

Stepsister's Plans



Susan Hulbert

An "Adult TV" Novel



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Stepsister's Plans

By Susan Hulbert

I'm sitting alone in my study to write this. I had to get into the mood and that meant that I had to be as female as possible. It wasn't hard; I think I've mostly forgotten about ever being anything else.

It started when I dressed after my shower and I'd dried my hair. It had grown down to the middle of my back and I'd had it lightened for the first time a few days ago. I wished I'd been daring enough to do it earlier.

I started with my best lingerie. I loved the pale lace-upon-lace design of my bra and panties. It didn't matter what I wore over them; having such lovely things cupping my breasts and holding my other bits in check was part of the delight.

It was a warm day and I knew I'd be unable to write all day without wandering into the garden and taking in some sun. A baby blue sundress with a small pattern of paler blue flowers was easy to wear and cool. The low neckline allowed the tops of my breasts to show. I liked that.

It was too hot for much makeup. I was so pleased that I'd decided to get eyelash extensions at the same time as they did my hair. I could go to town without having to think about false lashes.

Maybe I'm predictable but I liked to wear a lot of black eyeliner over and under my eyes, with mascara to emphasise my new lashes.

I slipped my feet into backless mules with a spike heel. Since I learned to walk in them, there didn't seem any point in wearing boring shoes any more.

I liked my image. I was a woman to be desired, and I loved it.

I did make one big mistake though. When I had my last manicure, I had my usual long red nails. That keyboard never made so many mistakes before.

It all started after I got some infection at work. It should never have happened, but it did. I'm not going to tell you about the months and months of treatment. I'm not going to tell you about the court case or the settlement.

I'm going to tell you about Lilly and Francesca.

"Now that you're out of the hospital, you must come and stay with us," my stepsister Arabella insisted.

"I'm not the fittest I've ever been," I replied.

I was trying to ease my way to declining the invitation. I was afraid to mix with people. It was irrational but all the medication and the side effects had done something to my confidence.

"That's why you should come," she insisted. "The weather here on the coast is lovely once the heat of the summer has gone. You couldn't come to my wedding and I think you owe me a visit."

“It wasn’t that I didn’t want to come,” I replied. “They wouldn’t allow me out of the hospital. You didn’t send me a picture.”

“I’m sure I did; maybe it got lost in the hospital?”

“That could be true. They sanitised everything before they allowed it into my bubble.”

“I never really understood what happened to get you in there.”

“It’s classified,” I said. “You know I was working as an instrument technician for the Navy research lab. All I can say is that something nasty escaped the bio-security. I caught it and they kept me in isolation while they worked out how to cure it. It was the longest nine months of my life.”

“You were hospitalised for over a year.”

“But I was totally out of it for the first few months.”

“You’re not working there anymore?”

“I don’t think I dare go back into lab work. I was so scared,” I admitted. “They wanted it hushed up so I escaped with a decent payoff and a pension.”

“So now you’re free, financially independent, and you need to come and visit your favourite stepsister.”

“You’re my *only* stepsister.”

“I can still be a favourite, can’t I?”

“Okay, you win. How would it be if I fly out in a couple of weeks?”

“You’re not getting out of it. I’ll do the booking; all you have to do is turn up for the flight.” Bella sounded really assertive and I knew better than to argue. “I’ll text you the details when I’ve booked.”

It wasn’t that we didn’t get on. We did but she was always bossing me around; organising my life. Given the state I was in, I thought it might not be a bad thing.

It took me longer than a couple of weeks to get ready. I gave up my room in the shared apartment I'd been living in since my release. I packed to travel light. I hadn't many clothes anyway. Most of my stuff had been for a much fatter person.

I think I must have looked like a dumpling before. Being so ill, I'd lost weight and couldn't seem to put any back on. It meant a whole new wardrobe, but I hadn't bothered in case my weight went back up. I was resigned to being a skinny guy now so a few trips to the Goodwill store solved that problem.

I had to steel myself for each trip out; each encounter with other people was so difficult. They suggested that the illness and the time in hospital brought it on. I didn't know what to say or how to act. I must have seemed really strange.

It was diagnosed it as agoraphobia; a fear of being outside with complications. It wasn't always the outside that I feared; it was me *in* the outside that felt wrong. Sometimes I could cope with it. Other times I had really to steel myself to go out. Mostly I didn't

When I had to go out, I tried some visualisations. I fantasised that I was a little like Jack Reacher, setting out into the unknown, with hardly anything.

I wasn't really like that. True, I had few possessions but I knew where I was going. I had my identity papers, my bank card, basic toiletries and a few clothes as I went to the airport.

I think I'd decided that I wouldn't be coming back. My last girlfriend had moved on while I was sick. I didn't blame her. I wasn't the man I used to be, and I didn't want the life I used to have.

It was only as I sat on the plane that I remembered that I hadn't sent a text to confirm I was on my way. I sat back and refused to worry. I could call from the airport when I landed and get a bus. I was sure I could find my way to my sister's new home.

It was hard but I was sure that I could do it.

It was really late when my flight landed and rather than risking disturbing my sister and her husband, I stayed in the airport hotel. After a leisurely breakfast, I got the bus into the city and then another to the small town on my address card.

“Hi, I’m in town.” I said when Bella answered her mobile. “I’m getting a cab out to your place.”

“You should have called earlier,” she chided me. “I won’t be back until evening. I’ll call and ask Phillip if he can leave the summer house open for you until we’re back.”

“You have a summer house?” I asked.

“Hey, we’re doing well,” Bella laughed. “You’ll have to pick up something to eat on your way but there’ll be cold drinks in the fridge. I can’t wait to see you. I bet you’ve changed.”

“I’ll be the one in the summer house,” I said. “You’ll recognise me easily; five foot seven, a hundred and twenty pounds, with a dirty blonde ponytail.”

I didn’t tell her how much I’d changed.

“It won’t be hard to spot you.” Bella had an infectious way of laughing. “I think Phillip will be back later than I so you’ll be the only one there. I always thought you’d look better with less weight but that’s some loss.”

“It’s okay,” I replied. “I can’t seem to put weight on and I’m here, so it’s all good.”

The cab dropped me at the gates. Bella hadn’t been kidding when she said they were doing well. There was a paved drive and I could just see the roof of a house in the distance. All I needed to do was to figure out how to open the gates.

I was about to call Bella again to ask for a code when a white Mercedes SUV pulled up beside me.

“Bella said I should look out for you.” The driver was a delicious looking blonde of the kind that I only met in fantasies. “Get in and I’ll take you up to the summer house.”

I thanked her and hurried into the car. My bag went into the back along with the box holding my lunch. As I settled into my seat belt, I looked at her. It was hard to guess how tall she’d be but there was no mistaking that she had a great figure.

I looked at the road and tried not to be too obvious about looking at her. I was ticking off my dream girl as her perfume filled the car. I took in her legs; a skirt so short that it showed them to be long and tanned, with spike heel sandals and red toe nails.

Her blouse was silk and fitted so that the outline of her bra showed through the thin material. If she saw me looking, she didn’t seem to mind so I looked some more. She had nice breasts; the open buttons of her blouse showed a generous amount of cleavage.

I watched her steer the SUV into an area in front of a garage block to the rear of the house. Her fingernails were the most extravagant that I’d seen, and I wondered how she could do anything with her hands, but then she didn’t look like the kind of lady who’d have to do a lot of heavy lifting.

My heart sank a little when I saw her left hand had a wedding set, with a diamond that probably cost a few years of my pension.

“Here we are.” She tucked a lock of hair behind her ear where I saw a gold hoop and a few glittering studs. “Shall I get your bag?”

“You’ll break your nails,” I said, regretting the words as soon as they were out of my mouth.

She smiled, lips shining and revealing perfect white teeth. She didn’t speak as she got out of the vehicle and set off towards the back of the house. I grabbed my bag and followed.

“Make yourself at home.” She indicated the summer house beside a small pool. “Bella said she’d try and get back as early as she could.”

I stepped towards the house, looking at how lovely it all looked. I turned to say something but my dream girl was walking away, hips swaying. This was a girl who knew how to make an entrance... or an exit, I thought.

I watched her as she got back into the SUV and, with a wave, drove away.

“Hi Jeremy.” My stepsister’s voice roused me from my doze beside the pool. “I got a call to say you’d arrived.”

“Hi Bella.” I hugged her, and stood back to take in her appearance. “You look as if this life really suits you.”

It had been almost two years since I’d seen her. She was almost the double of the girl in the Mercedes. Her hair was as long and maybe a shade or two more tawny, but she had all the sheen of a real West Coast girl.

“It’s so good to see you again, even if there’s a lot less of you these days.” She prodded my stomach, which was as flat as hers.

“It was that bug. I can laugh about it now but when I was in the hospital, I was really scared.”

“Does that mean you’re not going to make a fortune marketing it as a weight loss programme?”

“I think the government would have me locked away if I even mention it,” I replied. “I always wanted to lose weight. Now I think I’ve lost too much and can’t put any back on.”

“I’m so glad you’re here,” she said. “You’re the only relation I have left and to think I nearly lost you.”

“Let’s not talk about that,” I replied. “You seem to be doing really well with all this.” I waved my hand expansively over the house and grounds.

“It’s all Phillip’s success; I can’t take credit. I work hard but he’s the one with all the ideas.” She held out her hand for me to take and together we walked to the house. “I’ve put you in the guest wing. There should be everything you need in there, but call me if there’s anything missing.”

She left me at the door. “Phillip should be back after six so why don’t you come over at seven and we’ll eat together.”

“I’ll look forward to that,” I said. “And I’m really looking forward to meeting your new husband.”

“You’ll love him,” she said, turning into the house.

I went into the guest wing. It was really a small apartment, well-appointed and far better than the shared one I’d left. The moment I was alone and the door closed, I felt a huge sense of relief. I could hide away again.

I showered and it was so good. Lots of hot water and shampoos and conditioner scented like I’d never smelled before. These were luxury brands; they must have been because they smelled so nice and I’d never heard of the brands.

The towels were big and soft and fluffy too and there was a robe. I wrapped my hair in a towel and looked through the bottles and aerosol cans, smelling each one before selecting some blow dry lotion. I used the drier and soon my hair shone like it never had before with silvery glints in amongst my normal dusty blonde shade. It was beautifully soft as I let it fall over my shoulders.

I must have dozed for a while. The next thing I knew, it was half-past six. I dressed quickly, wishing I’d better clothes to wear on my first night here. As the clock said seven, I walked out across the courtyard to the main house.



Bella looked up as I entered the dining kitchen. There was no sign of Phillip but the delicious girl who'd let me in was sitting at the table, looking cool and quite spectacular. I had to stop myself staring. She knew too; a hint of a smile told me so as our eyes met briefly.

"Has Phillip not arrived yet?" I asked.

I saw Bella exchange glances with the girl. Bella took my arm and turned me towards the table.

"Jeremy, say hello to Phillip." The girl got up with a huge smile and came across to hug me, surrounding the air with that delicious perfume again.

"I'm sorry," I stuttered. "I guess I thought that Phillip would be a guy."

That smile passed between them again.

"Phillip is a guy," Bella said. "Believe me, I didn't skip the biology classes at school and I've looked."

"But he's... she's..."

"Not as confused as you are." Phillip laughed at my disbelief.

"But I saw your breasts." I couldn't help saying it out loud.

"I hope you liked what you saw. They cost enough." He went over to put an arm around Bella.

"You'd better explain," she said, holding onto his hand.

"There's not much to explain." Phillip said. "I'm a guy but I make my living by being a girl. I started out as a guy, I have to be more of a girl that I would if I were a real one."

"But does it pay?"

"It pays very well so far." Phillip gestured for me to sit at the table and sat opposite me.

I couldn't detect anything male about him. My eyes told me one thing but I knew that Bella and Phillip

must have been telling the truth. He was all girl; the breasts and the makeup, the nails, the hair, the heels, the dress. How could it be?

"I can't pretend that I understand any of this," I said. "I think my eyes are deceiving me."

"I used to do the drag shows," Phillip said.

"They were awful," Bella interrupted.

"Bella convinced me that I should be realistic and attractive, not too stylised and over the top." Phillip played with the rings on his left hand.

"You should have seen his breasts when we met." Bella reached out and took his hand gently. "They were like half-grapefruit shapes and stuck out far too high on his chest."

"That corrective surgery hurt," Phillip said. "I had to have them removed and revised with new implants to look natural, lower on my chest and closer together so that the cleavage you were admiring this afternoon would look real."

"He did that for me," Bella said. "That's when I decided he had to marry me."

"It was hard work at first, but she insisted." Phillip pushed a stray lock of hair behind his ear, showing a long drop of glittering stones hanging from the lobe. "Then I started my agency and at the same time changed my act."

"I'm not following," I said. "What is it that you do?"

"I do personal appearances; corporate stuff mainly. I do diversity training and then, of course, I'm still an entertainer. I'm an illusionist. I have an occasional hypnotist act and some comedy; occasionally I sing. I'm not a stand-up but I do humorous monologues; after dinner speeches and that kind of thing."

"That sounds like a lot of work." I shook my head at the thought of it all.

“He’s being modest,” Bella interrupted. “Phillip has a motivational training company and earns big bucks from big companies.”

“I have an agency and we supply female impersonators for all kinds of projects, some serious and some humorous. They do the same as I do and other things as well.”

“And we get management fees and commissions,” Bella added.

“It all adds up to a good life.” Phillip waved a hand as if to say that it had bought all that I could see.

“But what made you think of doing it in the first place?” I asked.

“I loved dressing up and acting,” Phillip said. “I couldn’t afford drama school and I didn’t have any connections. Life was rough back then.”

“It can’t have been that long ago,” I interrupted. “You can’t be thirty yet.”

“It’s always good to know that the money spent on surgery isn’t wasted.” He smiled. “My first forays into the game weren’t good. As Bella said, the breasts I had didn’t look great but they were big enough to get me noticed.”

“And you probably got booked because they were so unbelievable,” she laughed.

“It wasn’t good back then and I don’t like to talk about it,” Phillip agreed. “I didn’t feel good about myself but I couldn’t do anything about it without a lot of money that I didn’t have. Then Bella appeared.”

“I started managing him,” she continued. “I worked him into better gigs and we saved so that he could get proper surgery.”

“I knew I didn’t want to go back to being a boy,” Phillip said. “The chance to be a classy girl was too much to resist.”

“And I had my own dress-up doll.” Bella smiled as if everything was so simple.

“I think we’d better eat.” Phillip stood and dinner was served. “We can tell you the rest of the story tomorrow if you’re interested.”

“I am,” I replied. “I’m fascinated.”

“We’ve plenty of time,” Bella said. “You’re to stay as long as you like and get really well again.”

“That’s too kind.”

“Nonsense; you’re my only relative. I want to take care of you.” Bella gave me a sympathetic look. “You were so ill for so long, I was afraid we’d lose you.”

