TUG OF WAR

Story and Art by Melissa N.

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Timothy Foster was a eighteen-year-old boy, just a few months from graduating from high school, with a very serious problem. It's a known fact of life that the problems are inherent to the human existence, as well as pain, death, and traffic jams at the end of the holidays. However, what made Timothy's situation very unique wasn't the problem itself, but the circumstances around it.

Timothy's problem was his relationship with his father, Richard, who was a tough man, to say the least. Richard was a Navy officer and, as many military men, he was very good at a lot of things, such as giving orders, shouting, shooting, and shouting a little more. However, tolerance definitely wasn't among his qualities.

Richard wanted his son to also be a military man, too, but it wasn't like: *Oh, it would be so nice if you decide to follow my steps*, but more like: *You have to do that, do you understand? I'm your father, and you have to do exactly what I say!*

However, Timothy didn't like this idea. In fact, he hated it with all his heart. Unlike his father, the boy had an *artist's soul*, almost as if he were some lost hippie coming straight out of the '60s. His greatest idols were people like John Lennon and Bob Dylan, and just like them Timothy played guitar and wrote songs about peace, brotherhood and love. His father, as expected, thought that all of this was a big pile of shit.

Timothy wasn't the manliest boy in the world, so to speak. His slightly wavy hair was light brown with blonde tips, and went down to his shoulders. He always let his hair down and a little mussed, what he believed that made him look cool. He was very skinny, short and had a delicate face, with big green eyes, high cheekbones and a button nose. He had almost no body hair, and his face was completely smooth. His father always criticized not only his hair, but his appearance as a whole, as if the boy's lack of body development was his own fault.

Richard, on the other hand, was a very strong, tall man, who could sometimes be mistaken for a bear. His face was hard and cruel, and it always became flushed when he was angry, what happened with remarkable frequency, especially when his son was around.

The circumstances that made Timothy's problem even worse weren't simple to be perceived at a first look. However, they were still there, lurking the boy as a predator watching its prey in a dark forest.

It had begun a year earlier, when Richard had got married again. Timothy's mother had died when he was just a child, and for many years Richard respected the memory of his late wife, staying alone. This only changed when he met Susan, whom he married only two months later. Susan was just the perfect woman for him. She was a beautiful woman in her early forties (as well as Richard), with long brown hair, and a nice body. And the best of all, she was very submissive and a great housewife. According to Richard, those were essential attributes for any woman.

Susan told him that she was a widow, too, and since she had no children – because she unfortunately couldn't get pregnant – she had decided to move to a small town after the death of her husband to have a quiet life. She then started working as a waitress in a coffee shop which Richard liked to go, where the man met her and asked her out.

After the wedding, Richard said she would have to stop working to take care of the house, and she happily agreed, saying that all she wanted was to be a good wife to her husband. Oh, Richard could almost have an orgasm just hearing that! There was a woman who knew her role in society.

Timothy got excited when he met Susan. He foolishly thought that a new relationship could turn his father into a better person – he couldn't be more wrong, though. Richard remained being as unpalatable as before, and treated his new wife almost like a possession. The boy didn't like it, but Susan always told him that everything was fine, and that his father knew what was best for her.

But what Timothy didn't imagine, let alone his father, was that the woman had her own secret agenda. She wasn't the person she seemed to be, and she had come into Richard and Timothy's lives for a very specific reason. All she needed was an opportunity to put her plan into action, and such opportunity came in one morning that had started like any other in the Forter's house...

"I don't care about what you think!" Timothy yelled at his father after the breakfast. They were in the living room of the comfortable suburban house in which they lived. "That's my life, and I'll do what I want!"

"You're just a stupid boy!" Richard yelled back. "Do you think *art* will give you a future? You have to obey me, you fool!"



Yes, they were fighting again. As usual, the reason for the fight was the boy's future. Richard was saying one more time that his son should go to the Military Academy as soon as he finished high school, and Timothy was basically saying that the Military Academy could go to the hell.

"I told you a million times" Timothy said. "I do not believe in the same things as you. I think we should get rid of all armed forces around the world!"

"Oh, really? And how countries would solve their issues, then?"

"Have you ever heard of diplomacy?" Timothy asked, mockingly. "But the best solution would be the dissolution of all countries and their stupid borders."

"What?" Richard exclaimed, dumbfounded. "Even United States?"

"*Especially* United States, and its coward imperialism. Do you have any idea about how many lives have been lost because of this policy? Just look at what is happening in the Middle East right now."

Now Richard was really furious. He had been in Iraq a few years before, and he was absolutely sure that the country had done the right thing there.

"I won't accept this attack on our country in my house, young man! Where's your patriotism? Those people are terrorists! They got what they deserved. They don't even believe in our God! And you know what? Do you really want to screw up your life? Fine! But you won't get even a penny of your mother's money!"

When Timothy's mother passed away, she left about four hundred thousand dollars to her son, to which he would have access when he turned twenty-one, or even sooner, but only if his father thought it appropriate, according to the terms of the will. He was planning to use that money to go to college to study art and literature, and also to record some of his songs. He would be lying if he said that he didn't dream of becoming a successful musician someday.

"You can't do that!" they boy cried out. "This is my money!"

"Your money my ass! This is under my responsibility right now, and, if necessary, I'll spend it all before giving it to you. I might even make a donation to Trump's administration so they can build the wall on our border faster... Now what you think about that? You make me burn in shame, you silly boy. I don't why my son... My *only son* cannot act as a proper man! Instead, you behave like a sissy with your long hair and this talk about peace. You should hold guns and be proud of that! That's what a real man does, but obviously you aren't a real man. I would rather you had been born as a girl!"

And then there was the opportunity that Susan was waiting for...

At early evening, when Timothy came home from school, he went straight to his room and locked the door. After a while, his stepmother followed him and knocked at the door slightly.

"Hello, sweetie" she said, softly. "Can I come in?"

"Are you alone?" Timothy asked.

"Yes" she answered, and then she heard the door being unlocked.

When she entered the bedroom, she saw that the boy's eyes were red from crying, but once she was inside he did his best to hide his emotions.

"Are you okay, Timmy?" she asked. Susan was the only one who called him that way, when they were alone. Timothy was bothered by it for some time. Why couldn't she call him Tim, like all his friends did? However, the boy decided not to make a big fuss because of something so small. It was just a nickname, right? He didn't want to upset Susan since she was so nice to him, even alleviating the maternal absence that the death of his mother had caused, although he wasn't fully aware of that.

"I'm fine!" he said, sitting on his bed. "Why wouldn't I be?"

"C'mon, sweetie! I was there during the argument between your father and you."

"I don't want to talk about that bastard! He... He is..."

"That's okay, Timmy. Come here" she sat next to him, and patted her lap. Timothy knew what she wanted. He was reluctant at first, but soon he was lying in her lap. She then began stroking his hair. Even without proper care, it was so soft and silky... There were so many possibilities... Susan didn't say anything for a while. She wanted the boy to relax first. So she just looked around to pass the time.

Timothy's bedroom was like that of many boys of his age. There was a bed that was constantly messed up; many clothes and stuff scattered on the ground, despite all her effort to keep the place organized; a wardrobe, full of the baggy and faded clothes he liked to wear; a TV, a video game and a computer; his acoustic guitar, with which he spent most of his free time; posters of the musicians he liked on the white walls; and a simple bathroom. Perhaps the only abnormal thing of the room was a shelf full of books.

Susan felt a shiver of pleasure to imagine how that room could be looking in a short time. She could almost visualize the place decorated with pink walls and embroidered curtains; a fluffy carpet; a new wardrobe, full of fashionable clothes and high heels; a new bed, covered with silk sheets; many dolls and stuffed animals; and a vanity with all kinds of makeup and other beauty products.

To make this happen, she just needed to play the right cards, and she knew very well how to do that...

"Are you feeling better now, Timmy?"

"I told you there's nothing wrong with me!" he said, trying to sound convincing, although he kept tucked in her lap like a kitten.

Men, she thought, sighing. *Even this boy, who likes to think that he's different, is afraid to expose what he's really feeling. Just like the others, but not for long…*

"Look, sweetie" she started again, still stroking his hair. "I know that living with your father can be difficult…."

"Difficult? I would say that this is impossible! And what am I going to do, Susan? He wants to steal my money, just because I don't want to be like him!"

"I know. Well, I'll talk to him. Maybe I can bring him back to reason."

"Thanks, Susan, but I don't think this is going to work… He doesn't listen to anyone, and you know that as well as I do."

"Well, it's worth a try, isn't it? Also, now that I'm thinking about it, you could also try…"

"What?"

"Oh, forget it! I just had a silly idea."

"What idea?"

"You won't like it."

"I won't know if you don't tell me."

"If you insist…" Susan said, slowly, as if she really was reluctant about that. "This morning, during the fight, your father stated that he would rather that you were a girl. What if you give him what he wants?"

"What are you talking about, Susan?" Timothy said, jumping from her lap as if he had got a shock. "I'm not gay! Not that I have anything against gay people, but…"

"I know that, Timmy. I'm not suggesting that you start dating boys or something. Just think a little. What is your father's biggest fear?"

"Does he fear anything?"

"Of course, sweetie. His greatest fear is to have an effeminate son. He's a sexist man and it would be more than he could handle. So, if you just start doing some small things around the house… Like putting your hair in a girly ponytail, I think he'd be crazy! Then, when he starts complaining, you can simply say: *It was you who said you'd rather I was a girl! I was thinking about it and who knows… Maybe you're right*…He would be so desperate that he would accept you as you are now just for you stop acting this way."

"But I don't want people to see my hair in a ponytail!"

"I know, Timmy. That's why I suggested you to do this only at home."

The boy was silent for a while, pondering his stepmother's idea. Then, after some time, Susan saw a smile appear on his face, slowly.

"That's such a crazy plan!" he exclaimed, excitedly. "But I think it can work. Yeah, I'll give it a try!"

"Are you sure?" Susan asked, once again pretending that she was uncertain about the whole thing.

"Yeah, I think this is my only choice right now."

"If you say so..."

"But there is a problem. I... Umm... I'm not sure I know how to style my hair in a girly ponytail."

"Oh don't worry about it, sweetie! I can help you in this regard. What are stepmoms for, right?" she finished, winking at him.



The next morning, Susan returned to Timothy's room while Richard was taking a shower. "Are you sure you really want to do this, Timmy?" she asked one more time.

"Yes, Susan."

"Okay, then let's get started. Sit here, please" she asked him, placing a chair in the center of the room.

The woman then began to comb the boy's hair meticulously, making sure she was getting rid of all the knots and tangles. His hair was a little dry due the lack of proper care, but even so it was already starting to look great with just a little combing.

"You know, Timmy, you hair is just marvelous!" Susan said. "Most girls would die to have hair like yours. It's a shame you're only doing that around the house... I could think of so many pretty hairstyles for you to use at school..."



"Susan..."

"Don't worry your pretty little head, sweetie. I'm just kidding! Now relax and enjoy while I take care of your hair."

Yes, Timothy couldn't deny that this was being a pleasant experience. He had no idea that having someone combing his hair felt so good...

When Timothy finally entered the dining room to have breakfast, his father didn't look at him right away since he was absorbed in the newspaper reading. Then, without raising his eyes, the man began to complain about the news.

"Gay pride parades... Humanitarian aid to those refugees... Some crazy feminists talking about women's rights... That's why this world is getting lost. People need more discipline and less bullshit! Are you listening to me, Timothy?" he asked, looking at his soon for the first time.



As mentioned before, Richard's face could get very flushed when he was angry. This time, however, it was so, so much worse... His face was as red as a fire hydrant, and he looked as someone who could kill a tiger with his own teeth.

"What... happened... to... your... hair?" he asked, barely able to say the words.

"Oh, did you notice it? What do you think?" Timothy asked, smiling and turning his head so his father could see it better. His hair was tied in a high ponytail by a pink hair tie – the kind of ponytail that someone like Ariana Grande could wear, although his hair was way shorter.

Hearing that question, Richard's expression was that of someone who not satisfied in killing a tiger with their own teeth, was trying to swallow the whole animal... at once. What disturbed him most was how girlish his son looked – almost as a younger version of his late wife.

"What I think?" Richard said. "I think that you..." the man spent the next ten minutes cursing his son with all the bad words that came to his mind, and he even created a few new ones. The boy heard all that peacefully, while he ate the delicious pancakes and drank the orange juice made by Susan.

"I don't know why you're so mad, *daddy*" Timothy said, at the end. "It was you who said I should have been born as a girl. Maybe you're right... Getting in touch with my *femme side* definitely sounds like a fun idea... One thing I know for sure... I *totally* love my hair *stylized* this way. Now I have to go or I'll get late for school. Bye, *daddy*!"

The boy left the place under the horrified look of his father. Susan, on the other hand, was overjoyed, and she had to struggle to hide her feelings. Her plan was working better than she had expected, and now it was time for the second part of it.

"Are you okay, honey?" she asked her husband, exactly as she had done the night before with Timothy.

"Oh, sure! I've never felt better! My dream has always been that my son, my only son, turned into a faggot. What father wouldn't be pleased by that, right?" and saying so, he punched the table so hard that it almost broke in half.

"Calm down, dear" Susan said, standing up and caressing his back. "Here, drink some juice. Would you like more pancakes?"

"No! I want is to know why this is happening to me. I don't know where I went wrong with this boy, Susan!"

"Well, maybe..."

"What?"

"Nothing. Just a silly idea that crossed my mind."

"What idea?"

"I don't know if you'll agree with me."

"For God's sake, woman, talk!"

"Well, I think that maybe Timothy is just trying to mess with you."

"What you mean?"

"Just think about it. I guess he knows that your greatest fear is to have an effeminate son. Then, taking advantage of what you said yesterday, he's doing this *little acting* because he thinks this way you'll let him do whatever he wants, just for him to stop behaving like a sissy, as you say."

"Do you really think so? But would he be willing to expose himself to ridicule in front of his friends just to make his point?"

"All this is just a theory, you know... But if I'm right, I think he's only doing it at home. He's probably acting normally at school."

"That bastard! This actually makes sense. We'll have a good talk when he gets home! I'll force him to confess the truth, no matter what!"

Susan took advantage of the fact that her husband was distracted to roll her eyes. Why did he have to be so dumb? She hoped that by then he would have already figured out by himself what to do next, so he would think that it had been his idea. Instead, she would have to intervene a little more.

"This could work" she started, "but maybe you should try a different approach."

"What you suggest?"

"I thought of something, but it will be very, very hard for you."

"Just tell me what you have in mind!"

"Oh, honey, I don't know if you can do that!" she added, knowing that once challenged Richard would do anything just to prove that he was capable of doing so.

"Oh, really? I'll show you!"

Perfect, Susan thought.

"If you insist... I think you should try to play his game. Instead of scolding him, you should encourage him to act more and more like a girl."

"Are you insane? What do I have to gain from it?"

"If I'm right, that is, if what he's doing is really a farce, he won't be able to keep this charade for long because it'll get increasingly humiliating for him. Sooner or later he'll be forced to say the truth. Then,

you can say that if he wants to go back to being a man, he'll have to be a *real man* this time, doing exactly what you want. This may be your best chance to turn him into the son you've always dreamed of having."

"Yeah... I see your point now. It actually sounds like a good plan. A little extreme, but I think this can work! That's decided then. If he wants to play this little game, I can do it, as well. Let's see who will throw the towel first!"

Timothy could hardly believe what was happening. It was as if he had stepped into a parallel reality where his father was a reasonable and understanding man. As soon as Richard got home, he called his son to talk and apologized for everything he had said that morning. And that wasn't all. He said it was okay for him if Timothy wanted to get in touch with his *feminine side*.

At the end, he even said that Timothy looked pretty with his hair in a ponytail! After that, Timothy wouldn't be surprised even if a group of alien rats invaded his house saying that he needed to save the entire universe from an infamous race of killer pies. All he would ask was what he should wear.

Still dazed, he went to his room. Susan appeared a little later, asking how the talk with his father had been. When he finished his impressive narrative, Susan went silent for a while, pretending that she was reflecting on the issue. There was nothing to reflect on, of course, since Richard had just done exactly what she had advised him to do. Even so, she had to stay in character.

"Oh, I think that I know what's going on here!"

"That's good" Timothy said, "because I'm completely lost."

"I think your father realized that what you were doing was just a charade. Deep down, he's furious, but instead of confronting you, he decided to play along."

"It doesn't seem like him... Why would he do something like that?"

"I don't know for sure, but he certainly has some ulterior motive. Maybe he's planning to wear you down. Keep this situation to the point where you'll be forced to assume that you were lying."

"So, it's over, right? Our plan didn't work."

"Oh, no, Timmy, you can't give up now!"

"Why not?"

"Because if you do so, you won't get what you want, and your father will keep trying to control your life. This will probably be even worse than before, since he'll know that you were trying to trick him. He might even actually spend your money unless you do what he says!"

"Oh, crap! What am I supposed to do then?"

"You know your father. I'm sure that he'll give up pretty soon. You just have to push him a little harder."

"Umm... How exactly?"

"Well, I have some ideas..."

Fifteen minutes later, Timothy was sitting on the edge of his bed holding a bottle of pink nail polish. Following his stepmother's instructions, he started painting his toenails, gently and carefully. The boy thought it was being a very, very weird experience – something he definitely had never expected he would be doing, ever!



When all his toenails were polished, his feet – which had never been very manly to start with – looked disturbingly feminine and delicate. As he thought that his situation couldn't get any worse, his stepmother grabbed his hands.

"Let me see your nails" she said.

"W-why?" the boy asked, scared.

"Well, we have to take care of them, as well, haven't we? But you don't need to look so worried, silly. A little coat of clear base will be enough, just to keep your nails healthy. Trust me, no one will notice it."

Timothy didn't like that idea, but he knew he had no choice. If he really wanted to win that game, he would have to make some sacrifices.

Susan started working on his hands by cutting his cuticles and filing his nails, and then finally painted them. As promised, she just used a clear base, but even so Timothy could see that his fingernails looked a little *shiny* when she was done.

"Umm... I can remove this stuff from my nails before going to school tomorrow, right?" he asked, still looking at his hands.

"I don't think that's a good idea, Timmy" the woman said. "To make this work, we need to pay attention to the details. What if your father notices that your nails look different tomorrow morning? He would then have an advantage over you. But don't worry your pretty little head about that! As I told you, you'll be fine. I think your nails are already dry, so let's get moving. It's *showtime*!"

Following his stepmother, Timothy went to the living room, where his father was watching TV. The boy sat on the couch, and began flipping through a teenage girl's magazine that Susan had handed him, waiting for his father to look at his toenails. Richard, however, was too focused on the news, which made the boy impatient. He then crossed his legs in a very feminine way, and began to dangle his foot...

It worked pretty well. Richard immediately looked at his son, and his eyes focused on the boy's feet. Timothy realized that the man got so furious that he was about to explode. He just needed a little push...

"Hey, *daddy*! Did you notice that my toenails are painted? What do you think? Don't they look *soo* precious?"

Fighting the urge to pull Timothy's toenails one by one with a pair of pliers, Richard made a colossal effort and smiled as naturally as possible.

"Absolutely!" he said, grinding his teeth. "I think this color really suits you!"

Upon hearing that, Timothy got stunned once again. He could see that his father was completely angry about his pink toenails. Despite that, he still didn't seem willing to throw in the towel. *If I really want to win this game, I need to be stronger than him*, the boy thought. And by stronger, in this case, he meant that he needed to be as delicate and feminine as a real fairy.



"Oh, and that's not all!" he said, with a higher, melodious voice. "My fingernails are done, too, look!" he extended his hands with the wrists loose, as a girly girl would have done.

"Did you do it yourself?" Richard asked.

"Oh, no! Susan helped me. She has been *sooo* good to me... I hope you don't mind."

"On the contrary! It's nice to know she's doing so. That's what *girls* are supposed to do for each other, right?" the man said, smiling again, this time sincerely. His wife had told him that she would *help* Timothy in his path to womanhood, and she would push him so hard that soon the boy would give up that crazy, perverted little scheme.

Obviously, the man had no idea what the real intentions of his wife were...

The next day, as soon as Timothy left home, he undid his high ponytail as he had done the day before, and ruffled his hair to get his usual messy look. At school, he found his best friend, Martin, standing at his locker gathering his books.

"Hey, Tim" Martin said, as Timothy opened his locker. "What's wrong with your nails?" Martin was a relaxed guy who always had a dreamy expression on his face. If someone told him that the house was on fire, he would probably say: *Cool! Let's have a barbecue!* He was taller than Timothy, with a muscular body for someone of his age; he had brown, curly hair, and light brown eyes.

