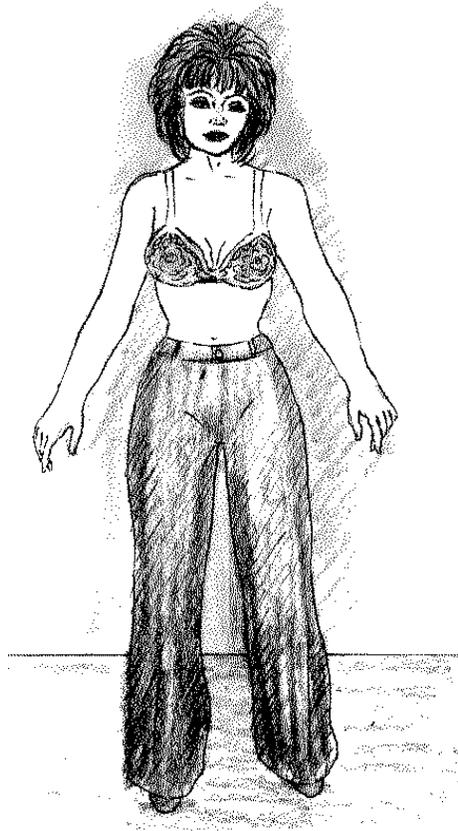


THE BOY WHO HAD BREASTS

By Deena Gomersall



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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THE BOY WHO HAD BREASTS.

By Deena Gomersall

Chapter one: AN UNWANTED DEVELOPMENT.

Colin Jones was sitting in class at his school, Shaftsbury High. The form teacher was talking but Colin's mind was not at all on what was being said. Instead he was wondering why his nipples were feeling so sore and worrying that whatever the reason it was may also be to blame for the slight swelling below them.

He had first felt the soreness five weeks ago then discovered the swelling two weeks later. Only this morning whilst doing physical exercise in the Gym he had knocked his chest heavily on the press bench and it had really hurt, they still felt sore now.

“Huh! Yes Sir?” came the startled response.

“Jones,” Mr. Mellor, the form tutor called out for a second time.

“Huh! Yes Sir?” Came the startled response.

“Jones, are you actually paying attention to what I am saying?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Then perhaps you would be good enough to relate all that I have just told the rest of the class, would you?”

Colin obviously couldn't. As he sat with a blank expression, he wondered whether or not to tell Mr. Mellor what had been troubling him and why he hadn't paid attention. He felt embarrassed, though, in front of the rest of the class, half of whom were girls, and he certainly didn't want it being spread around school.

He was still concerned as he made his way home that day, aided by the uncomfortable rubbing of his shirt against his very sensitive nipples. Once home, Colin finally confided in his Mom. He felt quite awkward asking his mother about breasts, but he felt he HAD to.

“Mom, what happens when girls reach puberty? I mean, what happens to their chests?”

She looked at him quizzically. “Why do you ask, Honey? Is some girl you know developing?”

“No. To be honest, I'm worried. My nipples have been getting really sore to touch and it seems to be causing the area around them to swell up too.”

Colin's Mom, Irene, told Colin to unbutton his shirt so that she could take a look and see for herself.

Reluctantly at first, Colin did as he was asked and revealed the extent of the swelling around each nipple.

“Oh Colin, I think that you should see a doctor. The swelling isn't inflamed but it is certainly swollen, how long has it been like this.. are they tender?” Without thinking, Irene felt the swollen tissue, causing Colin to wince.

“Arrgh, careful Mom, they are really sore,” he complained.

“If you were a girl rather than a boy, I would say that you were developing breasts. They just look like the pre-pubescent breasts of a girl of, say, twelve or thirteen years old,” his Mom told him with a mystified look. “How long did you say that they've been like that?”

“I dunno for sure, maybe five or six weeks since I first noticed it, but they can't be breasts, I think I must have knocked myself hard and it's caused the area around my nipples to come up in a bump.”

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Colin was too embarrassed with his condition than to go voluntarily to see the doctor, especially since his Mom had said that they looked like girls' breasts. Instead, he put some cream on them to try and ease the soreness.

The swelling continued - enough now to be prominent underneath his school shirts. There was a definite tenting where the erect nipple protruded. This caused Colin to have to wear a jumper over his shirt in a bid to mask the offensive bulge, but the tightness of the jumper compressed the material of his shirt onto the already sensitive nipples, making them even more sore.

“Well then there's only one thing for it,” Irene told him, losing her patience, “you're going to have to go see the doctor and find out what is causing it and have him prescribe something to treat it.”

“But, I can't, Mom, it's too embarrassing. Can't I at least wait until the swelling goes down a bit?”

“Goes down, huh? All it's doing is getting more evident and I'm getting fed up of hearing your complaints— ”my nipples are sore"... “I am too hot”... “They're too obvious”. No, my lad, you are going. The doctor will probably give you some tablets which will take the swelling down within days, then you'll wonder why you didn't go sooner.”

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Colin knocked on the doctor's door with his Mom beside him, two days later. The doctor looked up briefly from his desk and motioned Mother and son to take a seat before glancing back down to his files. Eventually he gave Colin his full attention.

“Now then, young man, Colin Jones, isn't it? What can I do for you?” he asked cheerily.

“Well..er..I-I've been getting sore er..around here, Doc,” Colin stuttered, motioning to his chest. “I'm wondering if I have cancer like my Dad had.”

Colin's face visibly reddened as he unbuttoned his shirt, then burned as he saw the look of surprise on the doctor's face.

The doctor made no comment but felt around the swollen areas with both hands.

“You say that your nipples are sensitive, Colin?” Doctor Spencer finally asked.

Colin nodded as the doctor proceeded to make notes in his file. He was feeling anxious to know what was wrong; it seemed that he didn't have Cancer... but what? Finally, unable to hold out any longer, he asked what he believed to be a silly and physically impossible question.

“Doctor, am, am I er.. am I growing breasts? Am I turning into a—girl?”

“Well... yes and no,” the doctor informed him with a direct look.

“Yes and no! What do you mean, what's the 'yes' bit?” Colin asked in alarm, having expected a totally negative answer.

“Don't get alarmed, Colin. You are certainly not turning into a girl, but you are temporarily developing some female characteristics.” The doctor allowed the information to sink in, noticing the shock on both Colin's and Irene's faces.

“Let me explain to you,” he continued. “It is nothing to get worried about, but at your age, both boys' and girls' bodies are undergoing changes..puberty, you are turning into adults. Within all teen-agers' bodies, there are amounts of both male and female hormones. In most cases, if you are a boy, the male hormone testosterone becomes dominant and you develop into a young man. Likewise, girls have the female hormone, estrogen, which takes over and they develop into women- developing breasts. For a time, this mixture of body chemicals goes crazy before settling down and at this time, girls may produce higher levels of male hormones than normal, and boys, those of females. This often results in gender confusion and may lead to them being unsure of gender attractions. It is not permanent, but in some cases it can lead to boys developing some degree of breast tissue. It is a condition called 'Gynecomastia'.”

Colin felt too shocked to make any comment. It was true. He was developing a girl's breasts.

“You said that the condition is temporary, doctor?” Irene asked, keeping her calm.

“Yes, indeed, and it is also more common than people realize.”

“So, how long is 'temporary'?” she pursued.

“That depends on different people Mrs. Jones. It may just be a matter of months, or in extreme cases, as long as three or four years, five at the very most.”

“Five years!” Colin exclaimed, suddenly finding his voice.

“Yes, but do understand that it is very rare for symptoms to last so long,” Doctor Spencer replied.

“And, will Colin continue to, er, expand while all this is going on inside of him?” Irene asked.

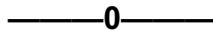
“Yes. Just as a female would. But, just like a natural girl, it all depends on the hormone levels, and of the mother's own breast size,” he added, looking at Mrs. Jones' very full chest.

“And if he has a high level and this does persist for a few years..?”

“Then, Colin could develop a full womanly bosom, Mrs. Jones,” The doctor answered. “But, it is still temporary and as his body adjusts, his breasts should decrease in size and eventually disappear.”

“Why me? Why me?” was all that Colin was able to mutter as he tried to come to terms with the fact that he may soon have very prominent, very real tits on his chest.

Colin really couldn't believe what was happening as he and his Mom traveled home from the doctor's. All that he could possibly hope for was that it would correct itself in the shortest time possible. At least the doctor had given him a prescription for some cream to help relieve the soreness and irritation as well as an official doctor's note excusing him from all physical activity at school where he would have to expose his chest.



As the days and weeks rolled by, Colin's problems increased. Other students at school began asking him why he no longer took part in any physical activities. He had been one of the school's top athletes and was a star of the football team; he had always enjoyed swimming yet now never went near a swimming pool.

There were problems with the girls, too. Colin had never been short of female attention due to his good looks, long hair and clear complexion, but now he avoided them and had inexplicably “ditched” his current girlfriend, Pam.

All of these things brought about rumors in school concerning him. Various interpretations were made such as his having a skin disease and some even suggested that he had turned gay and was no longer interested in girls.

Colin wasn't sure whether it was the prescribed medicine that the doctor had given him or something else, but his nipples weren't quite as tender now, although there was more of a tingling to them which was sometimes irritating and sometimes quite pleasant.

It was at this time that he discovered his new, young breasts had a movement to them. He could feel them jiggle ever so slightly if he moved fast or ran, much in the way that flab on an overweight man's chest would.

Irene kept a close inspection on them and his sister, Sharon, who was two years older than he, teased him unmercifully about them.

“They are becoming too large to just leave them without any kind of support,” Irene suggested with a concerned look.

“What do you mean, Mom?” Colin inquired, slightly concerned over just what she may have in mind.

“Well. If they are heavy enough to move, then they should really be bound. It would help to control them and your school friends wouldn't see as much evidence of them.”

“But bind them with what, Mom? What do you have in mind? Wrapping bandage around them?”

“Well, actually, I was thinking more in the line of a training bra,” Irene stated matter-of-factly as Sharon burst into giggles.

“A BRA! No way, I'm not wearing a bra,” Colin exclaimed indignantly.

“Why ever not? You have breasts, that is what bras are for. I'm not talking about a full bra, just a training bra like young girls wear to give themselves support. You're only an AA anyway, nobody would notice.”

“I would. I'm not wearing a bra.. not to school or even just around the house, no way!” Colin protested indignantly while glaring at Sharon who was hysterical with laughter.

* * * *

The way your jumper bulges, Jonesie, it looks like you've got yourself a set of tits," suggested Tom Smith.

“Er, yes, it's this jumper, it's baggy on me and gets all pushed up after a while,” Colin attempted to explain in a feeble attempt at straightening it out whilst moving away, preventing Tom from seeing more.

Along with such embarrassing situations, Colin found the added movement was causing more and more soreness, and his breasts were even starting to ache slightly.

When he arrived home that evening, Irene instructed him to remove his jumper and shirt.

Colin, thinking she was going to inspect his unwanted lumps, did as she asked.

“There seems to be more tumescence. Now, I really do not want any more complaints from you, just try this on.”

Colin was alarmed to see her produce a small blue bra and place it around his chest. He stood in shock as he saw his small breasts fit snugly into the cups as Irene adjusted the shoulder straps.

“AW, MOM! Where did this come from?” he exclaimed in humiliation.

“It's what Sharon used to wear when she was fourteen,” Irene told him, “unfortunately it's a little too snug around the chest and the straps are just a bit too short for comfort.”

Colin sighed with relief. “Shall I take it off now, then?”

“Yes, try this one,” Irene said as she lifted up yet another bra, this time a pink one. Irene had Colin hold out his arms, somewhat reluctantly, and put the straps through them.

He felt the tight support as his mother fastened the straps at the back. He looked down to see once more his small mounds nestling comfortably in the small pink cotton cups, and blushed as he saw that this one was edged with white lace along the tops.

“Oh, Mom, I can't wear this, I just can't. I feel stupid.”

“Does it feel firm around you without being too tight?”

“Well, yes.”

“And does it feel comfortable?”

“I guess so, but...”

“Then that settles it. Don't you know that these things were made for the purpose of supporting breasts? If you don't give your breasts some control, they will sag from their weight, maybe become disfigured. Would you like to have a pair of saggy breasts with the weight pulling them down and making them swing and stretch even longer?”

Colin looked awe stricken. “Gee, no,” he replied honestly. “Is that what would really happen?”

“Without adequate support, yes, it is, so let's not have any more nonsense.”

“But...”

“No 'butts', come on, put your shirt back on so that I can have a look.”

Colin was relieved to find that the small bra, rather than making the protrusions greater, actually helped flatten his small, soft breasts so that they weren't so obvious.

“There, look, they give you some control while helping you to conceal them.”

“Yeah, but I still feel sissy wearing a bra,” Colin replied sulkily.

“Nobody other than us will be any the wiser, Sweetheart.”

“Sharon will know, won't she? She'll make fun of me.”

“If we don't tell her, then she, too, will be none the wiser. Anyway, you leave Sharon to me. I'll put her straight,” Irene told him, giving him a comforting kiss on the cheek.

Sharon arrived home from work just before 6:00 in the evening. Colin was upstairs working on some homework.

“Colin, your meal is out on the table. You too, Sharon. Come on,” Irene called.

When Colin entered the dining room, his Mom and Sharon were already eating. Sharon had just put a fork of food into her mouth. Suddenly she choked on what she was eating, coughed and spluttered, then burst out laughing. Colin looked around him to see what was so funny before deciding that she must be laughing at him.

“What's so funny?” he asked indignantly.

“Ooh, doesn't she look so cute in her new bra!” Sharon mocked.

Colin was now confused, he had his white school shirt on over the bra, how could she tell ?

“Sharon, stop that and eat your meal!” Irene reprimanded.

Colin sat, his face burning, still not knowing how his sister knew.

Sharon sat trying to suppress her laughter, occasionally glancing up at him and finally, holding back no longer, she burst out sniggering again.

“You've gone and told her, haven't you, Mom? You've told her that I've got this stupid bra on,” Colin stormed.

“No, I haven't. You should know that I wouldn't,” Irene responded.

“Well, then how come she knows?”

“Because, stupid, it shows through your shirt—or should I say your blouse? ... I can see it,” Sharon told him.

Colin fell silent.

“Now, just stop this nonsense you two, I'll not have it over the dinner table. Finish your meals and afterward I want to talk with both of you.”

After the dishes were cleared, Irene gathered her two children together and lectured them. She explained to Sharon what a hard time her brother was having and how he needed the support of his family.

“And the support of a bra!” Sharon quipped.

Things went relatively well for the next few weeks. Colin wore the bra to school and also when he went out with his friends on evenings and at weekends. He did suffer the problem of his friends asking why he was not participating in any of the school sports, but other than that, nobody seemed to suspect either that he was developing small breasts or was wearing a girl's bra.

He complained to his Mom that the bra was feeling tight on him some three weeks after he had begun to wear it.

“I think I must be putting a bit of weight on,” he told her. “It's not that I've gotten any larger in front, it just feels tight at the back where the clasp is.”

Irene checked the bra for him. Colin hoped that if it no longer fit him, he wouldn't have to wear it any longer.

“I think you are fooling yourself,” Irene told him.

“Fooling myself? What do you mean?”

“I mean that the only 'added weight' you have is at the front. Your bust has increased in size—quite a bit actually. You must have noticed.”

“Well, how come it's tight at the back then?” he asked despondently, tears of frustration forming in his eyes.

“Because, Love, the added size at the front is pushing forwards and pulling the back tighter,” his Mom explained.

Colin began wishing that he had kept his mouth shut when his Mom found an old bra of an even larger size in Sharon's room. He looked in dismay at the white, lacy bra. This one had deeper, more defined cups than the training bra and was more sturdily made.

“I think it's good now that Sharon never cleans her bedroom of all her old clothes,” Irene told him. “Her old bras are proving invaluable.”

“But, I can't wear this one, Mom, it will definitely show through even my thickest jumpers. The training bra just goes nicely round my—these—things, and holds them flat to my chest, but this will make them stick out.”

“So, what do you suggest? I mean it's natural to progress to a larger bra size and I think you are even over an A cup size now.”

Colin refused to listen to his mom's words and said that he would continue wearing the training bra, he would put up with any discomfort.

He pulled his shirt over his bare breasts; it felt unusual and the material felt cool against them. He was dismayed to see how much the erect nipples tented out the shirt. He pulled his jumper over the top but the form of his breasts were still evident and the nipples produced sharp points. He finally convinced himself that it was just his imagination and nobody at school would notice so long as his jumper was baggy. With that, he went down to breakfast.

His Mom didn't seem to have noticed as she busied herself around the kitchen. Eventually, she sat down at the breakfast table to drink her coffee.

“Colin!! You aren't wearing a bra!” she suddenly exclaimed.

“Er.. no Mom, it's just too tight to wear now,” he replied.

“Then, why didn't you ask me for the other one I found for you?”

“Well, because I think that one will be too obvious under my clothes.”

“It can't possibly be any more obvious than your nipples are right now, they really give you away. Draw attention to yourself if you like, but they push out your jumper like two tents,” she informed him.

Dismally, Colin listened to reason and reluctantly put on the larger bra, then had to hurry off to school to prevent being late. Things started off badly as he waited at the bus stop for the school bus.

“You're getting a nice pair of jugs there, Jonesie,” loud mouth Harry Langton teased, causing Colin's face to redden.

“You ought to be getting some exercises done instead of shirking from sports all the time, you lazy, fat bastard,” he continued.

Colin felt some relief. Langton was a big-mouthed trouble maker, but at least it just seemed that he thought Colin was merely putting on weight due to the lack of physical exercise at school. It was better sounding than the real truth. Nobody else seemed to notice, or chose not to mention it for the rest of that day.

The following day however, he was aware of glances from other students which made him feel embarrassed and shy around them. It made him feel so self-conscious that the next day he feigned illness so that he didn't have to go. He didn't fool his mom, though, and she asked him the real reason.

“It's just that all the kids are staring at me and the girls giggle. I knew they'd all notice, I just knew it, it's because of wearing that bigger bra,” he complained.

“They would eventually have noticed, with or without the bra, Love, don't you realize? Obviously, it would have been better if you had not got any bigger, but you have. People are bound to notice.”

“So, why don't I just bind them down tightly so that people don't see them or.. or have them surgically removed like the doc said I can?” Colin protested feebly.

“Because they are growing.. developing. Binding them could cause you injury, and what if you have them for a year or more like the doctor said? You can't keep them bound up all that time, you would disfigure yourself. And, as for having them surgically removed, well that is just preposterous, why scar yourself for life when eventually they will go away on their own accord?”

“Well, I'm not going back to school then. I only have five weeks to go before I finish, anyway.”

“Yes, exactly,” Irene reminded him. “Only five more weeks, you've already worn a bra to school for five weeks. Five weeks more is not going to do any harm.”

“Yeah, and the damn things have continued to grow more during that time, too,” the distraught boy complained.

“Well, surely, they aren't going to grow much more now. You have your tests coming up next week, it's important that you get good grades.”

Without warning, Colin began to cry, cry with pent-up frustrations and embarrassment; it all just seemed so unfair to him. “Why me, Mom, why did it have to happen to me?” he sobbed.

Colin was talked into continuing school but the amused looks of others turned into cutting remarks and sniggers behind his back every time that he walked by. He did his best to ignore it all and tried to concentrate on his exams.

It was one Wednesday when he rushed home, looking red faced and very flustered. Irene could tell that he had been crying.

“Whatever is the matter now?” she asked her distressed son.

“I was walking home from school and Sue Brinkley asked me if I'd like to walk her and her friend Tracy home... she's a new girl. Anyway, I thought that they were asking me as a joke at my expense, but they kept nagging me, so finally I agreed. Well, on the way, this Tracy kept on looking at my chest and then glancing at Sue with a smile on her face. I told them that I would have to turn back as I was getting embarrassed but then Tracy put her arm underneath my coat and around my back, you know ... like we were walking together. Then, she suddenly screamed out , 'My god! He's wearing a brassier.' Then they both burst out laughing.”

It took some time for Irene to console Colin. She was aided in this by a letter that had arrived that morning. “I have some good news anyway, Love. You've received a letter from college and they've given you that placement that begins at the start of the new term.”

Colin cheered up a bit, but then became depressed once more when he considered that the problem would continue with the students at college. The next morning Colin

was again hesitant about going to school suspecting that Tracy would have spread the word about him.

“I don't think that she will, she's had a laugh, but she would have to be very cruel to go spreading gossip like that around school,” Irene suggested.

Far from being reassured Colin set off; however his worst fears were realized the moment that he set foot on the school grounds.

Chapter two: VICTIMISED.

Once Irene heard all that had happened and all the taunts and nasty remarks her son had endured, she backed him up totally in not returning to school. Colin expressed his fears about the same thing happening to him when he started college. Irene had no answer to that and decided on another visit to Doctor Spencer to see if there was any advice that he could give.

“I have to admit that you are my first patient with gynecomastia and, to my limited knowledge, other sufferers do not develop quite as large as you have,” the doctor informed mother and son honestly. “It is normal for sufferers to develop the prepubescent breasts of a fourteen- or fifteen- year old girl, but you seem to be on your way to developing the bosom of a girl in her late teens,” he added.

“So, what can I do, Doctor?” Colin pleaded. “They are becoming too large for me to hide and I am worried that once I start college in six weeks time, everyone will notice them.”

The doctor was sympathetic to Colin's plight, but really could offer no help. He refused to sanction the idea of having them medically removed and yet could provide nothing to help them decrease in size.

“After all, this is nature, it's your own body chemistry causing the growth. I could, perhaps, give you small quantities of testosterone to combat the female hormones, but I cannot guarantee what the consequences may be,” the doctor informed him.

“For this treatment you would have to be booked into the hospital and be given regulated doses, and only after rigorous tests had been made by the doctor there. The whole process and all the tests and paper work would prevent any changes from happening for at least eight weeks, though.”

Colin's problems continued even when he went into town shopping or to the movies. Even grown men and women would look twice at him; it was all very embarrassing. He became very miserable and withdrawn, he was inconsolable as he couldn't do any of the things that he enjoyed doing like playing football or swimming. He couldn't even go out for a walk without having to wear a large coat, which seemed crazy on a blazing hot day.

He surprised himself with his own suggestion one evening while discussing his problems with his mom.

"I can't go anywhere or do anything anymore! It would be easier if I looked like a girl," he said miserably.

"Wouldn't that just make things worse and give more reason for people to poke fun at you?" Irene asked him.

"No, I don't just mean if my face looked like a girl's, I mean if I was dressed as a girl too. At least then what people thought they saw wouldn't be a boy with breasts but a real, normal girl. Then, I wouldn't be stared at as if I was some kind of a freak."

"Hey! That's not a bad idea, kid brother," Sharon exclaimed.

"Don't talk daft Sharon, he couldn't do that. He would be recognized by people who knew him, then they really would think he was weird. At the moment, it's not his fault, it's a medical condition. If he dressed as a girl, it would be his own doing without any excuses. And even people who did not know him, wouldn't they just see him as a boy wearing a dress?"

Colin had not spoken seriously, he had been feeling sorry for himself. Still, in protest, he defended his idea. "Uh, I might be better thought of as a boy who wore girls clothes...as weird as that may be, than a boy who had real women's breasts."

"And, who's to say anyone would recognize him dressed up and with make-up on? I bet anything he would look just like a real girl," Sharon continued, "...and, I think his hair is just about long enough to pass for the kind of short hair styles a lot of girls wear these days."

"Forget it Sharon, I wasn't being really serious, you know, just sounding off a bit. Anyway, I was referring to some of these unisex-type girls' clothes that look like boys', then if anyone noticed these things they couldn't tell if I was a girl or a boy and just presume I was a girl. I certainly wasn't suggesting that I wear make-up."

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The following day being Saturday, Colin found himself the subject of taunts and abuse on the streets where he lived. He even received two nasty phone calls and a note pushed through the letter box.

"Oh, this is just great, I'm not even going to be able to leave the house anymore," he complained to his sister.

"You would if you went out looking like a pretty girl," Sharon replied with a mischievous grin.

When Irene returned from doing her Saturday shopping, she informed her two children that she, too, had been the subject of taunts. A gang of youth had called out to her, "How are your two daughters today, Mrs. Jones?"

Irene was in no doubt that they were going to start being victimized every time that school was closed and the coming six week's holidays were going to be a nightmare for the mall .

"I am not tolerating this kind of thing," she told them. "I am going to see the housing manager this very afternoon and see if we can't get a transfer to another district, we don't have any protection now that your Dad has gone."

Irene kept her word and that same afternoon she went to see the housing manager requesting that she be allowed to exchange her council house to one in another part of town, explaining to him all about Colin's problem and of all the abuse her family were receiving. He was sympathetic but said that all he could do was to put them on their re-housing list which could take a year or more.

The Jones family suffered further problems when one of their front windows was broken and a group of youths who were walking past began shouting out, "Sex change sissy!"

That comment made Colin feel worse. "They all think I'm having sex change treatment. They believe that's why I've got breasts," he moaned.

"So, why not challenge them and tell them the truth? It may get them off your back if they realize that it isn't your fault," suggested Sharon who was now really trying to help her brother.

"It's no use, they would never believe it, they're all too narrow minded. I mean I'd never heard of boys being able to grow breasts or this gyneco-thing myself before all of this. I don't think I would have believed it either," Colin confessed.

Irene reported the broken window Monday morning and Mister Blake, the housing manager, finally took serious notice of the matter.

"Hm mm.. There is one way around this, of course," he began, as he cleared his throat. "We do advertise in our main rent office for people who agree to exchange with one another."

"So what happens there?" Irene asked.

"Well, it's for people like yourselves who wish to move from one area to another or to exchange a large accommodation for a small one..or vise-versa. You do a mutual exchange with someone who wishes to move to your area. We may already have one, or you could advertise."

Irene arrived home that evening looking tired and exhausted. "I have had a very busy day," she informed her two children. "I've been back to the central housing office, then over to Carrfields on the far side of town. I've met with a Mr. and Mrs. Walton who live there but who want to move to Clifton because they have family over here. I've seen their house and it's a lovely four bedroom semi with a well-kept garden."

"Are you planning for us to move over there to live?" Sharon asked, feeling concerned about how it might affect her getting to and from work.

"Well, it all depends on whether the Walton's like our house or not. They are coming over to look at it this Wednesday, that will give me time to get that broken window fixed."

"It won't make any difference to us where we live," Colin said miserably. "People may not know us or about me over in Carrfields but it won't take them long to see for themselves that you have a son with a pair of girl's breasts."

“But, that's it!” exclaimed Sharon. “Just do like you suggested, go there as a girl. If you arrive dressed and looking like a girl, people will have no reason to suspect that you are anything else. We will be a family of females...a widowed mother and her two lovely daughters.”

Colin began to protest, realizing that his spur-of-the-moment suggestion had dug a hole for him.

“Yeah, and just what happens when these things disappear and I go back to looking and dressing like a boy again, smarty pants?”

“Well, I suppose we will just have to move again, but we can cross that bridge when we come to it,” Irene suggested, unexpectedly supporting Sharon's ridiculous suggestion.

