

Sissy Babysitters

***A Bundle of
TG Stories***



Claire Bear & Courtney Captisa

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Written by Claire Bear & Courtney Captisa
Special Thanks to Patreon Supporter Jen Michelle!

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A Mistaken Sitter

“I’m trying Todd! Give me a break!” yelled Jennifer on the cell to her ex-husband, Todd. She continued to pass around the house frantically throwing things into bags, making sure she had her ID, putting things away in the refrigerator before they spoiled. The million other things a single mother in her mid-thirties had to deal with. Though today was especially stressful. Not only did she have a tough day at work and even had to ask her boss to leave early but she was also given the task of having to drive nearly an hour to pick up her son their son Jayden from Todd’s house. Despite it being a school day, Jayden had been there over the weekend to have some extra father/son time together and get some of the things he had forgotten in the move.

The photo frames around the old house painted a different image of the current situation. It had been about nine months since the divorce was finalized. Jennifer’s dad had hired a powerful divorce attorney during the proceedings. Nothing but the best for daddy’s little girl. Jennifer had come from a privileged background. A life as Daddy’s little princess from birth to winning many beauty pageants to high school Miss Popular cheer captain to sorority girl every guy had a chance with (including Todd) to having the best wedding having the most precious little angel children, life was perfect. At least until Todd was caught cheating on Jennifer with the new 22-year-old secretary at the firm he worked at because according to him “It was more fun being with someone young again.) Thanks to help from her dad, again, Jennifer was able to purchase a home quite a bit away from the horrors of dealing with a cheating husband. It was closer to her parent’s house and in a nice neighborhood with better schools. The three-bedroom house in the neighborhood of Meadow Halls was the perfect starting over point. A chance for her two children, Jayden, 15, and Lizzie, 11, to graduate from school with honors, be at the top of their class, win everything they did, and maybe even a chance for Jennifer to find a new man. She thought she was still highly

attractive even though she had some crow's feet around her eyes, sometimes hidden by her dirty blonde hair, and skin spots thanks to sunbathing a lot in her younger years. Just one of those imperfections. Such as the fact that Lizzie was a bit of a tomboy for going in the same beauty pageant/cheerleader path as her mother and Jayden hung around some of the wrong crowd. The grungy teenage type that Jennifer wasn't used to.

Due to the last minute arrangement of her having to pick her son up on such short notice, Jennifer had a little meltdown in trying to find a babysitter. Being new to the area she couldn't ask her usual one to travel so far in such little time and was forced to make do with her friendly, if elderly neighbor, Mrs. Debra W. Muller.

In the few short greetings and chats, they'd had she'd already offered to help with anything and even baked them a cake when they moved in. She could surely handle one eleven-year-old girl for a few hours, having raised 6 children, all of whom have moved state. Checking the time on her Moogole smartphone a little bit of panic was starting to set in, she had fifteen minutes or so before Lizzie due back from school and she had to be gone. Thankfully just as she was about to try calling her the doorbell rang its unfamiliar chime and she rushed over to let her in.

Opening wide and stepping back to let the elderly woman enter with her cane she gave a forced smile and thanked her again, "Sorry to trouble you on such short notice, you're a lifesaver." Almost tripping over the slight rise from the doorway Mrs. Muller made her way inside before putting her massive purse down beside the door.

"Oh it's no trouble at all dearie, it's just me all alone in that big house anyway so it's a nice change of pace haha." She gives a slightly, pained chuckle followed by a few coughs and deep breaths before she was lead to the kitchen and shown a few things in the fridge.

Jennifer pointed out where Lizzie's snacks and drinks were along with saying she can help herself with anything, grabbing a pen and paper before hurriedly jotting down a few instructions. "I shouldn't be gone for too long

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just around three of four hours depending on errands. Lizzie will be home from the school bus in about 15 or 20 minutes.“

"Oh that's fine hun, I'm sure we'll have a blast."

Nodding and smiling, Jennifer just slid the note over towards her, "Right so if you could just make sure she has her homework done and there's also a new pageant dress that arrived she needs to try on. Other than that it's just the usual, thank you again." Grabbing her purse and getting ready to leave before Mrs. Muller shook her head.

"Oh I'm afraid I don't have my glasses with me can you just repeat what's on the list?" She held it up and brought her eyes closer, even though Jennifer had made sure to write in large, bold letters.

The next five minutes were spent repeating what she'd already said, several times louder just so she could hear her before finally she nodded and said she understood. Last time she hired someone her age to babysit she swore to herself mentally before finally being able to grab her car keys and check her phone. Already later she shook her head before the last farewell and left the elderly woman alone in her new house, hoping she could find some way to entertain herself without driving herself or Lizzie insane.

Meanwhile, as Jayden was at his Dad's house waiting on his mom to pick up him he tried relaxing on the sofa on his day off from school yet his friend Tyler was bugging him on the phone.

“Bro, I really need that controller I left at your house last night or I won't be able to join the group later!”

“Why don't you just come get it later?”

“I can't! Mom has to take me somewhere before dinner.”

“But no one is there. My mom has to pick me up and Lizzie is at gymnastics and then Civic club.” Somehow he was better at remembering things sometimes than his mother. Maybe it had something to do with being the man of the house. Whatever that means.

“Fine... there is no one there and luckily you are my best bro so I’ll tell you where the hidden key is.”

“Thanks. Where is it?”

“Right side of the house. Look behind the black light post and there’s this big rock. It’s fake. Has a slot on the bottom to open for a key.”

Tyler smiled as he grabbed his backpack and skateboard to head over the short distance. “Thanks, man, I owe you a lot. Don’t worry, I’ll be in and out. Won’t be anything to worry about.”

Tyler had been to Jayden’s house a few times but not many, skating the few streets over there wasn't much of a hassle. He was wearing his usual baggy band shirt as well as ratty jeans, that even new had holes and scratches but now seemingly hung on by threads.

His long messy light brown hair was mostly hidden under his backward baseball to keep it from blowing everywhere in the wind, his dad had been on his back all the time about getting it cut but it was his way of rebelling just a little bit.

Though it had backfired a little since everyone at school teased him, more so because of his short stature and frame but the long hair and pretty face didn't help much. Tyler felt a little bit bad-ass though as he slid to a halt along the side of his friend's house and made his way to the back.

A bit like a secret agent or a burglar he thought as he found the fake rock, maybe he could even prank him, mess his room up a little. He smiled to himself before opening up the back door and walking in.

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Dropping his skateboard, he accidentally as hit a stupid "make a house a home" sign as he cursed loudly, to his surprise, and horror though he heard a noise from the other room. Figuring maybe his mom hadn't left yet or even Lizzie was home early he called out. "Hey, umm, is anyone home?"

Hearing the sound of slow, shuffled feet from the other room before a reply. "Lazzie, is that you dear? It's Mrs. Muller."

"Wow?" asked Tyler in his voice that was somewhere in the puberty stage still. Not as deep as Jayden's but not nearly as high-pitched as Lizzie's tween self.

"Your mom asked me to watch over you," she said stumbling over not over her words, but also in an attempt to walk.

Catching a glimpse of the old lady's cane first before she emerged from the doorway gave Tyler a little fright before he tried to compose himself. Who the hell was Mrs. Muller he thought, a family friend maybe? How was he going to explain this without it sounding like a home invasion...?

Mrs. Muller had of course seen Lizzie in person before but was having trouble making out faces in the last few months of the few people that were in her daily life. Such as a home health worker, the mailman, various neighbors in the street, etc. Tyler's long hair mixed with his squeaky voice didn't help.

"Ummm, Miss?"

"That's MRS, young lady! Did your mother not teach you manners!" Mrs. Muller said in a very harsh mixed with her thick accent. That went from 0 to 100 real quick.

Tyler looked for an escape. He wasn't about to lie to an obviously delusional woman. He saw her evil cane, some bag she had probably brought that was by the front door, and maybe a path to the backdoor blocked by the elderly German lady who probably played Rugby before her fourth hip

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replacement.

“Sorry MRS! But I’m just a friend who came to get something. I’ll go now!” He started making his way quickly but was immediately tripped by Mrs. Muller’s cane!” He fell to the ground, not in much pain, but more in confusion on how an older woman who couldn’t tell the difference between a teenage boy and an 11-year-old girl had the reaction skills to attack like that.

“Woah! What the hell?”

“You... not speak like that...” Mrs. Muller said walking slowly towards him just a few feet on the ground. His cellphone had fallen out of his pocket and onto the floor where Mrs. Muller’s cane conveniently landed on it as she inched closer to him. The cracking sound of a cellphone screen is like a death sentence to a teenager. “Linzor, why are you dressed in this filth.”

“Are you batshit crazy?!?” asked Tyler as he tried to get up before being knocked in the head with her cane.

“Young lady. Back in the old country, I was headmaster of School for Girls. 30 years of turning peasant wayward girls into proper young ladies! I miss those days. My husband, rest in peace, and I came to America in the 80s to buy property. We helped develop many neighborhoods but no proper education in this country!”

Tyler didn’t care to hear her story, although he was confused on how she could relight all these details but seemed to be losing her mind. He also had some choice words for her but still was just wanting to escape. “Sorry Mrs. Muller, but you’ve got the wrong...”

He stopped in his speech as Mrs. Muller pressed a button on her ornate cane to reveal a spike at the bottom pointed towards his head. Some type of Deutschland spy crap.

“Now Lizzie, your mom.... Best care... in my hands... Long list of things to do before she home with your big brother. Let’s get work! First,
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these rags you call clothes.”

This wasn't the first time an older person had been offended at his shirt for Bitchz Haven. It wasn't the kind he could wear to school but definitely could while out skating. Considering this woman's current state of mine and questionable other conditions. He wondered. As ridiculous as it was. If he were to just go along with whatever sick plan she had in mind. Could he escape easier in the privacy of Lizzie's bedroom? There was a window in there he could jump out of second-story window somewhat safely with his invisible teen body. Maybe just role-play it for a bit.

“.... I'm sorry Mrs. Muller...” he said in a more sympathetic tone. “Please just let me go upstairs to my room and change!”

Mrs. Muller didn't give a smile and instead nodded since Tyler had submitted to her as good girls should, but haven't in the past thirty years. “Wunderbar. But before you change I notice soot and dirt on you. Take bath and shave first young lady!”

Tyler couldn't believe the situation he had landed in, this old lady seriously had mistaken him for his buddies eleven-year-old sister, it was like a scene in a bad comedy. Still, wanting to get his broken phone back and knowing trying to explain it further was like talking to a brick wall he made his way upstairs, followed closely by Mrs. Muller.

She guided him to the bathroom opposite Lizzie's room, having seemingly checked earlier, and explained that she expected him to be in the bath within a few minutes. “You can have baths ready so quickly now, I remember when I was a little girl your age we had to either bathe in the lake or fill up a tin bath manually. Now obviously it's much better hehe, means you can stay all fresh and pretty right princess?”

He just nodded, feeling a little sick in the bottom of his stomach at being called a pretty princess, but hoping he could think of a plan once he's alone. Shutting the bathroom door and looking around he spots the obvious window. Climbing up on the sink with one foot and on the seal with the other. Forcing
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it open with a fair bit of force his plan of escape now and get his phone later is dashed when he notices there's a window screen and it's bolted on. No amount of strength would open it properly without breaking it and causing some serious financial damage.

Climbing back to the tiled floor, Tyler swore at himself before he jumped at a tap on the door. "Lizzie, are you okay? I don't hear the water running."