“I can pay my way,” I said.

“That doesn’t matter but you can contribute if you like; a bit of driving, some computer work. I hope you’ll stay with us simply because you like it here.”

“Phillip’s gone to some meetings,” Bella said when I appeared in the kitchen next morning. “But I guess that you’re full of questions.”

“My head is spinning,” I replied. “I’m trying to make sense of it all.”

“It’s simple; Phillip’s the guy I love, That’s why I married him.”

“But he’s beautiful.” I couldn’t help saying it.

“I know and I love that too.” Bella’s look asked if I could ever doubt it. “I know you want me to explain it all away but I can’t. It’s just the way we are.”

“I’m struggling to know which questions to ask; the ones I can ask and the ones I daren’t.”

“I know it must be a lot to take in.” Bella poured coffee into a mug for me and passed the sugar. “Let’s go shopping and we can talk about it all when Phillip gets home this evening.”

“Are you sure he won’t mind?” I was still struggling with the fact that this vision of femininity was my sister’s husband. I didn’t want to ask about his male equipment.

“It’s probably better that way.” She went to the door. “I saw your bag and I guess you need to buy a few things. I’ll get ready and we can set off for the mall.”

“I do need some clothes if I’m going to stay here for a while,” I agreed. “I can’t ask to borrow Phillip’s.”

“He wouldn’t mind.” She had a twinkle of mischief in her eye. “Most of it would probably fit you.”

“With an obvious exception.” I mimed a shape with my hands.

In the end, I didn’t buy anything. I guess all that time in isolation in the hospital had an effect on me which I hadn’t appreciated. I was struggling with being amongst people. Making trivial decisions seemed too much. I wanted to run away and hide.

I didn’t say much on the drive back. As soon as we were back at the house, I almost ran into the guest wing to hide.

“Dinner will be at seven,” Bella called as I closed the door.

It was a little after seven when I entered the kitchen. Bella was there and the smell from the oven was really tempting.

“Phillip should be home soon,” she said, pouring some white wine into two glasses.

I sipped mine and saw that she was looking at me. I recognised that look. It said that she was framing a question that I might not like.

“You didn’t feel good when we were shopping.”

It was a statement, not a question but still one that required an answer.

“I think I’ve lost a bit of confidence,” I replied. “The hospital was not a good experience and I was in isolation for such a long time.”

“But you were able to get on a plane and come here.”

“I think I was escaping,” I admitted. “I didn’t like being in a shared apartment; coming here was like escaping to a sanctuary.”

“I’m pleased you feel like that.” Bella smiled. “But I’m worried at the same time.”

“I’ll get used to being back in the human race soon,” I joked. “It’s probably doing me good being here. I’m far away from anyone who knew me before I was ill.”

“Is that good?”

“I think so,” I replied honestly. “I think I’m a different person now. I can’t go back and I don’t think I want to.”

“Will you be okay on your own when both Phillip and I have to be working?” Bella asked. “Sometimes we have to be away for days or even a week or two.”

“I’ll just hide away here. I’ll be okay.”

“Leave that one with me; you can’t hide away for the rest of your life.”

Before we could say more, Phillip arrived home. Once again as I looked at him, I couldn’t see anything male about him. He was immaculate, from perfect blonde hair to spike heels. He moved sinuously; his gestures were feminine and so natural.

He kissed Bella and then came to me and leaned in for a kiss and a little hug. I felt his soft lips brushing my cheek. Again I reacted to what I was seeing and the perfume that surrounded him. I wasn’t thinking about him being a boy. This was a woman’s greeting. I confess that I liked it.

Bella laughed at my confusion. Phillip looked at her, then realised why she was laughing and joined in.

“We must seem very strange to you.” Phillip put his arm around me; a most natural feminine gesture and again I have to confess that I liked it.

“We’re used to being together,” Bella explained. “It’s how we are and how we live. We don’t mean to embarrass you.”

“I’m not... you don’t.” I stammered again. “I guess I’m not used to being with people.”

“I know that you didn’t feel comfortable when we were shopping... or trying to shop.” Bella looked at Phillip as if searching for an answer.

“When I was really unhappy with who I was and where I was going, I had to re-invent myself,” Phillip said.

“Hey, I was the one who re-invented you,” Bella added.

“Either way, becoming someone else got me out of the dreadful state I had allowed myself to get into.”

“I think I understand what you’re saying.” I thought hard. “But I don’t have anyone to be my reference point.”

“Maybe you need time to let life catch up to you?” Bella started to serve dinner and the conversation switched into subjects less profound. “Leave it with me; I can think of a way of changing things for you.”

“So what do you make of your little stepbrother?” Phillip reclined on the chaise-longue in their bedroom, wearing the most extravagant pale silk nightgown and negligee. “He seems to be really damaged by his experiences.”

“I can’t imagine what it must have been like.” Bella popped the cork on a bottle of prosecco and poured two glasses. “He must have been so frightened.”

“He’s so frightened that he can’t face the world,” Phillip agreed, wrapping his long red tipped fingers around a glass. “What can we do to help him?”

“I’ve an idea,” Bella said. “I’m not sure you’re going to agree, but hear me out.”

“Okay; any ideas are good because based on that psychological assessment you showed me, he seems beyond conventional help.”

“We weren’t supposed to see that,” Bella replied. “Don’t ever mention it.”

“I promise not to.” Phillip held out a hand and pulled her to sit beside him. “What’s your idea?”

“Remember the report said that he couldn’t bear to be in public again?”

“I remember that; he’d had some treatment that failed.”

“He can function sometimes,” Bella reminded him. “He got himself here.”

“That was only after you’d made all the arrangements.”

“Yes but if he hadn’t been coming to some sanctuary, he’d never have left his room.”

“So what are you thinking?”

“I think I’d like to make him into your assistant.”

“He’d never agree,” Phillip interrupted. “My life is far too public.”

“You always said that it would be good to have someone to travel with you; someone to take the attention from you.”

“But I like the attention.”

“Imagine if he became your younger sister.”

“You’d push him that far?”

“Of course I would,” Bella said. “Remember how I designed your body and your personality. I like the idea of doing it all over again.”

“But he’s your stepbrother.”

“I think I’d like him more as a stepsister.” Bella paused to let the thought sink in. If he wasn’t doing it as Jeremy...” Bella paused. “If he was doing it as Janet or Jemima, he might be able to do something.”

“I get what you’re saying but I don’t see how you could get him to do it,” Phillip said. “I mean if you asked him if he’d like to change sex, what would he reply?”

“You haven’t changed sex,” Bella said. “And I’m truly grateful for that. What I’m thinking is that if he could change the way he appears in public, maybe he could function in this new identity. In other words, he could hide behind being someone else.”

“And if this succeeds, you think he could work for me?”

“It’s a possibility.”

“I admit that I’m intrigued by your ideas.” Phillip sipped his wine and reached to re-fill their glasses. “I can’t understand how you could get him into this.”

“Leave that with me; I’m going to nudge him slowly into feminine things. He won’t even notice that he’s being nudged,” Bella said. “All you have to remember is to be nice and encouraging.”

“Does that mean whatever he does?”

“It means you use your common sense.” Bella knew Phillip was asking a silly question. “I’m going to nudge him towards female things; to show him how much easier he would feel if he changed everything.”

“How do you do that?”

“Can I ask Tim to help, not to change him, but to show him things he doesn’t know about?”

“Tim can be a little unpredictable,” Phillip said. “He can be quite voracious sometimes.”

“You mean when he’s dressed as Lilly.” Bella had a picture in her head. “Voracious could work; it would certainly give him something to think about if Lilly had her way with him.”

“I’ll agree on condition that you don’t tell Tim anything about your plans.”

“Let nature take its course, do you mean?”

“Maybe not nature exactly.” Phillip touched his glass to Bella’s.

They paused then and looked at each other for a few seconds. Phillip took the glasses and put them aside. As if there was a magnet, their lipstick lips touched, their arms went around each other, and all thought of serious conversation was lost.

“While we’re away for a few days, I’ve asked a friend to call and make sure you have everything,” Bella said next morning as we sat outside in the sun with our coffee.

“I’ll be okay,” I replied.

“But I won’t be okay unless someone can tell me that you’re okay.” Bella took my hand. “You’ve had a rough time and I need to know that my only family is being looked after.”

“I give in.” I squeezed her hand. “I should be flattered that you care.”

“We’ll be leaving after lunch. Compo will be calling on you regularly and if there’s anything at all, he’ll be able to sort it out for you.”

“Compo?” I asked. “That can’t be a real name.”

He's the guy who knows all about the computers at Phillip's office; that's how he got the nickname. I don't think we ever used his real name."

"Does he have a real name?" I asked. "It's a bit impolite to use a nickname when I don't know him."

"You're right; he's called Tim."

"Thanks, sis," I said. "I appreciate it all and I'm sure I'll be fine for a few days."

"You can use my car."

"I don't have a licence. I was doing the course but then the bug struck and I was in the hospital."

"I didn't know," Bella sighed. "If I'd known, I would have arranged for you to take the test for this state. In the meantime, Tim has a company car if you need to go anywhere."

After they left, I spent a lovely afternoon. I lazed by the pool and read in the sunshine and in the shade. I didn't want to burn my skin in the sun. I heated some pasta that Bella had left for me, then took a glass of red wine out onto the terrace to enjoy the sunset.

"Hi. I guess that you're Jeremy."

The voice startled me as I sat there contemplating the world and my place in it.

"I am," I said, looking at the speaker.

He was my age and about my size; slim but with long dark hair hanging straight down in a thick pony tail.

"I'm Compo... err, Tim; Bella asked me to look in on you."

"Do you have to report to her every day?" I asked, smiling to show that I wasn't being aggressive.

"I guess she's worried about you being alone."

"I thought the gates were meant to make sure that I was alone."

"I have the security code. She wasn't sure that you'd let me in." He waved a bottle bag towards me. "A welcome gift; I thought we could talk a little if you'd like to."

"Pull up a glass and sit down." I think I liked his honesty. "You can tell me all about anything."

"There's not much to tell." He sat down and poured a glass from my bottle. "I run the office for Phillip and Bella. I make sure that everything runs as well as it can."

"There must be more to it than that?"

"Bella told me that I had to take you out on Friday evening," Tim said. "She told me that I had to insist. I think she's afraid that you'll turn into a hermit."

"She's probably right," I admitted. "I've never felt good about going anywhere since the hospital."

"Think of me as your bodyguard," Tim said confidently.

"But you're smaller than me." I caught the glint in his eye.

"I may be smaller but I've survived in this town for years."

"Where would we go?"

"I've the office pass to the best places around."

"I don't want to go anywhere too... too..." I didn't know what to say next.

"You want somewhere casual, with no hassle." Tim picked it up correctly. "I'll make sure we go somewhere like that, smart casual dress, relaxed atmosphere. Does that sound okay?"

I thought for a moment. "Somewhere we can leave if it gets too much would be good."

"We can do that. Any other preferences?"

"Somewhere we can hear each other talk."

"Okay, so no heavy rock band."

“And definitely no metal band either.”

“Trust me, I’ll find somewhere you’ll like. Bella’s given me the office plastic to pay for dinner too.”

“I think that’s a step too far,” I said. “If I have to do this, make it somewhere for a drink rather than a full meal.”

“Your wish is my command,” Tim said, standing up. “I’ll see you on Friday evening, Remember smart casual, don’t sweat it.”

Friday came and I was getting nervous. I tried deep breathing exercises but I was still nervous as I went to shower and change. I didn’t have much choice of clothes. I could hardly borrow from Phillip.

When Tim called to ask if I was ready, I was sitting in my only chinos and a smarter button-down blue shirt. My leather jacket was by the door but it was a warm evening and I guessed I might not need to wear it.

A car horn sounded outside. I closed the door behind me and got into a silver sedan. I was relieved to see that Tim was dressed in a similar style. My limited wardrobe wasn’t going to be put to shame.

The bar was everything that Tim had promised. It was cool and full but not crowded. The people seemed non-threatening and no one bothered me. Tim was obviously known there and left me briefly to greet his friends.

He did his best to involve me and introduced me to several people whose names I promptly forgot. I could feel my unease rising into a low-level panic. It must have shown on my face because without my saying anything, Tim shepherded me outside and we were on our way back home.

“I’m sorry that wasn’t more successful for you,” Tim said as we drove.

“It was fine,” I assured him. “I think that little exposures to people may help but longer ones with all those people, I couldn’t stay.”

“Was there anything that could help?”

“I don’t know. I wish I did,” I told the truth. “They all seemed to know each other and be in groups or couples. I felt a real outsider.”

“I’m sorry, I should have realised,” Tim said.

“It wasn’t anything you did or didn’t do.” I sought to reassure him. “It’s all on me. I feel like I’m an observer from outside all the time.”

“Thanks for explaining. I have to talk to Bella tomorrow. She did discuss something with me and now I have an idea that might help. Leave it with me.”

“It might be better to write me off as a lost cause.”

“Bella would have me flogged if I did that,” Tim said. “Screw up your courage. I promise tomorrow evening will be different.”

He turned and left before I could protest.

My nerves were jangling as the clock ticked all too quickly towards evening. I dressed ready for Tim’s arrival but as the hour approached, I rehearsed a speech in my mind. I was going to tell him that I couldn’t face going out again.

I didn’t want to hear the car on the drive outside. I didn’t want him to sound the horn and wait for me to emerge from the door. I connected to Bella’s Spotify and played Taylor Swift’s “Evermore” album quite loudly. The lyrics always impressed me.

It must have worked because I didn’t hear the car. I did hear a quiet knock at the door. I stood petrified, hoping he’d go away. Then there was an urgent knocking at the door which I couldn’t ignore. Heart in mouth, I went to answer.

I opened the door and must have seemed to be an idiot. My mouth moved but I didn't know what to say.

"Aren't you going to say anything?" the girl asked. "You could at least invite me in."

She sashayed past me in a cloud of perfume. I turned to follow her, watching the way her hips swayed on impossibly tall pink heels. Her dress was the shortest possible, in graduated shades of pink with a fringe moving deliciously round her thighs. It was tight, revealing every curve of her slim body.

She turned and I remember being disappointed that the dress had a slashed neckline and I couldn't see anything of the breasts which were so obviously straining the bodice. I tore my eyes from her body to look up.

Her hair was light brown and tumbled in waves over her shoulders. Her big golden hoop earrings were almost hidden in her hair. Her eyes were beautifully made up, smoky shades and really long dark lashes; her lips were more peach shades than red, glistening invitingly.

She put up a hand to stifle a giggle as she looked into my eyes. Long red fingernails made me look at them.

"I thought you'd feel better about going out tonight if I brought you a date." It was Tim's voice and he saw the disbelief on my face.

"Phillip's not the only one who knows how to dress up," he said. "I can be as much of a girl as he can but I have to disappoint you because my breasts come off at night."