“But, I thought you didn't like the idea either, Mom?”

“I never said that I didn't like the idea, I said that people would recognize you or see you as a boy in a dress. But, if we move across town nobody will know us, and if we work on you, then we can make you into a convincing girl.”

Now that his suggestion was being taken as a serious idea, Colin was horrified. He complained bitterly that he could never pretend to be a girl or dress like one, not for any length of time..and who knew how long he would have breasts? He just couldn't.

Now that it seemed feasible to both Sharon and Irene, they worked on Colin right up to Wednesday evening, even though Colin remained resolute.

“Well, you had better make yourself scarce, then,” his Mom told him in rather annoyed tones. “The Waltons are due at any time and I have informed them that I have two daughters.”

“I'll go up to my room then,” Colin replied.

“Oh no, you shall not. You will just have to go out; they will be looking in all of the rooms,” Irene told him firmly.

While Colin was hanging about the streets, he became, as expected, the subject of more abuse each time any of the other students from school passed by. He returned home again feeling totally fed up with it all. On his return, he learned that the Waltons had come and gone and had been pleased both with the house and its location. The swap was to go ahead.

“We shall be exchanging with them within the next two weeks,” Irene told her son. “So, the rest is up to you, you can go there as you are or with a new temporary identity which will make life easier for all of us. Nobody would know you as anything other than a girl. You would be able to go out again without any abuse, go shopping, swimming, all of the things that you are restricted from doing now. However, if you go as you are and people start to ridicule you again, then you will just have to put up with it because we are not going to be continually changing houses.”

Colin knew, although his Mom was very sympathetic to his problem, that she was moving totally on his behalf and wouldn't be prepared to keep on putting herself out for him if he wasn't prepared to at least meet her half way. He was feeling trapped by the situation and feeling miserable, what a predicament! Later that evening while all

the family sat watching TV, Colin suddenly blurted out, "Well what if people can see that I'm a boy, what then? I really would get harassed!"

"Well I think that you're just scared to wear women's clothes, ...scared in case you enjoy wearing them," Sharon quipped.

"Uh, that's ridiculous," Colin snapped back in return, "I just wouldn't look like one."

"Then, why not put it to the test? I'll do a make-up job on you and if you don't look convincing, we'll drop the idea and all suffer the consequences, but if you really do pass then you have to promise to go to Carrfields disguised as a girl, agreed?" she challenged.

Colin wasn't happy with the idea of being made-up, not even to prove a point, but if it settled the argument, it would be worth it. He reluctantly agreed to the test. Sharon couldn't get out of her seat fast enough. "Right, Sis, up to the bedroom with you," she said excitedly.

Colin protested indignantly at her calling him 'Sis' as he followed her. Once in front of the vanity table, Sharon got to work on him. He hadn't a clue what she was doing or of some of the girly things that she used, although she explained as she went, once she had removed his light facial growth.

"Now then, I'm just covering your face with a light foundation cream...Keep your eyes wide open without blinking... I'm using an eye liner around the top and bottom lids." "Okay, I'm just going to pull out a few stray eyebrow hairs with these tweezers, then I'll shape and darken them with an eyebrow pencil...Oh Colin, stop moaning!" "I'm just applying a touch of brown eye shadow, nothing too serious-you'll hardly notice it, but it will make a difference." "Pout your lips for me, I'm just going to put on a bit of lippy, then I'll dab it, put on a second coat and then a gloss to make them really sexy..." "A touch of powder. Right, I'm just going to brush your hair back, almost finished..."

Sharon broke off to go to a drawer and took out a little box. Taking out two shiny objects, she made her way back and proceeded to clip a set of earrings to his lobes.

"Right, it's time for you to take a peek."

With that, Sharon turned Colin to face the mirror. He was amazed! It still looked like him yet he looked...Glamorous...like the female equivalent of himself.

"I still look like Colin Jones," he mumbled at last.

"That's okay, where we are going nobody will know you, remember?"

"Well.., I still look like a boy."

"Liar! I saw the look on your face, you were astonished with my results...admit it," Sharon suddenly seized his hand. "Come on, let's go and see what Mom thinks."

Sharon led her reluctant brother down the stairs and to the lounge where Irene was sitting.

"Tah-Daah! ...presenting Coleen, our new female family member," Sharon joyfully announced.

Irene was as amazed as Colin had been and sat for a moment speechless.

“Well, what do you think, Mom?” Sharon asked.

“Er, well yes, I-I'm speechless...His face certainly does look like a girls, if he was dressed, then...”

“Not bad, eh! His stupid hair is a bit too short to do much with other than a girl's short, modern style. But, as he lets it grow out...Come on Sis, let's try you in a dress.”

“No thank you. You've proved your point but there's no way that I am wearing a dress.”

“Oh, and just what are you planning to wear?” Sharon asked.

“Well, if I had to go through with this, then I would wear jeans and a tee. Lots of girls do,” Colin mumbled.

“How d'ya mean 'if? You agreed, Sweet Cakes. But, I think that you ought to make the new neighbors see that you are a girl without any doubt, right from the start... don't you? Then, you can maybe wear that other stuff and pretend you are a tomboy - if you like.”

“I agree with Sharon,” Irene added. “You should make the first impression of yourself to our new neighbors, girlish.”

Colin made a face. “Well, maybe nearer to when we move, but not just yet, not until I really need to,” he stated thoughtfully.

X.X.X.X.X.X.X.

At General Hospital, the new trainee desk nurse was going through the files and booking all of the out-patients with their appointments to various doctors. She was tired and becoming flustered with the amount of work that she had to do.

“Oh no, damn!” she cried as she accidentally knocked her coffee cup over and its contents ran over the file she was doing at present. Trying to clean up the mess, she mopped the coffee with a paper towel only to find that the liquid had caused the ink to run in places, making it unreadable.

The trainee Nurse didn't want to get in trouble on her first week and decided to cover over the mess herself. It was fortunate that both the patient's name and the name of the doctor were still clear. If she had the information, she could re-type the file and nobody would be any the wiser. Picking up the phone, she rang Dr. Spencer's office.

“...I'm sorry, doctor Spencer is out at the moment, can I help?” his receptionist asked.

The Nurse quickly told the receptionist her problem and explained that it was her first week and didn't want to get into trouble or lose her job. The receptionist felt sorry for her.

“Doctor Spencer's files are locked in his cabinet and I haven't a key. I do recall Mr. Jones' case though, the doctor talked about it as it was an unusual one. I remember that it is to do with him developing breasts and that he has to see a Doctor Smythe-

Cook for a medical and be prescribed remedial hormone treatment. I'm sorry, but that's all I can help you with."

The trainee Nurse was grateful. It tallied with what she could still read. Next, she asked the advice of another Nurse.

"You say it's hormones prescribed for breast development? Well, it sounds to me like Mr. Jones is one of those Transsexuals. Doctor Smythe-Cook has dealt with a number of such cases. There is a general cover file for Transsexual cases, so all you need do is copy it. They receive hormone treatment to develop breasts while they await corrective surgery."

"Is that sex change surgery?" the young nurse asked.

"Yes, eventually, but for now he will just be on hormone treatment and have tests."

Soon, Colin's file had been re-typed: "Mr. Colin Jones. Out-patient under Dr. Smythe-Cook. Do medical check and blood tests. Patient requiring hormonal treatment for breast development as a preliminary to gender corrective surgery."

Chapter three : MOVING HOME.

The two weeks seemed to pass all too quickly for Colin. There was still a lot of packing up and last minute preparations to be made, but finally, moving day arrived.

The van had been filled with all of the household furniture and boxes of clothes and all three busied themselves with sweeping the bare floors and packing up the last items. "I've put some things in the back of the car for you. You can change in there and I'll do your face."

The look of triumph disappeared from Colin's face. Now, there was no getting out of it. Miserably, he walked to the garage where the car was parked.

"Right, you strip down from your clothes but keep your bra on. I suppose you may as well keep your boxers on too, nobody will see them, but, when we get unpacked I've selected a few pairs of panties for you."

"Oh, Lord! That's no good," Sharon complained. She was looking at her brother's rather hairy legs. "Oh well, it will just have to do for now. People will only see you from a distance at first, but you will have to go straight into the house from the car."

"Well then, you should have let me wear jeans like I told you," Colin replied.

"Alright, alright, you don't have to gloat, we can sort it out when we get to the new house. For now, sit still while I see to your make-up."

Colin believed that he had won a major victory and that he could get into a pair of jeans as soon as they arrived; he was less enthusiastic though, about having make-up put on again.

"Aw, do I have to?" he protested.

"Well, of course you do, or you won't pass. Boys!" she replied.

"But, people will see me wearing it!"

“That's the whole idea, stupid. You'll get used to it. Don't think of people seeing you as a boy wearing make-up but rather the make-up preventing people from seeing you as a boy.”

Colin tried working that out—it sounded logical enough and so, while still not too overjoyed, he did allow Sharon to begin. She applied more or less the same cosmetics that she had done the first time, including pulling out a few more 'stray' brow hairs. Colin believed that he had more mascara on than the last time too, but soon all was done.

“Right, shoes!” Sharon added with a last dab from her powder brush. “I've got some flat loafers for you so you shouldn't have any trouble walking in them, and they should fit.”

The black shoes that she gave him did fit, though it felt odd wearing shoes without socks. And, even though they were flat-heeled slip-on's they looked very obviously like girl's shoes. Irene gave him a rather weird look as she got into the car but she made no comment. Soon they were off on their way to their new home. On arriving, the moving men were already there waiting for instructions as to where to put things. The Waltons had just vacated the property and were off to the Jones' former home.

Colin sat in the car while the bulk of the things were taken into the house, then made a mad dash from the car to the house, with Colin feeling totally exposed in the short dress he was wearing.

As he approached the front door, a young moving man was on his way out. Colin froze in his tracks but the young man just smiled at him.

Once inside, Sharon informed him that his bedroom was the one that was opposite the bathroom and that most of his furniture was already in. Colin immediately went up to it so as to keep out of the way. Eventually, everything was unloaded and the van moved off.

“Okay, I've brought some sandwiches to eat. If we can find the kettle, we can make some tea and have them before we start moving the furniture into position and sorting things out,” Irene suggested.

“Can I change out of this dress first please, Mom?” Colin asked hopefully.

“Oh for goodness sakes, just wait Colin, I've got no idea where most things are. Let's get organized first, shall we?”

The work took the rest of the day and into the evening. Colin set about putting his own bedroom furniture where he wanted it. His bedroom was the smallest of the four bedroom house. He believed that it must have been used by the Walton's daughter as it had pink patterned wallpaper. The carpet, which the Waltons had left down was a deep pile, red in colour with a rose design.

As Sharon helped him push the closet into place, the door swung open and he glanced at the mirror which was on the inside of the door. The make-up he was wearing seemed much different to that of two weeks ago. Then it had almost been discreet yet emphasizing, now it was obvious. He couldn't deny that he looked like a very pretty

young girl and he blushed when he recalled that he had been seen by one of the moving men looking like he did.

The three were finally ready to have a late evening meal which they were all ready for.

“Come on, Coleen, you're one of us girls now so you can help Mom and me with the cooking,” Sharon told him.

“You mean 'Colin',” he stated indignantly.

“Oh, I see, so you are going to go about dressed as a girl, but using a boy's name, are you?” Sharon scoffed.

“Actually, I quite like Coleen,” Irene added. “It's definitely more suiting to how you look now while being almost your own name. At least you won't forget it.”

Colin reluctantly had to admit that he couldn't use his own name if he was to disguise himself as a girl, but he still protested.

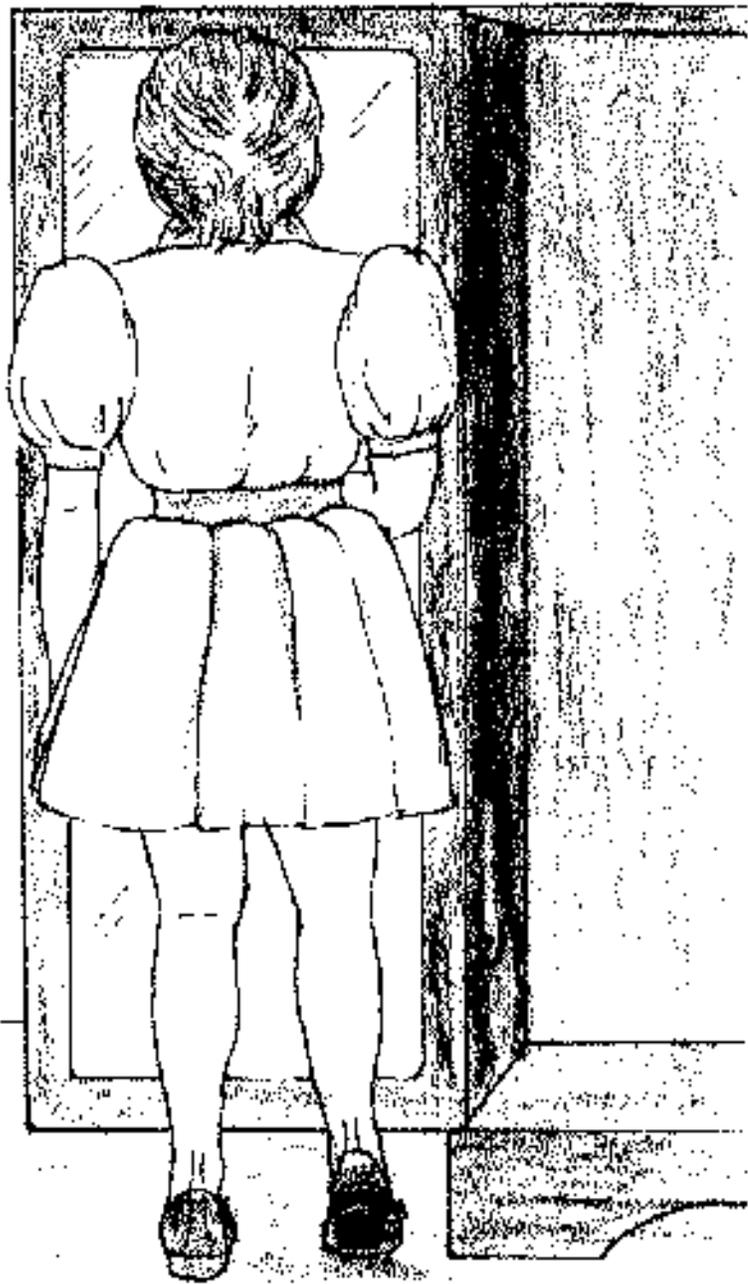
“Well, there's no need to call me it indoors when there's nobody else around, is there?”

“I think that there is. You should get used to being called it as we should also get used to calling you by it, that way there will be no embarrassing slip-ups,” Sharon informed him.

“Yes, I agree with that,” his Mom added.

“How come you always take Sharon's side?” Colin asked, becoming fed up with his sister's logic that seemed to always be right, yet ultimately always landing him further in it.

“I'm not taking sides, it just makes sense. If we are going to do this thing at all then we may as well do it properly, and don't forget, all of this is for your benefit. I'm having to leave all my friends and neighbors behind and Sharon has an extra two miles to travel to work.”



Colin didn't pursue the matter any further. "Shall I get changed into some of my clothes now... if you want me to help with the meal?" he asked. "After all, you won't want me marking this dress, will you?"

The glance that he received from his Mom warned him not to push this matter any further, either.

Eventually the late meal was eaten, the dishes washed and put away and everyone was feeling tired from their exhausting day. They all agreed to turn in for an early night.

"Don't forget to clean your face," Sharon reminded Colin. "You'll find some cold cream and a pad on top of your dresser. Always clean your face and put on some night cream to cleanse the grease from your pores - it'll prevent you from becoming spotty."

"What are you looking for, Coleen?" Irene asked a little later as she saw him rummaging through several unpacked bags of clothes.

"My P.J.s," he answered innocently.

"Oh! Not now, Coleen, just leave them for now, let's all just get into our beds," Irene snapped, feeling tired and edgy.

"Don't worry, Mom, I've sorted out a nightdress for him to wear," Sharon announced holding out a peach coloured, silky nightie.

"Get lost.. I'm not wearing that to go to sleep in."

"What's wrong, afraid of having a wet one?" Sharon mocked.

"Stop it, you two! Coleen, you watch your tongue and stop being so ungrateful and Sharon, let's have less of that sort of talk from you, too. Why don't you just put it on and let us get to bed?" the irritated Irene told them both.

Colin sulkily took the nightdress from his sister, giving her a glare. The nightdress came almost to his feet, enveloping his whole body in soft, smooth silk. His small, tender breasts nestled into the soft lacy cups of the bodice.

"There's no way that I'm sleeping in this," he thought to himself rebelliously. "It's coming off as soon as everyone is in bed."

Irene read his plot. She didn't really think that it mattered one way or the other but wasn't in the mood for him being defiant.

"...and I'll be coming through to check on you," she warned him.

It was ten o' clock when he finally got out of bed. He wandered to the pile of bags in the spare bedroom and searched for something to wear, but none of the bags contained any of his clothes. He removed the nightdress, not wishing to walk about the house with it and just his bra and boxers on. He peeped around the living room door.

"Good morning sleepy head, did you sleep well in your nightie?" Sharon greeted, looking up from the Sunday paper that she was reading.

"Mom, I can't find any of my clothes," Colin stated, ignoring Sharon's remark.

"I've put them all away for you, they're in your drawers and closet," Sharon told him. "...Come on, I'll help you choose something."

The two of them returned to Colin's bedroom and he looked in the closet. There, inside, was a selection of dresses and skirts all on hangers. He glanced at his sister, then rushed over to the set of drawers. Inside were tops, under skirts and several other items of underwear.

“Very funny, now where are all my clothes, Sharon?” he snapped.

“They are all here in your drawers, just like I said,” Sharon replied.

“I mean my own things, my own clothes.”

“These are your own clothes, I've given them to you,” his sister answered with a sweet smile.

“Aw, come on, Sharon, you know what I mean. Quit kiddin' around.”

“Well, I hope that you don't mean those dirty old boys' clothes. I'd better remind you that you are supposed to be a girl now. I've got rid of those dirty, smelly things.”

“You've WHAT?! You had no right to. Just what am I supposed to wear now?”

“Well, if you refuse to wear what I have generously given you, you'll just have to stay up here for the rest of your life, won't you? You are an ungrateful swine, Coleen Jones,” Sharon yelled back feeling sincerely upset. Turning, she went back downstairs. Almost an hour elapsed before Colin re-emerged from his bedroom and went downstairs.

“I-I'm sorry if I sounded ungrateful, Sharon. Have you a pair of jeans that I could wear?”

“NO!” came the sharp reply.

“Why not? You have lots of pairs of jeans.”

“Yes I do, but you're not having them. You agreed to look like a girl until people got to know you and take you for one. That means wearing dresses or skirts. I am not having you making it hard for Mom and me again, we would be back to square one with people around here starting to think that there's a boy in the family and then seeing that you have breasts.”

“What do you mean 'THINK' there's a boy? I am a boy..and I am not wearing dresses,” Colin yelled before turning and closing the door with a bang.

Irene didn't get involved this time as her son went back once more to his room. She knew it was going to be hard on him and decided to let things resolve themselves.

Colin was still in his room when the evening meal was set out on the table and, as he did not respond to his mothers calls, Irene took his plate to his room for him. She found him laid out on top of the bed and she could see that he had been doing a lot of crying.

“I know it's tough for you right now, Sweetheart, but Sharon and I are only trying to make things easier for you. If we could wish these breasts of yours away, we would, but we can't, nor can we disguise them. What we can do is to make them look natural by letting people think they belong to a real girl. You know that yourself as it was your idea in the first place.”

Colin remained silent.

“You know Coleen, you really looked convincing. I was astounded when I saw you in the car yesterday. If you are worried about people seeing that you are really a boy through your disguise, I can assure you that they won't. If it's just that you feel awkward about wearing dresses, remember that they are only items of clothes, they can't hurt you and you will soon get used to the difference between them and your normal clothes.”

“But, Mom, I don't want to get used to wearing them. Don't you see that it would be wrong for me to do so?” he sobbed. “They are girls' clothes. Even if I did wear them, I would never get used to them, I'm a boy!”

Suddenly, he really did begin to cry. Irene cradled her weeping child and tried to console him. As his tears subsided, Colin turned to her with reddened eyes.

“Mom, am I turning into a girl?” he asked pathetically. “I don't want to become a girl... I'm scared.”

“No, you silly thing, of course you're not turning into a girl. It's just like the doctor told you, it's your hormones changing, changing I should add to make you more of a man. Your breasts are really only comparatively small; they may not seem like it to you at the moment but they are far from being the size of a normal, mature woman. Just compare them with me and your sister. And they do appear to have stopped growing now, at least.”

“Well, how come I looked so much like a girl then when Sharon made me up? I didn't just look like a girl, I was pretty.”

“But only because of the make-up. That's why we girls use it all the time, to make us look attractive for the fellas.”

“Maybe. But all the pictures I've seen of men wearing make-up, well they still look like men to me. Like those two actors in Some Like It Hot.”

“Well you still have a young face and are blessed with a clear complexion. I bet both Jack Lemmon and Tony Curtis would gladly swap with you. But just wait 'til you start growing whiskers and working for a living,” Irene laughed. Still far from consoled, she left Colin to eat his dinner.

Half an hour elapsed when Colin came back down the stairs. He was wearing the nightdress that he had been given.

“I had nothing else to put on,” he mumbled. “It was better than just coming down in a bra and pants.”

“I'll go find you something,” Sharon offered.

“No, you may as well leave it for tonight, there doesn't seem much point. But, if by wearing the nightgown Coleen is telling us he will go along with pretending to be a girl until his gynecomastia subsides, then perhaps you can sort him something out tomorrow before we go to work.”

Colin lowered his eyes and nodded sullenly.

The following morning, Sharon was up an hour earlier than usual. “Come on, lazy bones, the amount of sleep you had yesterday, you should have been up first,” she told her brother.

Colin lifted himself up onto one elbow and yawned. He climbed out of bed feeling the soft silky nightgown rustling down his legs.

Sharon had already laid out a black dress for him which had a broad black belt with large silver buckle and a soft pink woolen cardigan to wear over the top.

“Get out of your nightie and put these on,” she instructed him, handing over a pair of lime coloured, satin panties which had a little red heart motif on the front. “What colour pantyhose do you want to wear, Tan or Black?”

“I'm not going to wear any pantyhose!” he almost screeched.

Sharon was all set to challenge him but thought better of it, deciding to take things one step at a time. “Well, okay, there's time for that. But, I'm going to need to do something with your legs if you're wearing dresses bare-legged.”

She turned and left the bedroom, returning several minutes later carrying a small white jar.

“So, what's that?” Colin asked inquisitively.

“You'll see. I'm going to cover your legs in this cream; I may as well do your arms too while I'm at it. Don't panic—you can wash it off shortly.”

With that she began to liberally smear the pinkish, strong-smelling cream onto his skin. She inspected his chest but seemed satisfied with that.

Before too long, Colin was feeling uncomfortable. “I don't know what that stuff is, Sis, but it's starting to irritate my skin. It feels hot.”

“Very well, go into the shower and wash it all off,” she told him, taking his hand.

As the hot spray covered his body, Colin became aware of lots of hair floating on the bottom and matting around the plug hole. He also became aware that his arms appeared to be much paler and smoother than usual... so did his legs and the water was running off of them differently. There wasn't the usual water sticking to his hair or any darkened wet hair against his skin. In fact, his limbs were now totally devoid of hair.

“That looks a whole lot better,” Sharon told him. “I think I will treat you to a soak in the bath and then we will get you ready.”

After he had soaked for a time in the hot scented bath, Sharon helped to towel him dry. His skin felt cleaner somehow than he could ever remember it being before; it felt soft and so smooth.

Sharon studied him. “Yes, that's much better, no more nasty hair to spoil the effect.”

Colin was again handed the panties and a bra to wear and once on, Sharon helped him into the black dress and pulled up the zipper for him.

“You're going to have to practice getting your arms round to do your own zippers, and fastening your bra from behind... it all comes with practice,” she told him.

Next, Colin put on the soft cardigan which covered his arms from the sleeveless dress, his hairless arms could sense every fiber of the garment.

Sharon instructed him to sit down at the vanity while she did his make-up.

“But why? I'm not going out anywhere today, why do I need make-up?”

“A girl is never without her make-up,” Sharon chided. “But, it's best that you get used to wearing it and you may as well do that while you are in the discreet comfort of your own home. Anyway, what if anyone should call at the door while Mom and I are out?”

Colin's face flushed. “You don't think anyone will, do you?” he asked.

“I shouldn't think so.. but you never can tell, can you?”

With mascara, foundation and lipstick applied, Sharon combed out Colin's dark brown hair, combing it straight down and in such a way as to look feminine. Then, he was given a pair of shoes to wear; these were different from the loafers that he had worn and definitely more feminine. They were of a shiny black leather and had pointed toes. As with most girls' shoes, they were slip-ons, the block-type heel was an inch and half high.

Once finished, Sharon presented him to Irene who was in her own bedroom getting ready.

Colin felt that his legs were very exposed.. naked even now that there was no longer the covering of hair that he once had. He was also aware that the hem of the skirt was rubbing provocatively against his naked skin. Irene immediately noticed her son's smooth legs and how they now appeared more rounded and shapelier without the hair.

“Er.. very nice, you are coming along very well,” she told him before realizing that he wouldn't want to be praised for improving. “..Oh, sorry,” she added, “...But you do look quite good.”

Colin made a face. “I don't like this Mom, I don't want to have to dress as a girl..just look at me, I feel silly.”

Irene informed her son that it was a little late to back out now and that he didn't look silly. She told him to make himself busy getting the rest of the boxes unpacked while she and his sister were out at work. All too soon, they had both gone and he was left with his thoughts.

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This was the way of things for the next few days with him having to dress as a girl each morning and, after the departure of the other two, starting to put the house in order and doing other little jobs. It was quickly beginning to look like home, but Colin was starting to get a feeling of being 'hemmed in' and he was becoming bored with being inside all of the time.

Each morning, his sister aided him in putting on light make-up and in the evening would do a full job on him, explaining to him all that she was doing. Bit by bit, she al-

lowed Colin to try applying the various cosmetics himself; he was okay with foundation and lipstick but eye make up proved much more difficult. On one particular evening, Colin was preparing to trim his nails and Sharon saw him.

“What are you doing?” she screamed.

“I'm just going to cut my nails, why?” he asked innocently.

“No, don't dare cut them!” she told him, rushing to where he sat. “Here, let me file them for you. If I round them off with a nail file, they won't tear and should grow stronger.”

Soon, Sharon got to work rounding the edges of each nail. Colin hoped for her to file the tops down shorter but she left them alone.

“Coleen,” Irene called. “I have a letter for you from General Hospital, it must be about the treatment that Doctor Spencer suggested.”

Colin couldn't get downstairs fast enough, leaving Sharon sitting, halfway through putting on his make-up.

“It's from the secretary of Doctor Smythe-Cook,” Colin read with excitement, “that's the Guy who Doctor Spencer mentioned, isn't it?”