She can't hear me explain I'm a guy but can hear the lack of a bath..."Yeah, I'm just starting it now!" He yells back before turning the water on and letting it start to fill up, grabbing the nearest bottle and squirting it in. Reading it after and seeing its strawberries and peach-scented for girls. Letting the bath fill up before stopping the flow he looked at the mess of watery bubbles and cringed at the scent, even dipping his hand in to check the temperature made him feel like it would come out smaller and more dainty.

Noticing the lack of running water again, without even asking Mrs. Muller bursts into the bathroom with all the speed her advanced years would allow, seeing Tyler still fully dressed and sitting on the side of the tub. "C'mon now Lizzie take off those horrid clothes and hop in."

Tyler was in no hurry to strip down let alone get in the bath but without any other option he formulated another plan, he'd get in the bath pretend to wash then when she left him alone he'd grab his clothes and get the hell out of there. "Right Mrs, just turn around, please...I'm a little shy." That and he didn't want the lady seeing his penis, she'd likely have a heart attack.

Thankfully she accepted his excuse and turned her back while he quickly stripped out of his outfit before closing his eyes, saying a mental prayer, and stepped into the feminine water. Of course, it wasn't as bad as his young teen brain had imagined it, just like any bath he'd had before minus the feminine fragrance as he sat down. To his horror, and to foil his master plan once again, Mrs. Muller steadied herself and leaned down picking up all his clothes before mumbling to herself how dirty they are and they should be thrown in a furnace but instead, she'll clean them. Now alone he cursed his luck once again, running away was still possible but there was no way he

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running all the way home completely naked. He'd just have to wait till she brought some towels in then he could maybe get into his friend's room and borrow a tracksuit.

"How is it going in there Lindzie?" asked Mrs. Muller.

"Good..." he lied.

Suddenly the door sprung open. Somehow, the crazed woman managed to find the key and came in with two towels and some garments for Tyler.

"What are you doing!" he asked.

"Don't feel embarrassed," she responded. "I've helped plenty of young ladies bathe before."

Tyler started thinking about how schools may have run back in the days of Muller's time in Germany. Her eyesight was bad. Would that mean she would confuse his penis for a vagina? Also, what 11-year-old lets a grown adult help them take a bath? Upon further inspection, he noticed it was two towels, and what looked like a small bra and panties for him to put on.

Before Tyler could even raise a voice in protest or concern for the underwear she'd picked for him, she'd maneuvered herself on the side of the tub and was gathering things.

"Now I know you must be shy and usually I wouldn't insist on a girl as young as you should shave but..." She says in as soft a tone as she can manage, "It seems as if you've inherited your father's legs."

What the hell was this old bat going on about now? Shaving!? Tyler was losing all control of this situation, and worst of all there was little he could do but just watch in horror as she started on one leg.

If he wasn't permanently using his hands to cover his junk from her he'd maybe wrestle the little pink razor out of her hands but as it stood, without

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giving it away he couldn't risk it. Soon enough he was looking down at two perfectly smooth, and excruciatingly feminine legs.

"There, now I'll let you do any other...Parts you need to do while I wash your pretty hair princess." Her gentle tone meant for a young girl and not a teenage boy. Tyler was left a little stunned and confused as she handed him the razor before it clicking in his brain. Other parts...Not just legs, maybe arms or...!?

15 minutes later, Tyler was wrapped in two towels, one for his entire upper body and the other for his longish hair with the help of Mrs. Muller who had come back up to check on him after going downstairs to watch TV, trusting the girl in the bath by herself. It was inevitable that he would have to put on the bra and panties of his friend's little sister. Maybe not the first time in life that has ever happened to someone, but he didn't want to be one of them. How was he supposed to explain his shaved legs and arms to people at school during gym class?! Jayden would surely see his friend's feminized body at some point. Maybe it could grow back quickly in a week if he was lucky.

The panties were extremely tight against his body because the real Lizzie was much smaller than him, not to mention that he had a penis down there. The bra wrapped around his chest firmly. Mrs. Muller followed him into Lizzie's bedroom expecting him to get dressed. Tyler had no choice but to pick out something to wear and just grabbed the closest outfit he saw from the folded clothes on the bed. A pink camisole with a unicorn and sootie shorts soon graced his body. Mrs. Muller started talking to him about cooking with her ex-daughter-in-law during Christmas 1980. He wasn't interested in her rambling and continued to dry his long hair. He glanced in the mirror at his feminized and was surprised at how he could pass for a girl her age based on what he was wearing and his now girly body. Maybe his next plan could be to get out of the house like this and at least get to safety. He finished his outfit by putting his hair in a side ponytail to further the disguise and put a scrunchie around his wrist.

He started to make his way downstairs with Mrs. Muller, wondering if he
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could somehow get out of the house like this but was startled when Mrs. Muller grabbed his wrist at the bottom of the steps.

“Not so fast young lady,” she said. “It’s time for homework.”

“Umm. I don’t have any today!” said Tyler.

“I don’t believe that for one moment, Lizam. There is always room for growth and time to learn!” said Mrs. Muller.

Tyler then thought of another alibi. “My backpack is still at school in my locker,” he said knowing the real Lizzie had her backpack with her.

Mrs. Muller replied, “Your mother said something about an eye post?”

“What?”

“Eye pod?”

“You mean iPad?!” said Tyler.

“Yes! Where is it?”

After a rather short search around the house, the iPad in question was found in Lizzie's room, he didn't notice it at first because of the gaudy pink cover it had on it. Seeing no way out under the watchful eyes of this old crone the pretend Lizzie, Tyler sat down in HIS bed and began to search for the homework.

No doubt due to Mrs. Muller the Wi-Fi was down so even that he couldn't due, not that he was that upset about being unable to do a sixth-graders work. What was upsetting though, was no Utube or downloading new apps.

So for 40 painful minutes, he was forced to keep himself occupied by playing princess dress up and games involving ponies. If he didn't feel like a little sissy wearing panties and a unicorn top, he certainly did now he knew

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the difference between a pink and magenta ball gown.

After finally having enough he decided to lie and tell her his homework was finally complete, just hoping she wouldn't ask to see it. Thankfully she took his word but wasn't done ordering him about just yet.

"Well done sweetie, hmm we still have a little time so why don't you put on a movie and I couldn't help but notice your nails weren't painted?" She asked, turning on the small pink T.V in Lizzie's bedroom.

"Well yeah, I sort of prefer them this way..." Tyler mumbled out, dreading what she was suggesting.

"Oh nonsense, a girl your age can't use too much makeup so you should be excited about painting your nails." Mrs. Muller explained as an animated Barbie popped onto the screen and he found himself thanking her for passing some bright pink "princess" polish.

At 5:30 pm, Tyler's nails looked more feminine thanks to the nail polish, and Barbie's Sorority Dream House was finally over with its stupid songs and lame animation. He looked in the mirror once again to see an 11-year-old girl staring back at him. Time was running out and he feared most that Jayden would see him like this. Worse yet, if he were caught like this by Jennifer she would probably call the police! Or maybe he should have called the police on Mrs. Muller hours ago!

He went downstairs and found Mrs. Muller reading a book on the recliner in the living room. In an overly convincing young girl's voice, he asked. "Mrs. Muller? Can I go outside and play for a bit before it gets too dark?"

Mrs. Muller smiled seeing the young girl in front of her. "Of course dear, but only after you do the last thing on the list your mother gave me."

Tyler figured he could probably rush through washing dishes or taking out the trash as a chore and asked, "What is that?"

“We need to go back upstairs,” Mrs. Muller smiled.

“Why?” he asked.

“I’m surprised you didn’t do it while you were up there and come down and show me,” she said smiling as she grabbed her cane and slowly struggled to get out of the chair.

“You didn’t tell me!” he said with his hand on his hip.

“Oh, I didn’t?” she asked.

“No, what is it? He asked again.”

“Since you don’t know, it will be a wonderful surprise!” said Mrs. Muller. “Can you help me up the stairs?”

“Umm... can’t you just tell me and stay down here?”

Mrs. Muller looked at the girl angrily, “Take me upstairs!”

In all his fifteen years of life, Tyler had never felt more emasculated nor more than a princess than he currently did. If there is a god or gods up there, they're especially cruel he thought as he stared daggers into the mirror hoping against hope to something crack it with just his gaze.

Just when he thought he was close to escaping this mad woman's insanity and that the worst humiliation was already done. A new floor was found in this feminine hell. A god damn pageant dress of all things!?

It turned out Lizzie was big on junior pageants and that her latest dress had come back after a few alterations so of cause she, and in this case down to bad timing Tyler, had to try it on to test the fit. Now half an hour later he sat on Lizzie's vanity stool as his long hair was curled into a gracefully sissy hairstyle.

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The dress was of course ridiculous, not that any dress on a boy isn't, but this one was the epitome of a princess. Pink with little diamond rhinestones scattered across the bodice leading down to a sea of lace and taffeta that made up the skirted part of the dress.

What hurt most was the fact that with a little squeezing it even fit him fairly well, after that came plenty of compliments and now his current predicament. The finishing touches Mrs. Muller insisted upon.

First to magically pop into existence just to seemingly taunt the boy was a pair of pink sandal heels with a few inches of clearance. After that was the gaudy pageant make up, how could an almost senile old woman still be this talented with this stuff he thinks to himself as his pretty pink lip glossed lips frowned into the mirror.

“Aren’t you just precious?!” said Mrs. Muller. It had been decades since she had a chance to help a young girl get in a fancy dress. The experience brought on nostalgia and happiness to her mind even if the person in front of her had a penis hiding under that dress.

For Tyler, there was no more escaping. He knew he couldn’t go out in public like this. He could probably take off the dress, makeup, and maybe find a hat faster than it took to put all of this stuff on, but he couldn’t just get back into boy mode and escape Mrs. Muller. She had completely feminized him. This older woman with extreme dementia and poor vision had succeeded in breaking down his masculinity and forcing him to look like a tween girl.

Suddenly, he heard the front door open from downstairs. His heart sank as his penis shriveled knowing that Jennifer was home... probably with her two kids. Mrs. Muller smiled heard the family talking and went towards the bedroom door.

“NO! DON’T!” begged Tyler as he grabbed her frail arm that didn’t hold the cane.

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“Oh, young lady. Don’t be shy. You’ll be wearing this dress in front of hundreds of people soon! Your mother will think you are beautiful too!” said Mrs. Muller as her hand touched the knob. She slowly opened it and said out the door. “Welcome home, Jennifer. We are upstairs.”

Jennifer stopped in her tracks putting down her bags. She hesitated for a moment as she realized she had forgotten to call the house phone to let Mrs. Muller know she wasn’t needed after all that day since, in all the chaos, she forgot Lizzie was staying after school for dance practice rather than going straight home from school. When dance practice was over, she was heading back from Todd’s house with her son and swung by the dance studio across the street from the school to pick her up and the family then ran some errands around town before returning.

“Mrs. Muller?” she asked. “You are still here?! Who is WE?!”

Mrs. Muller started exiting the bedroom as Tyler looked for a place to hide in the bedroom where he wouldn’t ruin the dress. The heels made it harder to move fast and he couldn’t get them off in time.

Lizzie started making her way upstairs with her mom as Jayden followed them to go to his room.

“PLEASE CLOSE THE DOOR!” Tyler begged.

Mrs. Muller ignored him and smiled as she looked out to see Jennifer at the top of the steps.

