

## SIDE EFFECTS

### Part One

By Cheryl Lynn

Eric was seventeen and going to be a senior once summer was over. He wasn't that wild about going to school but there was a certain amount of prestige that went with being a senior. Most of his high school life wasn't that enjoyable as he had an attention deficit disorder. It was diagnosed by the school doctor when he was a sophomore and fifteen years old. The doctor prescribed Risperdal for his ADHD. After taking the drug for one year he was having some major side effect issues.

By the start of his junior year he had breasts. At his required school physical exam, the school's doctor told him not to worry. He had a case of Gynecomastia due to a hormonal imbalance. It was uncommon for boys his age but it did occasionally show up. The doctor told him not to worry and that the breast growth would stop on its own. Eric did get some good news as the doctor exempted him from his physical education class. It was a class he hated as he wasn't that coordinated and always picked last for any team sport.

Since Eric was emotional, had low self-esteem and other mental problems due to his breast growth, he was prescribed Prozac. His mother had been informed by the school of his condition and she approved the prescriptions. By the end of his junior year he was having a very difficult time hiding his breast growth. It was getting to the point where his loose, bulky and untucked shirts could no longer hide the fact that he had tits. Another problem was that his butt had gotten big. He was naturally thin and didn't eat that much so was at a loss as to why his behind had grown.

Compounding his school problems was his home life. He lived with his mother, Zelda, and Granny. They weren't rich by any stretch of the imagination but made do with what they had. Granny owned a beauty salon and his mother worked there as well. As a result Eric grew up at the salon with all its chemical smells and womanly attributes until he entered high school. When he was old enough Granny had him sweep and clean before and after business hours. However she didn't want him hanging around when there were customers. He spent that time sitting in the back office. It was very boring especially in the years before he had any real homework assignments. To keep him out of mischief, Granny made him read old copies of "Glamour," "Elle," "Allure," "Good Housekeeping" and "Modern Bride." To make sure he actually read and understood them, she would test him over dinner that night. If he made too many errors he didn't get dessert plus had to re-read the magazine. Granny and Zelda didn't think anything was wrong with what they were filling his mind with. It was just their way to make sure he stayed occupied and out of trouble.

Other than a few boy "friends" who were losers like himself or nerds, he had no male influences growing up. The few dates he had in high school were the "fat ugly chicks" nobody else would ask out. Surrounded by so much estrogen during his formative years, it was no wonder most of the students that knew him thought he was gay.

Additionally, Zelda wasn't a very good mother. Eric had never met his father and didn't know his name. When she was fifteen she hitched a ride, got raped and pregnant as a result. She had to be pulled from school and sent to a home for unwed mothers. She never went back to school and resented Eric and hated the man that had raped her for ruining her life. Returning with the baby Zelda was home schooled and put to work at

her mother's salon as a shampoo girl. As far as she was concerned, her life sucked big time and it was all the fault of men. It was a man that took her innocence and a baby boy that destroyed any chance she had for a social life or a good marriage.

When the school informed her that Eric had ADHD, Zelda didn't really care and didn't object to the prescription of drugs by the school doctor. Informed that Eric had Gynecomastia and needed Prozac she agreed. She had no idea what Gynecomastia was and really didn't care. The school's medical services were free. She was looking forward to the day she would no longer be responsible for him. She took their word for it that he needed the medications to treat the condition.

She didn't know or care that the school's doctor was retired and volunteered his duties or that he didn't keep up with the latest medical information. If she had gotten a second opinion or showed a physician the prescriptions, Eric wouldn't be in the position of having breasts and round inverted heart shaped ass. The literature that exposed Risperdal as causing breast growth and when combined with Prozac significant breast growth in young men, came out after he had started on the drugs. The school doctor never read the literature.

Ooo

With his mother and Granny always busy and too tired, Eric kept his growing boobs secret. He was totally freaked out by his breasts but didn't have the courage to mention them to either his mother or Granny. Now with summer upon him, he was really worried. His mother was talking about going to the beach for Memorial Day and Granny agreed to shut the salon down for a long weekend. They both needed the time off and looking forward to the vacation. It would be the first one they had had in years.

Eric was feeling very depressed as he tried to put on the new swim suit his mother had given him. He was in the changing room and she was waiting on the other side of the curtain. It was a tight fit and he had trouble getting it over his wide hips. He bent from the waist to pull the suit up grunting loudly.

Hearing his grunts, Zelda peeked into the cubicle, her eyes going wide as saucers. He was bent letting the bulky jersey drop open and there were breasts, real breasts, about to pop out of the round neckline. Eric saw her looking and from her expression knew she had seen them. Shocked she called for her mother to come over. With the two women blocking the view from outside, he was forced to strip. His face bright scarlet he pulled the jersey over his head. Granny got her composure back the quickest and chirped that Eric would certainly fail the pencil test. Confused Eric asked her what she was talking about.

"The pencil test Eric, is one given to a young girl where a pencil is placed under her developing breast. If the pencil doesn't fall to the floor then she needs a real bra and not a training bra."

He was very sorry he had asked that question. Before he knew what was happening, Granny placed a yellow number two pencil under his right breast. The pencil stayed put.

"Zelda looks like we have a late bloomer here," Granny said with a laugh.

"That's not very funny mother. The school doctor told me he had some kind of hormonal problem. I guess this is what he meant. We can't take him to the beach looking like this. Now what are we going to do?"

"Well, when you failed the pencil test what did I do? We went shopping for your first real bra. We can do the same now and get a proper bathing suit for Erica. Then he

won't cause a stir at the beach. Put your shirt back on Erica, we have some shopping to do."

"Erica?"

"With those not so little girls you have, what other name should we call you? I don't think you want to be called Eric with those, do you?" Granny said pointing at his bare chest.

"Come along Erica, the Bali outlet store is just around the corner. I don't see that you have any choice at the moment. I'll make you an appointment with my doctor as soon as the holiday is over. It won't kill you to pretend to be my daughter for the weekend."

The Bali store proved to be humiliating, very humiliating. Betsy, the store manager, was a longtime customer of Granny's. She was all business as she removed the cloth tape from around her neck and had Eric remove his jersey. He stood frozen standing just outside the changing rooms. The store was very busy and all the cubicles were filled.