“Yes, I think so. Go on, tell us what it says,” she prompted him.

“I've got an appointment to see him on Friday, August 3rd,. Hey!.. that's this Friday, just two days time, great.” Colin was sure that all his troubles were going to be gone by the weekend.

“Er, just remember, this treatment needs time to work, and.. it may not. Anyway, I thought that you were just having tests first to see what levels you should take. Don't go expecting any overnight miracles, look at it rather as a means to the end,” Irene warned her excited child.

“No, I don't expect any miracles,” Colin said untruthfully.

“There's one significance, though. Friday is when you would have finished school if you had continued. It may now mark the finishing of your being a girl. Well, I mean having breasts and having to dress like one,” Irene said thoughtfully.

Sharon took the morning off work on Friday to help get Colin ready to see the doctor.

“Well, I thought that you would at least lend me some jeans and a tee shirt or a jumper or something,” Colin was complaining. “I can't go to see the doctor dressed like a girl!”

“Well you can't really leave here looking like a boy either, not now that all the new neighbors think Mom has two girls. I'm sure the doctor will understand if you explain to him. In fact, if he sees you are having to dress as a girl to hide your condition it may push him into acting faster,” Sharon suggested... sounding logical as usual.

“But, I've never been outdoors dressed in girls clothes, other than in the garden or getting out of the car when we first arrived, and that was bad enough. Now you expect me to be seen among loads of people dressed in girls' things, go and see a strange doctor who will know I'm a boy dressed up.. I can't, Sharon.”

"I don't expect you to go alone, Darling," Irene told him. "I'm coming home after dinner to drive you over there in the car."

Sharon selected a black roll neck top and a wide flared skirt for him to wear.

At least the skirt came to his knees which was better than the shorter mini's that Sharon kept on selecting for him. A broad black belt went around his waist and a jacket for wearing out. Just enough make-up was used to highlight his features. He was reasonably acceptable with what he was wearing until Sharon gave him his footwear. The brown leather shoes had a two and a half inch, medium width heel and were the highest that he had worn, not to mention the narrowest. A strap fastened over the bridge of the foot to hold them to his feet securely.

"I can't wear these. I'll break my neck. What's wrong with any of the others I've been wearing? Why do I have to wear these, today of all days? Those flat shoes fit me okay, why can't I wear them?"

Colin was more concerned about how feminine the shoes looked than anything else. A boy wearing such feminine shoes! He'd be laughed at, yet with the skirt and make up that he was also wearing, he needn't have worried.

"I want you to wear these because you are going out in public disguised as a girl. They will force you to take shorter, more feminine steps.. either that or you will topple over. There's no greater give away than a man dressed as a woman taking great strides. I should have worked on your walking before now actually, but you've never gone anywhere so far so there was no point. If you go taking long, ungainly strides you will definitely draw attention to yourself. Now, you don't want that, do you?"

Whatever else, Colin certainly didn't want to be read as a boy and so, as reluctant as he was to wear the shoes, he really had no good argument. Sharon was kind enough to remind him that he had all morning in which to practice walking in them.

After his Mom left for work, he did practice walking... unsteadily at first but eventually gaining his balance after several stumbles. He learned how to adjust his balance and take shorter steps so as not to wobble everywhere. Although he would never truly admit it, he was reasonably good by the time his Mom returned. Unfortunately for him, her being back home also signaled that it was almost time to go. He felt sick with fear in the pit of his stomach.

Glancing several times in the mirror to check that he looked convincing, he noticed how the tight top he'd been given to wear emphasized his figure more than ever and really showed the curves of his breasts. Suddenly, he threw his arms up in the air in rage and frustration. "I cannot go like this mom, just look how revealing this is, and, ..and these shoes. I'm going to have to change into something else, I just have to."

"But Coleen, we haven't got time for you to change," Irene pointed out.

"Fine, then I just can't go, I'll have to miss the appointment," he said defiantly.

"Oh no, you don't, my lad, you're not wriggling out of it that easily, I haven't taken time off work for nothing."

Finally, Irene and Sharon literally dragged him off to the car and bundled him into it. Soon the car was reversed out of the drive and they were on their way.

Parking in the hospital lot, they walked to the main doors of the hospital. Colin's legs stumbled more in fear than because of the heels as he walked between the two women and he looked down in total embarrassment each time they walked passed someone.

At reception they were directed to the wing that they needed. The corridors were crowded with patients and visitors, but Colin quickly realized that nobody was paying any particular attention to him. They soon reached a smaller reception office and Colin's face burned when his mother gave out his proper name to see Doctor Smythe-Cook.

Luckily nobody but the receptionist paid any attention and she just gave a funny look. Pulling out his file and glancing at the information within, she then gave a friendly smile to Colin.

“Go down that corridor, turn right and right again and then take a seat in the waiting room until your name is called. Doctor Smythe- Cook is very busy today but he should see you within the hour.”

They were surprised to see over twenty people in the waiting room. One by one a nurse collected their files and directed them into various consultation rooms.

Sharon couldn't stay any longer so made her apologies and left Colin sitting with Irene, keeping his head down in embarrassment. So nervous and humiliated did he feel sitting there in girls clothes that he felt like hiding.

At last a nurse took his file and they were shown into a room. In the room were eight cubicles each with a draw curtain at the front. Irene led him to one of the cubicles that had the curtains pulled open. A nurse approached, looked at the file and instructed Colin to strip to his waist before leaving, pulling the curtain closed as she went. Colin pulled off his black top but left his bra on.

“Take it off, Coleen,” Irene advised.

Ten more minutes elapsed before a balding man wearing a well-cut suit walked inside.

“Good Afternoon,” he said cheerily. “I'm Alistaire Smythe-Cook. Now, um... Colin. Let me see, what can I do for you today?” he asked as he picked up the boy's file.

The doctor scanned through the file without hardly raising an eyebrow; he'd seen many such files as this one. Placing the file down, he pushed his spectacles back up onto the bridge of his nose, then moving up to the obviously nervous boy he glanced at the small breasts.

To Colin's extreme embarrassment he placed a hand to each breast and felt them, first from the top, then each side and finally underneath.

“Hmmm. How long have you had development, Colin?”

“Er, about erm..,” Colin stuttered.

“About four months, Doctor, eighteen weeks to be precise,” Irene calmly informed him on her son's behalf.

The doctor acknowledged the information with another drawn out, “Hmmm,” before changing his interests to other parts of Colin's anatomy, feeling his hips and then around his derriere. He took note of the smooth hairlessness of Colin's arms and legs and smiled softly to himself.

“Hmm. No development elsewhere yet, I see. But the breasts have become quite well formed.” He then a forced a smile. “The Nurse will be back to see you shortly for your tests but I have signed authority for you to begin a mild course of hormone treatment immediately. When the tests come back to us we shall know just how much we can increase the dosage and how to proceed from here.”

The doctor then made his way to the curtain with a final “Good- Day,” before pulling it open and preparing to leave and see another patient.

“..I suppose you must be wondering why my son is dressed in girls clothes aren't you doctor?” Irene asked him, her conscience pricking her with a need to explain.

“Oh no, Mrs. Jones, not at all, in fact it's quite usual in such cases,” he answered.

“There you are Coleen, I told you that there was no need for you to be embarrassed, they all do it,” Irene informed her son as she turned to him, to see “Coleen” blush with embarrassment over being called by his femme name before the doctor.

“Yes, indeed. I'm surprised, actually, that your own doctor didn't recommend it to Coleen. Good Day!” Doctor Smythe-Cook said as a parting shot.

The fact that seemingly all other boys who developed breasts from gynecomastia dressed as girls did nothing at all to alleviate Colin's humiliation over dressing as one himself but he was delighted that the doctor had given the go-ahead for treatment to start immediately. The day he got rid of these embarrassing growths could not come quick enough.

They were forced to stay in the hospital for a further three and a half hours while numerous tests were made to him, blood samples taken and a heart scan given.

At the end of it all, Colin was given some pills to take home.

On his arrival home, Colin immediately took off the hateful shoes that had been pinching him unmercifully, then took out one of the pills. “The sooner I start with these, the quicker I get rid of my problem,” he stated to nobody in particular.

The two weeks supply of hormones had almost ran out when a letter came through the door informing Colin that the tests were through at the hospital and there was no reason why his treatment should not be strengthened. A prescription for a new month's supply of the stronger pill was enclosed along with an out-patients card for his booster treatment and weekly visits. The first had been scheduled for two day's time. Sharon offered to collect Colin's new prescription on her way home from work.

During the two weeks since first visiting Dr.Smythes -Cook, Colin had become nauseous and complained of having an upset stomach. He was also aware of his nipples becoming sore once more. Irene suggested that this would be side effects from the drugs that he was taking and that the soreness was a result this time of tissue break-

down rather than build-up. Whatever the cause, Colin said he could put up with it so long as the treatment was going to work.

The morning arrived when he had to go for his booster injection at the hospital. He was panicky about going out where there would be lots of people again; he had rarely seen anyone on his trips to the shops and that was completely different from a bustling city center.

He was also aware of the jiggling movement on his chest. Oh, how he hated them making their presence felt, why weren't they going? He was starting to get really depressed with it all. He wondered about college too; he was supposed to start in three weeks time. He hoped dearly that they would be gone by then.

Sharon had some leave from work due and volunteered to go with him to the hospital.

“...I'm not wearing a dress, though,” Colin quickly informed her.

Irene searched through a stack of old shoes and found a pair of suede lace-up ankle boots which Sharon no longer wore. With them went a pair of black leggings and a jumper —nothing too feminine.

Colin accepted the clothes and made himself ready.

Sharon's work with make-up was sufficient enough to be light, yet feminine and, along with his growing locks, he looked good enough to look like a girl without appearing too girlish.

He found going with Sharon to the hospital was worse than when his Mom had gone along, too. For one thing, they had to travel by bus which he found to be very harrowing indeed. Also, because it was two girls together rather than two girls with their Mom, they were attracting a lot of glances from both young and old men alike. He was amazed to see that they were even being scrutinized by a few girls who looked upon them as competition.

Colin didn't see Dr. Smythe-Cook on this occasion; he was given the shot by a nurse who also took his temperature.

The injection made him feel a bit woozy and Sharon took him for a coffee to help bring him round. He had to practice talking to Sharon in a higher pitch as they sat with their drinks surrounded by a number of other customers.

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As the shot that he had just received began to work through his body, Colin began to get a strange reaction from it. Unaware of any error being made in the hospital, he was equally unaware that he was being given female rather than male hormones. He was even less aware that the shot he had just been given was a strong femininity booster designed to help transsexuals adapt to the changes being made in their bodies by estrogen-based hormones.

By mid-afternoon, Colin could only describe himself as feeling light-headed and sexy. He was thinking how much he would love to screw a girl right then but, subconsciously it was boys that he was paying attention to as he and Sharon returned

home. For the first time in his life he was having such thoughts as, "Hmm, he's quite handsome ..for a boy."

He was feeling so turned-on that he decided to take a relaxing bath, and before too long, the hot soapy water caused him to become erect. He began to inspect his changing body as he slowly fondled himself. As he got back out of the bath he threw a wrap about himself and asked Sharon if he could use her depilation cream even though he'd only used it five days ago and very little hair had so far returned. He knew that it felt good when his skin was totally void of body hair and he was in the mood for feeling good.

After his bath and depilation, Colin pulled on a long, black tee shirt which looked like, without being, a dress. Then, sitting on the edge of his bed, he pulled out the tray of cosmetics that he'd been given. When Sharon came by his room, she found him just finishing applying the make-up. He wore deep crimson lipstick, purple eye shadow and lashings of mascara. He had done a reasonably good job by himself.. but looked decidedly tarty.

"Hey! What you up to, Coleen?" she asked, not really needing an answer.

"Oh, I'm er, just practicing putting on make-up like you said I should," Colin replied, trying to make it sound as though he was obeying instructions rather than it being his own whim.

"Okay, I'll file your nails for you then while you're at it. They haven't been seen to for three days," Sharon offered. Colin's nails had grown quite long now, much longer than he was used to - to his concern, and he was finding difficulty picking small things up. Sharon's regular care of them kept them dirt-free and healthy-looking and her filing and manicuring had developed a longish, oval shape.

"What do you intend doing with that?" Colin asked in a concerned voice as she selected a nail polish.

"Don't panic, I'm just going to try out some varnish on your nails, this colour will match the lipstick you're wearing."

Colin was set to protest but he felt a twinge in his penis and realized that he actually found the idea quite appealing. He muttered a bit but did nothing at all to stop her as she began coating the nails of his left foot with the glossy lacquer.

After all his toes were done, she proceeded to do his finger nails. Colin was amazed at just how long and elegant they looked with the colour and how feminine his fingers appeared. He was now sporting a full hard-on and was hoping Sharon would soon be done and leave.

By the time she did, he was feeling fit to burst. Laying on the bed, he stretched out his legs in front of him and leaned them against the wall to admire better his colourful toe nails. He ran his hands up along his smooth hairless legs, marveling at the highly glossed finger tips of his hands. He ran one smooth silky leg against the other before... almost without thinking, feminine fingers wrapped around his hard shaft and a few seconds later he was ejaculating.

Chapter Four: CHANGES CONTINUE.

The following morning when the effects of the booster had worn off, Colin was feeling ashamed of what he had done and how he had felt the previous day. He was also disgusted with the sight of his painted nails, no longer finding them sexy and stimulating and he couldn't clean the lacquer off quick enough. He couldn't for the life of him think why he had allowed Sharon to paint them in the first place or why he had put on make-up so willingly. His chest was becoming very sensitive again, like it had been before, and he wasn't totally sure, but his breasts looked to be getting larger rather than smaller. By the time five days had elapsed since his booster there seemed to be little doubt at all, his breasts HAD increased some more.

It wasn't just Colin's view either, both Irene and Sharon thought so, too.

"I wouldn't worry too much about it, Love," Irene said, attempting to ease his mind. "It is probably just a reaction, this male hormone may just trigger off more growth from the female hormones that are still in your body before it starts to make a decrease."

"You'll be back at the hospital in two days time, anyway," Sharon reminded him. "You can tell the nurse or doctor then about the increased size, they should be able to put your mind at rest."

Colin continued taking his tablets each day in the hope of seeing some kind of decrease in size but there was to be no such luck right up to the morning of his next appointment at the hospital when he had to have another booster injection.

That morning, Colin let Sharon see to his make up for him. Unlike his previous two visits, Sharon made his face up using much more elaborate make-up than the light, discreet shades she had previously used. She darkened his eyebrows with a brow pencil, then lined his eyes with a kohl pencil and put on several layers of mascara to really thicken up and darken his lashes. A touch of gray eye shadow was used to really make his eyes stand out, then a glossy, deep red lipstick was applied.

"Wow! This is your colour," she told him. "It really makes your mouth look sexy...you're fortunate, you've got really great lips."

Even though he was aware of the amount of make-up his sister was putting on, he was nevertheless happy enough to accept it; he was terrified about being recognized as a boy by anyone.

Colin received his shot from yet another nurse he had never seen before. He was getting worried that soon all the staff in the hospital would know his secret.

"Are you going to ask her about the increased size of your boobs?" Sharon asked her brother .

Colin was already feeling too embarrassed with his situation than to want to go asking a nurse he didn't even know questions like that.

Irene had been wondering where her two children could have gotten themselves to when, finally, they showed up.

"Where on earth have you two..," she began before faltering to a stop as she looked at Colin. She had been initially amazed at the make-up job and the deep red lipstick her son was wearing, but then she noticed the dangly earrings that he wore. Gold ear-

rings with a stone fastened into a clasp at the end of each. Even more amazing, they didn't appear to be the type that clipped onto the ear lobes. She went up to him to confirm her suspicions.

“Don't they look lovely, Mom?” Sharon asked. “Our Coleen has had her ears pierced.”

Colin blushed a little. “You mean he's had HIS ears pierced, Sis,” he corrected.

“Suit yourself but if you go about telling people you don't know that you are a HE, they'll think you are nuts.” She laughed and Colin laughed with her.

“Just hold on you two, let's get to the bottom of this. Whatever possessed you to get your ears pierced anyway, Colin?”

Colin's face flushed and he had a guilty expression. “Er, it was really just a spur of the minute thing really,” he confessed. “And Sharon said the holes would close up as soon as I stopped wearing them... it's just while I'm like this. I have to keep them in for a week.”

“Well I suppose they will close up..if you don't wear earrings in them for too long. Why didn't you just get studs put in... if anything?”

“These were on special, so I treated her -him, sorry Coleen. Anyway, lots of boys have their ears pierced these days,” Sharon chipped in.

“Maybe, but I think I am right in believing that they usually just have one ear pierced... and I've never seen a boy wearing dangly earrings before.”

“She's -oops, sorry again, I mean HE's bought a new dress, too,” Sharon added in an attempt to change the subject.

Irene couldn't believe her ears. First, her son has his ears pierced then he goes buying himself a new dress. He hadn't worn either a dress or a skirt more than half a dozen times and not at all in the last month.

Sharon took out the dress to show her.

“Well, am I going to get a dress rehearsal? I'd like to see what your new dress looks like on you,” Irene told her son.

“Do I have to? I only really got it in case I needed one for a special occasion,” Colin replied.

“Hey, If you think I'm wasting my hard-earned money on a dress that you only plan to wear once or twice then think again, Buster,” Sharon replied sharply.

She then led him upstairs to try it on. The black, lycra dress came to just over the knee, had a side split almost to the hip and an off-the-shoulder top.

Colin had not realized how revealing it was in the shop and was as concerned about how much leg was exposed by the split as much as how much of his shoulders were exposed.

To compliment the dress, Sharon used a dryer and brush to fluff out his hair, giving him a look of having more hair than he actually had. The front had grown long enough to comb down and form bangs and it looked both stylish and feminine.

When Irene saw her son, she couldn't believe just how much like a real girl he looked. The breast growth may well have been from his getting a rather rare condition, but surely, with his slender features, fair skin and pretty face he could easily have been born a girl, she thought.

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The following morning Colin dressed in more suitable clothes for doing the household chores. His mom was busy reading the day's mail and one letter in particular seemed to please her.

"I suppose you get fed up being in the house all day long doing the housework?" she suddenly put to him.

"Yeah, I guess so, but I may as well because there's nothing else for me to do," he replied miserably.

"Well you do have college starting next week, don't forget," Irene reminded him.

"Oh, Hell, college! I'd forgotten all about that; I should have canceled my place."

"Whatever for? Why should you want to cancel?"

"Because these damn breasts haven't started getting any smaller. In fact, they are just getting bigger still. I can't go to college with these, Mom, all the trouble would just start back up again like it did at school."

"Not if you attend as Coleen, it won't," his mom suggested.

"Mom, even if I wanted to continue this crazy charade into college, I'm enrolled as Colin Jones... MALE, remember?"

"Well, mistakes can and do happen you know, and when I phoned the college last week to confirm my daughter's placing, the lady was very apologetic. 'It seems there's been an error,' she told me. 'We have the entry down as a Colin Jones, not Coleen.' Anyway, she promised to correct it and I've got a letter today putting your placement as Miss Coleen Susan Jones. So, how about that?" Irene asked with a smile.

"Well that's it then, I certainly can't start college now, can I? I can't go to college as a girl, Mom. It's been bad enough having to go to the doctor's or the hospital dressed up, and I've always had either you or Sharon with me for support then. And what about when the hormones start working and I'm ready to go back to being me again, do I just drop out of college?...And where the heck did Susan come from?"

"Firstly, I think you ought to be prepared in case the treatment doesn't work -there were no promises, and even if it did, there was no set time for how soon it would take effect; it could be many months from now before you lose your boobs. You can't just go wasting your education waiting for something to happen. If you do miraculously lose them quickly, I'd still expect you to continue your first year as Coleen and then re-enroll as Colin. As for Susan.. well I've just always liked that name."

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As the days continued to fly by, Colin continued to unknowingly fill his body with female hormones. He knew for sure that rather than shrinking, his breasts were still getting larger, and yet he wasn't nearly as concerned as perhaps he should have been. Surely, one would have thought that he should be contacting the hospital to complain, but rather, he just kept saying to himself, "I'll give it a bit longer to start working... these things take time."

During mid-week, Sharon bought her brother a second dress. She'd seen it in a goodwill shop and with it being cheap, she had snapped it up.

The dress was in nylon with red, blue, pink and mauve striped patterning and looked very feminine. The hem came to just above the knee and it had an alter neck. She had also bought a pair of black court shoes with a two-inch heel in the same shop.

"Come on, Coleen, I want you to try your new dress on; if it doesn't fit you then I can return it tomorrow."

Colin followed his sister upstairs, protesting mainly about being disturbed from a TV program rather than the fact his sister wanted him to try on yet another dress. Within no time, Sharon had done out his hair into a feminine style with bangs at the front and had threaded a pair of earrings into his lobes. He found the dress very comfortable when he slipped it on and the soft material felt delightful against his skin.

"Yeah, I may as well keep it..just in case," he said without much commitment.

Chapter five: COLLEGE GIRL.

The day arrived for Colin's third hospital appointment. Colin had decided that today he would ask either to see Doctor Smythe-Cook or one of the other doctors who might be able to explain why his chest was getting larger rather than smaller. The effect of the booster that he had received the week before had more or less worn from his body now and any feminine feelings it had brought about had now started to deteriorate to leave once more a concerned young man who couldn't understand what was happening to his body, his mind or his life.

He had phoned the hospital prior to his visit but was informed, as usual, that Doctor Smythe-Cook was extremely busy and fully booked. Another doctor however, a Doctor Sherringham would be available today to see him and talk over his concerns.

"You really have to pluck up courage for when you start college, I think today is ideal. Once you are confident enough, you won't think twice about it, it's only what's in your own mind that scares you, you know nobody would ever suspect you of being a boy or even look twice," his mom told him.

Colin was far from confident, in fact, he was terrified about going out on his own, he felt very vulnerable and was absolutely sure that everyone was looking at him suspiciously. Nervous as he was, he did eventually manage to reach the hospital all by himself, though he had insisted on wearing the least feminine clothes that he could. Irene and Sharon had relented in this and he left on unwilling legs and a quaking heart in flared trousers, a soft knit jumper and flat shoes, his lengthening hair was

pulled into a pony tail. "So, Coleen, how are things with you?" the middle-aged Doctor Sherringham asked after reading through Colin's files.

"Uhm, I'm fine, thank you, Doctor," responded the very nervous Colin in a shaky, almost whispering voice, accepting his femme name without protest.

"Good, good, let's take a look at you then and see how things are shaping up?" the doctor suggested, indicating for Colin to remove his jumper.

Colin stood in front of the doctor in his bra and flared girl's trousers feeling totally embarrassed.

"And your brassiere too, please... it's okay I don't bite," the doctor instructed with a smile.

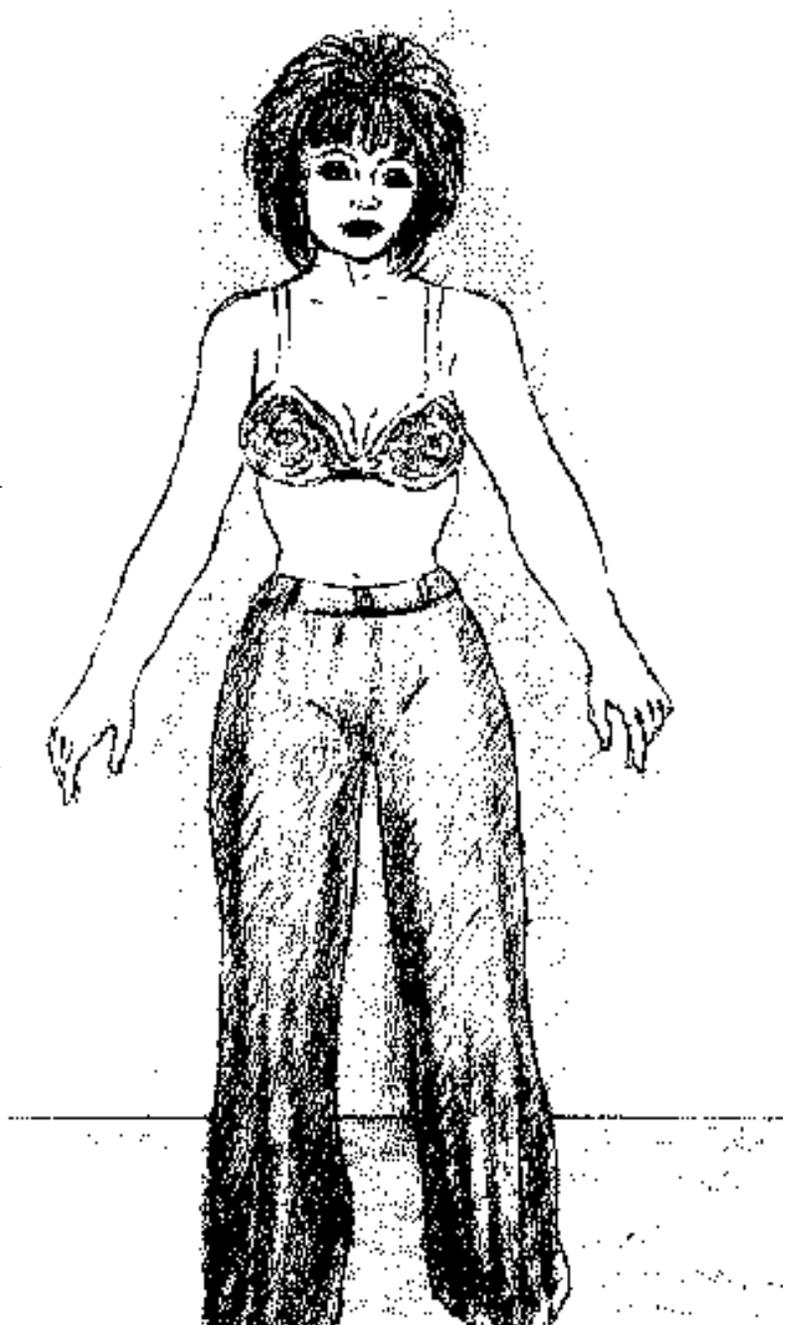
Trembling, Colin reached around his back to unhook the bra. This he could do but he still hadn't mastered fastening a bra from behind and had started to reckon that all females were born contortionists. The doctor then felt around the soft tissue in much the same way as Doctor Smythe-Cook had done and used an instrument to measure the size of his breasts. His face showed no expression or surprise as he jotted down the new dimensions into his file.

Colin felt too embarrassed to ask about the continuing growth but apparently it seemed to be normal otherwise the doctor would have mentioned it or shown some kind of concern, wouldn't he?

"Now. Could you open the waistband of your pants for me, please. Just slip them past your bottom," the doctor requested.

Colin could not see any significance but did as he was asked.

The doctor then proceeded to feel around his hips and bottom. "Hmm, you've definitely put some extra weight on around here since we last saw you."



Colin wondered whether or not he would recommended a diet but he merely made more notes. Finally, he was allowed to re-dress, the doctor being somewhat amused as he watched his patient fasten the bra from the front and then tug it around.