“I’m so sorry Mrs. Muller. There was some major confusion today. I picked Lizzie up and will still pay you, of course, it’s just...” Jennifer froze as she came to the open bedroom door and saw a young girl in the background wearing Lizzie’s dress. She paused in shock. Who was this girl? Why did Mrs. Muller let her in? Though even with the heavy makeup and hair curled, she recognized who it was and stood in shock. “Tyler... is that you?”

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Lizzie came up behind her and saw the teenage boy wearing her dress. She placed her hands over her mouth and screamed in laughter.

“Tyler?!” Jennifer asked again.

Mrs. Muller stood in confusion and didn’t say anything since she was seeing a double of the girl she had babysat all day. Jayden suddenly appeared behind them and saw his feminized friend.

“Bro... What the F.....Heck?!”

“Who are you?!” asked Jennifer, knowing the answer.

“Yeah. It’s me, Tyler, but it’s not what it looks like! She FORCED ME to do all of this and thought I was Lizzie all day.”

“You expect me to believe that bull crap?!” asked Jennifer pissed off that a teenager was doing the unthinkable in her daughter’s expensive pageant dress. “I’m calling your parents.”

“It’s the truth! Tell her Mrs. Muller!” he begged.

“Man, this is wild,” said Jayden still disappointed that his friend was showing his sissy side.

Lizzie took a picture of Tyler in her dress to share with all her friends and continued to laugh.

Mrs. Muller still stood silent and confused. She continued to look back and forth with everyone in the room.

“Please! Tell them, Mrs. Muller. I told you all day that I wasn’t a girl!” He then looked at pissed-off Jennifer, his disappointed friend, and the bratty little girl. “I came here to just get my controller. It got out of hand once she thought I was Lizzie and FORCED me to act and look like her.”

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Lizzie teased, “Are you SURE you just didn’t want to wear my dress? All you had to do was ask!”

Jennifer scolded her daughter and then looked at Mrs. Muller who was still dumbfounded. “Mrs. Muller, what happened?” she asked.

The old woman did a double-take of the real Lizzie who had her hair in a side ponytail and Tyler who had his hair curled and was in the sissy dress. She finally spoke up. “Lizzie has a twin sister?”

The Class Assignment

“Do we have to do this?” said Jason as liquid came from the anatomically correct male baby mannequin on his desk.

“Quick! Get a diaper!” said his lab partner, Dave.

The entire 11th-grade Home Economics class burst into laughter. After complaints from parents of the lack of discipline and skills around the house, the school board attended Home Economics and Shop class back to the system after decades of non-existence. This was the first year and luckily they received a grant to cover objects such as robot babies for childcare, model kitchens, and a few appliances with training methods. The class was small, with only ten students, this one is an uneven male to female ratio meaning Jason and Dave had to share a baby as part of the two-week parent training module. Most of them laughed about it, even by 2020 standards. Though Jason felt embarrassed about the situation.

“You better get used to things like that,” said Miss Courtney, the 20-something slender teacher that all the male students checked out. “Wait until the vomit starts!”

“These things can vomit?” asked one of the girls, Amber who was partnered with Ryan.

“They will act like real babies. There’s a monitoring system in them for the app so if you make a mistake or the baby is sick it will let us know!”

“Lot of responsibility for a 16-year-old,” said Daren as he held his baby up to his partner Kelly.

“Teen pregnancy?” asked Kelly.

“Who does that any more? That was SOOO 2000s,” said Ian as he laughed with his partner Melanie.

“Wrap it up!” said Jason.

“Okay that’s enough of that!” said Miss Courtney in a joking fashion.

Jason laid the two glasses of cola down on the knee-high table before sitting down across from Dave to see the T.V. Their baby laying on the couch between them. It was the first time they'd met up outside of school and only the second time Dave had been to Jason's house after a birthday party many years ago.

Miss Courtney had told them the schedule for who has to look after the baby, it was a bi-daily affair with the first two being Jason's. Still, she insisted they all try to pair up at least a few times after school as all good parents should.

"What a load of crap man..." Dave uttered out as he switched it over to a sports news channel.

The larger of the two teens but not particularly sporty, he made the most fuss about this class assignment. Though Jason wasn't sure if it was just the baby or getting stuck with him as well.

"Yeah this is going to be a total pain, can't we like just lock it in a closet or something?" Jason asked looking over at the semi-realistic doll.

"Apparently Ryan tried that and it just screamed its head off nonstop so it's probably easier just to leave it here..." he replied flicking through his phone.

The two knew each other and had a few of the same classes but we're far
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from what you'd call friends. Hanging out mostly in different circles, Jason being the nerdier of the two but not excessively.

Just as they were beginning to relax and get past the awkward stage of small talk the baby beside them started screaming and a red icon flashed on its chest.

"Shit, what did you do man?" Dave questioned, jumping up.

"Nothing man, it just started going off. How do we shut it up?"

"I'll text Ryan see if he knows, you just rock it or something!" Dave almost ordered while he took out his phone and left the room. Leaving Jason to try and comfort the screaming fake baby.

After a few deafening minutes and with the baby still screeching the light on its chest was flashing faster and faster. Dave returned and went straight to the bag they were given along with it. Pulling out something that looked almost like a sports bra.

"What the hell is that!?" Jason screamed before Dave tossed it at him.

"Oh shit, bro. I think it's one of those things girls use to breastfeed it." Dave looked at his class partner oddly.

"What the fuck? Why would Courtney pick a doll like that? No one in class would even be lactating," asked Jason.

"It's just a monitor or something. Maybe we can just put the breast pump to the baby?" asked Dave.

After a few efforts of trying to get the baby to stop crying since it was hungry, Jason finally took the effort of putting on the bra to feed the baby. Within a few moments, the fake baby was silent.

"Great job dude!" said Dave laughing.

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“It’s YOUR turn next time,” said Jason.

Dave smirked, “I don’t know. You seem to be pretty good at this. I guess you are the mom now?”

“Shut up, bro! There are plenty of same-sex male couples out there who raise babies.”

“Yeah, but I think they adopt them past the breastfeeding stage... Looks like you are the mother.”

“Mama!” said the mechanical baby.

Jason rang the doorbell before checking his medium-length, fair hair in the glass section of the door. It had been a few days since the start of the assignment and was now finally Friday. The whole class moaned in unison when they found out they still had to look after the accursed dolls over the weekend but the girls used their charms to have the boys look after them tonight and tomorrow.

Good for Jason though as he was stuck being the mommy, and even better he'd been invited to spend the night at Kelly's house before he could check his breath clothes the door swung open and four happily smiling teen girls peered out. This was heaven!

Being already a little bit shy and now in this situation, Jason found himself being pulled inside and lead around a little mini-tour of the house her parents were pretty well off judging by the house. Finally finishing off in her bedroom, years of waiting and he was finally going to get inside a girl's bedroom. Though under slightly odd circumstances, beggars can't be choosers.

Kelly glanced down at her phone before announcing, "Right we have about an hour or so before my Mom gets back, so we have to be quick!"

Jason's young eyes lit up as he almost had to pinch himself, the girls all turned to him and he just about fainted. When Amber and Julie started to take off his backpack and hoody he thought he was close to being in a coma but unfortunately it all came crashing down when Kelly thrust a bottle into his hands and Melanie shoved him into the on-suite.

His instructions were to put whatever this depilatory cream was all over his body from the neck down, wait fifteen minutes, shower then come back out in a towel. Hell yeah, if that's all he had to do to get a five-some he thanked his lucky stars.

Around twenty slightly painful and shocking minutes later he walked out of the bathroom a little emasculated, plenty confused but wholly anticipating what was coming next. After a few initial giggles, two of the girls smiled and made their way over to him before slipping something over his head and covering his eyes. "We don't want anything to spoil the fun okay...?" One sultry voice whispered in his ear. A pathetic whimper his only retort.

After that, it was a flash of confusing sensations, giggles, and strange tightness. Starting with whatever they were slipping on him, underwear maybe but nothing like his usual kind, snug, and a lot softer. Not that he was complaining, though the back seemed to almost give him a wedgie.

Shortly after a pair of tight and small shorts were added, then a soft almost lace-type tank top was placed on him and then a top over it, though it barely even covered his stomach. Next, he was sat cross-legged on the soft carpet as some clips were attached in various places around his head.

Just as he was about to complain and question just what they were doing and when his fun would start he was lifted to his feet and the blindfold was snatched away. The sudden light on his unaccustomed eyes caused him to blink a few times till he focused on the mirror in front of him, and the five teenage girls looking back...

“Why the heck am I DRESSED LIKE A GIRL?!” he asked.

All of the girls giggled and continued taking pics of the sissy in front of them.

“You are one of us,” said Melanie.

“How does it feel to be a mommy?” asked Kelly causing Jason’s dick to shrivel.

He was furious and wanted no part of this. “What happened to equality and progressive families?”

Amber put her arms around him. She was a few inches taller. At his age, he hadn’t had a girlfriend yet and limited experience touching girls. For one to just come up to him and put touchy-feely made him feel different, as if wearing girl’s clothes in front of them wasn’t odd enough.

“Please, help me get out of this,” said Jason.

Kelly responded with a smile. “We spent all this time getting you ready Ummm. What’s your female name?”

“How about Jasmine?”

“Tiffany!” said Julie.

“Foxy Rose!” laughed Melanie.

Amber leaned down towards Jason’s right ear, which was probably going to be pierced at some point during the night for placement of some girly earrings. “I think we are going to go with Hailee.”

Despite protests, Hailee, as SHE was now newly dubbed, once again found herself outnumbered and forced into the next stage of her feminization. The various makeup brushes tickled her face as she sat there with an ever-present frown, the strange foreign feeling of the soft feminine shorts and crop-top pajama set she’d been put was worryingly not that bad. Not that she
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was enjoying this but still it was, new, and not completely unpleasant.

As the other girls conversed about what shade of grey to go with for the perfect smokey eyes, Hailee's attention was drawn further than the PJs and towards what was underneath. Although she couldn't see them, it was almost certainly a thong and a bra underneath, judging by the fit and materials. The panties in particular riding up as she was seated and driving her nuts.

Finally, after an eternity of girly bickering about shades and contouring, she was announced done and once again stood in front of the mirror though this time she was speechless. Raising a dainty hand towards her cheek she couldn't believe it.

"You look better than we could have hoped Hailee!" Kelly claimed, and it was hard to argue.

"This might work! I was afraid we'd have to kick you out looking like a clown since we can't have a boy here at the sleepover but this... Hell, there's not even a hint of masculinity!" Melanie cheerfully added, meant as a compliment but Hailee couldn't help but feel sorry for her lacking manhood, trapped tightly in a thong.

Coming back to her senses and piecing it together finally Hailee asked, "So I have to stay like this all night!?"

"Well duh!" Julie said matter-of-factly, "Besides you'll enjoy it I bet, you can't tell me it's not somewhat... Pleasurable?" Stepping behind the newly crowned girl and placing her hands around her and onto where Hailee's breasts would be if she had any. The soft lace of the bra making her squirm a little under the attention, cheeks crimson and looking down at her smooth legs.

"Well, I guess it's...The materials are..." she stammered as the girls all just gave a mixture of giggles and knowing winks as a reply.

Hailee spent the next few hours being one of the girls. Something SHE
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was surprised that she started to like as she became more comfortable being around the girls. Sure, talks about what guys at school were hot, and getting her nails painted was odd but something about wearing fun clothes and chatting with females just seemed... right. She did end up getting her ears pierced with a home piercing kit that one of the girls brought over and the girls donated some clothes that may fit their new sissy creation.

“Bro, why are your nails painted?” asked Dave in class.

