



Reluctant Press presents:

Triple Play



Heather Berdrow

A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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Triple Play

By Heather Berdrow

I guess this all began well before my brothers and I were even a twinkle in our mother's mind. Growing up she was an avid collector of dolls of all types. Her dream, even then, was to have a daughter to fuss over, and to show all of those secret girly things that can only be shared by a mother and daughter.

Fast forward to today. I look back and can see just how far I have come from the start. Of course there were good days as well as the not-so-good. I look at the image that staring back at from from my vanity mirror and wonder what may have been if not for my mother's deepest desires.

It all began with a headline in a local paper from some eighteen years ago. "Single mother gives birth to

triplets a month early.” My mother was in her mid-thirties, a dedicated career woman. She spent all of her time dealing with her job and becoming the best in her field. This was not something to take very lightly in a business dominated by men. But every night, she would dream of having children. On some advice from a close friend, Mom went to see a doctor who helped her get pregnant. She had four fertilized eggs implanted, hoping that at least one would take hold. Depending on one’s perspective, three made the trip safely.

At her initial ultrasound, all three embryos looked healthy and were growing as expected. The test was done too early to determine the sex of the babies; that would come when the next test was performed. She was in for a big surprise, and disappointment. One of the embryos had split, becoming identical twins. The second one was all alone, and the third was not to be found. It was guessed that it had been absorbed. Her disappointment came when she was told that all three were male. She was heartbroken, but still wanted to continue the pregnancy.

About a month before they were due to arrive, there was an unexpected complication and the children would have to be taken early. They all were healthy enough to survive, but problems might be encountered. Mom was taken in for surgery where the first to be delivered was a boy she named Adam. Even with him being born early, he weighed in at nearly seven and a half pounds. His twin was next, whom she named Bradley. He, too, was healthy at nearly seven pounds and followed Adam by just one minute. The last to be delivered was very underweight and went directly to the intensive care unit. It was touch and go in the beginning; Mom didn’t give this one a name just in

case it didn't survive. As soon as it was clear that all would be coming home, she named the third one Cori. He had fattened up a bit but not nearly at the same rate as the first two.

This may have been an indicator of things to come. Once all had come home, Mother didn't have time to fret over not having a girl child. The three took up all of her time, twenty-four seven. There were diapers, bottles, baths and the constant crying from one, two, or three, to keep her company for the first months. Not much changed over the course of that first year.

When Mom gave Number Three a name, she had an ulterior motive brewing in her mind. Cori was short for Corinne, a distinctively feminine name. But the name fit. The transformation started as soon as they all had passed through potty training, and were into regular undies. Adam and Bradley went right into tighty whities, whereas Cori went into pink silky panties. There was no resistance at this age so things just seemed to fall into place for Mom's plan to make Cori her surrogate little girl. It seems that Mom had seen a program on TV about boys that were made into girls and began to look to the internet for more information. Other changes soon were made. The two older boys stayed in their room but Mom moved Cori into his own, much more feminine room with pinks and yellows along with lots of ruffles.

Adam and Bradley were given jeans, T-shirts, and tennis shoes. The two older ones fiercely resisted anything that they thought was too formal such as slacks, sport coats, and dress shoes. Mom would take Cori alone to the Girls Department where dresses and skirts were all he was allowed.

Cori did get a couple of pairs of pants for colder days but even these were from the Girls Department and were clearly femininely-cut. Mom also changed how she addressed the children. The twins were called 'he' and Cori was called 'she'. From looking at the three kids, the handles seemed appropriate. Adam and Bradley were husky, tall and tended to roughhouse a lot. Cori, on the other hand, was small, thin and was prone to reading, playing with dolls, and spending time around adults. "She" was different from her brothers and much more mature for her age.

Before anyone knew it, it was time for the three to start school. By then, the family dynamics were well established. Adam and Bradley were the boys and Cori was the girl. Cori loved to dress up for school. Her hair had to be done just so. As yet, she hadn't been to a salon, so her long locks grew into a pretty blonde and curly do. The boys, on the other hand, just wanted crew cuts.

They all made friends easily. Cori had made many little girlfriends and was always being invited to parties and sleep-overs as the school years progressed. But this led to some majors problems for Mother. She knew that Cori identified as a girl, but her body parts were in conflict. Mother called a dear friend who was also a doctor. Mom risked a lot by doing this, but she was determined to raise at least one daughter. They reminisced for some time before Mom decided to broach the subject. She took a deep breath and plunged into the reason for the call after all these years.

Mom described, in detail, her lifelong desire, her pregnancy, and what she had done with Cori. The doctor just gave a hearty chuckle. Mom was really hurt by the doctor's reaction. It was now the doctor's turn to

make a confession. She, too, had transformed her youngest son into her daughter. Her new name was Erica and she was now in middle school. This opened up a whole new relationship between the two women.

The doctor gave Mom the name and address as well as the phone number of a company called 'Transhim' that she had used to provide the products and services needed. Out of curiosity, Mom asked her friend to send some photos of Erica so that she could share them with Cori, which the doctor readily agreed to do. They ended the conversation by making a date to meet. Of course, they both would bring the new girls with them.

After the call was over, Mom thought about the conversation and wondered just how far she could take the transformation. She quickly called the company that had been recommended by her friend and requested a catalog of all their products. She then went to her computer and scanned the website for the products they offered and how they were to be used. She was excited by the results she saw. She started to make plans to take this change as far as possible. She knew Cori would be just as excited to make the adjustments.

After the catalog arrived, Mom spent hours looking over the products and placing orders. She just wished she could make the change faster. Cori's mind was already mostly female, she just needed some assistance to complete the process. One of the first products Mom ordered was a flattening device called a 'Fauxgina.' This would effectively disguise the male genitals. With it came a cream that would paralyze the nerve endings in that area so there would be little or no pain. The device came in different sizes so it could be used as the child grew, and would always fit perfectly. Mom looked over the instructions, trying to figure out how

to get Cori to wear it and use it as it was designed. Mom would get help from Cori herself just a few days later.

After coming home from school, Cori ran past her mother and into her room, where she threw herself onto her bed and began to sob. Mom rushed to Cori's side, hoping she wasn't hurt in some way. Once she was able to control the tears, Cori bawled, then asked why she couldn't be like other girls. It seemed that Cori saw some of her friends in a restroom comparing body parts. Cori knew that what she carried in her panties didn't look like what they had.

Mom took Cori to her room and sat her down on the bed. She then removed the device from its box and showed it to Cori. Mom explained that most girls are born looking this way, but a few weren't and needed some help. That was what the device was used for. Cori looked at the device and was confused, but she trusted her mom.

Mom asked Cori to remove her panties. Mom then applied the cream/adhesive, and applied the device perfectly in place. Mom arranged Cori's equipment, then held it in place until it was securely attached. Cori stared at the finished product, and began to sob again. "Now what's wrong?" her mother asked.

"I am just so happy is all. I never thought I could look so real down there. Now I don't have to hide when I am around the other girls." Cori wiped her eyes, stood up, and pulled her panties back into place. She then beamed a huge smile. It was at that very moment that Mom realized that Cori had become her

daughter. She knew that she had carte blanche to change Cori, to mold her into the girl she had always wanted.

Not long after that, Mom once again consulted her friend, the doctor. She knew that Cori was too young to start on female hormones, but could she start her on some nutritional supplements to inhibit the testosterone and enhance the estrogen in her system? The doctor gave a prescription for the aids that she had used on Erica. The effects of those supplements began to show up very quickly. Cori's hair grew faster and stronger, her skin softened, and she developed a glow that she worked hard to maintain. Her body began to change as well without the influence of the testosterone. Her waist narrowed a bit, her bottom was more pronounced and fattened up some, as did her hips. The hair on her body never really grew in, other than a little peach fuzz in all the right places. These were the perks of starting transition at such an early age.

It was not long after this that Mom and her doctor friend made a date to meet and allow their children to get to know one another. A mall about halfway in between the two was chosen, and they agreed on a day and time. By this time, Cori was 10 and Erica was 13. The morning of the meeting, Mom and Cori got up early and began to dress for their trip. Mom wanted to impress her friend. Mom wanted Cori to wear a ruffled dress that was way too short for Cori's taste. But when Mom suggested the she wear tights, ruffled panties, and flat Mary Jane's, Cori really put her foot down. "Mom, I may be only 10, but I am not going to dress like a five-year-old," Cori said defiantly. Mom smiled and agreed.

Cori went to her closet, chose a pair of athletic shoes that she had hand decorated herself, colorful socks, a short, scooter-type denim skirt, and a feminine pink top. She then did her long blonde locks into double ponytails decorated with ribbons and barrettes. Mom loved the look Cori had put together. She was very cute and quite feminine.

The drive didn't seem as long as it really was, as mother and daughter talked the entire way. Mom had asked a simple question, "What do you want to be when you grow up?" This started a non-stop conversation. She wanted to be a reporter, a school teacher, or maybe a nurse. But most of all, she wanted to be a mother first. It was as if she had never been born a boy at all. Mom could hardly get a word in edgewise. Both were terribly excited to meet Mom's friend and her daughter.

Mom recognized her friend, the doctor, right away. But she was really quite surprised by the young girl with her. She was the epitome of femininity. Erica was dressed in all pink and white, satin and silk, and lots of delicate lace. Cori thought that Erica dressed a little too young for her age and figure; both were well on their way to full womanhood.

The adults hugged warmly, as did the faux girls. The four walked slowly through the mall, stopping at stores they found something interesting in. Mom and the doctor walked together and the girls walked just in front of them. Both moms were amazed at the level of transformation achieved. No one would ever be able to tell that they both had been born males.



It didn't take long for the girls to begin being quite friendly with each other. Soon they were talking as if they had been lifelong friends. They exchanged phone numbers and email addresses. They realized just how

much alike they were which brought them even closer together as they experiences with each other.

They all did their very best to improve the economy, as they made purchases at nearly every store they visited. The girls went to a jewelry store, hand in hand, and had their ears pierced. Cori went with three piercings in each ear; Erica was done after two. They stopped midway through the mall and had a light lunch at an Italian restaurant. Cori noticed that Erica ate quite sparingly. She found out that Erica had started on female hormones and was nauseated most of the time, especially after a meal. Once that was explained, Cori and her mother understood.

After the meal was done, they all agreed that it was time to head home. They kissed and hugged at the mall exit, all promising to stay in touch, before heading their own way. Cori was very quiet for the first part of the trip home. When Mom asked if there was a problem, Cori explained her worry about taking hormones. Mom explained that it would be several more years before she was ready and she told Cori about all of the benefits they would supply to her body. Cori listened intently as Mom explained about breast growth, reduction of body hair, and redistribution of body fat. By the time they got home, Cori was ready to start hormones right away. This made Mom more than just a little happy.

As they got older, the differences between the other two boys began to show. Adam was studious and really enjoyed school and learning. Bradley was much more physical in nature, bordering on bullying. He was rebellious and wanted things always to be his way. If it wasn't given to him, he simply took what he wanted. This would become a big problem in the family.