"My nails?!" Timothy cried out, terrified. "What the hell you mean?"

Another person would think that Timothy was overreacting in front of such an unpretentious observation. Martin, however, just thought it was a fun and peculiar way to start the day.

"They are shining, man!"

Now Timothy was truly desperate. Susan had assured him that no one would notice that his fingernails were polished! "I think you have lost your mind!" he said, trying to sound as if it were a great argument.

"Whatever, man..." Martin replied, shrugging his shoulders. That conversation was quickly becoming tedious for him. He had more important things in mind. "Are you hungry? I think I could eat a whole cow right now..."

"Didn't you have breakfast?"

"I'm not sure... Why?" he asked, failing to realize what one thing had to do with the other.

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Timothy spent the rest of the day with his hands in his pockets. If even Martin – the most distracted person he had even known – had noticed something different about his nails, other people would certainly be able to do the same. He was so concerned about this that he was even forgetting something very, very important about that day...

The boy was supposed to have basketball practice late afternoon. Unlike Martin, Timothy wasn't a very good player, and his height wasn't particularly helpful. Still, since he was forced to take part in some physical activity at school, he chose basketball, just because his best friend was on the team. He played as point guard, and he obviously was one of the second-string players.

As Timothy was walking toward the locker room, he had a bad feeling about something, but he couldn’t say what was exactly going on. However, everything became clear when he began to take off his shoes, surrounded by all the assholes of the basketball team... His toenails! Everyone would be able his pink toenails since he would have to change his shoes and socks.

"What's wrong, man?" Martin asked, realizing that his friend had the expression of someone trapped in a cage full of hungry lions.

"I... I... I think I forgot my sports socks."

"No, you didn't. They are right beside you."

"Y-yeah, but I..."

"Why are you taking so long, *girls*?" said Mr. Smith, the basketball team coach, entering the locker room. "I want to see all of you on the court right now!"

Coach Smith had short, black hair, and an athletic body. Needless to say, he was extremely authoritarian and demanding. Timothy had always thought that he and his father could become great friends – If they didn't kill each other the first time they sat down for a beer, of course.

The other boys began to put on their uniforms hastily, but Timothy didn't move, completely paralyzed by fear.

"What are you waiting for, Foster?" the coach shouted.

"I... I can't train today, sir."

"Why not?"

"I'm not feeling well."

"Do you have a sick note?"

"Hmm... No... In fact... Well... I think I twisted my ankle coming over here."

"Let me see your ankle."

"No!" said Timothy, more harshly than he would have wanted.

"That was not a request, Foster! Let me see your ankle right now!"

"I'm... I'm sorry, sir. But I think I should go to the nurse's office. My ankle is really hurting, you know..." Timothy then got up quickly, and left the locker room limping, before Coach Smith could stop him.

"Fine! But if I find out you're lying, you're in trouble, Foster! Remember that!"

The school nurse was a beautiful and busty middle-aged woman called Monica Grant, who treated all students as if they were her own children. The boys, however, didn't see her as a mother, at least not their own mother, since barely all of them lusted after her all the time.

When Timothy entered her office, he saw that the woman was sitting at her desk, engrossed in reading some papers. She was wearing a low-cut red blouse, a black pencil skirt, pump heels, and a white lab coat.

"Umm... Hello, Mrs. Grant."

"Hi, Timothy" the woman greeted him, sympathetically. "What can I do for you?"

"I'm not feeling very well. I'm nauseous and my head..."

"Oh, poor little thing" she hugged the boy tightly, compressing his head against her ample cleavage. Timothy liked to think that he was different from other boys, who saw women only as sex objects. However, being a teenager, his hormones behaved like those of any other guy, and he immediately got aroused. It was hard to think straight with such lustful boobs glued to his face...

"But that's weird" the nurse continued. "Mr. Smith just called me saying that you claimed you had twisted your ankle."

Timothy got terrified again. Why had that son of a bitch called the Mrs. Grant? He probably was truly convinced that Timothy was lying about his ankle, and wanted to prove his theory...

"Umm... I think Coach Smith got it wrong, Ma'am."

"Oh, really?" Nurse Grant raised an eyebrow. "Then why did you come in here limping?"

Dammit, Timothy thought, hardly believing how stupid he was. "My ankle is fine, Mrs. Grant" he insisted. "I just..."

"Don't be silly, my dear" the nurse said, pushing him to the bed. "I have to take a look at it, but I promise it won't hurt. If you behave like a good boy, I'll give you a lollipop at the end. How does that sound?" she added, giggling.

Before Timothy could try anything, the woman took off his shoes and socks. The boy then just closed his eyes, knowing that it was inevitable now...

"Well" the nurse started, after a moment of silence, "your ankle is indeed perfectly fine... and I have to say that your toenails look dazzling!"

"T-that's not what you're thinking, Mrs. Grant!" Timothy said, wanting to die. He didn't remember ever feeling so embarrassed. "It was just a stupid bet with Julia, my girlfriend! That's why my toenails are painted."

Timothy's girlfriend wasn't called Julia. In truth, he didn't have any girlfriend. However, he had to think quickly of an excuse for the fact that his toenails were polished.



"I can see she has such a great taste, sweetie! This color suits you wonderfully. Does she attend our school, too?"

"Oh, no! Megan attends... Umm... A school far, far away from here... You've probably never heard of the place!"

"Megan? But I thought her name was Julia."

Timothy had done it again. He was so nervous that he was unable to create a minimally convincing lie.

"Y-yeah, her name is Julia, but I call her Megan sometimes... It's kind of a..."

"Stop it, my dear. You don't need to lie to me," saying that, Mrs. Grant hugged the boy again, and began stroking his hair. "You don't need to be ashamed" she continued, with a sweet voice, as if she were talking to a little kid. "Many people in your age like to try different things. You're just discovering yourself."

"No, Mrs. Grant, it's not that!"

"If you say so..." she said, clearly not convinced.

"Please, Ma'am, don't talk about it to anyone. I beg you!"

"Okay, sweetie. This will be our *girly secret*. I'm going to help you this time, but be awake that I can't keep lying to Coach Smith forever."

"Thanks, Ma'am! I really appreciate this" said Timothy, unraveling himself from the woman's arms, and leaving the place as quickly as he could.

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That afternoon, when Timothy got home, he told his stepmother everything that had happened at school.

"Oh, Timmy, I'm so, so sorry! I didn't think that my silly idea would put you in such a hard situation. I will totally understand if you decide to give up."

Timothy thought about it for a while. If he did so, he was sure that his father would turn his life into a hell, especially knowing that he had lied about this "*curiosity about being a girl*" thing.

"I can't give up, Susan" he said.

"Are you sure?" she asked, pretending that she was unsure about that.

"Yeah. I think we just should be more careful from now on."

"If you think this is the best for you... I'm just here to help, you know... But if you want to keep this charade, I think it's time to take the next step."

"N-next step?" Timothy asked, afraid. "What does that exactly mean?"

"Just trust me. Let's see how much of this your beloved father can bear."

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That night, after dinner, Richard and Timothy were sitting in the living room when Susan came in. Like the night before, the man was watching the news while his son was reading some teenage girl's magazine with his hair in a high ponytail, his legs crossed, and his pink toenails on display.

In fact, Timothy wasn't reading the magazine, but merely pretending he was doing so. Truth be told, he had at least tried to read one of the articles – about the *perfect look for a first date* – but he thought the reading was so boring and frivolous that he stop it. That was torture! However, he soon realized that his situation would get even worse when he saw Susan approaching with her small pink case. Oh, he knew that case very well!

"Hey, sweetie" the woman said, smiling. "Since you liked so much to have your toenails polished yesterday, I thought that now we could try working a little more your fingernails. What do you think?"

The boy thought that was a terrible idea. Something as bad as being invited to swim naked on a frozen lake. However, the words that came out of his mouth were very different... "Oh, I would love that, Susan!" he stated, trying to sound excited.

"Great, sweetie. But first, you have to ask your dad if it's okay for him."

Timothy then turned to his father, with his face burning shame. "Would you mind if Susan polished my fingernails, d*addy*?" he asked, pouting with puppy dog eyes. Oh, that was so, so embarrassing...

"Of course not, *sweetheart*" Richard said, smirking. "You *girls* deserve to have some fun, right?"

"You're the best, *daddy*!"

Susan then began working on the boy's nails. She explained what she was doing all the time, saying it was important for Timothy to pay attention. She got frustrated that his nails were way too short, and told him they would look much more elegant if he let them grow a little bit. Timothy thought there was no way in hell he would do that, but he lied saying that was a fantastic idea.

At the end, Susan instructed him to keep his fingers apart and not to touch anything. "You can also blow your nails, sweetie" she said. "This way they will dry faster."

That was another extremely feminine act, and Timothy was mortified for being forced to do it in front of his father. It was obvious that the man was having fun at his son’s expense. His eyes were shining in a way that the boy had never seen before, not even when the man was polishing one of his precious guns.

As if that wasn't enough, a little later Susan had another *brilliant inside*. "Now how about you do the same for me? Taking care of my nails?"

"Oh, that sounds like fun!" Timothy said, clapping and forcing a smile.

Susan guided him throughout the process, teaching him everything he needed to know. "You're doing great for your first attempt, sweetie" she said. "But you need to be a little more delicate. Remember that *we girls* are gentler than men."

"Umm... I see."

"Also..." the woman continued, making the boy shiver. "I think you should change the way you speak and behave a little bit. I can see that you're trying to sound softer, but if you really want to experience how it is to be a girl, you need to try harder. Is that what you really want, right, sweetie?"



"Absolutely, Susan!" Timothy stated. Then, realizing that he hadn't spoken as his stepmother had suggested, he coughed and tried again. "Something like this?" he asked in a higher voice.

"More or less. Now you're sounding like a cartoon character, but you'll get the hang of it. I'll help you, of course! Let's try something. I'm going to say a few sentences, and then you try to emulate the way I speak, okay?"

"O-okay."

"Oh, I just *loove* those shoes! They're, like, *soo* fabulous!" Susan said, sounding very different from her usual speech. Instead of a middle-aged woman, Timothy thought she sounded more like some girly girl from his school. The boy then repeated the sentence, doing his best to emulate her.

"Not bad, sweetie. Let's try another one. 'What you think about my outfit? Do I look cute in this dress? Does this color match my eyes?'"

Fighting his revulsion, Timothy repeated again. To his own astonishment and horror, he realized he had sounded much better in this second attempt, almost like an authentic female. In truth, his voice

had never been as low or imposing as that of his father, but still it was very disturbing to know that he could speak as girl that easily.

"Fantastic, *darling*!" Susan clapped. "You're a natural! I really think you made the right choice in deciding to stop *pretending* you're a boy. It's clear that you are meant to be *one of us*! Now try to say that: Oh, that guy is, like, so handsome! I would love *soo* much to be his girlfriend!"

As soon as Timothy repeated it, he realized that someone else hated it even more than he did. His father, who until then seemed to be having fun, was now flushed and breathing heavily. *It's working*, Timothy thought, delighted. *I just have to push a little harder and he'll give up.*

"Thank you *soo* much, Susan!" the boy exclaimed, with his new girly voice. "You've been so good to me... I *definitely* love the way I sound now, not to mention what you've done with my nails. Look, daddy. Don't you think that they look just precious?" Timothy asked, extending his hands.

"Of course, *sweetheart*" Richard replied, though he could barely hide his annoyance. His whole body was trembling... Timothy thought he would win that game at any moment... But then, to the boy's disappointment, his father showed that he still had the strength to keep fighting.

"You know what? You must understand that not everything in a woman's life is about having fun. It also involves a lot of hard work! I think you should start helping Susan to perform *all* household chores. This way, you'll learn how to take care of a house, and maybe someday you'll be able to be a *proper wife* for some lucky man."

Timothy's jaw dropped. He just couldn't believe in what he was hearing. The victory seemed so certain just a few seconds ago...

"I think this is an extraordinary idea, dear" Susan said. "Don't you agree, Timmy?"

"Umm... Yeah... Absolutely!" he stammered, trying to regain his composure.

"So it's decided!" Susan stated, triumphantly. "Starting tomorrow morning, you're going to be my pretty *little maid*!" she added playfully, making the poor boy wide-eyed.

It was still dark when Timothy heard someone calling his name. "Wake up, sweetie" the voice insisted. "We're already late."

The boy opened his eyes feeling disoriented. "Umm... Susan... What is going on?"

"You have to get up, Timmy."

"What time is it?"

"Ten past five."

"But school starts at eight! Why are you waking me up so early?"

"Don't you remember? You agreed to help me with household chores, sleepyhead. So you need to get up now right now. We have no time to waste."

Still grumbling, Timothy got up and went to the shower. When he returned, Susan handled him some clothes he had never seen before – a short gray top with kitten print, lilac jean shorts with frills at the tips, and a pair of pink slippers.

"I bought you some new clothes yesterday" the woman said, responding to the boy's inquisitive look. "Just for you to wear at home, of course. You'll see that your father will get really mad when he sees you in them. Now hurry up and get dressed!"

Reluctantly, Timothy did as she asked. He couldn't believe he was wearing women's clothes! He soon noticed that they were very tight, especially the shorts, which compressed his thighs and butt almost like a second skin. "I think you got the wrong size, Susan" he said. "These clothes are too tight and short. Look."

"Don't be silly, Timmy. Those pieces are supposed to be exactly like that. You'll get used to it. Trust me, sweetie, you look so freaking adorable! However, I see a problem here..."

"W-what problem?"

"Your underwear. This isn't meant to be worn with this kind of clothing, so I can see it through the shorts. Gosh, I knew I should have got you some new underwear, too! I'll do it later, but for now we'll need to improvise. Wait here a minute."

When Susan returned, she was carrying a white piece of clothing. "Try this on. I think it'll fit better."

Timothy looked at the underwear in his hands with apprehension. It wasn't much different from one of his briefs, but still it felt a little softer and more delicate. "That's a pair of panties, isn't it?"

"I guess one could say so..." Susan smiled. "But honestly, darling, this is not like I'm giving you a pair of lace red thongs, right? This is just some bland, cotton underwear. You won't feel any difference."

"B-but whose is it?"

"It's technically mine, but I've never wore it. This isn't exactly my style, if you don't mind discussing underwear preferences with me... You have no idea how amazing it feels to wear some silk, elegant lingerie set... Would you like to try that, sweetie? I bet you would love it as much as I do... Oh, don't look so mad, silly. I'm just teasing you. Now, are you going to put on that underwear or not?"

"I don't know Susan..."

"Remember that I'm not here to make you feel uncomfortable, darling. If you think this is too much, that's totally fine. You can always give up on this little game and..."

"No! I... I'll put it on, Susan" Timothy said, hardly believing is own words. "I'm already wearing women's clothes, so what's the big deal, r-right? I was being silly. I'll do this in the bathroom."

"Oh, while you are in there, you should try tucking *your stuff* between your legs, sweetie..."

"W-what?!" Timothy cried out, shocked.

"Your crotch will look way better this way, Timmy... Those shorts were not designed to accommodate an *extra volume* on the front, if you know what I mean..."

When Timothy returned from what was a very traumatic experience, he sat down so his stepmother could style his hair. He couldn't deny that it always was very nice and relaxing, despite the *nuisance* he kept feeling between his legs. Susan combed his hair meticulously, once again putting it in high ponytail.

When she was done, she allowed Timothy to see his complete look in a mirror. "What you think, honey?"

"I... I don't know what to say, Susan" said the poor boy, stunned. As much as he tried to avoid thinking about it, the only word that could define his appearance now was *sissy*.

"I know this is hard, but remember that you are supposed to *love* all this, okay? That's the only way to trick your father."

She then took the boy downstairs, where there was another not so nice surprise waiting for him...

"Let me help you put this on so you won't dirty your pretty new clothes, sweetie" Susan smiled, holding an apron. Not an ordinary apron, though. It was terribly girly – something that just some kind of Stepford wife would wear. It was light green and pink with white polka dots and flowers patterns. After Susan putted it on him, the boy realized it was even worse than he had expected. There was a wide satin ribbon that his stepmother firmly wrapped around his waist, making a big bow in the front, and creating the illusion that Timothy's waist was narrower, as if he really were a girl. To make matters worse, the lower part of the apron resembled a flared skirt, and since the boy's shorts were so short, it looked almost like he were wearing a dress.

"Oh, darling, I can't believe how precious you look!" Susan cried out, excitedly. "What do you think, sweetie?"

"Umm... I don't know, Susan... Is it really necessary to go *that far*?"





"Of course, silly! Don't you see that this is perfect? Your father is playing the tough guy, so you have to be tougher than him! Which in this case means that you have to be the most delicate and girly thing in the world! I'll starting pushing you harder, dear, but remember that this is for your own good. Your father has to believe that I'm on his side, after all. Now, enough talk, *cutie*. We have a lot to do!"

Wasting no time, Susan began to teach Timothy how to prepare breakfast. The boy had no experience in that kind of work – since his father had never allowed him to do *women's work* – so he was, understandably, having a hard time. His stepmother, however, proved to be a merciless teacher who didn't accept anything less than perfection.

"No, no, no, silly! I already told you that this is not like you are supposed to beat the eggs!"

"I... I am sorry, Susan. I truly am trying hard, but..."

"Not hard enough, don't you agree? You must convince your father that all this is real! For all intents and purposes, you are loving doing *girls' activities*. So it's better for you to fully concentrate on your task, understood?"

"O-okay, Susan."

"*Good girl*" Susan winked playfully, kissing the top of the boy's head. "Now, let's start over, shall we? First of all..."

Forty minutes later, Timothy was still there in the kitchen, running from side to side as he prepared pancakes, bacon, toast, coffee and juice, all at the same time. Susan was sitting on a chair, just instructing the boy about what he should do. Oh, she was definitely having a great time! It was almost as if she really had a daughter. When she saw Richard coming into the kitchen, she knew it could only get better.

The man was still sleepy so it took him a while to completely understand what was going on. When he finally assimilated the idea that that creature wearing such a feminine apron, with slender legs on display and perfectly coiffed hair was none other than son, he got dumbfounded.

"Good morning, dear" Susan said, kissing her husband lightly on the lips. "Look who's preparing your breakfast. Isn't it the cutest thing ever?" she asked, enjoying Richard's disbelieving expression.

Finally noticing the presence of his father, Timothy waved to him with his wrist loose, exactly as Susan had instructed him to do. "Hey, daddy" he said, in his feminine voice. "Take a sit, please. I will serve the breakfast in a second."

And so he did. The boy not only placed the food on the table, but also filled the plate of his father, as Susan used to do every morning. Next, he sat gently, and kept watching his father, waiting for him to try the meal.

Richard looked at his plate lingeringly. Everything looked fine, but there was no way it would be tasty, right? It had been prepared by a boy, after all. He nibbled on a pancake, apprehensively, but to his surprise he didn't feel the urge to spit it out right away.

"So, what do you think, daddy?" Timothy asked, with eyes full of expectation.

"Umm... It tastes good, I guess" the man said, trying everything else. In truth, he thought his breakfast tasted much better than *good*. Everything was delicious! How was that possible? A boy shouldn't be able to prepare a breakfast like that – especially on his first attempt! What did that mean? Was his son really meant to be a girl? No. This was foolishness! His own son couldn't be one of those freak fagots who wanted to be women. Timothy had just had *beginner's luck*, and that was all. He was a male, and soon he would be a man wearing a military uniform, with his head shaved and his body full of muscles, ready to defend his country! That was what the men of the family did, since Timothy's great grandfather. He had to continue that tradition. The boy would understand the importance of this at some point, but first Richard needed to win that crazy game, no matter how difficult it would be...

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Twenty minutes later, Timothy was back to his bedroom getting ready to school. He took the opportunity to remove the nail polish from his fingernails and toenails, as Susan had agreed with him. She said she would distract his father so he wouldn't notice his son's nails as the boy left the house. However, she warned Timothy he needed to be fast or it wouldn't work.

The problem was that Timothy soon realized that removing that crappy from his nails wasn't as easy as he had expected. He had to frantically rubber the remover on his nails for several minutes until it finally started working. What he didn't know, though, was that Susan had given him a remover that wasn't *that efficient*...

When he finally was satisfied with the way his nails looked, he picked up his school bag and quickly left home, screaming goodbye to his father and stepmother only when he was already at the door.

Outside, he took off the ribbon from his head, undoing the ponytail. Only then he realized that there was still a little bit of nail polish on the corners of his nails. "Dammit!" the boy cursed, knowing he would have to spend another day with his hands in his pocket.

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At the end of his first class, Timothy was crossing a hallway when someone touched his shoulder.

"Hey, Tim!"

The boy's mind was so engrossed in his problems that he even jumped in surprise, dropping all his stuff on the ground.