He was teasing me and enjoying my disbelief. No, it wasn't disbelief. How could I doubt the evidence of my own eyes? It was something between shock, surprise and something else; delight that the girl in front of me was actually here in front of me.

"You look beautiful," I said.



"I know," Tim answered, lifting his voice to a tone more in keeping with his appearance. "Aren't you going to take me to dinner, then maybe dancing? I didn't spend all this time getting ready just to be hidden away."

"Don't you feel afraid to go out like that?" I stumbled over my words. "Not that you don't look totally female."

"Don't be silly; I love going out like this, like any other girl would. It's liberating and I can do and say things that I'd never dare to normally."

"You said 'any other girl'," I repeated.

"Sure, I can be a sultry redhead, a flirty blonde, or dark and mysterious. I can change on a whim, although this look is my favourite at the moment." Tim's voice remained in that higher register. "You're not afraid of me, are you?"

"I don't know what to say. You're not what I expected."

"That's good." Tim took my arm, bangles on his wrist jingling together. "Now take me to dinner and we can get to know each other properly."

I watched Tim walk to the car, hips swaying delicately in front of me. I couldn't think of this person as Tim any more. She was so much more of a she tonight.

Was this my stepsister's plan in action? I didn't know and I was far too confused to think it through then. I hadn't been with a girl for ages. I still wasn't with one but no one would ever guess. She... *he* seemed to be in charge. I didn't know what to do, other than to go along with whatever had been arranged.

I don't know how she could drive in those heels but she seemed to have no difficulty, even in reverse

parking in the lot behind the restaurant she had chosen.

She took a lipstick from her purse and freshened her lips in the car's mirror. She smiled across at me and opened her door. Taking my arm in that possessive way that women have, we walked to the entrance. In her heels, she was half a head taller than I.

"Lilly, it's a delight to see you again." The maître d' was an effusive little man with slicked back black hair and an ingratiating manner. "May I show you to your table or would you prefer an aperitif in the bar?"

"We'll take an aperitif." She smiled sweetly at him and followed as he led to the bar and bowed as we took two stools at a high table.

"I'll send the waitress directly."

It was all so polite and efficient. With aperitifs in front of us, I looked at Tim anew.

"Lilly?" I raised my eyebrows in a question.

"Do I look like Tim?" She smiled back.

"They seem to know you."

"Phillip and Bella come here regularly. Sometimes Lilly comes with them."

"So they know?"

"About Lilly? Yes they know. Before you ask, they didn't tell me to do this but they knew I wanted to be Lilly again and I thought you'd appreciate the company. You don't seem as nervous as you did yesterday."

"That's true. I was so nervous waiting for you. I didn't want to repeat last night. It was too difficult."

"Maybe you should try being someone else?" Lilly said casually. "It could take you away from the problems you have being you?"

"I have no idea how I could do that."

“You could be my twin,” Lilly said, then looked at me closely, her eyes boring into mine. “Well, not literally. We couldn’t look exactly alike but with your figure, you could be a girl like me.”

“I don’t have your confidence and I’d never get away with it.”

“Don’t be too sure.” Lilly sipped her drink and I saw the lipstick mark on her glass. “Remember the old saying about how an actor gets into character? Start with the shoes.”

“I could never wear those.” I looked down and she held a heeled foot out to show me. “I’d break my leg.”

“Maybe you would but think about trying. Of course, you don’t start off with skyscrapers like these.” Lilly nodded to the maître d’ and we didn’t say more until we were seated at our table.

“When I dress up, it’s like I’m slipping into another character. I act the way I dress,” Lilly said. “I’m sure that when a sailor or a cop puts on the uniform, they slip into the expected mode of behaviour. It’s the same with hair, makeup, and heels. Once you’re dressed, the character comes along naturally.”

“I can’t believe that it’s so simple.”

“You’ll never know unless you try.” Lilly smiled mischievously. “I’d love to have a sister.”

“I don’t know.”

“Think about it,” she said. “It could help you to hide from the person you’ve become since you were in hospital.”

“You know about that?”

“Not really; only that Bella said you’d lost a lot of your personality and confidence. It must have been awful spending so long in isolation.”

“It was and in some ways I’m still there; still mentally trapped in that isolation.”

“Trust me and I’ll help you to get out of it.”

Time seemed to fly by that evening. We ate, then went into the bar where there was a small dance floor and a band playing that sort of smooth soft jazz, with a girl singer who crooned through familiar standards.

For the first time in ages, I didn't have that paralyzing fear of being out. I think could have been because I drank a little too much. Lilly refused when I offered her more wine and took a soft drink in the bar.

"I have to drive you home, remember?" she explained.

"I think I should go now," I said. "I don't want to have a panic attack with all these people around."

"Okay, we'll go in a few minutes." Lilly filled my glass again. "It's such a shame to waste good wine."

I really must have drunk more than I was used to, because I remember dancing with her, my arm round her waist, holding her close as we swayed and moved around the dance floor. Dancing wasn't something which came naturally to me but the opportunity to hold her close and feel her hair against my cheek was irresistible.

We left before the place closed. My panic finally hit me. The night was clear and warm, with stars visible as we left the highway and drove along the country roads to the house. She pulled into the drive.

"I hope you've enjoyed the evening," she said, not moving from the driver's seat as I opened my door. "You can invite me in for coffee if you'd like."

"I saw her eyes. "May I offer you some coffee?" I said.

"Why, I'd love to." She opened her door and came round to take my arm again.

It all seemed so natural. It seemed just as natural when we stood at the door as I fumbled with my keys. I found myself looking into those beautifully made-up eyes with the long lashes. Without a conscious thought, I leaned in to kiss her.

One kiss and I think we both recoiled in shock when our lips touched. Our eyes met briefly and then we were kissing again. I remember the softness of her lips and the taste of her lipstick pressed onto my lips. We kissed again.

“I think you’d better open that door.”

She broke away and pushed my arm off her. I opened the door and we entered, only to linger and kiss again once the door was closed behind us. My hand found itself feeling her breast.

“You know it’s not real.” She smiled as she pushed my hand away. “But I like it that you think of me that way.”

“I didn’t think I could ever enjoy a night like tonight,” I said. “I think you’re a better therapist than any I’ve seen.”

“The night’s not over unless you want it to be.” She pressed herself against me. “I could show you my lingerie. It’s really pretty.”

We kissed again and I heard her make a noise; it could have been a moan or even a whimper, but it had an effect on me. I could feel my penis straining in my chinos, even though I knew that Lilly wasn’t a real girl. I think my senses were running on overload. Her scent, her aura; there was nothing telling me to stop.

“I think you’d like to take me to bed,” she said, feeling my swollen penis with her hand.

That touch made it grow even more. Any other thoughts flew away in that instant. She turned away and left me standing there. She knew where my bedroom was. At the door, she turned and looked at me; inviting or challenging, it didn’t matter. I followed her.

“Turn the lights very low,” she said, standing close. “Unzip me.”

She stood with her back to me and I did as she asked. The dress slipped from her shoulders and fell to the floor. She stepped out of it and turned to look at me.

“I told you that my lingerie was really pretty.” She twirled round, in dark red bra and panties, hold up sheer stockings, heels and nothing else.

She held her hands under her breasts and turned to look me in the eye. We both knew the breasts were false but at that moment with her fingers and long red nails cupped over the front where her nipples would be, I didn't care.

“You can pull my panties down,” she said. “I'm going to keep my bra on though. I don't want to destroy all your illusions.”

It was said so gently that it was almost like a command which I had to obey.

“I think you know what you're going to find down there,” she said. “Try and pretend that it's not there.”

As soon as her panties were down, I held them for her to step out of. Immediately she turned and walked over to the bed. She lay on her back and looked up at me.

“Don't look so shocked.” She laughed. “This should be the fun part. I've prepared myself very carefully to seduce you.”

“You planned this?”

“It's no use being a girl if you don't get to have some sex.” She laughed gently. “Look, there's this big plug inside me. It's keeping me open for you to slip inside.”

I leaned towards her and she took hold of my penis.

“Wait a moment; you need to be ready too.”

“I am ready,” I gasped as her fingers wrapped around my shaft.

“You may be ready but you’re not properly prepared.”

From her purse, she produced a condom which she rolled up into place and then rubbed some lubricant over it before lying back on the bed. Her legs came up and she rested them on my shoulders. I could see the tip of something in her anus.

“You’ll have to pull it out,” she said. “Slowly and gently please, then follow it inside me.”

I did as I was told. I managed to ignore her penis, stiff and in plain sight. The plug came out as slowly as I could even though my concentration was focused on one thing only.

The final inhibition fell out of my mind and I was there, pushing against her anus, feeding in as fast as I could.

“Please be gentle,” she called. “Push and push, but don’t rush; it’s not got to be quick.” She squirmed under me and her legs forced herself forwards. “I want to feel every little bit as you move.”

I think my brains were in my penis right then. It was all I could feel and where all my attention was. I pushed and listened to her breathing and another soft moan as she wriggled under me, changing her position to change the angle of my penis as it pushed further and further in.

I could feel my sack touching her cheek and held still. She pushed against me again, even though it must have been obvious that there was no more to go in. I felt her shudder and saw her eyes flip out of focus.

I pushed again and she let out as squeal. I guess it was pleasure causing it; I wasn’t being aggressive. I knew I couldn’t hold back for long. I pushed in and out, working myself to a climax.

I stiffened and we both knew what was coming. I felt a first spasm and realised that her penis was starting to squirt against me, hitting my stomach and trickling down.

I'd no sooner noticed this than I was coming. I could feel the spasms; strong and full, pulsing into her. It was all I could think about then. I remember wondering what it would feel like without the condom, but I knew safety was important.

In my mind's eye, I could see that squirt hitting her skin deep inside. Then I was past the climax. I could feel the strength fading and slowly slipping away. I started to withdraw. She felt it and pulled my arms as if to make me stay.

I wanted to stay, believe me; there was never anything I wanted more than to prolong those feelings, but nature can be cruel and I slipped out. I stood, took off the condom and put it carefully aside.

I don't know what I intended to do next but those fingers with the long red nails were reaching for my penis, pulling it towards her mouth. She kissed it and licked round the tip.

I shuddered at the touch and then felt the disappointment that it would take a while before I could grow again.

I must have fallen asleep. When I awoke, I was alone. There was no sign that Lilly had been there. Her car was gone from the driveway; no note, nothing to give away her presence other than a lingering trace of perfume.

I lay back in my bed, trying to think through everything. I don't know what made me do it. I had never been attracted to a guy before; never even had a thought in that direction.

Yet here I was. I'd been fascinated. I didn't hesitate to take advantage of the offer before me. But was I responding to some boy, or was I seeing the girl before me and responding to her?

Was I seduced, out of control? Was I responding in some primitive way to visual signals? Was it what I saw, or the perfume, the feel of her dress? Maybe it was the total package.

Maybe I'd better stop trying to think it all through.

Maybe, if I told the truth to myself, I'd like to see Lilly again.

I took the day slowly; it was blowing and raining outside. My head was a little sore. I blamed the drink and myself, although I knew it wasn't the drink that had led me into the sex.

The next day was much brighter. I took my coffee onto the patio and sat in the sun. I heard a car in the driveway and Tim arrived, looking every bit as he normally did. We chatted a little about nothing important. There was a tension in the air all the same, as if by avoiding the subject, we were investing more in the outcome.

"I met a friend of yours the other night," I opened.

"Really, who was that?"

"She was a beautiful girl called Lilly," I said.

"She did mention you. I think she really enjoyed meeting you."

"Do you think I'll be able to see her again?"

"I'll ask her." Tim smiled as we sparred, saying such a lot without any specific object.

"I think she was really special," I said. "I'd really like to see her again."

“She has lots of talents.” Tim picked up his mobile and scanned it. “I’ll send her number to your phone. You can ask her yourself.”

“When would be a good time to call?”

“I think she’ll be able to answer later this afternoon,” he replied. “I know she’s busy this evening.”

“But she might be free some other evening?”

“I’m sure she will be.” He grinned. “Now for today; do you need to go anywhere?”

“I could do with buying some new clothes,” I said.

“Great, we’ll go to the mall.”

At the thought, I froze. Tim saw the change in my face.

“Are you okay?” he asked.

“It’s just the thought of the mall and all those people.”

“But you said you went on a date,” he replied. “Going to the mall isn’t that scary.”

“I know but the thought is making me nervous,” I confessed. “I didn’t have those fears when I went out with Lilly. I think it was because I psyched myself up to impress.”

“Lilly was really impressed.” He smiled knowingly. “At least that’s what she told me.”

“Could you choose some things for me if I give you the sizes?”

“I’ll go now.” Tim stood. “Do you mind if I ask Lilly to help you with these fears? She has a good understanding of people and I’m sure she can help.”

“That would be good.”

Tim left after we’d talked generally for a while. He promised to bring back something suitable for me to wear and he was true to his word. I got new chinos and jeans, some shirts and T-shirts, and shoes to wear with them.

I'd be ready to meet Lilly again.

"Tim tells me that you're still afraid to go where there are people," Bella said the day after she and Phillip got back.

It was the first time we'd had time to talk. They seemed to be so busy doing all kinds of things that I didn't understand. They were booking hotels and venues, arranging conferences and guest appearances. It was all high octane stuff.

"I think I'm afraid of people seeing me," I confessed.

"Tim said you went out on a date."

"Well, it wasn't quite a date," I replied.

"So what was it? How did Tim get you to go out of the house?"

"He shocked me," I replied. "I was so shocked that my fears seemed to disappear for a while."

"I can guess what happened." Phillip joined the discussion; I hadn't realised that he was listening. "It wasn't Tim who turned up to take you out, was it? It was Lilly."

"Who's Lilly?" Bella asked.

"She's Tim's alter ego." Phillip smiled sweetly. "I think he wants to be like me."

"You mean he dresses up?" Bella's eyes widened. "I thought I saw some eye makeup the other day when I was talking to him."

"He's beautiful," Phillip said. "He could pass anywhere, as your brother would surely agree." He looked at me.

"I'd never have guessed," I replied. "He even has the voice, the walk, the figure..."

“You were so shocked that you went out with him,” Phillip continued. “That has to be progress. I know that he loves to dress up. He does it so well that you’d have done anything he wanted.”

“What makes you say that?” Bella looked across the room as if asking a question.

“Well, firstly he makes an amazingly beautiful woman, and secondly he loves it when he has a man in tow that’ll let him play the woman’s part.” Phillip smiled knowingly. “I think he’d have taken you to eat, then maybe a little dancing?”

“He was very kind.” I tried to sound as if it was all so dignified. “He knew I was really reluctant to go out, so he made it easy for me.”

“And did he come back with you for coffee?”

“He might have,” I said slowly wondering where this was going. “But he didn’t stay the night, if that’s what you’re thinking.”

“It never crossed my mind.” Phillip stood. “You’ll have to excuse me. I have to dress for this evening.”