One day Cori was in her room, laying on her tummy, and reading homework. She was wearing a short skirt, T-shirt, and tennis shoes. She was listening to her iPod through headphones and didn't hear Bradley standing at her doorway. Mom had taken Adam for a much-needed haircut, leaving the other two at home alone. Bradley had invited a couple of his friends to come over and look at some girly magazines they had found. By this time, they were all more than just curious about girls. For some time now, Bradley had been watching Cori very closely, dreaming about what she looked like without her clothes on.

Today as he stood in her doorway, he was looking at her young body. He was looking up her short skirt, seeing her tight panties. Bradley had left his buddies, and his better judgement, in the other room. Cori began to move to the music she was listening to and her skirt rode up even higher, exposing even more of her silky panties as they clung tightly to the two white globes of her bottom. This became too much for Bradley. Physically, he was at full attention. As quietly as he could, he took off his T-shirt and shorts and moved slowly towards an unsuspecting Cori. All Bradley could see was something he wanted. And he was going to take it.

Before Cori could react, Bradley had grabbed her and was beginning to try to pull her skirt down. Just then, the two siblings heard Mom's car pulling into the driveway. Bradley quickly got off Cori. "If you tell anyone what happened, I will tell the whole school that you're not really a girl," he threatened. "I'll be back whenever I want, and you'll give me what I want. Understand?" Cori shook her head through reddened eyes. Bradley made her go and wash her face so it

wouldn't look as if she had been crying. Cori was terrified and kept quiet. This would last for several months.

Cori became very clingy with her Mom, always wanting to go with her anytime she left, but a few weeks after that terrifying encounter, Cori was left alone with Bradley.

As she feared, Bradley tried to come into her room. Anticipating something like that, Cori had pushed her large dresser in front of the door to her room, which took all her strength to accomplish. She was leaning against it, adding her weight to the mass holding her brother at bay as she tried to catch her breath. She thought she was safe but her larger, stronger, brother pushed against the door from the outside and was able to shove the obstruction aside.

Bradley stormed into her room, a wild look in his eyes. Testosterone was surging through his adolescent body, driving all rationality out of his mind. Cori backed away from him in terror and fell backwards onto her bed. Her skirt flew back, exposing her pink panties. The sight made Bradley even more intent on his target.

Cori was beyond panic; she was sure she was about to be assaulted by her brother. Bradley advanced toward her. At that exact moment, they both heard the front door of their house open. "Mom!" Cori screamed. "Help, Mom!" Bradley backed away from her, pointing his finger at her in warning as he exited the room.

Mom came running up the stairs, passing Bradley as she made her way to Cori's room. Mom went into Cori's room where she saw a sobbing Cori. She held her daughter as Cori told her the whole story from the start. Through the tears, Cori kept apologizing for what she had done.

“I am so sorry Cori, this isn’t your fault. You should have come to me the first time. I promise that it will never happen again,” Mom swore. Mom knew that Bradley would have to be punished severely for what he had done to Cori. She just wasn’t quite sure what that punishment would entail.

Mom had to make some difficult decisions quickly. She decided that she would have to transfer Cori to a different school so she could have a fresh start. Mom called her friend the doctor who had some connections in the community and understood her concerns about her special daughter. The doctor called in a few favors and arranged for Cori to start in a school across town as a freshman. It helped that Cori looked a few years younger than her true age, helping her to fit in with the other freshmen.

Later that night, Mom remembered hearing that Transhim had started a school for the most difficult of children. After a quick phone call, she knew that his punishment would fit the crime once he was enrolled. The next day, Mom spoke directly with the dean explained what had occurred, and that she wanted Bradley to be taught a very serious lesson. The Dean agreed, and Bradley would be enrolled immediately.

During the time Mom was on the phone, Bradley was left alone on the couch to fret about what lay ahead because of what he had done. Mom came into the living room where she called a family meeting. She shared with her children that Bradley would be going away for a while as punishment for taking advantage of his own sister in such a horrible way. She wouldn’t say exactly where, though, when Bradley asked. She told him to go to his room and pack a small overnight bag, as they would be leaving in just a few minutes.

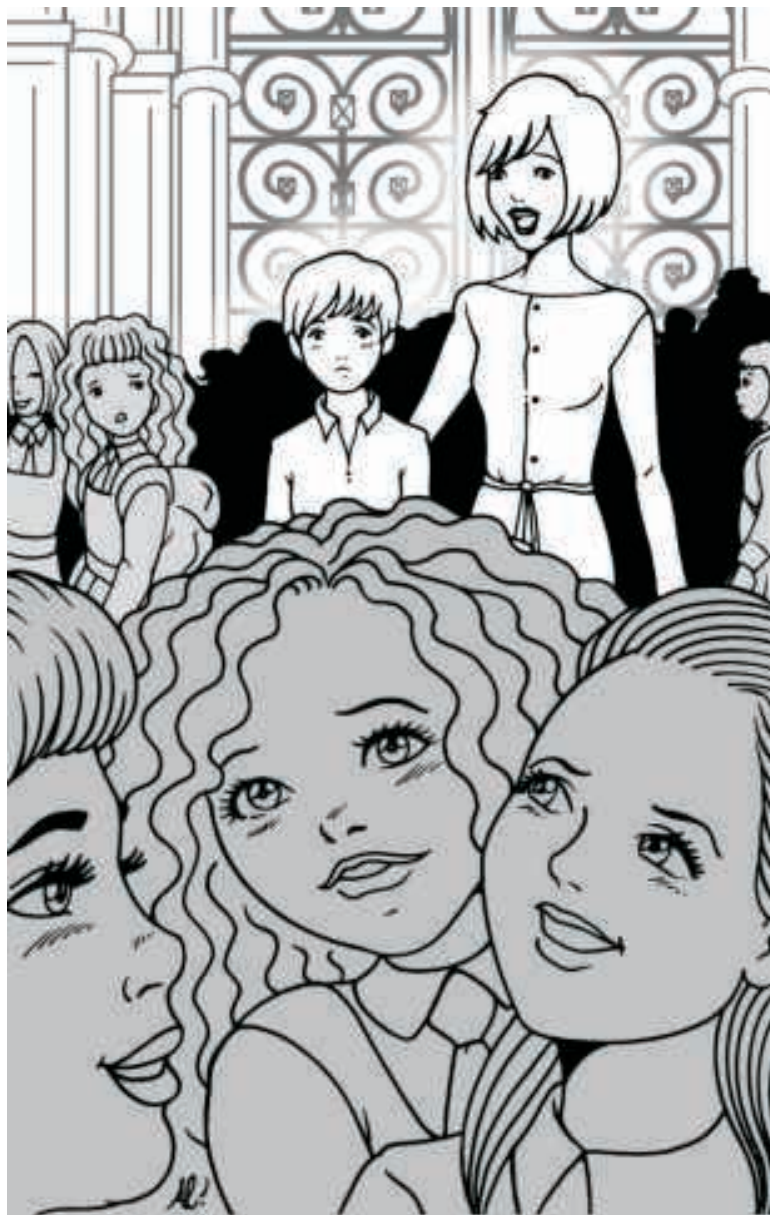
When he was ready, Mom drove him to the 'Transhim Academy for Girls,' located just outside the city. When Bradley read the sign over the gate, he tried to ask his mom about it; he was very confused and more than a little scared. She stayed mum until they were safely behind the high walls and iron gates of the school. She turned to Bradley and said, "You'll be staying here for some time as they know how to handle boys with problems. I want you to remember that I am doing this because I love you, and want you to grow up and be able to function in society." Bradley could feel the fear rise up inside himself.

Mom parked the car in front of an old, ornate building, and they both entered into the academy through big, heavy, doors. They made their way down a long hallway and into the Dean's office. During the entire time in the hallway, Bradley didn't see one single boy, only girls, all dressed alike, except for some who were young, wearing pink silk jumpers. Bradley didn't understand, but he soon would.

Mom and Bradley were told that the Dean would see them shortly, and to have a seat, by a young, very good-looking, girl that Bradley guessed was the Dean's secretary. She had on a very short skirt that really highlighted her long legs. Bradley could also clearly see the lingerie she was wearing under a nearly transparent blouse. He could feel the excitement begin to stir in his pants, but that too would be short-lived.

The Dean soon came out, and Bradley saw an older, stern-looking woman dressed in a skirt and blouse. She introduced herself as Ms Brown. She invited the two visitors into her office, and they were shown where to sit. During the conversation, Bradley tried to interrupt several times. Ms Brown would just shush Bradley ev-

ery time he tried to speak, and continue her conversation with his mother. Bradley felt like he was being completely ignored which, in fact, he was.



The Dean and his mother discussed the entrance fee and the tuition required for a complete reversal of behavior. When Bradley heard the costs, he was shocked but didn't say a thing. He was confused by the terms the Dean was using. Ms Brown was then interrupted by a phone call. After hanging up, she apologized to Mom for the interruption, then asked Mom and Bradley to sit at the far side of the room as she needed to mete out some punishment for a serious breach of rules and etiquette.

"Watch carefully, young man. Any infraction of the rules will have you where this student will be, and you will enjoy the same treatment," she said with an evil grin that sent a shiver down his spine. Bradley nearly lost control under her harsh stare, and he suddenly felt very small.

A student, dressed in a pink jumper, was led into the office by a teacher. The student stood silently before the Dean's desk as she began to read off a list of the infractions the student was accused of. It seems like this student was overheard teasing another student about how they were dressed several times and what they looked like. Bradley saw that the student was silently crying as she looked over his way. Her cheeks were already fiercely red.

The Dean came around her desk and instructed the student to bend over at the waist. Bradley saw under the short skirt and realized the student was really a boy wearing girl's panties. Those were soon pulled down to his knees. After the Dean raised the back of the lad's skirt, she issued a series of moderately hard swats to the white, exposed cheeks of the student's bottom. It didn't take long for those cheeks to glow a bright pink, almost the same color as his panties.

Once the student was allowed to rise, he was ordered to removed the jumper. He was now wearing just the panties and a training bra. He was given a T-shirt that barely covered the bra and a skirt that didn't come anywhere near covering his pantied and pink bottom. "You will wear this outfit when you stand before the school on the platform as the students eat their evening meal. Only after all have finished eating will you be allowed to eat. This will be for two days. Only then you will be able to return to wearing your jumper. Is that quite clear, young man?" the Dean asked. He said nothing as he looked down at the floor and shook his head. As before, a loud smack was heard as the paddle made contact with his behind.

"Yes ma'am, I understand," he said through renewed tears. He was then sent out of the office to complete his punishment.

Once the punished lad had left the office and the heavy door closed, Ms Brown turned her attention directly to Bradley. "You've just seen a small taste of what you have to look forward to if you step so much as one foot out of line. I should think that a boy that would harm his own sister in such an evil way would understand. Do you, young man?" she said with venom.

Quietly, he said yes.

"You will speak up when you are asked a question," she replied quickly. "We only graduate smart, confident young women from this academy" Once again, Bradley's eyes widened, as he looked to his mother.

"My dearest Bradley. What you did to Cori is nearly unforgivable. Maybe if you knew what being a girl is like, you'd have more compassion and understanding.

Just remember I love you and I do this for your own good," Mom said as she tried to comfort the terrified lad.

Ms. Brown then said, "Bradley is not a very feminine name for a girl. I think from now on, you will be known as Belinda. Do you like the new name?" she asked with an edge in her voice.