"Not here! Right out in the open!" his mind screamed.

Granny stepped up and pulled the shirt up and over his head. "It's just us girls here, nothing to worry about," she said with a giggle making him blush crimson.

Instinctively, he covered his breasts with his hands as any girl would who suddenly lost her top. His face went beet red as he stood there with other customers nearby. They took no notice that a man had invaded their sanctum but he thought otherwise. He was scared to death as Betsy measured his chest.

"A full 36 B-cup. Zelda if Eric...errrr...I mean Erica here takes after you, these babies will need a D-cup before you know it. You can put your shirt back on sweetie while we pick out some nice bras for you," Betsy said with a big grin.

Betsy had known Eric since he was a small boy. She felt sorry for him but like his mother, couldn't think of anything than to help him look more feminine. Plus his breasts really needed some support. She also knew that measuring him in the common area would be very embarrassing but it would be quicker than waiting for a cubical to free up. Betsy figured the quicker this was over the happier Eric would be.

There were women wearing only bras and girdles all around him in the fitting room. He was surprised no one was making a fuss. With his pony tail and stature he was mistaken for just another young girl getting her first fitting. Under other circumstances it should have been an erotic scene but he was shaking in his shoes.

Betsy recommended that a sports bra would be a compassionate solution but Zelda and Granny had other ideas. When he left the store Eric was wearing a Flower Bali Underwire bra. It was the same style his mother and Granny wore, popular with the older ladies. The bra featured side stays, wide non-stretch straps and full coverage cups. Younger girls thought the cups of that bra were too pointy and totally unsexy. They would never get much less keep a boyfriend wearing one of those. For them there was no other choice but what they could find at Victoria's Secrets.

The bra felt very uncomfortable and strange to Eric. It pulled on his shoulders and the wide band seemed to dig into his chest. With every breath he could feel it pulling and tugging. A feeling he thought he could never get used to.

Now that he was wearing bras, he needed new underwear as boxers just wouldn't do. Betsy with her measuring tape said he needed a size 5. In practically no time he had three three packs of Bali full cut sheer nylon briefs. Two three packs contained one

each in pale pink, champagne and black. The other pack held two white panties as he was wearing the other one.

Just when he thought things couldn't possibly get any worse, he was fitted for a one piece bathing suit. The swim suit was a bright lime green and had a short ruffled forest green skirt at the groin and stiff foam cups to support the breasts. The suit was made for an older woman but Betsy explained that the cut and style solved all of Erica's problem areas.

According to Betsy if he could get his waist down several inches, he could wear a cute sexy bikini. "Now that would drive the boys wild," she said with a giggle. She meant it more as a joke but none of the others caught it. Granny actually thought getting a bikini for Eric a good idea.

Any complaints that Eric had been thinking about the one piece evaporated at that comment. No way did he want to attract the attentions of any boy. All he wanted to do now was get out of there.

His hopes of going home vanished when Zelda said he had to have some appropriate clothing besides a bathing suit. He was picking and pulling on the confining bra as they walked to the Chico's Outlet further down the mall.

His mother had to keep telling him to stop adjusting his bra in public. "Erica, unless you are looking to attract the attentions of some young man stop that. No proper young lady draws attention to her boobies by doing that. We get stared at often enough as it is."

Granny was all smiles as she watched how uncomfortable the boy was. She was loving it. If it hadn't been for him her baby would have had a good life. Zelda was just annoyed. Eric had always been an Albatross around her neck and now he was turning into a total freak. She even thought that he was probably gay. He rarely went out on dates, he didn't play sports and certainly didn't display any manly macho attitude. The fact that he was brought up in a beauty salon and had serious medical side effects didn't enter her mind.

By the time they left Chico's Eric was in tears. The pointed cups of his bra were plainly visible thru the sheer, white sleeveless shell blouse that he wore. Granny had even tied it in a loose knot just below the breasts leaving his tummy bare. His new powder pink denim short shorts hugged his plump ass. The rear seam dug into his crack separating and emphasizing his butt cheeks. The tight crotch had forced his testicles back up into his body and a major distraction. If he could have seen the distinct panty lines he would have cried even harder.

He was also wearing a pair of pink wedge flip flops with a colorful flower on the toe. His new shorts had false pockets and had no place to put his wallet, change or keys. He now carried a pink leatherette mini-tote slung over his shoulder to carry all his essentials. His mother told him that all of this was necessary so he would blend in with the crowds at the beach.

"Erica thank your grandmother for helping and paying for all this. After all, a boy with boobs would look like a total weirdo unless he passed as a young lady. It's your own fault that you look like a girl. I told you a hundred times to cut your hair but you refused. We'll go back to the salon and do something with that mop. Despite all your problems, we are going to have a fun vacation and you will behave. And no! Even before you ask. You are not going to stay home alone. We'll see what we can do about those when we get back. Now put a smile on your face and stop that infernal crying."

The final stop at the salon was embarrassing but not nearly as bad as when he was

measured. However the results of this stop were much more permanent. Upon entering, Granny took control and led him to her styling chair. To make sure he wouldn't give her any trouble, she strapped him in. With what she was planning to do, he would definitely give her fifty kinds of hell. His mother might object too, so she sent her back to the house to start packing.

"Zelda, take the car and go home and start packing. I want to take full advantage of this vacation and get an early start in the morning. Come back and get us in two hours," she instructed.

"Now what to do with little Erica here? Something feminine for sure. Definitely a style that can't be made to look masculine. Ah, a crinkle cut perm with blond highlights and feathered bangs should do the trick. Trim up those bushy eyebrows, a nice dark pink lip stain and mani/pedi should do the trick. Finish all that off with a triple ear piercing," she thought as she ran her fingers through his long brown hair.

Ooo

Normally Eric would be ecstatic for a chance to go to the beach. He had been there only once before when he was ten. It had been so much fun building then destroying sand castles. Now, however, he dreaded the idea. After what his Granny did to his hair and face, he looked nothing like the old Eric. The only thing that didn't look totally feminine was his thick waist but it wasn't that noticeable. Nothing a good diet or waist clincher couldn't cure.