"Oh, I'm sorry! I didn't mean to scare you."

The boy then finally looked at the pretty girl in front of him. "Oh, that's okay, Kate" he said, embarrassed, as he gathered his belongings with the girl's help. "It wasn't your fault. I was just distracted and... well..."

"Something's bothering you?"

"Oh, just the usual stuff, you know... Tests, classes... No big deal!" he lied, wondering what the girl would think if she learned what the boy had been doing at home.



Katharine had a round face, big blue eyes, light brown hair, and an attractive slim body. She was the same age as Timothy, and they attended some classes together. Oh, another important fact about the girl was that Timothy had a huge crush on her. Not only because she was so beautiful – They also had a lot in common.

If she wanted to, Katherine could very well be one of the school's cheerleaders and hang out with the popular girls. Instead of that, though, she took part in the reading club and enjoyed history, just like Timothy. The two of them had already spent many afternoons talking about the futility of war, the evil of segregation, the importance of cooperation and tolerance, among other issues that always made other people move away, bored.

Timothy was sure that she was the perfect girl for him, and he had a feeling that she liked him back. Even so, he had never had the guts to ask her out.

"So... did you want to talk to me?" the boy asked, still embarrassed.

"Oh, that's right!" the girl exclaimed, strangely looking a little anxious, too. "I was thinking... well... Would you like to go to the movies with me on Saturday? I heard a great documentary about the countercultural movement of the 60s is playing this weekend. Since we discussed this topic a few weeks ago..."

"Umm... I... Umm..." Timothy stammered, apparently unable to utter intelligible words. "Y-yeah, it sounds great!" he finally managed to say. "I was actually thinking about going to watch this documentary..."

"Great! Then you can text me later to set the time, okay?"

"S-sure! Can't wait for our date!" he let out without thinking, and immediately blushed furiously as his eyes nearly popped out of their sockets. "I m-mean... I'm not saying that it's a date... I just..."

"You're so cute, Tim!" the girl said, smiling and stroking his arm lightly, which made Timothy's legs tremble so much that he could barely remain standing. "I think we will have really a good time! I have to go now. See you later!"

The girl then walked away, and Timothy remained there, in the middle of the hallway, wondering if that conversation had really happened or if someone had put acid in one of the drinking fountains.

After looking all over the place, Timothy finally found Martin, his best friend, in the school yard. The boy was sitting Indian style on the lawn under a tree, with his hands on his knees.

"Man, do you mind if I ask you what the hell are you doing?"

"I'm meditating" Martin replied, with his usual dreamy smile, completely oblivious to the fact that several people were pointing at him and laughing.

"Meditating?"

"Meditating."

"Why?"

"I read somewhere it's good to relax."

"But you already are the calmest person in the world!"

"Oh, you have no idea of all the intense storms that happen in my mind!" Martin stated, as if he were some kind of old guru.

"Whatever, man" Timothy said, tired of that crazy talk. "Listen, I have something to tell you. I asked Kate out and she accepted it!"

"Really?" Martin raised an eyebrow. "Did *you* ask her out?"

"Well... Technically, *she* asked me out, but this is the same thing, isn't?"

"Hmmm..." Martin spent a long time thinking about the *issue*, until he finally said, "I'm not sure, but congrats, anyway, man! I know how much you wanted to go out with her!" and saying so, he got up and hugged Timothy.

"Yeah, yeah, that's enough! People are looking!"

"Okay. Now tell me. What about your ankle?"

"What's wrong with my ankle?"

"You tell me. I thought you had twisted it yesterday. Is it better?"

"Umm... Yeah, sure! I think... I think it's better now. Thanks! So, are you coming to the class?"

"You can get going, and I'll be there in a minute. I just need to finish opening my chakras."

"Okay... Hmm... Good luck with that, man" Timothy then moved away, not daring to wonder what the hell chakras were.

Timothy remained in a good mood for the rest of the day. However, it changed when he came home late afternoon. Susan greeted him cheerfully, saying he needed to hurry to get ready for the evening. When the boy went into his bedroom, he found on his bed a light pink short-sleeved t-shirt and a pair of white shorts that was even shorter than the one he had used in the morning.

Knowing he had no choice, the boy just sighed and went to bathroom to get changed. When he returned, he started painting his nails, but soon he realized that Susan was staring at him strangely.

"Am I doing something wrong?" he asked.

"No, sweetie" the woman said. "I was just thinking... Do you know how you would look even better wearing those shorts? And when I say *better*, I mean that your father would hate it, of course."

"H-how?" Timothy asked, already fearing the answer.

"Without those nasty hairs on your legs."

"Wait a minute!" Timothy got distressed. "Are you really suggesting that I shave my legs?"

"Oh, I'm not *suggesting* anything, Timmy. That was just an idea that occurred to me. But if you that was a bad one, just forget what I said. I'm sure your father will throw in the towel sooner or later, anyway."

Timothy thought about that for a while, and then finally asked, reluctantly, "But you think your idea could speed things up?"

"Well, I think it's worth a try, sweetie. I mean, the hair on your legs will grow back, anyway, so you have nothing to lose. And who knows... Maybe that's the little detail that will help you to defeat your father once and for all.

Timothy definitely didn't want to do that. But at the same time, he *did* want to end that madness as soon as possible, so he would finally be free to live his life as he wanted. "Okay, Susan. Let's do it" he said, without thinking deeply about the matter. He knew if he did so he would lose the courage.

"Great, sweetie! And you won't even need to shave. I have a depilatory cream that will take care of everything for you. Just wait a minute. I'll get it!"

When Susan returned, she handed the bottle to the boy and told him to rub the cream all over his body. Next, he should wait for ten minutes before taking a shower.

"All my body? You just mentioned my legs before."

"C'mon, Timmy, just think about it. Don't you see that it will look very weird if your legs are hairless but your arms and torso are not? Your father may suspect something. Now, be a *brave girl* and do it for me!" Susan giggled. Then, seeing the boy's mad expression, she added, "I'm just kidding, Timmy! But you know very well you need to get used to it. It's essential that I treat you like a girl when your dad is around, and you're supposed to be happy about it. Now go, honey, we don't have much time."

In the bathroom, Timothy took off his clothes and began rubbing the cream on his arms and legs. That thing had an awful smell and was very slimy, but he forced himself to keep going. He got sad knowing that soon he would lose all the little hair he had on his limbs. It had taken so long to grow...

Once he thought it was enough, he spread the cream on his chest, too. It had even less hair – only a few wisps around his nipples, but even so he knew he would miss them. He was so distracted thinking about it that suddenly an accident happened... Timothy squeezed the bottle a little too hard and a lot of cream fell on his belly, and went down to his groin!

"Fuck!" the boy cursed. He hadn't planned to rub that thing on his private parts. His father would never see it, after all. But now there was nothing he could do.

With his full body covered by that viscous thing, he started waiting, like Susan told him to do. The woman had said ten minutes, but after just three of them, the boy felt that something wrong was going on.

"Susan, are you there?" he shouted.

"I'm right here, sweetie. Any problem?"

"My body is burning! Should I take a shower now?"

"Oh, no, Timmy, you have to wait little longer! Don't worry about the burning sensation. This is just the cream working on your skin."

Timothy didn't like the sound of that, much less that intense discomfort, so he felt immensely relieved when he finally was allowed to go to the shower. Oh, that felt so good... But his contentment didn't last long. Soon, he saw all his body hair falling out, which was very distressing. He knew it was supposed to happen, but he didn't think it would be *that weird*. His body looked so different without the little hair it used to have... even *girlish*, although he was trying hard not to think it.

Besides that, his skin was a lot smoother and more sensitive to touch now. He even felt many shivers as he lathered his soft body... *It doesn't feel so bad*, he thought, but immediately felt guilty for that. He was a guy ... His body was supposed to be that soft and smooth.

"Susan, where's my shampoo?" he shouted again.

"I got you a new one, honey. Can't you see it?"

If she was talking about the pink bottle with flowers in the packaging, yes, Timothy could see it. He wasn't happy, though. "What's wrong with my old shampoo?" he asked, annoyed.

"That wasn't the right product for your hair type, silly. That's why your hair looks so dry and full of split ends."

"But Susan..."

"C'mon, Timmy, don't be so closed-minded. You're starting to seem like your father! Just try it today, okay? If you don't like the result, I'll give you your old shampoo back."

"Fine!" Timothy said grudgingly.

"Oh, and don't forget to use the conditioner I bought you, as well! This is next to the shampoo."

When Timothy stepped out of the shower, he noticed that his hair was indeed softer, but not in a *good way*. It just made him look even less like a male, not to mention the fact that his hair smelled like flowers!

"Ah, don't you look much cleaner now?" Susan said when she saw the boy again, wearing just a towel around his waist. "Also... Wait a minute, what you think you are doing, *young lady*?"

"W-what's wrong?" Timothy asked, so surprised by his stepmother's sudden change of attitude that he didn't even realize he had just been called *'young lady'*.

"You need to wrap your hair in a towel when you get out of the shower, silly! Otherwise, it will get all tangled and full of frizz! I'll show you."

Susan then took a face towel and wrapped it in Timothy's hair, explaining him the whole process. "You need to pay attention because you'll need to it on your own in the future. Yes, that's much better now. Oh, but there is still a problem."

"What now?"

"Oh my God, you still have so much to learn about being a girl. Fortunately I'm here to guide you, sweetie. You can't walk around the house without covering your modesty. Let me help you fix that."

Then, without further notice, Susan pulled Timothy's towel, leaving him naked. The boy uttered an exclamation of horror, and did his best to cover his private parts.

"There, there, there... You don't need to get your panties in a bunch. You have nothing I haven't seen before. That's how you're supposed to wrap the towel around your body, see? You must cover your chest, too. Wow, and now I can see your fantastic legs much better! I'm sure most of the girls would kill to have legs yours, Timmy... So slender and elegant! It's a shame that you hide them under pants all the time. Can you imagine how lovely you would look wearing a mini skirt?"

"Susan, please... My father isn't here right now. You don't need act like that."

"Who said I'm acting, *princess*?" the woman winked slyly. "Okay, now spread this on your arms and legs" she said, handing the boy a new bottle.

"Another cream? Really?" Timothy complained.

"This is just a moisturizer. That depilatory cream can be very aggressive. You need this unless you want your skin to get irritated."





Unable to argue against that, Timothy just sat down (remembering to keep his legs together, as his stepmother told him to do) and started spreading the cream. God, he couldn't even conceive a situation in which he would feel more sissified than now. There he was, with a towel wrapped around his head like a turban, and another one covering his chest, as he spread a moisturizer on his hairless, smooth legs, being awake of just how girly his hands and feet looked due to his pink nail polish.

To make things worse, now not only his hair but also his body smelled like flowers thanks to the moisturizer! And his skin was so absurdly soft... Timothy didn't have a lot experience with girls, but he believed that when he finally touched one of them it would definitely feel like that. It was something disturbing to think about...

The only thing that encouraged him to keep going was the thought that if it was being so difficult for him, it would be much worse for his homophobic father. Yes, he doubted his *beloved daddy* would bear seeing his only son looking like that...

"Since we're a little late, I'll take care of dinner tonight, and you'll be my helper" Susan said when they went to the kitchen. "But again, I want you to pay attention on everything because you'll be cooking tomorrow, understood?"

"Yes, Susan."

"Good."

The meal was ready just before Richard got home. One more time, the man had to disguise his dissatisfaction at seeing his son wearing that girly apron, and it was even worse when he took that damn thing off to go to the dining room. It wasn't just because of the outfit he was wearing that made him look like a perfect faggot. There was something else...

"Your body..." the man began, slowly, scratching his head. "It looks different somehow..."

"Of course it looks different, daddy!" Timothy said, rolling his eyes. "You men never pay attention to what *we girls* do, do you? Susan helped me get rid of all my body hair. Now my skin is completely soft and smooth. Oh, daddy, it feels, like, *soo* good! I have no idea why I haven't done it before!"

And saying so, Timothy began to parade and pose in front of his father, who got truly furious. Richard knew very well that Timothy had never looked *that manly*. Despite that, he was sure at the beginning of that stupid game that the boy would look ridiculous wearing girly stuff. That wasn't what was happening, though. Timothy's body, especially his legs... They really got Richard disturbed. A boy shouldn't have legs like those ones! For a moment, Richard considered giving up. He would let his son do whatever he wanted, even play his damn guitar, just for him to stop behaving more and more like a sissy...



No! Richard thought, regaining control over himself. *This is exactly what he expects me to do. I need to focus on my goal! Let's see how much more of this bullshit he can endure...*

"You look great, sweetheart" Richard stated, smirking. "I see that you were never meant to be a man, after all – Not with such a delicate body. I mean, which girl would like to have a boyfriend who looks better than her in a dress? However, I think you need to lose some weight."

"W-what?" Timothy stuttered, stumped.

"That's right, doll. I know you *girls* hate to hear something like that, but I'm your father and I'm just trying to help you. Men like women in good shape."

"Oh, I think that's a splendid idea, dear!" Susan intervened.

"B-but... Am I not thin enough already?" the boy asked, about to freak out.

"Don't be silly, Timmy" Susan said. "A girl can always lose a pound or. I, for instance, live on diet of low calorie food! Don't you see how little I eat? Now that your father mentioned it, I see that you definitely need to lose some weight, especially on your waist."

"That's decided then!" Richard thundered, triumphantly. "You must start eating the same amount your stepmother eats – Perhaps even a little less than her, since you're in a *critical situation*. Unless, of course, you think it's too much and you want to give up on this '*knowing your feminine side'* idea..."

"No!" Timothy cried out, quickly. "I want it more than anything, *daddy*!"

"How nice, sweetie" Susan said, smiling. "Then I think you should start your new diet right now, don't you agree? Just think how graceful your body will look after a few weeks of sacrifice!"

Timothy could barely hide his displeasure when he saw what he was going to have for dinner that night. On his plate, there was only a tiny portion of salad. Even Susan would eat a small piece of meat and some rice. The boy knew he would still be hungry after such a small meal. But he didn't complain. Smiling sweetly, he thanked his father and his stepmother for being so *good* to him. Oh, but it would have been much easier if his father's food didn't smell so good...

Later that night, Susan took some time to talk to Timothy and Richard separately again. Both of them were feeling discouraged and lost, unable to envision any possibility of winning that game, at least in the short run. They were in such a vulnerable state that it was almost too easy for Susan to manipulate them. She said it would actually take longer than expected, but the victory was certain. They just needed more patience and dedication.

Richard wasn't happy about that 'diet thing'. He had suggested it in a moment of fury, but now he was having second thoughts.

"Why that stupid boy can't see that I only want the best for him, Susan? Why does he keep acting like a sissy? I've been in school, and I know how kids are. With his hairless body and an even smaller figure, he will be ruthlessly mocked! Oh, I remember the good old days... My buds and I used to mock the faggot boys all the time... That's what someone who can't be a real man deserves, right? But I could never have guessed that my son... my own son would become one of those pansies."

"I know this is hard, honey, but remember you are doing the right thing. Timothy will give up this charade sooner or later, and then he'll have to do what you want. Just think about it. You will be able to guide him into becoming a *real man*... A Navy officer, just like you, and you will be so proud of him..."

Timothy complained about that his new diet, too, and suggested that maybe he could sneak into the kitchen late at night to eat something away from his father's sight. Susan didn't approve it, though.

"If you don't lose some weight, your father will be suspicious, sweetie. Even if you feel a little hungry, you need to strive. This is the only way" she explained. "Oh, and you know what, I have some pills that can make you lose a pound or two pretty fast..."

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The next morning, as soon as they entered the kitchen, Susan gave Timothy the pills she had talked about the night before.

"Are you sure this is safe?" the boy asked, looking hesitantly at the pink pill in his hand.

"Of course, Timmy. I'd never put your safety at risk."

"But what exactly is this going to do?"

"I told you before, silly! It'll help you lose weight. Nothing extreme, though. Just enough to fool your father. Now trust me and take the pill. You know we don't have much time" she finished, handing the boy a glass of water.

Timothy was still unsure about that, but he concluded that I single diet pill wouldn't kill him. If he felt anything strange throughout the day, he'd simply stop taking them.

"*Good girl*" Susan said, patting his head and ignoring his angry expression. "It wasn't so difficult, was it? Now we have to hurry. Remember that breakfast must be ready when your father wakes up."

Then, like the day before, Timothy started preparing breakfast under Susan's guidance. It was still difficult, but Timothy had to admit he was slowly getting the hang of it. This fact didn't go unnoticed

by his stepmother, who praised the boy as she proudly watched him making coffee, scrambled eggs, pancakes, toast and bacon like a perfect little housewife.

Things got much harder a little later, though... At the table, Timothy was forced to watch his father eating all the delicious dishes he had made, while the boy had to settle for just half an orange and a glass of *detox* green juice without sugar, which certainly was the worst thing he had ever tasted. To try to *cheer him up*, Susan told him that the juice would not only help him lose weight, but would also do wonders for his skin and hair.

How fabulous, Timothy thought annoyed, as he held his breath to take another sip of that disgusting thing...

At school, everything was going reasonably well, but the boy knew it wouldn't last long. He had basketball practice that afternoon, after all, and it would be impossible for him to skip it again. At least he had removed the nail polish from his nails before leaving home, so it wouldn't be a problem again.

But there was something else, as he knew very well...

As soon as he entered the locker room, Timothy sidled to a far corner, trying not to draw attention. It didn't work as planned, though. His weird demeanor caught the eyes of Adam, the biggest jerk on the team, who looked at Timothy in a peculiar way.

Adam then nudged another guy and whispered something pointing to Timothy. It didn't take long until everyone was looking at the poor boy, who was now desperately trying to put his uniform on as quickly as possible.

"So, *Timmy*" Adam said, with an evil grin. "Did you borrow your Mommy's razor or have you gone to the salon to get your body waxed?"

Upon hearing that, all the boys but Martin burst into laughter. Timothy didn't know what to do. He wanted to *respond in kind*, but he just couldn't think of anything to say.

"Everybody has been awake that you are a sissy for a very long time, but I see that you decided to make it official now, right, *Timmy*?" said another boy, while Timothy was still there, holding his shorts with his hairless, smooth legs completely on display.

"Guys, leave him alone" Martin said, looking unusually serious.

"Oh, look, the sissy boy has a boyfriend! How sweet!" Adam said, and the guys laughed even harder as they left the locker room...

Not surprisingly, Timothy's performance in the training was disgraceful – Not only because he was emotionally shaken by what had just happened, but also due to the fact that he was so hungry that he

could barely remain standing. At one point, when someone passed the ball to him, he lost his balance and fell to the ground. A little later, he tried to pass the ball to a teammate, but his pass was so weak and clumsy that the ball barely traveled two feet.

Needless to say, Coach Smith was *very disappointed* with the boy's performance. "Foster, what the hell is wrong with you?" he shouted, furious. "I think a five-year-old girl would do a better job than you!"

"I... I'm sorry, sir."

"I want results not excuses, Foster... And I want now!"

The scolding only made matters worse. Feeling even more distressed, it was like Timothy had never played basketball in his entire life. Near to the end of the training, his team was more than thirty points behind since they were virtually playing with one player less.

With only two minutes to go, he advanced with the ball again, determined to pass the ball correctly at least once. However, Adam, who was playing in the other team, approached him, and Timothy lost confidence again.

"Give me the ball, sissy boy!" he said, just before hitting Timothy's face with his elbow, knocking the boy down. Adam then advanced freely to score two more points.

"That was foul, Coach!" Martin yelled, angry.

"I didn't see anything wrong" Coach Smith said, barely able to hide his joy.

"Oh, man, he hit you in the eye!" Martin knelt beside his friend. Are you okay?"

"Yeah, I'm fine" Timothy said, although it wasn't exactly true.

"I'll take you to the nurse's office."

Martin then helped Timothy to get up and they left the court, as the other guys laughed and mocked the "*new couple*"...

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Nurse Grant was very concerned when she saw Timothy's black eye. "Oh, poor little thing" she said, caressing his face. "I don't think someone as delicate as you should take part in those violent sports, my dear. You should look for some activity that suits you better. Have you ever thought about trying..."

"I'm not delicate, Ma'am!" Timothy cried out.

"Calm down, sweetie. I promise you everything is going to be okay. Now, about you" she said, looking at Martin, "Thank you for bringing him here. You can leave now."

When Martin got out, she started treating Timothy's eye, using something that burned like hell. "This could have been much worse, but still your eye will take some time to heal completely" she commented.

"Really? Oh, man, I can't believe Adam, that son of a..."