“You’ll have to learn to fasten it correctly when you get a bit larger,” the doctor thought to himself but didn't comment aloud.

“Okay, Coleen. Things seem to be coming along nicely. I'm going to put you on a slightly stronger pill and injections, I would also like you to start using a cream that I shall prescribe for you. Massage it around the base of the breasts each night, I think that we should then see a massive improvement.”

The doctor then took his leave whilst Colin awaited the nurse to give him his injection.

Back home, Colin told his mom and Sharon that, although the doctor hadn't said anything about his increased size, he must have noticed it because he was giving him stronger pills and some cream to use. “It shouldn't be long now then, with all these extra things, before my breasts start to decrease,” he said happily.

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For the rest of the week, Colin felt strange. Not in a bad way, but as if he was glowing from within. He felt happy, relaxed and at ease with himself. His nipples tingled pleasantly and he had a constant stirring in his penis, a feeling almost as if he needed sexual intercourse to relieve the feelings of desire, but these thoughts he resisted. He also had strong urges to put on a dress so as to feel more comfortable and maybe do his face up.

They were similar feelings to those he'd experienced before just after his booster injections, only stronger and where the feelings normally ebbed a few days after having them, he still had the feelings on Sunday night, still as strong and still glowing. The feelings intensified as he pulled on his silky nightdress that night and as he laid down on his bed he couldn't help but reach for his manhood and begin fondling himself.

Colin began to masturbate but several things became apparent as he did so. As the feelings of pleasure began to work through his body, he realized that the tingling in his nipples increased dramatically and they became firm. He also noted that, as he neared ejaculation, his penis was still not fully erect; in fact, still semi-flaccid. He would have expected to be rock hard as turned on as he felt. When he did cum, the contents were rather watery. Still, he had enjoyed it and had a lovely feeling of release as he mopped himself up and snuggled happy and contentedly into bed.

The following morning was hectic as Irene and Sharon tried to get themselves ready for work while trying to help Colin get ready for his first day at college. It had taken a week to convince Colin that his present physique would make it impossible for him to pass as a boy in college, that he would have to enroll as Coleen, and now they were both arguing over what he should wear.

“I thought college girls normally wore heavy, gaudy-type clothing as a rule,” Irene stated. “Most of those I see wear heavy shoes or boots and tight jeans, or perhaps leggings and thick woolen jumpers and long scarves,” she continued.

“I think that mostly they wear mid-length or full skirts now, usually with those opaque tights and combat- style boots,” Sharon observed.

“Coleen won't wear anything like that. I think that jeans may be better for her, or we may be able to talk her into wearing leggings.”

Just then, Colin entered the room. He'd heard part of the conversation as he had approached.

“What are these opaque tights you were on about, Sis? I've not heard of them before,” he stated.

“Well, they are just a type of pantyhose but they are of a thick, stronger material, usually about 70 denier. Students like them because they are hard-wearing and so last a lot longer; they do not run like nylons, they are warm and comfortable to wear, too.”

“Do you have any?” he asked, surprising both Sharon and Irene.

“Er, yes. I do have a pair of black ones somewhere. Why?”

“Well, I just thought that if that's what most girl students wear, then perhaps I should, too,” he replied, adding to his family's shock.

It took Sharon no time at all to be rummaging about through her drawers and finding what she was looking for. Bringing them back downstairs, she passed them to her brother. “Here you go Coleen, these are opaques.”

“Uh..Do you have a, skirt to go with them?”

Irene and Sharon looked at each other in astonishment before Sharon once more sped upstairs and began rummaging again. Soon after, Colin was wearing a fawn-coloured, heavy cotton skirt, white blouse and the opaque tights which molded themselves to the shape of his legs and looked so strange to him. His legs were coloured in black nylon from the tips of his toes to the tops of his thighs. They did feel wonderfully smooth and very comfortable though and the panty compressed his genitals into a more ladylike appearance.

Sharon began to brush out his shaggy mane of hair and apply some light make-up to his face. The only thing that he was feeling really confident about was that he should now pass easily as a girl. Other than that, his heart pounded with a whole cocktail of emotions.

“I thought that you hated wearing skirts or showing off your legs, Col'?” Sharon asked curiously.

“Well if I'm going to a college masquerading as a girl, the last thing I want is to be seen to actually be a boy, a boy with boobs no less. I'd never live it down, so, I thought I had best look convincing and the way to do that is to look like all the other girls do, wear what they wearI feel dead nervous though.”

That evening, both Irene and Sharon were keen to press Colin on how his day had gone. He informed them that it hadn't gone nearly as badly as he had dreaded it would, nobody had really given him a second glance as everyone was too busy establishing themselves into their classes and finding their way around. He was just an-

other first term girl, one of hundreds. He mentioned proudly to them that he had befriended a couple of girls already.

Irene became instantly concerned. “Coleen, you can't be acting like you used to do at school now. You can't be making girlfriends... you're supposed to be a girl yourself !”

“I know that, Mom. No, I mean I have just made friends with them, like I made friends with boys at school. I reasoned that I could not make friends with boys or they would get the wrong idea and I needed someone to be friends with... so, I made friends with two girls. Boys, I shied right away from.”

When Colin thought about the girls in the privacy of his own room he was surprised to realize that there had been no sexual attraction to either of them, even though they were both pretty, there was just a mutual liking for each other —they got on well. He had never been just friends with girls before, girls had always been girlfriends, boys were friends. One of the girls, Eva, was particularly attractive; once he would have been ecstatic to “get off” with a babe like her.

From that first day at college, Colin began to slip easier into his new role and lifestyle, more so than he ever could have imagined he would at the beginning. He was enjoying his college and it somehow seemed much easier doing lessons as a girl, he didn't mess about or get distracted as he used to do as a male student. He also seemed to be able to make friends much more easily.

He was also far less conscious of the clothes he was wearing. His main new friends, Gabby, Eva, Lesley and Tracy, would all stick together in class and at break times. It did seem strange to him being part of a group of girls, but it was also much more pleasant and relaxed than being part of a gang of boys.

Surprisingly, he found that he had quite a lot in common with them and could relate to them easily. He discovered that a group of girls together did far more talking to one another than what boys did, chatting about everything from clothes, make-up and health to more intimate topics that would make him blush.

He pulled the gold-coloured, satin wrap he was wearing open and, without thinking, he suddenly found himself cupping his breasts in his hands. A few weeks ago he could cover what he had with his palms, but now he found that there was a lot of flesh under them. He looked intently at himself through the mirror, his hair brushed back as it was didn't make him look any less feminine. His ruby lips, long dark eyelashes and clear soft skin along with the mock diamond earrings fastened into his lobes, all seemed to spell “Girl”.

He was aware that he was changing in other ways too, the muscle tone was starting to disappear from his arms and legs, leaving them more rounded and curvy. His hips also seemed to have more curvature about them and his bottom felt tight. Surely this “gynecomastia” couldn't be changing him in these areas, too?

“Must be the side effects of the drugs I'm taking,” he thought solemnly as he removed his wrap and replaced it with his nightie before climbing into bed.

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Colin started his third week of college feeling relatively relaxed and comfortable in the clothes that he was wearing as he sat eating lunch with two of his new friends in the college canteen.

“What do you normally do on an evening, Coleen?” Gabby asked.

For a fleeting moment Colin was unsure how to answer her; he didn't want to admit that he stayed at home every evening, what ever would they think of him?

“Oh, er, not much really,” he finally replied.

“You're not dating or anything then?” she continued to question.

Colin's face reddened slightly as he shook his head. “No, not at the moment.”

“Well it's just that Les and I have enrolled for an evening class —Arts and Crafts, we just wondered if you might fancy enrolling too. You may as well rather than being stuck in the house all night.”

The invite was attractive to Colin; he saw it as a way of getting out of the house on an evening at last. He wasn't particularly interested in the subjects but it would certainly be better than being in, bored out of his mind, especially now that Sharon had got a new boyfriend and was out herself five nights a week.

“Yeah, that sounds cool, why not? What nights do you go?”

“Oh great! We were hoping that you would be interested. They are on Tuesday and Thursday evenings from 7 until 9 PM. We sometimes go on to a pub for a drink afterwards, I'm sure you will enjoy yourself.”

Eve who was sat with them, agreed. “You will Col'... I used to go until I started dating Mick. It's fun and it's a good excuse to get out of the house, too.”

They all laughed together, then passed onto another subject.

Colin told his Mom all about the night school after he arrived home from the college and was helping her prepare the evening meal.

“That's lovely, Dear, you should enjoy that,” she answered sincerely. Yet she couldn't help wondering about her son's changing attitude. Not long ago he didn't want to set foot out of the door wearing girl's clothes and now he was even wanting to extend his going out to evenings.

The following evening, Colin had returned from college and had begun on the evening meal almost immediately so that he would have time to get ready for his first venture out to night school.

“So, have you decided on what you'll wear to night class?” Sharon asked her brother once all of the meal things had been cleared away.

“No, I'm not really sure yet.”

“Well, bear in mind that it's raining fairly heavily outside. Why not phone one of your new friends and see what they are going to be wearing?”

Colin thanked Sharon for what seemed to be a reasonable idea. He began pulling off the clothes he had worn to college that day while dialing Gabby's number. Irene gave a worried glance at her son as he sat speaking on the phone, his blouse hanging open revealing the cleavage of his naked breasts and speaking excitedly along with the odd giggle, almost just like a real girl. She had never seen Colin act that way before.

"She's just going to wear a sweater and jeans," Colin shouted to his sister, not realizing his Mom was watching him.

"Come on up then if you're almost ready for going and I'll help you choose something," Sharon called back from her bedroom.

There was one good thing about all of this. Irene had never had it so good with Sharon and Colin. Normally, they fought like cats and dogs, but now they seemed very close and friendly towards one another.

By 6:15, Colin was ready to be off, having borrowed Sharon's blouson jacket and lace-up, suede ankle boots to keep dry from the wet, late September weather.

Meeting up with Gabby and Lesley outside of the night school, the two friends led him to the reception to enroll and then showed him up the corridor towards their classroom. Along the way, a tall, good-looking man headed towards them.

"Hello, girls. Is it my class you are in, this evening?" he asked, looking towards Lesley.

"No sir, we're taking painting with Mr. Brooke tonight. We have your class on Thursday," Lesley replied.

During the brief exchange of words, Colin found himself taking sneak looks at the man's face, then glancing down each time the teacher looked towards him before looking once again. It was a curious action and one that he didn't know why he was doing it. He was suddenly surprised to realize that the man was talking about him.

"And is this a new student here, Gabrielle?" he was asking.

"Oh, yes, sorry Sir. This is Coleen, she enrolled just tonight."

"Well, I shall look forwards to seeing you in my class, Coleen," he said with a smile. Colin smiled coyly back. "Well, I shall not detain you girls any longer from your classes. See you all on Thursday... and don't be late."

With that the three friends moved onwards down the corridor.

"He is just such a dish, isn't he?" Lesley said to Colin. "That's Mr. Martin, the pottery teacher."

"Yes, he's Okay, I guess," Colin responded with a reddening face.

"Okay?" laughed Gabby. "C'mon, you couldn't keep your eyes off of him you little minx. I was watching you."

Colin's face managed to somehow go even deeper red. The three friends joined the mixed class of nine students and, after settling in, Colin worked for the next two hours painting landscapes in water colours, aided by Edward Brooke, the arts teacher.

Mr. Brooke spent most of his time with Colin, giving him starting instructions and advice. By the end of the lesson, Colin found that he had really enjoyed the class. The three of them ran out of the building and just managed to catch a bus to take them home as the rain continued to fall down in torrents.

The next day, Colin found himself looking eagerly forward to Thursday evening. He wasn't at all sure if it was because he had enjoyed his first class so much, or whether he was interested in trying pottery or.. for some obscure reason... he was looking forwards to just being in Mr. Martin's class, though why that should be he really didn't know.

Thursday evening came all too soon. Colin sat staring into Sharon's vanity mirror wondering why he had just chosen a rich glossy lipstick to wear. It did look really nice on him but, he was a boy for heaven's sake!

He began to admonish himself for having stupid thoughts. *“Stop thinking crazy, I did not wear it to look nice in front of Mr. Martin. I am not in the least bit interested in him, I'm a guy and I am straight.”*

Once again he met Gabby and Les outside the building and they went in together. As they filed into the pottery room, Colin glanced around to see if the teacher was there. He saw him at the front leaning over a girl student giving her instructions on something she was doing. Colin noticed his heart start to beat faster. This was absurd!

On seeing the three friends enter, Mr. Martin left the girl to walk towards them.

“Glad you could make it, only ten minutes late,” he said, masking a smile. “The three of you take the bench over there. Lesley, will you show the new girl where the smocks are hung. It would be a shame for her to mess up those pretty clothes she has on. It's Coleen, isn't it?”

Colin blushed. “Er, yes, that's right.”

The three friends each took some clay and Gabby instructed Colin how to work it with his hands. It wasn't long before the three of them began to clown about flicking bits of clay at each other and sloshing water about in fun.

“I hope that you girls are volunteering to do all the cleaning up tonight,” Mr. Martin called to them, joining in their laughter.

“Only if you are stopping back with us,” Lesley responded, causing Colin to blush at her forwardness.

Some time later, Colin was attempting the wheel and began to slowly apply the water around the sides of the clay and into the opening that he was trying to create at the top as Gabby had shown him. The walls of his clay pot continuously went thinner than he was intending it to, would wobble and then collapse inwards. However, he was having great fun with it and so kept on trying. As he put his hands around the block of clay for the tenth time, ready once more to attempt shaping it, Mr. Martin approached from the back of him and, putting his arms around Colin's shoulders, he put his hands on top of Colin's own.

Colin immediately felt himself blushing profusely and his heart began pounding. He was aware of the skin on his bare arms coming out in goose bumps as the hair on Mr. Martin's arms tickled him.

“Hold it firmly, but don't press into the clay,” Mr. Martin began to instruct softly into Colin's ear. He then wet his hands and rubbed his wet fingers through Colin's.

Colin immediately thought of the scene with Patrick Swayze and Demi Moore in Ghost.

To his chagrin, though, he was the girl!

“Now, just work upwards, let your fingers smooth the clay,” Mr. Martin continued to instruct innocently as Colin experienced the weirdest feelings having this man leaning over him and work his strong fingers through his own. He glanced nervously at his friends to see their reaction.

As the pot began to take shape, Colin's nerve gave out when he felt a hot flush with his nipples hardening, and the clay collapsed into a heap.

Mr. Martin laughed in kindly tones from behind him and removed his hands from Colin's. “Never mind, Coleen, just keep trying, you'll get the hang of it,” he said as he left to go help one of the male students.

Colin's face was burning, his body shaking. He had never felt like this before. Was it a feeling of total humiliation? Not really, he felt thrilled, excited - but why? He again looked at his friends to see that they were looking at him with a sort of envious smile.

Later in the evening when they were all able to work close together again, Gabby hissed at him. “You lucky thing! He's never given me personal attention like that.” In reply, Colin just made his now customary blush. +:~::~~::~~: As they left to go home at the end of class, all the students bid good night to their tutor.

“Good night, Mr. Martin,” Colin joined in as he passed by Mr. Martin.

“It's Howard,” Mr. Martin replied with a smile. “Good night, Coleen, travel safely home.”

Colin was again aware of the glares from his friends and one of the other girls. As they filed into the outer corridor, Gabby prodded him in his rib cage.

“You lucky bitch! He likes you!”

“No, he doesn't,” Colin quickly responded, practically turning scarlet.

“Yes he does, honestly, can't you tell?” Les added, supporting her friends view.

Colin went directly to the hospital from college the following day and was given his weekly shot. He wasn't experiencing the same depth of feminine feelings and urges now as he had done when first receiving these injections but this was largely due to the fact that, unaware to himself, he was now experiencing feminine feelings all of the time now and so the added booster wasn't as dramatic. Because these feelings were constant, they had begun to feel normal to him, his body had gotten used to, and adapted to them, only his innermost thoughts seemingly remained unaffected.

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Before Colin returned back home from the Hospital, Irene discussed her son's recent change in attitudes with Sharon, but although Sharon listened to her Mom's concerns, she wasn't as worried or surprised about Colin as Irene was.

“Have you noticed the way that he has been acting lately?” Irene asked. “He is acting almost as if he is a real girl. I don't know what's gotten into him.”

“But isn't that what he should be doing, Mom? Better that than him being detected for being a boy.”

“Yes, well, maybe. But, it still doesn't seem right, does it? Especially when you consider how much he resented the idea at first. And have you noticed that he seems to be getting more of a figure now? Have you taken any measurements lately to see if those hormones have started to help him decrease?”

“Er, actually no, not lately Mom. I'll see if I have time tomorrow.”

“Well, I'm convinced he's bigger rather than smaller, though it's hard for me to be too sure as I always only see him dressed,” Irene continued.

Chapter six : STEPS TOWARDS FEMININITY

The following day, Sharon invited Colin to come up to her bedroom where she did his hair for him and applied some cosmetics including the rich red lipstick that she really liked using on him. She experienced very little difficulty in coaxing him into trying on a new, black evening dress which had a thin halter neck and plunging front, warning him not to put on a bra with it. The effect was amazing as the dress not only revealed Colin's womanly bosom to full effect but also lifted his breasts to create a deep cleavage.

Normally, Colin would have been deeply embarrassed wearing such a feminine, revealing garment. He would have blushed just revealing a fraction of what he was showing now, especially as they were something that should only be found on females, but Sharon knew that his attitude had changed recently, changed without his even fully realizing it. She watched him with a smug smile as he admired the full effect in the mirror, but she did not make any comments on the size of his breasts... not yet.

“Wow! Come on, Col, I want to see what Mom thinks of you in this dress,” she suggested mischievously. Colin followed her down the steps and to where his Mom was sitting. The expression on Irene's face said it all.

“Oh my goodness, look at you!” she exclaimed as she stared in awe at her son's well-formed bosom. “Oh, Colin. How on earth? ...you've doubled in size surely.”

“Actually Mom, she's a 38 B,” Sharon commented matter-of-factly.

“HE, you mean, Sharon, HE,” Irene snapped, taking over Colin's former protests at the use of the feminine while Colin remained seemingly unworried by it. “Whatever that hospital was supposed to be doing for him, they have done it wrong. Look at him! he's ..he's almost better developed than either of us.”

Colin now felt deeply embarrassed with the comments. He had stopped monitoring any changes and hadn't really noticed how big he was getting since starting college.

“That's not true, Mom,” he protested before racing upstairs to remove the revealing dress.

“Well done, Mom! You've gone and hurt her feelings now,” Sharon admonished her mother, emphasizing the feminine gender. “It's taken ages to get her to accept herself in girl's clothes and play the part convincingly, and now look what you have done !”

“But, Sharon. Can't you see? He's practically turning into a girl. This is all supposed to be short-term until his illness starts to wane and his breasts decrease. What is happening to him could cause lasting damage. How is it happening?”

“It's happening because Colin is taking large doses of Estrogen.”

“NO, you are wrong Sharon! The doctor has put him on that male hormone, the one that is supposed to decrease his size. What is it? ...Testosterone?”

“No, he isn't, Mom. He's on estrogen. I've seen the boxes don't forget, after all, it's me that picks them up at the drug store for him. They cover the name up, though, with their own label. Maybe I should have said something sooner, told you both but... well, I like Coleen like this, I couldn't stand her as a boy.”

Irene glared very hard at her daughter. “Tell me you are joking, Sharon. Please, for God's sake, tell me that you are joking.”

“I'm not joking, Mom,” Sharon replied solemnly. “I honestly don't know how it's all come about, but the second time that I took our Colee..er, Colin, to the hospital for his booster I went to speak to a nurse. I found out from her that they had Colin down as being a transsexual and that is why they are giving him female hormones.. to develop his body into that of a female.”

Irene's face reddened visibly with anger. “You're telling me that you knew this all that time ago and you kept quite about it? How could you, Sharon? We could have prevented it from going so far.”

“Yes, and what for, Mom? Look at her, she's happy enough-or was, she was contented in what otherwise was a shameful situation for `him'. She's made a whole new group of friends, friends that won't get her into fights or mischief and, I actually believe that she secretly enjoys having boobs now. You should have been upstairs and seen her looking at herself in the mirror just now. She also enjoys wearing nice feminine clothes as well -just look at how she's taken to wearing my opaque tights!”

“Well that may be so, but obviously, it is only because the hormones are affecting his mind. If he was thinking rationally then you know that he would be repulsed doing all of these things, and by those huge orbs on his chest; he still would be if he stopped taking those damn pills. I don't know who is responsible for this mistake, the hospital, Doctor Spencer or who, but I will make them pay for it, I'll sue them for every single dime,” Irene stormed.

When Colin finally ventured back downstairs he had replaced the dress with a pair of leggings and a patterned sweater.

Irene, still fuming, looked at him and what he was wearing, then looked at her daughter.

“Sharon will you return back upstairs with COLIN and find some jeans and a tee shirt for HIM to wear, or something similar,” she suggested.

“Why, Mom? What's wrong with what I'm wearing?” Colin asked, genuinely mystified and wondering why she was calling him Colin. It sounded strange to him now after so long and he found it hard to remember the last time he had been called by that name.

“Just do as I say and change into something less girlish - and for heaven's sake, clean that make-up off of your face.”

“But I've only got leggings on, Mom,” he replied.

“Colin, just do as I have told you,” she shouted.

Sharon stood up quickly. “Come on, let's go,” she prompted, knowing her Mom was in no mood for anyone questioning her wishes. She also knew that she had best make overtures to get back on the right side of her mother after having said nothing about Colin being on female hormones.

As she cleaned her brother's face in her room, she filled him in on some of the things that had been said downstairs and owned up to him about knowing of the hospital's error.

“But why, Shaz?” Colin demanded to know, still stunned to learn that he was not only developing women's breasts but that he had been slowly turning into a woman for the last few months.

“Look, I'm sorry. I know I wasn't truthful with you but when I discovered that you were being given female hormones instead of male ones, I just wanted it to happen - I wanted you to become a girl for real. It just seemed so exciting, I thought it could just happen naturally. You were always such a louse as my brother and, well ...I've always wanted a sister.”

Colin still felt deeply stunned with Sharon's revelations, but deep down, he felt unsure just how he felt about the prospects, there was something greatly erotic in the concept that he was turning into a real girl.

“To be honest, Sis, I've found it easier to respond to you while I've been Coleen, see your side of things and found you a nicer person, too. And, to be perfectly honest, I have quite enjoyed my life masquerading as a girl... well since I have been going to college and night school anyway.”

“Well, I'll tell you one thing honestly, you make a really great girl,” Sharon told him sincerely with a smile.

As they both returned back down to the lounge feeling a warmth towards each other they found that their mother's mood was still very icy.

“I'm going to sue those incompetent idiots,” she voiced to nobody in particular, noting to her dismay that Colin's face and form was completely female despite the man-tailored clothes that Sharon had provided. Colin looked like a teenage tomboy. “And I'll make sure that they correct the damage that they have caused too. Don't you worry Colin, I guarantee that you won't suffer those breasts very much longer.”

"I don't think that you should really be threatening to sue them Mom," Sharon voiced in concern.

"Why ever not?" Irene responded.

"Well, if you stop to think about it, if you make such allegations of negligence against the health authority the newspapers are almost bound to pick up on it, they would find out and reveal everything about Coleen, his being a boy with breasts, his masquerading as a girl. Can you imagine how tough it will make life for him with everyone knowing all about him?"

Irene thought over Sharon's words for a few minutes. She knew it made sense, Sharon was always the practical one.

"Yes, of course, you are right, but they are not getting away with it, they are going to do all that they can in order to get Colin back to being a normal boy once again. In fact, we'll start right now, I want him back to wearing boys clothes permanently before it does lasting psychological damage."

Colin had sat quietly, listening to the conversation. Now he spoke up . "But Mom, what about our neighbors? I can't start dressing as a boy again, all of those who we have already got to know, know me as a girl and other nosy ones around here must have noticed two girls moving in, not one and a boy!"

"We shall just have to explain your story to them, tell them why you had to dress as a girl. I'm sure most of them will be sympathetic, and anyway, it's the doctors fault that you are like this ...that you are not a proper boy."

"No it isn't Mom. I wasn't a proper boy the moment I started developing those breasts- and that was nothing to do with the doctors. Besides, I could never face anyone ever again who knew the truth about me, I would be too ashamed."

Irene looked sullen. "Oh, what a mess! Well, I suppose we are just going to have to move again, try to get another exchange, but you can dress in male clothes and stay indoors until we do."

"Aw Mom. But, what about college and night school? What about my new friends Gabby, Les and Eva? I would never be able to see them again," the distraught boy complained.

"We can always enroll you at another college. And as for your friends, well you would've had to leave their company anyway, had you been on the proper hormones, once they had begun to work. You will make new friends, boys like yourself. It was never healthy for a young boy spending so much time in all female company."

"I don't want new friends though Mom, I like the ones that I 've got, I have enjoyed being with them, doing their kind of things, far more than with any boys I have been friends with," Colin protested, raising his voice far more than he had ever dared do to his Mom before.

For his show of dissent, Irene sent him up to his room, telling him she didn't want to hear another word on the matter and pointing out just how much the situation was affecting the way he thought already.

"Prefers being one of the girls instead of one of the boys... Really!" she mumbled.

Colin hardly spoke at all for the remainder of the weekend. He was forced into wearing the most unisex clothes that Sharon had in her closet, though they were all clothes designed for girls and they still felt soft and smelt perfumy. He was definitely not allowed to wear make-up; there was no point as he was now no longer trying to create the image of being a girl. He was amazed at how strange and naked he felt without any, especially after such a short time. He confided with Sharon that he didn't feel properly dressed without any make-up on his face. Still, when he looked into a mirror he saw the soft smooth face of a girl rather than his more masculine face.

Sharon, of course, knew exactly what he meant. He felt even more dismal on Monday morning as his mom instructed him to stay indoors. He wanted to go to college, he wanted to see his friends, he most certainly didn't want to be stuck indoors all day long.

When Irene returned home from work later, she informed him that she had been to the hospital as she had said she would during her dinner break. The staff had been most concerned to learn of the error that had been made and promised to put things right as soon as possible. They had also talked about the possibility of an out-of-court settlement for the damage that they had caused. Irene then opened some bags of clothes that she had got hold of at a good will shop. She had a couple of shirts, a pair of pants a black and white checked suit and a pair of boys lace-up shoes. She had also bought two new pairs of boxers and three pairs of socks.

"You can put these on tonight and the doctor is going to see you this evening to start your corrective treatment," Irene told her unhappy-looking son.

Colin couldn't believe how alien and rough the clothes felt on him. The trousers felt scratchy against his legs, the socks made his feet itch and felt thick and uncomfortable after being used to soft, 70 denier tights or bare feet, his shoes were cumbersome to walk in. But, the image was all wrong, his breasts thrust out the shirt, and his wide hips and plump rear filled the trousers so that when he walked about it was positively unmanly!

Things almost became worse when a desperate Irene suggested she cut his hair short as it had grown out so much since he began his masquerade. Anything to make him look more like a boy!