"I hate it, I hate you, and this school. No one is going to make me into a stupid girl. I'll escape before you have the chance to even try," Bradley exclaimed boldly.

The Dean had heard that from so many boys, she had lost count. Some of them were much more tough and imposing than this boy, she thought. "We will see Belinda," was all she had to offer. She made her way back to her desk, picked up the phone, and dialed a number. Within moments, there was a gentle knock on the door and a very attractive young woman, maybe two or three years older than Bradley, entered the office. She wore the required school uniform, curtsied to the Dean, then asked Ms Brown about her new assignment. "Debbie, this is now Belinda," the Dean stated.

Debbie turned to Bradley who was now flushed with embarrassment. "Nice to meet you, Belinda. I have been wishing for a little sister, and here you are. We are going to be very good girlfriends."

Mom could see the confusion in her son's eyes, but knew that he would get through this in time. Debbie extended a finely manicured hand towards Bradley. He took it with uncertainty, then rose to follow her out of the door. One last look of fear was all Mom saw. The office door closed, leaving Mom and the dean alone.

"Don't worry," Ms. Brown said. "He will be rebellious for the next week or so, but by then he'll have got-

ten into the routine we have here. We have many ways to tame young boys. 'She' will be fine under our care and you must know that I always keep my promises. You should have a wonderful and loving daughter in less than two years."

Then the dean told Mom all about Debbie, and that she had been at the academy for less than six months. Before she became a student here, she was a bully and gang member from one of the toughest parts of the city. Now, she would do anything to help anyone. She was one of the sweetest and kindest girls at the academy. Mom was amazed that that beautiful girl was once a boy, a rough and tumble one at that. Still somewhat shocked, Mom rose, thanked the Dean with a handshake, and left for the trip home. She still had a bit of guilt as she made her way down the driveway. She hoped Bradley would be all right, and Cori needed her much more now to help heal some very deep wounds. She watched the heavy iron gates close in her rear view mirror as her car sped away.

After she got home, she sat Adam and Cori down to explain Bradley's absence and that he would be away for some time. Both had many questions but she asked them to wait. When Bradley came home, he would be an entirely new person, a much nicer one, she hoped.

Bradley, now Belinda, followed Debbie to a large storeroom. Once inside, Debbie grabbed a tape measure and a notepad. She asked Bradley to strip off everything, down to his briefs. Initially Bradley resisted, but began to comply when a very large, muscular woman entered the room.

Debbie asked Bradley as he was disrobing, "Belinda, do you know any of your sizes in girls

clothes?" Belinda blushed deeply, and had a terrible look on his face.

"My name is Bradley, not Belinda. How am I suppose to know girl sizes? I am a boy," Bradley said defiantly.

Debbie smiled sweetly. She got a chair and invited Bradley to sit down. Debbie brought in another chair and placed it facing her new charge. Then, very lady-like, she sat down, tucking her plaid and pleated skirt under her legs.

"Please, listen to me," Debbie began. "Not long ago, I was exactly like you. I was tough and I enjoyed feeling that everyone feared me. But after just a short while here and a couple of times standing before Ms Brown, I began to learn and understand that there is a better way to live," she said, holding Bradley's hands in hers. "If you want a better start here than I did, lose the attitude and know there is nothing you can do to stop this process."

Bradley paled as he listened to a pleading Debbie. "I'll just escape and go live on my own. No one is going to make me into a weak little girl," Bradley replied.

"I don't want to hurt your feelings but there is no way out. I have tried several times, but I always ended up standing before the school wearing next to nothing. Please Belinda, reconsider," Debbie said as a small tear rolled down her cheek. "You were given to me as a little sister. I have been waiting my turn for this assignment. Now I have you to care for." Bradley just folded his arms, trying to assert his independence.

After Debbie realized that she was getting nowhere with her new charge, she went to several bins and began to gather all the things that Belinda would need to

start classes. She grabbed two pair of double-strap flats, Mary Jane style in both white and black, then added several pair of white ankle socks. Next she had to guess at Belinda's sizes and picked out six pairs of silky white, and six pair of blush pink, panties, all edged with lace. Finally, she chose three of the pink jumpers and blouses that Belinda had seen earlier in Ms Brown's office. Debbie arranged all she had collected and placed them into a rolling locker. Debbie then took Belinda by the hand and led her to the room where she would be staying. She then placed the locker in its place, finally sitting down on a second bed in the room. This room was also Debbie's, as they would now be roommates. Debbie then laid out a complete outfit and asked Belinda to remove her boy clothes, as she would no longer need them. Belinda just laughed at Debbie, and refused to follow her suggestion. Just as Belinda was ignoring her new sister, Ms Brown was passing the room and heard the entire conversation.

Ms Brown stepped into the room and faced Belinda. "Belinda, you have just one more chance to comply with the nicely-put request from your big sister. Do you wish to take advantage of this second chance?" she said, looking directly at Belinda. Belinda continued to refuse to change. "Very well," Ms Brown said as she left the room.

"See. All you have to do is stand up for yourself and they will back down," Belinda declared proudly. Just as she finished her statement of defiance, Ms Brown and two female teachers entered the room. Before she could react, she found herself face down on the bed. Her boy clothes were gone in seconds and the white panties were being pulled up her legs. Next, the training bra was put on a struggling Belinda. She soon

realized that she was no match for the three older women holding her down by her arms and legs.

“You *will* learn to cooperate and follow all of the rules. Because of your actions, punishment will now be issued. It won’t be nearly as severe as your refusal requires, as this is your first night here,” Ms Brown said as the first blows came down on Belinda’s thinly pantied bottom. Belinda continued to refuse to grant them the satisfaction of crying out but this, too, would not last very long. Soon the tears were flowing freely as her face reddened, equaling the color of her bottom. Belinda began to plead for them to stop, adding she would do all that was asked of her.

After the tenth and final swat had been delivered, Belinda was released by the teachers and was stood up before the Dean, in the panties and training bra she had just refused to wear. The Dean now sported a wide grin. Belinda could also see the perspiration on Ms Brown’s forehead and upper lip. She turned to Belinda’s roommate and said, “Debbie, please take your sister into the bathroom and get her cleaned up for the evening meal. I expect you both to be on time, dressed properly.” After the adults left, Debbie took Belinda into the restroom to follow the directions she had been given.

Debbie and Belinda stepped into the large, open space that was the shower and powder room. Through her red, swollen eyes, Belinda saw two vanities that were side by side, filled with makeup, many hair care products, as well as hair accessories. Debbie applied some cool towels to Belinda’s fiery bottom, then more

cool compresses to her face which took most of the heat from Belinda's cheeks.

"I am now responsible for you and all of your actions," Debbie began. "If you misbehave and are issued punishment, I will receive the same punishment. So you had better straighten up. I like my bottom just the color it is," she said, lifting the hem of her short skirt to show Belinda her olive skin under her panties.

They both hurriedly dressed. Debbie had to assist Belinda in putting on the jumper in the proper way. This was the first time Belinda had worn anything even close to being girly and 'she' was quite upset and embarrassed. Then they both headed for the dining room. Belinda was quiet in front of the others as they found their places at the table.

Belinda had a difficult time sitting on the hard benches, but one look from a teacher and she was down and very still. The coolness of the bench seat helped reduce the temperature of her fanny. The room was very quiet, even though it was filled to its one hundred person capacity. Belinda didn't feel much like eating but after tasting the food, she began to shovel it in as she had not eaten since the very early morning. Debbie stopped her and began to show her how a refined lady eats. Belinda's eyes were wide as she saw that she was being watched closely by Ms Brown. The Dean was studying her every move. Belinda took to heart everything that Debbie had to share. Belinda looked up and saw the young boy that had been punished earlier, standing very still, on a raised platform, more than four feet above the floor, at the front of the dining room, with her back turned to the dining room. His training bra and white panties were on display for everyone to see. When the meal was over, as the students filed out,

they all walked passed the lad on the platform before heading to the common where they could interact.

Belinda was flushed as Debbie introduced her new sister to her friends. Belinda blushed at each comment on how cute she was and how she would be even prettier once she had the chance to move up the rankings. When they returned to their room, Debbie explained in detail what the school was for and as many of the rules as she could. She also told Belinda that as she progressed, she would change from little girl clothes to a more age appropriate style of dress. Belinda could feel her head spin as she tried very hard to take it all in. Her confusion was evident, so Debbie tried to lessen the impact of what she had shared.

The clocks in the hallways all chimed nine times, indicating it was time for bed. Debbie gave Belinda a simple shorty, nylon nightgown she was to wear over her bra and panties to bed, every night. Belinda complied with Debbie's request, then climbed into the bed and under the cool sheets. She pulled them as high as she could so no one would be able to see that she was wearing lingerie and a nightgown

Belinda watched Debbie change for bed. As each piece of clothing came off, it was either hung up, folded neatly, or placed in the laundry hamper. Belinda was in disbelief as Debbie became more undressed. She actually had breasts, a narrow waist, wide hips and a rounded fanny. Her panties stretched tightly, sexily, across her bottom. Belinda could feel herself become excited and found that she had a wet spot on the front of her own panties. When Debbie turned, there was no hint of a bulge as one might expect to see. This scared Belinda more than anything else.

Stuttering, Belinda asked, "Did they cut off your thingie? I can't see it."

It was Debbie's turn to blush as she showed her sister the art of tucking, much to Belinda's relief. Debbie bent over Belinda and gently kissed her forehead. "Good night, my new sister. Sweet dreams," Debbie said in a whisper. After she had put on her own nighty, she went to her bed, pulled back the covers, and slipped between the sheets. The main lights flickered, then went completely out, leaving Belinda alone and afraid with only her thoughts to keep her company in the darkness. This first night would turn out to be a long one. Belinda found it very difficult to sleep with so many strange thoughts chasing each other around in her head.

The following morning and every morning after that fateful first night, Belinda became the poster child for good behavior. Ms Brown had stopped by the room to see if Belinda had been following Debbie's instruction. She asked Belinda to stand before her where she checked under her nighty. Ms Brown just smiled and left the room. This would become a daily occurrence as all new students were required to stand for inspection at any teacher's request. If she was found not wearing the required uniform, punishment would be considered. Any other behavior not considered ladylike would result in the student being ordered to appear in the Dean's office. Belinda wanted no part in that, ever again.

All was going well until about a month after Belinda's arrival. During an evening meal, Belinda accidentally belched loudly. She blushed and put her hand over her mouth. But the damage had been done. Both she and Debbie were taken to Ms Brown's office, where

they were placed directly in front of the dark, massive, desk. They stood there for at least twenty minutes while the Dean finished some paperwork. Neither girl said a thing, waiting for the other shoe to drop. Ms Brown filed the rest of the papers she had on her desk, then looked up at the two terrified girls and asked for an explanation for the poor manners.

Before Debbie had the chance to say anything, Belinda spoke up first. "It was entirely my fault, Ms Brown. Debbie had nothing to do with it. She has shown me the proper manners many times but this was just an accident. I sincerely apologize for my lack of manners," Belinda said as she flushed and stared down at the top of her shoes.