"Watch your tongue, young man. I don't want to see you cursing in my office. Try to keep an ice pack on your eye whenever possible. Also... Oh, wait a minute... I just had a great idea!" she stated, with her eyes shining. "I know how I can mask your black eye!"

"How, Ma'am?"

"Just close your eyes for me, my dear. This will only take a moment."



Timothy did as requested, not so sure it was a good idea. The woman was looking at him in a way that didn't please the boy... Not long after, he felt something soft touching his face, like a brush or something. It wasn't so bad, he thought. However, it got weird when Mrs. Grant started working not only around his eye, but all over his face.

"What are you doing, Ma'am?"

"Shhh... Don't talk now, sweetie. It's almost done" despite her words, it took about five more minutes before Mrs. Grant was finally satisfied. She then handed a small mirror to the boy.

"So, what you think?" she asked, smiling broadly.

"Wow, my eye looks fine, Ma'am!" Timothy exclaimed, impressed. "It's like it hadn't been hit at all!"

But looking closely at his reflection, Timothy noticed something else... the little acne marks he had on his face were also gone! His face looked flawless, true, but maybe a little *too* flawless, since it had a softer and less masculine aspect than before, somehow.

"Mrs. Grant, what did you put on my face?" he asked, while a scary idea took form in his mind.

"Just something to help you, sweetie. Don't you think you look much better now? Wait, don't touch your face! You're going to ruin it!"

The boy then took a deep breath and asked, " it's makeup, isn't it?"

"Fine, it's makeup! This is not a big deal, though. I just used a little bit of foundation and concealer. This is *barely* noticeable."

"Mrs. Grant, you shouldn't have done that!"

"Why not, my dear?"

"Because I'm a guy! I can't use makeup!" Timothy claimed, having a hard time to understand how that woman could be so clueless.

"Well, from what I remember, you weren't so worried about your 'guy status' two days ago when you came here with your toenails polished pink. Also, I see that now you decided to get rid of your body hair..." she pointed out, and Timothy looked down, blushing deeply.

"This is not like that, Ma'am. The thing is..."

"That's okay, sweetie. I'm not judging you. Now listen to me. A lot of men use makeup, including famous actors and rock stars..."

"Even so, I can't just walk around school wearing makeup! If someone finds out..."

"Stop being such a baby, honey. I assure you no one will notice it. Now, you better get going or you'll be late for your next class" Before Timothy could say anything else, the woman started pushing him out of her office. "Have a nice day, sweetie" she added, closing the door on his face.

Timothy got paralyzed by fear. There he was, in the middle of a hallway full of students, with makeup on his face. He then forced himself – with an immense effort – to calm down a little bit so that he would be able to think straight again. When he finally managed to do so, he concluded that his best option would be to go to the bathroom and wash his face right away.

With this plan in mind, he started moving, but he didn't go far before he heard someone calling his name...

Feeling desperate, Timothy kept walking, determined to ignore the person behind him. But this became simply impossible as he heard his name being called over and over again. If he didn't do anything, it would draw even more attention to him, which was the last thing he wanted. Without choice, he turned around and faced the last person he wanted to see at that moment.

"Oh, hey, Kate" he said, nervously. "Sorry, I was ... umm... so distracted that I didn't hear you for a moment."

"No problem, Tim" the girl said. "But tell me. Is everything okay? You look a little anxious and..."

"Oh, yeah, I'm perfectly fine!" he stated, sounding so uneasy that it was simply impossible to believe his words.

"You sure?" Katherine said, not convinced, at all. "Anyway, I just wanted to ask you... are we still going to the movies on Saturday?"

"Sure! Why are you asking me that?"

"Well, you didn't text me yesterday as we agreed..."

Timothy felt really stupid. He had completely forgotten he was supposed to text Katherine the day before. It was hard to blame him, though, considering everything that was going on in his life.

"I'm sorry, Kate! I had to solve some issues and then... You know what? Why don't we set a time right now? What you think about six p.m.? I can pick you up at your home, if you'd like."

"Fine by me! It's a deal, then!"

"Great! Now if you excuse me, I need to..."

"Just one more thing. Your skin looks great today, you know..." she said, their faces pretty close now. "Even better than mine" the girl giggled. "Are you wearing makeup by any chance, Tim?"

"No, of course not! Why would I..." he started lying, but soon he gave up since it was obvious that Katherine wasn't buying it. "Okay, fine" he looked down, embarrassed. "I'll tell you the truth."

He then told the girl what had happened, stressing that it had been Nurse Grant's idea, and that he hadn't been consulted before the woman put makeup on him face. "But I'm going to the bathroom to wash my face right now."

"I don't think that you should do that" the girl told him, smiling.

"What?! Why not?"

"Because you look great" she stated, although Timothy thought she was looking at him in a weird way... Or could he be just imagining things?

"D-do you really think so?" the boy asked, confused. "But I'm afraid that someone else might notice it."

"I don't think it will happen, Tim. *Your makeup* looks very subtle and natural... It seems like Nurse Grant could be an amazing makeup artist if she wanted to. But even if someone else notices it, so what? This '*only boys can do this, only girls can do that'* idea is so old-fashioned! This is all a matter of social construction, you know... I really admire those who have courage to oppose conservative social norms."

Hearing Katherine saying such things was something that almost got Timothy aroused... God, he could have proposed her right there...

"If you really think so... Well, I think I can keep it for the rest of the day."

"Fantastic! You're such a brave person, Tim. I can't wait for Saturday" and saying so, she kissed the boy's face before walking away. Oh, Timothy got so happy that for a moment he thought he wouldn't feel bothered even if he were wearing bright red lipstick in front of the whole school...

The afternoon went on without any incident. Some people looked at Timothy oddly, but no one said anything. The boy was in a great mood when he came home, but as usual this wouldn't last long...

"Oh, Timmy, you're finally here!" Susan said. "C'mon, we need to get you ready for the evening! Your father will be here soon" she then grabbed the boy's hand and dragged him to his bedroom. Along the way, she kept talking endlessly, telling him everything she had been planning to help him win that game.

"...and I think that we should take advantage of the coming weekend to intensify your training. You won't have to go to school so we'll have a lot of free time. Day and night! We can start with..."

"Umm... Susan?"

"What, sweetie?"

"I'm sorry, but I already have plans for the weekend."

"Oh, okay" the woman said, with her enthusiasm going away like a balloon losing air. "Can I ask you what your plans are?"

"Well, There's a girl..." he started, feeling a little uncomfortable to talk about this subject with his stepmother. "We're going to the movies, you know, and..."

"Oh, sweetie, I don't think you should do that."

"Why not?"

"If your father finds out you're dating a girl, it would be a disaster! Just think about it. He would know that you've been lying to him, and then all your effort so far will be wasted."

"But..."

"Look, Timmy, that's your call, of course. I'm just telling you what I think is the best due your current situation. I saw how happy you were when you got home, so I guess that you really like this girl. But you should think better about it. What is at stake here is your whole future. At your age, it's common to think that we have found the love of our life, but things are never so simple, as you'll learn with time."

"Besides, nothing prevents you to go out with this girl in the future, when this struggle between your father and you is finally over... This could happen even the next weekend! All you need to do is to push your father so hard, but so hard that he will have no choice but to give up. That's why this weekend is so important. You still have so much to learn! Your father is a man prepared for war, Timmy, and you need to have the same mindset. This is the only way to beat him!"

Timothy thought about what his stepmother said. All this made sense, sure, but it was so hard even considering the idea of canceling his date with Katherine... He had dreamed of it for so long... However, he needed to be strong. As Susan had said, what was at stake was his whole future. He needed to beat his father as soon as possible so he could ask Katherine out with no concerns.

"I guess you're right, Susan" he said, looking desolate. He would never forgive his father for forcing him to do that.

"I'm glad you understood, sweetie. Now come here and give me a hug. I promise you all this will be worth it" as she comforted the boy, she noticed something weird. "Wait a minute. Are you wearing makeup?" she asked in surprise.

Here we go again, Timothy thought, annoyed, and then he explained one more time what had happened. During his narrative, a wide smile was emerging in Susan's face.

"Oh my gosh, it gave me an excellent idea!" she exclaimed, barely containing her enthusiasm, and Timothy shuddered. "This will be perfect, Timmy! Just perfect! Go shower and then come back here. I'll be ready for you. Oh, and don't forget what I taught you yesterday, okay? After shower, you must wrap a towel around your head and protect your modesty! What are you waiting? Go now, sweetie!"

When Timothy returned, he looked apprehensively at the huge variety of brushes and makeup products that his stepmother had placed on a small table in the center of the room. "Susan, I know what you are planning to do, but I don't think this is a good idea... Not at all!" the boy cried out, stomping his foot.



The woman had to smile at that, seeing her stepson acting like a stubborn little girl. "Stop being silly right now, Timmy! Don't you remember what we just talked about? Do you want to defeat your father or not?"

"Yes, but..."

"And don't you want to be free to go out with this girl you like so much as soon as possible?"

"Of course, Susan, but..."

"Then no more 'buts', *young lady*! Just sit your pretty little butt right here and relax while I pamper you. You'll see it won't be so bad."

Timothy could hardly believe it when he found himself obeying the woman. Was he really going to let her put makeup on him face? When Nurse Grant had done it, he wasn't aware of what was going on. But what would his excuse be now? He knew it was wrong, but he just couldn't think of any argument good enough to beat Susan's logic.

"Promise me you won't do anything too extravagant, okay?" he meekly asked her as he sat down.

"Don't worry, sweetie" she whispered in his ear, stroking his shoulders. "Just a little bit of mascara and lipstick will do the trick. You'll see how much your father will hate it! I just think it would be so much easier if you just had a vanity here in your room to keep and organize your makeup, you know..."

"M-my makeup?!" the boy got horrified.

"Of course, Timmy!" the woman rolled her eyes. "Tonight I'm going to use my products on you, but this is only a temporary solution. Our skin tones aren't the same, after all, so it won't look that good. That's why you need your own stuff."

"But isn't it too much, Susan? I mean, how long to do you intend to keep me wearing makeup?"

"I don't *intend* anything, sweetie. It's all up to you, right? The faster you commit yourself fully to this plan, the faster your father will admit defeat. Now enough talk. Let me see your face."

And so she did. Grabbing Timothy's chin, the woman looked at his features closely. "Yeah, you certainly have pretty features... high cheekbones... delicate jaw line... plump lips... big green eyes... but your eyebrows won't do."

"Why? What's wrong with my eyebrows?"

"Are you really asking me that, *young lady*? Honestly, I expected more from you! Have you ever seen any girl with brows like yours?"

"Umm... No" Timothy was forced to admit.

"And you want to convince your father that you *love* being a girl, isn't it right?"

"Y-yes?" the boy stammered, afraid about the direction of that conversation.

"Then that's it, sweetie. I'm glad you *agree* that we need to do something about the eyebrows."

"D-did I really say that?" Timothy asked, about to freak out. "I mean..."

"Now, now don't start it again, honey! It's all about commitment, remember? I'm just going to tweeze and shape your brows a little bit, anyway. No one will notice it. It's not like I'm going to turn them into thin, high arches... at least not today." she added, smiling.

Susan then got her tweezers as Timothy tried to calm down. He trusted his stepmother and he was sure she wouldn't do something to screw him up. However, he didn't expect it to hurt so much...

"Ouch!" the boy screamed, as soon as the woman started plucking his brows.

"Don't be such a *drama queen*, Timmy. We women do it all the time! Hang in there and soon it'll be over."

Timothy wasn't sure how long the process took, but it definitely was much longer than he would have wished! When the woman finally laid her tweezers aside, the boy had tears in his eyes and was feeling his forehead burning like hell.

"Done, sweetie!" the woman hugged him. "It wasn't so difficult, was it? And I assure you the next step will be much more pleasing... Oh, I know I said before that just a bit of mascara and lipstick would be enough, but thinking better... If you really want to annoy your father, I think we need to be a little bolder. You don't need to look so worried, though. It will still be a casual makeup."

After putting foundation and concealer on his face, Susan then went on working on his eyes, with light pink eyeshadow, eyeliner, and a generous amount of mascara on his eyelashes; next, she put some light blush on his cheeks, telling him to smile, which was the last thing Timothy wanted to do at that moment. Finally, it was time for his lips.

Timothy knew he was overreacting, but as he spread his lips allowing his stepmother to put lipstick on them he felt as if he were giving up his masculinity. It was all happening so fast... A few days before he had agreed to put his hair on a ponytail and now he was having his makeup done! What would happen in the future if he did not win that game quickly?

"Oh, sweetie! I can't believe how lovely you look! Gosh, you have just no idea!" the woman clapped excitedly after putting a coat of lip gloss on the boy's lips.

"Umm... Can I see my face now?" Timothy asked, not so sure if he really wanted that.

"In a minute, honey. Let me just work on your hair while you paint your nails first, okay? So you can get the full effect."

And so Timothy had to wait another twenty minutes before seeing what had been done to him. When Susan finally allowed the boy to look into the mirror, he unwittingly let out a sharp, girly squeal that disturbed him almost as much as his reflection.



He had no idea how much a little bit of makeup could change someone's appearance. It wasn't like he was looking at different person in the mirror or something, but a female version of himself. He thought sadly that with the right attitude he perhaps could even pass as a girl – Not a very attractive one, but he had seen much worse at school.

His eyes looked somehow much bigger and brighter, his cheekbones seemed higher, and his lips looked plumper and kissable. Oh, and there was also his eyebrows! As promised, Susan hadn't tweezed them so much, but it had been enough to make a huge difference, softening his features a lot.

Would his brows look normal once he took off his makeup? That was one of the questions that were tormenting him as he kept staring at the mirror…

"So, what you think, sweetie?" Susan asked him.

"I… I don't know, Susan… This is all so weird…"

"I understand, honey, but you must overcome this feeling. Remember that you need to be ready for war, just like your father…"

"Yeah, Susan…" the boy looked down. "I'll try my best."

"I'm sure you will" she patted on his back. "Let's do some training now then, so that you can have the right attitude in front of your father. Look at the mirror and say: *I love being a pretty girl*."

"W-what? Why would I…"

"Just do it!"

"I l-love being…"

"Do you really think that's the voice you should use, young lady?"

"I love being a pretty girl!" Timothy said, this time sounding like a girly girl.

"Again, and remember to smile!"

"I love being a pretty girl!"

"And again…"

And so the *training* went on for many and many minutes. As Timothy kept smiling and saying something like that in front of the mirror, he wondered if he would be able to see a guy when he looked at his reflection ever again…

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"Hey, daddy! Glad you're finally home. Take a sit, please. Dinner is ready!"

Upon hearing that, all Richard could do was stare dumbfounded at the *creature* in front of him who supposedly was his son. The *so-called* boy was wearing another of those ruffled aprons, paired with a pink shirt and a pair of flat Mary Janes shoes on his feet. His hair somehow looked even more feminine, and his slender, hairless legs were once again on display.

But the worst was yet to come…

As the boy approached the table to serve the food, Richard's fears were confirmed. "You're wearing makeup" he said. It hadn't been a question, and Timothy knew it very well – just as he knew how stunned his father was about his made up face.



"Oh, daddy, I'm, like, *soo* glad you noticed it!" Timothy giggled. "Susan did it for me, of course... Have I already mentioned how good she has been to me? Just like a fairy godmother..."

"Did you really allow Susan to put makeup on your face?" Richard asked, so astonished that for a moment he was unable to stay in character. This time he was honestly asking his son – in a *man-to-man* talk – how it was even possible that he would agree to something like that. Such idea seemed incomprehensible to him. Was the boy really willing to go *that far* just to make his point? Where was his male pride?

"I didn't *allow* her, daddy. I asked her – a lot – to do it for me."

"Why?"

"Oh, daddy, isn't it obvious? Because I *loove* being a pretty girl!" the boy stated, exactly as he had been forced to say in front of the mirror countless times some time before. The practice really paid off, because it sounded as genuine as if he were talking from the bottom of his heart...

...So genuine that it was too much for Richard.

The man's body started trembling as he felt a fury so intense growing inside him that he thought he would go crazy at any moment. "You're a shame to me! Did you hear? An absolute shame!" he finally exploded, punching the table, completely unable to contain himself. "You..." but before he could continue, he saw Susan standing behind Timothy. The woman shook her head vigorously, in a clear gesture for Richard to stop what he was doing.

It was enough for the man to recover some of his self-control. Without realizing it, he had fallen into his son's trap. He was doing exactly what the boy expected him to do, like a perfect idiot. He took a deep breath, trying to calm down. Then, finally able to see things clearly, he decided it was time to fight back...

"You... You're a shame to me because you still can't act like a proper *young lady*!" he improvised. "You keep behaving as if this were some kind of silly joke!"

"W-what?!" the boy gasped.

"A *girl* your age should be able to do your own makeup! You can't depend on your stepmother for everything!"

"But, Daddy, before this week I..."

"I don't want excuses, *missy*! It was you who said you wanted live as a female, isn't it true? So I want to see some effort on your part! You should start using your free time practicing makeup until you can do it as well as Susan. And there's more... Every night I see your stepmother applying a lot of creams on her face and body before going to bed. If you *truly* want to be a girl, I think it's time for you to start taking care of your looks, as well."

"What a lovely idea, honey!" Susan said, finally coming into play. "Yes, I think a beauty routine would do wonders for Timmy! What do you say, sweetie?" she asked, now looking at the boy.

Timothy simply couldn't believe that. For a moment... For a brief moment he had been sure he was about to win that game. But then his father once again demonstrated an enormous willpower and controlled his anger. He sighed, realizing just how right Susan had been during their earlier conversation. He definitely needed to be ready *for war* if he wanted to defeat his father...

With no choice, he finally answered his stepmother, "Oh, I'd love that, Susan! It sounds just fabulous!"

"Splendid, sweetheart! We're going to start your beauty routine later tonight, then. Now, I think it would be nice of you to thank your father for giving you so much support in your *new path of life*."

"Oh, okay!" Timothy clapped, still pretending he was happy about all that, although in truth he hated hearing the woman talking about his '*new path of life'*. He knew it had been just acting, but even so he couldn't help it but felt shivers running down his spine... "Thank you very much, daddy! I promise I'll try my very best to become a *daughter* that will make you *soo* proud!"

"That's good to know, *princess*!" Richard said, grinning.

"Now that this is settled, let's sit down and have dinner, shall we?" Susan said, trying to liven up the atmosphere. "Oh Richard, honey, I bet you're going to love it! Our *sweet little girl* made the dinner almost by *herself* tonight! Just try her pork chops! I'm sure you'll feel in the clouds..."

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When Saturday finally arrived, Susan once again woke up her stepson before sunrise. "Come on, Susan" Timothy complained, covering his head with a blanket. "Let me sleep a little more. I don't have to go to the school today!"

"I know, sleepyhead. But we have a busy day ahead. A woman's work never ends, you know. So wake and shine now!"

The boy reluctantly got up and went to the bathroom. After a quick shower, he returned to his room and gasped when he saw what was on his bed. "You're not really expecting me to wear this, are you?" he asked in horror, pointing to a light pink piece of clothing.

"Do not even think about starting it again, *young lady*! Don't you remember what we talked about two days ago?"

"I remember, of course, but... I can't wear a bra!"

"Why not? Every girl wears a bra."

"I'm not a girl, Susan!"

The woman sighed, annoyed. "Look, Timmy, if you're going to keep acting this way, why don't you simply give up on this game and go to that military academy like your father wants so badly?"

"W-what?"

"I've told you a million times... You won't defeat him unless you really strive for it. You have to believe that you *want* to be a girl. Instead of that, you're making a big fuss about such a silly thing like wearing a plain training bra."

"I'm sorry, Susan" the boy said, looking down at his polished feet. "You're right, I guess, but... I'll look silly wearing a bra!" he claimed, convinced it was a good excuse. "It's not like I have *something* to fill the cups, right?"

"Oh, sweetie, you truly still have a lot to learn!" the woman said, gazing at him with something that resembled pity. "Do you honestly think that all young ladies can *naturally* fill their bra cups?"

"Umm... Yes?" Timothy said, feeling stupid and embarrassed since he was making his inexperience with girls even more evident.

"You're mistaken! A lot of girls your age need *some help* in this regard, since their bodies take a little longer to develop. That's why there are bra pads inserts" she said, showing the boy two small pieces of silicone. Timothy stared at those things wide-eyed. It was obvious that Susan was really committed to making their little scheme a success. She seemed to always have everything planned ahead...

"So, are you going to a good girl and try on your bra now, pretty please?"

"Fine, Susan!" Timothy finally gave in, knowing it was useless to keep resisting. He first put on the pair of briefs matching panties, remembering to tuck his private parts between his legs. Then, he grabbed the bra and slipped his arms into the straps, but he had no idea how he was supposed to fasten it at his back.

