’ wondered.

The rest of the night remains hazy. ‘Danielle’ remembered more people showing up, but not exactly who. ‘Her’ last memory was drinking on the sofa, cuddled up to Nick as he was complimenting ‘her’ eyes.

Danielle’s head throbbed as she opened her eyes. She blinked a few times before being able to comprehend what was in front of her. She could feel the tight material of the dress still clinging to her body snugly. Locks of brown curly hair obstructed her view before she leaned up and moved it behind her ears to look around dazed and confused.

The pounding headache hammered into her brain as she blinked a few more times before noticing her soft pink bed sheets adorned with Disney Princesses. Nothing else looked out of the ordinary. Seeing a bottle of water on her nightstand, she reached her still perfectly manicured hand over towards it to take a much needed drink. Placing the bottle down, she tried to straighten herself out after taking a few breaths.

“What the hell happened last night?” She wondered. Trying to think back, she remembered the party. There was Nick and beers, but nothing else was clear after that.

She found her phone under her pillow. There were two missed calls from home and three missed calls from her Mom's cell phone. Amanda had sent eight texts and there were a few random ones with people's names. Since it was Sunday, Amanda was probably still home, but she decided to call Kyle to get any answers on what had happened.

After trying to call four times, she gave up and decided to send him a text message. "PLEASE PICK UP. IT IMPORTANT!"

Kyle answered back with a reply about thirty-seconds later reading, "Mother Fucking FAGGOT, I told you don't talk to me for a while!!!"

Confused, she decided instead to call Nick. Surely, he would know what happened last night, she figured.

To Danielle's amazement, Nick picked up, and, even though he sounded hung over, he answered, "Hey girl."

"NICK!" Danielle shouted into the phone still in a girl's voice, "How the hell did I get home? Things feel weird..."

"Whoa! Don't shout, I'm super hung over. I ermm gave you a lift? Maybe? I'm not sure really, it's all pretty hazy after the fight, ha-ha."

"FIGHT?! Who was fighting? I just remember like there being a lot of guys there and us playing beer pong for a bit and then talking on the couch and stuff."

"You don't remember!? You and that friend of yours, Kevin or whatever his name is, had this massive fight. You even bitch slapped him, it was great!"

"What the fuck.... I can't even..."

"Yeah, he tried to kiss you, or feel you up or something, so you freaked out. Glad you didn't do that with me when I felt you up."

Danielle's stomach turning hit her instantly as she became extremely sick at the thought of kissing her best friend, "I gotta go..... talk to you later. Bye, bye." Danielle said as she threw the phone down and stumbled her way into the bathroom, ripping off a bikini clad model poster on the wall by the door in the process. After kneeling down for a bit, she felt better and then sat on the toilet to relieve herself.

"Where the hell are my panties?"

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

No Control

Figuring they were probably on her bed, Danielle slipped out of her blue dress and bra before stepping into the shower. Turning the water on, she let out a small girlish yelp as the cold water hit her before it warmed up enough that she could wash properly. Once again grabbing Amanda's body and hair wash, she spent a good twenty minutes washing until finally stepping gingerly out of the shower smelling like strawberries.

She noticed bruises on her knees as she stepped out of the tub, but that was not the only part of her body that was aching. Her nipples felt like someone had been pinching them and her butt felt as if she had whipped herself with something rough and hard.

Grabbing some of her sister's body lotions, she set to work applying it too the sore areas, hoping they would relieve the stinging pain. Picking up the razor she lightly went over her legs and face making sure there was no hairs before grabbing a towel and heading back to her room, feeling much better and more awake.

As she opened the top dresser drawer expecting to find some of her boxers and Under Armour socks, she was shocked to see some panties, thongs and various bras in their place.

"What the heck is going on?" She asked herself.

Grabbing a pair of panties, she realized Amanda must have put them there last night. Shrugging before stepping into them, she pulled them up tightly into place. Amanda would have complained about her not wearing them, and she did not need Amanda's nagging given her current headache.

She settled for flannel pajama pants and a random rock band T-shirt to cover up her panties. She then pulled back her hair into a simple

ponytail and put her glasses on. Checking her phone, she noticed another text from Nick, "Call me later tonight when u r free."

She decided to ignore the text for now, just hoping to relax and get to the bottom of what happened last night. She opened her bedroom door and went down the hall to knock on Amanda's door, hoping she would be there.

Knocking gently on her door, Danielle whispered out, "Amanda? You up yet?"

"Hold on," Amanda answered as she got out of bed and threw on some sweatpants.

As soon as the door opened, Danielle hurried inside, not wanting to alert her parents. Taking a few steps inside before turning around and seeing Amanda rub her eyes, Danielle said, "Sorry, I didn't mean to wake you."

"How are YOU Feeling"? Amanda asked groggily.

"Ugh, terrible. I'm aching all over, and I have a massive headache. I can't even remember what happened at the party, let alone how I got back," Danielle answered, rubbing her head.

"Turning into a hot mess I see! You'll have plenty of nights like this once you get to college, trust me. What DO you remember?"

"Well, at first I remember it being a total sausage fest. I mean I was the only gi...There were only guys there to begin with. Then all I remember past having a few drinks is sitting on a couch with Nick..." Danielle said blushing.

"Alright, well you called your big sister crying after that fight broke out. So, I drove you and Nick home," Amanda stated calmly.

“Oh, thank God. At least that mystery is solved, though I don’t remember the fight I had...”

“You two were so cute together. You calmed down a lot after we stopped at Taco Bell.”

Danielle gave her sister a worried look. “W...what do you mean together?” Danielle questioned.

“You were all over each other in the back seat. Didn’t you check the app this morning?”

“WHAT? Tell me you didn’t, Amandaaaa, you better not have!!!” Danielle said, her anger growing despite how rough she felt.

“Really....Seriously.... Think about it. You have just spent the last few days in girl mode, went to a party full of dudes, made out with a guy in the backseat of a car. What do you think is happening?” Amanda asked amused at her sister’s shock.

“I... It was just.... Just a one time thing. I won’t do it anymore. People can’t know! I’d be a laughing stock!”

“Fine...give up then.”

“Just like that? You won’t tell anyone or make me do anything?” Danielle said, the excitement making her voice rise.

“Yeah. You can just return all that stuff we bought yesterday, cut your hair, tell Nick you won’t see him anymore and go back to normal,” Amanda retorted with evident sarcasm.

“Thanks, sis! Let me just get changed then we can go to the mall later today?” Danielle replied as she headed for the door, happy to have ended the whole ordeal.

“Umm...just think about it, Missy...” Amanda said, knowing she was about to terminate her sisters delusions.

“Think about what? I mean dressing was a new experience, and it was fun sometimes, but I’d rather things go back to normal,” Danielle admitted.

“But...You’re gay,” Amanda said straight faced.

“What? I am not! I like girls,” Danielle said defiantly.

“Then why were you kissing a boy last night and probably haven’t even touched a boob before?”

“I don’t even remember last night, so, for all I know, you’re lying to me,” Danielle screamed out.

Amanda reached for her iPhone and pulled up a video. Although the lighting was bad, Danielle could clearly see herself smiling and holding Nick’s shoulders. As the two of them kissed, Amanda could be heard commenting things like “Oh YEAH, LITTLE SISTER!” and “Might have to go on the pill soon.”

Danielle almost fainted from what she was seeing, she was not only kissing a boy, but really, REALLY, enjoying it.

“Still doesn’t mean I’m gay, I was just drunk,” she said in denial.

“Maybe I am using gay in the wrong terminology, but the fact of the matter is you seem much happier acting like a straight girl instead of a gender confused misfit boy,” Amanda stated the situation as she saw as if it was a fact.

Slamming herself down on the bed, Danielle held her head in her hands and asked, “Why are you doing this? Being so mean?”

“This isn’t mean...it’s just the way things are supposed to be,” she replied while sitting down next to her little sister.

“But I’m a boy! I don’t even want to be a girl!” She said, pleading her case.

“You are crying like a fucking baby. Do you want me to buy you some little girl diapers?”

“You are sick...”

Danielle was about done with all of this, ever since ripping the dress, all she had done was what over people wanted. She was going to end this once and for all by storming into Dylan’s room getting changed and then getting a haircut. With new found vigor, he stood up and headed for the door and said, “Screw this Amanda, I’m done!”

Amanda walked closer to Danielle and got in her face, “And what are you going to do?”

“I’m going to go get dressed, then I’m getting my haircut. Probably a buzz cut. What’s it you?” Danielle snapped back.

“And what about your ears?” She said moving Danielle’s hair away from her ears, revealing her pierced ears.

“I’ll just take them out! They should have healed by now! There’s no reason for me to keep doing this girly shit!”

“I’ll give you a reason... I’m going to tell Mom and Dad. I’m going to tell everyone online. I’m going to tell all your friends...I’m going to tell Nick.... EVERYONE! YOU ARE NOT SAFE!” Amanda threatened, her face getting redder the more she said.

Thinking quickly on her feet, Danielle grabbed Amanda’s phone. “Yeah? Well, you have no proof if I keep this, so good luck” Danielle

replied before realizing that the situation was getting out of hand and that she had to try and calm Amanda down soon to keep her from doing something crazy.

“I uploaded that one pic already. There are dozens from last night along with video! I already backed them up to a ‘secret site.’ Yeah, I did my research! Apparently there’s a few boards out there with other girls doing this same thing to their brothers....” Amanda claimed, pleased with her research.

“Y....you’re bluffing! There’s no way you backed it up”, Danielle was sure she had not. While Amanda always seemed to have plans, but she figured that this was too far.

“Look, I’m not usually like this, but it’s highly important to me that you just listen to me and don’t quit,” Amanda said calming herself down.

“Why is it? I’m done with this! I don’t want to pretend to be a girl anymore!”

“There is no pretending if you really are one...” Amanda countered.

“What the hell is that supposed to mean? I’m a guy!” Danielle whined, not very convincingly.

“Do you think maybe... just maybe, that’s been a lie? I mean... you’ve always had kind of big hips for a boy and slight man boobs.”

“Enough, Amanda! I’m a guy! I like girls. I have a dick. I hate pink. I hate makeup. I’m a guy”, Danielle replied, letting her emotions get the best of her again in a desperate attempt to get her point across.

“Fine. What are you going to do about your boyfriend then?”

“Ugh, I don’t have a boyfriend. I’m just going to delete Nick’s number and never talk to him again.”

“Well, I think it’s a little more involved than that since you called him your boyfriend to his face last night. Not to mention that he’s coming over here later tonight for dinner to meet the family,” Amanda smirked as she informed Danielle about what she had agreed to the night before.

“What! He is not! A...And if he does I’ll just tell him to leave,” Danielle replied, unwilling to believe he would be coming. She was sure that Amanda was just making this up as she went along.

“If he is coming... How do you think he would react if you told him you are really a guy? Think he could kick your ass?.... Even though he originally just wanted to tap it.”

“I’ll just say I’m Danielle’s brother, see, problem solved!”

Amanda grabbed Danielle’s hair and pulled her towards herself, throwing them both on the bed. She bent her little sister over her knee and smacked her ass as hard as she could three times.

Danielle struggled against her older and much stronger sister’s grip, but could not break free. The three powerful smacks hurt doubly so since her butt was already sore from the party.

“OW! What the fuck Amanda!? Let go,” Danielle cried.

Amanda continued to spank her petulant sister and dug some of her nails into her back. She usually was not a violent person, but the denials from Danielle were something that made her extremely angry and bitter.

“SAY NICK IS YOUR BOYFRIEND, YOU FUCKING BITCH!” She yelled out.

Danielle firmly shut her mouth, refusing to give into her sister’s demands despite the pain in her rear.

“N...no! He isn’t!” she replied in act of defiance.

With Danielle still on her lap, Amanda reached to her nightstand to grab a candle and cigarette lighter. She then pulled down his pants to expose his now red marked butt and said, “I don’t think you’ll like this.”

“What the hell are you doing with that? No, stop it! Please!” Danielle pleaded with her sister, not wanting anything to with the candle and lighter.

“SAY IT!”

“Fine, fine I admit it, there done. Now, let me go!” Danielle replied, ceasing her struggling while waiting to be freed from her sister’s vice like grip.

“Listen, Princess, you need to say it out LOUD that Nick is your boyfriend and that he is hot. Let me hear you say it,” she said, enjoying the control she was gaining over her sister.

Danielle started struggling again before Amanda waved the lit candle in front of his face. The sight made her stop struggling and give up as she admitted, quickly and under her breath, “I want Nick as my boyfriend...”

“LOUDER! I want the entire neighborhood to know,” Amanda said as she lightly slapped Danielle’s butt again.

“I want Nick as my boyfriend. I need him as my boyfriend. He’s so dreamy and hot. He makes me feel like a Princess!” Danielle screamed out, not caring about what she was saying anymore.