His mother wasn't happy with what Granny did but knew it was for the best. Besides, he made a very convincing girl. No man would date a woman with a gay kid. Maybe with a cute daughter she could finally find some social life. She was still young enough to have female urges but decided she would never marry. Having the occasional itch satisfied was all she wanted and a night out would be really nice. Having a daughter, now that she saw him looking so feminine, was for the best. It didn't harm anyone, Eric was gay so he wouldn't mind all the male attention and she could have some fun. So she let his whining and complaints go in one ear and out the other.

With both his mother and Granny against him, Eric had no chance. That morning he reluctantly pulled on a pair of pink panties and a matching bra. He immediately hated the pink pull over collared cap sleeved cotton shirt Zelda left out for him. The pointed cups of the bra were more than visible, they were enhanced by the tapered fit of the shirt. The shirt didn't even cover his navel. The white cuffed and flare legged short shorts were just as tight over his ass and crotch as the denim ones were.

Stepping into his wedge flip flops he wobbled a bit as he walked in front of the full length mirror. "I hate these shoes, I hate these clothes and I hate what Granny did to my hair. I look like a silly girl. I'll never live this down if anybody finds out. I'm so screwed."

Reflected back was most definitely a pretty teenaged girl. When they had gotten home from the salon, Granny waxed his legs and underarms. He had no other body hair to speak of other than his groin. Even that had been trimmed into a girlish landing strip. With his wedges and short shorts, his legs looked long and sexy. The tight shirt and shorts augmented his girlish assets. His permed hair flowed out behind his head and his puffy pink lips drew attention. The three small pearl studs screamed girl as no boy would ever use pearls. Even without makeup, the pink lips and thin arched brows was all it took to give him a feminine face.

All too soon they were checking into a Motel 6 not far from the beach. The room was

typical of such places, two beds, dresser with television and a roll away bed. When he asked where he was staying, Zelda just pointed to the roll away.

“What? I can’t do that,” he said surprised.

“Of course you can Erica. It’s just us girls here and you need to get used to the idea of being around partially dressed women. You’re going to be around a lot of that over the next few days. You will be using the girl’s restrooms and you better not be caught staring or otherwise exposing yourself. Eric isn’t here. Erica is and she better act like the pretty girl she appears to be. There are going to be a lot of girls your age at the beach and boys. If you don’t want to wind up in jail or worse, you best behave. Granny and I plan on relaxing and having some fun but that doesn’t mean you get to stay holed up in this room. You will socialize with the other girls and boys, so get your act together. It’s early, get your bathing suit on. We’re going to the beach.”

After a weekend at the beach, Eric had some very feminine tan lines and many awkward humiliating memories. That first day he was sitting on a towel under a beach umbrella. He was wearing the lime green bathing suit, with a wide brimmed straw hat, a spare set of his mother’s sun glasses reading “Seventeen.” A number of kids walked by mostly ignoring the group but Eric did notice several boys give him the once over. He shivered knowing what they were thinking. He was more than happy to sit under the shade until Granny tossed him a pink rubber bathing cap with a big bright rubber flower on the side.

“Go on Erica, get out and play in the surf. You really need some sun,” she said.

He wasn’t given a choice. He was in the shallow water just splashing around when three girls his age approached. They introduced themselves as Ashley, June and Toni. Ashley was a very buxom blond in a skimpy yellow and red polka dotted bikini. June was a cute brunette not as curvy as her friend and wearing an equally scanty scarlet bikini. Toni was a pixie like red head wearing a more modest emerald green bikini. After some general chit chat, the reason they had come over was that they needed another girl. It seems that they had met four really cute boys just down the beach. June even offered to lend Erica one of her spare bikini’s since his was “so out of style.” She also recommended that he lose that bathing cap. Under normal conditions having such beautiful scantily clad girls talk to him would have given him a big boner but not today. He was too frightened but he tried to keep up appearances.

“Ugh, I...I really would like to but...but my mom probably won’t let me,” he managed hoping they would leave it at that.

The next thing, he was standing in front of his mother and Granny surrounded by his new friends. The girls were telling Zelda what they had in mind as Granny looked on amused. She could tell that her daughter was reluctant to let him go, so she broke in.

“Zelda dear, let Erica go. It sounds like so much fun and it would be good to let her get away from us old fogies.”

“Well.....I guess it wouldn’t hurt but I want h..her to be back here in two hours. We still have to get settled into the room and see about dinner,” she replied to the rousing cheers of the other girls.

Two of the girls linked arms with him and off they went back down the beach. They didn’t go very far where a beach volleyball court had been set up. There were two guys on each side of the net knocking the ball back and forth. The boys and girls teamed up into four mixed couples per side. Eric was joined by Dudley, seventeen, six foot tall with thick black hair and penetrating black eyes.

**They played for about an hour before taking a break. Unfortunately for Eric the girls stayed with their partner so he was stuck sitting with Dudley. It wasn't that Dudley was ugly or anything it was simply because he was a boy. Dressed and looking like a girl, the last thing he wanted was to be chatted up by another boy. He also didn't like it when going back to play another set, Dudley put his arm around his waist. The hand coming to rest on his butt. At last the two hours were up and he had to go back to his mother and Granny. They wouldn't let him leave until he promised to join them tomorrow morning. Again he deferred saying he had to check with his mother and again he was stuck. The group escorted him back and much to his chagrin, Zelda said he could.**

**He spent most of the day Saturday with his new group of friends with Dudley getting even more familiar with him. He either held Eric's hand, had an arm around Erica's waist or over the shoulders whenever he got the opportunity. Making everything more complicated was his new bathing suit. The girls simply refused to let him wear that hideous green one again and June handed him one of hers. Fortunately the black bikini had a full cut bottom but the top was more of a push up bra. He kept his secret by changing in a nearby Port-O-Potty and carefully tucking his penis back between his legs, his balls popped back up inside.**

**When he stepped back out he got wolf whistles from the guys and compliments from the girls. He might be thick in the waist but with his round firm ass and pushed up tits the guys didn't notice. The girls did but it wasn't a big enough difference to give him away as a boy. Besides he had real breasts that bounced and quivered with each step. Toni was actually a bit jealous as hers were smaller. The girls also noted his lack of feminine grace. Again those tatas and ass were genuine so they dismissed his shortcomings. Erica was just a shy, chubby tomboy in their opinion.**