Ms. Brown was quietly sizing up each girl as they stood motionless before her. "Very well. Debbie, your punishment will be only two swats. Belinda, the punishment for a disgraceful act like this would usually be ten swats and some time on the platform. But due to your honesty, you will receive just five swats and no platform time. Does that seem appropriate to both of you?" she asked coolly. Both girls voiced their agreement in unison as they continued to look down at the floor.

Ms Brown stepped from behind her desk and asked Debbie to assume the position for punishment. Debbie lifted the back of short skirt up and bent over at the waist. Two swats of moderate strength were issued. Tears fell quietly from Debbie's eyes as she stood upright and straightened her skirt. Ms Brown now stepped over to Belinda. She followed Debbie's lead and raised the back of her pink jumper, exposing the two white globes of her bottom with the thin silky panties as her only protection.

Ms Brown then handed the paddle to Debbie and told her it was her place to administer Belinda's punishment. Debbie did as requested but her heart wasn't into it. Belinda's bottom reddened and warmed and tears fell onto the carpet but that was all the damage, other than pride, that was inflicted. With her jumper lowered into place, they were dismissed. They walked back to their room, hand in hand.

Belinda and Debbie became very close friends. Belinda had learned valuable lessons from Debbie and was quickly moving forward. It took some time but Belinda had learned to accept her position and all of the changes occurring to her. She was constantly asking Debbie about the changes she was feeling and seeing with her body. Her chest was sore to the touch and her nipples itched to no end. She also noticed that her panties fit much more snugly around her hips and back-sides. Debbie smiled and told Belinda that this was all part of becoming a girl; soon she would learn to enjoy it. Belinda was a little skeptical but knew that Debbie had always been honest with her.

What the students didn't know was that many of the products offered by Transhim were used on a daily basis at the school. Some of the newer products were tested at the school and at the other similar schools located around the country. Female hormones were given at every meal and figure training devices were used on some of the older, more advanced students, if needed. Subliminal messages were piped into the students' bedrooms at night. Most of the teaching staff, as well as Ms Brown, were born male as well, but lived their lives as women. Some were even graduates of the same program they were now involved in.

It had been more than two months since Belinda had seen her mother, brother, or sister, and she was feeling homesick. She had progressed out of her jumper, into the blouse and skirt phase of her training. Her classes consisted of subjects such as hair styling, makeup application. Deportment and etiquette classes were also added. Belinda, as it turned out, was a natural at makeup application and soon was helping some of the more challenged girls.

Debbie, too, had grown into the next phase of budding womanhood. Classes in clothing design and fashions, cooking, and homemaking were now available to her. The one thing that anyone visiting the school would immediately notice about the school was that there were no pants allowed for any student. It was either skirts or dresses for all, along with progressively higher and higher heel heights until a student could function normally in four-inch heels without difficulty.

During the first year of the academy, no student, including Belinda, was allowed visitors. Once that milestone was passed, family days were scheduled. Belinda's family was scheduled for a visit on the very next Sunday, which made it a very special day for all of them. Belinda spent the entire morning of the visit worrying about what to wear. She spent extra time on her hair and makeup, making sure they were perfect. Belinda would have been a basket case had it not been for Debbie and her calming effect. She had a sense of excitement, as well as fear and dread, about the visit. Would they be able to accept Belinda as a new sister? Did Cori hate her for what had happened? Time had flown by, were the sins of the past just a memory? How

would Adam, her identical twin before her change, react? There were just so many questions that only time would answer.

Early that afternoon, one of the newer students still in the pink jumper phase brought word that Belinda's family had arrived and that they had been shown to the outdoor garden. Belinda thanked the girl whose name tag said Martha, then sent her on her way. Belinda did one last check in the wardrobe mirror before leaving the room, and headed for the garden area.

She gave Debbie a strong hug. Debbie encouraged her just to be herself, use all of the information she had learned, and all would be fine. The hallway was empty and Belinda could hear the clicking of her heels on the brightly polished floor. She wore matte black shoes with a rounded toe, a single strap across the top, and two-inch heels. She also had on white knee-high stockings, a pleated red skirt with a hem just above the knee, and a crisp white blouse with short sleeves and a Peter Pan collar. She worried that her bra straps and cami-sole would be visible but she tried to put that feeling to rest as she walked to the meeting. Her hair had grown enough with the assistance of the hormone supplements to be pulled back into a short ponytail with a red ribbon at its base.

From across the courtyard, Belinda could see her family. Her heart seemed to skip a beat or two, her pulse began to race, and she found it a little difficult to breath deeply. She nearly turned around when her mom saw her and called her by her new name. Belinda smiled, waved, and continued to walk toward them on a pair of very shaky legs. When Cori turned, she saw her new sister, ran to her and hugged her closely.

Adam followed suit, then it was Mom's turn to pull her daughter to her, and feel her warmth.

They all sat and tried to talk to each other. Belinda expertly tucked her skirt under her and held her knees tightly together. "I really missed all of you," Belinda said. "But I owe Cori a very special apology for my actions. I am so very sorry and I hope that you can forgive me," she said as a single tear fell from her eye onto the table. Cori moved to Belinda and hugged her closely. "There is nothing to apologize for. Those things were done by someone else. I am sure he knows that what was done was wrong," Cori said as she released Belinda and sat back down on the bench.

Mom and Adam agreed with Cori and welcomed the newest member of their family. Each of them complimented Belinda on how much she had changed and how nice she looked. Belinda blushed each time one of them patted her back for coming so far in such a short period of time. They were all just stunned at the picture they now saw before them. The visit lasted for more than two hours. They shared a snack and some lemonade, all provided by the Home Ec class. But all too soon, it had come time for the family to head back home. They all hugged and kissed as they said their goodbyes.

After they had left, Belinda felt a deep shame for what had happened, about what had become of her, and her uncertain future. She was completely exhausted. Debbie was waiting for her to return and wanted to know everything. Belinda told Debbie the short version as they both changed for the evening meal. Belinda didn't eat much as her tummy was upset by all of the feelings she had during the visit. It seemed

that lately, everything she ate caused her to become nauseated.

The girls headed back to their room after the meal and friend time ended. They were in the process of changing for bed, wearing nothing but bras and panties when Belinda sat down on her bed and began to sob into her hands. Debbie rushed to her side and tried to comfort her friend.

Belinda explained her embarrassment and the shame she felt. Debbie held Belinda close, their bodies just touching. Belinda clung onto Debbie with her hands and arms around Debbie's narrowing waist, and looked up into those calming brown eyes. Debbie bent forward and touched her lips to Belinda's.

A gentle electric shock flowed between them. Debbie pressed further and Belinda offered up no resistance as she felt Debbie's tongue enter her mouth, where she explored at will. They both could taste the other's lip gloss and they enjoyed the closeness. Belinda's hand rose, cupped one of Debbie's breasts, and could feel the nipple harden under her hand. The other hand that had been resting on Debbie's hip was now massaging her friend's bottom through the thin nylon panty. When they stopped, they both sat back and looked deeply into each other's eyes.

Debbie then gently pushed Belinda onto her back, spread her legs, then lay between them. They both could see, as well as feel, the excitement the other had on display. Both had soft skin that had become very warm to the touch. They lay breast to breast and pelvis to pelvis. Slowly, Debbie slipped Belinda's panties down to her knees, then off. Belinda offered herself, widening her legs to allow easier access to her love

hole. Ever so easily, Debbie pushed her hardness into a compliant Belinda. Soon she was all the way in both just lay together, enjoying the feelings. There was a little discomfort at the start but it soon waned as Belinda's body adjusted to the size of Debbie's hardness. Debbie began to slowly move her hips and Belinda could feel Debbie's excitement slide in and out.

The girls got into a rhythm and were in unison on Belinda's bed. Within minutes, Debbie released a torrent of pent-up passion deep into Belinda. When Debbie's love spasms had subsided, they lay together, trying to catch their breaths.

Debbie rolled off Belinda, then crawled to her knees, offering her own love hole to her new lover. Belinda rose to her knees, slipped Debbie's panties down, and moved behind a waiting Debbie. Belinda pushed her own hardness slowly into Debbie's adequate behind, allowing her time to adjust to the size. After only a few pumps, Belinda filled Debbie with her own hot seed. They lay panting for several minutes before sharing a deep kiss. When they had settled down, Debbie shared with Belinda the secret that she, too, was a few years older than she appeared. They had shared their bodies as well as their souls now. After a short time, they finished undressing and headed to the showers where they washed and explored each other. They giggled when they thought that they had used all of the hot water up. From that moment on, Debbie and Belinda were inseparable. They made love to each other as often as time and circumstance would permit.

A few months later, out of nowhere, Debbie was called into Ms Brown's office. Debbie was worried; she tried to think if she had broken a rule, or if her love affair with Belinda had been discovered. She knocked on the ornate door and waited for an invitation to enter. Ms Brown called Debbie in and offered her the chair in front of the huge desk. Debbie sat in her most feminine manner, laid her hands into her lap, and waited for Ms Brown to finish the papers she had been reading. Ms Brown closed the file she had been looking through and peered up into Debbie's face. Debbie's heart sank; she just knew that there was a problem, just by the stern look on the Deans face. She nearly went crazy, worrying about the perceived infraction and subsequent punishment.

Ms Brown removed her wire-framed glasses, placed them gently down, and began. "Well Debbie, you have been at the academy for more than two years. I have spoken to all of your teachers and they all agree that it is time for you to graduate. You have come so very far from the spiteful little boy you used to be and have grown into a fine example of a young lady. It is time for you to go out into the world and express the new feminine perspectives you have learned. Do you think that you are ready?" she asked the speechless young girl.

Debbie stuttered her reply. "I...I think so. I know I have worked very hard on the skills I need to find a good job and my own place. Yes, I think I am ready," Debbie said with a wide smile that spread across her face.

Ms Brown matched Debbie's smile, then said, "We here at the academy began an account for your benefit when you first arrived so that when you do leave, you'll have some money to get you started and tide you over until you find a good job. I think you should start getting your things together, as you have made it. We are all very proud of the progress you have made."

Debbie rose, shook Ms Brown's extended hand, then took the envelope from her hand and left the office, floating on a cloud. Belinda was waiting for her on pins and needles. Debbie hugged Belinda and explained her conversation and the upcoming graduation. She opened the envelope and saw that there was a check for more than twenty thousand dollars. Debbie was stunned, and sat down on her bed with a thump.

"Do you know yet where you'll go?" Belinda asked, teary eyed.

"Not yet but I'll really miss you, as you have meant so much to me. Right now you are my only family," Debbie responded. The two girls stood hugging in the middle of the room.

"I think I know where you might be able to stay," Belinda said excitedly. "Let me make a phone call, then I'll share my idea with you." Belinda left in a rush, leaving Debbie very bewildered. Within a couple of minutes, Belinda, smiling, ran and jumped into Debbie's arms. "I just called and talked to my Mom. She says you can stay at our house, in my old room. When I graduate, we can be together again. How do you like my plan?"

Debbie pulled Belinda closer and said, "I have never had anyone that cared so much for me. You and your family are the very first. I *love* the idea." It was her turn to cry now. After they broke their embrace,

Belinda helped Debbie begin to pack. Once her belongs had been packed or stored, a cab was called that would take Debbie to the bus station. Then she would go on to Belinda's home town. Belinda's mom would be waiting for Debbie at the bus station when she arrived.