Amanda blew out the candle, which was filling with hot wax and let her little sister go. Before she could scurry away, Amanda said, “Not so fast. I want you to get on your knees.”

Danielle tried to get away and out of the room, but with another quick shake of the candle, she complied. Getting down onto her knees in front of her sister, she looked up at her and said, "Happy?"

"Now, put your hands behind your back," Amanda commanded as she went into her "secret" box in her closet that had a set of handcuffs and other goodies she set aside.

Wondering what she was doing, but still complying with her command, Danielle put her hands behind her back, worried about what Amanda had in mind.

Amanda cuffed Danielle's hands behind her back and proceeded to grab a scarf from the closet to blindfold her. "Don't ask me any questions. You are to not speak unless spoken to, is that understood?"

"What? This is crazy, Amanda, come on you've had your fun..." Danielle begged one last time.

She grabbed a water bottle from the nightstand and splashed some in Danielle's face before she asked, "Are you listening to me?"

Taking a massive deep breath in from the cold water, Danielle coughed before answering back, "Y...Yes, sorry, I'm listening. Speak only when asked."

The scarf was very thick and Amanda was sure to wrap it very tightly around her eyes so that she could not see what she had planned. "Stay here," Amanda commanded.

Danielle thought about asking what was happening, but she quickly remembered she should not talk unless spoken too.

Running into Danielle's room, Amanda was disgusted by the fact that the ONLY feminine things in the room were the bed sheets and a few personal clothing items they had only recently purchased. She went

into Danielle's underwear drawer and threw all the boy boxers she could find in the trash where she felt they belonged. The rest of the room would be a work in progress, but this was the first step in making Danielle feel like a girl. She did the same process in the bathroom where anything that resembled a male product, minus a facial razor, was disposed of in the trash.

After being alone for a few minutes, Danielle eventually decided to risk Amanda's wrath and ask what was happening, "Amanda? Sis? What's going on?"

Amanda entered the room with a smile on her face which Danielle could not see. Amanda replied, "So much better..." which made Danielle sweat a little.

"There are going to be a few rules in place. They'll have to do with how you will live as a girl. Personal hygiene and fashion is key. There will also be rules and regulations of diet. I may be a little thick too, but, now, is the perfect time to lose like twenty to thirty pounds before summer comes," Amanda explained calmly while sitting in front of her blindfolded sister.

"I...uh...Okay? Is that all?" Danielle stammered out.

"One more thing..." Amanda said as she smiled.

"Yes? What is it?" Danielle asked nervously.

"Open your mouth, I have a surprise for you."

"That's what she said..." Danielle joked.

Amanda reached forwards and put a pill between her lips and onto her tongue, "Be a good girl and swallow."

Without hesitating, Danielle swallowed down the pill with little effort before opening her mouth wide and saying, "Ahhhh....What was that

anyway, something for my headache?”

“We should find out in a few weeks...”

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Skipping Breakfast

Danielle looked aimlessly at the alarm clock next to her bed. She usually was not up at 1:35 AM, but she could not sleep due to how anxious she was about the next day. It was partly excitement and partly nervousness. Over the last few months, she had literally become a new person. Now, instead of having dreams about prom, she was actually going to be going to prom in a dress and heels.

Looking over at the other side of her dimly lit room, she saw the dress that took weeks to buy. Her “perfect dress”, she thought before smiling to herself while she reflected on how crazy the last few months had been for her.

The “rules” Amanda had set in place for her had not only changed her physical appearance drastically, but also parts of her personality. Most “boy shit” as Amanda called it, in the room had been sold, minus the Xbox she still liked to play. The amount of clothes and shoes in the room had at least tripled from when she was living in full-time ‘boy mode’.

Although she was not allowed to paint the walls yet, she did enjoy the new art work which included framed photos of her and her new friends, random writings from quotes she liked, posters of corny boy bands and glamorous magazine cut outs of looks she wanted to emulate.

The main problem Danielle had was how easy it was for Amanda to make all these changes. One phone call to her school, and she was Danielle on the register. One family chat and their family had two daughters instead of one. At the time, Danielle hated it, but after the initial shock from her and everyone else went away, it just became the norm for her.

Reaction at school had been a mixed bag. Some self-styled tough guys gave Danielle a hard time about looking like a “faggot sissy,” but after a week or two of coming to school as Danielle, it suddenly stopped. Most of her other peers said it “wasn’t a big surprise” and some even complimented her that she looked better as a girl.

In three weeks, Danielle had lost over 40 lbs and was down to about 130 lbs. She still had some ‘baby fat’ and did not have thigh gap yet, but since she had to workout each day by Amanda’s orders, she was quickly approaching her goal.

School did get pretty lonely for her after Kyle started ignoring her. Thankfully for her, however, she made plenty of friends while hanging out with Nick. Thanks to Amanda, Nick was now her steady boyfriend too. It was tough for Danielle at first to act the smitten loving girlfriend, but, like everything else, it got easier. She had even caught herself enjoying having a boyfriend. It was made even easier by the fact that she felt that he was a great kisser.

Danielle had turned eighteen in March and was able to obtain a new driver’s license that identified her by her new name. The photo on it definitely showed a youthful teenage girl, although they were not able to get that pesky “M” label changed yet. Nick had turned eighteen just a few weeks before, so they were both happy to be able to do more “adult” things now, although she still did not feel comfortable with aspects that were off limits for now.

Her eighteenth party was wildly different in comparison to any of the other seventeen she had before. Knowing beforehand that Amanda was planning it, she knew it would have nothing remotely “boyish” about it, and she was right. Waking up to pink balloons with the words “Happy Birthday Princess” set the tone for the entire day. She got mainly clothes as presents from friends and family, including a few embarrassing lingerie items from her girlfriends, which would have made any girl blush.

In addition to a sassy corset and g-strings from her friends, Amanda presented her with another big girl gift, although this one she received in private. She was shocked when she unwrapped the box that she thought would contain shows, only to find a small Rabbit vibrator. Her eyes light up at the sight of that and screamed, "Where am I supposed to put this?"

Laughing to herself in her bed, Danielle had half a mind to actually use it a few times, but she always managed to talk herself out of it.

Picking up her phone she saw the picture of her and Nick kissing as the background. Seeing the time had barely moved, Danielle knew she could not just daydream all night and knew she needed some beauty sleep as tomorrow was a big day.

The alarm chimed at 8:00 AM, and Danielle woke up cuddling the white teddy bear that Nick had given her for Valentine's Day. Her friend Alyssa lay next to her sleeping in the same bed, which they had done several times before at sleepovers since she was going to prom with her.

She met Alyssa and a few other friends through Nick when they were hanging out in a group together one weekend. She was one of the first girls Danielle felt like she could really open up to and liked the fact that she was very low-key and chill. The two girls instantly became inseparable. Danielle told Alyssa her secret after a few weeks of knowing each other; to which she was a little shocked, but only because she had never met a person like her before and had no clue at all. Alyssa told Danielle that she was cool with it and promised to keep her secret safe until she was ready to open up to more people.

Danielle was very glad it was Saturday since there was no school that day and she would be dead from lack of sleep if there was. She tossed the zebra print blanket on the floor and climbed out of her pink bed sheets to walk silently to the bathroom.

She pulled down her pink, checkered booty shorts and panties, then sat down on the toilet, being careful to wipe her small penis. Afterwards, she took off her top with a big pink heart on it bearing the text, 'I Love My BF.' Before she climbed into the shower, she took a glance at herself in the mirror. Her hair, although she had just woken up, was still in a girlish style with long curls on each side. Each day, she checked her "progress," as Amanda called it, in her chest department. Cupping her small mounds, she winced at the sensitivity of her nipples.

Danielle's chest had grown in just a few months. There were no more jokes about her former "man boobs." Considering she had somewhat of a black girl butt and her hips were expanding daily, she still had to wear push-up bras to even out her body until either they grew more or she decided to have the surgery.

Shrugging off the thought of surgery, she stepped daintily into the shower, gasping girlishly at the temperature before adjusting it until it was perfectly steamy. She had noticed that in recent months she spent a lot more time in the shower due to her need to shave her legs and her "girl" parts to all the new body washes and feminine products. Though, recently, some of the added time was spent admiring her body, especially her newly developed breasts.

She took some Skintimate Raspberry Rain shaving cream and applied some under her arms, which is where she usually started shaving. After she was finished, she took her Lady Gillette razor and ran it up her already hairless legs.

As annoying as shaving was, she much preferred it too the alternative, especially after Amanda mercilessly used wax strips on her a few weeks back. Stepping out of the shower, she looked down at her legs. Checking them for any missed spots, she saw her pointed feet and baby blue nails at the end of her long shapely legs.

With a purple towel wrapped around her body and another towel tied up in her hair, she stepped on to the bathroom scale.

“127.2 lbs,” she said, unable to conceal her excitement that she was still losing weight. Not only had Pilates and yoga classes, running, and Amanda’s enforced strict diet helped, but it had also given her more energy than before. She smiled as she stepped off the scale.

Danielle turned and skipped towards her bedroom, feeling great about her body for the first time in five years. As she walked in, she saw Alyssa still sleeping in bed. Creeping over, she shook her legs, softly calling her name, “Alyssa, wake up, sleepy head.”

Alyssa looked at Danielle, then put her head back on the pillow before covering her head with another one.

Danielle grabbed the pillow and playfully whacked her with it as she said, “Oh come on, we need have breakfast, lazy!”

“Ugh, I usually sleep in to about 11:00 AM on Saturdays!”

“But it’s Prom today!” Danielle squealed.

“Yeah, Yeah...” Alyssa said as she started to force herself out of bed. It was obvious over the past few weeks that Danielle was much more excited about prom night than she was.

“Do you want anything? Like pancakes or what?” Danielle asked, smiling while acting extremely hyper.

“I don’t care.”

“Great. I’ll just get changed” Danielle said taking the towel off of her head and moved towards her dresser drawer before taking off the other towel, leaving her standing completely naked in the room.

“They are getting bigger, aren’t they...” Alyssa said after noticing Danielle’s breast growth.

“Yes! They must be like a B or C cup now, I’m not even sure if they will stop growing,” Danielle stated, looking at her chest slightly worried, but still being positive.

“Well, what bra size are you wearing right now?”

“Ugh, I’ve been changing a lot recently. At the moment, I’m at 36C.”

“That might be tight. Do you have any others you could wear? I would let you borrow one of mine, if I wasn’t so much smaller.”

“Aww, thanks, but I’m pretty sure Amanda bought me a few different sizes that should fit,” Danielle replied as she scrambled through her drawer to find a properly fitted bra while Alyssa grabbed her cell phone from the charger on the wall.

After picking up and putting down a few, she found one that was 36C and set about putting it on and clasping it up at the back. Turning around and showing Alyssa, “Look okay?”

“Yeah, I mean we are just getting breakfast. It’s not like we are going to get dressed for the dance anytime soon”

Danielle poked her tongue out before looking for some panties and said, “I think there is a matching pair in here somewhere....”

Alyssa was wearing a white cotton shorts from Aeropostale and a pink gym t-shirt. Her hair was in a side ponytail. She liked to keep things simple in terms of fashion and wondered why the hell Danielle always worried about matching everything, especially underwear given that they were just going to hang out at the house until it was time to get ready.

Danielle turned around with a few pairs of panties still in her hand looking over at Alyssa. “About time you got out of bed. I’ve already had a shower and shaved.”

Alyssa walked up to Danielle, who was still partially nude and put her hands on each of her arms.

“What would I do without you, Danielle, aside from sleeping happily until 12:00 PM!” She said, pretending to be annoyed.

Danielle smiled at her friend, “Tonight is going to be so much fun!”

“I have something I’ve been meaning to ask you though, Danielle.” Alyssa responded before continuing, “Please don’t take offense... but something else looks different about you as well. Has it gotten smaller?”

Danielle looked down at her significantly smaller equipment. She blushed as she replied, “I...er...Well, it was never that big, but I think it may have got a little smaller. It hasn’t got, you know...in a while.”

“Gotten what? Hard?”

“Yeah”, Danielle blushed heavily.

“Didn’t you say you used to masturbate in your sister’s clothes? Maybe wearing them everyday....You adjusted?” Alyssa surmised.

“Yeah, I guess so. I mean I haven’t worn any guy clothes in weeks, so it makes sense. It isn’t...that small is it?”

“I mean... You know I haven’t seen THAT many...it just looks like an inch and a half or something. Has it been easier to tuck?”

“I barely need to tuck most of the time unless I’m in something really tight,” Danielle admitted.

“So, you should be okay letting your little boy hang tonight? Well, it’s a good thing you didn’t go with that SLUTTY dress you originally tried on that was really tight and only came down to like three inches past your dick,” Alyssa teased.