**They spent the day playing volley ball, swimming and laying back in the sun. Eric only went in the water once and spent that time wrestling with Dudley's octopus hands. He was also the recipient of a stolen full kiss to the lips. Before Eric got back to the motel after a night time beach wiener roast, a lot more kisses were stolen. Kisses he tried to avoid but couldn't refuse. The others could be watching and he had to act the part.**

**The first thing he did when he got back to the room was use up half a bottle of mouth wash. He also groaned seeing deep bikini tan lines. They were going home in the morning and he was more than happy about that. He couldn't wait to get out of these horrible girl clothes and back into his boxers, bulky jeans and shirts. He suffered a lot of teasing from both his mother and Granny for the two hickies on the sides of his neck.**

**Ooo**

**If he thought he was going back to normal when he got home he was sadly mistaken. He had an early Monday morning appointment with his mother's physician. Coming out of the bathroom he sighed heavily seeing what she left out for him to put on.**

**"I'm not wearing that," he thought heading for his dresser.**

**He was pulling out a pair of red and black checkered boxers when his Granny came in.**

**"What do you think you are doing Erica? It's a good thing your mother sent me to check on you. Put those back and get dressed with what she put out for you."**

**"B....but Granny those are girl clothes and I'm a boy in case you forgot. I only wore that stuff because we were going to the beach. Pretending to be a girl over the weekend was one thing but we're home now. This weekend was the most embarrassing and terrifying of my life. I'm not doing it again."**

**“Did you even bother to look in the mirror this morning? You want more humiliation? What do you think is going to happen when they see you dressed like a boy? A boy with a perm, pierced ears, pink lips and varnished nails? Now stop your whining and get dressed,” she demanded.**

**“Granny you could cut my hair, remove the polish and I can take out the earrings,” he pleaded.**

**“Like we have that kind of time. No, get dressed and be quick about it. You have an appointment to get to or would you like to keep those big girls on your chest?” she retorted, turned and left the room.**

**Reluctantly Eric began dressing. Black panties and bra, the only clean ones left after the weekend. A white shell blouse with pink floral embroidery across the bodice and white Capri's with a multi-colored floral design running up the legs quickly followed. Stepping into his flip flops, he grabbed his purse and went to meet his mother. He wasn't happy but Granny did have a valid point. He would have been miserable if he had bothered to look into the full length mirror. His bra could be seen through the thin top. Very distinct panty lines and a hint of their color were visible on his backside.**

**When they got to his mother's doctor he was both horrified and happy. He was horrified that the doctor was an OBGYN and the waiting room filled with women. He was happy that he had worn his girl clothing as no one gave him more than a casual glance. His experience in the examination room was mortifying. The results even more so. His breast growth was permanent, likely to grow even more. The only way to remove them was having breast reduction surgery. A painful and expensive procedure. His pert ass and round hips could only be reduced by liposuction. Even though the condition was brought on by the drugs, both procedures were considered cosmetic or elective surgery. Procedures not covered under his mother's Medicaid plan. However, SRS surgery and treatment for gender reassignment were.**

**Zelda nor her mother had the money or means to pay for the surgeries. He left the doctor's office depressed and anxious. How was he going to live with his condition? The last thing in the world he wanted was being half man half woman. All he wanted was to be Eric again. Sexual Reassignment Surgery when it was explained to him sounded barbaric and painful. He never wanted to be a girl.**

**Without consulting Eric, Zelda agreed to have him start treatment for gender reassignment and signed the necessary paperwork. Eric received an injection of testosterone blockers and estrogen plus a prescription. Standing monthly appointments were set up with the doctor and referral to a psychiatrist.**

**As they were gathering their things to leave the doctor mentioned that there was a class action lawsuit against the manufacturer of Risperdal. At that Zelda's eyes lit up. Maybe that Albatross around her neck was good for something after all.**

**Ooo**

**While at the beach Zelda had met a man two years older at the concession stand. He had his eighteen year old son with him and they were getting hot dogs and sodas. As she was waiting for her order, the boy bumped into her spilling his orange soda all over her white cotton cover up. Both the man and boy apologized profusely with the man offering to buy her a new cover up. The man introduced himself as Dan Adams and his son, Jerry. They got to talking as they sat at a picnic table eating lunch. Dan was divorced and handsome. Zelda didn't have a problem agreeing to go out to dinner with him. She didn't get back to the motel until well past midnight feeling very satisfied. Dan lived not far from her and Granny. They would certainly be seeing more**

of each other.

They had been dating regularly for two months when Dan asked her if Erica would like to go out with Jerry. A few of those dates included both children and Granny when Dan had a bar-b-cue in his back yard. Eric didn't like Jerry as every time they got together it seemed like his eyes never left his tits or ass. Zelda didn't have to think twice. She thought she was in love and their kids dating could only make their relationship stronger. The date was set up and of course Eric had no say in the matter.

"Erica I like Dan very much and I won't let you ruin this for me. He wants you to date Jerry and I agreed. He'll pick you up this Saturday at seven and you will not only go but do whatever to make him happy. You screw this up for me and I'll make your life miserable. Granny keeps telling me to withdraw you from school and put you to work in the salon. Like I said, you screw this up and that's where you'll wind up."

Saturday Eric was in the salon getting his hair touched up and a mani/pedi. While he was there Granny gave him a full body wax. As she was doing that she instructed him on what she expected Erica to do on her date.

"Listen carefully Erica, tonight on your date you be extra nice to that boy. You two getting it on will help my baby with Dan. She really likes him and he wants you to date his son. So you make damn sure he's happy enough to ask you out again understand. I don't care if you like him or not but if he doesn't ask you out again you'll wind up working here. It's way past time for my Zelda to be happy."

After Eric left, Granny called Dan's house and spoke to Jimmy. "Hello Jimmy, it's me Granny. I just wanted to call and tell you how happy I am that you want to date Erica. Erica was tickled pink when she heard. Ever since she met you all I hear is Jimmy this and Jimmy that. Well, yes, she of course acted like she didn't care about you. Girls might really like a boy but they simply can't take the initiative. Why it's just not done but trust me, she really likes you. Girls, like my Erica, love strong macho men just like you who take charge. She'll resist and tell you no but that's all pretense. I just wanted you to know dear. Enjoy your date and try to get her home no later than one. Bye."