Bella smiled innocently as I realised that by not admitting anything, I’d said far too much. “Frankly I’m relieved that you’ve been out.”

“I don’t know how I managed it,” I said, feeling that cold sweat breaking out again.

“We were afraid that you couldn’t break free from being a virtual hermit.”

“It’s something I don’t understand either,” I replied. “The psychologist said it would pass when I found a way to live with my fears.”

“But you can’t rely on being shocked every time you need to go out.”

“They did say it was related to a need to hide,” I said, thinking back to my sessions in hospital.

Before we could continue, Phillip walked in. As usual he was dressed in the height of fashion; this

time a long black dress which fitted tightly with a matching long coat, and black heels.

His hair was glistening blonde, fresh from the salon, with a dusting of highlights and lowlights. It flowed over his shoulders in that loose style which he seemed to prefer and his makeup was as precise and perfect as ever.

"I heard that," he said. "Have you thought that what I do is hiding in one way, just as Tim is hiding when he's Lilly?"

"I've been thinking that it could be your way out of this," Bella said. "Be someone else, with no history of agoraphobia and lose those inhibitions.

"You mean that by dressing up and pretending to be someone else, it makes it easier to...well, to do things that you wouldn't do as yourself?"

"I certainly wouldn't be telling women's room jokes if I were really a woman. And if you were to ask me if I was hiding in the disguise of a woman, I'd have to agree," Phillip replied, looking round the room as he did so.

"What have you lost now?" Bella asked, breaking the thread of the conversation as Phillip searched the room.

"Have you seen my black crocodile purse?" he asked. "I thought it would go so well with that dress I put out for tonight's booking."

"I'll find it for you." Bella smiled at me to excuse herself. "Are you sure we're going to be in time?"

"Tim's bringing up the Range Rover in a few minutes," Phillip said. "I thought we'd make a night of it. We could have a late dinner in that hotel you loved when we went last year."

He went back into their office and I heard the clicking of a keyboard before the door swung closed.

"You'll be okay, won't you?" Bella asked me.

"Don't worry," I said. "I'll look after things here."

“With Tim around, I’m sure you will,” Phillip said. “I’ll give him that thought and send him back to talk to you.”

“Have you any idea what Phillip said?” Tim asked when we watched the Range Rover go out of the drive.

“They did have a crazy idea,” I replied.

“Bella shared it with me and told me to get on with it. She’s thought of a way that you could go out without those feelings of dread,” Tim said after they’d left. “I have a few things to tidy in the office, then I’ll have to go and pick up a few things.”

“Are you going to explain?”

“All will be revealed in good time,” he replied. Then, after a pause, he looked at me. “Would you like me to ask if Lilly could come back instead of me?”

I didn’t say anything but he saw my face.

“I’ll ask her,” he said and a few moments later, I heard the engine of Bella’s runabout starting and he drove away.

“Hi honey, I’m home.” It was Lilly’s voice that came from the kitchen a couple of hours later.

I walked through and straight into Lilly who wrapped her arms around me and kissed me deeply on the lips. Her tongue flicked against my lips and when I opened them a little, her tongue took over and invaded my mouth.

“Can you guess how much I missed you?” she gushed when we broke for air.

Our embrace broke and she stepped back and held out her dress for me to get a good look at her. I could hardly believe my eyes; this was Lilly playing the glamorous housewife.

Her sleeveless dress was white with a pattern of red roses. The bodice was tight but the skirt flared from the waist, to knee length. The neckline was round but high enough not to show where things were missing. Her stiletto heels were white.

This time her hair was honey blonde and styled to fall in waves to her shoulders. Her eyes were dark, again with long lashes. The eyebrows were delicately drawn and lighter, matching her hair and her lips were shiny and dark pink.

I noticed that her jewellery was different too; dangling earrings, a couple of gold necklaces and bangles on her left wrist. She wore a ring on her right middle finger and a wedding band and engagement ring on the ring finger of her left hand.

"I thought you might like Lilly the glamorous housewife," she said. "They've left me to look after you, so what better companion could you have other than a wife for the occasion?"

"I thought a wife was for longer than one occasion."

"You should be so lucky. Pedantry doesn't suit you." She looked serious. "It's not a quality that I would look for in a husband."

"I didn't know you were looking for a husband."

"Every little girl has her dreams," she replied. "We all have the same fairy stories read to us at bedtime. It's only when we get older that we realise kissing princes only turns them into frogs."

I laughed and sat down in one of the easy chairs. Lilly made a show of fetching me a glass of wine, then she sat opposite me, with her legs crossed daintily, a shoe dangling from her stockinged toe and that voluminous skirt draped around her.

She chattered and flirted outrageously; lots of eye contact, hands waving, making me see her long nails and her rings.

“Can I be serious for a while?” I said after my second glass of wine.

“Of course, darling, I’m all ears.”

“I can’t understand how you can flip from being Tim to being Lilly so completely. As Lilly, there’s no trace of anything male. You live and breathe everything about a woman.”

“Not quite, darling, I don’t have my own breasts.”

“Looking at you, no one would ever know unless you told them.”

“One of them did fall out of my bra once a long time ago. I wear better lingerie now.”

“You’re not making this easy for me,” I said. “I’m trying to ask how you manage to change personalities so completely. Why don’t you appear to be a boy in a dress?”

“I don’t want to be a boy in a dress. What a horrible thought.” Lilly smiled at me as if I was asking stupid questions.

“I guess what I’m asking is did you have to learn all this? Your body language is female, your gestures and your voice are female; how difficult was it to get it so right?”

“I have no idea.” Lilly looked thoughtful. “I love dressing as a girl. I couldn’t imagine dressing as a gambler or a gangster. As a girl, I feel natural and free. I seem to switch as soon as I start to dress.”

“Was it always so easy?”

“That’s a deep question.”

Lilly stood and walked over to the couch, patted the seat beside her and looked at me like she was waiting for me to come and sit next to her. I settled on the seat and she came close, pulled my arm over her shoulder and rested her head on my arm. She started to walk her fingers down my chest. I knew she was toying with me, once again making me watch her fingernails.

"I heard some actor say that you start with the shoes when they're getting ready to play a role," she said. "I don't do that."

"Is that a formula?"

"No, I'm gathering my thoughts," Lilly said slowly. "When I'm getting ready, I start with the panties always. I'm rarely barefoot, so the tights, the stockings and maybe the garter belt go next if I'm not wearing hold-ups. I'm still Tim then."

Lilly hesitated and snuggled further into my side.

"It's when I put on my bra and feel the weight of the breast forms on my shoulders and against my chest that the magical moment arrives. From that second, I can be female. I love that feeling; a whole new dimension opens for me and I immerse myself in the feelings. I'm a girl."

"So it's the most intimate moment of change that triggers these feelings?"

"I've never thought this through before but yes, that's right." Lilly ran her fingers down my cheek and looked up into my eyes. "From that moment on, I'm adding to it. I put on my earrings. I always wear really nice ones that anyone can see."

She lifted her hair to show red stones dangling on long chains from her ear where there were also two or three studs.

"Jewellery makes me feel more feminine, I think." She played with the wedding ring on her finger. "Especially when it's precious and it has to be something that a man would never wear."

She sat up, pushing against my chest and ran her hand through her hair.

"Sometimes I wear a wig, like this one. It's great to be blonde one day and dark the next. Most times I use my own hair. It's long enough but not a great colour. I keep thinking I should take the plunge and get it bleached."

“What’s stopping you?”

“Tim is stopping me,” Lilly said bluntly. “When I’m dressed, he seems far away; it’s like he’s not part of me but when I’m about to do something like that, I keep hearing his voice in the background. It took me ages to convince him that I could get my tummy button pierced.”

“I think what you’re really saying is that Tim isn’t you, and Lilly isn’t Tim.”

“Exactly, they’re two different people,” Lilly said. “That’s why I love being a girl. I can do all kinds of things that girls do and leave him behind. I’m a different person.”

“I think I can understand,” I said.

“Don’t think too much.” Lilly took my hand and pulled. “I want you to come and have glorious sex with me; make me scream.”

Lilly held out her hand and I let her lead me into the bedroom where she turned and kissed me, then kissed me again. Each kiss seemed to be deeper and to last longer than the one before. It took over all my senses. When her hand started stroking my penis, I was lost.

She knew exactly what she was doing as she freed my penis from my trousers. Slowly, she slipped down my body and looked up at me when she got to her knees. Her long eyelashes flickered as she looked up into my eyes and then down at my penis standing there, almost touching her lips.

I could feel her breath on the tip, then her tongue as she swirled round the tip. Her hand cupped my balls gently, as my penis disappeared into her mouth. I wasn’t far in. I knew that she was teasing the shaft with her nails.

She leaned back and blew on my penis. It was wet from her saliva and the air made it feel cooler. She looked up at me, smiling as she worked her hands around my shaft, squeezing gently and sometimes massaging around it.

Then she took the full length into her mouth. The tip of my penis hit the back of her throat and she gagged a little but didn't stop. I looked down to see her head bobbing. I heard her sucking as she worked me in and out.

I'm not proud. I can't say that I lasted long. The touch of her lips against my skin and the hungry way she was working me soon produced the inevitable result. I tried to hold back. I tried to tell her to stop but I couldn't get the words out. I don't think I wanted her to stop.

A first spasm and then I was letting go. I was way past the point of no return and pumped all I could into her mouth. I could tell that she was swallowing me as I came. She held me there until my erection subsided and only then did she let me slip out of her mouth and hang there, spent and listless.

"Come and talk to me," Lilly said, wiping her lower lip. "I didn't mean to do that, but once I started..."

"I quite liked it," I said.

"That's the thing I was trying to explain," Lilly said. "Once I'm dressed, Lilly takes over. I forget about... who I was."

"Are you saying that the clothes force you into a different character?"

"I wouldn't say that they force me. I'm waiting and want for that change to come. It's liberating. I'm free when I'm a woman."

"You're a very sexual woman."

"I know and I don't know where that comes from," Lilly said. "I do like the way I can hide from myself."

"Do you think that's what Phillip's doing?"

“That’s a deep question.” Lilly thought for a few moments. “I didn’t know him before he was... well, before he was the complete woman he is today. I’d guess that’s true.”

“So the big question...” I paused, wanting to get the phrasing right. “You know that I have problems. Do you think I could do the same; pretend to be someone else and leave it all behind?”

“That’s a question way above my pay grade although Bella did say something like that.” Lilly smiled. “I think that if you really wanted to be someone else, you could do it. If you wanted to hide inside another personality, it may not work.”

“I’m not sure what you’re saying.”

“If you want to be someone else, then you have to adopt it, live it and enjoy it,” Lilly said, reaching to test if my penis would respond to her hands. “I’m wonderfully happy and I’m a hundred percent girl right now.”

“I think there’s something happening.” I knew Lilli wouldn’t be waiting long as my penis started to return to life.

“I may have been hiding once upon a time, but now I’m not.” Lilly’s hand squeezed and massaged. I could feel my response building. “I think I have to pretend to be Tim rather than pretend to be Lilly.”

“I can’t think that you’re pretending,” I said as Lilly leaned in to kiss me.

“I’m not; I want you inside me properly.” She stood and pulled my hand, as we went back to the bedroom.

“Let’s do it this way.” She knelt on the bed, kneeling with her head on her arms. “You’ll have to do the condom yourself and you know what to do.”

Her skirt hid her cheeks. I unwrapped the condom and put it over my penis. Then I pulled her skirt up to expose her rear. I saw the transparent end of something sticking from her anus and gently pulled. It was

a series of round shapes and each one came out only to be anchored by the next.

“The last piece came out with a moan from her. “I don’t like feeling so empty.” She looked back and reached to touch my covered penis. “Do it hard this time; can you make me feel weak and taken?”

I didn’t need to be asked twice. Something animalistic took over and I pushed into her hard. She squealed again; pleasure rather than pain in that sound. I pushed again, feeling resistance, so I withdrew and pushed harder. This repeated a few times as I got into the feel of her and the rhythm of her.

Lilly was pushing back, rocking on her knees as I pushed forwards. We were locked together. I felt that I couldn’t get any further inside and held still as she wriggled her cheeks against me. I was determined that I wasn’t going to come too soon.

I withdrew most of the way and pushed in again. It was an easier passage this time. I did it again, then again.

I pulled right out and heard a whimper and a softly whispered “Please” before I pushed in again. I pulled out again and her cheeks quivered and rocked back as if trying to find me. I let her wait before I pushed in again.

We rolled over so that I was lying beside her with one of her legs raised as I pushed again and again. I wasn’t deliberately trying to be cruel but I was in the groove. I pushed and withdrew again, then stayed in, working up and down. I could feel her quivering inside; muscles contracting of their own accord.

That was the key moment. I tried to hold back but with her muscles working against my penis, it was too much. I pushed as hard as I could as my first pulse escaped. I tried to hold back but it was no use and I was pulsing and pulsing, pushing into her in time to her pushing back against me.

Then I was spent again. She moved from me and looked into my eyes.



“You’re learning.” She smiled with a dreamy look in her eyes.

You guessed it; we slept then. I awoke spooned against Lilly with her penis sticking hard and firm between my cheeks. What should I do? My first thought was one of alarm. How had I let this happen to me?

I didn’t move at all, not a muscle. I could feel this thing, alien yet perhaps something I’d invited, nestling between my thighs. It wasn’t going away unless I moved away.

I lay there, trying not to think. I lay there, trying not to think, yet I all my thoughts were centred on the stiff penis, almost gripped by my rear. I thought through my options or pretended that I did. It was still there.

What should I do? I could leap out of bed and pretend I’d never noticed. I wasn’t sure that this was a good option. I could stay there and pretend to be asleep when Lilly woke or I could pretend to be half asleep and move backwards against it, so that when Lilly woke with me pressing back, there would probably be only one option.

I couldn’t decide, so I decided on the last of these options. I snuggled back, feeling the stiffness against my cheeks, putting some pressure on Lilly to wake and realise our position.

When she didn’t wake immediately, I moved back further, moving my thighs so that her penis was poised at my entrance. Moving very gently so that I didn’t wake her, I reached around and slipped the penis further into the entrance to my anus. I knew not to push too hard in case I woke her.

I started to move backwards, increasing the pressure. I knew that she was waking and that she was feeling that her penis was so big and was pushing

into me. I pretended to be asleep and moved a little as if settling myself more comfortably.

The motion of the duvet over us told me that her hand was moving. I shifted a little more, back into her lap, still pretending to be asleep, getting more nervous and more excited by the second. Her hand shifted the angle of her penis, allowing it to go a little further between my cheeks.

I screwed my eyes tightly shut as I forced myself not to react. The tip was on the point of entry. I tried so hard but I couldn't prevent my muscles from clenching shut.

"You're not asleep," Lilly whispered. "If you want me to come in it, I'll try, but it's going to hurt."