“Hey! I was just trying on every different style, wanted to see which one made me look like a princess,” Danielle said poking her tongue out again.

“Do you think maybe it will get smaller and maybe you will end up having a vayjayjay?”

“Whattt!?! That can’t happen, can it?”

“Actually..... can I touch it?” Alyssa questioned, curious about it.

Alyssa nervously extended her tiny hand and touched the tip of Danielle’s penis with her index and middle finger. She then grabbed her friend’s shaft and pulled it a little before letting go.

“You aren’t getting hard...”

“Well, you barely touched it!”

“But when I’m with my boyfriend... he’s gotten hard just by snuggling with me on the sofa without me touching anything...” Alyssa responded as she placed her hand back on Danielle’s dick. She had seen Danielle nude plenty of times before, but they had never done something like this. The curiosity was getting the best of her.

After a few strokes up and down, blood started flowing and Danielle’s small penis started to grow, “See it can get hard!”

Alyssa knelled to the ground with her hand still firmly attached to the extension of Danielle that was increasingly getting harder.

“Alyssa! What are you doing?” Danielle yelled out.

She opened her mouth wide and moved her head forward before stopping two inches before Danielle’s penis and smiling as she answered, “I’m just kidding!”

“Don’t ever do that again, Alyssa, it’s cruel,” Danielle yelled flustered.

“Oh you want me to?” Alyssa asked winking.

“Well, I haven’t you know.... ever before...” Danielle said as she slid on her panties.

Alyssa stood up from her submissive position and put her hands on her hips and tilted her head as she said, “I STILL can’t even believe you’ve been dating him for this long now and he doesn’t know...”

“It’s been too long, now. I’m scared to tell him. What if he dumps me? I’ll just die,” Danielle replied truthfully.

“You know he’s going to be expecting something tonight...I mean, it’s PROM!”

“I’ve already thought of that!” Danielle said smiling to herself, “I’m on my period Alyssa.”

“Oh my God! That excuse doesn’t work anymore!”

“What do you mean? Why the hell not?” She asked worried.

“First off, it really doesn’t feel that bad as long as you don’t have like an ungodly flow.. ANNNNDDDD... you could always just put like an old towel down or something...that is..if you actually had a vagina...and were bleeding....”

“So, what the hell am I going to do? He’s going to dump me....” Danielle replied as she slumped down over on her bed.

“I still can’t believe you haven’t given him a blow job yet,” Alyssa said sitting down next to her friend.

“Ewww, I am NOT doing that!”

“It’s pretty fun actually...”

“Really? Doesn’t it taste awful?” Danielle asked, coming around to the idea.

“I mean, if he hasn’t showered and isn’t clean down there...”

“But what if he asks me to go down on him tonight?”

“Seriously, Danielle? He’s going to leave you if you don’t do it soon. And you are both like eighteen, so why is it a big deal?”

“I...guess it isn’t, but what if I do bad, like hurt him? Don’t girls practice this stuff?”

“I think you’ve seen way too many bad teen sex movies,” Alyssa chuckled.

“Still, I don’t think I’d be very good at it. Plus Nick is...well...really big,” Danielle replied, whispered the last part while blushing heavily.

“How do you know that?” Alyssa inquired.

“He sent me a couple pics, and I did once kinda feel it up through his shorts. Just once though!”

“Well, I think you have some other issues to deal with first. You should probably tell him the truth about this whole thing before doing anything sexual with him.”

“Yeah...you’re right. I’ll think about telling him soon. I promise,” Danielle said, standing back up and ready for breakfast.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Nick's Surprise

After showering and changing into shorts and a cami, Danielle checked the temperature of her curling iron and laid out various hair products on the large bathroom counter while Alyssa prepared to press play on a music playlist.

Alyssa decided to keep her hair basic for prom. She normally wore her long hair down and felt content with just curling the ends of it.

Danielle, on the other hand, had been growing increasingly excited about how she would look on prom night for weeks. This was going to be her first formal dance as a girl, and she wanted to go all out to feminize herself as much as possible.

She had collected a vast number of random pictures she liked on a pinning website and had a stack of magazines full of ideas by her nightstand. After much deliberation, she decided she wanted to do her hair and makeup herself rather than going to a salon. If she needed assistance, she knew that Alyssa would surely be there to help, even though she did not normally wear a lot of makeup.

Danielle primed her dirty blonde hair with heat-resistant spray before wrapping a section of her hair around the curling iron. Her hair color had lightened significantly since the start of her transition. Although she once thought about dying her hair, she loved her new look. After letting her hair stay in the curling iron for a few seconds, she let strands of her hair fall into place before moving on to another small section. As she finished each section, she let her luscious locks fall past her shoulders and flow down her back.

Clipping the front part of her hair with a banana clip, Danielle pulled some of hair back and secured it with a hair tie that she had kept on her wrist for most of the day. Releasing the clip, she pulled the front part of her hair to the left side of her head and proceeded to brush

the top to give it more volume. She then sprayed Ultra Strong holding spray onto the remaining hair in the middle of her head before she lightly brushed both sections back towards where her back curls started and secured them in place with a few bobby pins.

Twenty minute later, her final result was a look called “The Party Pony,” which had an up-do look in the front, but allowed her curled hair to fall down in front of her right shoulder. It was the best of both worlds in Danielle’s mind.

Danielle moved a few of her loose curls in place as she asked Alyssa, “Does this look okay?”

“SMILE!” Alyssa replied as she snapped one of what would be many pictures of Danielle from that evening.

Danielle then helped style her friend’s hair. Alyssa was known for mostly keeping her hair in a ponytail and would only use styling products during special events, the last being her junior prom the year prior.

Although Danielle usually stuck to makeup basics for her everyday look, unlike Alyssa, she wanted to go for a more dramatic look for this special occasion. Alyssa, her other friend Jessica, and herself had taken a trip to Sephora a few days earlier to get the supplies they needed. Danielle laughed to herself in the store, knowing that she was turning into the little Daddy’s girl she had been in her dreams since he gave her a few hundred dollars for her makeup and hair supply budget alone for prom. That money, however, was far less than what she spent on the gorgeous dress he had given her the money to purchase.

Continuing her transformation, Danielle applied Shadow Insurance to her eyes to ensure her eyeshadow would stay on throughout the night. To make the shadow stand out a little more, she followed by applying Milani Shadow Eyez with the applicator before smearing it over the rest of her eyelid with her French-manicured index finger.

Reaching for her MAC makeup palette, she chose a shade that matched her skin tone and applied it with a small brush. She then worked a light brown shade with another brush over top of the base layer on each eye.

Using a copperplate and brown down-shade, she blended them gently to create a golden-brown like appearance. To add a sparkle effect, she applied Geek Pigment Afterglow with a smaller brush.

Placing the brush down, Danielle affixed a small piece of scotch tape to the side of her eyes and applied a smidgen of black eyeshadow to the end of her eye to create a cat-eye effect. Pulling a bit of the black eyeshadow into the crease, it created a slight blur effect.

She then brushed her lashes with black gel liner. After removing the tape, she applied another shade to her inner corner. Thereafter, she finished off her eyeshadow look with a white matte shadow.

Getting to work on her eyebrows, she began to go pluck them with tweezers, a routine that was increasingly annoying her the longer she lived as a girl. Using a spoolie brush, she combed her eyebrows up before she cut away any remaining un-needed hairs using a small pair of scissors. She then applied a primer and brushed a shadow that matched her hair over her eyebrows. With the spoolie again, she combed the rest of the shadow throughout her brows, evening out the look.

After finishing with her eyebrows, Danielle primed her face using Baby Skin Instant Pore Eraser before she applied her Urban Decay Naked Skin Foundation with her foundation brush. While the soft bristles of the brush tickled her face a few weeks earlier when she first started wearing makeup, now, it felt like something normal a girl should be used to sensing.

Alyssa snapped some photos of Danielle before she went back to her makeup routine. They made some girl talk before Danielle used

a concealer under her eyes. After applying it, she used a contour brush to smooth it out around the top part of her face. To set everything on her face, Danielle utilized MAC Mineralize Skinfinish Natural Medium face powder before using MAC Emphasize Pro Powder to set her eyes.

As she paused to admire her handiwork in the mirror for a second, Danielle was happy one of the associates at Sephora showed her some new techniques for everything product she was using. Although Amanda had shown her some basics, Alyssa was too much of a tomboy to help with such things while Jessica was usually too caught up in herself and expected everyone to already know what she did. It also made Danielle a little nervous to ask her for advice since Jessica did not know about her past yet.

To finish her eyes, Danielle took hold of a Q-tip to remove the excess liquid from her lower eyelash. She then used a pencil highlighter to brighten her eyes a bit and used a brush to give it a bit of a smoky appearance. To emphasize the dramatic look she was going for, Danielle utilized Clinique mascara. She then carefully placed on Ardell false eyelashes to help give her the 'princess' appearance she wanted.

Using a brush, she added a bronzer to her face and contoured her cheekbones. Using a bigger brush, she contoured her nose, temples, forehead, neck and breasts. The last thing to she added to her face was Baked Highlight Blush Gem. Then, Danielle decided to focus on her lips.

She started with a nude layer lipstick before she added a Buxon White Russian Lip Gloss. Pressing her lips together to make sure she had full coverage, Danielle was sure that the glossy finish was going to make Nick want to kiss her throughout the night.

After Alyssa finished her makeup as well, the girls went back into the bedroom to put on their prom dresses. Since they were used to seeing each other nude, Danielle took her cami off, letting her ample

breasts hang free as she tossed the top into the hamper. She then took out a light pink strapless bra from her drawer and found a silk pair of panties.

Alyssa watched her friend with a slight smile on her face. While she was sometimes secretly turned by seeing Danielle's naked body, she did not consider herself to be bisexual. At the most, she considered herself a little confused. There was something about seeing what remained of Danielle's manhood, in addition to the thought of how a former man was transforming into a girl like her, that made Alyssa a little excited. She knew it was best, however, to stay quietly discreet on the matter.

Danielle's dress had been hanging in her closet in a protective bag and, now, was the moment she had been waiting for. It was a Dave & Johnny, one-shoulder, short dress in rose pink. She did not want to be too cliché and go with a darker pink dress, but Alyssa had chosen a blue strapless dress and she did not want to clash with her friend. Both girls helped zip each other up after they stepped into their dresses.

Danielle's dress had silver sequins on the bodice and had one strap that came over her left shoulder. There was not a hint of cleavage, since Danielle wanted to keep it classy. Her still developing breasts, however, filled the dress nicely. The skirt of the dress was layered and had a playful ruffle hemline. It came to about two inches past her knees. As Alyssa adjusted her dress, Danielle added some silver bracelets and long earrings to complete her look before she went to put on her shoes.

The shoes Danielle picked out were Sizzle T-strap platforms with four-inch heels. Dazzling rhinestones glistened on the straps to catch the eye as she looked at them.

Danielle then texted her sister to notify her that she was ready and opened up her laptop to webcam with her. Alyssa needed some

more help with her hair, however, so Danielle assisted her in the meantime.

“Oh, my God! You look so gorgeous!” Amanda exclaimed via webcam as she came onto the screen. She saw Danielle put her hand to her mouth and get a little teary eyed, before Danielle waved her hand in front of her face to cool down.

“Don’t cry! You’ll ruin your makeup,” Amanda lectured her little sister.

“I’m okay... It’s just I never expected to feel so...” Danielle replied, stuttering a bit before completing her thought, “Pretty...”

The rest of the conversation was light. Amanda supported Danielle emotionally by saying she was going to have the best night of her life. After ending their online meeting, Danielle touched up her makeup and went downstairs so that her parents could see how she turned out. Her friends arrived shortly afterwards. After taking several hundred photographs, transportation arrived for the group.

Jessica’s Dad was generous enough to rent a Rolls Royce Phantom limousine for the kids to enjoy that night. Nick opened the door to allow Danielle, Alyssa and Jessica to enter first.

“Oh, wow, this is so cool!” Alyssa said.

“I can’t believe your dad rented this, Jessica. It’s amazing!” Danielle remarked as she climbed in next to Alyssa.

“It’s okay, I guess,” Jessica replied, somewhat disappointed that her Dad did not rent the white Hummer limo that she asked for instead.

Danielle crossed her left leg over her right and placed her purse on her lap while she and the girls waited for their dates to enter the

limousine.

Nick placed his arm around Danielle's back as he sat down next to her. He had only seen her in a dress a few times before and definitely nothing as fancy as what she was wearing. In the back of Danielle's mind, she was really looking forward to the night's activities, but she was nervous at the same time about what outcome may occur.

The limousine journey did not take long at all as the three happy couples joked and laughed while Danielle snuggled up to Nick, feeling less apprehensive about him being so close. Eventually, the limousine stopped, and Danielle felt her stomach flutter.