“It’s a long story,” said Jason as he held their baby in a motherlike way.

“Are you trying to be a mom or something?” Dave asked.

“We are going to ACE this presentation!” Jason replied. “Plus, I think our child loves the baby talk I’ve been doing.”

“And the fact that you finally learned how to breastfeed it properly!” said Melanie.

“That’s great news!” said Miss Courtney looking at the group from her desk.

Other girls came closer to Jason, Dave, and Melanie. “Hailee, are you coming with us to Sweet Frog tomorrow?” asked Kelly.

“Who is Hailee?” asked Dave.

“You weren’t supposed to call me that in class!” Jason complained.

“Oh, sorry. Hey Jason, is Hailee coming to Sweet Frog with us tomorrow?” Kelly asked again teasing Jason, knowing damn well he was wearing VS Pink panties after seeing the waistband when he was bending over earlier.

“Umm, I think so,” said Jason nervously adjusting the neckline of his T-shirt.

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Dave's eyes widened as he saw Jason's bra strap but just as he was about to question just what was going on the bell went and the girls all surrounded Jason and ushered him away.

The next day, Hailee took a spoonful of her peach yogurt, carefully dodging some blueberries but getting the sugary sprinkles as took stock of her situation. The past few days had opened up a world she not only never knew existed but even then didn't even think to be a part of.

Once more dressed in some of Kelly's clothes, this time some skinny fit pale denim jeans, and a white long tunic style top that showed off plenty of her faux cleavage. From her first taste of womanhood at the sleepover, Hailee's eyes had been opened.

She no longer had to be a slightly nerdy slim guy who was always rather obscure and looked past, now she could be pretty and growing in popularity girl. Even if the thongs they insisted upon were still a bit of a hassle and the slightly heeled boots she knows wore took some learning, it was all worth it.

Julie put down her fake baby and looked over at the smiling Hailee who was once again off in her world, something she'd been doing a lot of recently. "So Hailee, enjoying yourself?" A slight giggle following her question.

Snapped back to reality and still a little bashful about it all Hailee just managed a quick nod of her head as the makeup hid most of her blushing cheeks.

"I've got to say you're taking to this so naturally. Becoming and girl and you're even the best Mom, that thing never cries with you around!" Amber half complimented, half complained as she looked over at her doll. The damn thing that had kept her up all night.

"I'm just wondering what's next for our newest girl, will she be going on a date? Getting married to her baby daddy?" Melanie joked, almost causing Hailee to choke on her yogurt if that was even possible.

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"Dates!? Married!? I don't even...You know like guys..." He whispered out, careful not to draw too much attention.

Kelly faked a loud gasp before looking around and placing her hand on Hailee's forearm, "You mean, you're a lesbian?"

"Haha, very funny." She replied rolling her eyes.

"So you do like guys then if you aren't a lesbian, what about Dave? You're close right?" Melanie pushed for answers.

"Close? I wouldn't say so, I mean we hardly knew each other before this but we've been hanging out more lately." Hailee replied, ignoring the first part of her sentence.

"Oh please you were all over him in class recently, plus I caught him checking out your butt a few times!" Kelly happily said, a sly wink at the end.

"He was what!?" Her hand on reflex snapping to her butt and the leopard print waistband.

"I think you're in girl hehe, just up the flirty behavior, I know let's send a pic!" Julie suggested grabbing her phone and without even asking moving in for a group selfie.

Unable to get away and surrounded from both sides, Hailee was forced to smile and pose just like the others before the pictures were sent, and soon posted all over social media.

On the next class day, some females could tell Jason was wearing girl jeans based on the cut and how tight they were. Miss Courtney thought Jason was trying to bring back the Emo band look that she was so into back in Myspace days.

Jason's week of feminization influence was taking a toll on his emotions.
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He started to wonder how his life would be different if he was born a girl. Would he be on the cheerleading team like Kelly? Majorette like Melanie? Something inside of him knew they would be close friends. Maybe this class would have some type of normality if he had a vagina down there.

He looked down at the baby in his arms as it said, "Mama!" once again. Most of the other babies in the class were crying as students scrambled to change their diapers. The presentation on their parenting experiences was tomorrow and the pairs felt mostly confident in their presentation. Jason felt he had done a great job parenting the baby mannequin but was very emotional considering the crossdressing and crazy dreams he was having every night of wanting to wake up with real breasts and a vag.

"We need to work on this slideshow a bit more. Want to come over to the house tonight? I also got the new CyberKick 2088 if you want to play that."

"Of course!" said Jason as he fed the baby applesauce.

Dave opened the front door and put his keys in the bowl before calling out to his parents, leading the smaller Jason in after him before closing the door behind him. This was his first time coming over, smaller than Kelly's place but still nice.

Jason shyly introduced himself to the two parents, feeling less like he was a buddy coming over and more like a girlfriend, maybe that was just his imagination though or maybe it was Dave's dad joke about finally meeting the mother of their grandchild.

Little did they know he thought to himself, he'd been dressing up almost exclusively in women's clothes, being sure to hide his waistband and bra straps in school. "C'mon let's get started on this damn presentation." Dave finally said, rescuing him from the awkward first greeting.

His room for the most part was just like his, a fairly bland grey color on the walls along with random posters of bands or games. Sitting down on the edge of the bed he took his laptop out and got started.

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For the most part, Jason did the typing and visuals of the PowerPoint while Dave gave input and ideas, all the while playing his game. Jason didn't mind too much from the lack of help in the work but for some reason annoyed at the lack of attention he was getting. His head was all messed up recently.

The doll soon reminded them of its presence with a guttural scream that caused Dave to curse and pause his game. "Damn it, just when I think we have some peace. Anything you can do to shut that thing up?"

Jason paused and glanced over at his backpack, seemingly mulling something over in his head before taking a deep breath and nodding. "I know just the thing!"

Changing in front of guys was part of the norm, especially in the locker room at school. Though it's not very common for guys to undress in front of each other and then get into female clothes! He was confident showing off his bra and panties to Dave, though Dave didn't want to admit it gave him an erection. Jason slide on the black yoga pants and V-neck white shirt borrowed from Kelly. He pulled the wig out of his bag and put his hair into a side ponytail. There was no need to look fancy or put on makeup. It was mommy time.

The self-feminization of Jason into Hailee made Dave feel a little sexually confused. The baby was silent as Hailee placed it in her arms and swayed it gently to make it go to sleep.

"This is DEFINITELY going in the presentation!" said Dave.

"What?"

"Your ability to. You know... Be a mother."

"STOP!" Hailee said laughing and smiling at her project partner.

“It’s almost like you are meant for it. You do so well around the baby.”

“Jayden is so sweet though.”

“Who is Jayden?” he asked.

“OUR BABY!” she said softly. “I think it’s someone's bedtime. We need a crib in your bedroom!”

“You can lay it on top of the dresser!”

“Oh my god, NO!” said Hailee. How about on this bean bag chair? That seems like the safest option other than the bed.”

“Why not the bed?” asked Dave.

“I was reading some stories about babies falling off or adults rolling on them. It’s sad.”

Dave smiled, “Seems like you did your research.”

“Speaking of which! I think we are almost done with this PowerPoint! Can I play now?” Hailee asked sweetly.

It was now Jason's turn to blush slightly as he looked over at him strangely, the stirring in his pants making him feel more than a little on edge and confused, "Ummm..."

"A game stupid!" Hailee giggled, her feminine mannerisms almost natural now after hanging with the girls and picking them up. Grabbing a controller and selecting a different game.

"Oh right yeah haha, sorry..." Dave stammered back, regaining his focus and pointing to the screen, "We can play that one, it's co-op."

"Perfect! We can work together in this as well," she said happily, tapping

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his arm gently.

Hailee selected the female character of course as the two played a futuristic punk-themed game, Dave coming to her rescue whenever she was in trouble and squealing about low health. It was like playing with a girl, and soon he forgot all together just what she had in her panties.

"Aww damn my controller ran out of batteries, are those fresh ones there?" Hailee asked, leaning over her partner before slipping slightly on the bedsheet, her body draped over Dave's as he looks down and sees her ass on his lap. "Damn..."

"What, did I hurt you?" Hailee asks, worried she'd hit him in a sore point.

"No nothing like that, I just er... Forget it."

Hailee gave him a questionable look before giggling and confronting him, "She was right, you are checking me out!"

"No way!" said Dave with his fragile masculinity.

Hailee placed her hand under her chin to prop herself up. Laying on her stomach, Dave got a nice view of her ass in her yoga pants. It was true. He was attracted to the girl version of Jason. Part of him wanted to kiss her. The other part wanted Hailee to get back into her male clothes and leave so he could jerk off. Or did he have sexual feelings for the girl in front of her? Yes, she was a girl right now.

"Question for you though... How would you feel if you know... I was born a girl."

That hit Dave hard. He knew the answer. He would be all over her. It wasn't right to think of her than any less as female right now. Suddenly, emotions came to mind of what he needed to do. He leaned forward for a kiss, which she gladly accepted. The first was short, but the second kiss was longer and involved some tongue. During girl talk, Hailee learned some

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techniques of what to do when in situations like this. She let Dave take control allowing him to lay her head down on the pillow and touch her fake breasts. She too had an erection in her panties which was showing through her yoga pants. Dave questioned whether or not to slide down his jeans and rub his cock against hers while they made out.

As the two kissed passionately Dave reached down and gripped Hailee's slim waist pulling her body closer, wanting more intimacy. Both were lost in the moment and raging hormones could lead them anywhere.

That is until Dave's Mom walked in without knocking and yelled out for the pair to stop! The pair stopped dead, unsure what to say in such an uncompromising position.

"I knew a saw a bra earlier!" she exclaimed before looking over at her son, "Your father is going to give you a stern talking to young man, sneaking girls over is unacceptable.

Dave still looked horrified but deep down Hailee felt a little happy, though was doing her best to hid the tiny bump she was making in her panties.

The class gave a little applause, not because the presentation was anything special. Hell, it wasn't even that good truth be told, but they all felt Hailee deserved it for her bravery, it had been a big step coming to school wearing her wig, a conservative dress, and tights.

Thankfully people only realized it once they'd be told by the teacher, just assuming a new girl had joined the class, except of course her four friends that had guided her on this journey.

"Fantastic work you two, I must say I was apprehensive about pairing you together but you've made a great team." Miss Courtney praised, tapping Hailee on the small of her back just like she would any other young lady in her class.

“Thanks, Miss Courtney. This was such a fun project!”

“I thought you didn’t want to do it at first,” Courtney said crossing her arms and smiling at the young transgirl in front of her.

“That’s what school is for, learning right?” said Hailee as she swayed her dress and laughed with the rest of the class. “Too bad I can’t keep the baby! We were bonding so much!”

“Wish I could give it to you, but another group will need it next semester. Don’t worry, you can have one once you are a responsible adult. You go girl!” said Miss Courtney trying to be hip.

The rest of the school year had its ups and downs. Bullying seemed to start immediately when Hailee came out, but it was quickly put to rest by the girls who supported her and Dave who nearly got in a few fistfights over people talking shit. They fooled around a bit but never got into a serious relationship. Hailee ended up joining the cheerleading team with Kelly as her sponsor showing her all the moves she needed to be part of the squad. Her parents supported her transition by getting her a psychiatrist and putting her on HRT, which lead to developing healthy C-cup breasts by senior year. Dave and Hailee moved on to other partners. She even went to prom wearing a princess ball gown with one of the guy’s from the basketball team.