"I don't think you want to hurt me," I whispered back. "I'm willing if you want to try."

"I don't want to hurt you but you're not used to it. You're not lubricated and your muscles are going to resist."

"Can you try a little?"

"A girl should always be prepared for every opportunity." Lilli stirred. "I have some lubricant in my purse."

She came back and I was conscious of the duvet shifting as she did something, then a hand slid across my cheek and a finger started to work its way inside. It began to slide more easily and then was withdrawn.

A second or two later and it was back again, sliding more easily and maybe there were two fingers there, working in and out, from side to side. As their rhythm of their movement increased, I could feel a warmth spreading through me.

I pushed back, increasing the pressure. Lilly responded, pushing harder and harder. I heard myself moan with pleasure.

“Now I slip a condom on.” Lilly’s hands moved away from me for a moment and then her fingers entered me again. “Tell me to stop when this hurts too much.”

She pulled me round and half-turned me onto my side. One leg was positioned further over, increasing the gap between my cheeks. I could tell that Lilly’s other hand was arranging something and then I knew.

The tip of her penis entered me where her fingers had been a moment before. I clenched; I couldn’t help myself. I tried slow and deep breathing, forcing the grip to release. I think I succeeded or maybe I didn’t and it was Lilly who forced further in.

I winced at the increased pressure. It felt for all the world as if my passage was obstructed with something I should expel. I don’t think I wanted that picture in my mind but it came anyway. I wriggled back, trying to force Lilly further inside me. My mind was tumbling over all sorts of pictures, mostly of Lilly pushing. I knew I wanted to feel the same things that I made her feel.

But it hurt; the pain seared through me but Lilly went a little deeper.

I could feel muscles clenching again. I could feel the reaction but try as I might, I couldn’t get them to release. Lilly moved in and out, thrusting and withdrawing. Each push hurt but I was doing my best not to let the pain register.

We rested. There wasn’t a word spoken but Lilly stayed as deep inside me as she could. I tried again to get the muscles to relax. I let my mind wander to distract myself from the pressure back there. It wasn’t working.

Then we were both moving. I knew that I was wincing at the same time as I was pushing back. I knew that Lilly was trying to get more lubrication inside me and I think she got further inside. I don’t think she

got as deep as I got in her, but then I guess I wasn't her first.

Then it happened. I felt that first warning spasm as Lilly's penis started the inevitable. It went on and on. I pictured it squirting deeply inside me, like any girl might. All my senses were there as I willed it not to stop.

It did stop and I was left feeling a great comedown as it slipped outside. I couldn't help it. I wept.

Tim called to see me the next day and the day after. We didn't talk about anything serious. Lilly wasn't mentioned.

"Something's happening with you." Bella scrutinised at me seriously a few days later. "You've been very quiet.

"I'm always quiet," I protested. "I came here to be quiet and away from people."

"There's more," she insisted. "Tim said he'd caught you crying to yourself while we were away."

"I didn't know he'd seen me." I was shocked that they'd been discussing me.

I wasn't supposed to hear. Bella and Phillip were talking in low voices. They didn't know that I was nearby. Thinking back, I only got a bit of the conversation, but what a bit to overhear.

"I think he'd be able to cope if he was a girl," Bella said. "I think if he became my stepsister it would be a better relationship for us."

"Isn't that taking a decision from him?" Phillip asked.

"He needs someone to take charge," she replied. "He's too far gone to think of anything for himself."

"I can't argue with you," he said after a pause. "Physically he could get away with it, but are you sure that he's mentally capable of taking such a big step?"

"Someone has to decide," Bella said. "You speak to Tim and tell him what he's required to do. I'll deal with my little stepbrother."

I heard them moving and got out of the way quickly. I didn't want them to know that I'd been listening. I didn't want them to think I would go along with it. Then when I thought some more, I thought it might be something I'd like.

I could leave the old me behind and start again as someone else.

"I know you're struggling inside," Bella said. "We all want to help you. I don't think I was wise to allow Lilly to appear; it must have confused you."

"I don't think so," I said. "I've been thinking about the way Tim changes into Lilly and back again. He seems to be two people with very different personalities. I've been thinking about that a lot."

I didn't say that I'd heard her plans.

"But you don't have two personalities."

"That's the point," I said, thinking out loud. "Perhaps I could create another personality and pretend that I don't have these problems when I'm in that other personality."

"I'm not sure that I understand," Bella said. "Do you mean that you might be able to pretend that you didn't have all these social anxiety problems if you pretended to be someone who didn't have any problems?"

"I'm not sure that's what I'm really saying but maybe that sums it up."

“We seem to be going round in circles,” Bella said. “What if the other personality had the same problems or different problems, or even more severe problems?”

“Oh, I don’t know.” I stated to weep again. “It’s all too confusing. I thought I had something worked out.”

“Don’t cry; hold those thoughts.” Bella put her hand out for me to take. “These thoughts are the first ones you’ve had to pull yourself out of the situation you’re in.”

“I know I should be grateful,” I wept. “I have a good pension for life but I’ve lost so much through being in hospital for so long. I can’t face people; I can’t really face life, the future and...”

“I know,” Bella replied. “I was so worried that I was going to lose you. You’re all the family that I have.”

“Maybe you could ask Phillip to help me?”

“Why would I do that?” Bella asked, then paused as her look of confusion changed as she saw something different. “You’ve seen what Tim can do and you’re wondering if you could hide if you pretended to be a girl.”

“I think so.” I hardly dared to listen to her as she put these thoughts into words. “It would be the furthest from me that I could imagine.”

“Phillip’s history is very different from yours,” Bella said. “I guess he went through a lot of bad changes before I met him.”

“But you still saw something in him and from all I’ve seen, you’ve been happy together.”

“I can’t pretend it was always easy.”

“I don’t expect it would be easy for me but I think it’s a way forward.” I thought hard. “I think I’d like to try.”

“I’ll speak to him,” Bella agreed. “I can’t promise that he’s going to like the idea and I’m sure he’s going

to blame Tim for being Lilly around you and giving you these ideas.”

“It’s not Tim to blame, or Lilly to blame,” I said. “It’s Phillip I’m thinking of. Whatever he was when he was younger, he’s left it all behind and become the man you love.”

“Even though I hate him sometimes, he’s always more glamorous than I am,” Bella sighed. “I think I see what you want to try but promise me that you won’t go as far as Phillip.”

“I don’t know what the future may bring,” I said, thinking of Lilly right then and what she said about breasts. “But I promise not to do anything without talking it through with you.”

“If Phillip’s okay with this, I’ll support you,” Bella said. “If he’s not, then I’m not going to let you come between us.”

“I understand,” I replied. “I can’t ask for more than that.”

Was I being manipulated? Was I letting my stepsister think that she was manipulating me, or was I the one doing the manipulating? I felt a little afraid. Was I on a course that I couldn’t change?

And then nothing changed; nothing that is for a week or so. Phillip came home from whatever business or performance things he’d been doing and seemed distracted by whatever was to come next. Tim drifted in and out of the house with barely a word to me.

It was all as if nothing had happened and nothing had been shared of the things I’d said. Bella was kind and supportive. If I hadn’t overheard her and Phillip discussing me, I’d have assumed it was innocent.

It all changed on a Saturday evening. It had been warm and Bella and I had enjoyed the late afternoon

sun on the patio. We were lazy that afternoon, talking of nothing in particular and avoiding at all costs any serious discussion.

We were waiting for the caterers to bring dinner and went inside to the dining kitchen. The caterers arrived and delivered packages to the kitchen with instructions of what we had to do to serve.

As they went out, Phillip came in. I gasped when I saw him. His dress was black, tight and low cut over his breasts, but with cascading volumes of material into floor-length skirts. His blonde hair was piled untidily into a loose bun on the top of his head, so that several sets of earrings could be seen.

His makeup was stunning, just stunning; dark eyes, and dark peach lips, long false lashes and a heady, citrus and lavender perfume. His nails were as long and perfect as ever, in dark red, showing off his wedding and engagement rings which were duplicates of the ones Bella wore.

“I’ve hated the way I’ve had to dress all week,” he announced. “I thought something special would be appropriate for tonight.”

“You pig!” Bella said warmly, not in an aggravated way. “If you’d told me you were dressing, I’d have gotten ready too. Now you’ll just have to wait for dinner while I go and get ready.”

Phillip watched her flounce out of the room.

“Could you cope?” he asked. “Can you imagine being in a position like that where you have to dress just to have dinner with family?”

“Maybe you should have warned her?”

“I’m not talking about Bella,” he said softly. “She’s told me her ideas and I was really asking if you could cope with the idea that as a woman you’d have to think about your appearance at every moment of your life.”

It was the first direct question. I was shocked but at the same time, I was pleased that something had been said openly.

"I don't know," I said honestly. "I do know that I have to do something different or nothing will change. I think that the distraction of being someone else; someone as far away from my own experience might be a good way to start."

"It's not easy being a woman," Phillip replied.

"You seem to be happy as a woman," I countered.

"Yes but I've been doing it since I was quite young and with a figure like mine, it would take a lot of surgery to change back to something male."

"I get that but you have that option."

"I'm not sure," Phillip laughed and waved a hand in that way women have of saying that a man knows nothing. "My body language, the way I speak, and my whole outlook would have to change."

"And the surgery."

"I don't even want to think about that." He pulled a face. "I've had breasts so long that I can't remember being without them."

"You said something like that before," I said.

"It's true and I'm not proud of it. I think I was about fifteen. I was with some guys and they were older than me. I was exchanging blow jobs for drugs. One of them knew this nurse who worked for a plastic surgeon."

"So they took you to the surgeon?"

"I don't think so; I don't remember being asked or given any choice. My guess is that the nurse did it while I was stoned," Phillip said. "I remember taking something at a party and the next thing I knew was when I woke up with these huge things inside my chest."

"Huge?"

“They were awful,” Phillip said. “But at that age I didn’t know or didn’t care. Bella rescued me from them and eventually I got these which I think look perfectly natural. I think I’ve had breasts for longer than I lived without them.”

“That’s a big commitment.”

“I know and I know that Tim thinks he would love to have some and be Lilly the whole of the time. I’m not sure that would solve everything for him.”

“Surely that’s his decision?”

“I agree; just an opinion,” Phillip said. “I’m lucky; my life with Bella keeps me grounded. I’m not sure she’d like me as some sort of macho man. That wasn’t the man she married.”

“So what should I do?” I asked. “I know Bella’s told you that we talked.”

“I can’t tell you what to do.” Phillip sighed and took my hand sympathetically. “If you’re determined to try being a woman, I’ll support you. You’re very precious to my wife. We both want you to feel better.”

I thought carefully before I answered. My mind had been turning these thoughts over for so many days.

“It may be a difficult time ahead but please help me. I can’t see a way forward that doesn’t involve making wholesale changes in my life.”

“Okay, I’ll help you, but I don’t have much time at home for the next few weeks.” Phillip thought a few moments. “Would you like me to ask Lilly to help you?”

I hesitated; I didn’t want to sound too eager. “I think that would be good if you haven’t time to help me.”

“I’ll call her and see if she can join us for dinner.” Phillip reached for his mobile. “It might be better that way. I’m too close to your sister. You need someone neutral.”

"Is Lilly a neutral?" I thought but daren't say it out loud.

In the end, Lilly didn't answer the call. "I think she mentioned a gig somewhere," Phillip explained.

"Phillip's asked me to give you some girl lessons." It was Tim's voice on the mobile a couple of days later when I was alone in the house.

"Was he that blunt about it?"

"He didn't explain everything, if that's what you're asking. Should I come over and you can tell me what's going on?"

A couple of hours later and I was still embarrassed. "It's not that I really feel like I'm a girl," I summed up. "But I need to be someone completely different; to get as far away from me as possible."

"I think I understand," Tim said slowly. "But Bella told me that she won't let you be half a girl. You have to give your all to it if you're going to live day-by-day as a girl."

"Bella spoke to you?" This was news to me.

"She was quite insistent," Tim replied. "She said you'd decided to change into someone else; to become a girl. You have to do it all the way."

"That's not what *you* do."

"I think Tim's pretending not to be a girl," he replied. "I want to be Lilly all the time but I'm not sure if I can afford to."

"Phillip wouldn't fire you if you did."

"I know but it's still a thin thread on which to hang my life," Tim said. "I'd love to have someone like Bella to support me. But you're different from me. It's not as if you want to be a drag artist, doing it for a few hours."

“I’d hate that,” I replied. “I don’t want to be the centre of attention. I really want to be as far away from me... me now... as possible.”

“I’m not sure you’re going to achieve that.”

“Neither am I but I can’t go on like this, hiding from everyone and being afraid that I’m not man enough.”

“That’s a strange way of putting it but if you’re sure, I’ll help you.”

“Good, that’s settled.” I felt relieved that one thing was under way; it was something new to distract me.

“I’ll make some appointments,” Tim said. “I’ll ask Phillip and if you use the same people, there’ll be less to explain.”

“That would be wonderful,” I said. “I didn’t think about the process of changing.”

“It’s not going to happen overnight,” Tim replied. “There’s a lot to being a girl that guys don’t understand. Perhaps when you’ve learned about it and tried a few things, you’ll change your mind.”

“I want it to distract all my thoughts,” I confessed.

“It’s certainly going to do that,” Tim laughed. “As a guy, I wear jeans, a T-shirt, and a leather jacket. As a girl, I have to think jeans or a dress, heels or flats, hair up or hair down and then there’s the makeup, the perfume. A girl is on display all the time. Guys are making judgements every time they pass an attractive girl. Are you prepared for that?”

“I haven’t thought about that,” I blushed. “But I think I’ve decided to give it a try. I can always tell the guys that I’m a lesbian.”

“To some, that would make it more of a challenge.” Tim grinned back at me.

After he’d gone, I was left to wonder exactly what Bella had said to him.

"I need you to be ready at ten tomorrow," Tim called a few days later. "You're going for your first laser treatment."

"I read about that," I replied. "It's for body hair."

"Well done on your homework," Tim continued. "I'd guess that you don't have a lot of body hair."

"You saw me naked, don't you remember?"

"I wasn't taking note of things like that when we were in bed," he replied. "It may take a few treatments to get you entirely hairless."

"Let's get started then. You're right that I don't have a lot of hair. I don't shave more than once a week."

"You won't shave at all, anywhere, after a full course of treatment. It's the first irrevocable change; no beard or moustache."

"I can live with that," I laughed.

After the briefest of introductions, Tim left me with the girl in the laser salon.

"You're Bella's little brother," Gemma the laser operator said. "She told me all about you when we had coffee the other day."

"I'm her stepbrother," I replied.

I didn't think about the implications of Bella's conversation.

"This is getting to be a good business," Gemma told me as I lay face down on her bench. "Phillip and Tim have recommended us to a few boys like you."

"And do they all want their hair removing for the same reason?"