Nick's high school prom was taking place at a historic hotel in the nearby downtown city that was only twenty minutes from where they lived. The group stopped for dinner at a classy Italian restaurant before going to the hotel ballroom. They felt like celebrities as they exited the limousine and walked past the students who had to go on the charter bus the school provided.

Danielle could hear girls commenting on her dress as she walked by, as well as a few remarks about how lucky she was to be asked to prom by Nick. In her mind, they were right. She was lucky! She could not help but think how dashing HER man looked in his tuxedo.

The teens entered the room amazed to see pink and purple up lighting, dance lights from a massive DJ setup on stage, plenty of highly decorated tables with floral centerpieces and two photo booths. It was obvious to Danielle that Nick's high school had more money than where she went. She knew that this prom was far better than the one that she was foregoing at her school, especially since she knew that no one at this prom knew the truth about what was under her dress other than Alyssa.

Danielle clung tightly to Nick's hand, still nervous. Although she knew that most likely no one could or would find out about her

secret, she still worried about it. She did not have long to worry though, as Alyssa mentioned getting a photograph.

Wrapping her arms around her boyfriend, Danielle tilted her head and smiled for the camera. She knew the rest of the night would be filled with pictures that would soon make their way online. Her mother had probably already uploaded the ones she took earlier that evening.

“What do you want to drink?” Nick asked.

“I think some punch should do, thank you,” Danielle responded to Nick’s question before she went to stand next to Alyssa and Jessica.

“Okay,” Nick replied as he and the boys went and got drinks for their dates.

“This looks pretty good, if a little simple,” Jessica sneered before turning to Danielle and asking, “So, Danielle, any plans for AFTER prom?”

“Ummm”, Danielle stammered before continuing, “I believe there’s an after party at the community center?”

“Ewww, no way! You should get a hotel room or something, have a special end to the night, he-he,” Jessica stated.

“Here you go, babe,” Nick said as he passed her some punch.

“Thanks,” Danielle replied, taking the drink with her left hand while playing with her hair softly, nervous about being in such a crowded place.

“You girls ready to get your dance on?” Marcel inquired.

“Hell, yeah!” Jessica beamed as she grabbed his arm before looking back at the other girls. Danielle decided it would be better than

waiting around and grabbed Nick's hand, smiling sweetly up at him as she moved towards the dance floor with him.

The girls were on the dance floor with the guys for what seemed like hours. The DJ did not play many slow songs, which was great because they each wanted things upbeat so they could twerk at some point. When Danielle put her butt up against Nick's crotch, she could instantly feel his erection.

She almost instantly pulled back, regretting her actions somewhat. Still, she did not regret them completely, since, after all, the feeling meant that Nick thought she was hot. Danielle was not sure if she like being a girl more than a boy, but one thing she did know was that the feeling of being attractive was amazing.

After a few more minutes of shaking her butt and dancing with her friends, Danielle wrapped her arms around Nick's neck from behind and turned her head to kiss him.

"She's definitely going to let him take it tonight," Jessica whispered into Marcel's ear.

"Really? Doubt it, she seems like the not until we're married type," Marcel replied.

"I'm not sure...., Alyssa," Jessica said through her teeth, while waving her friend over a few feet.

"Didn't't you say Danielle has been acting, you know... more sexual lately?" Jessica asked.

"More sexual? I guess she has been a little more forward with Nick. Maybe she's coming out of her shell," Alyssa commented while watching Danielle kiss Nick on the dance floor.

"It would be a cool story to say you lost your virginity ON THE DANCE FLOOR at prom," Alfie replied with a grin.

Alyssa tried to hold her laughing back, but she failed before she responded, “Ha-ha, yeah, would make quite the scene. Though they really are going for it, maybe someone should break it up?”

Jessica bounced up and down a few times, which made her D-cup breasts nearly pop out of her strapless pink dress. She proceeded to back her ass up against Danielle.

Danielle felt extremely shaky on the inside, but forced a smile. She then felt her penis start to get hard.

‘Not now...’ She thought to herself, gripped by fear. Danielle wondered why she had a difficult time getting an erection with Alyssa’s hand around her cock earlier that day if that feeling could stir it. She knew, however, that Jessica’s stereotypically, busty, slutty cheerleader look did have an effect on people.

Danielle awkwardly moved herself so she was not facing Jessica before mentioning that she needed to touch up her make up in the little girls’ room.

“Okay!” Jessica replied, cheerfully as she grabbed Alyssa and Danielle’s hands.

The girls entered the bathroom and proceeded to find empty stalls to relieve themselves. Danielle had read some crazy article in Seventeen magazine about some girls wearing diapers to prom just so they could enjoy the evening more and thought it was ridiculous. It did make her laugh a little.

As Danielle exited the stall to wash her hands, she saw Jessica and Alyssa standing in front of the mirror. Alyssa was redoing her lipstick, while Jessica was adjusting the bodice of her dress trying to get the most out of what she had. Both things did nothing to dissipate Danielle’s tiny erection.

Danielle took a deep breathe and tried taking her mind off what had just happened. She was still attracted to the physical qualities of the female population, but she only had a strong friendship style emotional attachment to them at this point.

“Your dress felt like it had a plastic tube or something around the waist area, Danielle,” Jessica noted.

“I...er....a tube...I don’t know what...you’re talking about,” Danielle stammered out in response.

“It was right around here,” Jessica said as she placed her hand right above Danielle’s crotch.

“Hey, don’t...” Danielle replied, trembling as she pulled back, but she knew that it was too late.

“Seriously? What is that? It’s bothering me, now, and I don’t like not knowing things,” Jessica demanded. Danielle read the extremely alarmed look on Alyssa’s face before Alyssa said, “I think it’s time....”

“Okay, well, Jessica, you see...I, ermm...I have...I’m...” Danielle tried telling Jessica the truth, but she could not get the words out through her light pink painted lips.

“Alcohol!” Alyssa interjected excited, but also trying to keep her voice down so they would not get in trouble.

Alyssa quickly moved between them and lifted up Danielle’s dress out of view of Jessica. Grabbing her purse, she pretended to pull the bottle out of Danielle’s panties and turned towards Jessica smiling with the bottle in hand.

Jessica smiled, “Oh, cool! I brought some too, but it’s in my purse. What did you bring?”

Letting out a sigh of relief, Danielle grabbed the bottle and read it out, "Absolut Vodka!"

Passing the bottle around, each girl took one swig. "Should have brought my punch in here," Danielle remarked.

"That was perfect! Just a little buzz. Ready to get back out there, ladies?" Alyssa asked them both.

"Just a minute," Jessica answered as she pulled mascara out of her purse.

"So, Danielle...How are you feeling about Nick?" Jessica asked as she applied the mascara.

"What do you mean? How I feel about him?"

"Well, you still have your V-card, right?"

"Yeah, of course."

"Well...tonight is the night..." Jessica replied.

"No! There's no way tonight is the night," Danielle responded dismissively.

"Danielle..., I think you should reconsider. You've been dating him for months. You look more beautiful than ever tonight, and this is like the last important night of high school. Do you really want to go to college as a shy virgin girl or are you going to join the party life like me?" Jessica said.

"I know, and I don't want to go to college like that, but...I just don't think I'm quite ready for that yet," Danielle responded, truthfully.

"You know, there are other things you can do other than vaginal sex," Alyssa chimed in.

“What do you think?” Jessica said as she finished touching up her face.

“I think you might like it,” Alyssa added.

“Anal?” Danielle blurted out.

Alyssa laughed, “You know, it really wouldn’t surprise me if Nick asked for that.”

“Why would he ask for that?” Danielle replied, confused.

Alyssa stopped herself from making the comment that came to her head, ‘Has to put it somewhere...’

“Danielle, can decide later on. For now, we should get back to our dates, don’t you think?” Alyssa said, bailing out her friend from Jessica’s interrogation.

“You two would be so cute as a lesbian couple,” Jessica replied somewhat sarcastically.

“If only Dani wasn’t so smitten on Nick...” Alyssa joked.

“Let me at least take a picture of you two kissing!” Jessica demanded as she took out her camera.

Alyssa shrugged as she stepped towards Danielle, leaning in while placing her hands on her hips.

Jessica snapped the picture just as their lips met and said, “So funny!”

Danielle forced a smile, all the while her tiny penis strained against its silken prison.

As they left the bathroom and met up with their dates the DJ announced it was time for the prom king and queen to be chosen.

After the ceremonial crowning of people Danielle did not know, the only slow song of the night was played. She smiled into Nick's eyes and let his hands go lower on her hips.

She placed her dainty manicured hands on his strong, broad shoulders before moving them up and leaning her head onto his chest. She was listening to his heartbeat, as the song continued to play.

As the evening came to a close, the group was exhausted. They walked outside to the limousine that was waiting for them and grabbed some sodas from the bar inside.

They hugged and kissed each other as Jessica and Marcel were dropped off outside a classy, expensive hotel. While she hugged Danielle, she whispered into her ear, "Don't forget, anal means you keep you virginity," before breaking the hug and winking.

Danielle smiled as she said goodbye to Jessica and Marcel. She looked over at Alyssa who gave her a wink. Pressure was setting in, but Danielle knew she was going to make the right decision that night. As the limousine arrived shortly afterwards at Alyssa's house, Alyssa hugged her friend and whispered, "Just do what's in your heart," before she kissed her.

As she waved goodbye to Alyssa, Danielle remembered the dream she had when this all began, the dream of having that best friend that was so close she could share anything. Danielle was glad Alyssa had turned out to be that friend. But just as she was remembering the dream, a flash of another part the dream popped up in her head as she looked over at Nick and then slowly down to his pants before blushing.

"Just us..." Nick said with a grin.

“Yeah, I guess so,” Danielle replied as she scooted over to him and resumed her snuggling position. As soon as she got comfortable, the image flashed in her mind again. Almost against her own will, her hand crept up onto his lap.

“There’s something, I’ve been meaning to ask you, baby,” Nick said sweetly while running his hand down her curly hair.

“You don’t have to ask,” Danielle responded, her breathing becoming heavy and her heart almost beating right out of her chest and into her bra, while moving her hand slowly up his thigh until it rested just next to his crotch.

As their lips met, Nick felt the tulle layered skirt of her dress and pulled it up so his hand would be closer to the back of her thighs. He could feel her tongue pushing against his.

Just as his hand crept towards her panties, Danielle broke the kiss and flashed Nick her best sexy look, before sliding off her seat and kneeling in front of her boyfriend.

“We have to do this quick before the limo gets home,” she whispered.

Reaching up and unzipping his pants, she pulled them down before pausing as she looked at his boxers.

‘This is it, the point of no return,’ thought Danielle. The thin material was all that separated Danielle from her deepest darkest desire. She knew she should not do it. She should not want it, but yet her penis had never felt harder as it painfully strained against her panties.

Danielle looked up and smiled at Nick. He returned the smile and ran his thumb against her lips. She licked it in preparation for proving her loyalty to her boyfriend.

Taking one last breath, she reached out and pulled down his boxers, releasing Nick's penis. Seeing it for the first time in person, it took Danielle's breath away. It looked completely different from what she had hidden in her panties, yet she was not disgusted by it. In fact, what she felt was quite the opposite.

Lightly gripping the top part of his cock, she kissed the front just to get a taste. After massaging the tip for a few seconds with her lips and tongue, she allowed more of his imposing manhood into her hot, wet mouth.

Expecting to be repulsed by the taste, she found that it did not taste anywhere near as bad as she thought it would. Awkwardly, she tried going down on it, but her lack of practice was evident as she struggled.

Nick pushed down on her head as he said, "Yeah, that's it, little girl. Put it all in."

Danielle tried to go down on him all the way, but she could not stop her gag reflex as she pulled back up. Feeling like she letting her man down, she licked and kissed up and down his shaft trying to lube it up so she could try again.

"Yeah, that's it. Just move your tongue a lot," Nick commanded.

Danielle followed his order, eager to make him happy. After licking once more, she set about kissing the head, tasting her first bit of pre-cum in the process. Trying to be quick, she dismissed trying to savor the taste and once again started taking her man into her mouth one inch at a time.

"Are you okay with swallowing or should I cum in your face?" Nick managed to ask politely.

"I'm not a porn actress!" Danielle barked, slightly annoyed before realizing she just agreed to swallow.

“Sorry, babe, you are doing good... Just want to make sure you are comfortable,” Nick said as he looked around for a towel just in case.

Moving back up his shaft, she licked and kissed the head looking up into his eyes, enjoying how face was showing his evident pleasure. Danielle took a break to remove some of his hair from her mouth before continuing to pleasure him.

“Keep going, little princess,” Nick said as he pushed the back of her head back and forth.

Letting go of control, Danielle let Nick move her head up and down his member until he shook a little as his manhood exploded with only the tip inside her pink lips.

Danielle put the rest of her mouth over his penis and swallowed as much as she could before taking her mouth of it and choking a bit.