After high school, Hailee had confirmation surgery right before going to college where she majored in Elementary Education. She knew working with young kids was what she wanted to do in her life. During college, she got a reputation as a party girl in her sorority but it didn’t seem to bother her. The guy she lost her virginity to had no idea that she used to be a boy. It took her a bit to come out at college but everyone was more accepting than they were in high school.

A few years later...

The high school had its 10th-year class reunion at a hotel ballroom.

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Hailee curled her blonde hair, wore heavy eye makeup, adjusted her breast in her black cocktail dress, put on her three-inch heels, grabbed her clutch, and went down to the ballroom. It had been years since she saw most of the people she went to high school with. Kelly and Melanie had stayed in touch the most and were bringing their current boyfriends. Hailee on the other hand had just gone through a breakup and was going solo.

Dave could recognize that ass anywhere, even if she was wearing a dress. He had matured into the tall and handsome type. He walked to her nervous at first but had a feeling she would be here. Some things needed to be set straight.

“Hailee Johnson, is that you?” he asked smiling from behind her as she walked away from the bar grabbing a vodka and soda with a splash of cranberry.

“Dave! Oh my god!” she said hugging him. He could feel the soft skin of her back on a part of the dress that was revealing and felt her boobs touch his chest. She had on some type of fragrance that was appealing.

“Been a long time!” he said.

“Yeah, I know right? I saw on FacePage that you just got hired at a large firm?”

Dave smiled. His law career was about to take off and had just bought his first condo. “Yes! Making moves in the large city? What about you? Are you still teaching the future of America?”

“Yes, I love it!” she replied, not revealing that she had a side hustle on OnlyFans. “Guess you could say Miss Courtney inspired me!”

“Oh wow, Miss Courtney. Haven’t heard that name in years. Whatever happened to her?”

“I think she got fired after telling a group of students that story about her
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putting a flute up her vagina at camp.”

“Hmm, that’s random,” replied Dave. “Hey, do you remember that time we had to be a parent to that creepy robot baby?”

Hailee playfully tapped him on the side of his shoulder. “That was our SON!” she said.

“Ha, I know. You look great by the way.”

She smiled at the compliment. “Thank you, not too bad looking yourself. Hey, remember that time we were in your bedroom and your Mom thought I had come to the house cross-dressed as a boy?”

“How could I forget?! I think you were the first girl in my bedroom...”

Two hours later...

Hailee let Dave lead her by the hand down the hotel hallway upstairs towards his room. They had been drinking heavily, but both were committed to finally putting an end to this sexual attention. If Hailee had been blessed with a uterus, she most likely would have been impregnated by the amount of sperm that came from Dave’s penis inside of her vagina as they fucked that night.

Don't Tell Mom the Babysitter Feminizes

“It’s so nice to meet you!” smiled Jessica, the skinny 18-year-old brunette girl at the door of the McLandon household.

“Please come in!” said Ms. McLandon waving Jessica in from the front door who was carrying a large backpack. “My sister has told me very good things about you,” she responded in reference to Jessica’s babysitting skills. She had been working for Ms. McLandon’s sister for over a month now babysitting her 9 year old and 3 year old and of course she was the first person she recommended to her sister when discussing a much needed date night since dating as a single mom in her late-30s was becoming increasingly difficult.

“Oh wow, your house is so pretty!” Jessica said smiling looking around at the contemporary artwork and large mirrors in the walkway to the living room.

“Thank you,” said Ms. McLandon. “Please excuse the mess in some parts of the house. It has been so hectic at work and around here lately,” she said raising arms up for expression.

“Don’t worry. I’ll clean up while I’m here after the kids are in bed,” said Jessica.

Ms. McLandon smiled realizing that Jessica was an angel sent from God already. “Please make yourself at home. You can put your stuff down there,” she said signaling to a sofa in the living room. “Let me give you a tour of the house,” she said excitedly.

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She first showed Jessica the living room and kitchen while making small talk mostly about Jessica's life as a college freshman at the local state university and how she originally found her sister through a recommendation from a mutual friend at church. Ms. McLandon went on to tell Jessica about her two children, Casey and Andrew and some of their habits and responsibilities throughout the night. While in the kitchen, Ms. McLandon's 10-year-old daughter came in the room excited to meet Jessica since it was cool to her to hang around an older female, but not as old as her mom or her friends.

"And you must be Casey!" said Jessica smiling wide and bending forward with her hands on her knees.

"Yah!" said Casey who was wearing a green shirt with a cartoon character on it and had her dirty blonde hair in a side ponytail.

Their feminine emotions kicked in hard as both of them extended each others arms for a hug. After their short embrace, Casey backed up smiling and jumped up and down. "Mom said you are on the soccer team!!!"

"Yeah! I've been playing since I was this high," said Jessica making a hand motion from the ground. "You play too?!?"

"Totes! Can we play outside?!" she responded.

"Maybe sometime when it's light outside," said her mom smiling.

"Don't worry. We are going to have a lot of fun indoors tonight. Plus... you know it's a little chilly," Jessica said rubbing her arms against her pink fleece hoodie.

"Okay?!" said Casey jumping up and down again.

"She's the energetic one," said Mrs. McLandon.

“Where is Andrew?” asked Jessica still smiling excited to meet her son.

Ms. McLandon rolled her eyes slightly. “Probably in his room playing video games.”

“I can’t wait to meet him!” said Jessica.

Ms. McLandon crossed her arms. “He stays in his room for the most part. You know boys that age. He has been complaining that he doesn’t need a babysitter.” She then walked closer to the foyer that lead to upstairs. “Andrew! Come down and meet Jessica.”

Andrew could hear his mom from his bedroom but ignored her.

“Andrew. Please come down. She’s excited to meet you!”

“Just a minute!” he screamed in hopes that if he came down, she would get off his back and hopefully Jessica wouldn’t bother him the rest of the night either. He frantically threw off the black heels he was wearing and pulled down the nylons. Standing up, he took off his mom’s mixed lace flair sleeve shift dress followed by the black 36D black bra that was obviously too big for him that he found. Although he didn’t want to take off the panties that felt so comfortable down there, he threw them along with the other clothes under the bed and quickly threw on some boy clothes to hurry downstairs.

When he saw Jessica, he couldn’t speak. At the moment his Mom mentioned a babysitter a few days ago, he imagined some overweight woman in her late-20s like the last woman who came over. But instead, here was this petite college age person with girl-next-door looks. Her breasts were not large, but they fit her figure. She looked like the type who would be captain of his high school varsity cheerleading squad.

“Hi! I’m Jessica!” she said with a cute smile and little wave knowing he probably wouldn’t come running up hugging her like his sister did. He wanted to touch her, but a hug wasn’t what he had in mind.

“Hey...” he said.

This girl was no more than four or five years older than him. And SHE was his babysitter?! Part of him felt like he had lucked out getting a babysitter who looked like this but another part of him felt embarrassed that a girl only a few years older than him was now in charge of him.

Jessica continued her artful skills of smart talk. “Do you have Super Crush Brothers XII? I challenge you later on!” she said playfully pointing at him for the video game death match.

“You play video games?”

“Yeah! Love them!” she said. “What were you just playing in your room?”

Andrew didn’t want to say ‘Pretend like I’m a sissy girl’ and instead lied, “Battlefield Evil Corps.”

“Ah, I think my brother plays that on Live,” she responded.

He smiled knowing that there was a new type of connection, although he couldn’t see himself playing with her in reality and imagined that she would be busy entertaining his little sister by doing her nails or something.

Ms. McLandon looked at the time on her iPhone noticing that it was 7:40 and she needed to start driving to meet the date she had by 8 at an Italian restaurant in town. “I need to get going. Jessica, if you need anything don’t hesitate to text me. Andrew, Casey... please be on your BEST behavior for Miss Jessica.”

“Yes Mom...” Andrew said hurrying back to his room.

Casey came up and grabbed Jessica’s arm. “Jessica! Want to see my room?!”

“Sure Casey!” said Jessica in an authentic excited tone.

Ms. McLandon smiled, “Bye. Love you both!”

Casey took Jessica upstairs to show her the new artwork she had in her room while Andrew had managed to get upstairs before them and lock his door shut to immediately jump in his bed. Jessica looked amazing. Though confused emotions hit his mind. He was attracted to her due to her extremely attractive looks but part of him wanted to LOOK like her. He wanted her figure. Her long hair. Her pink nail polish. To wear the dark denim jeans with long white blouse, pink hoodie, and jewelry she had on. To smell the rose like nature that she armored. Andrew closed his eyes and imagined various things as he soaked down into a world of pleasure.

“Thank you so much!” Jessica said at the end of the night receiving \$100 cash from Ms. McLandon.

“Oh no, thank you! You did everything I asked of you and more! Are you available next Friday?” she asked since the date she went on went well and she had set something up with the man she went out with already.

“Yes! Same time?”

“I will let you know. It may be about an hour earlier.”

“That’s no problem at all Ms. McLandon.”

“Please, call me Stacy,” she responded with a smile.

“Okay Stacy. Bye bye!” said Jessica as she excitedly left the house. Both women were so excited about the new opportunity that neither noticed that Jessica had left without her pink hoodie. The temperature had not gone down much as Jessica didn’t notice when she left.

Halfway down the road, she noticed she had forgotten something.

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“Crap. I left my hoodie!”

The next Friday, Jessica returned to the McLandon household. She was greeted at the door once again by Stacy, although this time, she was showing more cleavage in her blue dress than last week.

“Hiii!” said Stacy McLandon.

“Hey! Thanks for having me back!” Jessica said as she entered on Stacy’s cue.

“Jessica!” screamed Casey running up to her wasting no time greeting her new favorite babysitter.

“Hey Casey! Did you check out that movie I told you about?”

“Yeah!” screamed Casey. “It was soooooo funny!”

“I knew you would love *Amy’s Princess Vacation!*”

After some short banter between the three girls, Stacy gave Jessica instructions for the night and went on her way. She didn’t see Andrew at all, who was staying in his room debating on whether or not to engage with Jessica more or not. Part of doing so made him extremely nervous so he didn’t even bother coming down to say hi. Meanwhile, Jessica spent time entertaining Casey doing some crafts and playing games before making sure she brushed her teeth before bed. Jessica knew that Ms. McLandon wasn’t going to be home until a little after midnight this time and around 9:30 once Casey was asleep she knocked on Andrew’s door.

*Knock *knock.

“...Who is it?... said Andrew who was playing a video game.

“It’s Jessica!” she responded in an almost cartoonish hyper voice.

“...What do you want...?” Andrew said in his nervous, yet boyish tone.

“Open up... I have something exciting for you!”

What the hell could that be? He thought. Was this a game?

“What is it...?”

“Open up! It can’t wait forever!” she said in an excited tone of voice.

He finally gave in to temptation and paused the game to unlock the door. Once getting a look at her, he had the same crush-like-hit come to his body. Her hair was not in a braid like it was last week. This time, it was flowing down and she had more makeup on, especially her eyes. Her pink blouse showed off her girly arms and B-cup breasts while she appeared to have on yoga pants this week and he couldn’t help but wonder what her ass looked like.

There were no words that came out of his mouth and he waited for her to make the first move.

“Let’s make this quick!” she said barging into his room.

“What?!” he asked shocked by her statement.

“Your mom told me an interesting story tonight.”

“WHAT?!” he asked even more nervously.

“That you spend a lot of time in here and that it is your private liar, but that we need to play a game in here.”

“You want to play me in video games now?”

“We can later, but first we need to play a game on how fast we can get this room clean!”