"I never ask." Gemma moved her lights to my shoulders and started zapping hairs. "I get some

swimmers and cyclists, some wrestlers; they all want to be hairless for different reasons.”

“I guess they told you something about me?”

“Not really but given that you know Phillip and Tim, I’d guess you might be joining the girls.”

“Is that the only clue?” I replied, giving myself away instantly.

“I can tell sometimes when they come for another treatment to the stubborn hairs that grow back and they’ve done other things to their bodies.” Gemma started down my legs. “They have tell-tale signs of hormone treatment, or a girly tattoo. Once or twice a guy has come back with breasts bigger than mine.”

“That’s more than a clue to their intention.” I couldn’t help laughing. “Does everyone have hairs that grow back?”

“I can never guess.” Gemma moved the lights again. “You shouldn’t have that problem. I can tell by the texture. Tim was easy too but Phillip comes every so often. He has some beard hairs that refuse to go.”

I should have been embarrassed when she had me turn over but it was all so matter-of-fact. She told me that she’d be leaving a “landing strip,” then had to explain what that was. I had to choose how I wanted my eyebrows shaped.

“I haven’t a clue what to choose,” I replied. “Can you give me a fashionable shape?”

“I’ll not thin them too much but you’re going to be shocked by how much it changes your face.” Gemma pointed to a picture in her folder. “I think this shape would be right for your face but it’s going to take you away from looking masculine.”

By the time Tim came to collect me, I was tingling all over, despite the lotion Gemma had rubbed in.

“I love those brows.” He noticed straight away. “You may need to touch them up with a pencil very carefully.”

“What’s wrong with them?”

“Nothing, but they don’t look boyish at all.”

“I thought that was the idea.”

“But you’re a long way off being able to pass as a girl.”

“I hadn’t thought of that,” I said.

A slight fear started from the pit of my stomach when I realised that I’d actually done something that meant I couldn’t go back. Gemma hadn’t warned me about that. Was this something that Bella had told her to do?

I thought about it again, then I calmed down. I wondered if Bella would say anything when Tim dropped me off. She did look and smoothed my new brows with her finger.

“They’re very nicely done,” she said.

I was on my way and I was impatient for the next steps.

Nothing happened quickly. It didn’t matter. Everything was feeling so different. I didn’t think that I had much body hair but the contrast now that I had none at all was fascinating. The feeling of my clothes sliding over my body was so new. It gave me a new impression of how a girl must feel.

A week later, I went to the laser salon again. I had some stray hairs to zap away with their machine and some re-growth which they told me was always going to happen from time to time. My little landing strip was trimmed even finer and after a little more work on my eyebrows, I was given another appointment.

I was learning to curb my impatience. I think Bella was watching and enjoying the fact that I was getting impatient. She brought home a stack of women’s magazines for me.

After dinner when we were alone, she'd browse through them with me. She talked about the fashion pages; what colours would go with other shades. Then there were the pages about hair colours and styles, make up and jewellery. She even brought bridal magazines as if...

"You're not going to embarrass us by being a female version of Jeremy," she said. "That wouldn't be any change at all."

She didn't direct me; I couldn't say that. Now when I think back, she was preparing me for the fact that I'd be the one who had to make all these choices. I couldn't be a plain Jane. I had to be someone who looked as good as Phillip or Tim.

I had to leave Jeremy behind and really become another person. Once I realised that, I began to really study how to be another person. I read and read, then discovered that the internet could teach me more.

I watched boys who didn't look like boys at all and didn't behave the way they were expected to. I watched the makeup change their faces from plain boys to glamorous women. I marvelled at the way some of them dared to change their bodies and I wondered, not for the first time, if I was really brave enough.

I kept all this to myself. I didn't let Tim know and I hid it all from Phillip. Somehow, I think that Bella was reading me all along. It wasn't really subtle. Makeup was the first step. She started slowly, showing me the products from the magazines and then she brought a basketful to my door.

I knew she was testing me. It didn't matter; once I discovered that I could copy some of the "how to" videos, I was hooked. I tried to keep it to myself, even though she knew what she'd given me. I'd make up my face and then clean it all off before anyone could see me but I got careless.

“Why don’t you leave your makeup on when you come to dinner?” Bella asked one evening.

I remember it well. I remember my blushing as we sat at that dinner with Phillip looking glamorous as ever. The way he looked at me spoke volumes.

“That would be really special,” he said. “You have to get used to wearing it.”

“I think it would help you change more than anything else,” Bella said. “There’s no one here to make you feel uncomfortable.”

As the conversation went on, I understood more. I don’t think Phillip had been told what to say; he simply looked beautiful and agreed with everything. Bella was much more directive. Before I knew it I was agreeing and talking makeup trivia with Phillip.

The next day was very different. I agonised. Could I do it and appear in full makeup? Could I *avoid* doing it? The answer to the second was clearly in the negative so I knew what I had to do. I showered and washed my hair, dried it, and sat before the mirror.

I didn’t have the hairstyle, but my hair was a dirty blonde shade, long and straight; over my shoulders when I let it hang freely. I didn’t have the clothes or the lingerie to make my own things look as if I had a figure underneath.

I dressed in tight black jeans and a loose black T-shirt which I tied at the side to make it look as feminine as I could. It wasn’t that great but it was all I could do. My feet were bare in flat sandals, backless, with a thong over the big toe to hold them on. So far, so good; I tied my hair back and started.

I tried to remember all my previous attempts and all the mistakes to avoid as I moisturised my face carefully. I started cautiously with foundation and

then contouring; blending carefully to create an open palette on which to work.

I started on my eyes, with white shadow in the corners. I followed with several grey and brown shades, blending them carefully and darkening the colour towards my eyelids. I wanted a classic smoky look. I think I wanted to show off and shock them.

I put kohl in my wet line, then started shaping my eyeliner with flicks at the outer edge. I wished my hand was steadier as I smudged and had to correct a couple of times. I think it was nerves getting the better of me.

I regretted that I hadn't asked for some false lashes as I applied several coats of black mascara. The label said it was lengthening but I'd have loved my lashes to be longer.

I'd watched the demonstrations about putting false lashes on and getting them right but at that time, I hadn't had any to try. I decided to ask Bella to get some for me, or maybe Tim would have some spare. Either way, they weren't for tonight.

For some reason, I'd always found that my lips were easier to make up. With a steady hand, I outlined them, then filled in the shape, making my lips look a little more generous than they really were. I used a pale shade, like a slightly pink peach, and followed up with lip shine in towards the centre to make my lips look fresh and moist.

I thought of the lip fillers in the magazine, and wondered if I dare risk having that done.

I took a few deep breaths to calm myself and shook my shoulders. They'd gotten very tense as I'd worked. As I sat back to inspect the overall effect, the need to shake some of the stiffness out became apparent.

I thought I'd done quite well. It wasn't my face looking back at me in the mirror. I wasn't quite sure if it was a natural woman's look but it wasn't male and it wasn't a drag queen. I brushed through my hair, experimenting with some falling casually in front of

my shoulders. I brushed it all back over my shoulders and thought what to do.

I did it again, this time with some hair falling in front of one shoulder. It looked more casual and I decided on leaving it like that. It would fall anyway and I knew I'd end up pushing it back. I smiled at the memory of old girlfriends and how they'd played with their hair. It was a real girl thing.

I stood and looked at the overall effect. It was better than I'd imagined but as I held that image, I understood that other bits of a girl's presentation were missing. One I could remedy as I remembered the perfume Bella had included. I went to look for it and sprayed Chanel liberally over my shoulders.

As I was putting it back, I spied a small red bottle of nail varnish. That could help my image, I decided at once. I slipped my sandals off and practised on my toes. It wasn't as easy as I expected but I didn't think anyone would look closely at them.

My fingers were more difficult. I tried hard to be accurate and get it even but it wasn't easy; in fact it was a bit messy and far from the smooth and shiny effect I imagined. I could feel that I was biting the tip of my tongue in concentration as I tried to be so careful with the brush in my left hand.

It wasn't bad but it wasn't great, especially as my nails were short and stubby, rather than long and elegant. There was nothing to remove my poor efforts, so I had no choice but to go with it.

I thought of Bella's nails then. I thought of Phillip who had perfect nails which always drew my eye. I thought of Tim; even he had nice nails, then I realised that they all must have had them done professionally. I decided there and then that I was going to get a proper manicure as soon as I could.

I let the nails dry properly, then ran my hands through my hair again. I looked at the image I was presenting carefully. I closed my eyes and tried to pretend that I was looking at me from another's point

of view. The image was quite plain, feminine, but plain.

It needed jewellery; rings for my fingers and bangles for my arm. It needed a necklace or two and earrings; several pairs to hang from my ears and show as my hair moved. That's when I decided that earrings and pierced ears were as high on my list as the manicure.

There was no use hesitating or looking any more. I set off for dinner.

"I've been waiting for you to let us see your makeup." Bella smiled and came to examine my face more closely. "You look lovely; I love it that you've made your lips look so kissable."

I blushed as she called to Phillip to come from the office.

"Wow, look at you." He took my hands and stretched back to look, then came close and kissed me lightly on the lips. "Kissable is the right word."

"Stop teasing my brother." Bella came between us. "I think you'll give him the wrong impression, kissing him like that."

"It was sisterly," Phillip laughed.

"But you're *my* kissing sister if you're anybody's," Bella laughed back as they hugged.

"I don't want to start an argument," I said.

"Looking as good as that, you could easily start an argument." Bella hugged me. "I love that perfume you're wearing. It suits you."

"It's one you gave me," I said lamely.

"I do think you look lovely," Bella said. "It's as if the weight of the world has lifted from your shoulders."

"I do feel different," I confessed, looking from Bella to Phillip.

"I think you should dress the part too," Phillip said. "We're not too different in size, so there's probably some of my clothes that would fit you; shoes too probably."

"I don't want to steal your wardrobe." I was surprised to feel thrilled at the prospect of dressing in Phillip's stylish clothes.

"I'm going to help you." Bella held onto my hand. "I'll make sure you don't take Phillip's favourites. I'm going to love having a stepsister."

"I'm not sure that I'm that." Again I was thrilled at the thought of becoming her stepsister.

"It's going to be perfect. I'm so excited at the thought. You can be my own dress-up doll. We'll have fun."

We all turned as there was a knock at the door. Bella let go of my hand and went to answer. A moment later she returned with Lilly who looked at me and did a double take.

Lilly was spectacular this evening in a tiny white dress, short and tight, with white stilettos. Her hair was dark chestnut again, with huge gold hoops in her ears. Her makeup was light and innocent, with understated shading to her eyes, although the lashes were as long and black as ever. Her lips had a shine and a pout, but the whole look was wholesome and feminine.

"Is that you?" She came over, took both my hands, and stood back to look at me closely. "You scrub up so beautiful. Doesn't she?" She turned to Phillip and Lilly for affirmation.

"You must feel absolutely wonderful; I know I did when I got the courage to dress and show myself for the first time."

"It does feel good," I admitted. "It's especially good because you're all being so nice to me."



“Can you be my sister?” Lilly asked, almost skipping whilst she still held my hand.

“I got there first,” Bella said. “You can be Best Girlfriend.”

“Can I interrupt, before I forget?” I held up my hand to speak. “I’m not dressed up; these are my own clothes. I’ve no lingerie and certainly no figure.”

“What nature’s forgotten can be stuffed with cotton,” Lilly laughed.

“I’ve really enjoyed the welcome you’ve given me. It’s almost as if you’re welcoming a new person, because that’s what I feel like.”

“You’re smiling,” Bella said. “That’s why.”

“For tomorrow, can I have some false eyelashes?” I said quickly. “I watched the videos and I think I could look good with them.”

“I’ll get some of mine for you,” Phillip said.

“It’s another thing to hide behind.” Bella hugged me again. “I think you’re getting the hang of this idea.”

“I’ll take you for a manicure,” Lilly volunteered. “And I think you should have your hair styled.”

“I don’t want it cut.” The thought filled me with horror.

“I didn’t mean like that, just trimmed a little to make it look fuller and I’d love you to have a really sexy colour.”

“I’m not sure she’s ready to be sexy.” Bella shook her head.

“I think I am.” I was surprised to hear myself say that but the words spilled out without thought. “I want to get my ears pierced too.”

“You heard the girl.” Phillip smiled and exchanged glances with Bella. “Lilly, you’re in charge of making all these wishes come true.”

“Like a fairy godmother?”

“Like a fairy godmother with my charge account.” Phillip nodded knowingly.

It was as if a great weight had been taken away from me. Dinner was fun as they all chattered and planned my new look. It got ridiculous at times, but then those moments followed seriously good ideas about how I should change.

“I’d never have thought that I could hide in plain sight,” I said. “I’m a little scared and I don’t know if I can pull it off. I think that having to act as a girl is so different that I won’t have time to think about hiding myself away.”

“Is that what you’ve been doing?” Bella caught onto the words at once.

“I’ve been scared to be anywhere,” I replied slowly. “But this isn’t me; it’s somebody new.”

“That’s how I feel,” Lilly said. “I’m completely different when I have to be Tim.”

“And we know that Lilly will do things that Tim would never dream of.” Phillip’s meaning was obvious.

“I mean it’s more fun.” Lilly blushed which I would never have thought possible.

“You told me once about your ritual of dressing,” I said slowly, not phrasing it as a question.

“I remember; I told you that I dress in a certain order and once I put my breast forms into my bra, Tim’s gone and Lilly’s there. It’s like a mental switch.”

“Would something like that give you a mental switch?” Phillip looked from Lilly to me and then to Bella.

“I guess it might, but I never...”

"Cinderella, you shall go to the ball," Bella laughed. "Tomorrow's going to be a busy day getting through the things we've planned for you this evening."

"That's going to be great," Lilly said. "Dresses and lingerie, boobs, nails, hair..."

"Don't forget the earrings," Bella added.

"Do I have to do it all in one day?" I suddenly felt a chill at the thought of what I was getting into, and what they would turn me into.

"I think we should try," Phillip said. "Bella can sort what you're going to wear in the morning and I'll make some calls to the people who look after me. I'm sure they'll fit you in."

"It can't be worse than the hair removal," Bella reminded me.

"Nothing can be that painful, can it?" I looked from one to another, hoping for the reply I wanted.

"Nothing's going to hurt," Bella assured me. "You won't even feel the ear piercing."

After they'd talked for another couple of hours, Bella and Phillip said their goodnights at the door and watched their guests stand in the moonlight, before retiring to their bedroom.

"That was wonderfully done." Bella kissed Phillip. "He's probably in such a spin and he's not going to know what's hit him tomorrow."

"Are you sure you know what you're doing?"

"I'm changing him into a girl." Bella clapped her hands in excitement. "You were already there, my darling. This one is all my own doing."

"You changed *me*."

“All I did was make sure you got believable breasts. The rest you’d already done yourself.”

“But I wanted to be a girl, to look like one at least, from being about twelve,” Phillip remembered. “I was so glad that you loved me, breasts and all.”