The graduation ceremony was short and simple, as only three girls had reached the required goals. Belinda watched and felt pride and sadness as Debbie received her diploma. Before she left, Debbie visited with each of her teachers and thanked them for all of their help. Debbie had changed into a smart looking skirt and blouse, and moderately high heels for the trip.

Her last stop as she was leaving was at Ms Brown's door. She knocked gently and was promptly invited in, by a low, raspy, unmistakable voice that belonged to the Dean. Debbie entered and shut the door behind her. Ms Brown, who had stepped from behind her desk, stood waiting for Debbie with her arms wide. Debbie walked to Ms. Brown, and hugged her firmly.

When the embrace was over, Ms. Brown could see the tears as they formed at the corners of Debbie's eyes. "Ms Brown," Debbie began. "It has been a long two years and I have learned so much from you and the academy. I know that I still have much more learning ahead of me. I know now that before I came here, I was on the path to self-destruction. I see now that you had hope and faith enough to set me straight. I know that my life will be better, I have you and the staff here to thank for it."

Ms. Brown smiled as she looked Debbie over. "You have become a beautiful and intelligent young woman. I know that it was difficult in the beginning but just look how far you have come since then. I know you will have a great life. Now run along, and please keep

in touch," she said with a wide, warm smile. Debbie again thanked her before leaving. Belinda helped her get her bags into the cab. The girls hugged, and tearfully said goodbye. Debbie then left the academy grounds, heading off into an uncertain future.

Within just few months after Debbie had left, Belinda graduated into the top level, as she had really began to apply herself to learning all she could. Late one afternoon, a younger student came calling and gave Belinda a message that Ms Brown had wanted to see her. When she arrived at the Dean's door, she could hear all sorts of ruckus and yelling. She was invited in and saw a younger boy, dressed in only panties, wrestling with several of the teachers and Ms. Brown. Belinda saw that the floor was covered with bright pink shreds of cloth that she recognized as more than one jumper.

The boy was yelling that no one was going to make him wear sissy clothes. With her hair disheveled and her glasses bent, Ms Brown told Belinda that she would be getting a new little sister, but there would be a delay. After Belinda left the office, her new sister, who didn't have a name yet, was being taken into a part of the school that was rarely used. The new boy would be staying there for the first week, where he could be calmed down and started on the road to girlhood.

What Belinda and the rest of the students didn't know was that there was an isolation ward, where any non-compliant boy would be put into a light coma, given large amounts of female hormones and fed thru IV tubes. They would also be subjected to constant subliminal messages via headphones. Even the most difficult student would be changed in just a short time.

Early the following week, Belinda found herself back in the Dean's office. This time, things were much different. The young lad who had caused such a problem just a week earlier was sitting in a chair in his pink jumper, not saying a word. He did have an increased level of color in his cheeks, but other than that, he reminded Belinda of her own first days at the Academy. Ms Brown invited Belinda to sit in a chair next to the boy.

"Belinda, this is Sherrie. She is your new sister, and will be staying with you. She has had some intensive therapy over the last week, so she is now ready to take her place at this school. Isn't that correct, Sherrie?" Ms Brown asked.

The young girl looked up at the Dean and said, "Yes Ma'am. I am ready, if you think it is okay." Ms. Brown smiled, then excused the two to head back to their room.

Once there, Belinda noticed that a full set of clothes had already been delivered and put away into its proper places. Belinda found it difficult at first to communicate with Sherrie as she was so quiet and really didn't interact with anyone. Belinda tried to engage her in all sorts of activities but was met with silent reserve. Finally, Sherrie began to come out of her shell as the classes began to interest her. She was a whiz at make up and hair. Just as soon as she learned one technique, she was ready to go to the next. The rest of her classes began to improve as well and soon it was like she had been a girl her whole life. Belinda spent hours helping her new sister in fashion and Home Ec. projects. Sherrie had gotten the bug and now wanted nothing else than to become a full-time girl, even going as far as saying that she desired surgery.

The time came for Belinda to complete her training and move on to graduation just a few months later. Belinda called her mom and told her that she would be able to come home the following week. Mom, Debbie, and the rest of the family all came to collect their newest sister. They were all so proud of Belinda, the progress she had made, and just how far away from that bully Bradley she had moved.

The ride home was very animated, with everyone talking at the same time. Everyone, that is, except for Adam. He was now in the minority, as he was the only boy that dressed like one. He had little to add to the conversations about make up, fashion, just about anything that related to girls. Once home, Belinda unpacked with Debbie's help and moved into her room with Debbie. An extra bed had been purchased and was ready for its new occupant. It took some time and creative storage but everything that Belinda and Debbie had brought with them was neatly put away in its own place. Debbie and Belinda were able to share most of their outfits which helped a great deal with storage.

All four of the children did very well, and their grades reflected their hard work. Debbie had even found herself on the Dean's list for excellence for the last two semesters. They all had become involved in some sort of extra-curricular activities. Adam was on the debate team, Debbie and Belinda had both tried out for, and made it onto the tennis team.

Cori, a freshman owing to looking younger than she was, was also very athletic by this time, and soon was invited to join the cheer and pep squads of her new school. Cori, with the help of her 'fauxgina', now considered herself a complete girl. She had no problem with undressing for P.E. showers with other girls. Deb-

bie and Belinda on the other hand didn't want the device and continued to be functional. This wasn't a problem for them, as they just would come home to clean up after practice. Everyone in the house, including Mom, knew that Debbie and Belinda were an item and would be for the foreseeable future.

Adam, the odd man out, began to see the world differently. Being the only obvious male in a house full of females began to have an effect on his personality. He secretly started to envy the other members of his family, the clothes they wore, their ability to change how they looked with the snap of a finger. Adam wasn't entirely sure what prompted him but unknown to the girls, he began to sneak into their rooms and started to try on and wear their clothes. He only chose the softest and silkiest of items. This may have gone on for some time unnoticed had it not been for an accident on Adam's part.

One afternoon, while everyone else in the house was out on errands, Adam took the opportunity to go hunting in the girls' drawers. He found his favorite pair of silky panties and a miniskirt Debbie had just bought that fit him like a glove. After he was safe in his room, off came the jeans and briefs, on went the panties and the skirt. This always excited Adam, but on this day, he could not control that excitement. He began to touch himself under the skirt and on top of the panties as he fantasized. Before long, Adam lost control and soiled both the panties and the skirt. He was terrified at the thought of being discovered. He removed the stained articles, then stuffed them between his mattresses. He vowed that it would never happen again and swore that his days of borrowing the girls' clothes had come to an end.

Unfortunately, Adam forgot about the contraband. Weeks passed and his mother decided to change the sheets on all of the beds while everyone was at school. Adam's bed was first to be stripped. It was then that she found his hidden treasures. The clothes had not been ruined so she washed them with the first set of sheets. She secretly began to gloat as she knew it wouldn't be long before the entire house was filled with females. After they dried, she folded them neatly and stored them in her room. She would have to question Adam about what she had found and just how the clothes got under his mattress.

Adam was the first home, well before the others. From her room, Mom heard Adam come in and called out for him to come see her. When Adam entered the room, he saw the panties and skirt, folded, sitting at the end of her bed. His heart sank to his knees as he knew that he had been caught. He dropped his backpack full of books and looked at his mother with tear-filled eyes and reddening cheeks.

"Do you care to explain this?" she asked.

He was silent as he tried to think of a way out of this mess. But he didn't have the time. After a moment, she raised her eyebrows, waiting for an answer. Adam decided if he was honest the problem may be reduced. He explained his feelings and said that wearing the girls' clothes was very calming. He left out any mention of the special excitement it gave him.

Mom smiled and held out her arms. He moved quickly into her embrace and sobbed. She comforted the young man as she hugged him. Mom thought to

herself that she started with three boys and now found herself with three and a half girls. Adam confessed his love for the clothes, but said he didn't want to live life as a girl. Not full-time anyway.

At dinner that night, Adam apologized to his sisters and to Debbie for sneaking into their things and confessed to his feelings. They all came to his side, and welcomed the fifth girl into the house, even though it wasn't to be on a full-time basis. The girls took him under their collective wing, showing him makeup tips and how to wear certain clothes. The next weekend, they all took Adam shopping for his own clothes. He was also shown how to take care of his own things, especially delicate items. It was somewhat embarrassing but exciting at the same time to finally have his own clothes to wear whenever he felt the need to.

The following summer, the family rented a beach front bungalow for a two-week stay. Everyone was excited at the prospect of getting a tan and some well-deserved rest. The only real debate came when it was time to pick out swim-wear. Cori had decided that she was only going to wear the skimpiest of bikinis. Debbie and Belinda both wanted to as well. But wiser heads prevailed. Each was allowed to pick out one bikini with Mom's okay, and a full coverage one-piece. Adam wanted in on the girls' swimmer but due to the proximity of the neighbors, he would have to settle for trunks and T's.

After they arrived at their destination and unpacked, they all took a leisurely stroll along the beach to check out the area. They saw restaurants, fast food places, and at least one teen dance club. It didn't take anyone very long to get into the vacation mode. Mornings were set aside for exploration; afternoons were for

worshiping the sun and getting ready to go out in the evenings. They all quickly tanned and their hair began to lighten in the strong sunlight. The girls looked great in their bathing suits and developed tan lines very easily. Of the three girls, Cori, despite her apparent age, was the biggest of flirts. She wasn't shy at all about flashing some skin. Debbie and Belinda were much more cautious.

One day, while the three girls were out catching some rays, several young men playing along the beach stopped by to chat and check out the babes. A couple of the older ones plopped down next to Belinda and Debbie. A third one, a little younger, sat close to Cori. The older girls were about to be shown just how flirtatious a young pretty girl in a bikini could be with tanned and buff boys in the vicinity. Debbie, being the oldest, paid close attention, so things wouldn't get out of hand. Cori very nonchalantly arched her back, pushing her small breasts out just a bit for the boys to ogle. She rocked her legs, giving off a lot of signals. She had to be very careful as her suit was just slightly larger than a table napkin.

The guys tried very hard to get the girls to commit to a dancing date at the teen club. After many tries and a couple of promises, the girls relented. Cori, Debbie and Belinda would have been just as happy not to accept the invitation. They said that they would go if their mother said it was okay. When they all got back to the bungalow, Cori made an impassioned plea, Mother gave her blessing, and the date was set for the following Friday night. The only catch was that Adam had to go along, which would be no problem. There would be plenty of other girls there and Adam was sure to meet at least one. In fact, Adam had been talk-

ing with a girl on the beach who had just come down to the beach, for vacation as well.

Early Friday afternoon, the girls began to get ready. They had picked out what they wanted to wear and laid everything out on their beds. Mom had to check it all out as she didn't want too much unwanted attention for the girls. Debbie chose to wear very tight-fitting, low rise jeans that really hugged her butt. She also chose a long white halter tunic that left bare one shoulder and back. The finishing touch was four-inch strappy sandals, also in white.