Susan then came to his aid. "Since this is a new thing for you, it'll be easier if you fasten it in front, and then turn it around. Let me show you". And so she did, while Timothy stood there, once again feeling like a perfect sissy. "See? This is how you're supposed to do it. Now I'll take your bra off again so you can put it on yourself."

It took three attempts until the woman was finally satisfied with the boy's efforts. Then, she helped him adjust the straps, and inserted the pads into the cups. They weren't that big. Susan told him *his breasts* were just a-cup size... *for now*. But even so, Timothy felt it was very weird having that extra volume on his chest.

"You'll get used to it, honey" the woman assured him when she noticed his discomfort. "In a few days you won't even realize that you are wearing a bra, but at the same time you won't be able to live without the support it provide to *your girls*" she playfully added. "Do you want to see how you look?"

"Umm... Yeah, why not..."

"Alright, but first let's fix your hair and makeup."

When Timothy was allowed to stand in front of the mirror, it was another shocking experience for him. With the inserts on, it really seemed like he had boobs – small ones, true, but still boobs! The illusion was disturbingly perfect. This, added to his styled hair, make-up, painted nails and hairless body, made him look even more like a girl.

He took a deep breath, trying to calm down. This was only a temporary situation... He just needed to be resolute and brave and pretty soon it would be over. However, he had no idea how brave he would need to be that morning because Susan still had many surprises planned for him...

"See? This is not so bad!" Susan exclaimed, barely containing her excitement at seeing her stepson wearing his first bra.

"If you say so" Timothy mumbled, looking grumpy.

"Now, sweetie, I'm sure you understand why this is so important, don't you? Your father nearly lost his mind last night just because you had a little bit of makeup on your face. Can you imagine how furious he'll get when he sees you looking like a girl from head to toe? That's why you need a bra and inserts. But this is not enough, of course..."

"W-what you mean?"

"Look at the mirror again, honey. Watch your body closely and tell me, now that you already have *breasts*, what do you think is missing in order to make you look more feminine?"

"Umm... I'm not sure, Susan... I guess girls have larger hips and smaller waist?"

"Very good, sweetie! Even your father said that you need to lose some weight on your waist."

"Yes, but I'm already dieting and taking those pills you gave me. There's nothing else I can do, right?"

"Oh, Timmy, I'm always appalled by how little you know about *women's secrets*. Aren't you the luckiest girl in the world for having such a helpful stepmother?" Susan giggled. "There is a quick way to shrink your waistline, silly, which as a result will even give the illusion that your hips are larger, making your figure looks more feminine and elegant."

"How can this be even possible, Susan?" the boy asked, already afraid of the answer.

"I'll show you, honey. I just need you to take a deep breath, please..."



"Stop it right now, Susan!" Timothy cried out, as his stepmother tightened a corset around his waist. "You're killing me!"

"Try to relax, sweetie" the woman said, calmly. "It will be easier if you do so."

"How can I relax when I can't breathe?"

"Just use your upper chest to inhale. I know this is hard, but it'll be worth it. Also, I'm sure that in a few hours you'll even forget that you're wearing a corset."

"A few hours?!" Timothy finally freaked out. "You can't honestly expect me to keep wearing this fucking thing for..." the boy didn't have a chance to finish his sentence because at that moment Susan pulled the corset strings so tight that it made him scream and reduced his waistline a few more inches.

"You deserved it because you cursed, *young lady*" Susan said as she tied the corset's laces firmly. "A well-mannered girl isn't supposed to say bad words, did you hear me?"

"But, Susan..."

"Don't start it again! I need to finish getting you ready for the day, and we can't afford to waste any more time. Sit on the bed now."

Timothy thought about keep protesting, but looking at Susan's face he knew it would be useless. The boy felt very vulnerable at that moment. The corset was so tightly tied that it was limiting his movements immensely, and he had a feeling he wouldn't be able to take it off by himself. He couldn't believe it was really happening. Why had Susan wrapped his body with such a torturous thing?

But then, as he once again took some deep breaths (not so deep due his current situation), he was able to think better about everything. He knew Susan was just trying to help him, and she was truly committed to making him win that crazy game. However, how could she be able to do so when Timothy himself wasn't willing to cooperate? He felt bad. He knew very well that if he kept acting like that, he would never defeat his father. The corset was uncomfortable, true, but he couldn't deny that it made his body look much more feminine. As Susan had said... His father would certainly hate it.

"Umm... I'm sorry, Susan" he said. "All I've been doing is complaining over and over again... I know you're doing your best to help and... well, I'll try to behave better from now on."

"I know you will, sweetheart" Susan said, smiling again and kissing his head. "You're a *good girl*, after all, aren't you? Now sit down, please. I promise you the next stage of your metamorphosis, if we can call it so, will be much more pleasurable for you..."



Timothy walked over to the bed with difficulty since the corset forced him to take smaller and slower steps. When he finally got there, he was also forced to be much gentler when sitting down because otherwise he realized he would lose control of his whole body during the process.

He then saw Susan opening a small box and taking two delicate white pieces of clothing. "These are stockings, sweetie" she told him. "I know girls your age don't wear them a lot nowadays, but I think this is worth a try. Your legs are going to look so graceful! Not to mention that you're going to love the feeling of the nylons against your hairless legs. Trust me" she added with a wink.

The woman began putting a stocking on Timothy's leg, all the time teaching him the correct way to do so. "...You need to be careful, darling. Stockings are very fragile, as you can see. Point your toe and pull the fabric up gently and slowly, making sure that any area is wrinkled..."

Timothy would never admit it out loud, but God, Susan was right... It felt so damn good! He was sure that if he still had hairs on his body they would be shivering now. *I don't understand why girls don't use this kind of thing anymore... Man, they don't know what they are missing*...he thought, but then he immediately rebuked himself for such thinking. *What the heel is wrong with me? It's not like I'm enjoying it this much... right?*

"Now it's your turn, Timmy" Susan suddenly said, making the boy brake away from his confused thoughts. "And remember what I taught you! Gently and slowly..." Timothy started putting the stocking on his other leg, and once again he couldn't help it but felt that wonderful sensation as it went up all the way to his thigh. It was so amazing and frustrating at the same time...

"It looks great, sweetie! You're such a *natural*!" Susan clapped. "Now for your feet... You need some pretty shoes to match your lovely stockings, don't you think?" she asked, making Timothy swallow hard.

Timothy looked apprehensively at his stepmother as she approached him with a pink shoebox in hand. It was true that the boy had worn several women's shoes during the last few days, but just flat ones. This time, however, he feared Susan would want him to try something *bolder* – and his fears became real as soon as the woman opened the box...

"Just look at these shoes, Timmy!" Susan exclaimed, holding a pair of light pink Mary Jane's heels. "Aren't they the cutest thing in the world?"

Upon hearing that, all Timothy could do was keep staring at Susan, stunned. When would that crazy nightmare come to an end? He was about to say there was no way in hell he would put those shoes on, but before he could open his mouth he remembered he had just promised he would stop complaining all the time.



He then thought of a different strategy. Instead of complaining, he would just try to convince Susan that it was a terrible idea. She had to understand this. It was his only chance of salvation. "Oh, they are pretty indeed, Susan!" he said, trying to sound as excited as his stepmother. "But..."

"But what, sweetie?"

"I'm not so sure if I really should wear them. I mean... I'm sure it takes a lot of time to learn the right way to walk on heels, right? And it would be a disaster if my father spotted me struggling to walk on them. Instead of being annoyed by my girly appearance, he would just laugh at me, don't you think?" he finished, having to suppress a smile of satisfaction. His point of view had been so well presented that Susan would have no choice but to agree with him.

Or at least he believed so...

"This could even be the case if I were suggesting you to wear a pair of 5-inch stilettos, sweetie. These are just 1-inch heels, though. You're going to master them in no time. Even ten-year-olds can do so."

"A-are you sure?" Timothy asked, feeling miserable as he realized that his plan hadn't worked as he had hoped.

"Absolutely, honey! Also, it would be a shame if you didn't get a chance to try these shoes on since you liked them so much, right? Let's see if they fit."

Before Timothy could say anything else, Susan grabbed his right feet and slipped it into the shoe. The boy saw in despair that it fitted perfectly, and soon his left foot was inside the other shoe.

"Oh, it looks absolutely *superb*!" Susan smiled. "Let me help you get up."

Timothy stood up carefully, and then tried to balance himself. "I don't think I can do it, Susan!" he said, with his legs shaking.

"Of course you can. You just need to *slightly* change the way you walk. Put one foot in front of the other, as if you were walking on a line; keep your chest out and your head up; oh, and you must move your hips as you walk forward. It'll get a lot easier this way, especially since you are wearing a corset."

"How am I supposed to remember all that?" the boy asked, distressed.

"Pretty soon it will be natural for you. For now, just try doing it as I told you to do, okay?"And so the boy did, but his first steps were as uncertain as if he were walking on a frozen lake. "You aren't moving your hips, silly! And did you hear what I told you about keeping your head up?"

"I'm trying, Susan!" Timothy said, grinding his teeth. He had no idea how women could walk on heels so easily. Now that he was thinking about it, he was almost certain he had never seen Susan wearing flats. This was truly unbelievable. The boy was having such a hard time wearing just 1-inch heels... He couldn't help it but wondered what it would be like to walk on much higher heels.



"You're getting the hang of it, Timmy!" Susan said after some time. "I think soon enough you'll be walking on heels as gracefully as a model... Isn't it fabulous? Now try keeping your upper arms close to your body. That's it! And keep your fists loose!"

Timothy continued walking around the room for what seemed like hours. At some point, his feet and calves were aching so badly that he just couldn't keep doing it anymore. "Susan, can I take a break, please?" he begged her.

"Okay, sweetie. You still need more training, but I think you can take a sit for a minute or two."

"Great! How do I take these shoes off?"

"Why would you do something like that?" Susan asked, looking horrified by such idea. "Don't be silly, Timmy. You're going to keep your pretty shoes all day long."

"All day long?!"

"That's correct, *young lady*. Remember that practice makes perfect, and perfection is what you must aim for if you want to achieve your goal."

Timothy was so physically and mentally exhausted that he didn't even think about arguing when Susan told him a little later that he would be wearing a dress to complete his outfit. He simply stood up submissively and allowed the woman to help him get into it. He was already wearing women's underwear, a corset, stockings and high heels... What was the point of complaining about a dress?

The dress in question was a white and pink striped one, with buttons on the front and wide straps. It went down to the middle of his thighs, and – just like the shoes – fitted him like a glove. Looking at the mirror, Timothy shuddered once again noticing how feminine his shape looked thanks to the corset and bra inserts, not to mention the way the dress emphasizing '*his curves'*.

First my face, and now my body also looks like a girl's one, he thought, concerned. *Man, I really need to win this game as soon as possible to put an end to this madness...*

"Where's my father?" Timothy asked his stepmother when they got downstairs.

"Did you forget, Timmy? Today is Saturday. Your father woke up early to go hunting with his friends like he does every week."

Yes, Timothy had completely forgotten about that. Taking into account the state of confusion of his mind, it wasn't surprising, though. Every Saturday his father took some of his beloved weapons and went to a nearby forest to hunt moose, deer and other smaller animals.



Richard had obviously insisted for his son to accompany him many times, saying it was a chance for the boy to start behaving like a real man. But on each of these occasions, Timothy not only stressed how much he hated guns, but also stated that his father was a coward for shooting defenseless animals, which should just be left alone. Richard – for some reason – never liked such a response, and from that point on the conversation invariably turned into a heated exchange of unflattering adjectives.



"But if my father already went out, why am I dressed like this?" Timothy asked indignantly, pointing to his own body. "He's not here to see me!"

"Use your pretty little head, silly! Aren't you feeling uncomfortable about your new clothes?"

"Of course!"

"That's the point. I'm sure your father would be able to notice your discomfort. But since he's out, you'll have the whole day to get used to your new clothes before he gets home."

Once again, Timothy got frustrated to realize he could find no flaw in Susan's relentless logic. "What am I going to do all day long dressed like this, anyway?" he asked, annoyed.

"Do you remember that your father suggested you should start helping me with the housework? This is what we're going to do now. And when I say we, I mean *you* are going to do most of the work while I mentor you. You have a lot to learn, after all."



After another ridiculously unsatisfactory breakfast, Timothy began cleaning the house under Susan's watchful eyes. The boy had to sweep and wax the floor, remove dust from furniture, polish the silverware, wash the bathrooms, among other many chores.

When Timothy realized this, it was already lunch time, and he was feeling exhausted in a way he had never experienced before. He had no idea that cleaning a house could be so strenuous. And to make things worse, he had to do this wearing a corset and high heels, of course. Contrary to what Susan had predicted, the boy hadn't yet been able to get used to such garments. How could he, when his feet and abdomen kept aching incessantly?

There was also his bra inserts. They didn't cause him any pain, but their presence was incredibly annoying, always getting in the way. Not to mention the bra straps, that dug into his shoulders all the time.

"Are we done for the day, Susan?" Timothy asked after lunch, which was as insipid as breakfast. Timothy was allowed to eat only salad, a small portion of brown rice and a tiny piece of grilled chicken breast. He was still hungry after the meal, but at the same time he wasn't sure if he would have been able to eat more because of the corset compressing his stomach.

"Done for the day?" Susan got surprised. "Don't be silly, Timmy! There's still a lot to do."

"But I've already cleaned the whole house!" the boy protested.

"But what about the dirty clothes? Do you think they get cleaned by magic? It's time to do the laundry."

Standing in front of the washing machine, Timothy thought this chore wasn't that bad since the washing machine did almost all the work by itself. The boy just needed to put the powder soap and be careful not to mix white and colored clothes.

"You're doing great, sweetie!" Susan said. "Now we just need to take care of the delicate pieces."

"No problem. I can put them in the machine in a minute."

"Oh, no! Those pieces are called delicate for a reason. No machine this time."

"What I should do, then?"

"You have to hand wash them."

Susan took one of her lace bras and showed the boy how he was supposed to wash it. "See?" she asked. "You need to be gentle or you will ruin this kind of clothing. Do not rush... Just rub it as if you were caressing a loved one. Do you want to try?"

"O-okay" Timothy said, not so sure about that.

"You can start with this one" the woman handed him a pair of pink lace panties.

"Umm... Susan..." the boy murmured, feeling awkward. "But these are your panties, aren't they? Are you sure that I should..."

"Relax, sweetie. My panties won't bite you. Just feel the material. Isn't it soft and pleasant to the touch?"



"Y-yes" Timothy admitted, embarrassed. That was the first time ever he was touching that kind of female underwear (he was wearing panties, true, but just plain cotton ones) and he couldn't deny that it felt amazing. He had hoped that his first contact with lingerie would be quite different. Maybe in a *moment of intimacy* with Katherine, taking the girl's clothes off... Yes, that would have been fantastic... Instead of that, his first experience with lace panties was taking place at the laundry room of his house, with him washing his stepmother's underwear dressed like a sissy!

Thinking about Katherine made Timothy sad and angry again. The same night Susan convinced the boy that going out with Katherine would be an idea, at least for now, she also told him to cancel the

date right away, without wasting time. Timothy said he'd rather wait until the next day and talk to Katherine in person, but Susan said it was a bad idea because he could lose his nerve in front of the girl.

He then texted her, and said that he wouldn't be able to met her on Saturday because he needed to solve some issues. The girl said it was fine and that they could set something else in the future, but Timothy was sure that she had gotten disappointed. As the boy kept washing Susan's panties, he thought once again he would never forget his father if he lost the girl because of that silly game.

"Excellent, Timmy!" Susan exclaimed when the boy finished washing her underwear. "You did a fabulous work! Now let's see how you do with this nightie" she added, handing him a white silk nightwear.

Timothy got the piece, once again feeling amazed at how soft it was... Just as soft as the stockings he was wearing. Yes, however much Timothy wanted to deny it, he continued to feel shivers throughout the day as his legs rubbed against each other, and in each of those times he had to stifle a gasp...

"You like it, don't you?" Susan asked with a mischievous smile, as if she were reading the boy's mind.

"I don't know what you're talking about, Susan!"

"Ha! Who are you trying to fool, silly? I can see the truth written on your face. I'll tell you what. Since you like it so much, you can keep this nightie. It's yours now."

"What?! But Susan, I don't want..."

"Stop it right now, *young lady*. You can't refuse a gift. That would be rude."

Whatever, Timothy thought, irritated. *I'm never ever going to wear it, anyway. So who cares...*

The boy spent the following two hours hand washing not only lingerie, but also silk blouses and skirts and embroidered dresses. As expected, it proved to be a slow and meticulous work. And all the while he had to listen to Susan pointing out the difference of each piece, and the correct way to wear them in order to look good. Timothy paid attention to it just because he knew that this was the kind of information that, if presented at the right time, would infuriate his father.

When the laundry was finally done, Susan said that now Timothy needed to hang the clothes on the clothesline.

"Fine" the boy said. "But I need to get changed before going outside!"

"I can't see why this is necessary, honey. You look *fabulous* already."

"But Susan! What if someone..." before he could finish the sentence, his stepmother had already handed him a big basket full of laundered clothes, and pushed him out of the house toward the backyard.

"Take your time and hang everything carefully, sweetie" Susan said. "If some piece falls from the clothesline, you'll have to wash it again, and you don't want that, do you?" she finished, slamming the door at the boy's face.

Timothy stood frozen for a moment. He knew the backyard couldn't be seen from the street, but what if some neighbor spotted him from a window? He couldn't believe he was wearing women's clothes outside the house. This was the materialization of any boy's worst nightmare!

He approached the clothesline quickly (or as quick as his high heels allowed), feeling a gentle breeze between his legs as he advanced. It was so weird to wear a dress outdoors... He feared that someone would arise at any moment calling him a freak faggot.

However, as he began to hang the laundry out, he managed to relax a little bit. Half the clothes were already hanging on the clothesline and no one had seen him. He honestly believed now he would be able to finish the task without any incident.

But then, suddenly, something scared him to death...

"Hi there!" said a voice behind him, making the boy jump and let out a high-pitched squeal.

When Timothy turned around, he immediately recognized the person who had spoken to him. It was Mrs. Bennett, the old widow who lived next door. The woman was taking care of her garden, as she did every afternoon, when she saw someone in the neighboring backyard.

Mrs. Bennett was short and plump, and had a friendly face with tiny blue eyes and short, curly white hair. She actually was a terrible gardener – mostly because her very poor eyesight – but despite that, she loved her flowers and took care of them as if they were her children.

"I'm so sorry, sweetheart" the old woman said, with a sincere expression of concern on her face. "I didn't mean to scare you."

"Umm... that's okay, Ma'am. This wasn't your fault. I was just distracted for a moment" Timothy replied in a girly voice, reluctantly approaching the fence as he knew it would be unkind not to do so. He just hoped that Mrs. Bennett's eyesight was as bad as everyone believed.

"I don't think we've been introduced before, young lady. I'm Eleanor Bennett, and I live right here" the woman intended to indicate to her house, but her finger pointed to a completely different direction. "What about you? Do you live in the neighborhood, as well?"



Timothy sighed in relief. Mrs. Bennett hadn't recognized him, and she was even convinced that he was a girl, not a boy in drag. However, at the same time that he felt relieved, he also got bothered by

being mistaken for a female. It didn't matter if Mrs. Bennett was virtually blind. His male ego got shaken the same way.

"Nice to meet you, Mrs. Bennett" the boy said, nervously rubbing his legs against each other, which once again made him shiver because of his stockings. "I'm Ti..." he started saying, but stopped suddenly, realizing he had nearly spoken his real name.

What the hell was wrong with me? He wondered, shocked. Now he needed to think of a female name quickly, and one that started with the syllable 'ti'... "Tiffany!" he finally burst out. "My name is Tiffany, Ma'am! And I am... Umm... Susan's niece! Yes, that is it. I came here to spend the weekend with her and Uncle Richard since my cousin Timothy is out of the town."

"Tiffany, huh? Oh, that's a pretty name, my darling... A pretty name for a pretty girl!" Mrs. Bennett said, squeezing Timothy's cheek. "My eyes aren't the same anymore, but I still can see that you are such a beautiful young lady!"

"T-thank you, Ma'am" Timothy stammered, blushing. He then started thinking about what he was going to do next. He knew he had to get out of there as soon as possible. What if some other neighbor came along? Someone who could see properly, and would recognize Timothy right away? But he had no idea how he would get away from the old woman, who seemed willing to have a long and *pleasant* conversation.

I'll just tell her my "aunt" needs me to do her some favor, Timothy thought, satisfied that at least once his mind had worked fast under pressure. However, before he could even open his mouth, he was once again surprised...