“That wasn’t what I was expecting...”

Jessica laughed, “Yeah I know it’s not the most fun task but with the both of us I think we can have everything to her liking here in about thirty minutes or so.”

“Umm.. Jessica... can this wait a few minutes?” he asked knowing he had things to hid.

“I wish! I don’t like cleaning either but you know it’s so important in life. Let’s just work together as a team. How about you take those dirty dishes down and start cleaning around the dresser and I’ll take care of where things are probably most dirty like around the floor. Have to get all of this stuff clean before I vacuum,” she said before bending down and starting to pick up some clothes of his that were on the floor.

“Jessica... I don’t want to do this now!” he begged.

“It’s not that hard Andrew. If you keep this place clean, we won’t have to spend as much time on it in the future. Ready, set, go!” she said quickly picking up clothes and throwing them in the nearest hamper.

Suddenly, Jessica spotted a familiar garment underneath some clothes. “Oh my gosh, there’s my hoodie. How did it end up here?” she asked curiously.

Andrew played dumbstruck. “Maybe mom put it in here by accident.”

“Do you have a girlfriend?” she asked sincerely.

“.... Kinda...” he lied once again.

“That’s sweet! What is her name?” Jessica asked while picking up stuff.
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“Melody...” he said standing still.

“Cool! Let’s keep on cleaning. Come on.. Catch up!” she yelled as he stood there shocked as she went under his bed.

Suddenly, Jessica’s enthusiasm came to an immediate halt as Andrew’s face turned bright red and he felt his penis shrivel at humiliation.

She placed her hand on the dress and pulled it out from under the bed. Jessica noticed that it was the same dress that Stacy had worn on her date last week.

“Why is your mom’s dress under your bed?”

He didn’t answer her knowing that his cover had just been blown.

Jessica continued digging her hands under the bed, carefully pulling out a pair of pink panties with a matching bra. “Andrew... What is all of this stuff...?” She could tell he was very nervous.

“I don’t know how it got there...” he said in hopes that she would throw them in the hamper with the rest of the clothes and forget about it.

Unfortunately for Andrew, Jessica wasn’t stupid. “This was the dress your mom wore... and I’m assuming her bra and panties based on the size. I don’t think a girl your age could fit in this stuff...”

Andrew became even more nervous with his palms sweating. He said nothing.

She was puzzled. Her hoodie was in here. His mom’s clothes were in here. What teenage boy accidentally has his mom’s clothes in his room? Something wasn’t adding up. Equally nervous, she asked him. “... Are you wearing this stuff?”

“NO!” Andrew shouted.

“Quiet.. Your sister is sleeping! It’s okay... you can tell me...” she said still nervous. It was the first time in her eighteen years on Earth that she had to deal with something like this.

His relationship with Jessica had been short. Why in the hell would he openly admit his crossdressing habits with her when it had been a deep secret for two years? It wasn’t like he had easy access to female clothes. There was no girlfriend. No close female friends at his age. His only options would be to sneak in Mom’s room or attempt to try on Casey’s stuff which wouldn’t fit him since she was just over four-feet-tall.

“Andrew... I want you to be honest with me...” she said getting more concerned.

He knew he had no where to hide. While lies were a part of his regular vocabulary, how much could he do so with this very sweet pretty girl in his bedroom? Part of his wet dreams.

“Fine... Yeah... I like wearing girls clothes. Are you happy?!” he said getting angry.

She was silent for a second. While she didn’t know him too well, she could tell he was emotional about it. She thought about the men in her life and how none would probably admit to wearing their mom’s panties like he just did. Jessica thought about the best way to handle the situation.

Jessica pushed him down lightly to sit at the edge of the bed with her and started calming him. “Thank you for admitting that to me. You are very brave! What makes you want to dress like a girl?”

He was flabbergasted and surprised that she wasn’t getting angry that he had earlier jerked off while pretending to be her wearing her pink hoodie.

“I don’t know...” he said honestly almost getting tears. “I’m confused.”
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“Do you want to be a girl?” she asked.

“... In some ways... I like being a boy don’t get me wrong... but... the clothes.... The makeup.... Doing sissy things...”

She continued to rub his shoulders, still confused about his gender identity. “How often do you do this?”

“As much as I can..” he admitted. “It’s hard to do so when my mom is home though.”

Jessica was still awestruck by the conversation but thought it was important to keep the connection with him as part of her responsibility, though other parts of her job description called for other areas of responsibility. “We still need clean up... I’ll put your mom’s things in the laundry separate and place back in her room. Please clean up while I’m down there, but when we the room spick and span, then we can play some games! What do you wan to play tonight.”

Andrew didn’t speak for a moment, but didn’t replied, “Dragon Warrior X.”

She had heard of it and knew of the character design. “Okay, I’ll be that big ugly orange creature and you can pick the character of Princess Claire or something!”

A few weeks later...

“Okay, your sister is fast asleep,” Jessica said at 9:15pm.

“Great!” Andrew said with excitement.

Over the past few weeks, he had lied less to Jessica and admitted his desires. Jessica being the awesome babysitter that she was thought that

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bonding with Andrew would not only include video games but also somethings that were more up Casey's alley... like doing nails and playing dress up.

"I haven't worn these yoga pants in years, so it's all yours and PINK had a sale this week of five panties for \$10. These are your style," said Jessica holding up a pink laced thong amongst some other bright colored sissy panties.

Andrew felt like he was in heaven. Ever since admitting his feminine side to Jessica, she had been extremely supporting in his journey of gender exploration. "I love them!" he said enthusiastically.

"I knew you would!" she said smiling.

A few minutes later, they found themselves watching a movie in the living room on the sofa together. Andrew admitted that he liked "being one of the girls around here" and to sometimes forget that there was a penis down there spoiling the fun. He was wearing the new thong she had bought him, the black tight yoga pants that looked like they gave him a girlish figure, one of Jessica's old purple lace push up bras that was stuffed giving the illusion of B-cup breasts, and a pink girly cut shirt that said "Always a Daddy's Girl" on it. His nails had been painted both on his hands and feet. The pedicure could be easily concealed with socks when it came time to go into hiding but there was disappointment in the fact that he would have to remove his nail polish later that night before his mom found out.

To add to his feminization, he started shaving his legs thanks to Jessica's sisterly-like advice on how to properly put cream on and shave down there and his armpits. For additional hair though, Jessica had bought him a brunette wig for about \$50 at a costume shop that had a slight waviness to it. He loved twirling his fingers around the end of it. There was no chance in hell he was going to be able to buy anything like that by himself either in-person or online, so Jessica was a savior when it came to getting his hands on transformation materials.

On the sofa, Andrew was fully decked out in girl mode with his wig and some light makeup on along with the comfy outfit that made him feel like a girl.

“Oh no!!!!” Jessica said putting her hands over her mouth as she watch wide-eyed the scene in the movie where the secretary accidentally throws away the adoption records of her best friend.

“I hope she still gets the baby!” said Andrew, not expecting that he would like a movie like this aimed at older girls. He snuggled closer to Jessica as an excuse to get to touch her in the living room. There was still no moves made as he had found out that Jessica had a boyfriend, although it didn’t stop his fantasies.

“Thanks Allie,” Jessica said in response to the name he now liked to be called.

Andrew suddenly freaked out as he heard the front door open and his mom announce her presence.

“I’m home!!” yelled Ms. McLandon who was smiling greatly after having some close interactions with her new boyfriend.

He hit the floor as if someone had just thrown a pipe bomb and looked for the closest place to hide.

Jessica calmly paused the film and got up to welcome her back home.
“Welcome back! How was your night Stacy?”

“Perfect! Casey is sleeping like a baby and Andrew and I were just watching *Models to Moms*.”

“WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!?!” Andrew whispered at Jamie between clenched teeth, undecided if he just wanted to take the wig off and fake breasts immediately and hope the hell his Mom wouldn’t notice he had yoga pants on... but then again there was the makeup.

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“Oh I’ve been wanting to watch that for months! How is it?”

“Funny but sweet too! Miranda Raven is so hilarious in it!”

Ms. McLandon walked closer in the living room to the sofa where Jessica was standing. Andrew was still on the floor shocked that Jessica had not tried walking towards the front door to stall his mom while he tried to play escape artists and return to his room where he could take off all this sissy shit.

“Where is Andrew at?”

“Right here!” said Jessica laughing.

Andrew felt his penis shrivel in humiliation and became very sweaty knowing his mom was about to see him. Why in the hell did Jessica just say that?”

Ms. McLandon walked closer with a smile that matched Jessica’s and then saw her sissy son on the floor dressed like a girl. “Andrew... what are you doing on the floor?”

...Wait...What was he doing on the floor? Why didn’t she question that he was dressed like a girl? He nervously turned his head since his cover had been blown and looked up at his Mom who was still smiling.

“I’m sorry Mom...” he apologized.

“Aww, you don’t have to apologize honey. You look like a pretty girl.”

“Wait... you aren’t mad?!”

“Of course not Andrew. I love you no matter what you want to wear.”

Andrew felt very relieved, but there were still some unanswered questions. Luckily, Jessica was there to explain things to him.

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“Yes, I told her Allie.”

“Oh, that’s your girl name?” asked Stacy who came to hug her baby.

“You said you weren’t going to tell anyone!” said Andrew feeling like this was the first promise Jessica had broken.

“I didn’t, though the agreement was that I wouldn’t tell anyone outside the house! Remember?”

He had a hard time remembering the vague statement that was made the first night he was caught crossdressing.

“I’m really not mad honey,” said Ms. McLandon. “I want you to be yourself. Are you happy when you are dressed like this?”

“Yeah…” he said still shocked.

“Jessica told me a few weeks ago because she felt like I needed to know everything that happens here when I’m gone. She told me about how she found my clothes in your room and the talks you’ve had.”

His face turned even more red as he was clutched by her hug.

“Does Casey know?”

“Not yet,” said Ms. McLandon. “We are going to have to slowly introduce her to your feminine life.”

“Maybe Princess Dress-up Party next week?” asked Jessica with a slight laugh.

“That could be a start,” laughed Ms. McLandon with her.

Andrew didn’t like the idea of his little sister finding out since she may
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tease him, but he took the liberty of knowing he may be able to dress around the house more often.

“I have a present for you later,” said Jessica. “My mom found one of my old homecoming dresses that is a huge tulle gown and I think will fit you perfectly!”

Ms McLandon smiled and held her boy tightly. “Isn’t she the best babysitter ever?!”

Andrew smiled, “Yes... yes she is.”

In Her Shoes

The midnight blue 2001 Ford Focus chugged down the small suburban lane, inside sits the early 30's, Matthew Hollow. The assistant manager at the local failing X-Mart, rubbing his eyes with his free hand.

To try and recoup for fewer sales the big wigs decided to make over half of their stores 24/7 including Matt's, meaning later and longer hours. He'd contemplated quitting several times, after all, it was by far more hassle than it was worth but he had a mortgage and bills to pay and he couldn't risk being unemployed for any length of time.

Especially after the divorce of his high school sweetheart Debra, or Debs a few years ago. Sure he didn't have to pay much alimony for their teenage young daughter due to her earning easily double his wage but it did mean selling his house and buying a much more modest one in a worse part of town.

Pulling up into the driveway he spots the lights still on through the window thin curtains, hoping it's the neighbor Michelle, who was babysitting and not his daughter staying up so late. Slamming the car door several times as the damn thing never closed right he trudged up the two stairs and to the front door opening it as quietly as possible. "Hey Michelle, how's things?" he asked, trying to act a little perkier than he truly felt.