"That went well. Either way I win. If Erica makes Jimmy mad and screws up this date, I'll get the new shampoo girl I need. Pattie finally got her barber's license and I'll need a shampoo girl. With the addition of a new stylist Zelda will have more time to spend with Dan. If Erica keeps dating Jimmy then Zelda still gets to spend more time with Dan," she thought going back to her station.

"Granny please, this is way over the top. We're just going to see a movie. This spaghetti strapped sun dress you got me exposes too much. Please let me put on the blouse and skirt I picked out."

"Like I told you Erica, you either make sure Jimmy is happy or plan on working full time as my new shampoo girl. That dress is perfect for this weather and your date. So stop complaining and put an extra coat of that red lipstick. Jimmy should be here any minute."

Eric thrust his head out the car window and tossed his cookies. It was the perfect ending to a perfectly horrible night. Jimmy from the moment he picked him up was all octopus hands. The fact that Granny made him kiss Jimmy on the lips when they greeted didn't help. When he as Eric had a first date, no girl kissed him at least not then and usually not until the second one. It was all downhill from there. At the movie he was constantly having to grab an errant hand that strayed too close to a breast or up the thigh. The tongue plunging deep throat kisses couldn't be avoided nor the sloppy ones to neck and ears.

After the movie he managed to talk Jimmy into stopping for pizza. At least there Jimmy had to maintain some control over his lust. It wasn't until Jimmy pulled over to the curb on a deserted dark street that he had real problems. It didn't matter that he said, "no and stop" a hundred times, Jimmy continued pawing and kissing. Eric could have screamed or smashed Jimmy in the nuts but if he did then it was the salon. Besides being with Jimmy the last place he wanted to be was stuck with Granny full time at the salon. That thought let Jimmy pull the dress down and unhook the bra. Eric hoped that sucking on his titties would be enough but it wasn't.

He could feel Jimmy's hard erection. From personal experience he knew if he could get him to cum, he would be sated for a while. Gritting his teeth Eric freed Jimmy's throbbing erection and gave his first hand job. He breathed a sigh of relief as he felt the hot wetness covering his hand. Their wrestling match took a brief break then Jimmy was once more fondling and kissing Eric's breasts. The demands didn't stop until Eric had his lips planted firmly around Jimmy's dick. His mouth full of the thick hot goo was more than he could handle and thrust his head out the window. Eric felt dirty, used and sick but the date was finally over. Jimmy fully satisfied, didn't even bother to kiss Eric goodnight. Unfortunately, Jimmy asked him to go to the lake with him that next weekend.

As Eric crawled into bed he still felt dirty and sick. Between the side effects, his mother and Granny he had no chance. It would only be a matter of time before he was a full-fledged girl, working full time in the salon. The best he could hope for would be to get his barber license.

## Part two

Friday after Granny had closed the salon, she had Eric in her styling chair. She was giving him another one of her special facials. A facial depilatory that would over time kill the hair follicles. The facial made his face burn and itch but not painfully. He was trying his best to get out of going to the lake with Jimmy.

"Granny please, don't make me go on this date. The last time was humiliating and he was all hands. He almost discovered my secret. I don't know if I can keep it if I'm alone with him at the lake. If he finds out he'll beat the crap out of me or worse and tell his dad. So you got to let me out of it."

"No it's too late to cancel now. If he gets too frisky, give him a blow job. That should cool him down. Besides his dad and your mom will be there."

"Granny! I....I already had to do that. It was disgusting and made me sick."

"Yeah, I didn't particularly care for it the first time your grandfather made me. Women have to put up with a lot of men's shit. You'll just have to learn to do the same. Now stop your whining."

"Bu....but wha...what if he tries to do something more?" he replied cringing at the very thought.

"Back in the day I would tell the boy I was on my period. That always scared them away. Men not so much, but boys Jimmy's age it usually works. Try that and I'll give you some pads to put into your panties. Now if that doesn't deter him there is one other option you can use. Tell him you are saving yourself for marriage."

"How's that going to stop him?"

"If it gets to the point where he's about to discover your secret, you have one last option. You let him take you up the ass. That should stop him."

**“That’s sick!”**

**“Maybe to some but there are worse things out there. Like you getting discovered and destroying both you and your mother’s lives. No, if it comes down to it, you will do it. Besides, I thought all you gay boys loved getting it up the ass.”**

**“I’m not gay! I like girls!” he yelled back at the insult to his manhood.**

**“Don’t take that tone with me Erica! I’ll bust your ass if you sass me like that again. Hell, everyone already thinks you’re gay! In any case, I don’t care if you’re gay or not. With those two girls on your chest and that ass, it doesn’t matter. You screw up this date and ruin your mother’s chance of happiness, I will make your life a very sorry one.”**

**Ooo**

**Saturday morning Granny came into Eric’s room and handed him a bag. Inside was a scrunch butt bikini with yellow lace, blue and yellow trimmed bathing suit. He held it up from the clear plastic hanger it was attached to.**

**“I can’t wear this Granny. No way! It’s indecent,” Eric objected blushing.**

**“No it’s not. It’s the latest style and won’t sag like the others when you get out of the water. It matches the one I bought for your mother. Except hers is red and white. Now no more arguments. Put it on. Unless you want to change out at the lake.”**

**Grumbling Eric put it on. It was tight conforming to his body contours. The bikini bottom was bright blue with a yellow floral lace band. The band almost made it look like a very abbreviated skirt. The top was similar with full cups in blue with a yellow lace covering and tied at the back of the neck. Actually it covered a lot more than the black one he’d worn at the beach. Still it made him very self-conscious. With his penis tucked back and the tight fit of the bottom, his balls retracted back up inside giving him a feminine front.**

**“I can’t believe this. Why wouldn’t she let me wear that old green swim suit? I would feel a lot safer in that. Jimmy won’t be able to keep his hands off me when he sees me in this. Hell! I even think I look hot,” he said upon seeing his reflection.**