“I know you’d never function without them.” Bella moved close and started to stroke one, teasing the nipple gently.”

“You know what that does to me.” Phillip’s hand reached for her breast too.

“I know what you do to me when that does it to you as well.” Bella nibbled the other nipple.

Clothes were discarded rapidly and they tumbled onto their bed.

Meanwhile Lilly was slipping her arm around me. I leaned in and put my head on Lilly’s shoulder. Lilly took a moment to recognise the signal and turned towards me. She leaned forward and kissed me slowly and deeply.

“You’re giving me goose bumps.” I pulled away slightly but allowed myself to be pulled back and into another kiss.

“I think you should invite me in,” Lilly whispered.

“Won’t they be listening for your car driving away?”

“I hope they’ll have more important things to think about.” Lilly pulled me towards the door to his apartment.

I opened the door, turned, and took Lilly’s hand to pull him inside.

“We shouldn’t be doing this.”

“But you want to,” Lilly said.

"I know and I can feel that you want it too." Lilly's penis was swelling and standing obviously under his dress.

"Mine's bigger than yours," Lilly said. "That means you have to take me in your mouth first."

"Who said you could give orders?"

"I'm senior; I've been a girl longer than you and I'm the one wearing the breasts."

"You win." I reached down, pushed the short dress aside, and released Lilly's penis from the tangle of his panties.

Lilly's hands were on my shoulders, pushing me gently downwards. "You'll find it easier if you kneel."

I remember that I sank down and found my lips level with the penis, standing proudly with a glistening drop on the tip. I wondered if I really wanted to do this and then knew that I did. A second of hesitation and then I licked it. Lilly shuddered and his breath released with a sound of pleasure.

I licked round the tip and then my hand went to the ball sack. It was really strange to be handing another man like this. I knew that I should recoil but I'd come this far and didn't want to stop exploring.

I took one ball into my mouth and rubbed it with my tongue, then did the same with the other. After sucking and licking, I leaned back, looking for a moment at the penis which seemed bigger than before. I took the tip into my mouth, then without thinking what I was doing, took as much of the length as I could.

I gagged and tried to suppress it but had to lean back to clear my throat. I took it again, this time prepared to feel the tip at the very back of my throat. I had a vision of the shaft as I looked down, but looked up to see Lilly looking down. I hoped it was pleasure in the eyes which watched me.

Lilly pulled back and took me to the bed, pushed me down and quickly pulled off the jeans and pants I

was wearing. Grabbing his purse, he took a tube and smeared some of the contents into the gap between my cheeks. It felt at once both cool and daring.

“What are you doing?” I asked softly as I felt Lilly’s fingers entering, pushing as well as probing.

“I’m putting something there to make it easier,” he said. “Trust me and give it a few moments to melt into you.”

Lilly’s fingers continued to probe, pushing as if by will power they could be longer. I could feel something different. Warmth and a tingling started deep inside me and advanced further inside. I could tell that my muscles were reacting to it.

“That feels...” I couldn’t finish the thought as that tingling spread pleasantly deeper inside.

I knew that the tip of Lilly’s penis was there at the opening, taking the place of the fingers. My hand reached to touch it and I sensed the slippery texture of a condom stretched down the length. The tip entered and I lay back and raised my legs so that they lay over Lilly’s shoulders.

I was out of control as Lilly took over, pushing, withdrawing and pushing further. I willed my muscles to relax, but whatever had been put in there was working through. Lilly pushed and pushed, and then started to work inside me as I remembered working inside a girl so long ago.

I knew I was being taken and that there would be no way back from this moment. I knew that all control had gone and Lilly was in charge to take as long as she wanted or to be as hard and brutal as she wanted. I was lost in thoughts which wouldn’t form, as sensation took over.

I knew what was happening; what was being done to me. I knew in that instant that I was so willing for it to happen that nothing else mattered. The shaft seemed to swell and push hard and then lie still, deep inside me.

A spasm and then another told me what was happening. In my mind's eye, I could picture that penis deep inside, pumping and filling me. The condom didn't occur to me as I arched my back in pleasure and those moments of near oblivion which come with deep satisfaction.

Then all too soon, it was over. I could breathe again and lay as limp as a rag doll. Lilly slipped out and lay beside me. We lay silently, hands locked as shudders of pleasure still rocked through my consciousness. I was too overwhelmed to speak.

"That's what happens to good girls." Lilly leaned over to kiss me/him.

Bella looked at me carefully when I appeared in the kitchen later in the next morning.

"You've done your makeup all ready."

"I didn't think about it," I replied truthfully. "It seemed the natural thing to do after I'd dried my hair."

"I thought I heard Lilly's car starting in the early hours," Bella said.

"We stayed talking things through." I tried not to give anything away but I know I blushed.

"I'm sure that's all you were doing." She smiled in that knowing way. "I don't want you getting out of control or making decisions that you'll regret."

"I don't think I'm going to do that," I replied. "Haven't you noticed how much easier my life has become since I started being someone else|?"

"I guess so but are you sure you know who that someone else is going to be?"

"I'll work it out," I said with a little twang of fear but a determination to take a few more steps on the road which I seemed destined to follow.

“I’m, sure you’re doing the right thing.” Her expression softened. “I’ve been watching you and there’s something about you when you allow yourself to be female that says you’ve found your way.”

“Do you really think so?” I gasped at hearing her say those words.

“I do.” She took my hand and squeezed it. “I’ve asked Tim to come and drive you round. Here’s a list of appointments I’ve made for you.”

“You’re amazing.” I looked at the list. “Even I know that’s a high-class salon.”

“It’s where Phillip goes and I’ve told them why you’re coming.”

“That’s embarrassing.”

“Says the boy who’s on his way to looking like he’s really a girl.”

“Okay, okay, I asked for that,” I said and suddenly got the urge to kiss her in a sisterly way.

The hours passed in a blur as Tim escorted me around salons, jewellery stores and boutiques. The trunk of the car filled with packages but the most staggering thing was the way each little change seemed to impact on me.

I got my ears pierced first; double pierced, and I insisted on heavier hoops than they were giving me as a first set. It hurt a little but I could feel them move. I was on my way.

By evening when we returned, I think I bore little resemblance to the way I’d looked that morning. My nails were as long as I dared, with a deep red colour which couldn’t be hidden. My dirty blonde hair had become tawny blonde and was shaped in a way that no boy would ever dare. I loved it.

I’d changed all my clothes too and acquired silicone breast forms to put inside new lingerie. I was worried that they’d slip but the girl who fitted my bra

assured me that unless I did something stupid, they'd stay there.

But then I was doing everything stupid. Even my new little red dress was bound to attract attention and I knew it as I tried not to stumble on my new red stilettos.

If this was what taking to it like a duck to water was, I was quacking all over the place.

Tim dropped me at the door and sped away, leaving me to watch the tail lights disappearing before I opened the door. Bella and Phillip were waiting for me.

"Be prepared for the big entry," Bella warned Phillip as they waited for me to return.

"What have you done?" Phillip saw the look on his wife's face.

"You remember how Lilly wanted real breasts?"

"How could I forget?" Phillip looked puzzled for a few moments.

"Well, I've bribed him," Bella replied. "You should tell me to be ashamed."

"Maybe I should but you haven't explained it all."

"I told him that you'd pay for his implants." Bella paused to let her words sink in.

"That's not a bribe."

"You didn't let me finish," she smiled. "I told him we'd pay on condition that he persuaded Jeremy to have implants at the same time."

"That's immoral." Phillip looked shocked.

"Sure it is, but remember what I told you. I want this opportunity to design another girl."

"But does *he* want this?"

“That doesn’t matter, once they’re in there, his choices will be very limited and you’ll have two assistants.”

“I’m not sure.”

“I am totally sure,” Bella said. “As a boy, he’s a quivering wreck. As a girl, he can leave the past behind and become a new person.”

“I can see your logic.”

“Believe me; I can see it working more and more every day,” Bella said. “It’s like he’s caught the bug to be female and he won’t stop until there’s no trace of Jeremy left.”

I think this is what you wanted all along.” Phillip saw his wife’s smile.

“I’m going to love having a stepsister.”

“I think you’re turning a monster loose on the world.”

“Maybe so but I think he’ll be a harmless monster.”

“I’m home,” I called as I closed the door behind me and a jumble of carrier bags fell to the floor.

I looked at them as they looked at me. There was silence for a minute as they registered what they were seeing. I did a twirl and stood there waiting for someone to say something.

“You’ve turned out far better than I expected,” Bella said.

“That’s a little mean.” Phillip stood and came to look at me closely. “He’s quite exquisite.”

I felt lightheaded and happy, perhaps a little flirty even though this was neither the time nor the place for that. It was as if we were suddenly three girls together, even though two of us were boys.

"I need you to teach me all the things I don't know," I said. "I think I look right but I don't know how to act properly."

"The way you can walk in those heels says that you're on the way," Phillip replied.

"I'm afraid my breasts are going to fall out; that's why I walk this way."

"You could have fooled me." Bella pretended to check her breasts. "You look really good."

"I feel good too," I replied. "I know I should feel something else but right now, I feel as if I've taken control of my life again."

Phillip and Bella exchanged glances. I didn't know why then but I guess I should have known that I was falling into the plans Bella had made for me."

"Lilly's coming over and we're going to eat Chinese," Bella said. "While we're waiting, you can tell us all about your day."

"I think I need to freshen up first," I said and excused myself.

Once back in my own space, I quickly cleaned my face and started again. This time I was determined make myself up into real glamour. Foundation and contouring was quick and easy now that I'd got used to it.

My eye makeup always fascinated me. I'd studied it and watched endless videos teaching me how to use shadow and liner; mascara and lashes. I'd brought home some really nice ones, and was determined to get them on without having a struggle with the glue.

My eyes were amazing, even if I do say so myself. I blinked at myself several times, holding a little mirror to the side of the big one, checking that they were fixed. They looked like false lashes and that was the idea.

I heard a car in the drive and guessed it was either the food delivery or Bella. I looked out and saw it was both. Lilly was wearing a tight black dress and stilettos. I decided to do the same and rushed to make my entrance before they'd settled down.

I saw Lilly's eyes light up when she saw me and knew I'd done well. I thought I looked good and my new breast forms gave me a better figure than ever before. We hugged and air kissed.

It was all I could do to stop myself pulling her to my bedroom there and then. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Bella and Phillip exchanging glances which said a lot.

As we ate, the conversation was light. When we finished and moved into the lounge with drinks, Lilly stood up.

"I'm going to get my breasts done next week," she announced. "After Monday, Tim will have disappeared for good."

"Are you sure that's wise?" Bella asked.

I didn't know then that she was paying and that this was a staged conversation.

"I'm surer than ever," she replied. "I've watched how Jeremy has come out of his shell, and of course, I've admired Phillip for ages, so I know what I want."

Lilly looked at me as if asking a question. I didn't know what the question was.

I knew I wanted to get Lilly to myself. Maybe then I'd get to know.

There was no point in pretending. Lilly and I left hand in hand to go to my rooms. Once there we fell into a spontaneous orgy of touching, and feeling, followed by gasping squealing and panting. It all got very messy, not to say sweaty as well.

We showered together, squeezing into the cubicle which was large for one but cramped for two. We took it in turns, kneeling to suck and trying to get exhausted members to rise again.

I think we were both emptied and awaiting a recharge which could only come with an interval. Wrapped in towels, we cooled down and dried each other's hair.

"I wish my hair was as long as yours," Lilly said as she brushed through my dry hair. "If I went blonde, would you be my blonde sister?"

"Your hair is nearly as long," I said, avoiding her question, much as I wanted to agree.

Somehow we ended up lying on top of my bed again. We were scissored together in a jumble of legs intertwined. Don't ask me to describe the position but you can imagine it. Lilly's penis came to life before mine and I played with it idly with one hand as Lilly's fingers traced patterns round my nipple. I liked the feeling and started to do the same with my free hand.

"Soon you'll be able to do that on top of a real breast," Lilly said. "Won't that be wonderful? I'm going to get the nicest implants and the best surgeon."

"I hope you get them in a believable size." I said.

I imagined her fingers on me if I had breasts too. I shivered in fear at the thought but from that moment, it wouldn't go away. I could picture us together in my imagination. We were dressed and undressed. We were modest and blatant.

The thought persisted as my penis came to life. I think the thought of breasts must have perked it up. Our penis were big together, touching and being rubbed against each other by our hands. I don't know who moved first but I remember taking her penis inside me and then my penis disappearing inside her.

I remember taking her in my mouth. She cautioned me and backed away before taking me into her mouth, but then we rolled onto the bed again. How many ways we entered each other, I'll never remember. It was almost as if we were going to stay erect forever.

It couldn't last. Lilly was kneeling on top and deep inside me. My legs were bent back as she pushed deeper than ever. I could see it in her eyes. The pupils seemed to widen and hold me, telling me that I was going to be taken.

Then it happened. I felt that first twitch which reverberated through me like that big bass string on a cello. I felt my own penis twitch in response. Lilly started to pump deep inside me as I pumped over her tummy. It seemed to go on forever.

I tried to keep it going when I felt her weaken but try as I might, she'd given me all she had. We lay side-by-side, spent and sated.

I think we slept then.

"Aren't you a little bit afraid of getting breasts?"

We were sitting on opposite sides of the table in my sitting room after we'd played with each other again when we woke.

"A little, if I'm honest." Lilly took my hand. "But I've wanted it for so long, I can't refuse now."

"Refuse? What does that mean?"

"Can you keep a secret?" Lilly smiled and I knew that a secret was to be revealed whatever I said. "Bella and Phillip are paying."

"That's generous," I gasped.

"I think they're so pleased that I've been able to help you out of your shell."

“You’ve certainly done that,” I agreed. “When I think how I was clinging to existence as the old Jeremy.”

“I think that they feel you’re worth it. Bella even said you could have breasts at the same time.”

“You’re not serious.” A cold sweat seemed to ripple through me at those words.

“I think the offer was real. You’d have to ask.”

“I can’t ask my stepsister if she would kindly pay for her stepbrother to get breast implants because he couldn’t live as a boy but thought he could live as a girl.”

“You’re putting it in the worst way you could.” Lilly came round the table to hug me. “We could be like sisters.”

“Lesbian sisters.”

“There’s nothing wrong with that,” Lilly said. “But remember there are lots of guys out there who’d be thrilled to date girls like me.”

“Isn’t that dicing with death?” I asked. “What happens after they’ve played with your breasts and find what’s hidden under your panties?”

“The same as now, I guess,” Lilly said, looking at my expression. “Don’t look shocked. I didn’t live like a nun before you came along. I never made a secret of who I was; they knew I was a boy in a dress and what they’d find in my panties. That was probably why I was so popular.”

“I never thought of that.”

“You can think about it now,” Lilly said. “We could double date and you’d find out how nice a boy can be.”

“I don’t know...”