“Did you get it all?” Nick asked.

“I swallowed some of it...” Danielle replied, smiling.

“What about the rest?” Nick asked, panicking about messing up the expensive limo.

Danielle ignored his question as she looked around for water. Grabbing a bottle, she washed down Nick’s semen before getting back up and sitting on the seat next to him once more.

“Did you enjoy that?” She asked, hoping to gain his approval.

“Yeah, that was good for your first time,” Nick said as he ran his hand down her back before he continued, “I was thinking that maybe you could sneak into my house later tonight and...”

Danielle interrupted, "Nick! That was a big step for me... I'm NOT ready to have sex just yet... trust me..."

"I was going to offer to go down on you..." Nick interjected.

Danielle looked shocked before she took a breath and said, "Well, about that. I need to tell you something...."

"If it's about your condition, I already know..."

Danielle was shocked by Nick's statement. After some hesitation, she asked, "What do you mean my condition?!"

"I know you are transgendered, Danielle. I've known since I met you."

"You have! Why didn't you tell me! I've been worrying about it for weeks," Danielle snapped, almost upset that her fears had been unfounded.

"Just wanted to see how far it would go without us talking about it," Nick replied calmly.

Danielle felt sick, she had been thinking of how to tell Nick for weeks. The scenarios in her head usually played out with him dumping her or worse beating her up. Yet, here he was, telling her that he knew all along, but yet did not say anything and did not mind.

"So you don't care....?" Danielle mustered the will to ask.

"Do you think we would have dated this long if I did? I'm not gay or anything... it's just..."

"You see me as a girl, then?" Danielle asked, trying to figure out what she was to him.

“Of course, babe, I mean... you do look more passable than ever now, and I love that you are starting to actually gain girl parts.”

“You haven’t told anyone right?” Danielle asked, desperate to know who else was aware that she was born Dylan.

“Not really.”

“Not really! Yes or no?”

“Just some online friends, but I don’t think they count.”

“Oh, okay. So...What happens now?” Danielle questioned as she played with the hem of her pretty dress.

“I want to keep dating obviously. I just have one important question.”

Danielle light up hearing that he still wanted her before she replied, “Yes?”

“Can I see your penis?”

Danielle looked shocked at his forwardness before she replied, “Why do you want to see that?”

“I’m just curious... Hurry, I think the limo is almost at the house.”

Danielle did not want to reveal herself so intimately, but, not wanting to upset Nick, she flipped up her dress. Nick could see a very small budge in her panties. He pulled down her underwear to see a freshly shaven, one-inch penis with very small testicles. He did not say a word, but looked at her face and smiled.

Flipping her dress back down, she adjusted her panties back up her waist, blushing the whole time before she asked curiously, “Happy?” Nick only smiled in response.

“Okay...what is it?” Danielle asked.

“Can we have sex tonight?”

Danielle almost yelped aloud, but she managed to compose herself before stating, “I really like you, Nick, and I do WANT to have sex with you. Just not yet, soon though, when I’m ready.”

“But we’ve been dating for nearly five months!”

“Then, you can wait a little longer,” she said, showing her sassy side for once.

“When is your final surgery scheduled? You can get it soon now that you are eighteen, right?”

“Scheduled? I haven’t even decided yet,” Danielle retorted honestly.

“You mean, you are going to keep it! Why?”

“I don’t know. I might not want to be a girl forever, Nick.”

Nick was silent as the limousine came to a halt. Exiting the car, Nick grabbed Danielle’s hand and walked with her up the driveway.

He looked down at her and asked, “Why wouldn’t you? You’ve changed so much since I met you. You went from being a shy person to being an outgoing dancing princess tonight. Not a single person spotted you out tonight... not even Jessica!”

Danielle smiled up at him after the compliment.

“I’ll think about it,” she replied while going up on her tiptoes and kissing him on the cheek.

“I mean...how would you really feel about anal? It’s not really taking your virginity until you have a pussy?” Nick reasoned.

Danielle laughed a little before saying, "Soon, you will find out. I promise."

"Well, I did have a great time with you tonight... do you want to go upstairs and fool around a little?"

"Not sure my Daddy would approve of that Nick. We have the whole summer to do stuff, don't forget."

"I just can't help myself sometimes. It's hot that you are growing breasts. Just want to feel them and kiss you a lot..."

Danielle felt a stirring in her panties and realized she should go inside before she did something she would regret. She smiled as she said, "We should call it a night... I'll talk to you on the phone in a bit."

Nick smiled at his girlfriend and placed his hands on her hips to pull her in for a passionate kiss. He loved how feminine she was becoming in her hot dress and heels, the way she smelled and the fact that he knew she was not going to have a penis for much longer. More importantly, he loved knowing that he was going to be the guy to finally make her a woman. Although he had just orgasmed in her mouth, he was gaining another erection at the thought of fucking her and started kissing Danielle more aggressively.

Not wanting to break the kiss, but feeling she had to, Danielle pulled back. Smiling and flustered with her breathing erratic, she said, "Okay, we'll talk later, love you."

"Love you too," Nick replied as he kissed his girlfriend one last time that night and walked away while Danielle made her way inside her house.

Closing the door behind her, Danielle leaned back on it smiling. It was the first time that he had confessed his love, and she felt as giddy as a schoolgirl about it.

She walked upstairs and threw her stuff on her bed. After kicking off her heels, she looked into the full length mirror in the corner of her bedroom and took off her dress. It was a sad feeling that the night was over considering the amount of prep time that went into this special evening, however, she was extremely happy it was a success. The biggest thing was that Nick accepted her and there was no need for her to keep secrets from him anymore. Still gazing into the mirror, she cupped her breasts and thought to herself with a smile, 'Yes... they are getting bigger.'

Her penis, although visible from the outside of her silky panties, was most likely going to be gone in the next few months, she hoped. She tossed the panties to the floor and tucked what remained of her dick in between her legs to get a glimpse of what she would look like without it.

'Much better,' were the only words that came to mind.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Life's a Beach

Danielle and Nick's relationship over the next few weeks continued to grow. There was much less stress now that there was no pressure on Danielle's part to hide any secrets from him anymore. She felt completely comfortable being herself around him. Her friends noticed changes as well in her personality, as she seemed much bubblier than before.

After spending nearly a decade in the school system, she never would have thought she would be spending the last half of her senior year of high school as a woman. In early June, however, she walked across the graduation stage wearing the same graduation gown the other girls were wearing.

She had been accepted to Solsbury College earlier that year and was able to have the documents changed to acknowledge her as Danielle and, even more important to her, as a legal female. She was looking forward to moving there in late August but there were still many things she wanted to do before the summer came to an end.

Her group of friends was planning a trip to the state's most popular resort town, Sea City, for the annual Senior Week, where kids from high schools in the Mid-Atlantic region visit every June to have fun on the boardwalk, spend time in the water, and, best of all, get away from adult supervision for a week.

Danielle was excited the whole week leading up to traveling there, not just because she could hang with her friends, but because Amanda was renting an apartment near by, and she had not seen her sister for over a month.

The last few weeks had presented several physical changes as well. Her cheekbones had become more prominent, and her hair now

came to a rest about six inches past her shoulders. She packed in her suitcase six bras labeled “34D”, which not only proved she was getting skinnier, but that she had also luckily grown in breast size in only a few weeks.

Having no bikinis that would fit her nicely shaped chest, Danielle knew that after getting there, her first priority was to shop for swimwear, which did make her a little nervous. She knew that even though she was small down there, someone might still see a slight bulge.

Instead of masturbating to online porn filled with unrealistic pictures of women with giant breasts like she used to a few months earlier, different things turned her on now. Although she had not been able to get an erection since prom night, she could still feel something down there that tingled.

Going through her drawers while packing, she saw the toy her sister had bought her. Since she had never even taken it out of the box, Danielle figured she might just give it back to her, so she packed it as well.

Danielle's group of friends had rented some cheap motel they found online that was only four blocks from the beach. She was going to stay there most of the time and, hopefully, get some alone time with Nick, most likely at Amanda's place despite her roommates. Even though she was eighteen, she knew her parents would never allow Nick to stay overnight.

Grabbing her bags and going downstairs, she did not have to wait long for Jessica to arrive and help her put her bags in the trunk. As they put the bags away, Alyssa watched them from inside the car, claiming it was too early for manual labor.

Three hours later, the girls arrived at their hotel in Sea City with the guys in a car right behind them. It was very dated looking and had extremely tacky tropical decor inside. The group, however, was happy that it was cheap and knew they could sneak alcohol in easily.

It was a perfect summer day in the mid-eighties with a very light breeze blowing. As Danielle unpacked her bags, Jessica mentioned that it was weird she did not bring any bikinis, but Danielle just stated calmly that she was planning on buying new ones there, which made the other girls excited, not to mention the boys as well when they heard.

“Okay y’all. This room kind of sucks and I know we didn’t come to Party Central to stay indoors. What do y’all want to do?” Jessica asked in front of everyone.

She was wearing very skimpy white denim shorts and a Pink tank top that stopped above her naval and branded her ‘Beach Bum.’ Her light pink bra straps were showing, and she had her blonde hair in a side ponytail with white rimmed sunglasses resting on her head.

“We want to go to the shops to pick up a few things before heading down and seeing the beach. What about you boys?” Alyssa shouted from behind her suitcase that she was still emptying.

“We have the beer in the back of the car,” Alfie replied.

“Yeah and we could really use food here. Let’s find a grocery store,” chimed Marcel.

Nick added, “If you all aren’t back before we get here, then we’ll just go skateboarding or something. Just text me.”

“Okay. So, we will text you with when we want to meet at the beach then?” Danielle chimed in.

“Yeah,” Nick replied.

Grabbing her purse, Danielle followed Jessica out of the room with Alyssa tailing behind them. Being a beach town, there were swimsuit and souvenir shops on nearly every street. All the girls admitted that they did not want cheap bikinis that every other girl was wearing, so they decided to go to the place with the highest reviews online, which was North Sun Over. The interior of the building had old surfboards as decorations and was very brightly lit. It felt very hip and beachy, yet upscale to the girls.

Danielle was getting more nervous as she moved around the shop. Every gut wrenching second, she was wondering if her tucking techniques were good enough for her to wear a bikini without a problem. Alyssa noticed her change in attitude and tried to calm her down with a reassuring smile.

“These look so plain,” Jessica said as she scavenged through one rack of swimsuits.

Alyssa replied, “I like this one!”

She held up a pink bikini with white polka dots that was from the same rack Jessica just went through. Danielle nodded in agreement, but started to think this was a bad idea, prompting her to say, “I might just get some board shorts or something. I dunno...”

Alyssa diverted the conversation, “I have two cousins that wear board shorts over a bikini, but one of them is, like, a little overweight, and the other doesn’t know how to shave properly yet.”

Danielle blushed heavily before Jessica shoved an orange, skirted bikini bottom and matching bandeau top into her hands out of nowhere.

“Here, that’s perfect for you!”

“YUCK! Who wears an orange bikini! I hate that color!” Danielle replied in disgust.

Jessica placed the bikini back on the rack and kept searching. Danielle kept doing so as well, thinking it was a little ironic that she wore Amanda’s bikini back when she was a boy, but was somewhat afraid to wear one now that she could fill the cups without padding. ‘At least my penis won’t be hanging out this time though,’ Danielle thought with a smile.

Searching through the racks, she found a white bikini with black floral patterns on the top. Picking it up, she thought she might as well try it on and see if she could wear a bikini. No one even had to see her that way, she figured.

“Have you thought about a one piece?” Alyssa asked.

“Let’s just grab a few of them and then go to dressing room,” Danielle replied.

“Sounds good,” Alyssa said.

After picking out a bunch of different styles, Danielle moved towards the dressing room. She was opening the door to her own one when she was suddenly pushed inside by Jessica, followed by a slightly annoyed looking Alyssa. Danielle almost ran out, but she could not get to the door past Jessica.

“Oh, don’t be such a prude! I am used to seeing girls naked at cheer practice all the time. It’s so cool that this place has a large dressing area and private booths back here,” Jessica said, responding to Danielle’s shocked face.

Jessica pulled off her shorts, exposing her white thong. She then pulled off her tank top. Danielle felt reluctant to even take off her shirt.

“I don’t think this is a good idea...” Alyssa said, knowing the truth.

“I just can’t...” Danielle added very nervously as she started getting teary-eyed and reached her hand towards the door handle.

Alyssa just grabbed her hand and said quickly before Danielle could leave, “Look, Jessica, Danielle has been meaning to tell you something for a while. Now, just don’t freak out or anything.”

“NO, NOT NOW!” Danielle shouted.

“Everything okay in there?” The young salesclerk asked from outside the door.

“Yes, Miss!” Alyssa responded quickly.