"Sweetie, why are you taking so long with the clothes?" he heard his stepmother asking, as she left the house looking for him. Not long after, she realized that Timothy wasn't alone.

"Oh, I'm afraid it was my fault, Susan" Mrs. Bennett said, as the other woman approached. "I was the one holding Tiffany back. I just couldn't help it but had to start a little talk with your adorable niece."

Upon hearing "Tiffany" and "niece", Susan seemed stunned for a moment, but she regained her composure pretty fast. "This is entirely understandable, Mrs. Bennett" she said, smiling. "I know very well how charming *Tiffany* can be" she added, casting a mischievous look at her desperate stepson.

"She was just telling me that she came to spend the weekend with you and your husband while Timothy is out of town. I think it's a shame she's leaving so soon."

"I totally agree, Mrs. Bennett. I just love having my *pretty little niece* around. But who knows... perhaps *she* can stay with us a little longer" Susan suggested, and Timothy felt like running away. Too bad his legs were shaking so much and he was hearing high heels...

"I truly hope so" Mrs. Bennett said, excited. "I miss having some young lady in the neighborhood. Oh, I just had an amazing idea! Why don't both of you come here at my house to have some tea? In the case you don't mind the company of an old lady, of course."

"Your company is always a pleasure, Mrs. Bennett" Susan assured her. "And we gladly accept your invitation, right, Tiffany?" she asked the sissified boy. Then, noticing his reluctance, she insisted, raising an eyebrow "Tiffany?"

"S-sure" Timothy finally said, hardly believing he was agreeing with that. But what else could he do in such a difficult situation? "T-thanks for inviting us, Mrs. Bennett."

"You're welcome, sweetheart. I see you're such a polite girl, too. How precious! I expect to see you two in twenty minutes. I'll get the tea ready."

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"I'm not going... I'm not going... I'm not going!" Timothy kept saying when he and Susan where back into the house, away from Mrs. Bennett.

"What are you talking about, Tiffany? You just promised it. You can't back up now."

"I promised it because I had no choice, and you know that very well! This is crazy, Susan! You can really..." he stopped talking in the middle of the sentence and looked angry at his stepmother. "Why are you calling me Tiffany?" he cried out stridently. Timothy certainly wasn't aware of that, but he was still talking in '*girl mode*', and the angrier he got, the higher and more feminine his voice sounded.

"Well, wasn't it you who told Mrs. Bennett that you were called Tiffany?" Susan asked calmly.

"Yeah, but I couldn't tell her my real name, could I? She isn't here now, though."

"That's right, honey. However, this little incident made me think of something... We can't expect your father to take seriously this story of you wanting to be a girl if we keep calling you Timothy, and using male pronouns when referring to you. This just won't do. So from now on you *are* Tiffany, understood? That's how you'll be treated inside the house. I have to say that you've made a great choice. Tiffany is such a pretty and feminine name!"

Timothy felt so outraged that he couldn't even express his indignation. Now Susan wanted to call him Tiffany all the time. Just unbelievable! Why had he thought of that damn name, anyway? He wasn't mad just because it was a female name, oh no... In Timothy's mind, Tiffany was a girly name just suited for some kind of frivolous girl who worried a lot about fashion, makeup, stylish hairstyles... There was no way he would accept being called like that. It was absurd. However, he was once again unable to find a flaw in Susan's rationalization.

"Earth to Tiffany, are you listening to me, young lady?"

"Umm... What?"

"I was telling you we have to hurry, dear. Mrs. Bennett is waiting for us."

"But, Susan, I told you I don't want to go!"

"For the last time, you promised, Tiffany. And you saw how happy Mrs. Bennett got when you did so. I doubt she gets many visitors. Do you really want to break the heart of such a sweet old lady?"

Timothy sighed. "You're really going to make me feel bad if I don't go, right? And you'll keep calling me Tiffany?"

"Yes and yes. Now go refresh your lipstick as I taught you come back here right away. I assure you that all this will be useful for you to defeat your father, in a way or another..."

"Come in, my darlings!" Mrs. Bennett said, happily opening the front door of her house. "Make yourselves at home, please."

The old woman took her guests to a small but cozy living room. On a small coffee table in the center, there was a teapot, some cupcakes and platters with cookies and a cake. Timothy got impressed by the great care with which everything had been arranged. Despite her poor eyesight, it was clear that Mrs. Bennett was still capable of setting a table perfectly.

The boy sat next to his stepmother on a white couch with floral pattern, remembering to keep his legs together so as not to show off his panties. Even though he had a smile on his face, he couldn't be more distressed. It was crazy to think he had truly gone out wearing women's clothing. Less than fifty steps separated his house from Mrs. Bennett's one, but it still felt like the longest walk of his life. He would certainly have turned around and run towards the safety of his bedroom had it not been for Susan's firm arm on his back, forcing him to keep going.

"Someone will see me, Susan!" he whispered to his stepmother, afflicted.

"I doubt it, *Tiffany*. Almost everyone is out since this is Saturday afternoon. And even if there is still someone around, so what? If you act accordingly, they will only be able to see a pretty teenage girl."

Timothy wasn't so sure about that, and then he kept looking sideways all the time until they finally reached the house next door.

Now the worst is over, he tried to console himself, as Mrs. Bennett poured him some tea. The old woman was already convinced he was a girl. If he didn't commit any absurdly stupid mistake, his real identity would be safe.

"So tell me about you, Tiffany, dear" Mrs. Bennett asked, with a cheerful expression. "I'd like to know everything!"

"Umm... There's nothing much to tell, Ma'am" Timothy said, smoothing the skirt of his dress nervously. "I live in a small neighboring town with my parents, and I'm a senior high school student."

"Just it? What about your hobbies and interests? I hope I'm not being *too* intrusive, sweetheart. The thing is that I wasn't blessed with a girl in my life. I have two sons and a grandson – who I love with all my heart, of course – but I've always missed having a baby girl to spoil and treat like a princess" she sighed. "You said you're a senior high school student. Then I assume you're seventeen? Eighteen?"

"Eighteen, Ma'am."

"Oh, that's interesting... very, very interesting... You're the same age as my grandson!"

"Your grandson? He's not here, is he?" Timothy asked before he could stop himself, afraid he would be seen dressed like a girl by another boy. However, the anxious tone of his voice made it seem like he had *other concerns* in mind.

"Tiffany Rose Foster! You should behave better, young lady!" his stepmother scolded him. "You don't want Mrs. Bennett thinking you're some *boy-crazy* girl, do you?"

"W-what?!" Timothy cried out, his face as red as a fire hydrant. He had definitely not asked about Mrs. Bennett's grandson for the reason his stepmother had assumed. And why had she called him Tiffany *Rose* Foster? Now he had a female middle name, too?

"*Aunt* Susan, I didn't mean..."

"Oh, that's perfectly fine, my dear" Mrs. Bennett interrupted him, patting his hand. "I will not think badly of you because of it. This may seem difficult to believe, but I was your age once, and I know very well how hard it is to stop thinking about boys when you're a teenager" the old woman's smile grew larger as she seemed to be remembering the *good old days*. "Tell me, Tiffany, do you have a boyfriend?"

"Me? A boyfriend?" Timothy covered his mouth with his manicured hands, shocked. "No, Mrs. Bennett, I don't."

"But I'm sure that a beautiful girl like you won't stay single for too long, huh?" she winked. "Answering your question, no, my grandson isn't here today, which is a shame. He's a very charming boy, you know... I think the two of you would get along very well."

"He and his parents visit me pretty often" she continued. "They keep urging me to go live with them, as if I couldn't take care of myself just because I'm not a young lady anymore, those fools..." Mrs.

Bennett let out a petulant huff. "But I know they are good people, and just have my best interests at heart. Anyway, maybe I can introduce my grandson to you the next time you visit your aunt. Would you like that, sweetheart?"

"Umm... sure, Mrs. Bennett. T-that would be... *totally* fabulous!" Timothy claimed, knowing he had to stay in character. He felt relieved that the old woman would never see *Tiffany* ever again.

As the time passed, the conversation remained focused on the so-called *young lady*. The sissified boy was once again asked his hobbies and interests, and, trying to sound as convincing as possible, he said he liked shopping, reading women's magazine, painting his nails and practicing makeup, hanging out with his *besties*, and so on... He hated saying all that crap, but at least he was sure it would be enough for Mrs. Bennett to keep believing he was a female.

It was just almost two hours later when Susan finally said they had to go. She explained that her husband would be home soon, and so she and Tiffany had to make dinner.

"It's sad you two have to go, but I understand, my darlings" Mrs. Bennett said. "Oh, but before you leave, I have something for Tiffany" She left the living room for a moment and returned carrying a small pink velvet case. "Open it, sweetheart" she told Timothy.

When the boy did so, he gasped seeing what was inside: there was a gold necklace with a heart-shaped pendant, and a pair of matching stud earrings.

"Do you like it?" Mrs. Bennett asked, with her face full of expectation.

"O-of course, Ma'am" Timothy stammered, uncertain about what was going on there.

"My mother gave me this set when I was a little younger than you. Now this is yours."

"W-what? Thank you, Mrs. Bennett, b-but I can't possibly accept it. I mean..."

"Stop it right now, my dear. As I told you, I have neither a daughter nor granddaughter, so I *really* want to give it to you. I know we've just met, but for some reason I already feel a great connection to you."

Then, without saying another word, Mrs. Bennett took the necklace and put it around Timothy's neck, fastening it. "Oh, my! It looks so great on you, my dear... Just perfect!" the old woman exclaimed, while the confused boy was still unsure about what to do. "Why don't you try the earrings now?"

"Umm... I can't, Mrs. Bennett. My ears aren't pierced."

"Why not?" the old woman got surprised. "Don't you want to wear earrings?"



"Yes, of course I do. But... umm... I guess I'm just scared of the pain of having my ears pierced."

"Nonsense, my dear! You're just going to feel a little pinch and this is over. Don't let something so simple prevent you from looking even prettier. Do you promise me you'll be wearing those studs the next time I see you?"

"O-okay, Mrs. Bennett. I promise" Timothy said, feeling bad for lying to the old woman once again. He decided he would just find way to return her the jewelry set later.

"Superb, my dear!" Mrs. Bennett clapped. "No, you don't need to thank me for the gift again. Believe me, it was my pleasure..."

"Take the plates to the dining room, Tiffany" Susan said. "Your father will be here anytime now."

After a whole day wearing a corset and high heels, Timothy could hardly wait to be finally allowed to go to his bedroom and get rid of those torturous things. It wouldn't be long... He just had to survive until after dinner and he would be free.

Before that, however, he knew he needed to gather all his willpower to be able to look delighted about everything that was going on when he met his father. If he played his cards right, he had hope that *Tiffany* would be gone for good before the end of the night.

Picking up the plates, the boy headed to the dining room. Despite all his discomfort, he had to admit that – after so much training – he was being able to get around in an almost acceptable pacing wearing heels. To make it possible, though, he had to move his hips at every step, just like Susan had taught him, which made him feel ever more like a sissy.

The instant Timothy finished setting the plates, he heard the front door opening. He knew very well what that meant. Taking a deep breath and freezing a big smile on his face, he went to the living room.



"Hi, *daddy*!" he cried out in a high, melodious voice, as he put one hand on his waist and wrapped a lock of hair with the other.

Richard, who hadn't even had time to put his rifle away yet, looked at his son with so much fury and horror that the boy wondered if it wouldn't have been better to wait until the gun was safe somewhere before making his *grand entrance*.

"You... You... Look..." Richard mumbled, with an immense effort.

"Tiffany, who are you talking to?" they heard Susan asking from the kitchen. "Is your father home?"

"Who's Tiffany?" Richard growled at his son.

"Who else could it be, *daddy*?" Timothy giggled. "Do you see any girl here besides me? I realized that it made, like, no sense at all being called Timothy since I no longer want to be a guy... So now I'm Tiffany Rose Foster" he stated, remembering the full name mentioned by Susan earlier. "Oh, daddy, don't you agree this is, like, the prettiest name ever?" Then, addressing his stepmother, he yelled, "Yes, Susan, daddy's home!"

"Oh, hello, dear!" Susan said, entering the living room and kissing her husband on the cheek. "Why are you still holding this gun? You should put this in the case. Yes, that’s better. Now, what you think about your *daughter's* new look? At first, I thought this story of her waiting to be a girl was just a *'nine-day wonder'*, but I'm not so sure anymore since she seems very serious about it. She begged me so much to buy her some pretty new clothes... You have no idea how happy she looked when she saw this dress and heels. It was like Christmas to her! Oh, and I'm not sure if I should mention this, but she's even wearing women's underwear!"

"W-women's underwear?!" Richard's eyes widened in shock.

"Exactly, honey. And there's also the name and pronouns thing, of course. She made it clear that she wants to be referred to as a girl all the time. It seems that Tiffany is here to stay."

Richard took some time to absorb all that information before asking, "B-but how is it possible that he... fine, she..." he changed the pronoun after a disapproving look from his wife. "How is it possible that she suddenly got the *right body* to wear a dress? Look at her waist and chest... It makes no sense!"

"This is another thing I don't think I should discuss with you, honey. *Girls' secrets*, you know... But okay, just this time... Tiffany is wearing a corset to reduce her waistline and inserts in her bra. After she read about these possibilities on the internet, she practically forced me to buy such *appliances* for her."

Soon enough, Richard sat heavily on the nearest couch, looking completely defeated. Timothy noticed that his father was so stunned that he seemed unable to keep fighting. The boy was sure that at any moment the man would beg him to behave like a male again and would accept whatever condition his son imposed to do so.

But then, when Timothy least expected it, an evil grin appeared on his father's face...

"What you need to understand, *Tiffany*" he started saying, "is that this situation is very hard for me. I'm an old-fashioned man, I admit, and discovering that my son, my only son, wants to a girl, is a big shock. But I also like to think that I'm a good father, so my *deepest desire* is to support you... However, I'm still not fully convinced that being a woman is what you really want. Tell me, the high heels, bra, corset... Isn't all this uncomfortable?"

"A little bit, daddy, but that's a price I'm willing to pay to look beautiful" the boy replied, defiantly.

"Very well... So let me see. Right now, you depend on those things to look like a female, don't you? I mean, without the corset and bra, your body you looks like a boy's one, and I'm sure the heels help you to walk gracefully like a proper lady."

"Y-you're right, daddy." Timothy stuttered, his confidence suddenly disappearing.

"Then you should keep wearing all this the whole time, don't you think? Not only to prove to me that you wish to live as Tiffany, but also to feel like a girl in every moment. I'm sure you can keep the corset and bra even to bed, isn't it possible, Susan?"

"Absolutely, honey" his wife said quickly.

"So what you say, *Tiffany*? Do you agree with my suggestion or do you think this isn't worth it?"

Timothy had to fight the urge to tell his father to go to hell. For the first time, he even considered the idea of simply giving up that scheme. Everything was being so hard... But he was able to control himself. He wouldn't give up that easily... He just couldn't! His whole future depended on it, after all.

"I think this is a *marvelous* idea, daddy!" he exclaimed, shuddering at the thought that he would be forced to use a corset even to sleep – if he was able to sleep, of course. "Thank you for being so good to me!"

"You're welcome, *princess*" Richard grinned again. "Now, all I want to know is if dinner's ready. I can't wait to see what my *sweet little daughter* prepared for me tonight."

"Oh, look who's here, guys!" Adam, the biggest jerk in school, said when Timothy entered the locker room. It was Wednesday of the following week, and the basketball team was getting ready for another training session. "None other but *Tammy*, our sissy mascot!"

Timothy lowered his eyes trying to ignore the wild laughter coming from all directions. Yes, he had a new nickname now. The boy tried to comfort himself by thinking that Tammy at least didn't sound as bad as Tiffany.

He wasn't being exactly successful in such an attempt, though…

Timothy didn't know exactly why, but he was feeling a lot more emotive and sentimental these days. He had always felt bothered by being bullied, but it was so much worse now. As he got changed into his basketball uniform, he had to fight back tears while he heard some other guy mocking him once again because of his hairless body.

Why can't I just tell those sons of bitches to go to hell? He wondered, troubled. *Why are their words hitting me so hard? Could it be that I've heard so much that I'm a sissy that I'm truly becoming one?*

"You know, Tammy" Adam spoke again. "I don't know why you're still here. You're just embarrassing the team. How can a sissy boy like you even think about…"

Adam, however, was suddenly interrupted before he could finish whatever he still had to say. If Timothy was completely unable to react to such provocations, the same couldn't be said about someone else… Martin, his best friend, moved as fast as a bullet and pressed Adam against the wall, lifting him up by his shirt collar with just one hand.

"If you say another word… Just a single word… " the boy started, grinding his teeth together, in a whisper far more menacing than any scream could be.

Martin usually was so calm and relaxed that people often forgot that he was one of the tallest, strongest guys in the school. Even Timothy got surprised at how intimidating his friend looked at that moment. He was sure he had never seen him *that* furious.

"Hey, man, I was just joking around, okay?" Adam said, frightened, vainly trying to break free. Like any other bully, he immediately toned down his manner as he found someone capable of confronting him. "Chill out, man!"

"Not until I'm sure you understood what I'm saying" Martin stated, hitting Adam's back against the wall once more.

"What the hell is going on here?" Coach Smith exclaimed, entering the locker room. "I don't want fights on the team! All of you, to the court, now, unless you want a detention! I said now, Simmons!"

Martin reluctantly let Adam go, but not before casting one last threatening glance at him.

"T-thank you, Martin" Timothy said, after the other guys had left the locker room, approaching his friend. Timothy was so moved and grateful that he felt like hugging Martin. He was able to stop himself at the very last moment, though.

What the hell am I doing? He thought, horrified. *As if it weren't enough that I can't defend myself – like I were some damsel in distress – now I'm going to start hugging guys to thank them for saving me, as well? What's next? A kiss?*

The two friends then stood facing each other awkwardly for what seemed to be a very long time.

"Umm... No problem, Tim" Martin finally said, extending his hand. His anger had vanished as easily as it had emerged, and he once again had a dreamy expression on his face. When Timothy shook his hand, though, even someone as absent-minded as Martin was able to notice something strange. Timothy's hand felt so soft and smooth... Also, his nails were a bit longer and looked very well-cared; all this not to mention that Timothy was holding Martin's hand softly, with his wrist loose.

Martin obviously had no idea of the new routine his friend was being forced to follow. Every night, before bed, Timothy had to spread several creams all over his body: arms and legs; hands and feet; chest and belly; shoulders, neck and face... no spot could be neglected. He also had to take care of his nails every day, and Susan kept teaching him how to act and behave like a proper young lady restlessly.

"Umm... Martin?" Timothy said, shyly, as he friend kept holding his hand. "I think we need to go or Coach Smith is going to truly kill us."

"What? Oh, right! The training session... Yeah, let's get going, then..."

Martin left the locker room with Timothy leading the way, and he was able to notice another unexpected thing. A he walked, his friend was putting on foot in front of the other, and moving his hips subtly at every step. Yes, although Timothy wasn't aware of that, almost a full week wearing corset and high heels all the time while he was at home had already been enough to change the way he naturally walked. Martin, on his part, was now more than sure that something unusual was indeed happening to his friend.

He decided he would find out what it exactly was.

The training was still just in the beginning, but it was already possible to see that it was fated to be another catastrophic for Timothy. The boy's performance was being even worse than in the previous week. He had no strength to pass the ball correctly, let alone throw it into the basket; he was much

slower than the other boys; and, when his team was defending, he was too afraid to approach any opponent because of how intimidated he felt next to them.

"Foster!" Coach Smith roared. "If you don't pull yourself together right now, I'm going to kick your ass out of the team, did you hear me?"

"Y-yes, sir!" Timothy said, but the truth was that he seemed beyond salvation. Any viewer would think so, watching him run completely lost around the court like a scared little kitten. He had reason to be scared, though, and it wasn't just because of his execrable performance...

A little later, Timothy saw Adam running towards him with the ball in hand. His expression made it clear that he was mad for revenge after what had happened in the locker room. Timothy got so desperate that for a moment he thought of just getting out of the way, but he knew he couldn't do that. No, it would be too humiliating. He had to stay there and face Adam... like a *man*.

"Move, faggot!" It was all that Adam said as he passed Timothy with extreme ease, taking advantage of the situation to push him so hard with the shoulder that it was enough to make Timothy fall painfully to the ground, hitting his head.

"What's wrong, sissy?" Adam mocked him. "Did you break a nail? You're not going to cry, are you?"

But as soon as Adam turned around, he swallowed hard.

"I warned you" Martin simply said, before taking the ball from Adam's hands and throwing it against the other boy's face with all his strength. A second later, it was Adam's turn to fall to the ground, screaming and squirming as he dirty the count floor with his blood... his nose was clearly broken.