"NO, I want to be able to wear it in a ponytail, they are fashionable for boys now," he suggested hopefully.

"Well. Okay. I'll pass on that one - for now, but I don't want it becoming too long."

Just after their meal the telephone rang and Irene answered it.

"Hello?...Yes...No, she's developed some kind of virus, she is sick with it....Yes,...No, I can't see her being up and about for quite some time yet...Well, no, she won't be at night school either. Okay then ?...Bye dear." Colin looked inquisitively towards his Mom.

"That was one of those friends from college asking why you hadn't gone there today, Les I think she said. She sounded quite nice."

“Yes Mom, she is, all of my new friends are. They are the best friends I have ever had, they treat me as one of them, they are kind to me, they don't try to compete with me,” Colin answered sulkily.

“Whatever is up with you, child? They are girls. Girls enjoy doing and talking about different things, going to different places than boys do. I really don't know, you were playing havoc about having to be a girl not long ago, now you are complaining again for being able to be yourself at last.”

Colin didn't reply but instead went miserably up to his room and waited until it was time to go to the hospital with his Mom.

The week passed by and Colin remained in a depressed state.

The doctor had told Irene that this was to be expected and should pass as the Testosterone took affect in his body and he again began to act and feel more like a boy.

His friends had all turned up at his house on the Wednesday evening only to be told by Irene that he was really too poorly to talk to anyone at the moment. They then brought fruit and get well wishes for him which resulted only in making him feel sadder at the loss of such good friends. Colin also noticed that Sharon was also feeling miserable with the turn of events.

Colin was receiving two shots of testosterone a week and, by the end of the second week, he noticed that his body hair was slowly returning once more now that he no longer used the depilatory cream, especially on his legs which was causing him some mild discomfort from the short, spiky new hairs.

It was Thursday of the third week of his taking male rather than female hormones that he noticed a reduction in his breast size and there were stretch marks along the base and upper sides of them. He suddenly had an overwhelming feeling of loss. He had become quite used now to having them on his chest and he really didn't want them to go, he would miss them. Overcome with grief, he broke down and cried bitterly with all of the emotions of a girl. Irene, having heard him sobbing from downstairs, came up to see what was wrong.

“I just don't want to go back to being a boy,” he sobbed.

“Don't be silly, Love, that is what you are. Just wait until these hormones start to take effect and you will get rid of all of these silly, girlish feelings that the estrogen caused and begin to feel like, and be glad to be a boy again,” Irene told him in comforting tones. “Remember what the doctor said.”

“No Mom, it won't make a difference. I've been a boy for sixteen years, I know all about being a boy and now that I have been part way to being a girl and live in a girl's world, I know which one I prefer. I was happy as a boy sure, and when I was a boy I never wanted to be a girl, but now I've found out what it is like, I have experienced the differences and I don't want to go back to the hard life of being a boy again. Having to be tough, macho, have to prove myself and do all the things that boys are expected to do.

“I don't want to wear these yucky, uncomfortable clothes.

“I don't want to have friends who are rough, uncouth, loudmouthed, swearing jerks. I want my friends back, Lesley, Gabby, Eva and the others, and, and Sharon wants me to stay this way too,” he protested before breaking into tears again.

So strong were Colin's protests that Irene had to sit down and take notice. Was this just the remnants of his hormone-induced femininity that would fade in time or was he really certain just what he wanted? Would going back to being a boy make him unhappy and resentful of her?

“You do realize what you are saying, it's not a case of just playing at being a girl for a few months, or a few years, but something that would be permanent. Not just an experience that you can cast off when you are tired of it, it will be for the rest of your life, you will no longer be a boy, not become a man,” Irene expressed to him.

Colin did stop to dwell on her words. Yes, he had started to enjoy being a girl and have female friends but did he want that for the rest of his life. Now, it was just an exciting experience, something different but did he want to grow up a female, mature into a woman?

“Yes, I know what you are saying, Mom,” he replied slowly. “But I think it is what I really want. Yes, I know it is.”

Irene was really far from certain that Colin did know what he really wanted, what he was letting himself in for. The only thing she was certain of was how miserable he had been over the last few weeks. Would he come round to being Colin again, a normal healthy boy, once the hormones in his body adjusted themselves to the correct male level or would he, after having sampled life as a girl, be unhappy for the rest of his life? No, time is a great healer, he would eventually get it out of his system - but what until then? Would he be able to go back to the way he was or would he be milder, more timid, girlish?

“Oh, I don't know. What a mess! Okay,” she said with a sigh. “You can go back to dressing as a girl for this weekend. But, if after taking your testosterone shots you have any signs of resentment in what you are doing, what you are wearing or how you are acting, then tell me and you go back to dressing as a boy.”

The smile and look of relief on Colin's face almost said it all. “And if I pass Mom, can I then return to college as Coleen?” he asked.

“I suppose so,” his mom answered, still far from sure of what she was allowing to happen.

Colin needed no further promptings and he pulled off the boys wear which his Mom had only just bought for him. Colin was overjoyed to be able to release his still ample, though diminishing breasts into the soft, lacy, inviting cups of his bra and a soft woolly sweater quickly followed. He was then just about to pull on his favorite leggings before deciding suddenly to put on a medium length skirt instead.. as a gesture of his returning back to femininity. The problem with his wearing a skirt was that the hair on his legs had begun to grow back and the short stubble was sticking out in all directions.

Colin returned back downstairs to ask permission to shave his legs but Irene would have none of it until after she had seen his reactions following continued male hor-

more injections. His other problem was that he'd had to trim his lovely elliptical nails a few weeks ago, nails that his sister Sharon had taken so much loving care of. "But nails don't take too long to grow back," he thought chirpily to himself.

When Sharon learned that Colin was going to become Coleen again for the weekend she wasted no time at all in taking over matters and organising things, combing his still-lengthening hair out and encouraging him back into make-up.

Colin was eager to phone his friends and tell them that he was better but Irene advised against his doing so; she still hoped for him to see sense or for the male hormones to work against his new feminine feelings and wanted nothing to hamper his return to pants.

"Don't do anything that you can't undo," she warned him. "Let's get through this weekend first and then, if you are still set on it, I will give you my full support."

Unbeknownst to Colin, his Mom had been to see the doctors at the hospital telling them of her son's feelings and feminine behavior. She had asked Smythe-Cook himself to have a word with her son and try to persuade him against living as a girl. Because of the hospital being responsible for the error, the normally very busy doctor told her that it was the least he could do.

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"I want you to think very carefully about what you are asking. Try to remember that if it was not for the mistake made by our staff you wouldn't even be considering it, you would feel like any normal boy - though one with a medical problem that has given him breasts, breasts I may add that you were eager to be rid of," the doctor told him.

"Consider, Colin, that although you may have had fun in skirts for a time, you may have made nice friends, friends come and go. You will reach a point where wearing feminine clothing is no longer an experience but a regular way of life and losing the luster that you enjoy now. It's new, it's different right now, but what in ten, twenty, thirty years time.

"And what about romance.. marriage, children? I bet you don't feel so much like a girl that you dream of having a boyfriend, yet you cannot have a girlfriend either if you are one yourself.

"And remember that this is not all just about dressing up and wearing cosmetics, there is a whole lot more that goes into being a female and more than just having breasts. How would you feel if you no longer had a penis but a girl's vagina? If you truly wish to become a woman your manhood will have to go and you will have to endure painful surgery to have a vagina created."

The doctors talk certainly gave Colin a lot of new things to think about. The idea of having a vagina was both exciting and frightening, he would miss not having his manhood.

Would he really have to date boys? *Yuck!* He had always been straight and indeed liked having girlfriends. He knew that of late he didn't have the same drive for fancying girls as he once had but nor did he have any feelings for boys. Maybe the hormones

would make him fancy boys but that idea was most unappealing; he didn't want to like them. Briefly, he thought of Mr. Martin, but quickly got rid of it from his mind. He did have funny feelings, but no way did he “like” him - he was a man!

After his talk, Doctor Smythe-Cook gave Colin an injection of testosterone that was stronger than any he'd so far been given.

Colin wasn't aware of the added strength, he didn't even want an injection as he was afraid that it would undo a little bit more of all that he had become. A few hours after they arrived back home was when the injection should have reached its peak and should now be giving Colin his most masculine feelings. Irene was fully expecting him to be repulsed by, and reject the feminine apparel that he was wearing. It did not however prove to be the case and throughout the weekend Colin repeatedly stated that he was happy dressed as Coleen.

Chapter Seven : CONTINUING WITH FEMININITY

Irene didn't know what more she could do, so, on Monday morning she reluctantly gave her son consent to go back to college. Colin immediately rang his friends to let them know that he would be returning. The two that lived the closest to where he lived, Eva and Tracy, told him that they would call for him so that they could go together.

Sharon did her work, dressing him in a thick, jersey wool jumper and a pleated, flared red and white gingham skirt that came just above knee length plus a pair of new, white opaque tights. He had red lipstick applied, black eye liner, mascara and a touch of blush added to his cheeks. At last he felt that Coleen was alive once more. The day was thoroughly enjoyable to him, with Colin being able to walk out in his soft, sensuous clothes once more in the company of his very good friends.

In contrast, Irene's day was a busy one. She had to go back and see a consultant at the hospital and let him know of Colin's choice. She expected him to be displeased that her son was first taking female hormones and then began taking male hormones only to revert back to female ones again; she wasn't even sure that he would allow it.

He was though, actually apologetic, realizing that if it wasn't for the mistake by his staff the whole thing would never have happened from the start . The consultant was pleased that Colin had been seen by doctor Smythe-Cook and knew that he had tried to sway Colin's decision but he stressed he would still like to see Colin for himself to make absolutely sure and then how to proceed. He, like Irene, still held to the belief that Colin's mind was still emotionally confused with all the hormones he had taken and having developed female breasts because of the gynecomastia.

“I do not want to go turning him into a girl if he is going to reject it afterwards. Such drastic changes, unless it is what he really wants could result in him becoming suicidal. I want to see him and try to ensure that he really knows what he wants and understands the full consequences. We must be absolutely clear in this. If Colin had felt that he should have been a girl from a very young age, a transsexual, a girl trapped in a male body, then there will be very little problem.

“But, as up until the age of seventeen he had no female characteristics or any desires to be a girl, we must treat this thing with caution.”

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Gabby was amazed at how much smaller Coleen had become in the “breast department”; Colin was worried too. He couldn't see the reduction for himself but if others could see how much he had reduced in such a short time, then he really must get back on the estrogen as quickly as possible before he became totally flat- chested again.

“How amazing!” he thought, “just a few months ago that is all that I could have wished for.. to get rid of those breasts and now..I dread losing them. I hope that horrible testosterone stops working soon.”

He informed Gabby that he had lost weight due to his illness.

Lesley inquired as to why he had trimmed down his pretty nails ...she had been envious of them.

“Oh, they were just too bothersome to take care of while I wasn't well,” Colin lied. “I intend to grow them again now that I feel more up to it.”

Tuesday evening saw Colin getting ready for his first time back at night school. He was just in the process of pulling a jumper over his bare breasts when the phone rang. Colin found it was the consultant who his mother had seen the day before.

“I'd like for you to come to see me tomorrow if it's possible,” he said. “I want to just re-check your body and have a chat with you and ensure that it will be healthy for you to continue living as a girl.” He arranged for Colin to see him direct from college the following day.

“Hello, stranger!” Mr. Martin greeted Colin as he entered class at night school. “Are you feeling yourself again.”

“Oh, yes I'm fine now, thank you,” Colin replied, recalling what his friends had told him about Mr. Martin fancying him. Strangely, although Colin still regarded the teacher as a good-looking man, he no longer had the same, funny-feeling response he'd had at first. In a way he was very relieved about that.

“Hey, girl, you've been missing out while you've been ill,” Gabby informed her friend. “We've started to go straight on to a disco or night club from college, and you still haven't been out for a drink with us, have you?”

“Are you coming with us tonight?” Tracy asked.

“Oh, er no, I can't. I haven't made any plans with my Mom and I haven't brought any spare cash with me,” Colin replied.

“That's okay. We will pay for you tonight. You can always phone your Mom can't you?” asked Les.

“Well, no. I think I will go straight home for tonight, I'm just not prepared or anything,” he answered. In actual fact, he felt nervous about going somewhere like that where there was bound to be loads of boys all trying to pick up girls. He also knew he would feel awkward dressed as a girl amongst so many young men.

“Well, we will have to organize for Thursday with you then,” Gabby replied. “...And no 'butts', you need to get yourself out after being laid up for a while. Tell you what, let's all get our most sexiest things on and really have a ball.”

The idea of socializing with his friends was appealing enough but he was unnerved at the idea of going where there would be so many boys while in the knowledge that he himself was still a boy dressed as a girl. Also, in a place like that, the girls would undoubtedly be drinking alcoholic drinks. He himself had still not even drunk beer, still being a year under the drinking age and had never hung out with the kind of boys that went into bars or bought bottles from the store. He didn't even have a father figure to encourage him like most boys had. This worried him in case he got drunk and was sick or something. What would his friends think of him, then?

Also, what were they planning to wear? He still didn't have anything overly feminine or decent to go dancing in, and he still felt awkward about dressing up too femininely. Also, what did they deem as suitable? The kind of thing that would attract boys? He didn't want to attract boys and he wasn't ready for wearing sexy, feminine clothes. Oh, what should he do? Not go? That would only offend his friends. What a situation he seemed to be in.

He talked it over with his Mom that night and expressed all of his fears to her hoping she would give him some constructive support.

“So let me get this right. You are worried about going places where there are so many boys and scared of someone hitting on you. You don't want to wear anything that may attract boys to you and you say you are not ready for wearing anything too pretty or overly feminine? Yet you say you're ready to not only live as a girl.. for the rest of your life... but actually become one? You had better get real, get real or get used to all those things you say you are worried about, because you are talking about being a girl for a long time and boys are going to be making an awful lot of passes at you. And, unless you want a reputation of being a frumpy dresser, you had best start wearing more feminine, girls' clothes.”

Irene believed she had just scored a major psychological battle in keeping her son as a son.. if he was so unready to be a real girl and she smiled to herself triumphantly.

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Colin felt really nervous when he went to see the consultant at the hospital the following day. He was so confused with all that doctor Smythe-Cook had told him, together with all his Mom had said the previous night that he wore just a sweater and jeans with flat shoes and only a small amount of make-up. He reported to the receptionist on his arrival.

“Hello, I'm here to see a Doctor Jordan at 4:40 PM,” he told her.

Asked to take a seat in the waiting room, he sat apprehensively until he was called into the room.

“Come in, please take a seat,” the young doctor gestured. “I am Doctor Raymond Jordan.”

Colin eyed him suspiciously, wondering just what kind of a person he might be. The man was about early thirty-ish with straight, combed back hair and a well groomed goatee beard and mustache. Under his stern gaze seemed to lay a jolly, humorous sort of man. Doctor Jordan explained that as tests had already been done, there was no need for any further tests to be undertaken.

All he wanted to do today was just talk and, in so doing, get from Colin his true, innermost feelings. Doctor Jordan was under the same opinion as Irene in that Colin was unsure of his feelings due largely to the amount of time that he had been taking female hormones, and worse, the femininity boosters. It was these that Doctor Jordan felt sure were responsible for how Colin viewed things at this moment in time. Colin had, at present, a ratio of 60%-40% female hormones in his system, causing, not unexpectedly, for him to feel he wanted to be a female.

One thing that doctor Jordan did learn from the consultation was that Colin was fearful of having his penis removed.

“Well, once it is gone, it is gone. Some love their new feminine plumbing but others realize it was all a big mistake and hate it, really missing their own organs. By then, though, it is too late which is why you are here now—so that we can make really sure.”

Doctor Jordan also found that Colin was similarly apprehensive about the future, that at some time later he may find he wanted to remain male but had now become female.. what then ?

“In my head right now I know I would hate to live as a boy again after experiencing the delights of being a girl and I would love the thrill and experience of being a real girl.”

“...Or rather you think you would, it seems attractive to you, but as it is something you know relatively little about you cannot be sure.

“Even true transsexuals have to go through a trial period of at least twelve months living as a girl to ensure it is what they really want and they can cope as a female in life before corrective surgery is even considered, and even then the transsexual doesn't know for sure what it will be like having a vagina rather than a penis. True transgenderists usually loath their penis from a very early age, knowing it is alien to them.”

“That's what really bothers me, I don't know how I would feel. Isn't it possible for me to become nearly all woman but retain my penis... just in case?”

“I think it would prevent you having any romances in your life.”

“That's okay because of late I haven't been as physically attracted to girls. I see them more as friends, and I've no attraction to boys at all.”

“Well it is unethical in a medical sense, though many transgenderists do develop breasts or have silicone implants while retaining their male equipment, though such a thing could be highly dangerous; especially if some boy discovered your secret and it would leave you in a state of limbo, being neither one sex or the other.”

“But, in such a way, I could live as near to being a complete female as possible while still being able to revert back if needed be or, if I find without doubt that I could live as a complete woman I still have that option, don't I?”

By the end of the consultation, Doctor Jordan firmly believed that, although not as intended originally, Colin now really had a desire to continue living as girl but not take the final step to womanhood.

“To stop any course of hormonal treatment now, be it male or female, you would almost certainly revert back to a complete boyish figure... including the loss of your breasts which you now wish to keep.

“I therefore intend to sign for you to be put back on the course of estrogen treatment that you were taking before the error was discovered, including the booster shots. You will though need to see myself or one of my colleagues each week to see how the treatment is going,” he informed Colin.

Colin couldn't have felt happier, though in truth, he realized that there was much he was going to have to learn in being a full time girl that he hadn't even so far considered. He was still only going by his new-found enjoyment in wearing female clothes, his enjoyment of attending college and night school and of not now having to lose his friends. To Colin, continuing as a female would ensure that he kept all of these things.

Doctor Jordan had in reality just given him permission to become a female, to enjoy all the previously unbidden delights of the fairer sex. He was going to live as a real girl!

The very thought was tremendously exhilarating, exciting and in a way frightening.

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The next day, his friends constantly reminded him about their wanting him to go to the dance with them straight from night school. Colin realized that this was going to be very difficult to get out of. Towards the end of the lessons, his friends pressed him again and reminding him to wear something special to night school so that they could all go directly on to the club. Colin was becoming increasingly apprehensive.

Colin intended to ask Sharon to help him choose something for the evening. Sharon had already been talking to Gabby on the telephone though, after she had phoned to say what the rest were all intending wearing.

“Hey, Sis! Have you any idea what I ought to wear to the disco tonight that's a bit discreet?” he asked.

“I've already sorted something out for you,” Sharon replied. “I'll give you a hand to get ready just before you are due to set off.”

When that time came, Colin went with his sister to her bedroom.

“I've chosen you a lovely dress to wear, Col. It's plain black but it's body hugging - I'm sure you'll just die for it,” Sharon told her sisterly brother.

“Oh, I kind of thought that I would just be wearing something like leggings or even ski pants, I'm not really keen on showing my legs off, especially where there are lots of young men about.”

“Nonsense, you've got smashing legs..for a boy. Have you done them with the depilatory cream recently?”

“Yes, but...”

“No 'butts', Sis. That's settled then, and I've bought a new pair of black pantyhose for you to wear with the dress,” Sharon told him firmly.

“Oh no, Sharon, not if I am wearing a dress. I'd sooner go bare-legged.”

“No, you will not. You've been doing all of this talking about staying a girl permanently, well then you can just start feeling like a girl and start wearing more girlish clothes. You've worn opaque tights to college occasionally, well these aren't much different.”

“Well, if I have to.. why don't I wear the opaques?”

“To a disco? They're far too heavy; anyway it will prove a point to Mom. While you have hang-ups about various girlish things, things that real girls take in their stride, she's still sure you are not ready for womanhood.”

With that, Sharon took the 20 denier nylons out from their pack and rolled up one of the filmy legs.

“Give me your foot, come on or you'll be late,” she practically demanded.

Colin hesitantly offered his foot to his sister, then watched numbly as she worked the soft nylon from the tip of his toes up to just over his knee. She then repeated the process on his right leg before drawing both legs snugly up to the top of his thighs and pulling the panty over his rounded bottom. These were a whole lot different from the opaques. The delicious feeling of his legs encased in soft nylon caused un-ladylike reactions in his groin area; they were the softest thing he had ever worn and he was terrified of tearing them.

When Sharon added the silky slip over the top, followed by the dress that he was to wear, he became captivated at how delightfully the hems of the dress and slip brushed enticingly over his now nylon-clad legs. He shuddered involuntarily.

“There you see, you love them!” Sharon teased.

She then gave him a pair of 2-inch stiletto-heeled court shoes to wear.

Although Colin had tried heels of similar size before, he was totally alien to such slender ones and compared it to trying to walk on stilts as his ankles wobbled from side to side making him constantly lose his balance.

As it became obvious that he was going to need time getting used to such heels, Sharon swapped them for a pair of open-toed sandals that had two wide straps across the foot. These were also 2-inch heels but their chunkier heel made them a bit more sturdy.

With make-up applied and a black jacket and shoulder purse, Colin was nervous but ready. It wasn't much longer before Gabby, Tracy and Les called for him so as to travel to night school together. On his way to the door, Sharon unexpectedly spritzed him with perfume.

“Just so you smell nice,” she said with a big smile.

“WOW! Coleen, you look like a doll!” Tracy greeted.

“Come on! We'd better move or we'll miss the bus,” Les warned. “..You do look great though, Col.”

Colin felt very apprehensive about leaving the house as he was, he felt so soft and delectable yet so exposed, so vulnerable and delicate. He suddenly felt Sharon shoving him outside, then being herded along by his friends towards the bus stop.

“Have a lovely evening, Coleen,” Sharon shouted after him.

At night school, Colin became aware of the attention that he was undoubtedly attracting from Mr., Martin. On the first occasion that his tutor passed by him, Mr. Martin made a comment.

“You are looking very nice tonight Coleen. I never realized that you were covering up such a shapely pair of legs. You normally hide them under pants or leggings.

Colin blushed as he made a response. “Oh.. uh, thank you,” he stuttered.

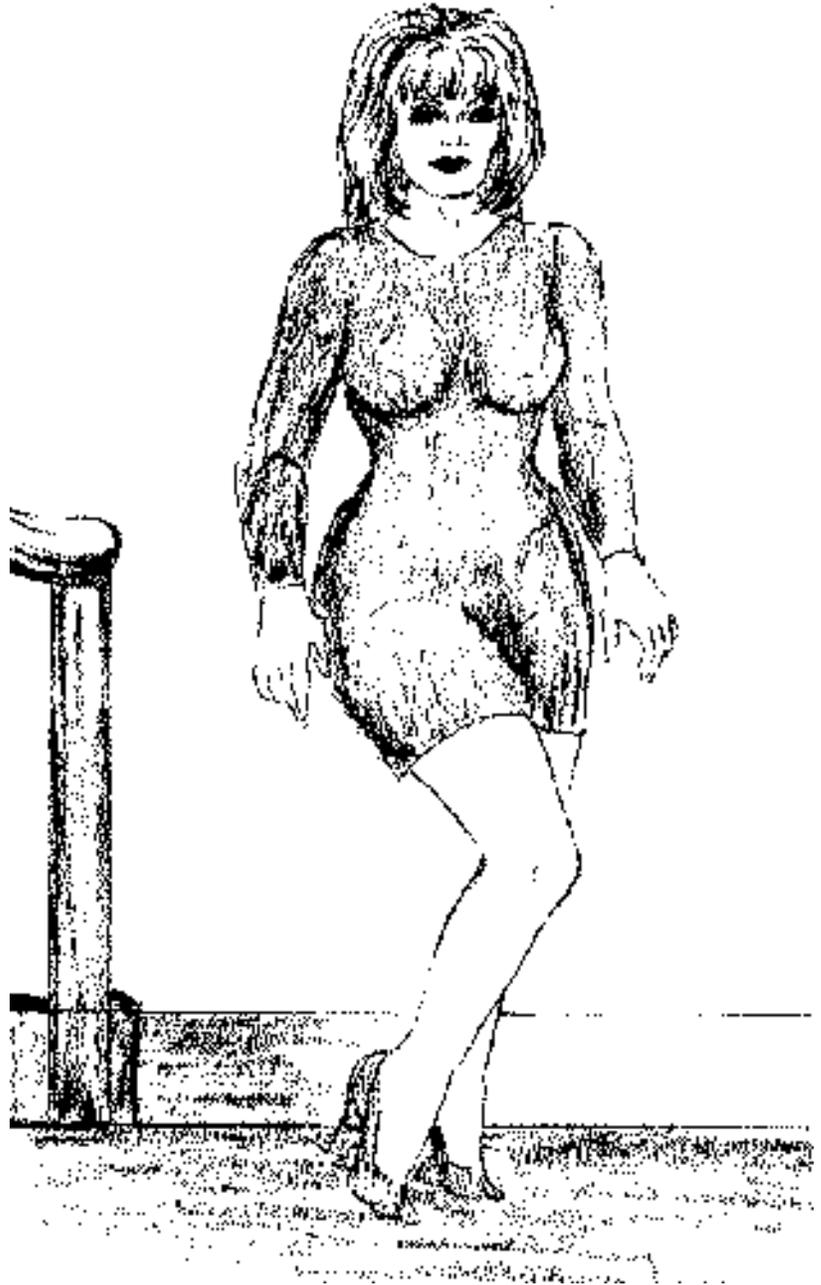
At the second occasion, Mr. Martin glanced over Colin's shoulder, placing his hands lightly on Colin's shoulder tops so as to view his work.

“Very good. You are coming along very well, Coleen, well done. Hmm, you smell lovely, what is the perfume you are wearing?”

“I er, I-I'm not sure, it is one of my sister's,” Colin replied.

“You have a sister? Surely there's not another as lovely as you?” Mr. Martin remarked, causing Colin to blush deeply.

The time finally arrived that Colin had been dreading. As all the students began to filter out into the night air and into the dark street illuminated by road lights and shop windows, Colin and his three friends gathered outside.



“We go this way Coleen, the disco is only a few blocks away so we will be walking,” Gabby informed him.

The city center's streets were streaming with teen-aged girls and groups of boys flitting between various pubs and night clubs. There was so many people that Colin at least could melt into them rather than feeling that he was the center of attention.

Before long, they arrived at the doorway of the disco that was flanked on both sides by two burly doormen.

The four friends paid their admittance fee and entered into the dance hall which was booming to the sounds of modern hits, the packed dance floor lit by colour ful, flashing lights. They filtered towards the bar where Gabby, Les and Tracy all bought mixers. Not really knowing much about alcoholic drinks, Colin asked for a glass of beer.

As they found themselves an empty table, Les and Tracy placed their purses down and went straight onto the dance floor. Gabby tried and failed to lure Colin into joining them; his other two friends were equally unsuccessful on their return to the table.

As the night wore on, Colin's glasses of beer were replaced by gin and tonic, then progressed to Malibus. All four began to feel merry with the joint effects of drinks, the music and the lights.

Tracy surprised Colin by taking some cigarettes from her purse.