Jessica looked at Alyssa as if she was losing her mind before her eyes widened, and she stared at Danielle, “Oh, my God! No fucking way...”

“Only a few people know, Jessica... I’m still questioning a lot of things and have only been living like this since the beginning of February...” Danielle admitted.

“Marcel and Alfie don’t know, as well as Nick’s parents,” Alyssa added.

“... You two are hilarious,” Jessica replied with a laugh.

“Wait, what?” Alyssa asked, shocked her friend was taking this so well.

“Did you really think I was going to believe that Danielle is a boy? Really? I may be a little ditzzy sometimes, but I’m not clueless!”

“You too?” Alyssa blurted out. She had been wondering why Danielle borrowed tampons, but she thought it was best if she did not ask.

Jessica walked over to Danielle in her underwear, "Strip."

"WHAT? N...No...Why would I?" Danielle replied, backing away from Jessica.

Jessica put her hands on the sides of Danielle's shorts and pulled them down, quickly exposing her panties that showed her little bulge.

"WHAT THE..." Danielle said.

Alyssa stood in shock with her hands over her mouth.

"You both went through a lot with this prank!" Jessica said, shaking her head.

"That's my penis," Danielle replied, almost indignant.

"I mean it looks just like an enlarged camel toe. I'll have to see you naked anyway cause we are shopping for swimsuits," Jessica said as she pulled down on Danielle's panties.

Jessica reached for Danielle's panties to snap them down with her other hand. Danielle tried stopping her, but it was too late.

For the first time, Jessica saw the truth. Danielle did still have a small penis. In shock, Jessica's mouth hung open only a few inches from Danielle's cock.

Danielle was in near tears as she put her head in her hands trying to say something, but nothing came out. Meanwhile, the boys had finished grabbing some food and drink supplies and were walking back to their room.

"Is Danielle still playing that V-card shit?" Marcel asked.

“Yeah, though, I’m telling you, man, this week, she’s gonna put out,” Nick answered, smiling too himself.

“About time...” Alfie added.

“She’s a special girl if you know what I mean,” Nick said.

“Ha, sure she is, man. Not that she ain’t hot, but she must do something amazing with her mouth for you to have kept her. She was a chubster when you first met her,” Alfie ribbed Nick.

“Yeah, she’s getting that hot ass bikini body ready for summer. Still love that booty,” Nick said.

“Man you’re so whipped!” Marcel joked.

“Nah, bro,” Nick replied.

“Dude, you’ve been together for five months, and she ain’t put out. I would have dumped Jessica if she didn’t give it up within three weeks. Ain’t no need to stay around. Damn white girls,” Marcel said.

“How about Alyssa, I don’t hear you bragging, Alfie?” Nick said defensively.

“Let’s just say, it took a while to get her to open up a little.”

“See, it’s worth the wait I’m sure!” Nick replied.

“Well, you know we got six of us sharing a room. Orgy time! Should film and sell that shit online,” Marcel said.

“What the fuck, man! You better be joking. That’s so gay!” Alfie replied.

“You know I don’t like guys, man! Ain’t nothing gay here,” Nick added.

“Yeah, yeah. Keep telling yourself that. So, where are going after we drop this shit off?” Alife said, his tone of voice revealing his boredom.

“Let’s grab the skateboards and go check out some hot girls on the boardwalk. They should all be out today,” Nick responded, smiling at the great weather conditions.

“Let me be in the middle,” Jessica yelled out as she held up her phone with Danielle and Alyssa by each of her sides.

Jessica snapped the photo of the three of them in the changing room together before she said, “Looks great. Let’s say hashtag: summer, hashtag: bikini body, hashtag: withmybitches, hashtag: tucked?”

“No way,” Danielle replied, taking the joke lightly.

“I’m still not happy that you didn’t tell me earlier,” Jessica paused before she continued, “How did you think I was going to take it?”

“Well, Alyssa said you would understand, but I’m just scared of telling everyone, sorry.”

“How did Nick react when you told him?” Jessica asked. She then added, “Not to sound like a bitch, I just never expected Nick to date someone who used to be a boy.”

“Nick never knew her as a boy. Did he, Danielle? So, all he knows is her,” Alyssa responded to the aid of Danielle’s defense.

“True,” Jessica replied as she focused her attention back on the mirror, checking out her pink zebra bikini that looked amazing on her,

especially in the rear.

“Come here, Danielle. I want to check if I can tell or see anything in your bottoms,” Jessica said.

Danielle walked over to Jessica in her sun bleached tiki tri-top Roxy bikini. The medium size left her enough room down by her crotch, but it was also enough to accent her girls up top.

Jessica grabbed Danielle’s waist and pulled her in front of the mirror, examining each part of her.

“Hmm, you really do have a girl’s body. I mean, you have great sized boobs! I’ve seen it, and I almost can’t believe what’s done in your bottom,” Jessica said, tapping Danielle’s butt playfully.

Her comments made Danielle blush.

“That looks amazing on you! Definitely the best you’ve tried on today!” Alyssa chimed in.

“Yeah, I really did feel pregnant wearing that one-piece.”

“Only chubby girls wear one pieces. Besides, if you got it flaunt it... And you got it girl!” Jessica added.

Alyssa decided to go with a classic 70’s style halter bikini with white and red strips. All of them walked out of the shop with a set of short board shorts as well and cover ups for when they got wet.

Although there were hundreds of other teens on the beach, the catcalls directed at the girls did not stop until they met up with Kyle by Ninth Street. Alfie and Marcel went to grab some lemonade in the meantime. Danielle thought that it was hot seeing Nick with a

skateboard. Danielle had tried long boarding before, but she mostly just enjoyed watching Nick now.

Seeing his shirtless body surprised Danielle and made her feel a little hot under the collar. Blushing heavily, she smiled and waved towards him.

“Hey, good looking,” she called out, hoping that would make the girls around realize he belonged to her.

Nick hugged his little girlfriend as he said, “You look hot in that bikini top. And those tight shorts are smoking. Can’t wait to see what’s underneath. They look perfect for you, sweetie.”

“Aww, thanks Hun,” Danielle replied as she twirled in front of him.

“Okay, we are all here. What’s the game plan?” Jessica said.

“Well, let’s just see what’s happening on the boardwalk. They have rides and shit down by the inlet.”

“I want some cotton candy! I love cotton candy!” Alyssa screamed as she clasped her hands together and jumped.

“I’m just happy doing whatever and being with you all,” Danielle said.

“Mind if I join in?” said an old, familiar voice in the background.

“KYLE!” Danielle shrieked.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Friendly Outing

Danielle almost could not breathe. Her chest felt tight, her heart was beating wildly, and she had to blink several times to make sure this was not just a nightmare. Already feeling very self-conscious about herself in the skimpy shorts and a bikini top, now, her former best friend was staring at her in bewilderment.

“Kyle! What are you doing here?” Danielle asked.

“It’s senior week. We just graduated, silly girl,” Kyle answered.

“I... but...,” Danielle stammered out half of a response feeling that she was in a terrible spot. She knew Kyle was annoyed at her. Things had never been the same between them since the party. Now, he had the upper hand. Danielle knew she had to get rid of him.

“Yeah right, duh. So, er, nice seeing you. Bye,” she said turning around slightly before being stopped.

“Not going to introduce me to your new friends?” Kyle asked while standing in front of Danielle.

“Well, ughhh... You already know Nick. This is Alyssa and Jessica. Guys meet Kyle...,” Danielle replied, trying to get the introductions done as quickly as possible.

“Hey, bro...” Nick said, while looking away, trying to avoid him.

Jessica and Alyssa both waved without saying anything verbally.

“So who did you come down with?” Danielle asked.

“Oh, I didn’t come down with anyone. I actually have a job down here that’s starting after this week and got a place with a few people,” Kyle responded.

“Doing what?” Nick inquired.

“Renting chairs on the beach,” Kyle replied. Danielle and Alyssa laughed to themselves while Jessica did a bad job of hiding her amusement.

“You know, summer is a time to have fun and try new things. Some people make certain transitions and everything, you know?” Kyle continued while give death stares at Danielle.

Danielle rocked uncomfortably left to right as Kyle’s glare remained focused on her. She felt that Kyle was just as angry as he was at high school, and Danielle just wanted to get away from him.

“Yeah, I guess so. Well, we better be off, now,” Danielle responded.

“You mean they don’t know DYLAN!?” Kyle asked.

“Dude, what?” Nick retorted.

“How did you manage to hide that? It’s pretty impressive, really,” Kyle said, smirking to himself.

“Oh, no, you didn’t,” Jessica yelled.

Alyssa broke through her shyness to add, “What is this all about and why is everyone getting loud?”

“It’s about DYLAN here lying to you about who HE is,” Kyle said standing up straight and smiling as if he had won a gold medal at the Olympics.

“Who is Dylan?” Jessica asked while tilting her head, trying hard to appear clueless.

Danielle slumped her shoulders a bit and replied, “Looks like playing stupid isn’t going to work, guys. Kyle, they all know I used to be Dylan.”

Nick turned to Danielle and said, “They do?”

Recognizing the surprise in Nick’s tone, Danielle just nodded before whispering, “It kinda came up while shopping...”

Kyle stood speechless, shocked that his plan to embarrass and out his former friend was now backfiring. He looked at Danielle and said, “Well... I guess you got what you never wanted.”

“Oh please, Kyle! You never did get over me rejecting you at that party, did you,” Danielle retorted, letting her anger getting the best of her as she turned the tables on her former friend.

“You don’t know the whole story of that,” Kyle replied.

“I know that was probably the closest you’ve come to kissing a girl recently,” Danielle rejoined.

“I guess if it wasn’t for me, you never would have hooked up with Nick,” Kyle retorted.

Nick put his arm around Danielle’s waist and pulled her in close for protection.

“How cute, fags,” Kyle said sarcastically.

“Rude asshole! Are we done here? I’m bored with whoever this dickhead is,” Jessica interjected.

“Yeah, I’m done wasting my time with him,” Danielle replied, clinging tightly to Nick.

Kyle shook his head as the group walked away. He was disappointed that his plans to ruin Danielle’s life did not work out at all. He gave them all the middle finger with their backs turned as one last piece of revenge.

Danielle smiled to herself after coming out on top against Kyle. He was always a dick even before all the changes happened. She was just glad she had better friends now.

“I really had to hold back from punching that asshole,” Nick noted.

“Me too,” Alyssa said before putting her arm around Danielle, holding her tightly. She then counseled her friend, “Just ignore people like him, Hun.”

Suddenly, Danielle burst into tears and placed her hands over her face. She was struck by the realization that her friends and boyfriend did not care who she used to be and that they loved her just way she is now.

Alyssa hugged Danielle, followed by Nick and Jessica, as they all tried comforting their friend. Nick then kissed her on the forehead.

“Don’t worry about that asshole,” Jessica said.

“I’m NOT,” Danielle replied before continuing, “It’s just that.... that....”

“What is it then?” Alyssa asked, concerned.

“He was my only friend back in my dark days and was so mean to me all the time. And because of him is how I became who I am right now and met all of you who I love to death and are great friends,” Danielle finally managed to get out.

“That’s so sweet! But stop crying, otherwise I will start, and I hate doing that in public,” Jessica responded, smiling.

“I can’t help it,” Danielle said as she smiled and wiped her tears away.

“We are going to have a ton of fun this week. There’s no need to have drama start,” Alyssa said.

“I should text the other guys and let them know where to meet us. Where are we going?” Nick asked.

“Speaking of them... do they know yet?” Jessica inquired.

“I haven’t told them as long as none of you have, then no,” Danielle answered.

“Do you think you should?” Alyssa asked.

“I’m not sure. As nice as it is having you guys know, I’m not sure they need to know, just in case they treat me differently,” Danielle said honestly.

“If we all remain close, they will find out eventually,” Nick added.

Jessica then asked, “How do YOU feel about them knowing, Mister Macho Nick?”

“I just want whatever Danielle wants and for her to be happy,” Nick replied, hugging her close to him.

“We can tell them later, after I complete my transition a little more,” Danielle said.

“What do you mean? You have been living as a girl since you met Nick?” Alyssa inquired.

“Are you thinking of making the final step?” Jessica asked.

Danielle blushed, but only responded shortly, “Thinking.”

“Oh yeah, sure...” Alyssa replied, “We all know you will, and you’ll be even happier than you are now.”

“I’m sure Nick would be happy...” Jessica added with a grin.

Danielle just smiled back at her friends as they walked down towards the beach before pointing out, “Oh look, cotton candy!”

“You are like a little fat kid Danielle,” Alyssa joked.

“Well, apparently she used to be,” Jessica responded.

Danielle frowned at Jessica’s comment.

“What? Well, at least you aren’t anymore.” Jessica joked, reading her friend’s expression.

Danielle’s cell phone then alerted her of a message from her sister.