"Who is the sissy now, huh?" Martin growled furiously at him. "And don't even think about going to the nurse's office. I'm taking Tim there first."

And saying so, he went to Timothy picked his friend up in his arms as easily as if he were lifting a pillow. Timothy, still feeling confused and dizzy, took a few moments to fully understand what was happening. When he finally managed to do so, he felt embarrassed beyond words.

"Put me down, man!" he begged, in an anguished whisper. "I can get to the nurse's office with my own legs!"

"No, you can't" Martin said, resolutely. "You just hit your head, so I think it's a lot safer for you to be carried there."

"But..."

"Stop being so stubborn, okay? I'm telling you... I'll take care of you, *man*" he stated, looking deep into his friend's eyes, which caused Timothy to shut up as he felt a shiver through his body...



Nurse Grant was remembering a surprising – but very enlightening – phone call she had had that morning when the very same person who had been the subject of such a conversation burst into her office. The boy approached her quickly and, without offering any explanation, began to cry copiously in her arms.

"What's wrong, sweetie?" she asked in astonishment, hugging him.

Timothy tried to answer her question, but he felt completely unable to stop the flow of tears and sobs that overwhelmed him at that moment. After facing so many traumatic situations in such a short time, his emotions had finally got the best of him.

Realizing that it was useless to try to extract any comprehensible information from the boy while he was so sorrowful, Nurse Grant decided to simply console him for the time being. "Shhh... It's okay, honey..." she said, in a motherly tone. "Everything will be fine..."

Timothy didn't remember ever crying like that before, and it took him a few minutes until he was able to control himself.

"Are you feeling better now?" the woman asked, stroking his hair with his head stuck in her ample cleavage.

"Yes, Ma'am" the young man told her, sincerely. He didn't know why, but he was indeed feeling a lot better after crying, as if it had relieved the burden he had been carrying. All this was so weird... He simply couldn't understand what was happening to him.

"I'm glad to hear that, sweetie. Now, can you explain to me what was bothering you so much?"

Being able to think straight again, Timothy felt extremely ashamed of his behavior. How would he justify to Nurse Grant the fact that he had just invaded her office crying like a little girl?

"Umm... W-well..." he stammered, not knowing what to say next.

"I bet this has something to do with your basketball practice, doesn't it?"

"Y-yes" Timothy said, although he knew that it hadn't been the sole cause of his emotional breakdown.

"Oh, you poor little thing!" she hugged him tightly one more time. "Did those mean boys hurt you again?"

"It wasn't like that, Nurse Grant!" Timothy lied, very annoyed for being treated as if he were the most delicate thing in the world. "I... Umm... I tripped and hit my head on the floor. That was all."

"You hit your head? Oh my God, let me check it!" said the woman, starting to examine his scalp right away. "Yes, I see. This isn't something serious, but I'm afraid you're going to get a bump on your head. You don't need to cry anymore, though. You'll be fine, sweetie. Now, I couldn't help it but noticed that your hair has a marvelous scent" she added, perhaps in an attempt to cheer him up. "Tell me, do you use some special shampoo? I'd like to try it out, too!"

"Special shampoo?!" Timothy cried out, distressed. He knew it had been a bad idea to accept using that shampoo Susan had given him. His hair now smelled like flowers. "Oh no, Ma'am! This is just some ordinary stuff, you know... the kind of thing one can get in any drugstore."

"Oh, really? It seems like you definitely don't want to share your *beauty secrets*, huh?" the woman playfully said, giggling. "Now seriously, my dear, I think you should get out of the basketball team. This is the second time in a week that you come here after getting hurt. This sport just isn't for you."

"I can play basketball very well, Ma'am!" Timothy protested. "This is just that... well... I've been feeling a little weak and tired in the last few days for some reason... Maybe I caught a cold or something..." the boy knew very well the real reason for his weakness, but there was no way he was

going to tell Nurse Grant about his diet. "I guess that's why I've been getting hurt. No big deal, though. I'll be fine soon."

"No big deal, you say? I need to investigate this, my dear. A boy your age isn't supposed to be feeling weak and tired all the time."

She then checked Timothy's pupils, ears and throat; measured his blood pressure; and got her stethoscope to verify his heart rate. However, as soon as the instrument made contact with Timothy's chest, the boy let out a squeal of pain.

"What's wrong, sweetie. I barely touched you."

"My, chest, Nurse Grant... This has been a little sore recently, too."

It had started two days before. Timothy was taking a shower in the morning when he felt a slight discomfort as he tried to lather his chest. Looking down his body, he also noticed that his nipples were a little swollen. It was weird, but the boy didn't pay much attention to it at the time. The next day, though, the discomfort was much worse, and not only his nipples but also the area around them were swollen.

He wondered what might be causing it. The conclusion – at least for him – was obvious. The only plausible explanation was that it was happening because of the bra and inserts he was wearing all the time while at home. This had to be some kind of allergic reaction to the inserts' material.

Timothy considered telling his stepmother he would stop wearing those crap things, but on second thought he realized this wasn't a good idea. If his father saw him without his "*little boobs*", the man would have an advantage over him. The boy then decided to hang in there for a while to see if that allergic reaction would go away.

"Your chest is sore..." Nurse Grant remarked, scratching her chin. "It seems like you have a new symptom to report every minute, don't you? Take your shirt off, please."

"This is not necessary, Ma'am!"

"Who's the nurse here, my dear? If I'm telling you to take your shirt off, it's because this is actually necessary."

Timothy reluctantly obeyed her as Nurse Grant put on a pair of surgical gloves. "Yes, this is swollen. Does it hurt if I touch here?"

"Ouch!"

"I see it does... What about now?" she asked, touching one of Timothy's nipples as gently as possible. Timothy felt something again, but this time the feeling was quite different from pain... Before he

could fully understand what was happening, he let out a high-pitched moan as an intense shock of pleasure hit him. It lasted no more than a second, but was enough to make him completely dazed.

"Interesting..." Nurse Grant said, with a strange expression on her face. Was she smiling? Timothy wasn't sure. "I don't think you need to worry about it, my dear. I'm just going to give you an anti-allergy cream, and I want you to rub it on your chest three times a day, okay?"

"No problem, Ma'am."

"Now, about your weakness, I couldn't spot any obvious reason for that. You actually seem perfectly healthy, so we're just going to try a compound of vitamins. If you don't feel better in a week or so, it will be time to seek a doctor. I know some great professionals in this area, and I can refer you to one of them, if necessary. Lower your shorts and bend over, please."

"What? Why?"

"Your vitamin, silly. This is an intramuscular injection in the buttocks. You're not *too* afraid of needles, are you?"



"Umm... no!" Timothy lied again. After crying like a baby in Nurse Grant's arms, he thought he now needed to show *some bravery* at least once or his ego would be even more hurt. Plus, a vitamin shot wouldn't do him any harm, right?

He then lowered his shorts and bend over as the woman approached him from behind, holding a syringe. The shot burned like hell, and the young man just couldn't hold back another squeal of pain.

"There, there, it's all over now" Nurse Grant said, patting his aching butt. "Trust me, you'll thank me for this in the future, darling. You have no idea how much..."

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"This is not working, Susan" Timothy complained once again, desolate. "We need to do something about it."

It was late afternoon on Friday, which meant that another week was coming to an end, and Timothy hadn't yet defeated his father. This situation was driving him crazy. As if the fact that he had to dress and act like a girl all the time while he was at home wasn't enough, that charade was also causing complications for him at school.

The boy had never been as bullied as now, which definitely was having a big impact on him. He felt like crying with worrying frequency, not to mention how helpless he felt before his tormentors. He was sure he would be even more screwed if it weren't for Martin, his friend, who had already saved his ass a few times now.

However, even his friendship had gotten shaken recently, as Timothy painfully recalled...

Everything had happened earlier that day, when Martin approached Timothy before their first class. "Hey, Tim" he said, looking embarrassed, which was completely out of character for him. "Can we talk for a minute?"

"Sure, man!" Timothy replied. "Before anything else, though, I'd like to... well... I'd like to thank you for what you did yesterday, you know... at the basketball practice. I owe you one, man."

"What?" Martin asked, looking confused for a moment. "Ah, yeah, the basketball practice! Don't worry about that, man" he waved his hand, as if he wanted to dismiss something unimportant. "I just gave Adam what he deserved."

"Yeah, right, but thanks, anyway! So, what do you what to talk about?"

"Well..." Martin started, scratching the back of his head. "Listen, Tim, is there something you want to tell me?"

"I don't understand, man. It was you who said you wanted to talk to me."

"I know, but what I mean is... You've been changing, Tim. *Even I* can see that. Your hair, your nails, your skin... Everything!"

"W-what are you trying to imply here?" Timothy asked, the fear growing inside him.

"I'm not trying to imply anything. I just want to say that whatever is going on, you can count on me. Really, no matter what. You know that, right?"

In other circumstances, being able to think straight, Timothy would probably have appreciated hearing such words. At that moment, though, he was once again overcome by his emotions and wounded ego. "So, what you are saying is that this is okay for you if I become a sissy?" he snapped, angry.

"A sissy?! Are you crazy, man? I'd never call you that!"

"Oh, really? You talk about my hair, nails, skin, and I am the crazy one here? Now what? Are you going to say that I am overacting like some hysterical faggot?"

"Calm down, man!" Martin said, holding his friend tightly by the shoulders. "It's me, okay? We've been friends since kindergarten! I'd never say that you are acting or that you look like a sissy. In fact, you look... you look..."

"I look what, man? And why are you staring at me like that? You know what? Get lost, Martin! I don't know if you came here to mock me or if you went crazy for good, but get out of my way... Now!"

Remembering that incident one more time, Timothy now was sure he had screwed everything. Martin was just trying to support him, after all. It was just that it hurt so much to hear from his best friend how much he was changing... And 'changing', in this case, meant that he was looking less and less like a guy.

"We definitely need to try something new, Susan" he insisted, as he painted his nails. "I can't keep living like this."

"Sweetie..." Susan softly said, stroking the boy's hair. "I know this situation is hard for you, but you need..."

"Stop it! I don't to hear again that I need to be patient! I want to beat my father as soon as possible... even better if I can do that tonight!"

"Well, sweetie, if you're in such a hurry, you know very well what I think you should do."

"No, not that!" Timothy shook his head, annoyed.

"In this case" Susan sighed. "There is little I can do other than say that you need to be patient one more time. But you know you're being foolishly stubborn, right? You've been wearing panties and bras, dresses, high heels... What's the matter of wearing the pretty nightie I gave you?"

Timothy had heard his stepmother repeating that all week long, but in each of those occasions he had flatly refused to even try that damned nightwear. "The matter is that you don't expect me to simply wear *that thing*, right?" he said, grinding his teeth. "You expect me to wear that thing in front of my father!"

"Well, isn't that the whole point? Unless you're planning to just have some fun, what's the use of wearing it away from his father's eyes?"

"But this is too much, Susan! Don't you understand? If my father sees me wearing underwear... female underwear... I don't think I'll ever recover from this trauma!"

"Don't be such a drama queen, *Tiffany*! This is just clothing. I assure you that you'll be perfectly fine. Your father, on the other hand, I'm not so sure about him... Perhaps he's the one who will actually get traumatized... so traumatized that he'll do anything for you to stop dressing like a girl. Just think about it. A man like your father saying his only son wearing such a beautiful and feminine garment... So, what you say? Do you want to be beat him tonight or not?"

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About an hour later, Timothy was standing in the living room wearing the white satin nightie that ended just below his crotch and had a low-cut neckline. He thought he couldn't feel more exposed than that, and cursed himself for always doing what his stepmother suggested to him to do.

"Wait, Susan. How can I wear a bra with this nightie?" he had asked a little earlier, while he was getting dressed, hardly believing he was discussing such matters. "It will look all wrong!"

"Good point, young lady" Susan said, smiling proudly. "It seems you're on the way to becoming a women's fashion expect, aren't you? You won't need a bra tonight, though. This nightie has a build-in bra, so you can settle your inserts in this. I'll show you how."

To complete the outfit, Susan gave him another pair of white stockings, 2-inch mule heels with faux fluffy fur, and a new pair of white bikini panties. "Those are lace panties!" he protested, holding the delicate piece with his fingertips in horror.

"That's right, sweetie. The thing is that you can't wear cotton panties with this nightwear. That would be a crime, as you know very well! I just praised you fashion sense, remember? Use it again. Now be a good girl and get dressed. Oh, and don't forget to tuck your little stuff between your legs, as usual."



Once Timothy was ready, he finally went downstairs and couldn't help it but felt pleasurable chills all the way because of the nightie. *Man, it feels as good as the stockings*, he thought, angry at himself. He knew he was a guy and shouldn't be enjoying wearing women's clothing that much, but it would be a lot easier if he didn’t get so thrilled whenever he was while wearing soft materials.

At the living room, Timothy and Susan didn't have to wait long until the other family member arrived. When Richard entered the house, the first thing he was his son – wearing lingerie and posing like a real model as Susan kept saying how stunning he looked.

"I think it's time for me to have a little talk with my beloved daughter" he said, advancing toward the boy. "Or should I say my beloved niece? Why do you look so surprised, *Tiffany*? Yes, I just met Mrs. Bennett, and she told me some very interesting stories about you..."

After saying that, Richard came even closer to Timothy, looking furious. He raised his hand, as if he was about to slap his son, but Susan stood between the two of them before her husband could try anything.

"Don't you dare to lay a finger on Tiffany, Richard!" the woman said, looking as furious and threatening as her husband, and putting one hand on his large chest. "What's the matter with you?"

"Get out of the way, Susan!" Richard growled.

"No! You can only reach her over my dead body!" the woman shouted, defiantly. "Think about what you are doing, Richard. You can't hit your own daughter!"

"She... *He* is not my daughter! He's supposed to be a man! Seeing how he is hiding under his stepmother's skirts, though, I can only think of him a freaking fairy! Why don't you face me, sissy boy?"

Timothy, who had indeed been hiding behind Susan during the whole discussion, couldn't say anything. In the past, he had never had trouble yelling at and challenging his father's authority. At that moment, however, he was trembling from head to toe, scared to death. He felt even more emasculated realizing how much it seemed that now he always needed someone around to protect and defend him.

"Richard, you need to calm down" Susan insisted, trying to push him back. "Can you explain me why you are so angry, anyway?"

"This damn pervert is trying to ruin my reputation! As if it wasn't bad enough that he dresses and acts like a sissy inside the house, now the neighbors are also starting to know about *Tiffany*. For what I know, Mrs. Bennett is talking about *her* with everyone. This went too far! Look at you, boy. Aren't you ashamed to be dressed like this?"

"Well, *daddy*" Timothy started, finally feeling bold enough to talk again. "I thought you were supporting me in my decision to become a girl."

"Don't play the smartass with me, you freak! I don't want you to leave the house wearing women's clothes again, did you hear me?"

"What if I do?" Timothy asked, in such a brave tone that he himself got stunned.

"Then... then you'll see what I am capable of!" Richard thundered, leaving the living room with heavy footsteps, and slamming the door behind him.

Timothy waited until his father disappeared from sight, and then he collapsed into Susan's arms, starting to cry.

"It's okay, Tiffany" Susan said, cuddling her stepson. "Remember I'm always going to be here for you... I promise you everything will be fine."

"I... know... Susan..." Timothy said through sobs. "This time I *truly* know you're right."

"What you mean, sweetie?"

"We expected this nightie to work as a silver bullet tonight, which obviously didn't happen. However, now I know how to defeat my father once and for all... I need to get out, Susan. I need to get out as a girl one more time... I know he won't stand it... "

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...Timothy kept walking nervously. His afflicted eyes were looking around almost paranoid, and the boy even tried to hide behind his stepmother a few times.

"What are you doing, Tiffany?" Susan asked, annoyed. "Why are you acting like that?"

"What you think?" the boy replied in a hoarse whisper. "Can't you see that I'm scared to death? There are many people around and they will certainly notice me!"

"You truly are developing a tendency to be a drama queen, sweetie" Susan sighed. "There aren't so many people around. It's barely nine in the morning, after all. Also, don't you think you'll attract much more attention if you keep behaving as if you have just seen a ghost? Act naturally and people will just see a beautiful young lady when looking at you."

"Easy to say!" Timothy whimpered. "It was a terrible idea to come over here!"

"Well, from what I remember, it was you who said last night you had to get out in 'girl mode' one more time."

"Yeah, but I was thinking about going to the Mrs. Bennett's house again or something. Instead of that, you brought me to the mall!"

It was true. Earlier that morning, after helping Timothy getting ready, Susan had put him inside the car and then drove to a mall on the other side of town. Timothy only found out where they were going when his stepmother entered the mall parking lot, and it was exactly when he started freaking out.

His only solace was that his outfit for the day wasn't *that bad*. He was wearing a simple white cotton T-shirt; denim jeans that, despite being a little tight, didn't look so extravagant; and white sneakers. The outfit was very similar to what Timothy would be wearing in 'boy mode', were it not for the pink lace lingerie set under his clothes. And, of course, his hair was once again styled in a high ponytail, and his face was made-up.

"I've already explained this to you, honey" Susan said, patiently. "To really infuriate your father, we need to do something bolder than simply returning to Mrs. Bennett's house. Can you imagine how disturbed Richard will feel when he finds out that you spent many hours in a public space dressed as a girl? I doubt he will have the strength to keep fighting after that."

"Many hours?!" Timothy widened his eyes. "Why do we need to stay here for so long? What are we even going to do, anyway?" asked the boy, who had never spent more than half an hour inside a mall, and couldn't understand why people – especially women – were so fond of going there.

"Oh, we're going to have a *mother-daughter* day out, so to speak... You know, looking at the shop windows, buying something here and there, having a nice lunch... So much fun!" Susan clapped, unable to control herself. "Sorry if I sound a little *too* excited, sweetie. I've always dreamed of having a daughter to do such activities with, but I was never able to conceive... So I'd like to have such an experience at least once, since we hope that by this time tomorrow *Tiffany* will be gone for good. Unless you decide that you prefer being a girl, of course."

"Ha! Very funny, Susan! Now seriously, you know I wouldn't mind playing the role of your daughter for a day... I mean, I'm not saying it would be easy, but I could make the sacrifice since you've been so good to me, helping me all the time and everything... But I'm still not sure this is a good idea. What if a bump into someone from school?"

"I don't think this is going to happen, Tiffany. We're on the other side of town, after all, not to mention how early it is. Besides, I don't think anyone from your school would be able to recognize you."

"Really? Just because my hair is in a ponytail and I have a little bit of makeup on my face? C'mon, Susan, this is real life! I can't hide my real identity by just wearing a pair of glasses like Superman or something!"

"Well, I have to say you're right about that, young lady. That's why our first stop will be here."

Timothy got confused for a second, but then he realized the kind of establishment that was just ahead of them. "Oh no, Susan!" the boy got desperate. "There's no way you're taking me to a beauty salon!"

"Now, now, stop being silly, sweetie" Susan said, with a hand on her stepson's back, forcing him to keep moving. "You don't want to make a big scene right now, do you? It definitely would draw a lot of attention."

"B-but..." Timothy tried to resist, but he was so terrified that he was easily dominated by his stepmother.

"This is for your own good, Tiffany. If you want to completely defeat your father today, we need to do something about your hair... something that will really make him dumbfounded. Your ponytail is getting old pretty fast. Even your father must be used to it by now. That's why I made an appointment for you. Don't worry, though. I know the girls who work here very well, and I'll make sure that they won't do anything extreme."

"W-wait, Susan, we need..."

"Oh, about the way you refer to me, would you mind calling me 'mom' while we are at the salon?"

"Mom?!"

"Exactly, darling. The last thing I want is to disrespect the memory of your late mother, of course, but I think it'll help you to stay in character."

"B-but I'm telling you that I don't..." Timothy stopped talked suddenly, realizing it was already too late. They were about to enter the beauty parlor, so it made no sense to keep protesting – unless he wanted to draw everyone's attention, of course.

Swallowing hard, he just fervently hoped he would still be able to look like a male when he left that place...

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"Susan, darling, it's so great to see you again!" said a woman, kissing Susan's face. She was thirty-something years old, had long black hair, and a nice face, with big brown eyes and a thin nose. She was wearing a lilac silk blouse, a light gray pencil skirt and patent low heels. "And who is this pretty young lady?" she asked, looking at Timothy, who flinched, afraid.

"Nice to see you too, Marlene! This is Tiffany, my *beloved daughter*" Susan said, putting her hands on Timothy's shoulders to force him to step forward. "I think I've already mentioned her once or twice in the past."