“I didn't know that you smoked,” he remarked.

“I just have one occasionally, but we all have a smoke when we are here,” she replied as she began handing out the flimsy smokes. “These are joints, they give you a buzz,” she added in response to Colin's puzzled look.

“Are you going to try one, Col?” Lesley asked.

“Oh, er, no thanks. I don't smoke.”

“Go on, try one,” Gabby prompted. “Don't go being different.”

Finally, with continuous urgings and promptings from all of the girls, Colin tentatively took one and lit it up. His first draw on the cigarette made him cough and feel dizzy; he drew on it five times before finally putting it out.

“Don't worry, Col, you'll get used to them,” Les told him with a laugh.

It wasn't long afterwards, feeling more daring due to the effects of the drinks and the reefer, Colin found the courage to join his friends on the dance floor. He was a good dancer as a boy but was not sure how to dance as a girl. He began by watching and copying his friends. He imitated their steps and motions as the four of them formed a square facing one another. As record after record thrashed out the loud booming, bass tones, Colin began to enjoy himself and allowed his body rhythm to flow more freely.

Just then, four boys broke into the group of friends, initially dancing by them and then slowly pairing off as the girls opened up for them. Colin was desperately wishing for them to go away as they began to introduce themselves. He noticed that there was

two white boys and two black ones. Without actually seeing it happen, the boys split the girl's company so that each one of them faced one of the girls.

Colin found that the one facing him was one of the black youths who was about nineteen and who was wearing tight blue jeans and a white shirt open to the waist. Colin's eyes were pulled from the youth's exposed belly button to the crotch of the youth's tight jeans that appeared to be packed with his manhood to the point that an embarrassed Colin shivered with the oddly fascinating thought of what he might look like naked!

One of the things that had constantly irritated Colin when he had gone dancing as a boy was how black boys always seemed to pull the white girls; now here he was himself... as a girl, dancing with a black boy, while having strangely erotic thoughts!.

"Have I seen you here before?" the boy asked.

"No, it's my first time tonight," replied the highly embarrassed Colin who carried on dancing but much slower and stiffer as he pondered how to get away.

"I thought not, I don't normally miss chicks as attractive as you," he replied. "I'm Royston."

Colin began to discover the secret of the boy's success, he was charming and polite. Royston also seemed quite harmless, so Colin stayed on the dance floor for the time being, giving short answers to the boy's questions.

After five more records, the tempo changed.

Colin hastily made an excuse to leave. "I'm parched, I'm going for a drink."

"Okay." Royston smiled, revealing a set of dazzlingly white teeth. "Mind if I join you?"

"If you want to," replied Colin, again not knowing how to handle the situation, not really wanting his company but not knowing how to tell him without offending him.

Back at the table, Colin quickly sipped his drink as Royston sat beside him. Looking back to the dance floor, he could see Gabby and Les still dancing closely with their boys, but Tracy and the other black youth were nowhere to be seen.

"Would you like another?"

"Huh! Pardon?"

"Would you like another drink, you're empty," Royston repeated.

"No, I'm okay. Thank You."

"Go on, I'm going to the bar myself, what would you like?" _

"Oh well, if you are sure, a Malibu, please," Colin said, having acquired a taste for the exotic liqueur.

For the next hour, the other girls kept returning to the table with their respective partners. Royston stayed at the table chatting to Colin before finally asking him back onto the floor.

"No thanks, I'd rather sit down, my legs ache," Colin answered.

“Come on, it's one of my favorite records,” said the boy, pulling Colin up onto his feet and leading him back onto the dance floor.

After two quick dances, the Disco was nearing an end and slow records came on once more. This time, Royston grabbed Colin around the waist and quickly drew him in close before he could react. As Colin had never danced this way before, he just tried to follow Royston's lead, holding him tightly so that he wouldn't trip and fall in his heels. After the song finished, Royston leaned forward and suddenly pressed his lips against Colin's.

Colin was taken by surprise which allowed Royston to let the kiss linger and press his tongue slightly into Colin's mouth. Recovering from his initial shock, Colin pulled away blushing furiously and made for the table, a strange feeling enveloping him and his heart pounding. Strangely, he wasn't overly repulsed by the kiss, just deeply embarrassed.

He sat at the table, Royston joining him, as his three friends all kissed their partners on the dance floor. Eventually, all eight gathered together and the boys helped the girls on with their coats, - another strange experience for Colin.

“Can we walk you?” asked Dave, Gabby's boy.

“No, it's okay, we can catch a taxi outside,” she answered, bringing a feeling of relief to Colin. There was some talk of the boys meeting them at the Disco again as the girls began to depart.

“Thanks for the dance, Royston,” Colin said as he made his way through the door. Outside, Colin turned nervously to his friends. “Are you going to see them again?”

“Why? Are you keen on yours?” Gabby laughed.

“I wouldn't blame her if she was, he was a hunk. How come you keep getting the best ones interested in you?” Les asked, causing the usual blush from Colin.

“We may bump into them at the Disco again, but we won't be going steady with any of them. We pick up boys like that every week, it's all just a bit of fun, for them and us,” Gabby answered.

“Oh, I don't know. I liked mine,” Tracy said dreamily, drawing attention from the others.

“Don't you prefer white guys?” Colin asked.

“I like both. Depends on the guy, but I didn't see you complaining about yours as you lip-locked on the dance floor,” Tracy countered, making Colin blush again, only a deeper red when she added, “I know he was attracted to you judging from that rampant bulge in his jeans.”

Chapter eight : THE BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Although Colin shuddered with embarrassment each time he thought about Royston's mouth on his own, it didn't put him off going to the disco with his friends anymore. He even reasoned to himself that if he was going to become a girl, unless he wanted to live the life of a convent girl, he really should perhaps try to get used to kissing with boys...like it or not!

As the new doses of female hormones began to kick into his system, he began once more to settle easier into the female role, especially now that he had accepted femininity and chosen to live the life of a girl.

Sharon attempted to give his hair a new style, back-combing it to make it full and give it body. She told him that now he didn't intend going back to living as a boy she could put his hair in all kinds of feminine styles.

Colin informed his sister that what he really wanted was to let it grow long, he had always found long hair appealing on girls.

He never did admit to liking the pantyhose that Sharon had given him to wear, but Sharon and her mom often caught him laying on the settee, stroking his hands up and down his nylon-sheathed legs or twiddling his toes in the soft mesh of the foot, enjoying the feel of the material.

So the weeks passed. Colin's hair continued to grow longer, his skin became softer with a fairer complexion and his breasts began to swell to the size that they had originally reached. Colin also enjoyed wearing earrings, preferring the long dangly kind or large hooped ones. He loved feeling them sway on his lobes or brush against his cheek, making him feel all the more feminine.

Now that he could fully accept his growing femininity and go out into crowded places comfortably as a girl, he now excelled in what he did.

He won a diploma at night school for his art work; Mr. Martin had recommended him for it and gave him a hug at the presentation night. It was more in the way of being proud of his pupil than anything else, but Colin felt awkward at his teacher's ministrations. He also felt that "funny feeling" again since his return to the estrogen.

Colin was also doing well at college and worked hard for his scholarship, often studying and revising on evenings when he had nothing else planned.

It was on one such occasion as he sat in the front doorway to enjoy the sun, wearing the black dress that Sharon had given him along with dark pantyhose, his lengthening hair middle parted and falling over his shoulder blades, teardrop earrings with a single mock pearl at the ends adorning his ears and his note pad resting in his lap, when his friend Eva called.

"We're all going into town tonight, Coleen and we wondered if you would like to come along with us?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, Eva, I have loads of revision to do for the college tests," he replied in his now more girlish, higher-toned voice which he had been working on with Sharon. "Anyway, how come you aren't going out with Mick?"

"He's doing a lot of overtime lately so it gives me a chance to get out with you guys - except you won't stop studying."

"Sorry. Is he working next Saturday?"

"I don't think so, why?"

"Well it's just that it's my eighteenth birthday next Sunday, November 17th and I thought it would be nice if we all went out for a drink."

“Your Eighteenth!” Eva screamed. “Do the others know? Never mind what Mick is doing— we simply have to go out on your 18th..we simply have to.”

Eva departed, telling Colin that she planned to arrange something special for him for next Saturday.

The day before his night out, Colin decided to go into the City to buy something to wear for the evening; after all, if he was going to go out to celebrate his birthday, he ought to look good. He had arranged to meet his sister on her dinner break so that she could help him choose.

He no longer had any worries about going to the City Center on his own as a girl now, after all he had now been dressing as a girl full time for almost four months, other than the short time when he was being given testosterone injections to try to make him a boy again.

He wore a white blouse, black leggings and black sling-back shoes on his bare feet and a lady's pink blouson coat to keep him warm in the chill mid-November weather. He had no worries at all about being detected as a male because he knew that, other than his now shrunken male organs, he was virtually a female anyway... and he looked it.

Sharon proposed they had a drink before tackling the shopping mall and the alcohol that he consumed loosened him up enough to be more daring than usual with what he purchased. After their shopping expedition, he returned back to college keeping the items that he'd bought out of sight from his friends.

The following morning, Colin was reading all of the cards that had been delivered. It seemed strange, all of his new friends from college and night school had written “Happy Birthday, Coleen” while all of his relatives, not having seen him since his family's move, had written “Happy Birthday, Colin”. Both his mom and Sharon had addressed him in his feminine name.

His biggest surprise was to have received a card from Mr. Martin. Colin didn't even know how he knew it was his birthday, let alone know his private address. The message inside the card read; “HAPPY EIGHTEENTH. To my star pupil. From Howard Martin.”

A long soak in a perfumed bubble bath and a hair wash was on the agenda for Colin that afternoon. He checked his legs for hair growth but they were smooth; he was finding that re-growth was very slow now and even then it was much finer than before.

After his long soak, Colin pulled a robe about himself and went to the mirror to begin fixing his make-up for the evening, putting emphasis on his eyes and lips. Sharon saw to his nails giving them a filing and then painting both finger and toe nails a glossy pink.

Eventually, it was time for Colin to dress. Now that the effect of yesterday's alcohol was out of his system, he felt more apprehensive about wearing some of the clothes he'd bought with Sharon's encouragement and wondered if he had gone over the top.

“Should I wear something else, Shaz?” he asked.

“No, not on your life, you'll knock 'em dead, it is your birthday bash, after all, so you ought to look the main attraction.”

The two “sisters” traveled to the nightclub together, having arranged to meet Colin's friends inside. He was very much aware of the attention he was attracting from the people they passed in the street and conscious too of the feminine click of his high stilettoes on the sidewalk making him feel all the more womanly. He tried hard to prevent the split of his skirt from revealing too much leg but knew from the occasional loud whistles that he was not always successful. He did though, feel a glow of pride on each whistle.

A shock was in store for him as they entered into the club. He found that Eva, Lesley, Gabby and Tracy had brought along nine girls and six boys from college and night school that they were all friendly with; among them was Mr. Martin. Colin was amazed that his arts teacher would come along to his birthday bash. A chorus of “Happy Birthday” rang out from the party of friends as he approached them. It was then competition time as to who bought Coleen's first drink and, from the boys, who could get the first dance with the birthday girl.

Colin was still apprehensive about dancing with boys, especially after Royston, but it was his birthday and they had all come along specially. Not being able to refuse, he danced with each one in turn.

Soon, to his chagrin, he was the center of attention as all of the club go-ers joined in a chorus of “Happy Birthday to you”. It nearly got out of hand after that as numerous other males used the occasion to ask for a birthday kiss.

Colin wriggled out of the situation by replying, “I had better not or my boyfriend may get jealous,” backing it up by nodding in the direction of his teacher, Mr. Martin. He did, though, allow himself to be led onto the dance floor several times by the unknown males.

Towards the end of the evening, Mr. Martin brought a drink over to Colin who was already feeling that he'd had too much.

“Would you care for a dance?” Mr. Martin asked coyly. “I seem to be the only male of the group not to have had the pleasure.”

The statement was true and Colin would have felt obliged to dance with Mr. Martin simply because of that fact, but he had secretly been hoping for him to ask all night.

The two stepped out onto the dance floor and moved to the disco music. Feeling slightly inebriated, Colin was giggling at practically everything that Mr. Martin was saying to him. They became so engrossed in conversation that they hadn't noticed the music change to a slow waltz... courtesy of the D.J. who had noticed the birthday girl on the dance floor.

Everyone else around them was now smooching.

“And this one is especially for Coleen on her eighteenth,” the D.J. announced to draw their attention.

As Colin heard his name and realized the tempo had changed and that the song was dedicated to him, he knew it would be wrong to leave the dance floor now; it

would seem offensive and discourteous of him. He instinctively drew up closer to Mr. Martin while searching his tutor's face to see if he minded.

Mr. Martin put his arms around Colin's waist in reply and in turn Colin slid his own arms around Mr. Martin's shoulders. He suddenly realized the very close contact he had made with another man; he had now slipped so easily into the female role and was feeling so very feminine at present that he had never given a thought as to what he was doing, that he was the same sex as the person he was dancing so closely with.

He glanced into Mr. Martin's eyes, looking for an expression, a reaction. Was he horrified about it? Of course not. To Mr. Martin, Colin really was a girl, a very pretty one. In fact, as Colin looked for Mr. Martin's expression, he saw his teacher was looking intently at him, searching into his own eyes. Then, it was as if a magnet drew them together, Colin's body just relaxed and his lips brushed lightly with those of his teacher.

Colin suddenly became acutely aware of many things at once. He was conscious of the feminine clothes upon his body, he could feel his silk-sheathed thighs rubbing delightfully against Howard Martin's leg, he could taste the lipstick upon his lips, feel his soft, flowing hair about his face and neck, he could feel his heart pounding beneath his heaving breasts. All around, couples were kissing and embracing.

Colin slipped back into his feminine world, he looked once more with his smiling eyes into those of Mr. Martin, then changed his gaze to Mr. Martin's mouth. His eyes narrowed as his own mouth opened invitingly and was enveloped by Mr. Martin's lips. He felt his teacher's tongue enter into his moist mouth and he sucked upon it. He felt hot and more turned-on at that moment in time than he had ever before.

They seemed to remain locked together like that for a lifetime, their bodies slowly swaying to the music as their hands caressed each other's bodies. But all too soon the night was over, the kissing and the music stopped and people were beginning to leave.

Mr. Martin pressed his lips one more time to Colin's. "Thanks for the last dance. I'll see you back in class. Good night, Coleen."

"I'm glad it was you I had the last dance with. Good night, Howard."

As all of the party began to disperse on their own separate ways, Colin, Sharon and Gabby queued for a taxi cab.

"WOW! You've sure got the hots for that teacher, Sis?" Sharon remarked, letting her brother know his passionate kiss hadn't gone unnoticed.

Colin didn't reply but his face did change colour, especially as Gabby added that Mr. Martin had a crush on Coleen, too. For the entire journey home, Colin's mind was going over and over all that had happened during that evening.

Colin bid his sister good night almost immediately on arriving home and made his way to the bathroom then onto his room, leaving Sharon to say what she would about the evening to their mom.

Brushing out his hair in the mirror, Colin gazed at his full breasts and wide, rounded hips. He looked every bit as feminine as a real woman; why should he feel

guilty about kissing a man? It wasn't long after that he was in his nightgown, curled up and having very girlish dreams.

The following morning Colin dragged himself out of bed and pulled on the clothes that he was intending to wear to college, his black skirt, black opaque tights and a white cotton blouse.

He sat down upon his bed, his head pounding and spinning from the previous evenings revelry, his blouse only halfway pulled over his shoulders. Holding his head and feeling miserable, he again reflected on what had happened last night. He cringed with embarrassment when he thought about the kissing he had done with Mr. Martin. He was in no doubt that it had felt good, felt right at the time and that he had been very turned on. But it was wrong, surely? Was he turning gay?

He wanted to be a girl, live as a girl, but he had never contemplated that it would mean having a relationship with other males.

Colin dreaded facing Mr. Martin the following Thursday.

He wasn't even going to go at first but Sharon had talked him into it saying that he couldn't give up all his hard work now and he would have to see him sooner or later. Colin finally felt pressured into going when Gabby called him. He took his place in class, nervously looking at his teacher who was sifting through a pile of paperwork.

Eventually, as class progressed and Mr. Martin had a chance to get near to Colin, he leaned across the table where the feminized boy was sitting.

“Hi, did you get home all right last Sunday?”

“Yes thank you,” Colin replied, not knowing where to look but wanting to avoid eye contact.

“I er, was wondering, would you like to go for a meal with me sometime?”

Colin took a deep breath. “Thank you very much for the offer, I'm flattered but I, er, I don't think that...”

“You mean last Sunday was nice, but you don't want it to go any further, you don't want to get involved with your arts teacher, am I correct?” Mr. Martin finished for him.

“Please don't take it wrong, Howard, I really do like you but...”

Mr. Martin smiled. “It's okay, I understand,” he said. “Let's not let this interfere with your art work, eh!”

Although Mr. Martin had put a brave face on it, Colin knew that he had hurt his feelings, let him down.

Chapter nine : COLEEN GETS A BOYFRIEND

Eventually, the end of the year arrived, Colin's first ever Christmas in skirts. He received only presents that would befit a teenage girl. He tried on the various assortments of clothes from his Mom and Sharon and checked through other gifts which comprised make-up kits, perfumes and earrings. One favorite gift was a white top from Sharon. Throughout the festivities, he went out partying with his friends and happily danced with male revelers, even allowing small pecks from them.

By April, Colin's wardrobe had grown enormously and he had also secured a part-time secretarial job, a woman's job which really emphasized his new status to him. The job was very beneficial too as Sharon had now moved out of Mom's house to live with her boyfriend. Colin had felt really lost without her now and the job helped fill the gap.

He traveled to work by bus on the first day, wearing a bronze-coloured mini dress, his long shapely, smooth legs looked feminine even without hose and he wore a pair of flat-heeled, strappy sandals on his feet, not wishing to be perched all day long on heels. He was forced to stand on the crowded bus, holding on to the hand rail with one hand while reading a secretarial course book with the other. He felt both nervous and elated to be going to work as a female.

The job also helped in other ways. Night school had finished at the end of January so his new job helped fill a void here, too. Gabby, Les and himself all intended to re-enroll in May when the new course started. Then came the big news on the ninth of April. Eva was getting married to Mick, her long term boyfriend and of course, Colin and the rest of the friends were all invited to the wedding.

The wedding was a rushed affair and had come about because Eva had fallen pregnant; in fact, they were to be wed in just under three weeks, April 28th, at the registry office.

“Well that's one blessing you can be thankful for,” Irene told her new daughter. “You'll never have to go through carrying a baby or giving birth, let alone the worry of falling pregnant.”

“I'd have no worry on that score anyway. Don't you have to sleep with a man to become pregnant?” Coleen answered.

Irene didn't make further comment; knowing what he was meaning, she thought she would just let time take its course. She had seen for herself, even if he hadn't yet realized it, that he was becoming interested in men. All it required now was for him to lose his inhibitions.

The wedding arrived all too quickly. Sharon re-emerged to ensure that her “sister” looked as gorgeous as possible for the wedding and took Coleen shopping for a new dress.

A long, white dress was selected for him to wear which had narrow shoulder straps and a relatively low-cut front. The skirt billowed out and was calf-length.

While shopping, Sharon talked him into having his hair cut and styled. He was reluctant because he had become very fond of his long flowing locks, but the style that his sister selected really worked for him. He was given a long, page-boy cut which curled softly inwards at shoulder level and swept over from left to right at the front. It looked very feminine and enhanced his already pretty face.

On the morning of the wedding, Coleen had a long soak in a hot bubble bath, feeling the hot water stimulating his nipples and admiring the glisten of his wet, smooth, hairless legs. He was soon fastening a white lacy bra around his ample breasts and drawing white pantyhose up his legs. Once in his dress and having stepped into his white, high-heeled pumps, he fastened his favorite pearl drop earrings, the ones that

Sharon had bought him early in his feminization, into his earlobes. He was ready to be off.

“WOW! You look fab! It should be you who is the blushing bride, the way you look, Sis,” Sharon remarked.

“You don't think I've overdressed, do you?” he asked sincerely.

“Not a bit. You enjoy yourself. If you're ready I've got time to run you to the registry office.”

The wedding was fabulous and all the friends had great fun as they assembled in the courtyard afterwards, throwing rice and taking photographs. Coleen met other guests and the relatives of the bride and groom, everyone was friendly and having fun. At one point, while taking photographs, Coleen found himself standing next to Mike's best man. He was tall, fair haired and, according to Coleen, very good looking.

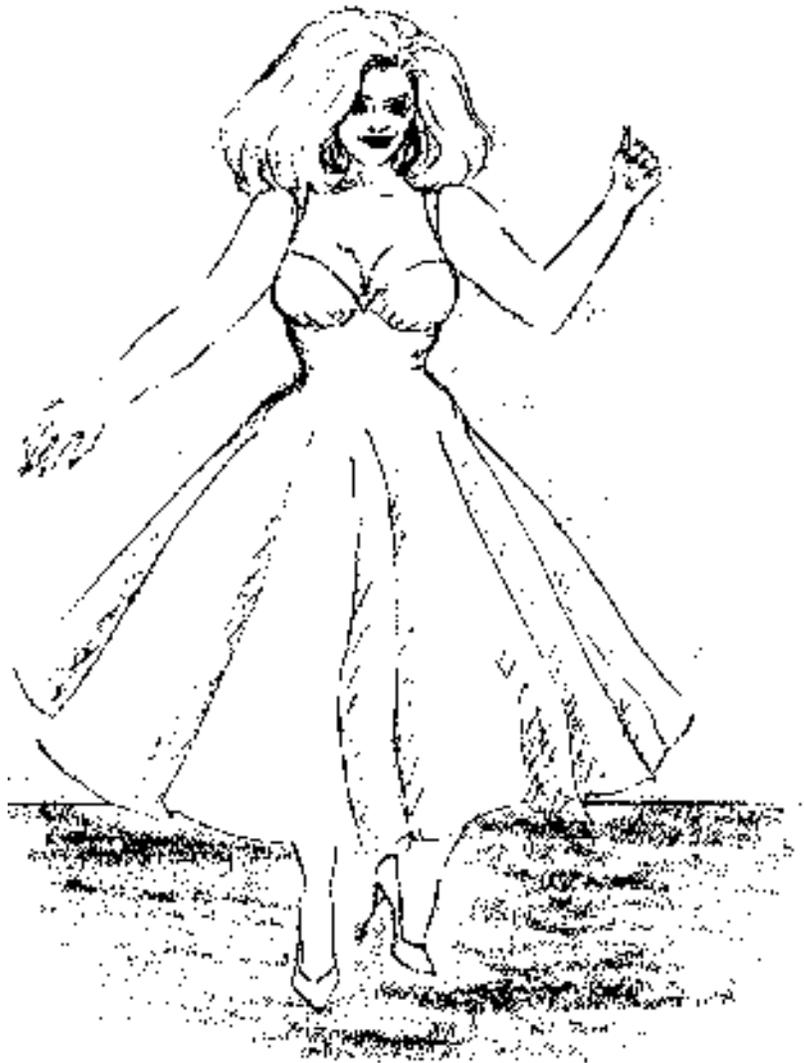
“Hi,” he greeted, turning to talk to the attractive girl. “You must be one of Eva's friends....Oh, I'm Peter - Mike's best man,” he continued, offering his hand in friendship.

Coleen took it loosely. “Hi, Yes I know...I saw you at the front. I'm Coleen, Eva and I used to go to college together.”

“Great wedding, eh? Eva looks stunning, they make a lovely pair together, don't you think?” Peter continued.

After several minutes of small talk between the two, Peter moved away, apologizing and saying that he should really circulate but hoped to have a chance to talk again later.

From that moment on, Coleen found himself continuously looking around to see where he was; he couldn't help thinking that he was the most attractive man he'd ever seen. “If I was a real girl, that's the kind of guy I would fall for,” he thought as his new hormones went haywire through his body.



“What's up with you, Col?” came the voice of Tracy, breaking his reverie. “You're in dreamland. Wish it was you getting married? Uh..I'm just so envious. Come on, let's go throw confetti, Eva and Mike are just about to leave for the reception.”

“Oh, er, yes,” Coleen answered, taking hold of a box of confetti his friend was offering.

Not long afterwards, everyone was getting into cars and following the new bride and groom on to the reception in the banquet hall of a large hotel half a mile away. Coleen was getting a lift there with Gabby and Lesley.

“Are you going onto the reception?” a strong masculine voice asked from behind where Coleen was waiting for his friends. He turned to see Peter.

“Oh, er, yes I am,” he answered.

“Well, can I offer you a lift there? I'm parked just around the corner.”

“That would be great!” Coleen accepted excitedly. “Would you mind if I just go see two friends of mine first?”

The two friends were waiting in Gabby's car as he rushed up to them.

“Where have you been?” Gabby asked. “Quick, jump in or we will be late.”

“Oh, Gabby. Peter's offered me a lift, er...Mike's best man. You don't mind... do you?” he quickly asked apologetically.

Gabby and Lesley both looked at their friend in surprise.

“What!” Gabby suddenly exclaimed. “You've done it again, I've been having wet fantasies about him all afternoon. No, of course we don't mind, you go for it girl, we'll see you there ...maybe.” She laughed.

By the time that Coleen and Peter arrived at the hotel it was as if they had known each other for years. Each had asked questions of the other and supplied answers. In the reception hall, Peter immediately went to buy drinks for Coleen and himself and from then on, they just naturally stayed in each others company.

After the meal, when the dancing started, Peter asked Coleen to join him on the dance floor and Coleen eagerly accepted, much to the amazement of his watching friends. Eventually things began to wind to a close and guests started to say their good-bys.

“Can I see you again sometime, perhaps tomorrow?” Peter asked.

“Yes I'd love to, actually I have a lot of revision tomorrow, but I'm free on Monday evening.”

“That's great. We can go out for a meal somewhere or just have a drink together, whatever suits you.”

Coleen nodded his agreement as Peter helped him on with his wrap.

“Would you like a lift home?” Peter then asked.

“Oh, well, if it's no trouble to you, I don't want to be taking you out of your way,” Coleen stuttered his acceptance while at the same time noticing his friends watching him from close quarters.

“See you at college on Monday morning,” Lesley grinned on being noticed.

Just then. Eva came over to them both. “Thank you both for coming and thanks for the lovely gifts,” she said as she kissed each of them on the cheek.”

“It's been wonderful,” replied Peter. “I'll just go say good night to Mike.”

As he pardoned himself and left, Eva turned to her friend.

“Hey, what's happening? You two seem to have hit it off. Am I being invited to your wedding next?” she asked mischievously.

Coleen blushed as his friends encircled and joined in the comments. As they began to leave, they all wished him good night.

“‘night Coleen, don't go doing anything I'd definitely do,” Tracy added with a parting shot.

As Peter brought his car to a stop outside Coleen's house he looked toward his passenger.

“Well, thank you for your lovely company all day, Coleen. I'll pick you up from here at 7:30 then,” he said as he leaned slowly over towards Coleen.