Belinda was next to show her choices. She decided on a moderately short denim miniskirt and lacy cami-sole top. She added a wide white belt and matching white platform shoes she had just bought. She had also just purchased a strapless bra, that would be just right for the outfit.

Like Belinda, Cori also picked out a denim mini but hers was much shorter and figure hugging. She matched it with a glittering tank, in a deep ruby red. She completed the outfit with long, knee high-boots with three-inch heels. The girls spent more than an hour on their makeup and hair after they showered and lotioned. They finished just in time for the boys to come calling. Adam had invited the girl he had met, Cindy, and had just arrived as well. Cindy had a pair of linen shorts, a bright tank top in a royal blue, as well as short strappy sandals for the evening out.

The club was close enough that the group could easily walk, no more than a block away. Cori had coupled up with the tallest of boys, Jimmy. Debbie was with a boy named Dan, and Belinda partnered up with a boy whose name was Mike. Adam and Cindy brought up the rear. The evening was fun for all of the

couples. Not only did the girls dance with their dates, but with several other boys that asked them. All the boys tended to hover around Cori, as she was more outgoing than the other two. They all found a large booth to sit in to have a burger and fries. The boys were also here on vacations, and that they lived in a different state from the girls and that they all were close to graduating high school. Mother had been quick to ascertain that the boys weren't locals as she wanted to be absolutely sure there was no chance they would know Cori from school and think that she was younger than she actually was. The kids all had a curfew so at the witching hour, the group walked back slowly towards the bungalow.

All of the girls knew that it was expected that after the night out, they would have to have to pay their dues. Debbie and Belinda allowed their dates several quick feels as they were locked in kisses with Dan and Mike. Cori allowed just a bit more; Jimmy's hands moved freely over her breasts, then under the back of her skirt, where Jimmy got a nice handful of Cori's panty covered bottom. Jimmy began to get carried away so Cori stopped things before they went too far. Cori had worn a pair of bike shorts under her short skirt, for modesty's sake. Good thing too, as Jimmy tried to feel just a bit more than Cori was willing to accept. Cori had to remind herself that she wasn't really the high school freshman she pretended to be back at home. She worried that he might actually think she was that young and feel guilty about making out with her. Luckily, Jimmy was too carried away to have that thought.

Adam and Cindy seemed to hit it off as well. They stayed close together for the entire evening, kissing off and on all the way home. They exchanged phone num-

bers and email addresses. They promised to keep in touch. Their home towns were not that far apart, so seeing each other would not be such a stretch. It seems that Adam felt free enough to share his desires about dressing. Cindy loved the idea but didn't quite know why.



The vacation ended just as quickly as it had began, without further incident. The ride home was a non-stop gabfest which included Adam this time.

The summer ended without any more excitement. During her junior year, Debbie had enrolled in an advanced program. Soon she had acquired enough credits to graduate, which she did proudly. Now she was ready to start college, which left Belinda to finish her high school career alongside Adam and Cori.

Their senior year began as expected, with Belinda continuing on the tennis team; she was even voted captain. Belinda was a great tennis player. What she didn't know was that Debbie had contacted a college tennis team scout to give her a heads-up on a strong prospect she knew of at the high school. Adam stayed with his head in the books. He had earned a four point zero grade point average which had several Ivy league schools taking a very close look at him. When he found this out, he worked extra hard in all his studies. Even his dressing took a back seat. One thing he did not sacrifice was his summer love, Cindy. They stayed in close touch and dated exclusively when school work allowed. Cindy was on the academic watch lists of the same schools that Adam was interested in.

Cori, on the other hand was very popular, and was well known throughout the freshman class. Not only was she the head cheerleader, she also ran for class president. Unfortunately she lost by just a few votes. Cori also began to date some of the most attractive and athletic boys who had the courage to ask her out. This included some of the J.V. football team's stars. She had them eating out of her hands, as she had them pursue her, not the other way around.

One special guy was Kevin. He was nearly as popular as she was, due to his activities in the theater arts classes. He played the lead in nearly every school production. Kevin was a lean boy, nearly six feet tall, who had an infectious smile and laugh. They had met during the campaign for freshman class president. He was about the only other one who had a chance of winning, which, of course, he did.

Any girl in the school would have died if Kevin had asked them out, but Cori was different. The first few times Kevin had approached, Cori found a reason to walk the other way. This was a first for Kevin, he was becoming frustrated and that made him more determined. Cori finally relented and accepted a burger and movie date for the following Friday. After the date was set, Kevin found it difficult to keep himself under control. Kevin had no clue that Cori felt the very same way, only she kept it on the inside, where no one else could see. She remained cool and calm on the outside. Kevin also was clueless to the fact that Cori had a huge crush on him, starting from the first week of freshmen year.

That Friday, Cori rushed home after school and jumped into a lavender-scented bubble bath. She made sure her legs were hair-free and her skin was as soft as a baby's bum. She stepped out of the tub, into a fluffy towel around her body and one around her head. After she had powdered herself, she headed for her bedroom for makeup and to do her hair. She had planned out exactly how she was going to look and how she was going to dress for the big night out. She was determined to make the kind of impression that would be impossible to forget.

First she chose a pair of bright pink bikini panties and a matching demi-cup bra. Her legs still had some of her summer tan, so she lotioned them both smooth and chose not to wear pantyhose. She then put on a short, pleated skirt in an ebony black with a hem that fell well above the knee. She then hemmed and hawed before deciding on a shiny, bright pink blouse with long sleeves and ruffled cuffs. Her bra was just barely visible through the thin material, but it was unmistakable. Her skin was perfectly clear and smooth. She decided that just some mascara, eye liner and blush with pink eye shadow would be enough. Finally, she applied a dark red lipstick and frosted lip gloss. She then pulled her long, blonde locks back into a ponytail, high up on the back of her head. First was a quick twist with a rubber band, then a bright pink ribbon around its base. Each of the three holes in each ear had some sort of precious stone in it. She placed a thin gold chain around her neck, and one as a bracelet around her wrist. She looked critically in the mirror and decided that her outfit was just right. Lastly, she put several coats of red polish on both her toe and finger nails. Once they were dry, she slipped on a pair of two-inch heeled Mary Jane pumps that also sported a peep toe on each foot.

Cori looked at the image in her wardrobe mirror. She turned to one side, then the other, feeling the short skirt barely brush her thighs and assured herself everything was in its proper place. She was ready. She was very pleased with herself and a little mischievous smile spread across her face.

Cori went downstairs to show Mother how she looked. Mother took one look at her ensemble and almost had a cow. Not only did Cori not look like the freshman girl she was supposed to be but in her sexy

outfit, she looked older than she actually was. To say that mother and daughter had a discussion about how Cori was dressed would be an understatement. Cori begged and pleaded, arguing that how she was dressed was not out of line for how the other girls would be dressed for their dates. Finally, against her best judgment, Mother relented. As concerned about Cori giving away her disguise she was, she also knew that her son-turned-daughter deserved to have some fun on a first date. She just hoped that Cori would behave herself and act like appropriately for a girl of the age she was pretending to be.

No sooner had the discussion finished, the door bell rang. Kevin waited impatiently for the door to open for his date. When the door opened and he saw her, he certainly was not disappointed. Cori invited him in and led him into the kitchen, where the family was eating. He followed her, watching her legs and eyeing her behind. He almost tripped over a table, so smitten was he. He could smell the light perfume she had sprayed behind her ears and on her wrists. He was totally and completely intoxicated by this beautiful creature. She was the hottest girl he had ever seen, let alone in the freshman class.

After the introductions were done, it was time to leave. Kevin extended an arm. Cori grabbed it and they both walked down the driveway, to the passenger side of the car. Kevin opened the door and helped Cori into the seat. Her knees were held tightly together as she swiveled into car, drawing up her long legs as she did. It was semi-dark, so Kevin couldn't be positive but he thought he caught a glimpse of some very pretty panties. This did nothing to reduce his excitement. After shutting the door, he ran around the back, then jumped in behind the wheel. He started the car with a roar,

then looked over to a smiling Cori. He put the car into gear and headed for the theater. Kevin only had a learner's permit and wasn't supposed to be driving after dark but he wanted to make an impression on Cori for their first date. He was careful to stay below the speed limit and to observe all signs so he managed to avoid getting caught.

Cori did her own checking out as they drove. Kevin wore a nice pair of slip-on loafers, along with jeans that hugged his waist and behind. He also had on a short-sleeved button-down Henley, as well as a sport coat. He smelled wonderful to Cori, very masculine. Maybe it was just the female hormones were coursing thru her body but she felt a warm glow starting low in her tummy. Her panties were just as warm. They were both secretly grateful for anti-perspirant by this point.

The first stop was at the movie theater to see the latest slasher flick. Kevin put a protective arm around Cori's shoulder. At some of the more scary moments of the movie, she would bury her head into his chest. At one point, Cori became so frightened that she spilled her popcorn all over his lap. She blushed as she tried to sweep the kernels from his lap and brushed up against his growing manhood. She could tell that it was substantial. Both would need a cold shower before the night was over. Cori felt every bit the freshman girl she was pretending to be.

When the film ended, Cori apologized for the popcorn spill. He assured her that there was no harm done and there was nothing to be forgiven for. That made them both flush fiercely. They walked the short distance to the local burger joint, found a booth, and sat across from each other. Kevin ordered a burger and fry platter, and Cori just had a small salad and iced tea.

After the food was delivered, they talked for the longest time, trying to get to know each other. Kevin was the oldest of four kids. Two girls and two boys. They were born boy, girl, boy, girl. They ranged in age from fifteen years old, to the youngest at ten. His dad was an insurance broker and his mom dabbled in real estate. His sisters were named Beth and Carla and his younger brother was Bob. He had hopes of one day being a movie star. Just in case that didn't work out, he was looking into computers as a career.

Cori shared her family story as well, leaving out the most interesting parts like Belinda's change from Bradley. She told him that her mother was an only child and had been the sole heir to her parent's fortune. She had been a stay-at-home mom for as long as Cori could remember. She had been a professional woman in the finance world. Cori hadn't decided on what she wanted to do as yet, but was leaning toward becoming either a nurse or a teacher.

When Cori looked at her watch, she realized that they had been talking for more than two hours. They agreed that they had fun, and that another date should be soon. Cori and Kevin walked back to his car, hand in hand. After the short drive home, Kevin walked Cori to her door and waited for a goodnight kiss. Cori turned, moved closer, put both her arms around his neck, and pulled his face to hers, as their bodies pressed against each other. She could feel his excitement as it poked her in the belly.

Their kiss was both wet and hot. Kevin moved his tongue to her lips, where they parted to allow him access to her waiting mouth. One hand was slowly rubbing the thin material of her blouse, the other moved south and gently massaged the cheeks of her bottom.

Each could feel the other's heart race, and their blood pressure rise. It was very difficult but they finally broke their embrace.

Cori coyly looked down and away, then up into Kevin's strong face. She could feel wetness in the crotch of her panties and knew it was time to go inside. One more peck and Cori sent Kevin to his car, with a smile and a promise. She stepped into the doorway, then watched Kevin get into his car before shutting the door. She then heard Kevin race off into the night.

"Yes," she thought. "We will be together. Sooner than later."