**He quickly pulled on a pair of orange cotton short shorts and a white lace frilled full cut cotton blouse. Stepping into a pair of white one and a half inch cork heeled wedge sandals he grabbed his tote. Tossing the tote onto the bed he opened it to make sure he had all his necessities. Inside were a change of clothing, his makeup bag, extra towel, romance novel and sunscreen. Several maxi-pads and a tube of lube was also there. He couldn’t help shuddering as he saw those. Hoping they wouldn’t be necessary, he zipped the bag closed.**

**Throwing the strap of the tote over his shoulder he picked up his wide brimmed straw hat, a yellow nylon scarf and his sun glasses. Granny was calling for him to hurry up and that their dates were here. Looking into the full length mirror for a final check, he headed out the door.**

**With his dad driving, Jimmy behaved himself. He was content just to be sitting hip to hip with Erica and his arm around her shoulders. Eric other than having to give him a greeting kiss, was mostly content. The drive out to the lake was the least of his worries. It was the lake and what could happen there that bothered him.**

**The drive to the lake was about an hour but for Eric seemed like only minutes. He helped his mother carry the blanket and picnic basket they had prepared. The guys unloaded the lounge chairs and the large cooler with all the iced drinks. Dan had**

found a nice cove with a broad sand beach surrounded by tall pines. It wasn't large and they would have the place to themselves. It was a little early for lunch so they decided a nice swim was in order.

Eric tried to delay the inevitable by volunteering to stay behind and get everything ready for lunch. An effort while praised didn't work as he was told to come on in. It didn't help Eric's sense of doom that Jimmy didn't take his lust filled eyes off him. The cold clear water of the lake was a relief from the hot summer sun. Jimmy's roaming hands and kisses were not.

After lunch, Jimmy tossed Eric a towel. "Come on Erica, let's take a walk along the beach. I want to show you another cove with a humongous old moss covered oak. Can't get there by car so we'll have to walk," then turning to face the adults said, "it's okay with you guys if I show Erica that old oak?"

"Yeah, sure son but don't be too long. We need to be getting back in an hour or so," Dan replied with a big smile looking at Zelda.

Jimmy and Eric hadn't been gone more than ten minutes before Dan had Zelda bare breasted and in a close embrace. What concerns she had about Eric being alone with Jimmy were forgotten as Dan's lips pressed against hers. She had an itch that needed to be satisfied.

There actually was an oak in the small cove but it wasn't that old or moss covered. Jimmy laid out the towels and pulled Eric down with him under the tree. Before Eric could say anything, Jimmy had him in a deep tongue twisting lip lock. One hand squeezed Eric's butt while the other untiled the string around Eric's neck. When the kiss broke, Jimmy's lips went straight down and clasped around a fat nipple. His hand massaging Eric's other breast.

"Jimmy, no.....please stop. Not here, someone will see us," he gasped.

"We're behind the fucking tree babe. Even if someone walks by they won't see a thing. So chill out. You're so damn hot. I've just got to get some relief babe," he said pulling Eric's hand down into his groin.

Eric tried to pull free but Jimmy was too strong. Giving up his struggles, Eric could only hope that giving Jimmy a hand job would stop his unwanted attention. Reaching inside Jimmy's suit, he took the stiff hot penis and worked it with his hand. Like on his last date his efforts were only a delaying action. As Jimmy was recuperating with his back against the tree trunk, Eric went down to the lake to wash his hand.

He was bent at the waist swirling his hand in the water when Jimmy rushed up and grabbed him. Holding him around the waist, pressed his freshly engorged dick into Eric's ass. Eric was forced waist deep into the lake, Jimmy pressed tightly against his back. Turning Eric around, he planted another deep kiss before Eric could protest further while pressing his groin into Eric's.

Eric was beginning to panic when the kiss broke. He was alone with a boy much stronger and one in full erection despite the coldness of the water. Jimmy wasn't going to be denied and Eric's protests unheard.

"Jimmy no, I...I'm on my period," Eric gasped in desperation.

"Crap! Guess I'll have to settle for another one of your blow jobs babe. Heck, I've always wondered what getting a blow job would feel like underwater," Jimmy responded pushing down on Eric's shoulders.

"Jimmy, no, please don't."

**“Just take a deep breath. I’ve heard that getting head underwater is fantastic,” he replied pushing down harder.**

**Eric had no choice but to fill his lungs and go down, literally and figuratively. About the only good things Eric could say about the humiliating experience was he didn’t have to swallow and washed out his mouth immediately. Rising back to the surface, he turned to walk back to shore and saw both Dan and his mother staring his way.**

**“Hay kids, come on it’s time to go,” Dan shouted out with an ear to ear grin.**

**Eric’s face turned scarlet as he realized both adults had to know what he had just done.**

**“That was fantastic Erica,” he heard Jimmy say as he was grabbed around the waist and given a kiss on the cheek.**

**When they got back to the house, Zelda didn’t say anything to him for which he was thankful. It was embarrassing enough knowing that she knew. He guessed Granny would find out in short order and she wouldn’t let him off so easily. From the way his skin was tingling he would have those dreaded tan lines back. Plus his neck had two new hickies. Just more reminders of another horrible date and his feminization.**

**Over dinner Granny kept staring at him making him blush anew. His blush flashed to scarlet when she said, “Zelda maybe you should start our little Erica on birth control. Don’t want her turning up preggers now would we?”**

**Both Zelda and Granny had a good laugh over that. Eric rushed from the table any appetite he had gone. He spent the rest of the evening in his room bemoaning his fate.**

**Ooo**

**While he had been at the lake Granny decided to empty his room of anything masculine including his clothing. Zelda had told her of her decision to have Eric undergo SRS instead of the expensive surgeries but undecided on what else to do. She also mentioned that she hadn’t told Eric he would soon be Erica for real.**

**“Well now is as good a time as any. No one is here to argue or stop me. Zelda is determined to make Eric into Erica for real but pussy footing around. She wants a daughter then no sense having a boy’s room and clothing hanging around. Bout time that boy finds out and it will be fun seeing his expression when he gets home,” she thought grabbing a box of trash bags.**