“Who is texting you? It isn’t Kyle, is it?” Nick asked.

“No, it’s Amanda.”

“OH, YEAH! She’s living down here now, right?” Alyssa asked.

Jessica asked, “What is she up to?”

Danielle glanced at her phone, “She invited Nick and I to dinner tonight...”

“Want to go?” Nick inquired.

Danielle looked straight ahead. She realized this would be Amanda's first time actually hanging out with Nick other than a quick "Hello" when she got picked up after getting drunk. Of course, Amanda knew of their relationship starting back in February and how excited Danielle was on prom night in early May, but he feared that Amanda would run her mouth about something.

'Could she have something up her sleeves?' Danielle thought. The more she considered it, however, the more she concluded that Amanda did care about her and she had thought about introducing her to Nick at some point.

"Are you two going to be fine if Nick and I are away from the group tonight?"

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Did She Plan That?

Amanda announced the crab cakes sandwiches were ready as she removed more greasy French fries from the skillet in her apartment. She was sharing the meager, archaic apartment with three other girls from college who wanted to stay at the beach for the summer.

Danielle was glad the three girls were all out for the night so she could catch up with her sister, even if it was a little awkward having Nick with them.

Most of the conversation of the night revolved around Amanda's excitement about the summer. She got a job waitressing at the Lazy Landshark, which was a popular outdoor restaurant where servers were known to come home with a few hundred dollars a night.

Danielle admitted that she wished she could have moved down there with her, but she had a few things to finish at home before going to college in the fall. She said that if Amanda came back the next year, she would definitely want to get a place with her.

As they ate, Amanda asked several questions, mainly revolved around Danielle's graduation, until settling down to questions regarding her present plans, "So, what do you two have planned for the summer?"

Danielle smiled after taking a little bite of a French fry. She then replied, "Well, Aunt Annabelle said I can work in her bridal dress store, helping out a little bit this summer. I could really use the money, especially for what's coming up."

"What about you Nick? Where are you working again?" Amanda asked.

“I got a little job at the zoo, just selling food and drinks, nothing major,” Nick replied while eating.

“And where are you going to college again?” Amanda asked, looking straight at Nick.

“Marydel Tech. Sucks that we aren’t going to the same college, but I’m sure we will still visit and stuff.”

“OH! I think I had some high school friends who went there. Yeah, you guys will be like three or four hours apart. That’s got to be iffy,” Amanda said.

After more idle chitchat and the meals were done, they sat around talking for short while. Eventually, Amanda could not hold back any longer, “So, Nick... Is Danielle the first transgendered girlfriend you’ve ever had?”

“Oh, my God! Really?” Danielle yelled.

“I was just curious...” Amanda admitted.

“I don’t think of her as being trans,” Nick said.

“Aww, that’s sweet,” Amanda replied before she continued, “I remember when Danielle first met you, she was so smitten from day one, right, sis?”

Danielle placed both hands over her face and shook her head, causing her braided side ponytail to sling back and forth.

“Oh come on? Don’t you remember how nervous you were before that first date at the party?” Amanda said, chuckling to herself.

The usual confident Nick even looked uncomfortable in his chair as he replied for her, “Um...she seemed a little shy, but then she opened up some.”

“Yeah after getting drunk, you were so wasted that night,” Amanda said patting her sister's leg.

“Speaking of which, did you all want some alcohol?” Amanda then inquired.

“YEAH!” Nick shouted with a grin.

“What would you like?” Amanda replied cheerfully.

“Anything you have is fine,” Nick said.

“What about you, princess?” Amanda asked, looking at her sister.

“I’ll just have what you’re having,” Danielle replied, still embarrassed by Amanda’s earlier questions.

Amanda handed Nick a beer from the fridge and gathered two glasses with ice on the counter. She poured a LOT of vodka into both her and Danielle’s glasses and filled the rest with cranberry juice.

After handing the glass to Danielle, she took a sip and said, “Wow that’s strong!”

“Light weight...” Amanda retorted.

“I’ve lost a few pounds since prom,” Danielle rejoined.

“I wish I could lose a few pounds that fast,” Amanda replied.

“Maybe you should take those pills...”

“Nah, just need to actually work out more, but this job will at least keep me on my feet”, Amanda said before she added, “Speaking of those pills though, you’ve still been taking them, yes?”

“Of course, they keep me energetic and I feel so much better and happier,” Danielle replied.

“Cool, they said to only take them for like six months and you would see changes, so you can probably stop before going to college.”

Just then, Amanda got a call and answered it in another room. As she walked back in, she announced, “Bad news... I’m afraid I have to cover for someone else’s shift tonight!”

“Oh, no! When do you have to go in?” Danielle asked.

“Like... now!” Amanda answered.

“You mean we can stay here?” Nick responded, unable to conceal his excitement.

“Yeah, totally. I’ll give you my spare key. Just lock up when you leave and get it back to me tomorrow. Okay?” Amanda said as she went on a scavenger hunt through her purse looking for keys.

Danielle hugged her sister goodbye as she left the apartment, closing the door behind her. Turning around slowly, she saw Nick smiling.

“Looks like we finally get some alone time,” Danielle said as she took a large sip of her drink.

“Yeah, this is pretty awesome! Almost like having our apartment,” Nick replied looking around the room.

Danielle quickly texted Alyssa and Jessica, letting them know that they were going to be a few more hours. After sending the text, she sat down next to Nick and cuddled up to him while he drank his beer.

Looking up into Nick's eyes, Danielle smiled before leaning up and kissing him quickly on the lips.

"So, what made you decide to tell Jessica?" Nick asked.

"Well, she pushed me into a changing room..." Danielle shivered slightly, remembering the ordeal hours ago.

"You made out, didn't you?" Nick joked.

"Ha, in your dreams!" Danielle said poking out her tongue before adding, "You know I don't feel that way about girls anymore."

"Well, the thought of my girlfriend making out with a blonde cheerleader does kind of make me hard," Nick said.

Danielle made a mock shocked face, "Well, I might just have to remember that. Though are you sure you wouldn't get jealous?"

"Nah, girl, but speaking of the jealous type, I think you handled that situation with Kyle earlier very well."

"Ugh, I just can't believe he's still mad at me."

"There's nothing to worry about. He has no friends or girlfriend and couldn't even get a female friend after one of his male friends... well you know..."

"He was never much of a friend anyway. I'm happier with my new friends," Danielle said, putting her head on Nick's chest.

"Well, it also makes me hard thinking about how you've really come to accept your femininity," Nick said.

Danielle's cell phone signaled a text message reminder, but she ignored it.

“You like me being more and more feminine?” Danielle asked curiously as she fluttered her eyelashes rapidly.

Nick ran his hand slightly up Danielle’s shirt to reveal her pierced naval and tanned skin. He then leaned down to kiss her.

Danielle enjoyed Nick’s caress and leaned up to let him kiss her gently while she passionately kissed back. Feeling his tongue enter her mouth, she moved hers with his and closed her eyes.

Nick put his hand up Danielle’s shirt to feel her right breast over the top of her bra. He instantly became more erect thinking about how she had grown her own breasts after only a few months of transitioning.

Danielle bit her lower lip as his hand moved over her body and up towards her breasts. Her nipples seemed extremely sensitive.

Nick imagined putting his dick in between her boobs and titty fucking her, but he wanted her to be completely comfortable at first. Blowing quietly into her ear and then slightly licking the inside of it was something he knew turned her on.

Leaning her head back, Danielle moaned slightly. Danielle felt that he always knew exactly what would get her going, and it was working perfectly at the moment.

Running his hand across her face, he watched as Danielle closed her eyes and let him take control. She ran her hand down his tight chest and imagined how hard he probably was.

Feeling adventurous and extremely turned on, she decided to find out just how much he was in the mood. Continuing her hand movements down his body, she went past his stomach until her hand rested over his warm groin.

His huge cock made her smile. She opened her eyes to see him kiss her nose and run his penis through his shorts up her thigh, slightly dry humping her.

Between kisses Danielle managed to ask, "Nick... we... shouldn't. It's not our place."

He continued kissing her neck, ignoring her resistance. She did not stop him because of how horny she felt. Although she could no longer get an erection, she felt tingly down there and could feel her boy pussy getting a little wet.

Danielle could feel herself giving in completely to Nick's advances. Her breathing became rapid and her heartbeat was faster than ever. Moving her hands up his well-toned chest and abs, she went under the waistband of his shorts and boxers, gliding her hand down to his penis.

He gazed into her eyes, feeling her gentle squeezes to his dick. Pulling on her ponytail lightly, she let out a small cry, but was calmed by warm kisses to the right side of her neck.

She felt his hand move down and cup her butt before gently lifting up. With little difficulty, Nick picked her up. While still kissing, he maneuvered them through the apartment and into Amanda's room, which she had shown to them earlier.

Without saying a word to her boyfriend, Danielle let Nick guide her into the room. She was well aware of what was going to happen. They had been together for several months now, and he had stuck with her through her transformation from a shy boy pretending to be a girl to the completely passable and internally woman she had become. There was no doubt that he was definitely the one who should take her virginity. Although her body was not completely transformed and ready, emotionally, she was absolutely ready.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

Make a Woman Out of You

Carefully placing Danielle on the bed, Nick guided her by supporting the back of her head with his hand. Looming over her, she passionately kissed him while looking up at him. Her hands explored his body while their lips were locked.

Danielle spread her legs to welcome Nick's groin to touch her. He ran his fingers slightly up her thighs. He then pulled her up so that removing her shirt would be easier.

She lifted her arms up so the shirt could slide off, exposing her new D-cup chest that was tightly held by her lacy bra. Nick had never seen Danielle topless and almost ripped the latch at the back of the bra to let her ample breasts break free.

Nick squeezed her breasts together, causing his girlfriend to moan a little. Danielle secretly liked the idea of Nick dominating her to the point of causing slight pain. After squeezing them a few times back and forth, he kissed them in a very aggressive way and sucked the top part so that he could taste some of the sweat coming off her. Danielle was sure she would have "love marks" on her body by morning.

He eventually leaned back and took his shirt off, exposing his well built, toned body and the beads of sweat that were making it shine slightly in the light. With Danielle almost naked underneath him, Nick could hardly control himself as his hands moved down her shapely waist and tugged gently on the shorts.

Danielle would be lying if she told him she was not really nervous at this point. She closed her eyes and bit her bottom lip as she arched her back to make removing her shorts easier for him. For the past few months, she had barely been looking at the mini boy part she

still had between her legs. She was not really planning on having Nick look down there until she had her vagina.

Feeling vulnerable, laying there meekly in her bra and panties, Danielle looked up her man and gave him a slight smile. Although she was scared, she knew she wanted this just as much as he did.

As he leaned over the top of her, Danielle pulled down his boxers watching his massive cock fly out, which she loved to see. She noticed a little pre-cum at the end when she ran her hand over it. She pulled him closer to her for a kiss, and so that his penis could touch her. Without asking, Nick rubbed his manhood over Danielle's panties, feeling her small penis in the process.

Danielle was feeling more than a little turned on and moved her hand down to stroke his cock a few times, sensing its familiar warmth. Sitting up, she kissed Nick fully on the lips again before nibbling his lip slightly and pulling back. Tossing her hair over one shoulder, she masterfully unclipped her bra then held it up with her hands to tease him.

Grabbing the bra with his teeth, Nick slung it away and looked down at her boobs. There was nothing different about them from others he had seen, other than the fact that they were bigger than most natural girls he had dated. He put both hands on them, which made Danielle gasp a little from the warmth. Squeezing them sent waves of pleasure through Danielle who felt nervous, yet very proud to put her girls on display for him.

"Do you like what you see?" Danielle whispered, doing her best sultry voice.

"You are so fucking hot," Nick said.

Danielle smiled; she loved the contrasting feelings of vulnerability and having power over her man. In one fluid motion, Nick reached out and slipped her panties down and around her ankles. Danielle

closed her eyes, waiting to see if he would be okay with what she had.

While having her eyes still close, she could feel Nick blowing on her penis with his mouth. She reached her hands down to his head to stop him, but, before she knew it, he had the top of her dick in his mouth and was playing with it with his tongue.

Danielle opened her eyes and looked down at her boyfriend gently licking and sucking at her tiny manhood. Although she was aroused, it stayed limp, proving her femininity had all but won.

She had always struggled to get Nick's entire penis inside of her mouth to deep throat him, however, this was not a problem for Nick, considering Danielle's penis was less than an inch by this point in her transformation process.

"Can you still get hard?" Nick asked.

Danielle just meekly shook her head in response.

"Good. This isn't gay because you basically just have a clit at this point, babe."

"It's just what I want," Danielle said before adding, "I can't wait to have a real vagina and have you inside of me..."

"Well, we don't have to wait till then, Hun."