"Oh hey Matt, yeah it went fine. If it wasn't for cooking dinner I'd honestly say she would probably be fine alone but hey I won't complain about some extra cash haha." The preppy late teen responded. Her blonde hair was up in a high ponytail and she was wearing a rather casual ensemble of a pink VS hoody zipped up and skinny jeans.

Attractive but he didn't see her that way, far too close to his daughter's age. Plus he couldn't help but still pine for Debra, even if that was very one-sided. "Good to hear haha and yeah I think, they do grow up so fast. She asleep?"

"Yeah we stayed up till about just before midnight but then she went out like a lamp. She did say a few things though..." She added, seemingly a little torn on how to approach what she was saying.

"Oh, what's that?" He said taking off his coat and shoes, eager to get some rest himself.

"Just that with your new shift you two hardly ever see each other.

Her exact words were 'He's not even here so why do I have to come to this dump on the weekends'" she said with an apologetic smile.

Forcing a grin back as Matthew moved towards the kitchen to get a drink, "Yeah I can't blame her too much, I haven't had much time to spend as a father..."

It wasn't just his new hours though, the divorce had hit him hard and he didn't know how to connect with her anymore. She wasn't the little girl she used to be and he wasn't the happy father he once was either.

Taking a cold beer from the fridge he moved back to the living room and took out his wallet, passing Michelle a fifty-dollar bill which she gladly took and shrugged. "I guess it's hard for any father really but maybe just try to find some common ground you know, walk a mile in her shoes!" Waving goodbye as she left leaving Matthew alone with his drinking.

An hour or so passed with plenty of bottles as well, skipping through the crappy early morning shows more than a little tipsy. His mind was still figuring out stuff when Michelle's comment popped into his head, "A mile in her shoes huh..." He mumbled before shaking his head and getting up.

Glancing at the front door he noticed Michelle must have left it ajar when she left, cursing a little under his breath he stumbled over, almost tripping over a pair of Laura's shoes. He went to kick them across the floor in anger but stopped and for some strange reason put his foot alongside.

A little small but not by much, he'd always been fairly short and had smaller than average feet to match. Compare that to his ex-wife Debra who was tall by women's standards and his daughter must be taking after her in that regard.

Maybe it was the loneliness, the alcohol, or a mixture of the two for whatever reason Matt was transfixed on them. They weren't anything special, a slightly worn pair of pink ballet flats, finished with a little bow to make them just that tad bit more femme.

He'd never have given them any notice before but now, it was like his whole world revolved around them, picking them up and checking Laura was still fast asleep he took them to the front room as if they were his secret treasure.

Slipping his socks off he paused for a moment. This was wrong, right? What kind of grown man wears girly flats, let alone his daughter's, but still the nagging voice in his head pushed him onward to discovery.

The first foot slid in snug and almost caused a gasp to escape his lips, even the materials all felt new and exotic to him. They were a bit tight but oddly in a comfortable way like they wouldn't slip off by accident.

The second soon went on with vigor after how good the first felt and he stood up enjoying not only the feel but also the look, sure with a little hair it pulled it out of the moment but otherwise they were dainty girly feet.

"Sorry I just forgot my purse and tried...." A high-pitched voice entered his ears from behind as he spun around seeing a confused-looking Michelle pointing to her purse on the sofa.

"Oh Ummm...Michelle..." He didn't know what to say. There was nothing around to hide his feet with nor would it have helped since she was now staring at them.

Surprisingly though a smile formed on her lips and then a small giggle as she bent over and picked up her purse, "You know I didn't mean it so literally hehe, but still it's good to see a father trying so hard. Enjoy sweetie!"

Matthew tried to stammer out a response but she'd already turned to leave and he sat back down as he heard the front door close. Taking the shoes off glumly he carefully placed them back by the door before heading to bed, and a confusing night's sleep.

A few days had passed since the embarrassing incident without any word or sight of Michelle, he just hoped she hadn't blabbed about the whole thing to the neighborhood. Though judging by the fact he wasn't getting any strange looks or worse he figured he was fine, it was technically her idea anyway, right?

So far even though he'd been tempted a few times Matt hadn't dared to try on any more shoes or anything else for that matter, even though home alone with a locked door there was zero chance of being caught he just couldn't bring himself to forget the traumatizing experience.

Still working the late shift he was up quite early and went to collect the morning mail out front, cycling through the various flyers for local businesses and bank letters he soon felt the sensation of being watched.

"Hey, neighbor!" came a giddy voice immediately putting him on edge.

"Oh, Hi Michelle..." Matthew spluttered out, fighting the urge to run away screaming to his house.

"How're things, still need me to help out next weekend?" Michelle inquired cheerfully, seemingly unfazed by his deer in the headlights look.

"G...Good thanks, and yeah maybe I'll let you know closer to the time." Was it maybe a nightmare he'd had, or she was just as embarrassed as him and didn't want to broach the subject? Either way, he was glad and went to retreat with a slight wave.

"Oh and Matthew, about what last time." Of course, it couldn't have gone so smoothly, goodbye social life and hello hermit life. "I think it was really sweet of you." Here come the pitchforks and mob...Wait, sweet!?

"What do you mean?" He had to ask, completely unsure of the whole situation.

"You trying on her cute shoes duh!" Giggling as Matthew felt his penis shrivel a little and looked around to make sure no one could hear.

"You're a loving dad if you're willing to go that far to have some common ground."

"Oh right yeah, thanks I guess. Though don't get the wrong idea it was just a silly drunken mistake, I'd never do it again." He quickly blurted out, trying to convince both her and himself.

"Oh, well that's a shame. Who knows how much it might have repaired the relationship, plus if it's fun where's the harm? Just let me know if you want help with anything, happy to help a gal in need!" An exaggerated wink and a soft giggle later she was skipping back to her place leaving Matthew with a handful of letters and a head full of questions.

Maybe it was the permission he'd seemingly been given or maybe his pent up desires had just been too much suppressed, but within minutes of being home alone, Matthew found himself in Laura's room. Shutting the door behind him his heart was pounding so hard he could almost hear it inside his head.

A few deep breaths and a few soft words of self-encouragement and he plucked up enough courage to explore a little. The room had the faint scent of perfume which was a contrast to the rest of the place, not that he didn't like it,
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maybe he could spray some around the place he thought before he edged towards her dresser.

Her shoes were one thing but this was totally different, a much bigger jump into the ocean of femininity, and yet still he couldn't resist the siren call, he just had to know what it was like. The array of colors that lay before him as he opened it up was a far call from his drab grey draw, so much more variety in not just color, but style and material.

After a little while of examining a few pairs, he'd picked out an almost satiny pair of pink bikini style briefs and had managed to find a similar enough bra to match. Placing them on the bed he turned his attention towards the closet, thinking maybe something small like a pair of leggings, to begin with, but hanging up was a beautiful pink party dress she must have worn to a school event or a family wedding perhaps. Matthew admired the little glittery sequins on the bodice, the little lace on the sleeves, and the way the skirt seemed to billow out into a mess of frills, it was perfect.

Clutching a pair of low-heeled silver strapped sandals he began the transformation, not that he was doing anything fancy other than just putting the clothes on. Carefully and delicately, as if each article of clothing was made of porcelain he dressed up. The panties were first of course, and they almost made him faint as they snugly fit into position, for the first time in his life he was thankful his diminutive member was so teeny as they hugged every inch of him.

Now hooked on the new sensations and feelings he continued without any fear, strapping the bra around his waist before twisting it and slipping his arms through as he'd seen many women do before. The tightness of it caused what little fat on his chest he had to form into the cups, giving him the appearance of little breasts, again something that before he'd have been distraught about but for now he loved.

The dress was a little more tricky since at first he tried stepping into it but gave up quickly, instead of putting the top half on and shimmying it down his body before struggling to zip it up at the back. Finally finished, he sat down
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on the bed and slid his dainty feet into the heels, strapping them up before standing up a little wobbly. A few practice steps around the room helped his balance as he approached the mirror.

Now, sure his face and hair were still fairly masculine, and the hairy arms and legs took a little away from his overall feminine grace but still. The way the dress cinched in his waist and emphasized his chest, the way the sleeves were just slightly higher than any clothes men have, the way the heels pushed up his ankles into feminine arches. It all combined to make him look like a little princess and he couldn't believe just how much he loved it.

He giggled softly, feeling completely natural, and swished the skirt this way and that, making a few poses and blushing bright red. This was it he thought, there was no going back from this he'd been trying on plenty of different outfits and clothes from now on.

"Well, what do you think sweetie?" Matthew asked with a large grin on his face, something that lately had been an almost permanent fixture.

"Oh wow these are gorgeous and taller than any of my other heels, they're amazing Daddy!" Laura exclaimed, giving her father a one-armed hug while still holding the box containing the black peep-toe heels.

"I figured you'd been so well behaved recently even with everything going on, and you're mature enough to have these." Delighted with just how happy she was.

Her cheeks went a slight shade of red before she again returned to looking at the heels, "I'm surprised you knew my size and what I'd like, I don't think guys know that much about fashion haha." Laura laughed, taking one out and admiring it.

Now it was his turn to blush slightly as he waves a hand nonchalantly, "Oh I had a few girls at the store help me out. Besides, your old man isn't that out of touch haha."

She gave him a slightly odd look before shrugging, "Maybe not as much as I thought, plus these will go great with this black dress I got the other week, thanks again!"

"Oh? Guess I got super lucky then haha I'm just happy you like them." Matthew lied a little, sure he was happy she liked them but he also knew full well about the little black dress with the lace mesh top half. After all, he'd tried it on and felt it was missing those perfect heels. Smiling to himself, two birds with one stone, and now he just couldn't wait till he could slip into those heels and that dress, it was going to be a long weekend of waiting.

Sure enough, as soon as the weekend was over and he waved his daughter off to spend her week at her mother's he almost skipped towards her room, hoping she'd left them both here. Almost letting out a girlish squeal of delight as he indeed spotted both the heels and the dress.

A short few minutes later and Matthew was carefully doing a few chores around the house, the loud clicks of the heels on the floor gave him a content smile as he did so. Along with the swishing of the dress and the tightness of the underwear, he was in sissy heaven when all of a sudden the doorbell rang.

His heart almost stopped as he turned back to look at the door, cautiously moving closer before the doorbell rung once again, clearly whoever it was is persistent he thought before he called out, gathering up all his courage.

"Who is it?"

A slight pause before a familiarly cheery voice responded, "It's me Michelle, just wanted to pop in and say hi."

"Umm, now isn't a great time. I'm pretty busy, sorry." Matthew threw out a few excuses, hoping she'd leave.

"Oh really, you sure you're not just getting up to some dress-up fun?" She asked nonchalantly, how the hell did she know he thought as she continued after no response. "It's no big deal, I've already seen it somewhat and was
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curious how far you've taken it, now can I please come in?"

He could always refuse her, after all, it's his place and she has no right to see him. But still, she did keep his secret, not telling his family of other neighbors and there was a small part of him that did want her to see.

"Okay fine, just don't laugh or anything..."

Unlocking the door before ushering her in quickly and slamming it shut. "Oh wow, pretty dress and are those heels! You've come a long way huh?" Michelle asked happily, taking it all in.

"Well yeah. I guess one thing sort of lead to another." He shyly responded gripping one arm with the other rather awkwardly.

"Relax you look pretty good, a little makeup, wig, and some other touches and you'd be adorable!" Michelle complimented him before strolling past and into the living room as if it was her place, smiling the whole time.