**What happiness Eric felt when he arrived back at the house quickly evaporated as he entered his room. He stood frozen in the doorway looking around at what had been done. His bed had a violet colored pillowed satin comforter instead of his Tampa Bay Buccaneers blanket. Gone was his sports posters. In their place were a boy band poster and one ballet event announcement poster. The curtains that had matched his blanket were gone. Pink drapes with a white floral imprint hung in their place. Granny wasn’t far behind him as he went in.**

**“What have you done?” he gasped shocked at the changes.**

**“Nothing that shouldn’t have been done sooner Erica. Now that you are my granddaughter, I thought your room should reflect that. Couldn’t have Dan or Jimmy seeing this room like it used to look, now could we.”**

**“Bu...but I’m not like that. I’m still me. I’m Eric and only dressing like this cause you all make me. I want my old stuff back,” he replied as tears began forming.**

**“Doesn’t matter Erica. With those breasts and round ass plus you having oral sex with that boy....you are going to be my granddaughter whether you want to be or not. Zelda’s happiness means more to me than yours. Suck it up and deal with it.”**

With the changing of his room others were made. While Granny and Zelda were at work Eric did all the household chores which was nothing new. What changed was he now dressed full time as Erica including makeup. Another change occurred when they came home. Granny began giving him what she called girlie lessons. At first he refused but when she got her belt, he began cooperating.

The biggest change came to his wardrobe. His limited collection of feminine attire and wearing it full time required a trip to the Salvation Army store. There he tried on dresses, skirts and blouses without anyone raising an eyebrow over a male using their inner sanctum. Granny found a pair of pink stripper shoes with a one and half inch platform and six inch spiked heels in his size. Back at the Bali outlet store four more bras, two long line in white and yellow with diamond satin paneled girdles were purchased.

For his girlie lessons Granny made Eric wear a long line girdle, tight black straight above the ankle skirt and his stripper heels. His serious concerns over the tight clothing and very high heels were dismissed by Granny.

"I picked that out to teach you how to walk, sit and stoop as a lady Erica. I know you're not familiar with that high of a heel. However once you learn to manage them, walking in lesser ones will be a breeze. That skirt will ensure that you can only take small hip swaying steps," she explained.

The only item of clothing they got for him that Eric almost liked was a pair of satin pajamas. It was a bright fuchsia with small white polka dots and flare legs. The top had wide lapels and three quarter length flare sleeves. They almost looked like his old ones if he forgot about the color.

Ooo

Eric was on his back, feet up in the stirrups as the doctor examined him. She was poking and feeling around his genitals. He was very nervous being prodded in that region. His hips came off the table as a lubed finger was thrust up his anus.

"A bit sensitive aren't we. I'm just checking your prostrate. It'll be over in a second," the doctor explained.

With the exam over the nurse gave him an injection and said the doctor would see him next month. While he was getting redressed, his mother was talking with the doctor.

"Zelda are you sure you want to go through with this? I'm sure any legal settlement will be more than be enough to pay for the surgeries. It's not too late to reverse this. While Eric didn't say anything, I'm not sure he wants this," the doctor said.

"Doctor you know how much I appreciate you and the care you have given me ever since he was born. According to the lawyer I contacted, it may take a year or longer before any kind of settlement will be made. No, you've seen how good Erica looks right now and I think it best that we continue with the SRS. Besides getting one major surgery instead of two will be less traumatizing. You know, he's been on two dates with another boy. I'm pretty sure they've had oral sex. So I think this is still the right move."

"Have you made that appointment with the psychologist I referred you to? You need to get him involved as soon as possible. Without his concurrence, we cannot go any further in his treatment here."

"Oh yes but he can't see us until August 2<sup>nd</sup>. It was his earliest available appointment. Look doctor, can't you continue to treat Erica? Is it fair to her to make her wait just because some doctor can't find the time? I really want to enroll Erica in school next

semester.”

“That doesn’t surprise me. It’s very difficult to get a specialist to see or treat a Medicaid patient. I won’t be happy but I’ll assume the psychologist will agree to the SRS protocols. Very well then. I’ll schedule an orchidectomy for next month, if that’s alright.”

“An...an orchid what?”

“It’s a surgical term for the removal of a man’s testicles. If you agree you need to sign here. It will make his transition go much easier.”

Zelda hesitated only a moment or two before signing. “I should feel horrible about this but I’d much rather have a daughter than a gay son. Seeing him doing that to Jimmy made my flesh crawl. If Dan found out I had a gay son instead of a daughter he’d drop me in a heartbeat. I don’t want to think about what Jimmy would do.”

Ooo

By the end of July Eric, if he was careful, could walk in his stripper shoes. His mannerisms were more feminine but needing practice. After reading all those women’s magazines over the years, was very good at coordinating outfits. He had gone out with Jimmy every week suffering more sexual attention than he wanted. So far he had been satisfied with either a hand job or oral sex. However he was pushing Eric to have real sex. That was something Eric wanted to avoid at all costs.

For his eighteenth birthday Zelda had a party inviting Dan and Jimmy over for cake and ice cream. Dan’s gift was a silver charm bracelet and Jimmy gave him a delicate gold herringbone necklace. Much to his embarrassment, Granny had given him three pair of fancy nylon tap panties. He blushed scarlet holding up a pair of chocolate nylon panties with one inch of white floral lace hemming on the legs. The humiliation was made worse seeing Jimmy get an instant boner.

On August 2<sup>nd</sup> they met with the psychologist. During that visit Zelda explained Eric’s medical history and how he was living full time as Erica. The doctor listened, asked a few questions and nodded a couple of times while scribbling on his notepad. Occasionally he would glance at the medical records Zelda’s doctor had sent over. By the time Zelda finished talking their time was almost up.

“Well it looks like Erica is well on her way already. Damn shame what that old quack prescribed for him but seems like he has adapted to the side effects,” he thought looking at what appeared to be a pretty young lady. Eric was dressed in a powder pink shortall and white nylon cap sleeved blouse with a peter pan collar. From the way the blouse stuck out a well-endowed young lady at that.

“Our time is up and I’m sorry for not getting to talk longer with you Erica. I will have my nurse schedule another meeting so we can have a private chat. In the meantime, I see no reason to not leave things as they are. I’ll have my nurse send you the documents needed for when school starts.”