She leaned forward, put her hand on his knee, and started making out with him again using a lot of pressure. Nick placed his hand upon her left breast again, confirming that she was really turned on. Her nipples were much harder than before. Danielle continued kissing him until she started letting her kisses run down his body to his pelvic region.

Danielle set about returning the favor, although comparing her enlarged clit to Nick's huge member was a stretch. Like before she set about kissing the head and tasting the pre-cum before gliding her tongue over the head briefly.

Placing his hands on top of Danielle's dirty blonde hair, he pushed her down slightly to take more of his penis inside of her mouth. Danielle was mesmerized once again by the satisfaction of knowing she was going to make her man cum, whether it be in her mouth or elsewhere.

As she moved further and further down on him, she took inch after inch. She was glad at the amount of practice she had in times like this, even though she had never taken it all, she would always try.

Nick reached down, grabbing Danielle's right breast. It hung down as he watched her go rapidly up and down on his penis. Danielle used her left hand as support to keep his penis under control by holding the bottom of his shaft. She occasionally used her other hand to gently rub his testicles.

"Damn, babe, that feels great. Good, girl," Nick said while breathing heavily and confirming his satisfaction with Danielle's actions.

She had a gag reflex and immediately removed his penis from her mouth before placing the tip back on her tongue and pushing his entire cock into her mouth again.

She did this several more times before Nick moaned out, "That's enough, babe. I don't want to finish before we do this."

"Do WHAT?" Danielle asked suspiciously, even though she knew she was going to put out for him.

"I think you want this just as much as I do."

“You have protection right?” Danielle asked, not knowing what to expect.

“Of course, I bought this special lubricated kind so it should be fine.

“Wait, why are you carrying condoms around when we weren’t having sex?” Danielle asked curiously.

“Just in case you changed your mind, like now.”

Danielle blushed and put her head down as she smiled. Nick started to open the condom wrapper from his wallet after finding his shorts on the ground.

“Can I put it on you?” Danielle asked.

Nick handed it to her. She pulled the large lubricated condom out of the wrapper and placed it to the tip of his erect penis. Trying to work it down, she noticed nothing was happening.

“Other way...” Nick suggested.

Danielle smiled and blushed; she had only put a condom on once at home, practicing months back, but putting it on Nick’s penis was a different story. Turning it over, she rolled it down his huge rod, enjoying the feeling of it between her small feminine hands.

Nick enjoyed watching Danielle smile as she prepared his penis for entry. She then leaned up at him for a kiss and asked, “How do you want me?”

“Just lay on your back, princess. I will do the hard work,” Nick whispered as he gently pushed her back onto the bed before moving between her legs, holding them out to the side for her.

“Please, be gentle,” Danielle said as she closed her eyes and turned her head sideways eagerly, but nervously awaiting for her cherry to

be popped.

She felt Nick's penis rest against between her cheeks and braced herself. She knew that she need to relax or else it would be harder.

"I hope this works..." Nick said, looking at Danielle's tight asshole.

Nick pressed himself at her entrance and then carefully pushed inside, going as slow as he could so she would not be hurt.

"How does it feel having me inside of you?" Nick asked as he looked down at Danielle, squeezing her face.

Danielle responded, "It hurts a little, but I think I just need to get used to it. How much of it is in?" She looked down, but could barely see.

"Just the head of it right now. I'm going to put more in, okay?"

"Sure, just hold my hands," Danielle said as she put her palms up by her head and spread her fingers. Nick's hands meet hers as he pushed into her boy pussy a few more inches. She clasps his hands hard, but then smiled as he moved back and forth a little.

After several more times of going in and out Nick was starting to feel less resistance allowing him to pick up the pace. Seeing Danielle lying on her back, her round breasts on her chest and, finally, her tiny limp clit, was driving Nick wild with lust.

Nick reached down to rub her enlarged clit while using his other hand to hold her in place as he drilled down into her deeper. This caused Danielle to let out a few moans.

Her girlish moans only further fueled Nick's thrusting as he started going out till just the tip was in side, then sliding it all the way back in.

"Holy shit that hurts...but feels so good at the same time!" Danielle admitted.

“Good, baby...” Nick said, slightly panting. He licked his index and middle fingers to add more naturally lube to her micro-penis. Although Danielle’s testicles were noticeable to her a few months ago, they had all but disappeared.

He gently rubbed her tiny nub between his fingers while he pumped in and out, getting to full speed and making Danielle move forward slightly on the inwards thrust.

Running his hand up from her dick, it found its way to her breasts which he now loved touching. Thoughts of taking the condom off while he was cumming so that his semen was all over her breasts came to mind, but he figured, for her first time, she would love to feel him having an orgasm inside of her butt.

Danielle was really starting to enjoy herself. Nick’s long penis was reaching deep inside her and stimulating her prostate, making her shiver in pleasure. She soon started pushing back down on his thrusts so he could get further inside her, while she was moaning loudly the whole time.

He leaned himself forward, placing his chest against hers and could feel her sweat. With his right hand, he took off the hair band that was keeping her ponytail in place and somehow undid her pretty braid, letting her long hair run free. She leaned her head back, allowing him to not only fuck her in the ass, but to also kiss her neck, which had been free of an Adam’s apple for weeks.

Kissing her neck and caressing her breasts, he started breathing heavier and heavier. He could feel Danielle tighten up every time he kissed her neck, making it feel even better for Nick on each thrust.

Danielle wrapped her legs around Nick’s back, pulling him into herself. She could feel Nick getting harder inside of her as she did this. “How do I feel?” Danielle asked.

“So tight, babe, feels so good...” Nick managed to whisper out as he kept up his thrusting.

“Good,” said Danielle as she smiled. Nick kissed her on the lips and she slipped her tongue into his mouth.

“I like when you play with my hair when doing this,” she said as their lips parted.

Nick smiled as he knew exactly what she liked, since she had always been submissive and eager to please. Reaching up, he grabbed her hair and pulled it to the side as he forcibly kissed her neck up to her ear before whispering, “How’s that?”

Danielle showed signs of a little pain, but smiled and said, “I love it when you assert your power over me and make me feel like a weak little girl.”

“I know, babe, next time, we can really explore how much you love it.”

“I want you to cum inside of me...” Danielle said with her sexiest voice possible.

Hearing his girlfriend talk like this almost made Nick cum then and there, but he held back. Leaning back up and holding her legs wide as he pumped in and out a few more times before finally going in as far as possible. His body clenched and spasmed as he came as deep in her as he could.

“Yeah, that’s it.... right there... feels good...” Danielle said as Nick hit one of the pleasure spots inside of her boy pussy. She clenched her teeth feeling both pain and pleasure, anticipating feeling Nick cum inside her at any moment.

Nick slowed down his pumps until he finally pulled out and laid down gently on top of Danielle, kissing her. “That was so good,” he

muttered out, obviously tired.

“Wait... you already came?” Danielle asked almost in shock.

“Yeah, couldn’t you notice?” Nick asked confused.

“I felt some throbbing; I guess that was it...” Danielle replied shyly and slightly disappointed that Nick had an orgasm before she did.

“Did you cum? Can you?” Nick asked curious.

“I don’t think I did,” Danielle replied, before adding, “I think I got close, but it was a much different feeling than back then, you know?”

“Yeah, I guess. Maybe it’s harder too, now. I’m sure that will change,” Nick assured Danielle as he played with her hair.

Danielle looked down at her naked body; her penis was looking even smaller now. “I’ll be so glad when this is completely gone and you can fuck me as a real girl.”

“I really love you, Danielle.”

“I love you too,” she said as she looked passionately into Nick’s eyes.

“I’m glad I was your first,” Nick said as he kissed her on the lips.

Danielle smiled as she replied, “You made a woman out of me.”

CHAPTER TWENTY

Thigh Gap

Danielle came back to her dorm from one of the last orientation meetings of the weekend. The weather at Solsbury College was still very warm for late-August, so she sported skimpy white shorts and a purple "Solsbury College" light cotton shirt that showed a little of the skin of her curvy hips. She was followed by her new roommate, Becky, who was also an excited, yet overwhelmed college freshman. She laid on the bed flat on her stomach with her feet on in the air and crossed. After turning on her laptop, Danielle skimmed through some of the materials she had been given at the event. A lot had changed since Senior Week in Sea City, and she was excited for a new chapter in her life.

Danielle could hear Becky on the phone talking to someone, maybe a boyfriend from what Danielle could make out. Thinking about Nick, Danielle wondered how many single guys would be at the college. Chances are, most couples did what they had done, broken up on good terms, ready for the next stages of their lives.

The split was mutual. Both Danielle and Nick agreed that the long distance thing would be a hassle, yet they would still keep in touch. They were just ready to try new things, especially considering that Danielle could now try new things with her body. Danielle and Nick were having sex up until their break up in mid-August. Although sore in some areas, Danielle was still able to perform her favorite positions with her then-boyfriend. She considered herself an expert in the oral department for the most part, despite having anal sex more often and, finally, having Nick cum in her new pussy a few times.

She was so happy the day she got back from hospital. Danielle could now start living her life the way she wanted, the way she was intended to. It took a few weeks for it to heal properly and even

longer for her to get used to it, but once she did, she forgot all about her old penis and her life before becoming Danielle.

“Did you figure out what clubs you are going to join yet?” Becky asked Danielle as she ended her phone call and noticed her glimpsing through the brochures with different collegiate activities.

“I hadn’t really given it any thought just yet. I haven’t decided if I want to try and join a sorority even,” Danielle replied, turning over on her bed to face Becky.

“I don’t know if I have the personality to be in one of those, although I’m assuming they aren’t like the movies,” Becky replied as she drank from a water bottle.

“Hopefully not, or they will all be massive bitches,” Danielle joked.

“That was my friend Aaron on the phone. We went to high school together, and he’s here now too. I think you would like him, I’ll introduce you sometime,” Becky said smiling.

“Oh, right, cool, sounds good. The only person I know here is my friend Alyssa. She went to high school with my ex,” Danielle replied, not sure what to think about Aaron.

“Aaron is good dating material, let me show you a pic,” Becky said as she flipped through the gallery on her cellphone and showed Danielle a picture of a tall eighteen year-old guy with short brown hair in a picture with his arms spread out with a beer can in one hand, while he was hugging two girls in another.

“Yeah, he’s okay. I’m just not looking to date right away, know what I mean?”

“Well, let me rephrase that...I don’t think anyone really dates in college, they just, you know, hang out. What kind of guys do you

like?" A curious Becky asked, hoping to engage Danielle in some girl talk.

"I'm not too sure what my type is really. I only really had one boyfriend. He was a football player, big strong type," Danielle said honestly.

"This is the best place to find out what you want and to meet a lot of different people," Becky said, jumping up and clapping her hands together like she was at cheerleading practice.

Danielle could not help but smile at her new friend's enthusiastic attitude. She was much more comfortable meeting strangers now, mainly due to the fact she had nothing to hide. No one, even if she was naked, would find a thing out of place. Nothing of Dylan's had come to college with her, and Danielle loved that.

She kept glancing through the pages of the brochure and came across an advertisement for "SAGLT" which stood for 'Solsbury Alliance of Gay, Lesbian, and Transgendered.' What caught her eye was the line in the ad stating that people of all backgrounds were welcome, which meant straight people probably would be there so she would not be outed. It would be a great opportunity, but she decided to pass it up and look for something more traditional. Pledging to a sorority seemed like a much better option because not only was it a great chance to meet new friends, but it would look great on her resume as well. She looked at Becky and asked, "What are your plans tonight?"

"I was just going to check out campus and try to track down a good party, you?" Becky said, still excited.

"Well, I was thinking of getting a head start on planning for studying before classes begin..." Danielle replied before she quickly rethought her statement. Realizing that she sounded like a complete nerd, she added, "But partying sounds much cooler. There has to be

something really awesome happening that we can get into since it's the weekend before classes start."

"We are attractive women. We can get in anywhere," said Becky very confidently.

Danielle smiled at the thought. She then had a strange idea come into her head, "What if Becky really is a lesbian, she didn't say she had a boyfriend?"

"True, though where they would be having a party?" Danielle eventually replied.

"We can just walk down Greek Lane. There's a bunch of student apartments and houses on that street, and it's only like a ten minute walk from here."

"Cool! Do you know what you are going to wear?" Danielle asked.

Becky went to her small closet and replied, "Ugh, I don't know. I'm probably going to change, like, five times before we go out. I just want to wear something that's going to get attention. OH! I have this dress you should definitely try on. It will really look good on you since you actually have big hips and a butt unlike me."

Becky held up a pink strapless dress that had lace around the bust. The length of the dress would come up at least six inches above Danielle's knees. The bodycon style would definitely hug all of her curves and have guys checking out her ass and boobs all night. Danielle was shocked by the thought of wearing the scandalous dress.

"NO! I am NOT wearing that dress!"

To be continued...?

About the Authors

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