Cori returned to her room where she undressed and put on a short nighty with matching panties. The ones she had taken off were quite damp, which made her blush even more, thinking back on the evening. She washed her face, brushed her teeth, then did her hair, before finishing her bathroom duties. She then crawled into bed and felt the coolness of the sheets. It felt wonderful against her warm skin. It seemed like every nerve was awake and she felt everything much differently. A wide smile spread across her face as she began to dream about making love with Kevin and spending a lifetime with him. He was the first guy she ever knew that made her want to have children. Sleep would be long in coming for both Cori and Kevin that night.

The next few dates that Cori and Kevin had went much like the first except that the kissing and groping became more and more passionate, and they spent more time at it. That was until one Saturday night. They were making out in his car when by accident, Cori touched Kevin in his most sensitive area. Kevin suddenly sucked in his breath as Cori looked up into

his eyes. Without prompting, Cori slowly lowered the zipper on his jeans, then reached in to touch him.

She found that he was very hard and had a growing wet spot on the front of his pants. Without thinking, she bent over and took his excitement into her warm mouth. Kevin's head went back. He had one hand gripping the steering wheel. The other was on Cori's back. He felt the silkiness of her blouse and the bra she was wearing underneath it.

Cori wrapped her hand around the base and her lips around the large, firm, silky shaft. She could taste his salty-sweet juices as she began to move her head up and down his love pole. Her hand moved in rhythm with her head. Within seconds Cori could feel the shaft grow in size and his hips began to move. He tried to hold back, but Kevin soon released his seed into Cori's waiting mouth. She tried to take it all in but there was just too much. Some seeped out of the corners of her mouth and onto his lap. All it took for Cori was feeling Kevin release and she moistened her panties. Thankfully, she had worn a protective panty liner which caught most of it.

It took several minutes for their breaths to return to normal, and their heartbeats to slow enough so they could talk. They held on to each other silently at first, enjoying the closeness that they had just shared. "That was wonderful, Cori," Kevin finally was able to mutter. "Thank you so much. No girl has ever done that to me before."

Cori looked up, smiled, then snuggled up under his arm. She felt just as wonderful, and as with Kevin, that had been her first time as well. Then, much too soon, it was time to go. Kevin drove the long way to Cori's place, moving as slowly as was practical. They talked,

held hands, and looked warmly at each other. This had been a very special night for both of them.

After several good night kisses, Cori stepped out of his car and walked to the house, but not before looking back and seeing Kevin smile widely as he drove away. Her first stop was the bathroom to clean up, then to her room and into the bed. Cori was wonderfully conflicted that night. She knew she was old enough for such activity but she had been playing a freshman girl from months now. Part of her mind was telling her that she was still too young to be having sex with a boy. That much made what she and Kevin had done more exciting. It was like getting away with something.

Belinda and Debbie were a couple, as close as any around. Cori and Kevin were surely headed in that direction, and Adam and Cindy were nearly like a married couple, as they spent as much time as possible together. Even though they studied intensely for their placement exams, they still made time for each other. There were, however, interesting differences between their private and public lives. As a couple, when others were around, it was a very conventional pairing. But when alone, Cindy was the superior and Adam was the submissive, which was just the way they liked it. Cindy had bought him an entire wardrobe of things he was ordered to wear when they were together. It usually included some sort of service uniform, like a satin maid's outfit with ruffled panties and four-inch stiletto heels in black patent leather. During those playtimes, Cindy would address Adam as Annette, a French maid, who was very used to punishment. Any chance Cindy saw, she would have Annette over her knees with her panties down and a reddened fanny. Annette had to keep her legs shaved and her face completely hair-free. Even when she wore her male clothes,

Annette always wore silky ruffled panties as well as a training bra at all times. This was a mutually agreeable arrangement.

Cindy had seen trait in him this well before Adam confessed to his desire to wear women's clothing. She quickly devised a plan to train him and hold him to his fantasies. In this relationship, Cindy was the master. It became Cindy's goal to turn Adam into Annette full-time to be her personal assistant, maid, cook, and companion.

Meanwhile, across town in her high school, there were a couple of girl who didn't care for Cori much at all, for their own reasons. They began to quietly smear Cori's reputation to other girls, some of whom didn't even know Cori. This would all come to a head at the end of the semester.

The class had voted to have a formal dance at the end of the school year. The students had to decide if the dresses would be long or short, with or without straps, and of course the materials had to be chosen.

Cori chose to wear a strapless mini-dress in a deep purple silk and satin with lots of lace. She matched the dress with silver strappy sandals with a three-inch heel. Kevin would be in a traditional tux that had a purple bow tie and cumberbun.

Over at her school, for prom, Cindy had chosen to wear a simple gown of moderate length, in a brilliant red, with matching low-heeled pumps. Adam would be wearing a traditional kilt and formal jacket. That way, Cindy could have him wear his ruffled panties

underneath. No one would be the wiser as to what was under the kilt. This was all part of her training. Adam would have to keep his knees quite close together or he would be putting on a great show for the rest of the seniors to watch and he would become the center of attention. Adam was acutely aware of that possibility, and wanted to shy away from any kind of spotlight.

Belinda and Debbie were going to wear matching floor-length gowns, one in a deep black, and the other a rich emerald green. The both sported spaghetti straps and would have silver, peep toe pumps on. The day of the dances was extremely busy for the entire house. All of the girls had an appointment at the beauty parlor for complete make-overs. They were to have manicures, pedicures, waxing, and facials. Once this was all done, their hair and make up would be done by professionals. By four o'clock, they all looked like they had stepped from a fashion magazine. From the salon, they made a bee line for the house to change.

Limos began to drop off the partyers in front of the hotel conference area that had been acquired for the prom. It had been decorated by the junior class and they had really outdone themselves. Streamers, banners, and balloons were attached to every nook and cranny. The lighting was muted and changed colors frequently. The stage had been setup for the DJ and his equipment. Just to the right of the stage was the refreshment area. To the left was an alcove and restrooms that were in constant use.

The disc jockey was very good at keeping the mood up. He had chosen just the right amount of fast and slow music to satisfy the attendees. all in all, it was a grand affair.

Meanwhile, over at her high school across town, Cori was having fun, although she felt a bit guilty at being at this dance with every other kid there being younger than her. She was determined to have a good time with Kevin, though, so she put her concerns aside. She was even able to smile when someone took her picture while she and Kevin were slow dancing.

Mom picked up the paper the morning after the prom and dance. She read the headlines and nearly died right there in the driveway, in her robe and pajamas. It was news that would rock the town they all had grown up in. She looked a second time just to make sure she had read it correctly. "Is this high school girl really a boy?" read the caption under a picture of Cori and Kevin dancing. Mom went into the kitchen and plopped down on a chair, not realizing that Adam, Belinda, and Cori were there, having breakfast.

They immediately noticed that she had a glazed look on her face, and that her brow was deeply furrowed. Once she noticed that there was someone else in the room, she laid the paper on the table. They all read the article, then looked at each other. They began a family discussion on how best to handle this news story, spreading faster than a wildfire.

Then came a knock on the front door. They all were afraid to answer it, fearing who could it be. Belinda opened the door and found Kevin, looking very heartbroken. His eyes were red, redder than the flush on his cheeks. "Can I speak with Cori, if that is his real name?" he asked, nearly stuttering. Belinda invited him in and sat him in the living room, before returning to the kitchen.

Cori was still in her nightgown and robe; without a thought of what she was or wasn't wearing she went

into the room where Kevin was sitting. Meekly, Cori said, "Hi Kevin, you wanted to see me?"

Kevin stood up, then sat down again, hard, on the sofa and took a long look at Cori, from her head to her painted toes. "Is it true what they said in the paper? That you're really a boy under all those skirts and dresses?" he asked in almost a pleading tone. Cori blushed at the question, then sat down gracefully in a chair across from Kevin.

"In a way yes, but in another, no. It's true I was born as a male but when I was very young, I began the process of becoming a girl," she replied.

"Were you ever going to tell me, or was I suppose to find out on our honeymoon?" Kevin asked sharply. "Since the first time I met you, I knew we would be together," he continued as tears rolled down his cheeks.

"I didn't know that Kevin. I never planned on deceiving you out of hate or anger, but to protect you. I wasn't sure how you would react and I was scared that I would lose you. I have loved you from the start, and have had the same dream," Cori said with matching tears falling to the floor.

Mom had been listening to the conversation and felt she now had to intervene. She came into the room and sat down next to Kevin. She took Kevin's hand into her own and looked into his eyes. "I know that right now you are feeling hurt and confused, even betrayed by Cori. But you have to know that it wasn't her fault that this all happened. It was mine," she confessed. Both Cori and Kevin were silent as they listened to the story she laid for them. "I am sure my words won't convince you," she continued. "Cori, please stand and show Kevin how much a girl you really are, and how far you have come."

Cori understood right away. She rose and removed her robe and nighty to show Kevin her girlish figure. She then pulled her panties down, never taking her eyes off Kevin, to show him that she was just like any other girl. Kevin sat motionless as he looked Cori up and down, hardly believing what he was seeing. Then Cori redressed and sat back own in the chair.

Mom said, "The only thing that a genetic girl girl can do that Cori can't is have children." This jarred Kevin from his state.

"Is that really true?" Kevin asked Cori. She could only look down in embarrassment and shake her head in affirmation of Mom's statement. Then without another word, Kevin walked out of the house. Kevin's reaction was worse than a slap in the face for Cori. She ran into her room and began to cry inconsolably. Mom and the others all came to her side and try to sooth the brokenhearted teen.

Only much later did they find out that Gail had researched the popular Cori and gleaned information to use against her. Gail wanted Kevin for herself; in the days that followed the story, she did everything she could in that pursuit. Much to her dismay, however, Kevin was still in love with Cori and had no interest in Gail. He hadn't quite made up his mind about what to do with Cori but he knew that, whatever it was, he'd have to do it soon. It was just too painful not having Cori in his life.

A few days after the news story, Mom had contacted a well-respected reporter from a rival newspaper and set up her own interview. The reporter, Ms Baxter, was all ears as she listened to all the details of the story. Mom even had Cori with her as proof of her claims. Ms Baxter's piece on Cori was printed and de-

stroyed the initial story quite handily. The gossip reporter had to write an apology, as ordered by his editor, to Cori and her family. Gail was outed as the snitch in the school's paper. It turned out worse for Gail. She had to move out of the area, as the outrage toward her continued to grow.

But even with the second article, Cori still had not been able to get into contact with Kevin. He had stopped going to class and Cori was just beside herself with worry and guilt. There was nothing that the family or her friends could do or say to lift her mood out of the gutter. Then late one night as Cori sat on the back porch, she heard a noise which scared her. It was Kevin and his voice cracked as he began to speak. Her eyes began to tear as she watched him approach and saw his face in the light. He stepped on the porch and sat down next to Cori. She remained silent as Kevin grabbed her hand with his own. Cori could feel the warmth of his hands on the cool skin of hers.

"I am so very sorry, Cori," Kevin said weakly. "I just needed some time away from everything and everyone. I had to figure just how I felt and how best to handle this whole thing."

Cori continued to stare at her feet, then said, "I want you to know that I never wanted to hurt or deceive you. Everything I said, I truly meant. This was not some joke, as some people might think."