Coleen leaned to meet him and they pressed their lips together. Eventually, Coleen pulled away from what had become a lingering, tender kiss.

“I.. I'd better go in now,” he whispered. “See you tomorrow,” he added, kissing his finger tips and pressing them to Peter's lips. “...Bye.”

Coleen climbed out from the car and felt as though he was floating on air. He turned and waved one more time before going indoors.

From that day, Coleen and Peter met regularly. Although he had always maintained that he could never do anything sexual with another boy, Coleen no longer felt like a boy and Peter was his boyfriend after all and therefore it was only right to kiss and cuddle with him. Not only did it feel right but it felt good.

In time, the problem began to affect the relationship. Peter had been more than patient but now he wondered what was wrong with himself that Coleen should deny him. Everyone else had sex out of wedlock these days.

After seven weeks the situation turned into arguments and finally the two of them split up. Because he'd become very attached to Peter, Coleen was devastated by their split and his new, womanly emotions caused him to cry a lot about it. Feeling so depressed, he even stopped going out with his friends for a while. No matter what, under any circumstances, he could not confess the truth about himself to his friends, even though he knew that such problems would keep on returning.

Two weeks after his split with Peter, Coleen was visiting the hospital for his monthly check-up.

“After you have had your hormone injection today, would you go to the consultation room at the end of the corridor? Doctor Smythe-Cooke is wishing to see you,” the friendly nurse informed him.

Coleen wondered if something was wrong as he sat on the soft leather couch in the waiting room, had something started to go wrong with the treatment? All kinds of things went through the young transsexual's head; it had been a long time since he had seen Doctor Smythe-Cooke.

“Hello Coleen. How are you keeping?” the doctor asked as he entered the room. “You are looking very well.”

“Hm, thank you doctor,” Coleen answered, looking quizzically towards him.

The doctor cleared his throat. “I suppose that you are eager to know why I have asked to see you?”

“Yes, I am. ”

“Well, as far as my records indicate, in two weeks time you will have been dressing and living as a girl in public for a full year. This is the minimum length of time that we ask patients to dress and live as females so that we can be sure that they can actually cope in the outside world as a member of the opposite sex. You did begin to dress permanently after moving to your current home didn't you?”

“Yes, that's right.”

“Then our records show that you are a suitable candidate to progress forwards for full gender reassignment, if you wish.”

“Wh-what's that?” Coleen asked.

“In layman's terms, it is to have a full sex change operation, to make you complete. You would not need to worry about expensive costs. I have talked to my colleagues and in view of the mistake made by this hospital we are quite prepared to pick up the bill.”

Coleen suddenly felt weak and nervous. “Oh, er..I'm not sure..I-I ...never really thought about that.”

“Well, please do give it your full consideration, talk to your Mother about it but do not make any rash decisions. Please make absolutely sure you understand everything that is involved. I have some explanatory booklets for you to take home. When you have reached a decision, one way or the other, please let me know. Now, in the meantime I would like to just check on your development. Would you kindly strip out of your upper clothes?”

Coleen unfastened the skirt he was wearing and stepped out of it. He then pulled his black sweater over his head revealing that he was braless and stood before the doctor in just his high heels and tap pants.

“I er, I didn't wear a bra today so as to make it easier for the nurse to check me,” he said, rather shame-faced.

“That's okay, but do keep good support so that they don't sag. Now, you certainly have a well-developed breast and good hips, the best I've seen. There should be no problem at all with surgery.”

Requesting Coleen to pull down his panties, the doctor then checked his patient's wrinkled and diminutive penis and small, sponge-like testicles.

After writing a few notes in his file he again addressed Coleen.

“Yes, I think in your case you are so near to being female anyway that full surgery would be an advantage. We do have a very large waiting list for these operations, believe it or not. Unless you went private the waiting time could be two years or more. But again, because of the mistake that was made which has caused you to be this way, we will be prepared to let you jump the queue-as it were, for us to make amends to you.”

He could hardly consider himself a boy anymore, yet did he want to be 100% female? He had chosen not to live as a male a while back; his flaccid and wrinkled penis was useless, incapable of giving any sexual satisfaction, he now relied totally upon his breasts for his sexual stimulation now. Being a complete woman would offer him some sex life but could he face up to the painful surgery ?

He discussed it with his mom that night and later with her and Sharon and did a lot of soul searching. He would have expected Sharon's reaction to be one of practically carrying him down to the operating theater but surprisingly she said it had to be his decision and his alone.

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Three weeks had elapsed since Coleen had made his decision to change sex and he was now booked into the hospital for surgery. During those three weeks he'd had many changes of mind as he wondered if he had made the right decision. Many times, he felt like phoning the hospital and canceling. As the days had ticked away, the more scared he had become and only the full support from his Mom and Sister eased his tension and frayed nerves.

On the day of his admittance he was in a near zombie-like state, his whole body refusing to move, frozen in fear but guided by his family. Terror shrouded him as a nurse helped out of his clothes and gave him a hospital gown to wear before taking him to a bed. He looked for moral support from his mom and Sharon and panicked when they had to leave. Fortunately, the nurse had sedated him and sleep wasn't long in coming.

Nothing happened immediately; indeed he had been in for two days before a nurse injected him with a sedative and he was wheeled to the operating theater. From then on, he could remember very little, he could recall lots of people in gowns and masks, he remembered bright lights that hurt his eyes. He recalled feeling severe discomfort between his legs, a burning pain and then... gradually, he came around back in his own hospital bed.

His body felt stiff, his head woozy and thick as though he had been asleep overlong. He felt a deep, throbbing ache around his groin as he looked around him. Nearby was a nurse who smiled and came towards him when she saw his eyes were open. He tried to speak with a dry mouth. “A..am .. I..?”

“All over, Sweetheart, you're beautiful now,” the softly spoken words of the nurse informed him.

“Is-it-gone? A..Am..I a girl?” Coleen tried again hesitantly.

“The operation was a complete success, Dear,” the nurse replied with a smile.

Coleen knew that she was heavily bandaged and it was painful for her when the nurses came to change the dressings and swab her down. She was laid topless in bed, her perfect breasts on full view when a male nurse came and asked her if she would like to take a look at the results of the operation. She didn't feel in anyway shy about being exposed as she was, after all she had been male herself and she was rather proud now of her feminine assets.

She was also eager to see the results of her new femininity but she declined for the time being, feeling yet rather afraid to see her new self. Plus, she knew that she was still very swollen and bruised around her groin. She desired her first sight of the new, feminine creation to be in a more perfect state.

She felt weak for the first week and the pain was often intense, especially when they inserted a dilator to stop her new orifice from healing over. It was strange to think of having something put inside her body like that and she wondered if it would feel similar having a penis there... though hopefully less painful. As the surgery healed, so the swelling went down and the colour began to restore to a more natural state. Fewer bandages were used for the dressing then, finally, none at all.

Coleen's first evidence that she was now totally female was when she finally plucked up the courage to finger the unbandaged area between her legs where once her penis and testicles had been. They were no longer there to be felt but she did feel the raised area that now was there and the indented slit that ran down it's length.

She pulled her hand back and then, after a few minutes, explored again, this time allowing her fingers to gently slip just inside the cleft. It wasn't long afterwards that she raised her cotton bed gown, pulled back the sheets and took her first look. She'd seen several before on past girlfriends but her's appeared strange being there between her very own legs, although it was perfect in its form.

Suddenly, Coleen became very emotional and began to cry, not so much lamenting the loss of her maleness, but with the sheer joy of being a complete woman.

Her next new venture was in going to the toilet. Until recently she had been attached to a catheter which allowed her to dispose of her waste water but this had now been removed and she was told that she could relieve herself naturally. Escorted by a nurse for her first time, she laughed at the unusualness of sitting down to pee. She had a strong urge to be holding something so as to direct the flow, she was also not yet certain on just how to begin releasing it, but found it was just the same as when she had male parts.

It was mid fall before Coleen returned home from the hospital; the house seemed strange and small to her after her time in the large hospital ward.

"Welcome home, Sis," Sharon greeted as her new sister came in with her mom. "Hey! you seem to have changed since you were last here... though I can't put my finger on just what it is," she added with a laugh.

"No, you'd better not either, I'm still sore down there," Coleen responded.

"Shut up and listen for a minute, Coleen," Irene urged her new daughter. "We've got a surprise for you. Sharon and I have booked you an holiday in Spain to help you fully recover."

“What? ... Thanks, but, well, I can't go to a foreign country on my own.”

“I never said that you had to, you silly girl, I'm going with you. It will give me a deserved holiday and you a chance to adapt to your new sex as well as getting a suntan, the sea and sand.. and, you can wear your very first bikini !”

“I think I'd be too embarrassed just yet.”

“Ah! Well there will be no reason to be because I have booked a private beach, you can lounge all day long...in the nude - if you wish, entirely on your own.”

“What about Sharon? Aren't you coming, Shaz? I'd enjoy it much better if you were there, too.”

“Sorry, Sis, can't get the time off from work,” Sharon apologized.

Coleen had been really looking forwards to seeing her friends again but the idea of a European holiday was very appealing. Everything had already been booked and organized behind her back and so, before she knew it, Coleen and her Mom were making their way to the airport and were soon aboard the plane, flying to the holiday destination. Efforts had been made, aided by the hospital and especially Smythe-Cooke, to ensure that she had a valid passport, one that listed her in her new name and giving her sex as that of female.

Chapter nine :VIVA-ESPANIA.

The former male felt every bit a woman as she lay on her beach towel wearing her first bathing costume, the flimsy material doing little to hide her provocative charms which had now grown to an enticing 38C. Her damp, tousled hair fell around her shoulders and the sand stuck to her smooth, shapely legs.

By the second week of her holiday, she felt an urge to strip off completely and get an all-round tan as she soaked up the sun. She had seen nobody at all on or near the remote private beach and so she pulled off her skimpy costume and lay under the hot sun. It wasn't long, feeling pleasantly warm and relaxed, that Coleen began to feel aroused. Cupping her delightful breasts, she began to massage and squeeze them, tweaking her nipples at the same time, causing her to emit a soft moan of pleasure.

A wonderful warm, moist sensation welled up from her newly formed vagina and tentatively she placed her hand on her groin, and fingered her pussy lips before fully slipping two of them inside for the very first time. Soon there was much more urgency to her ministrations until a tremendous welling erupted within herself, almost like when she had ejaculated as a boy only more intense, more fulfilling and the ecstatic feeling lasting much longer. She lay motionless, feeling as though she was floating on a cloud and pondered again what it would be like to have a man inside of her, the thought nearly bringing her to a second climax.

Coleen still felt apprehensive about giving any come-on signals to guys following her disappointment and hurt with Peter. There was also the fact that now she was a complete female and capable of fully satisfying a man she felt much more vulnerable.

At the end of the second week, Irene herself had met a local man and began seeing him each day. It was strange for Coleen to see her Mom with male company after so

long although there certainly was no reason why not; she was single and still attractive with a good figure.

Irene would have preferred for them both to find someone to escort them about but knew that Coleen was still coming to terms with being totally female and was probably going through mental torture.

“You go out on your own with Bernardo tonight, Mom,” Coleen told her. “I’ll only be in your way, besides you deserve some male attention after all this time.”

“But what about you, Darling?”

“Oh, I’ll be all right, I’ll stop in the hotel and maybe have a Sangria at the bar.”

“Are you sure dear? I feel awkward about going out and enjoying myself while you stay here.. after all it was for your benefit that we came.”

“Mom! Sure, I’m sure, you just go out and enjoy yourself. Oh, and don't forget - Safe sex.”

“Coleen, really!” Irene admonished her laughing daughter.

By the middle of the evening Coleen was beginning to feel bored. It was no use watching the television in her room as it was all in Spanish and she couldn't understand it. Finally, she went down to the hotel bar and ordered a bottle of wine and a glass and sat with it at a corner table. Sitting cross-legged and staring idly at the intricate decoration on the ceiling of the large room, she failed to see the approach of a tall, handsome man.

“Buenas tardes, Senorita,” he suddenly greeted, making her jump with a start, the man talking in Spanish to her.

“Oh, I'm sorry, er. no comprendae, I'm er, English,” she began to stutter.

“My apologies Senorita. I was just inquiring as to why such an attractive girl such as yourself is sitting alone and looking so thoughtful and sad?”

“Oh, I'm not sad, it's just that...” Coleen was just about to tell the stranger that she was sitting on her own because her Mother had gone out on a date but she suddenly thought better of letting an unknown man know that she was on her own.

“Would you mind if I joined you?” the good-looking man asked.

“Well...I suppose not, if you want to,” she replied with a touch of apprehension.

The man offered her his hand. “Hello, My name is Miguel and could I inquire as to your name?”

Coleen studied the man properly for the first time, he was over the six foot mark, a lean build with well tanned skin, his dark hair was combed back, he was casually, but smartly dressed and he was undoubtedly handsome.

“I..I'm ..Coleen,” she replied as she accepted the gestured hand.

Miguel was very easy to talk to. He told her about himself, where he lived and what he did for a living before asking Coleen about herself. Coleen was soon telling him all about her coming on holiday with her Mom so that she could convalesce after a recent operation in hospital. She did of course, keep the nature of the operation a secret.

They were on their third bottle of wine and talking merrily, Miguel having shifted his seat so as to be alongside Coleen, when Irene returned.

“Oh, Miguel, it's my Mom,” Coleen suddenly announced with a tipsy, slightly loud voice, raising up and waving her arms about to attract her approaching mother's attention.”

“Mom, Mom, over here,” she called, beckoning her surprised mother to her table. “Mom, I'd like you to meet Miguel, this is him,” She stated flailing her hand in Miguel's direction. “Miguel, I'd like you to meet my mom, Irene, this (hick!) is her.”

Before Irene could inquire as to how much her new daughter had been drinking and reprimand her, Miguel spoke.

“Now I understand where Coleen gets her beauty, Senora,” he said as he took Irene's hand and kissed it.

Irene looked flattered. “Why thank you Miguel. However, if you don't mind, I'm feeling beat and ready to retire, and I rather think that you should do the same young lady... I'll expect you up shortly.”

Wishing Miguel good night, Irene departed to leave the two youngsters on their own to say their own good nights.

“Mom's right, I really should be turning in myself now, and I think I may have had a teensy weensy bit too much to drink,” she told her companion apologetically and somewhat reluctantly, “thank you for..(hick!) entertaining me all evening and cheering me up.”

“No, it was my pleasure Seniorita. Perhaps, maybe I could see you again? ..Tomorrow? I could show you and your Mother some of my beautiful country.”

“Perhaps.” She smiled without committing herself. “Thanks again for your company.”

As she made her way up the stairs towards her room. she felt rather disappointed that Miguel had not attempted to kiss her good night. He had helped her from her chair in a gentlemanly way, held her hands but had not kissed her.

She wandered into her Mom's room with a merry look on her face. “Isn't he gorgeous? Such dreamy, dark eyes and lovely accent and he's so well-toned and tanned.”

“What's all this? Aren't you the one who swore you could never have anything to do with boys?” Irene mockingly asked.

“Oh, Mom. You don't want me to grow up being a prude, do you? Anyway, how did your evening go with Bernardo ...?”

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“Darling, are you nearly ready for going down to breakfast?” Irene called to her daughter through the door.

“Yes, Mom, just pulling my zipper up then I'll be with you,” Coleen replied from within her room.

“Oh, by the way dear. I saw that man earlier, Miguel wasn't it? when I went down to reception. He asked me if I knew whether you had anything planned for today, he said if it was all right by me he would like to take you out.”

“What! Where did you see him?” Coleen asked as she hurried to unlock her door and look at her Mom.

“By the reception. He said that if you were interested, he'll be outside the hotel door at 9:30. Look for a red sports car.”

“But, Mom, what about you? What would you do?”

“Don't worry about me, I'll phone Bernardo up and go for a drink with him, he's quite a gentleman. It's me who should worry about you; you are not overly experienced in dating men. especially in a foreign country.”

Coleen attempted to make it appear to her Mom that she wasn't overly interested in the offer but she made a bad job of it as she practically shoveled her breakfast down her throat, glancing constantly at her wrist watch and then raced back upstairs to find something decent to put on.

“Darling, slow down. You've got fifty minutes yet,” Irene told her. “You have plenty of time though I'm sure he will wait for a while anyway. You must be really keen.”

“Come on, Mom, it's not so much that I'm keen about going out with Miguel rather than it's a fantastic opportunity to drive around and see Spain.. I can't miss a chance like that can I?” she offered lamely.

“No dear, of course not.”

So it was that, Coleen, dressed in a black tank top and matching, flared black skirt, her navel exposed, cooling her in the sweltering heat...found herself being driven north to the city of Barcelona. She saw the sights, the buildings and was taken to a bullfight for good measure. The bullfight was exciting but Coleen didn't like the kill and hid her face in Miguel's shoulder.

The two of them went out in similar fashion for the rest of her final week and on two occasions Irene joined them. Her last night of the holiday though, was reserved for just the two of them.

Coleen had made herself ready for her final date, wearing a black skirt and matching crop top together with large metal bracelets on each arm and matching, heavy-looking, pendant earrings. She was just finishing styling her hair with the dryer when her Mom came in and told her that she had something special for her to wear for her date and prompted Coleen to try it on.

Irene had been out that day and bought a very daring, backless, silver lurex dress which came to mid thigh. A pair of nude, ultra sheer pantyhose had also been purchased to wear with them.

“...But Mom, I'm already dressed for the date, besides I can't wear this tonight ...Thank you for buying it. But, well there's half of it missing,” she protested.

“Don't be silly, I've seen lots of girls wearing dresses like this for going out. It's very warm on an evening so being backless is common sense.. and as far as its length is

concerned, you've got a lovely pair of legs so why not show them off? You have time to at least try it on and see what you think.”

Coleen tried the dress on at her Mom's bidding. She did think it was adorable but felt overly exposed in it and was far from sure that she had the nerve to wear such a revealing dress outside.

“I'm terribly sorry Mom, thank you so much for buying me it but I'll have to change into something else,” she began apologizing just as the phone rang.

“That was reception, Darling,” Irene informed her as she hung the phone up. “Miguel is downstairs waiting for you. It seems that you haven't got time to search for anything else, you should hurry and not keep your date waiting.”

Coleen found herself being ushered out of her room and into the elevator by her mom, a purse pushed into her hand along with a kiss to the cheek. “There's some money in there and a few things to refresh your make-up with, Honey, now go along and enjoy yourself.”

As the elevator doors opened at ground floor, Coleen found herself standing facing an astonished Miguel.

“Coleen! You look absolutely adorable,” he finally uttered.

Irene watched happily from the balcony as her newest daughter was escorted to the doors of the hotel. Knowing her Mom was watching, Coleen turned and looked at her with a nervous smile, tottering on her four-inch heeled strappy sandals and revealing a good deal of shimmering, nylon clad leg and even more back. “Enjoy yourself, Sweet-heart,” Irene mouthed softly as she blew a kiss.

By late evening, the couple had eaten a wonderful meal, enjoyed a cabaret show and had then danced. Coleen was feeling happy and very relaxed, no doubt aided by the amount of wine that she had consumed. So far, on their dates, Miguel had played the perfect gentleman and nothing more serious had happened than a tender good night kiss. Now, as they danced closely together, their bodies pressing against each other, he searched into her eyes.

“Coleen, I have enjoyed being with you so much this last week and you look so ravishing tonight, but my heart is sad. I don't want tonight to ever end, for tomorrow you return home. Please, say that you will spend the night with me?”

Coleen knew exactly what he was asking and although she had often wondered about sex with a man, she was still nervous about such a thing. “But, how could I?” she asked. “I cannot take you back to my room at the hotel or my Mom would come in and see you.”

“Let me book us into another hotel, my petal. You could phone your Mom at the hotel and say that we have gone to an all-night club.” Miguel gently caressed her shoulders as he looked into her eyes. “I will let nothing happen to you, I will look after you.”

Coleen felt uneasy and was far from sure that she dared do this, yet her body was reacting totally in the opposite way.

“I..I am sorry Senorita, I thought maybe that you felt for me the way that I feel for you,” Miguel told her in hurt tones.

“Oh Miguel. I..I do.. I really like you but...”

“But our time together had meant nothing to you, you will return to your country and forget all about Miguel, is this not so?”

“No, of course it isn't, I, oh hell, I just don't know Miguel, I really do like you, I'm just scared.”

Miguel slapped his hand to his head. “I am a stupid fool. Of course, an angel so pure as you,....You are a virgin!”

Coleen felt offended by the remark. She'd had sex several times as a boy..though in truth, as a girl.. she supposed she was still a virgin. She still felt offended though and was just about to deny his words when Miguel spoke again.

“If it eases your conscience, I would be just as happy to sleep alongside of you, holding you. I would not force myself upon you, for I respect your virginity. If you still are not keen on the idea, then I shall escort you back to your hotel.. it is only that I don't want to let you go - just yet.”

Coleen had butterflies in her stomach as Miguel accepted the keys from the receptionist for the room they had booked. Here she was, a young woman who until a short time ago had been male. She was alone with a man she'd known for only a week, alone in a foreign country, in a city she did not know.

Once they were in the room, Miguel went to the bathroom while Coleen tentatively undressed, wishing to get under the bed sheets as quickly as possible. Miguel returned and sat besides her on the bed, gently stroking her forearm and gazing into her eyes, he leaned towards her and tenderly kissed her lips. Coleen began to feel a warm, moist feeling within her groin and her nipples began to tingle as she started to fervently return the kiss. Ever-so-gently, Miguel forced her onto her back, kissing her about her face and nuzzling her neck while his hands caressed her body and fondled her breasts. Coleen was becoming aroused, her breath heavy. She pushed her slim fingers into his hair as her kiss became more passionate, her fears subsided, her apprehensions made way for lust, she wanted him and she could barely contain herself.

Her breasts fell free as Miguel pulled down the front of her dress; he caressed them and rolled the erect nipples, bringing a gasp from her lips. Coleen's breasts heaved as she again sought his lips and gently bit on them.

A fleeting thought came into her mind— *“You can't do this, he's a man, you were once a man, he has a penis like you had...Yes, once was, but am no more, I am now female, female for the rest of my life and I'm going to enjoy it.”*

The thoughts dissipated as Coleen fumbled blindly for the zipper of Miguel's pants, being unwilling to release her lips from his. She felt her way to opening them, then struggled trying to draw them down his legs. As Miguel helped by taking them the rest of the way down, her hand returned to remove his shorts. Her hand came briefly in touch with Miguel's erection and she felt its size and shape with her fingers.

Miguel smiled and kissed her forehead as he helped her out of her dress while she pulled his shorts over his feet. She hurriedly removed her pantyhose and panties as she began to feel desperate. The couple petted and caressed one another as Miguel

shifted his position so as to be laying over the top. Without even thinking, she widened her thighs receptively until her lover was laying between her legs while supporting himself on his forearms. His tongue probed inside her mouth as her long, sharp fingernails clawed his back.

As Miguel lifted fleetingly, Coleen glanced down between her breasts to see his erect cock touching her vulva. She gently took hold of his manhood and guided it to her entrance.

“Ooooooh.” She let out an involuntary gasp as she suddenly felt Miguel thrust down and his penis penetrate into her. She had lubricated naturally and his length slipped inside her without difficulty. She became aware of the pulsating warmth within her body, she felt a brief twinge of pain but, as he began rapidly undulating, she felt only pleasure.

“Ooooooh, ooooooh, Miguel,” she sighed, gripping the back of his hair in a manner as if to pull him off but then pressing her nails into his back so as to force him in deeper. She lifted her abdomen to receive him more fully then held him by wrapping her legs around his waist. The two were soon thrusting their bodies towards each other frantically amidst pants of breathlessness and sweating skin.

Eventually, Coleen felt Miguel's hot release enter into her and his movements slowed down almost to a halt. Then, unexpectedly, a deeper, warmer sensation welled up within her and she shuddered as she had her first climax, brought about, perhaps, psychologically by the knowledge she had just accepted a man's sperm. She shuddered once more and let out an audible groan as the spasms spread throughout her whole body making every inch tingle with pleasure. She turned to face the sated Miguel and put her arms around his neck. “That was wonderful, thank you,” she murmured softly as she pressed a satisfied kiss to his lips.

Coleen awoke to the early sun filtering in through the curtains. She turned to her sleeping partner and kissed him gently on the cheek. Miguel's eyes flickered open and he looked up at Coleen. With smiling eyes, he returned the kiss to her pretty lips. “I think I ought to be making a move to get back to my hotel now, Darling. I really don't want to, I just want to stay here with you but as we are returning home today I must get back and start packing.”

“Yes, yes, of course you must.” Miguel smiled as he reluctantly got up from the bed to start dressing. Coleen came to him and put her arms around him. “Thank you again for last night, I'll never forget it,” she told him before giving him a warm, loving kiss.

Chapter eleven : “ I CAN'T BE !!!”

“Come on Coleen, love, dry those tears up,” Irene affectionately told her daughter as she offered an handkerchief.

Coleen mopped at the tears which streamed from her eyes and down her cheeks. “But I'll never see him again, will I?” she sobbed.

“Lots of girls have an holiday romance, Dear, but there are plenty more good-looking men, ones that live nearer to home. Anyway, you never know, you've swapped telephone numbers so at least you can keep in touch.”

“Yeah, but I won't see him again, I know I won't.”

“You don't know at all, he must think something of you, I mean, he did run us to the airport and I practically had to pry the two of you apart so that we didn't miss the plane.”

Coleen burst into inconsolable tears again.

“You're not the only one hurting a bit you know. I really liked Bernardo and I'm a lot older than you, it's more difficult for someone of my age to find a bit of romance.”

“Oh Mom, gee I'm sorry. I'm so selfish, I never even thought about you and Bernardo.”

The two females put their arms around each other and gave each other a comforting squeeze.

“I'm okay now, I think. It seems silly bursting into tears like that, I've never done anything like it before... especially for some guy.”

“No, but you haven't had to cope with feminine emotions before, have you? I suppose it goes to illustrate that your new hormones are in working order.”

“Oh, I was certain about that already,” Coleen replied, pressing a smile as she thought about the early hours of that morning. Irene just gave her a quizzical look. Sharon couldn't make it to the airport to meet her sister and mom's arrival so she did the next best thing— she phoned all Coleen's friends and gave them the arrival time.

Gabby, Lesley and Tracy stood patiently awaiting the passengers to disembark and come through the gates; it was Tracy who spotted them.

“There they are,” she cried out. “Wow! Coleen looks fantastic,” she added as she looked at her friend who was dressed in a form-fitting white dress and matching bolero style jacket that contrasted with her well-tanned body. Her slim brown legs were bare. She wore the slightest of sandals with four crossed, spaghetti thin straps holding them onto her feet as she strode on the three and half inch heels. Her long dark hair and dark sunglasses masked her face as she made her way through customs carrying only a white purse.

Although she hated leaving Spain, Coleen was overjoyed on landing at the airport. Leaving her poor Mom to struggle with the cases by herself, she ran to where Gabby, Lesley and Tracy were all standing waiting for her arrival and gave all three big hugs.

“Oh, I've missed you guys, I really have.”