“You’re thinking about it already.” Lilly nodded. “Just because you might do it with a boy, it doesn’t

mean you can't do it with a girl like me... or any girl for that matter."

"You can do it with girls?"

"Of course you can." Bella smiled. "Have penis will travel. There are girls who like to have a girlfriend with benefits."

"But you look so feminine."

"That's what they like. I can be sweet and vulnerable too," Lilly said. "I think they love to see me looking so good in a dress and heels, then in lingerie. Then when we get close, I've been told to keep my bra and my false breasts on. They get off on the fantasy."

"Won't that be spoiled if you get implants?"

"I don't think so. I can't wait to see their eyes light up when I have real breasts that I can't take off. I'm already fantasising about someone playing with my breasts when I get them."

"You make it all sound so tempting," I agreed. "If only it were so."

"It can be; just ask," Lilly said. "I think Bella would agree and after all, if it doesn't work out, implants can always be removed."

"I guess so."

"I'm going to talk to Bella now. Why don't you come along with me?"

I didn't really listen to Bella and Lilly talking about his implants. I didn't want to make it seem that I was too interested, even though by then I was almost jealous.

It was a bit surreal too. Lilly was all feminine confidence. She looked ravishing again, speaking easily and sounding like she was a girl discussing her latest lingerie.

Bella was more matter-of-fact as they talked. The surgeon had been chosen for her ability to construct the most natural of breasts, not too far apart, yielding softly to the touch, yet hanging on the chest as if they had grown there naturally.

Minimal scarring was essential, as was a realistic size. Bella was quite insistent. Lilly wasn't to get porn star size breasts. Real woman shape, size, and profile was the best option.

The nipples would be a little higher but that was because re-positioning them was difficult. Bella said that her research – and I don't know where she got the information – said that if they were repositioned, healing took longer and sensitivity could be affected.

"I want them to be really sensitive," I heard Lilly saying as she looked directly at me and I blushed.

"I don't know if that can be arranged." Bella glanced my way and I thought she could see into my mind. "If they're sensitive now, they should stay the same."

"Can Jeremy have his breasts done at the same time?" Lilly said and, to my horror, Bella turned to me.

"I'd be delighted if he would," she said.

"I'm not sure..."

"I am so sure," Bella interrupted. "When you came here you were hopeless; a lost cause, unable to function. As a girl, you've been someone else entirely; someone who can navigate the world."

"I'm not sure I could cope with being attractive to boys," I stuttered; the first words that came into my head.

"I'm not so sure." Bella's eyebrows rose. "I'm not blind. I've seen how you and Lilly look at each other."

"I don't look at Tim," I protested.

"I hardly think that's a vote against the proposition," Bella countered. "I think you should agree and

go for surgery at the same time as Lilly. If it doesn't work out, I'll guarantee to pay the fees for you to have them removed."

"Please say yes," Lilly pleaded.

"Yes," I said, wondering what on earth I'd really agreed to and how I'd been trapped by my own willingness to please.

To this day, I don't know how much of this had been pre-planned and pre-arranged. There was no discussion. I had doubts and fears but whenever I tried to mention them, the conversation quickly changed subject.

Two days later and Bella, Lilly, and I were in the waiting room of a private clinic which looked for all the world like a World Class home. It was all very caring and comfortable but there was no pretence that we were here for anything other than a consultation about breasts.

Breasts were on display wherever we looked, from the receptionist to the hostess who served coffee and tiny nibbles. They wore deliberately low-cut tops, showing the tops of their breasts; tastefully but obviously. We were given a portfolio of before and after pictures, almost as if it were a catalogue for us to make a choice.

A nurse came for Lilly who stood, smiled, and walked away with far more confidence than I was feeling. A couple of moments later and I was called. With a glance at Bella who smiled reassuringly, I followed to my fate.

"Don't be afraid," my nurse said. "I was a boy like you, scared and shaking inside as I thought about the momentous decisions in front of me."

"I'm scared stiff."

"There's no need to be." She sat next to me. "You can feel my breasts if you'd like to. I dare you to find anything that could make you think they're not real."

"I don't like to touch." I was shocked at the offer. "I don't know you."

"That doesn't matter; why do you think I'm here? I was a boy theatre nurse without breasts and now I'm still a theatre nurse but a much happier one."

She saw me glance at the rings on her left hand and held it up. "Yes, I married my girlfriend and things are great. I'm sure they will be for you once you get over the shock."

"Is getting breasts a shock?" I hadn't thought of that.

"Often it is," she replied. "You can get an instant feeling of regret, of wondering why you ever got into this mess. It passes."

"That sounds horrible."

"I think we've learned to recognise it and we'll give you something to make it easier," she said reassuringly. "Of course it's a shock. You'll feel swollen and sore. Your skin will feel stretched and the weight will make you feel as if you've forgotten how to sit and stand."

"That sounds awful too."

"Once the swelling goes and the bruising fades, your new breasts will fall into the shape and position that your surgeon intended all along. You'll feel amazingly feminine and powerful then, especially when you see yourself in the prettiest lingerie you've always wanted."

"How long does it take to feel like that?"

"That's a big question and I can't answer. It all depends upon your healing processes," she said. "Now it's time for me to do some tests and then you can see your surgeon. She really is the best in the business."

I didn't enjoy being poked and prodded; I didn't like being measured, weighed and giving blood samples. It was all very clinical and gentle but the sight of that needle taking my blood made me feel faint. It made me aware of the enormity I was about to impose on my body.

Yes, it was then that I realised that, despite doubts, I was going to go through this.

The meeting with my surgeon was really re-assuring. She was a slim, elegant lady, wearing a light business suit in a deep red shade. It was hard to guess here age but I guessed she knew a good fellow surgeon to keep the years at bay.

Her hair was frosted blonde and hung loosely around her shoulders. Her makeup was subtle and she wore a delicately floral scented perfume. Rings glittered from her ears and on her fingers as she talked me through some of the pictures I'd seen in the waiting room.

It was clear that she prided herself on a good result for her patients as she asked many questions and soon we were chattering like we were old friends.

"I have to confess that I know a little about you," she said, turning the pages of pictures over. "Of course I shouldn't really tell you, but in confidence, I did Phillip's breast reconstruction after he'd had those dreadful lumps on his chest. I always use his pictures, anonymously of course, when I show people my best work."

"I've never seen them," I said, adding hastily, "only when he's wearing something low-cut."

"And I've known Bella for ages, long before she met Phillip. She's told me all about you."

"So are you willing to operate?" I asked. "On me, now that you seem to know so much about me."

“Yes, I am as long as you’re sure you want me to. Bella’s told me how your change of lifestyle has rescued you from a life of mental chaos and she’s asked me to reassure you that implants can be taken out if that’s what you want later on.”

“How long do I have to make that decision; to have them removed?”

“I wouldn’t like to do it before a year has passed,” she replied. “But if it helps your decision, I’ve only been asked to remove them once in my career.”

“Okay,” I muttered, letting her words sink in.

“Now about size.” She held out a picture. “I’ve been given the parameters by Bella and I must say I agree with everything she said about natural shape and definition. I think with your general figure, a C cup could be the best option.”

“I don’t really understand cup sizes,” I confessed.

“It means you’d have proportionate breasts.” She smiled. “Without giving away secrets, your friend has opted for that size. You couldn’t hide the fact that you have them unless you wore something really shapeless and baggy.”

“Would they be heavy? Would they hurt?”

“You’d probably feel more comfortable if you wore a bra most of the time, but bras can do so many things. They can exaggerate or minimise breasts. They can show a little or a lot and still be comfortable.”

“Can I say a small C then?”

“Yes, I can do that.” She smiled. “I have you and Lilly on my list for the day after tomorrow. I’ll see you then.”

Before I had time to respond, she’d stood up, hugged me like an old friend and I was on my way out as the nurse came in with a sheaf of papers which she took and sat down, indicating that there was nothing more to say.

Bella and Lilly were in the waiting room, smiling at me as if they already knew.

Not that there had been much doubt when I'd agreed to come and see the surgeon.

I tried not to think about it anymore. Lilly didn't help. She was so excited and talked incessantly about everything and nothing. She talked bras and breasts of course; of the lingerie she planned and how she was going to seduce me with her breasts alone.

"But I'll have some too," I said but I think it fell on deaf ears.

The time passed and Bella drove us to the clinic where we hugged our goodbyes and went separately to private rooms to be prepared. I was given a hideous gown to wear; pink and like a surgical gown.

"It's not designed for glamour," the same nurse who I'd met before said cheerfully. "Don't worry; you won't feel a thing."

"Is that a promise?" I asked.

"You can take it as that," she said.

I lay in the bed and winced as she inserted a cannula in the back of my hand. I watched as she squeezed a syringe into it and immediately got a sensation of warmth and detachment.

"Remember, there's going to be some discomfort when you wake up tomorrow but it's going to pass quite quickly. You'll soon have your own beautiful breasts and you'll feel great. It's all going to be worth it."

"The words went in my ears but by then I think my brain was far away, detached from this reality. I know I wanted to panic and shout for it all to stop.

But I was too calm to be bothered, so I sank back and let the soporific drugs take over.

I woke and felt like grim death. My throat was raw and when I tried to call out, only a croak emerged. My nurse helped me to a sip of water.

"It's all over," She said. "It all went so perfectly."

I sighed and I think I drifted away again. I was conscious of some weight on my chest but there were so many dressings there that I didn't think to look what my chest would be like. I seemed to have so many wires running from me into a socket in the wall.

"It's monitoring everything," the nurse told me.

I think it was the next day when my surgeon came to inspect her patient. It could have been the day after. I woke for a while, got another injection, and drifted away again several times. She looked at the chart of my progress on his tablet.

"That's what I like to see." She smiled and touched the dressings on my chest. "I'm going to remove some of these."

Slowly the bandages came away. Some hurt a little, others just seemed to be lightly adhering to me. I looked down at these two things inside my chest for the first time. They seemed huge and felt swollen.

"Don't worry, there's a lot of bruising to come out, and your skin has to adjust," she said. "It's going to feel better after you start to move around and gravity can help."

"It looks awful," I said.

"Of course it's been through a lot of trauma, but that's not anything to worry about," she said. "We have a specially designed surgical brassiere for you to wear for a few days. When the bruising starts to fade significantly, you can wear one of your own as long as it's fully supportive."

"What does that mean?" I asked stupidly.

“It means no push-up balconettes,” she laughed. “You can save those for next month.”

Later that day, Lilly came in, walking ever so carefully, with a big smile on her face.

“It hurts but I love it,” she said, all smiles and confidence.

I think she could see that I wasn’t on the same planet as she was.

What can I tell you about my recovery period? I had been warned of all the consequences and they all hit me. I cried and cried, wondering why had I allowed them to do this to me, then cried harder when I realised that I’d wanted it so much.

I looked at the bruising and watched as the shades changed and then started to fade. By that time, Lilly was dressing more and more the way I guess she always wanted. She didn’t care about the bruising.

“There’s only you that’s going to see,” she said, putting my hand against her new breasts at every opportunity.

“Not yet,” I said as she reached to feel mine. “I need time to own this before I do anything with anyone.”

I spent much of my day alone for the next couple of weeks. Lilly came and went, trying to bring me out of the shell into which I seemed to have sunk again. I know she and Bella talked about me and I knew they were worried.

One day, everything changed. I woke and felt energised, as if the world had suddenly become a brighter place. I showered and washed my hair much as usual but I caught myself humming a tune. I let my robe fall open and watched my breasts as I tried to pay attention to the hair drier.

It was no use; my hands wanted to explore my breasts. All at once, I seemed to have fallen in love with them, their weight and shape, the way they moved with me, reminding me all the time that they were there. I rubbed my hands around and under, feeling their weight and across, feeling my nipples.

I could see that the swelling and the bruising had gone. There was a hint of a scar but it was fading fast, and no one could possibly see it unless I undressed for them. This was the day, I decided. I felt light-headed, free, and even a bit flirty.

I chose a bright red bra and panties, and a red top with a scooped neck. The bra was a balconette, pushing up the swell of my breasts. I liked it. A short tight denim skirt, bare legs and some strappy red sandals with four-inch spike heels came next.

I put my hair back and started my makeup. False lashes came naturally to me today as I drew dark eyes with a hint of dark red above my eyeliner and below an ivory shadow. I was glad that my brows had been cleaned up; all I needed to do was smooth a little gel over them. I finished with a peach lip gloss.

I looked in the mirror again. I understood what was missing. I hadn't worn any earrings since I had to take them out to go to the clinic. Now I slipped the biggest golden hoops through the holes in my ears, shook my hair out in a messy straight 'do that fell over my shoulders, then almost skipped across to see Bella.

I saw her eyes size me up as soon as I entered the kitchen. Her expression went from curiosity through disbelief to delight. We hugged and I did my best not to let a tear spoil my makeup. We were still hugging when Lilly arrived.

"Can anyone join?" she asked as she launched herself into our collective arms.

"Meet Francesca," Bella said, pointing at me.

Lilly looked from her to me and smiled. "I guess Jeremy is out."

“She’s having something Italian like me,” Bella said. “I was there at her creation and I have the right to decide her name.”

“I like it,” I said, understanding that everything was changed.

“I’ve got Phillip and our lawyers getting you documented already,” she said. “I even got you a full driver’s licence.”

“But I can’t drive.”

“A mere detail; we’ll get Francesca the best lessons in town and her own car.”

“Can you afford it?” Lilly asked, her eyes opening wide.

“Of course; I got a big lump sum as well as an income of more than I could hope to earn as part of the compensation package.”

“Perhaps we’d better not advertise that,” Bella added caution to the conversation.

It was a day of days. We went into town and I got my nails done to match my red top. We lunched in a fancy bar and tried to ignore the starts of the boys as they came and went.

“All you have to do is smile back,” Lilly whispered.

“But they might not like what’s in my panties.”

“There are ways of being subtle. You’ll have to learn them quickly; I’ll look after you.”

At home that night, after dinner with Bella and Phillip, Lilly and I retired to my room. It was exactly as she wanted and as delightful as I could have wished. I don’t know why my nipples were so sensitive but I whimpered and moaned as she played with them.

The sex was fun too. My breasts reminded me at every move that I had to be a girl now, but it didn't matter. I played with Lilly's breasts and suckled on them. Between us, we did every position known to man and to man and woman, as well as woman to woman. We took it in turns being the dominant as we changed positions.

"I think you prefer to be submissive," Lilly announced as she came into me for the second, or was it the third time?

"I think I like it too." I shifted my position to get her as far inside as I could. "It means you have to seduce me."

And that's where it all ends; at least all I'm going to reveal here. Yes, I did learn to date boys. I enjoyed being treated like a lady and being a lady in bed for them. It wasn't the same though.

I think Lilly had taught me the joys too well and we stuck together through double dates, vacations, and all life's other delights.

Poor depressed Jeremy had been left far behind.

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