Kevin just nodded his head in agreement. "I know that. That's why I came here. I want you back, if you'll have me. I am sorry that I deserted you when you needed my support the most," Kevin said, tears now steaming down his cheeks. Cori raised her head and they jumped into each other's arms. They embraced warmly and kissed like there was no tomorrow.

“Will you do something for me?” Cori asked as the couple parted.

“Anything,” Kevin replied.

Cori blushed, then said, “I want you to make love to me. I want you to know just how much of a girl I really am.” Now it was Kevin’s turn to blush.

“Are you sure?” he asked. Without answering him, she took his hand, and lead him to her room where she shut and locked the door behind them.

Cori then led Kevin to her bed. Once he was seated, she began to undress slowly. First she unbuttoned her blouse before letting it fall to the floor. She never took her eyes off Kevin as she then unzipped her skirt and let it join her blouse. She stood there in just a bra and panties as she sat beside Kevin on the bed with her mouth open and her heart racing. Finally she reached back and unhooked her bra, which she tossed it onto the pile of clothes at her feet.

Kevin was speechless as Cori pulled off his T-shirt, then his shoes and socks. She then reached over and undid the fly on his pants with trembling fingers and slid them down his legs. She pushed him back onto her bed, then lay on top of him. He could feel the heat of her skin, as well as the softness. She then began to kiss him on the lips, as she ground her hips into his.

Both of them felt and heard the raspiness of the other’s breathing, their pulses beating fast, in sync. Cori could feel Kevin’s excitement growing by the second but before it went too far, she stopped, allowing him time to recover a bit of control. She had to remind

herself that he was younger than she was, despite her appearance, and that he might not be able to hold back without some respite. Cori propped herself up, giving Kevin access to her small but firm breasts. Kevin pulled Cori down, placing his hungry mouth on her waiting breast. With his other hand, he rubbed and massaged the the firm globes of her behind. As soon as his mouth touched her nipples, they hardened immediately.

Cori then sat up and deftly pulled Kevin's shorts down and off. She quickly did the same to hers. She then lay on her back and pulled Kevin on top of her. The weight of his body on hers felt marvelous to Cori. She reached down and guided a fully erect Kevin into her. Both could feel the heat as Kevin slid in deeper and deeper. Ever so slowly, they began to rock their hips and soon gathered steam, falling into a rhythm of lovemaking.

Cori wrapped her long legs around Kevin and squeezed his bottom, urging him on. Within just a few seconds, Kevin's body tensed as he released a flood of passion deep into Cori's waiting body. Cori held onto Kevin tightly until the spasms of pleasure began to subside. They rolled onto their sides, keeping the other's face in sight. It took some time before they had calmed enough to talk. Cori wished it could have lasted longer but reminded herself that it was their first time and Kevin was young to be having this experience. Even as short as it was, it was wonderful.

"Thank you for sharing your body with me," Kevin whispered.

"I did this for both of us so you would know how much I care for you. I want to look to the future together and put the past behind us," Cori replied.

Kevin looked upon Cori tenderly and said, "I love you, Cori. You are the only girl for me."

"I love you too," she said as she snuggled into his warm, strong arms.

After her graduation ceremony, Belinda soon moved out of the house, into an apartment with Debbie. Both were to attend the same college in pursuit of their dream careers. Debbie wanting to go into teaching as well as coaching girls sports. Belinda, remembering all that she had gone through, decided on a career in social work. She wanted to work with at-risk and gender confused children. She knew that she had the knowledge and experience to help those in need. Belinda began to give tennis lessons which helped her to save money for college. As it turned out, she didn't need the money, as she would soon be offered a full athletic scholarship.

Both Adam and Cindy received the academic scholarships they worked so hard for. The same college had offered them both a chance to attend. To their dismay, it was on the other side of the country. Adam was going to study physics and Cindy was a business major with a minor in women's issues. After some searching, they found a small house just off campus to rent. They planned to move there just before the next semester started.

After they graduated from the university, the best Adam could do was work for a small research company that soon folded. Cindy went to work for a growing international company and shot to the top in no time at all. This put a strain on their relationship. The fun and games continued but Cindy was waiting for just the right time to spring her desires on Adam.

One day, after coming home from a long and arduous business trip, Cindy found Adam wallowing in self pity. All of his grand plans had fallen apart where his wife's had soared. This was just too much for Adam who had been an over-achiever much of his life. Cindy realized that this was probably the best time for her to expand the role Annette played in their lives.

"I am so tired of you just laying around here. The only time you really seem happy anymore is when Annette is here. Go shave and shower, then put on the pink frilly outfit I just got for you," Cindy ordered.

Adam began to argue but that lasted just a few seconds. Cindy got up and pulled Adam by the ear into the bedroom, where she promptly unfastened his trousers and let them fall to the floor. Before he could protest, he found himself bent over Cindy's knee's, getting his fanny reddened, right through his silky panties. She didn't stop until Adam was crying and begging her to stop.

Once she did stop, she laid Adam face down on the bed, pulled his panties down to his knees, and inserted a large butt plugs. This started Adam to cramp but Cindy wouldn't relent. "Today is going to be a severe punishment day. It seems as though you have forgotten just who wears the pants in this family," Cindy said. "Now go and do as you were told. And hurry up as I don't want to spend the entire evening waiting for you," she finished.

Without further comment, a compliant Adam shaved, showered, and dressed in a pink and white lace bra and pantie set, followed by a pink garter belt with lace top stockings in white. A pair of pink ruffled panties followed. The outfit he was to wear was an extremely short dress that he slipped over his head and

arranged so no wrinkles could be seen. A white apron was tied in a large bow at his back.

He then sat at the vanity and expertly applied her makeup. Then she donned Cindy's favorite wig and a lacy waffle cap was pinned to the wig. Lastly, she stepped into pink leather platforms and snapped the lock before handing the key to Cindy. Cindy looked up and down, trying to find a flaw. She couldn't. She had Annette turn, Cindy then raised the back of the dress and removed the plug.

"While you were taking your sweet time, I looked around and found that this place is a mess. I want it spic and span in no more than two hours or you will wish you had worked faster. Do I make myself clear?" Cindy asked.

Annette looked down at the tops of her platforms and meekly said yes, she did understand.

"Then I suggest you get a move on," Cindy ordered. Cindy followed Annette around, making sure that Annette did an adequate job. At one point when she didn't do such a good job, Cindy told her to assume the position and paddled her already sore behind. Annette finished just as the timer rang. Cindy put Annette with her face in a corner while she did a final inspection. She found that the home was spotless. This pleased Cindy no end. She returned to a trembling Annette. "My room, now," was all she said.

Cindy stood Annette in the middle of the room while she showered and lotioned. When done with those chores, Cindy slipped on a pair of hip hugger panties and stood before Annette. "From now on, except for family get-togethers and times that I choose, Adam no longer exists. From now on, you will remain Annette for the rest of your life. Your sole purpose in

life will be to serve me and my needs. There will be only one small thing I will need from Adam but that will have to wait. Are there any questions?" Cindy demanded. Annette remained quiet on the outside but was overjoyed on the inside.

"Now on the floor on your hands and knees," Cindy pointed. Annette silently followed her mistress's orders without delay. Annette knew what was to occur. Cindy reached down and pushed Annette's panties down to her knees leaving her rear quite exposed with the signs of the evening's spankings still evident.

Cindy went to her bedside table, removed a harness from the drawer, put it on, and attached a moderate sized dildo. "Tonight, I will make you the woman you have always wanted to be. You will not cry, you will enjoy the pleasure I am about to bestow on you," Cindy said with a sneer. "I will not stop until I have all the pleasure I want but you will control yourself and not release your pleasure until I say you can, if you know what's good for you."

She then moved behind a trembling girl, lubed her bottom, and inserted the dildo slowly, until its entire length was deep inside Annette. "You may whisper and groan like the little girl that you are, but nothing else," Cindy declared before assaulting her victim's rear. She pummeled Annette for some time before she experienced the best orgasm of her life. Annette did whimper but in pleasure, not discomfort.

Once Cindy finished and stood, she went to the bathroom to clean up, leaving a frustrated Annette still on the floor. When she returned, Cindy directed Annette to clean up. There was no mention of release for Annette, but she was used to that. When Annette

was done and had returned to the bedroom, a pillow and blanket had been placed on the floor at the foot of the bed. "Until I deem you adequate to sleep with me, you will sleep on the floor. Is that a problem?" Cindy asked with one eyebrow raised. Annette said nothing, put on a silk baby doll nightie, made a small bed for herself, and laid down. She was asleep within seconds. Cindy smiled, and she, too, drifted off into a pleasant slumber.

This was the way their relationship seemed to work best. Cindy made a killing in the business world. She became quite ruthless which made her invaluable to the company. Annette became a full-time maid and cook, as well as a sometimes lover for Cindy. It was after one of the few times that they made love in the conventional manner that Cindy found out that she was pregnant. As soon as their daughter, Olivia, was born, Annette was not only the father but her nanny as well. Olivia would grow up only knowing that Annette was Nanny. Cindy waited till Olivia was much older to share her secret of her father and Annette. Cindy would have one more girl fathered by Annette. She was named Miranda after Adam's mother. Miranda was also told much later in her life about Annette. Both girls grew up to be independent women. Olivia followed her mother into the business world and Miranda made her mark in life as a top notch lawyer. She became the youngest member, male or female, to become a full partner of a prestigious law firm in Chicago. They would follow their mother's path, marry sissy husbands, and use them just as their father was used.

After Cori and Kevin graduated from high school, he still had his heart set on becoming a movie star. Cori knew that he had the talent but the question was when he would start his acting career. Kevin decided that his chances were better if he moved to southern California. Cori decided that the distance between them would be too great and wanted to join him. She enrolled in a local community college where she would take general studies as a major, but was most interested in fashion design and makeup.

One day, Kevin came home from an audition he knew he hadn't passed. He was feeling very down about his prospects in show business. Cori smiled at him and said, "Maybe I should give you some acting lessons."

Kevin lifted his head from his gloom and said, "Yeah, right. Like you know anything about acting."

"Well," Cori smiled, "I convinced you I was a high school freshman when you met me, didn't I?" Kevin, puzzled, asked her what she was talking about which led to a long conversation about Cori's age deception. Kevin was amazed and had to admit that she had indeed done a fabulous job of acting younger than she was. Her revelation served as an inspiration to his own performing. In addition, his male ego was boosted by the knowledge that he had 'bagged' an 'older woman' while in his first year of high school.

It was while she was at a college fashion show that Cori was discovered. She went on to become a famous swim suit model and fashion designer. Kevin did get the break he was looking for while performing at a local community theater. He would go on to have a television career, doing one series for more than twelve years, then heading straight into another series. A cou-

ple of years after they had moved, Cori and Kevin got married, as did Adam and Cindy. Belinda and Debbie never married, but are still together after all these many years.

Mom lived long enough to see that all of her children were happy and successful. Adam and Cindy had the only biological children of the three, but both Cori and Belinda adopted, which made for some very complicated family get-togethers. When Mom passed away, she did so very happy that she had raised three wonderful children. She never found out about Annette but if she had, she would have been even more content, having had three girls, in a sense, after all.

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