Matthew hurried after her in his heels, a bit of an expert now in them as he stood by fiddling around with his dress as she took a seat. "So umm what's up?"

"Well girly, I've kinda been thinking. Having my babysitter side gig is great and all BUT I only really make money on the weekends." She explained, seemingly not caring that this grown man was wearing a little black dress and heels.

"Okay but umm, Laura is only here on the weekends so I can't he..." She cut him off before he could finish.

"She is correct, but you are here all week so I'm offering my services!"

Her services, what the hell did that even mean. Matthew took a few long seconds to think about what she was saying but still was drawing a blank.

"What do you mean?"

"It's simple, I think it's quite cute you getting in touch with your inner daughter as it were, and to tell the truth it's kinda fun thinking about helping you. So I'll do just that, I'll be YOUR babysitter!"

Okay, he'd always known she was quirky but this seemed completely insane, "Whoa now, I don't need a babysitter I'm an adult..."

"Sure, but you like playing dress-up and pretend, right? So how about we pretend you're Laura and I'll help you out, I have makeup, wigs and can offer advice and stuff." She explained laying out her plan with a mischievous grin.

A small part of Matthew was telling him to reject her and tell her to get out but the much larger part of his psyche was excited about the prospect of a full makeover, besides she already knew and it was a good idea to keep her happy with him or she could ruin him.

"O...Okay, I think I'd like to maybe try that out?" he asked, looking down at his feet in the heels.

"Awesome I knew you'd agree, we're gonna have a blast. So how about I come by tomorrow and we have a girly day hmm LAURA?" Standing up and putting her hand out to shake.

Tentatively he outstretched his and took it before, blushing even more at being called his daughter's name. "Deal."

"Perfect see you then, oh and do something about that hairy legs and arms, I can help with everything but that." She giggled before moving to the door and pointing to his heels before she left, "Oh and lesson one if you're going to wear peep-toe heels, have painted nails, sissy." Winking before she left. The loud sound of the door closing making Matthew jump a little, unsure whether he made the right choice.

It was a long day's wait for Matthew, thankfully he had a few days off so he could prepare just Michelle had told him. Heading to the store to buy razors before making himself hairless everywhere from the neck down. He'd
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have to think of an excuse in case anyone asked why but at the moment that didn't bother him, he was far too excited.

He was a little unsure of what to wear for when she arrived, wondering if he should dress up now or save that for when she came. Eventually what made his mind up was the desire to dress up himself, picking out a cute black skirt and white top to wear while he waited, already amazed at how better his legs and arms looked hairless.

The wait was torturous as he almost canceled the whole thing off several times but right while he was in the middle of convincing himself it was all a bad idea she arrived with a ring of the doorbell. Swishing over towards it Matthew almost opened it without even checking who it was first, "Who's there?"

"Just me sissy, now open up this stuff is heavy" Michelle's voice answered causing him to hurry and unlock it, letting her in and making sure no one could see him from inside. She was carrying her usual purse but now, on the other hand, was a suitcase with untold goodies.

Once the door was shut she turned to face him and smiled, "Aww good to see you're all smooth, and what a cute little outfit you picked out, just for me?"

Matt blushed harder than he ever had before but enjoyed her cutesy praise, nodding. "I wasn't sure if I should?"

"Oh no. It's cute, though I have something I want you to wear a little later on, for now, let's head to your room," she said cheerfully, leading Matthew in his own house but past his bedroom and into Laura's.

Setting the case down on the bed she unzipped it before revealing its contents, clothes, shoes, makeup, and even a few wigs. Matthew couldn't help but gasp and fought every urge in his body from diving into it and searching for things he liked.

"Now first things first LAURA" Adding emphasis to the name she was calling him, "We're going to get you in a wig and some makeup, okay sweetie?"

Matt could only nod as he was afraid his voice would give out. Michelle just giggled before setting about her task. He sat patiently, cross-legged on the bed as she meticulously painted his face. Describing each utensil and each method she used, foundation, pink and glittery eye shadow, eyeliner, blush, long false lashes, pink lipstick, and then a finished coat of glossy, glittery lip gloss to complete the look.

Annoyingly during all this he wasn't allowed to see himself, 'not till the transformation is complete' she had told him. Next came the wig, an expensive one as far as he could tell. Real human hair and nothing like the cheap Halloween ones he'd been tempted to buy.

"Are you done, can I see?" An excited Matt asked as he was almost bouncing on the bed.

Giving a little giggle at his eagerness Michelle shook her head, "Uh uh uh, I want you to get changed into something first. Your outfit is cute but I want you to wear this!" Pulling out a schoolgirl uniform from the case.

"Since I'll be teaching you all about womanhood, okay?"

Matt didn't need to be told twice as he happily nodded in agreement, hopping up and waiting for her to leave the room. Her smiling face and expecting look however made it clear she wasn't leaving as he looked down in embarrassment and took off the top before unzipping the skirt and letting it fall to the floor.

His plain white cotton panties and matching bra were on full display, he'd selected this combination in fear of what she'd say if he'd picked anything racier but now it seemed to fit the schoolgirl look perfectly.

"C'mon sweetie I'm not your boyfriend, you don't have to show your
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panties off to me hurry up into your uniform." She giggled out, poking out her tongue playfully as Matt turned a new shade of red than he'd ever been.

The skirt was plaid of course in pink and black while the shirt was a button-up white blouse that seemingly had half the bottom missing, meaning it would fit more like a crop-top. After donning both articles of clothing he went to pick up the white stockings with little bows, eager to know how they felt on his smooth legs but was stopped by a hand on his arm.

"First things first princess, like I said yesterday a good girl always has her nails painted!" Revealing a pink bottle in one hand and a glittery topcoat in the other. She did intend to make him sparkle he thought but of course was delighted with her decision.

Once again back up on the bed he watched all ten of his nails slowly transform into sparkly pink diamonds, delighted with how much more feminine his already dainty hands and feet were he was now permitted to slip on the stockings. Carefully sliding them up each leg and straightening the bows he couldn't get over how amazingly silky they felt on his legs, especially when rubbed together.

"And now the final touch!" Michelle said handing him a pair of mary jane pumps with a block heel, sliding them on before taking her hand and being led to the mirror. The girl that shyly looked back couldn't take her eyes off him. He looked so pretty he couldn't find words, the sparkles from his lips, eyes, and nails and caught attention as did his scandalously short skirt and sexy stockings.

He couldn't help himself and hugged Michelle tightly, even raising one leg femininely, getting totally into his role. She stood beside him and had him face the mirror again, asking. "What's your name, princess?"

"Wha..." Matthew looked at him slightly confused before she gave him a slightly sterner look, causing him to yelp out, "Laura!"

"Perfect! Next question, what are you?"

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Laura as he was now being called thought for a little bit but drew a blank about to speak when he felt a sharp pain on the back of his exposed bare thighs, evidently she'd slapped him causing his eyes to go a little wide and squeal out what he thinks she wants, "A girl, I'm a girl!"

"Correct, and a very pretty one at that!" Michelle said with a broad smile, taking HER hand and sitting LAURA on the bed. "Now first lesson is how to sit sissy, right now you're showing off your panties again and while that may be good for getting boys attention it's not very ladylike now is it?"

Laura's legs slammed together almost painfully quickly as she sought out her approval. Straightening out her skirt before placing her hands in her lap, still enjoying the sight of the pink nails. "Got it, smooth skirt and legs together right?"

Michelle smiled and nodded back, moving on to the next few lessons she had to teach the makeshift girl. A crash course in femininity which was equal parts hard work and great fun for Laura. How to walk with a slight sway, straight back and pushing her boobs out. How to bend over in a skirt, both the demure way and the way to get guys attention as Michelle put it. How to retouch her lipstick, how to carry a purse, and even how to flirt by playing with your hair, batting your eyelashes, and giggling coyly.

By the end of it, Laura's natural movements and mannerisms were changed completely, no hint of masculinity to be found as the pair took a small break to have some food ordering a pizza which of course Michelle had her answer the door too. The delivery boy almost had a heart attack when he saw Laura, he was obviously turned on and even tried to make small talk several times while she paid, it was amazing the newfound power Laura had, to almost control boys, it was intoxicating.

Once they'd finished their meal and cleaned up a little Michelle announced it was enough for one day but that she couldn't call herself a babysitter unless she put Laura to bed. A quick girly scented bath later Laura found herself putting on sleepwear in her room. A pair of baby blue sleep

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shorts along with the matching top that spelled out 'sleeping beauty' in white text.

Once dressed Michelle came in and had Laura slip into the bed and get prepared for sleep, "Now it's been a long day and girls need their beauty sleep right?"

"Yeah, right," Laura replied, holding back a content giggle.

"Now I want you to sleep in here whenever possible okay, you should be getting used to calling this room yours." She said with a wink before kissing her forehead and leaving. Laura listened intently to her footsteps away and finally the front door closing before she put her head on the pillow and slipped off into a pretty pink dream.

Over the following days, Michelle would pop over and give Laura a few lessons, some more serious than others but always fun for both of them. It was getting to the point where Laura was dressed up almost every second she was home and each night was sleeping in her feminine room peacefully.

That routine was broken up by the real Laura coming over of course, not that Matthew minded the little break and the quality time with his daughter. His new cheerful attitude and knowledge of feminine secrets lead to his relationship blossoming, the two hadn't been so close in years.

So when the end of an enjoyable weekend came around it was a bittersweet moment for him, he'd enjoyed her company and would surely miss her but at the same time, he was looking forward to having the house to himself and to indulge in his newest hobby.

Giving her a slight hug as she hauled a large bag with her, he was hoping she hadn't taken too many cute things with her a little inside his head as he opening the door to let her out. Walking her part ways to his ex-wife's car as she waited impatiently inside.

After their goodbyes Matt watched them drive down the street before he excitedly rushed inside and went straight to Laura's room. In record time he'd

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stripped down and redressed in a cute floral sundress and flat sandals before posing in the mirror.

The wig Michelle had leftover had been styled and looked perfect on his head as he tried to get back into his girly headspace, talking out loud. "My name is Laura, I'm a girl. A pretty girl." Giggling slightly in the mirror before he heard a sound behind him.

Thinking perhaps Michelle had come in but instead, it was his worst nightmare, there stood his ex-wife Debra with a look that conveyed both disgust and pleasure somehow at the same time. "My my, well you certainly aren't a man are you, you must be a girl..."

"Debra!? How did you get in here?" He asked before cursing himself, in his rush he'd left the door ajar, answering his question in his head.

"Never mind that sissy you've got a lot of explaining to do." She took a step into the room before picking up Laura's phone which she'd left behind by mistake, "I'll be taking this, now you. If I didn't want my daughter to see her father being such a little priss I'd take you outside and show the whole neighborhood!"

"Please Debs, it was just a one-off mistake, I promise!" Panic now setting in as he tried desperately to convince her to stay silent.

"Enough lies sissy, now like I said I don't want to put out daughter through that BUT I will be back over later tonight and you're going to answer some big questions, got it, Missy?"

"Y...Yes Ma'am!" Was the only thing he could think to say dressed as he was.

An evil grin forming on her face as she nods before walking out, looking back to mutter, "I can't believe I married this, you never were much of a man anyway."

Matthew just watched in stunned silence as she left the room and the house, collapsing on the bed as he worried about just what his vindictive ex had in store.

We hope you enjoyed reading this story as much as we did writing it! If you found pleasure in this story, please be sure to leave us a positive review!

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