With that comment Eric’s fate was sealed. His mother’s doctor removed his testicles while he was under anesthetic. When he came too and discovered what had been done, he was despondent and hopeless. So far everything that had happened to him wasn’t permanent. With the loss of his balls, any aspirations of becoming Eric again disappeared.

Ooo

Eric was now officially Erica Lynn Cameron (f) according to both his social security

card and school records thanks to the documentation supplied by both doctors. In order to make his transition easier he was enrolled in another school. What he detested was the course schedule he was given, vocational education. It was a special program designed for students who weren't going to attend college. Erica would spend the morning attending mandatory classes such as English and math but the afternoons learning a trade. He would be spending his afternoons working for Granny at the salon.

He was to become a beautician according to school records. However that was not Granny's intention. No, Erica would be her permanent shampoo girl and maybe later, her manicurist. The way things were going between Zelda and Dan, Granny figured that marriage was on the horizon. The only thing Granny cared about was her daughter's happiness. Instead of directing her wrath at the rapist, she had always blamed Eric. Eric was the sole cause of Zelda's misfortunes in her warped mind. Should Zelda finally find happiness with Dan, she would make sure her Albatross, Eric, would be left behind.

It was at her insistence that Eric was enrolled in the vocational education course. She was the one that made sure he was assigned to her salon as a stylist trainee. Something Granny didn't want to see as stylists made good money. Keeping Erica from becoming self-sufficient would guarantee that he would stay. She knew he would hate it and be miserable but he deserved it. Besides who would do the cleaning and cooking if he left? Granny certainly wasn't going to do it.

Eric hated everything he was being forced to do especially having to work for Granny. He suffered another side effect as a result of Granny's interference. Going to school for half a day then off to the salon severely limited any social interaction with fellow students. He was never a social butterfly but he did have some friends. As a new transfer student plus working in the afternoon it would be extremely difficult to make any new friends. About the only good thing with the start of school was Jimmy going off to college.

Going to classes Eric wore the school uniform. It was a black straight above the knee skirt with white blouse and blue nylon tie. Granny made sure the school uniform was fitted to show off his round firm ass and womanly bosom. At the salon he had to wear the pink translucent nylon A-line dress uniform. Instead of comfortable flats like the stylist had, Granny insisted he wear three inch spike heeled pumps.

Over the holidays in a simple ceremony Zelda married Dan. After a brief honeymoon, she moved in with him. Eric was at Granny's insistence, left behind. Without Zelda's interference, Granny now had full reign over his existence. The first thing she had to do was make sure he would never get out from under her thumb.

Vocational education was already a big factor but she needed something more. She decided to change his appearance. First she dyed his hair a very brassy blond. Then she put it into high maintenance retro fifties and sixties styles. One month he would have a bouffant bubble bob and the next a beehive. She gave him one inch nail extensions and required full evening wear makeup at all times.

The next step to isolate him as much as possible was to dress him in clothing more suitable for a woman her age. When not at work or school he now wore tight stretch polyester pants in vivid colors with loose shell blouses when he left the house. The only makeup permitted during that time was a vivid scarlet lipstick and pink rouge. When not going out on some errand, besides his Bali bra and long line girdle he wore one of Granny's old bathrobes.

Her final step was to cancel all his doctor's appointments. There was still a good supply of his old drugs and she made him take them. By the time he graduated, Eric had D-cup breasts. Thanks in large part to the Prozac Eric seldom argued with Granny. It was just so much easier to go along with whatever she demanded.

He was miserable but Granny didn't care. Her baby had had a miserable life thanks to him, so if his life sucked so be it. When Zelda first saw him with his big brassy hair and over the top makeup, she was surprised.

"Mom, what the hell? What's with the big hair and all that makeup? He, I mean, she looks ridiculous."

"Not at all. I think Erica looks fantastic and she loves it. Think of it as a walking advertisement Zelda. We're trying to bring those old styles back into favor. You worked the salon and should know how much we'd charge for that style. As far as the makeup goes, well, it goes with the style," she replied dismissively.

"Whatever Mom. If she likes it I don't care. Here I have a check for you. I got that drug company settlement check and want you to have this. Dan and I are moving. We've decided to live in Costa Rica. That drug money will set us up for life down there. Once we've settled, I'll let you know how to contact me."

"Oh dear, that's a nice check! Thank you dear but I hate the idea of you moving away. You're my baby and I've only wanted you to be happy but Costa Rica?"

"Yeah, we can live like royalty down there. You know if you sold the salon, you could join us."

"Sell the salon? I don't know dear. It's all I ever known but I'll think about it."

Ooo

Over time Granny gave more and more thought to joining her daughter. The only thing really keeping her back was Erica. The salon was only breaking even and she was getting old. The pictures and videos Zelda sent her made the idea of moving look better and better. Her only problem was what to do with Erica. She didn't want to bring him plus with his side effects probably wouldn't be allowed to go. Then she had a marvelous idea.

This marvelous idea didn't hit until Betsy came in for a wash and set. Betsy had a customer who had a friend who kind of thing that comes up in idle gossip. At the time, Granny didn't pay that much attention. However when the light bulb in her head lit, she called Betsy to get all the details. Within a week of that conversation a gentleman caller knocked on Granny's door.

Mr. Ives was a rotund, salt and pepper haired older man. He was dressed in clean denim overalls, red and black checked long sleeved shirt and brown boots. He lived with a maiden aunt way out in the country on a pig farm. What he needed was someone to take care of his aunt, keep the house and cook. He would provide housing, meals and minimum wages in return.

Granny liked what she saw as an opportunity to get rid of Eric yet see that he was provided for. With the sale of the salon and house, she would be living like a queen in Costa Rica. The thought of sharing her wealth with Eric didn't cross her mind. Just like the large drug company settlement which was supposed to be for Eric's benefit, he wouldn't get a penny.

The only problem with Mr. Ives was if he could accept Eric for who he really was. She explained Eric's side effects, now lived as a girl and that he had been neutered. She

was surprised when Mr. Ives smiled broadly and shaking her hand accepted Erica for the position. He didn't even bother to see Eric or request an interview.

"I'll pick her up next Sunday. Have her all packed up and ready as it is a long drive," he said as he stood to leave.