“Yeah, we've missed you too, going off without a word. And what was wrong in letting us know that you'd had an operation?” Tracy asked, putting on an offended look.

“Come on, let's go to the airport cafeteria. You can tell us everything then, and tell us all about your dreamy holiday - did you meet any good looking guys?” Les cut in.

“I think we all ought to go and give Mrs. J. a hand with the luggage first,” suggested the more thoughtful Gabby.

Not long after, all five females were chatting away excitedly in the terminals coffee bar and the three friends learned all about Miguel. They also learned about how Coleen had gone into hospital for the removal of her “appendix”.

Miguel phoned every weekend for the first few weeks then it was every two weeks before the calls stopped coming all together. Coleen wasn't overly upset at losing contact and didn't try to phone him. He was handsome and they'd had a great time together but she now realized what her Mom had told her, it was just an holiday romance, nothing deeper.

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It was two months since their Spanish holiday, Irene was working in the kitchen when she heard Coleen cursing upstairs. "Whatever's wrong with you, making all that noise," she called.

"Oh, it's these damn jeans," Coleen called back. "I can't get them to fasten."

After more cursing and several expletives, Irene went upstairs to see the problem for herself. Her daughter was in her bedroom wearing a yellow bra and tugging desperately at a pair of Levi's. No matter how she tugged at the two ends, she could not get the stud to fasten.

"Well it's hardly any surprise, Coleen, look at the bulge around your tummy. Young ladies are supposed to watch their weight and look after their figure, you know."

"I have been, Mom, I haven't been eating more than normal and I still do my exercises but these have been getting harder to put on for the last few weeks - the same as some of my skirts, they must be shrinking in the wash."

"Never mind blaming my washing machine, shrinking does not hide hard evidence, you are putting on weight and that is obvious. You can go on a diet starting this evening," Irene told her with a tone of authority.

By the end of another two weeks, rather than a reduction in weight, Coleen had continued to put the pounds on and her Mom was getting worried about it. "You know, maybe we ought to go and see Doctor Spencer; it may be that you are developing a side affect from the hormones that you are taking."

Doctor Spencer looked mystified and couldn't be drawn into giving any diagnosis he may have reached. "I'd like to suggest that Coleen goes into the hospital to have a few tests made. I shall call doctor Smythe-Cooke as I feel that he may like to see Coleen personally."

"Is it something serious, Doctor? I think that you ought to tell us if there is something seriously wrong," Irene protested.

"Well, let me just ease your minds by firstly saying that there is nothing seriously wrong, nothing life threatening. But, there is definitely something that I cannot explain and so I would prefer Coleen to see someone who specializes more in this field than I do... to take a look for themselves."

Irene was not pacified by the doctor's words while Coleen looked put out.

"How long would I need to be in the hospital for, Doctor?"

"Well that would be up to Smythe-Cooke but I would reckon on a few days at the least."

“Oh, well, that's just great, that is,” Coleen exasperated. “It's my 19th Birthday in two days time and I get to party in hospital!”

Several tests had been done, inspections made but nothing about the problem had been offered as yet to Coleen. A group of doctors headed by Smythe-Cooke were standing gathered just yards from her bed debating something in hushed voices. Finally, Doctor Smythe -Cooke broke from the group and approached Coleen's bed, smiling the friendly, caring smile that he always had.

The smile did not ease Coleen's apprehensions at all. She was worried that something had gone drastically wrong with her sex change or that the hormones in her body was reacting abnormally.

“Well, now Coleen, how are you feeling?” the doctor asked of her but continued immediately before she could speak. “I understand that it's your birthday tomorrow? Well dear, it just may be that we have a birthday surprise for you - a gift.”

“You, you mean that I am going to....live?” Coleen asked in a nervous, trembling voice.

“Why, of course you are going to live my dear, there has never been a question of you doing otherwise - but I do think that you had better brace yourself for something of a shock... you are... pregnant.”

Coleen slowly came around to the pungent aroma of smelling salts nipping her nose, her head was in a whirl. Beside her was doctor Smythe-Cooke who was holding her hand.

“How are you, Dear? You passed out. Have you any recollection as to what I was telling you prior to your fainting?”

“Er...Something to do with my being pregnant, wasn't it? But how can that be, it's impossible isn't it? I read the booklets you gave me on transsexualism. It said transsexuals are incapable of conceiving or carrying a child as they are still genetically male.”

The doctor made a little chuckling sound. “Well, medically speaking, yes, you are correct. It is impossible for sex change patients to be able to give birth. It's an irony, I suppose, thousands of transsexuals the world over would give everything in order to be able to bear a child once they have been made female. In you, we have a person that is not a true transsexual, but one who merely developed some secondary female characteristics such as gynecomastia. A strong fate led you from simple breast development to becoming a complete woman and now, it turns out that you were part female from birth which contributed quite naturally to female secondary sexual characteristics.”

“But, how? I don't understand.”

“Sex reassignment surgery does not involve extensive exploratory work. It is major surgery in, and of, itself without adding additional risks. When we constructed your vagina we found that you had a small uterus and a single rudimentary fallopian tube and other vestiges of the female reproductive system including a single ovary, which explains the source of your breast development among other things. We connected the

vaginal passage we developed to the uterus to permit more space for sexual intercourse.” He paused to clear his throat. “The surgery exposed the fact that you were a hermaphrodite. If you don't know, hermaphroditism is a syndrome that classifies various birth defects wherein an individual may possess various sexual components of both sexes. Often as not it is illusionary, such as a girl born with an oversized clitoris who is mistakenly taken to be a boy. In this post Victorian age such errors in judgment are quickly corrected. However in certain cases, such as yours, a baby is born with what appears to be normal male sexual anatomy and parts of the female reproductive anatomy. It is highly unlikely that such buried female organs can function since there is no way to have the menstrual process.” He paused again. “But, there it is, you had sexual intercourse and your first fertility cycle had eggs ready for his sperm... For now, however, we must regularly monitor the fetus and ensure that it develops properly.

“Now, Coleen. You have one major decision to make. Because you have an artificial vagina and it will not have the normal elasticity of an ordinary woman, you will be incapable of giving natural childbirth. We would almost certainly, at the time of your going into labor, have to deliver the child by Caesarean section— cut you open in order to remove the infant, or, you may wish to terminate the pregnancy, have it aborted.”

Coleen was still too stunned at being told she was pregnant at all let alone think clearly enough about such a major decision. She needed to talk to her mother, get her advice and get a grip on just what was happening. For the time being, she was sedated and dreamed weird dreams. She saw babies, grotesque babies breaking out through her skin because they could not get out normally. It was like the creature in Alien that broke out... only babies, many babies all crawling out through her stomach.

She awoke to the feel of a nurse carefully wiping away the beads of perspiration from her brow, Doctor Smythe-Cooke also there looking down upon her.

“Your mother is here, Coleen, waiting downstairs, I have explained everything to her but I also need to speak to you on your own before I bring her up. Obviously, this case is medical history, you are unique and such a story would make headline news around the globe and could make you and your family a small fortune. Nobody is aware, as yet, of the details, barring myself, of course and a few colleagues. If it is your wish, then nothing will be released to the media, it will remain a secret within these walls although it will go on record to be locked away safely. It has to be properly documented because of it being unique to medical history, but it would not be leaked to the press. It is entirely up to you Coleen, what you think fit for yourself and your baby. The money you could receive would provide your child with security but whatever you decide, I will respect your wishes.”

Coleen still felt weak, her mind still hazy from the sedatives but on this matter she didn't need to consider, She knew what she wanted. “Doctor, nobody knows my secret except my family. I want it to stay that way. If my story was released I may be alienated from my friends who I love dearly not to mention being shunned from society, outcast as some freak. I had plenty of that when I was a boy who merely had some degree of breasts, my whole family had to run away and hide. No amount of money can compensate putting my family through that again or of losing my good friends. No, I want the details kept a secret.”

Smythe-Cooke couldn't help feeling a twang of disappointment, such news could bring him world recognition, his own story could sell but, he was duty bound. "Very well, you seem certain of what you want; it will be kept a guarded secret. Rest now, dear and I will send your mother up to you."

Coleen opened her eyes to see her Mom sitting besides the bed. "Hi, Mom, I'm sorry, I must have dozed off."

Irene smiled. "Hi. So - you smuggled a souvenir out of Spain, did you? So much for saying you will never sleep with a boy. These things don't make themselves, you know."

Coleen smiled weakly, then blushed furiously as she realized the same fact would have told doctor Smythe-Cooke that she had made love to a man...and after telling him "No Chance of that!"

"Well, I never ever thought it would be my son who gave birth to my first grand-child."

The two sat and talked, holding hands, for a long time. Irene was in full support of Coleen wanting to keep it from the press.

"There is one other matter of consideration yet, Love. Have you decided on keeping it or not?" Irene asked without wishing to sway her daughter one way or the other.

"I have thought, I've done nothing but. Perhaps a few months back when I was more Colin than Coleen I would have been sick at the very thought of having a baby in my belly, but this is my child, Mom, it is my flesh and blood, my living creation and I do want to keep it."

"I'm glad," Irene responded, kissing Coleen on the forehead.

Coleen was sincere with her wishes and in many ways she really was thrilled with the prospect of giving child birth, her friends were all delighted for her when they learned she was carrying.

Irene attempted to contact Miguel, firstly to see if he would do the honorable thing and not leave Coleen as a single parent, or at least if he was prepared to support the child. She received a negative response, however on both counts; he denied ever having slept with Coleen and so couldn't possibly be the father.

Coleen was upset by Miguel's response. She thought that she had meant much more to him than that. "..But Mom, you shouldn't have gone and contacted him without asking me first. For a start I have no wish to marry anybody, be anybody's wife. And, to marry Miguel I would have to disclose that I am a transsexual - which I have absolutely no intentions of doing, but he doesn't want me, I don't want him and I certainly don't want to be a housewife, cooking, cleaning and darning smelly socks !"

She didn't admit it but Coleen's ego had been dented. Depression began to set in, especially when her stomach really began to bulge, her ankles swelled up and she began having constant back ache. At length she began to rebel, both at being pregnant and at being a girl at all. She no longer felt pretty or feminine, just fat and frumpy.

I don't want to be a stupid girl anymore," she protested, "..And I never want to wear any of these stupid clothes again.. ever." In a fit of temper she cleared out all of the

feminine things from her drawers and closet and stuffed them all into bags. "...and I don't want this horrible baby inside of me, I hate it, I hate it," she sobbed before bursting into a flood of tears.

As a means of protesting, Coleen began wearing the least feminine clothing that she had which at first was jeans and tee shirts, but as she swelled ever larger, she was forced to begin wearing elasticized slacks, sweat socks and flat, loose fitting shoes. She had no other choice but to continue wearing a bra as there was now added growth and heaviness about her breasts, but she did have her lovely long hair shorn into a shorter boyish style, much to her mom's sadness.

Doctor Smythe-Cooke, who had been very carefully monitoring the pregnancy, was further amazed to find that Coleen's breasts contained milk glands capable of providing mother's milk. This discovery cut no ice with Coleen however; she was still seriously cursing her decision to have the baby at all never mind having heavy, milk-filled breasts.

By February, Coleen was very swollen in front even though she was still only five months pregnant. She hated herself, hated how large and flabby her breasts were becoming and wished it would all just disappear. She cried often because... as she put it, her face was becoming flabby and ugly, she refused to go out anywhere and would not let her friends near her. She protested that she was a boy who was trapped in the body of an horrible pregnant woman.

Irene ignored the protests and didn't take her complaints of still being a boy seriously, no boy she knew would suddenly burst into tears or complain that his face was getting flabby.

As much as she may have felt like rebelling against her new sex and consequent pregnancy and as much as she tried to steer from anything remotely feminine, by April she was so big that she had no choice other than to wear a maternity dress as the elasticized slacks cut uncomfortably into her.

As her legs were bare from the knee down to her feet, Sharon managed to persuade her to use the depilatory cream to remove the fine hair which was starting to grow back, even though it wasn't all that noticeable.

Coleen hadn't bothered over much with her appearance since the Christmas holidays, which was the last time that she had worn any make-up, and only then because she felt compelled to make some kind of effort. Having worn jeans or maternity slacks since early December, she had not found a reason for keeping her legs hair free; indeed with her current mood and rebellion against all things feminine, she may even have hoped for her body hair to grow back to its masculine proportions, but soon had learned that it never would. It did grow back to some extent but it was soft and downy.

In the same way as she was forced to wear a maternity dress, eventually she also had to discard her pajamas for an extra large nightgown and negligee set in order for her to sleep more comfortably, though the thin, filmy material did nothing to hide her inflated middle.

Irene and Sharon were both concerned at the extent of Coleen's resentment of her pregnancy and her new sex; they both believed it was a phase caused by pre-natal depression.

However, as it continued for over seven months, they contacted Smythes-Cooke at the hospital.

"I still do not think we ought to be overly concerned, Mrs. Jones," he informed Coleen's worried Mom. "What Coleen is doing is simply protesting about what she sees as losing her looks and figure, the pain and discomfort of carrying a child and not being free to go out and enjoy herself. She blames all of this on her being pregnant, and rightly so, but she also blames being pregnant on her having changed sex. Therefore, naturally she's rebelling about having become female in the first place. Let us not worry too much, Coleen is young and full of energy, all of this is new and frustrating to her but I strongly believe that by time she goes her full pregnancy and her body produces extra levels of estrogen, she will settle down and accept what is happening."

Back home, the return of the feel of her nightgown's soft smooth nylon against her skin which itself was newly void of body hair, all served to quell some of the masculine rebelliousness. It returned her enjoyment in the senses of satin and silk and gave some new feelings of feminine joy.

In her months of depression and rebellion, Colin's vision had not been able to return, not even partly. She had let herself go but still looked every inch the woman she had become and which was still reflected in the mirror; indeed she was more of a woman now than she had ever been.

As she heard the front door open downstairs she went to greet her Mom and sister. "I'm sorry Mom - Shaz. I've been a total pain in the ass for the last few months, haven't I?"

Irene looked in astonishment at Coleen who approached her wearing her flimsy nightgown, negligee and high heels.

"Can I have a hug?" Coleen asked.

"Of course, darling. Does all this mean that you've finally got all of your bad feelings out of your system?" Irene responded, giving her daughter a big hug.

"Yes, Mom, it does. You know, I reckon that there is something very beautiful and feminine about pregnant women. We may be all fat and bloated but there is an inner radiance, something that no man could ever achieve, even after a sex change."

"Yes I know, and I do understand what you have been going through and I do forgive you, Sweetheart."

"Mom, can I phone my friends and have them come over? I've been really mean to them and have missed them terribly."

It wasn't long at all before Coleen was phoning her friends and making similar apologies. They had all called at her house regularly since mid-January when she had canceled both university and night school classes but their visits became less regular as they became aware that they weren't really welcome. Coleen dreaded that they might not want to be friends with her anymore but it took less than an hour for all

three to arrive, all eager to see Coleen's development and all insisting that she must grow her lovely hair again. From then on, Gabby, Les and Tracy were regular visitors, right up to late May when Doctor Smythe-Cooke called Coleen into the hospital.

“It is now eight months and eighteen days since you conceived,” the doctor told her. “As I have already informed you, you will be unable to give proper birth owing to your male bone structure. Your baby has now turned head down and I think that now is the ideal time to bring it into the world, before it grows any bigger.”

Coleen was thus admitted into the hospital to await the operation to free her baby. She was both excited and worried about the operation which she knew she had to endure.

Her mom and Sharon were both regularly by her bedside to give her encouragement and put her at ease; so too were Gabby, Lesley, and Tracy. They had all been informed that there was some complications regarding the birth but they just believed it was to do with how the baby was laying.

On one occasion while Irene was visiting her, Coleen looked particularly depressed.

“Are you feeling hesitant about giving birth again?” her Mom asked.

“Oh no, it's not that, I do want it, if only to get rid of this constant backache, large belly and my wanting to go for a pee all of the time,” Coleen replied. “It's just that, well, here I am, just nineteen years old. I'm a new sex but can no longer enjoy it, my life is practically through, I'll never get to go out with the girls and enjoy myself because I'll have a baby to look after.”

“You silly girl, 'course you will, why do you think grandmothers were invented?” Irene responded, “I'm looking forwards to nursing my first grandchild and I'm sure Sharon will sit for you sometimes too.”

“Well maybe, but..., well, what about boyfriends? What boy will want to be dating a single mother?”

“Well, in answer to that, I would say the nicest, most genuine boys.”

“Yeah, so which nice boy needs to go out with some sex change freak when they can get their pick of the prettiest girls?”

“COLEEN !... You are not a freak and don't ever go saying that you are again,” Irene admonished. “And, for your information, the nicer boys choose girls not for their looks but for what's inside ...though you ought to know by now that you are pretty... very pretty. You're just feeling sorry for yourself and creating a problem where there isn't one.”

“Even nice boys would turn their noses up at someone who used to be a guy and there isn't such a thing as a perfect man, one that would accept both me and my baby.”

“Not necessarily, though you don't have to tell anyone your background anyway - unless you choose to do so. All anyone will see is a pretty young girl, one who is currently unattached.”

For the time being, Coleen was pacified with her Mom's reasoning. Before an hour had elapsed, a nurse came into the ward to sedate her for the theater. Coleen tried hiding by pulling the bedclothes over herself.

"Come on, Sweetheart," Irene prompted as she pulled back the sheets, "...it will all be over before you know it."

The look of anguish was very evident on Coleen's face as she clutched her Mom's arm while the nurse attempted to put her on a gurney. Irene gave her a warm, comforting look as if to tell her it would be all right.

The soreness around Colin's abdomen was intense as he regained consciousness. As he tried to clear his head and remember clearly he wondered if the operation had been a success, was he now fully a complete woman?

He'd had such a dream while he'd been out; living life as a woman and going on a European holiday with his Mom and...he had even dreamed that he had made love to a man, not only that but he had fallen pregnant.

What a weird dream! How on earth could he become pregnant when he'd been born a male? Still, it may be a warning I'd better take precautions if I ever do make love to a guy," he thought with a wry smile in spite of his discomfort.

"Coleen, Coleen, honey." He became aware of a gentle, womanly voice calling his name, his eyes flickered open, by his bedside, was a nurse.

"Is it all over... am I a complete woman now?" he asked weakly.

"Yes, I would say that you are now a complete woman, indeed," the nurse laughed, "after all, only a complete woman could give birth to a 7 lb. baby daughter. Congratulations, she's beautiful."

The nurse then produced a wrapped sheet which had a baby's head peering out from the top and held it towards Coleen. "She's sixteen hours old now. We had to keep you out I'm afraid until the surgeon could fix you back up."

Coleen realized she had not been dreaming, it was all real and she was a mother. With trembling hands, she took the little parcel and looked at it. "Oh nurse, she really is beautiful. I just knew it would be a girl, I'm so glad."

"Well, love her for now but soon you are both going to need some rest," the nurse said rather strictly as Coleen tenderly touched her baby's face with her finger tips.

Coleen was feeling tired after a full day of visitors and well-wishers. With the last of her visitors gone, Coleen pulled open her white cotton hospital gown and nestled her baby's head against her full teat. As the baby began pulling and suckling at the swollen nipple, Coleen lay on her side and put her left arm protectively across her feeding daughter and fell into an exhausted sleep.

Chapter twelve : MY MISTER PERFECT.

It was nine weeks since Coleen had given birth to her daughter. Emma Jane and she was getting ready to make her way home from the aerobics class that she was attending to regain her attractive figure and tighten up her saggy stomach muscles. Still dressed in her leotard and black fishnet tights, she had just slipped a pair of stiletto

heeled sling-backs onto her feet and was touching up her lipstick when she heard a male voice from behind which she immediately recognized.

“I was informed by Gabrielle that I would find you here. I er, I've been watching your class through the window panel of the door. I hope you don't mind my calling you here.”

Coleen looked in surprise at Howard Martin, her old pottery teacher.

“Hi, ...what are you doing here?”

“Well, it's just that Gabrielle and the others told me that you'd had your baby and I thought I would stop by and offer you my congratulations.”

“Thank you, Howard. I'm afraid that Emm...uh, my baby isn't here, she's with my Mom so I can't show her to you.”

“Well, as much as I really would love to meet her, it's you who I have really come to see, I guess I've kind of been missing you at evening classes.”

“Oh, I see, well sorry, I really don't think that I will be re-enrolling, not with my baby to take care of and everything.”

“I didn't really think that you would, although it is a shame because you do have talent, but it's you that I miss, Coleen.”

Coleen could only look at her former tutors face. She didn't know how to respond.

Howard Martin looked both serious and nervous. “I'd better get right to the point...make a complete fool of myself, but at least get it off my chest. It's like this Coleen, I think that I have loved you ever since the first time I saw you in the corridor at night school.”

Coleen looked stunned but remained silent.

“You know, I've treasured that kiss that you gave me on your 18th birthday, I know it meant nothing to you and you told me that you didn't want to get involved because I was your teacher but I felt like a million dollars that night, getting a kiss from you, the prettiest, sexiest girl in the room when every other guy there was wishing it was them. You know, I'm not your teacher now and if you are free I would like to take you to dinner some time. If you don't feel anything at all for me though, you only have to say and I promise that I won't bother you again.”

“But, Howard, I have a baby now.”

“Yes I suppose that would cause a problem if we went night clubbing with her,” Howard replied with a faint smile.

“NO, I don't mean that, I mean... Well, wouldn't it bother you, I'm an unmarried mother!”

“So what? That doesn't make you a bad person. I am led to understand that the baby's father is Spanish and wouldn't accept the responsibility. What a low life!”

“Would you? ... ooh, I'm sorry, I didn't mean it that way!” Coleen apologized, reddening from her choice of words.

“If your daughter is as beautiful as her mother, then I would be proud to accept it—two angels for the price of one can't be bad. Look, I don't want to be pushy, I would just like to take you out for a meal sometime...as friends if it suits you. I guess I don't really know how you think of me, all I do know is I have always treasured your kiss.”

Almost as if her mother's words rang clearly in her mind, Coleen answered. “If you really don't mind my having a child and still want to take me out knowing that it is someone else's then... I think you must be a really nice, genuine guy. Oh, by the way, I fancied you the first time that I saw you, too.”

“So, does that mean you will go out with me?” Howard asked hesitantly.

“Yes, I'd love to, Howard.”

That evening, Coleen took a bath with Emma Jane. Sitting in the tub of warm water, she nestled her baby between her legs with its head between her inflated breasts so that she could wash the baby's hair. As she did she thought ruefully that if only she hadn't had such strong inhibitions, that young Emma could have been Howard's, that her child may have had a father. She was also thinking of what Smythe-Cooke had told her after the birth, that because of the difficulty with the Caesarean, she could never have another baby.

Howard, the man who most likely really would have done good for her almost certainly would have designs on being a father himself some day. It was one thing him accepting Emma Jane but if there was ever a possibility of them becoming an item, how would he feel having someone else's child in the family while not being able to have his own ?

Her thoughts were disrupted by Emma chewing on her nipple, a nipple that had become as big as one of the rubber teats on a feeding bottle and caused tingling sensations as the youngster chewed and sucked happily.

Her first date with Howard was to be the first of many and delighted her friends, especially Gabby who enjoyed telling everyone over and over again, “I told you that Mr. Martin liked Coleen.”

Irene was proud of her daughter and couldn't be happier with the man that she had brought into her life. She, like everyone else believed that Coleen and Howard made the perfect couple.

Howard didn't stop at just taking Coleen out either but delighted in including little Emma when they went out on day trips, even taking over full responsibilities of the little one - including changing the diapers!

It was on one such day when they were out that two elderly ladies stopped to make a fuss of Emma as she played in her stroller. One of the ladies happened to remark that the child had her father's eyes. Howard and Coleen looked at each other and smiled at the comment, and Coleen who looked stunning in her black, crushed velvet dress was preparing to agree with them to save Howard's blushes as well as her own. Before she did however, Howard corrected the lady. “Thank you, Madam, but she is much too lovely to resemble me in any way, she takes after her beautiful Mom.”

Coleen sighed with relief that he hadn't disclosed that she was a single parent; older people often looked down their noses at such things. Also, she rather liked having people believe that Howard was the father and that they were a family.

After the ladies had gone on their way, Howard turned to his companion. "You know, the little princess really could do with a proper Dad to look after her and her mother."

"Are, are you pro...posing..to me, Howard?" she asked hesitantly and rather nervously.

"Well, yes, I guess I am. Am I being too forward, too rash?"

"No. Oh Howard, I would marry you, I really would, but...I can't, I'm sorry."

"You aren't already married, are you?" Howard asked in shock. "Or ...or..am I just not good enough for you?"

"No, No, it's not that, I...I just can't, that's all," she sobbed as tears streamed from her eyes.

Before Howard knew what was happening, Coleen was rushing away from him with Emma, leaving him stunned and confused.

Irene was mystified when she saw her daughter and granddaughter returning home without Howard and troubled as she saw that Coleen was crying her eyes out. "Oh, what has happened? Don't tell me that you and Howard have had a fight!"

Coleen deposited Emma onto her Mom and rushed up to her room without answering. Irene followed her up but found her daughter too distraught to tell her what was wrong. Deciding to leave her by herself for the time being, she returned downstairs.

It was ten minutes later that Howard pulled up in his car and knocked on the door.

"Has Coleen gotten home safely, Mrs. Jones? I'm worried about her."

Irene looked at him non-too-friendly. "Yes, she has, she's upstairs sobbing her heart out... She's very upset."

Howard's face fell.

"I think you had better come in Howard and tell me what you have said or done to make her so miserable," Irene told him as she closed the door and led him into the lounge.

Coleen was still laying on her bed sobbing when she heard a soft knock on her door. She sat up with a start and began drying her eyes with the backs of her hands as she heard Howard's voice.

"Coleen? Can I come in? ...We need to talk."

"I'm so sorry for running away like that," she apologized as Howard entered. "It's nothing that you have done, honest. It's just me. If I was to ever marry anyone, I would want it to be you, but please, just believe me, I can't. Not you..not anyone."

"Coleen, I know. Your Mom and I have been talking downstairs, she has explained it all to me and it doesn't matter. It does not change anything, I love you."

"Explained?You mean.. you know ?....About me...?"

“Yes, everything. But who on earth could deny that you are anything but a woman, a very beautiful woman. If God didn't intended you to be a woman, then how could you possibly have had a baby?”

“But Howard, it's more complicated than that, I would marry you, I'd marry you tomorrow, but there were problems with Emma's birth ..She is a one off, I cannot provide you with your own child.”

“That really doesn't matter to me. I would be only too proud to be Emma's father, I couldn't wish for a more perfect daughter.”

“You mean that? ...But ...But?”

“No more 'butts', Miss Jones. Will you marry me, yes or no?”

“You know, Mom was right, there really are special men in the world, and you are the best of them all. Yes, Yes, of course I will marry you, Mr. Martin,” Coleen joyfully replied as she rushed into his arms and kissed him passionately. Now, at last, she would complete the last remaining piece of jigsaw puzzle in her being a woman... that of being a blushing bride.

THE END