"Once or twice?" Marlene raised an eyebrow. "You didn't talk about anything else in your most recent visits, darling! It was all *Tiffany this*, *Tiffany that*... It seems like your mother is really fond of you, my dear."

"Umm... This is, like, fabulous to know" Timothy said in his feminine voice, looking down. "I... I like mom a lot, too" he added, feeling stupid and awkward. "Nice to meet you, Ma'am."

"Oh, aren't you such a dainty and polite young lady? I see Susan raised you well. But you can call me just Marlene, okay? We like to have a close relationship with our clients. So, what can we do for both of you today?"

"Today is all about Tiffany" Susan said, making Timothy wince. "I made an appointment for her... the full-package one. I want her to experience everything that you guys have to offer! Can you believe my sweet little girl has never been in a salon before? Yes, yes, I know... Shocking! The thing is that she has always been a little shy and insecure about her femininity. Now, however, I feel she's finally ready to leave her cocoon. So I want her to be treated like a real princess today!"

"Oh, this is so exciting!" Marlene clapped, delighted. "Don't worry, Tiffany, honey. We'll make your first visit to a salon a very special occasion for you. You won't ever forget about it, that's for sure. I see you already are such a pretty girl, but you will be amazed at how stunning you will look when we're done with you! Follow me, please."

Timothy felt more hopeless and confused than ever. He didn't exactly know what Susan had told Marlene and the other girls about him. Were they awake he just a boy in drag? Had Susan lied to them saying he was a real girl? If that was the case, would they keep buying it? What would happen when some salon clerk realized his true genre?

He was so disturbed that he barely paid attention to the environment around him. Any other observer would have noticed that that beauty parlor was an upscale one, with its elegant and sophisticated decoration, and brand new furniture and equipment.

The boy was so distracted that he didn't even saw he was walking directly toward a young woman carrying a tray. When he realized it, he had already bumped into the woman, and his clothes turned into a mess of coffee, tea and juice as all the contents of the tray fell on him.

"Oh my gosh!" he squealed, bewildered. "I'm s-so sorry!" he bended down to collect the glasses and tea-cups, but Marlene stopped him.

"Don't worry about it, honey. Accidents happen, right? Sara will take care of this for us. Oh my, I'm very concerned about your clothes, though. They are ruined!"

"Marlene is right, unfortunately" Susan said, sighing. "You need to take them off right now, Tiffany, unless you want to get a cold."

"B-but what am I going to wear?"

"Did you forget that we're at the mall, sweetie? I'm going to get you some new clothes right now. In the meantime, I'm sure you can wear a salon robe, right, Marlene?"

"Absolutely" the hairdresser agreed. "Regardless of this incident, I was already going to suggest you to wear one of our robes so that you can feel more comfortable during procedures."

"B-but, *mom*" Timothy gasped, grabbing Susan's arm. "Are you going to leave me alone?!"

"Now, now, calm down, cutie-pie" Susan smiled sweetly. "You are no longer a young girl, are you? You are Eighteen-year-old, so I believe you can survive a few minutes away from *mommy*. I'm sure Marlene and the other girls will make you very comfortable, and before you know it I'll be back, okay? Behave yourself while I am away."

After Susan left, Marlene handed Timothy a purple silk robe and a pair of fluffy slippers, and took him to a small dressing room. Knowing he had no choice, the young man waited until the woman moved away, and then took off his wet clothes, putting on the robe afterwards.

This immediately made him feel shivers down his body...

Yes, the garment was very soft and delicate – the kind of garment that Timothy's mind hated but his body loved so much. It was also alarmingly short and tight, as Timothy soon noticed. The robe barely covered his lace panties, and no matter how hard he tried, it was impossible to cover his chest fully, which meant that all the girls in the salon would be able to see his pink bra.

It was all so scary that Timothy seriously considered the idea of simply running away. He should just put on his wet clothes again, tell some excuse to Marlene, and leave that salon immediately...

However, before he could try anything like that, he heard the hairdresser asking, "Are you decent, honey?"

"W-what? Umm... Yeah... I guess so."

Marlene entered to the locker room, and looked at Timothy, who was desperately trying to cover his chest and legs. "Relax, Tiffany, dear" she tried to calm him down. "You look fabulous! Girl, I can't believe you were hiding such killer legs under those pair of pants! I've to say I think you were born to wear miniskirts and stilettos... all the time! This would definitely catch the boys' attention!" she giggled, and Timothy grimaced. "Now let's get going, shall we? We have a lot to do!"

Timothy was then taken to a hair station. On the way to there, he noticed for the first time that he wasn't the only client at the salon. There were two or three women in other hair stations, and another one under one of the big hair dryers. It was terrible. He had to make sure that none of those people would suspect he was actually a boy, but how would he do so?

"Please, sit down" Marlene told him, and the boy obeyed, remembering to cross his legs gracefully. "Now, let me see what I have to work with."

The hairdresser undid Timothy's ponytail and got a hairbrush. "Oh, you have great hair!" she exclaimed. "Very full and healthy... I can see you take good care of it" Timothy nodded, recalling with soreness the time he wasted every night taking care of his hair as his stepmother instructed him to do.

"However..." Marlene continued, now with a disapproving expression on her face. "Oh my gosh, you should get whoever cut your hair for the last time arrested! Such an awful work... It was a crime to treat such a wonderful hair like this! But don't worry, sweetie. You're in good hands now, and I promise you that your hair will look gorgeous when you leave this salon. So, have you thought about what kind of haircut do you want?"

Timothy got seriously anguished upon hearing that question. What was he supposed to answer? He looked around, but there was still no sign of Susan. How could he survive to this without his stepmother's assistance? If he wanted Marlene to keep believing he was a girl, he couldn't say anything *too* weird...

"I'm not sure, Marlene" he said weakly, biting his lower lip. "As mom said, I don't have much experience going to salons... Could you, like, just do something that will make me pretty?" he asked, burning in shame, but what choice did he have?

"So, are you totally putting yourself in my hands?" Marlene asked, so excited that she seemed about to explode.

"W-wait, Marlene, what I meant was..."

"Oh, you won't regret this, darling. I promise you!"

"I... I just ask you not to do anything so extreme, okay?" Timothy begged, but he wasn't sure if the hairdresser was listening to him anymore.

"To make this more interesting" Marlene continued. "I'll cover the mirror. This way you'll have a big surprise when you see the *new you*. Doesn't it sound amazing? Now, before properly styling your hair, I need to do something about your its color."

"What's wrong with my hair color?"

"Shhh... Trust me, honey. I'm the one in charge here, remember?" she smiled. "You'll thank me later."

While Marlene was spreading something extremely slimy and smelly on Timothy's hair, a girl who couldn't be more than two years older than the boy approached them carrying a small case.

"Hi" she greeted Timothy, smiling brightly. "I'm Sophia, and I'm going to take care of your face today. You're Tiffany, aren't you?"



"T-that's right, Sophia" Timothy stammered, open-mouthed. The girl in front of him was incredibly dazzling. She had long, red hair, which ran down her back in soft waves; seductive hazel eyes that seemed almost mesmerizing; and she was wearing a low-cut blouse that allowed the boy to admire her tempting big breasts.

"Oh, it’s great to meet you, honey! This is your first time at our salon, right? I bet you you're going to enjoy the experience so much that I'll start seeing you here every week!" she giggled, and Timothy was amazed at how white her teeth looked. "Now, would you mind if I take a look at your face? I need to remove your makeup first, of course."

As if this were even possible, Timothy got even more apprehensive. He knew that without makeup it would be much harder for him to pass as a girl. He desperately needed to focus on talking and acting like a female now if he wanted to have a small chance to keep the charade...

"Yes, you have nice skin" Sophia stated. After taking the boy's makeup off, she was now studying his face with a kind of *hi-tech* magnifying glass. "This is so moisturized and almost acne-free... The only issue I can spot is that you have some little hairs here and there."

"Hairs?!" Timothy cried out, sure that now the girl would know he was a male...

"You don't need to be so alarmed, Tiffany" Sophia reassure him. "This is more common than you think. And they are so thin... I could see it only because of my little friend here" she said, patting her magnifying glass. "Still, I can get rid of them for you, and your face will look and feel even smoother. Would you like that?"

No, Timothy definitely wouldn't like that. He was a Eighteen-year-old boy, but even so his face was almost as soft as a baby's. How could he approve the idea of getting rid of the few hairs he had on his face, even if they were just microscopic?

However, he wanted people at the salon to keep believing he was a girl. "Oh, that would be, like, totally magnificent!" he claimed, trying to sound as cheerful and convincing as possible.

"Marvelous. I'll take you to the electrolysis room later. Now, let me fix your eyebrows."

"My eyebrows?"

"Yes, girl. You have such beautiful eyes... But your brows aren't doing them any favor. Trust me, your eyes will pop up after I clear your brows a little bit, and you'll look even prettier. I'm sure your boyfriend is going to love it!"

"I... I don't have a boyfriend!"

"Oh, really? Well, I bet you won't be a single girl much longer after you step out this salon" Sophia winked.

As the girl was plucking his eyebrows, Timothy was still having a hard time believing that it was really happening. Since Sophia was apparently convinced that he was a girl, the boy was sure she would make his brows look as feminine and thin as possible. How long would it take for them to look normal again? How was he going to attend school in the mean time?

"Okay, I think this is done" Sophia announced, about fifteen minutes later. "Oh, honey, you won't believe how wonderful you look! Your face seems so delicate and beautiful..."

"C-can I see it?" Timothy asked, anxious to check out the extent of the damage that had been done.

"Not yet, darling" Marlene, who was now rolling his hair with big hair rollers, intervened. "Remember that you agreed to wait until we finish working on you before checking the mirror."



"Oh, you need to be a patient girl, then, Tiffany" Sophia giggled. "Now, while I was working on your brows, I couldn't help it but noticed that your ears aren't pierced. Why that, honey? Don't you want to wear earrings?"

Timothy almost screamed *no*, but he controlled himself before it was too late. "Umm... Absolutely, Sophia! I'd totally love that. But... I've always been afraid of needles."

"There is no reason for that, girl. The procedure is almost painless. I can pierce your ears right now if you want to. Since you came here for a makeover, I think this would be the perfect time for you to start wearing pretty earrings."

"It... It would be superb, Sophia, but I think I need to ask my mom first" Timothy said, hoping that such an excuse would be good enough.

"I don't think Susan would object at all" Marlene intervened again. "From what I remember, she even mentioned the last time she was here that you recently got a pair of lovely earrings as a gift, and that

she could hardly wait for you to get your ears pierced. I'm sure that would be a pleasant surprise for her."

"Oh, that's decided then!" Sophia asserted. "I'll get the piercing gun right now. Just think of all the wonderful earrings you'll be able to wear pretty soon, Tiffany!"

Everything happened very quickly – so quickly that Timothy didn't have time to think of some way out of that crazy situation. When he realized it, he was already wearing stud earrings, and Sophia was explaining to him how to take care of his ears during the next few days to prevent inflammation.

Timothy was so stunned that he barely registered the fact that a third woman had approached him, and began to analyze his hands. She was in her twenties, had dark brown hair that was held in a bun, and a round face. As Timothy would find out later, her name was Ellen.

"Your hands are pretty" the manicure said. "Slim and elegant fingers... smooth skin... but your nails are a bit too short. Would you like some extensions, dear?"

"Extensions?" Timothy asked, confused.

"Tiffany isn't very familiar with beauty salon procedures, Ellen" Marlene explained. "But yes, extensions are a splendid idea. Acrylic ones, I would say."

"What about the nail polish?"

"I think *'you, me & the sea'* will suit her wonderfully" Marlene once again answered, and the boy wondered what the hell she was talking about. Did all the nail polishes have freakish names like that one?

As Timothy understood about twenty minutes later, when Ellen finished working on his hands and feet, *'you, me & the sea'* was nothing more than a glorified name for hot pink. He felt very uncomfortable seeing his fingernails painted with such a girly color (just like his toenails), but the worse of all were the damn acrylic extensions. His nails were a lot longer now. This not only made his hands look even more delicate and feminine, but he was also sure that it would be impractical to use his hands to do anything. How could women live like that? He felt almost like Edward Scissorhands.

Timothy was getting more and more worried. It was clear that Marlene wasn't joking when she claimed that *Tiffany* would leave the salon looking like a new person. The so-called boy feared that this 'new person' would have a lot of trouble *passing* as a boy...

Some time later, Sophia took Timothy to an adjacent room, as she had suggested earlier, and the boy found out that electrolysis was a far more painful process than he had expected. To make things even more awful, Sophia handled the situation in such a way that Timothy saw himself forced to agree to

her suggestion to get rid not only of the few hairs he had on his face, but also of the little ones on his legs, arms and underarms.



He at least received a relaxing massage in the end, which he appreciated immensely, but his joy was short-lived because soon the young woman has another "brilliant idea". A little later, Timothy was getting eyelash extensions.

"Oh, Tiffany, with your new brows and eyelashes, your eyes look so big and beautiful!" Sophia exclaimed when the procedure was finished. "I'm sure you'll be amazed..."

Back to the main area of the salon, Marlene removed the hair rollers from the boy's head and washed his hair, before finally starting to cut it. Timothy had no idea of how long it had been since he'd arrived at the salon, but it definitely seemed like hours. He thought it was completely ridiculous, especially considering how fast his hair was usually cut in a barbershop. Was that what women called fun?

Sure, he had to admit he had enjoyed having his hair meticulously brushed by Marlene... and Sophia massaging his face and body also felt nice... and the delicate material of his robe rubbing against his smooth body the whole time was undeniably wonderful... But *apart from that*, the experience was being a pain for sure.

When Marlene was done cutting Timothy's hair, she then started combing it, while Sophia was putting makeup on the boy's face. "You will see that your new haircut is very stylish and pretty, but also practical and modern" Marlene explained. "You'll have no trouble at all maintaining it. We can try something more daring and sexy in the future, naturally... when you have a date with some handsome young man, for instance... Perhaps even hair extensions at some point if you get impatient waiting for your hair to grow. Oh, Tiffany, darling, so many possibilities! I'm sure we'll still have lots of fun! I think everything is done now. Are you ready to see the new you?"

"I... I guess so" Timothy whispered in response, holding his breath.

When Marlene finally uncovered the mirror, Timothy seemed confused for a moment. Then, as he slowly understood that what he was seeing was his own reflection, his jaw dropped.



"T-this... This can't be me" he stammered, dazed, realizing that Marlene hadn't lied to him. He not only looked like a female, but a stunning one – A girl he definitely would kill to have a date with.

His old shaggy brown hair with blonde tips was now completely light blonde. It looked neatly styled with wavy bangs to the left, and fall down to his shoulders in graceful loose curls. The color, the style... everything screamed "*girl*". He knew there was no way in hell for a guy to have a hairstyle like that one.

The transformation in his face had also been dramatic. His once thick eyebrows had been reduced to thin arches, which made his face look much more attractive and feminine. This, along with his new long lashes, made his green eyes pop up and shine, just like Sophia had promised. He also noticed the charming studs in his ears, which added an extra touch to his "*fashionable girly girl*" appearance.

Then, at last, he looked at his perfectly painted lips, and couldn't help it but thought that they seemed so tempting and kissable... He knew he would do anything to kiss lips like those ones, which only made him feel even more humiliated. How could a boy have such fantastic lips? But in any case, could he keep thinking of himself as a boy after facing such a dazzling girl in the mirror?

"So, what you think, Tiffany, honey?" Marlene asked, and Timothy got startled. For a moment, he had even forgotten that there were other people around him.

"This is unbelievable, Marlene" Timothy cried out, feeling dizzy. "I don't know what to say."

"Oh, I'm glad you *loved* your new look so much, darling! It's always marvelous to see a happy client! However, I have to say that all we did was free this beautiful girl who had always been inside you. And now that we've finally meet *her*, I think she's here to stay, don't you agree?" Marlene whispered in Timothy's ear, and the feminized boy shuddered, horrified. Could Marlene be right about that? No, of course not. Still, he had a bad feeling about it all...

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Like a rehearsed act, Susan came into the salon just at that moment, carrying many shopping bags. "Hey, Marlene" she said, approaching the hairdresser. "Sorry for the delay. I didn't plan to take so long out there but... Oh, never mind! Where's Tiffany? I can hardly wait to see what you have done to my *little girl*."

"Well..." Marlene started, with an amused smile on her face. "She isn't far away. Why don't you take a look around?"

After such a hint, Susan finally paid attention to the beautiful girl who was at the hair station next to Marlene, and slowly – but surely – she got utterly dumbfounded...

"Tiffany? Is that really you?" she asked, dropping the bags on the floor.

"Y-yes, *mom*" Timothy shyly replied, looking down and fluttering his long eyelashes, which just made the feminized boy look even more adorable and attractive.

"Oh my gosh! Honey, you look so… so pretty… so gorgeous… just like a real doll!" Susan then hugged her stepson so tightly that the boy almost ran out of breath.

"Take it easy, mom" he cried out. "You're going to break me in half!"

"Oh, you have no idea how happy I am!" the woman continued, ignoring the boy's complaints. "But I must be a terrible mother! How could I not recognize my own baby daughter?"

"Ha! I wouldn't be so hard on myself if I were you, Susan" Marlene said, cheerfully. "Tiffany undeniably looks a *little* different, and you weren't exactly paying attention to people around you since you were in such a hurry."

"I guess you're right" Susan said, getting her spirit back. "In any case, I have to thank you, Marlene. Thank you so much for doing your magic and bringing all the beauty of my baby doll to the surface. I'm sure she will be much more confident about her femininity now. Isn't that right, sweetie?" she asked Timothy.

"Sure, *mommy*" Timothy said, grinding his teeth.

"You're welcome, darling" Marlene replied. "It wasn't even that hard, in fact. Tiffany already was such a pretty girl… It was all about highlighting her wonderful features. Also, I have to say that it was a pleasure to finally meet your sweet daughter. I hope to see her here more often now."

"Oh, don't worry about that. I'm sure that soon she will be as addicted to salon trips as her beloved mother" Susan said, and the two women laughed. "Now, aren't you anxious to see the outfit I've got for you, princess?" she looked at Timothy again. "Come on. Let's go to the dressing room to get you ready."

"Look what they did to me!" Timothy exclaimed, almost freaking out, as soon as he saw himself alone with his stepmother. "This is completely insane! Did you hear me? Insane! What am I going to do now?"

"I don't understand, Tiffany. Aren't you happy about your new look?"

"Happy?! No, of course not! How can you even ask me something like that? I look every bit like a girl… A freaking drop-dead gorgeous girl!"

"Well, isn't that a good thing, honey? I mean, if you thought Marlene and the other girls were overdoing it, why didn't you tell them to stop and do something more modest on you?"



"I... I was confused and scared, okay? The last thing I wanted was for them to find out I'm a guy! *You* were supposed to be here to help me. Why did you take so long to come back?"

"Oh, I'm so sorry, honey. I really am... Most of your outfit wasn't so difficult to pick, but then I had to find some *specific garments* that I want you to try, and it took some time. However, what really slowed me down was your father."

"My father?! Is he here, too?"

"At the mall? Oh, no. I don't think Richard has ever stepped into a mall. But he called me, and he kept talking forever."

"What did he want?"

"Oh, honey, he's completely desperate! He hasn't recovered yet from the shock of knowing that you were at Mrs. Bennett's house dressed as a girl, and he got even more out of his mind when he learned where you are right now. He begged me to try to bring you back to reason, and I hinted that if he really wants *Tiffany* to go away, he should just accept Timothy as he used to be, and forget this idea of

sending him to the Military Academy. This way, he *perhaps* would have his son back. I'm confident that my words had a huge impact on him. I think he's realizing that it's time to admit defeat, sweetie."

"Are you serious?" Timothy asked, suddenly getting excited. "Do you really think so?"

"Absolutely, sweetie. And when he sees how you look now... Oh god, I think this time it'll be too much for him. He's already on the verge of breaking down, after all. That's why you should be happy about your makeover, even if it went *a bit* too far."

"But you have your *own* reasons for enjoying all this mess, huh?" Timothy raised one of his thin eyebrows, which made it looks even more arched and beautiful. "You looked truly thrilled when you got into the salon and saw me."

"I had to keep up appearances in front of Marlene, dear. But okay, I admit I liked seeing you all dolled up" she smiled playfully. "I told I'd like to experience a '*mother-daughter* day out' at least once, and now you definitely look like the girly daughter I've always dreamed of having. Don't think I planned any of this, though. I honestly thought the most you would allow Marlene to do was to get your hair straightened or something. But we cannot go back in time, right? So you should use this *incident* in your favor. Just listen to my idea..."

"At night, when we get home, your father will be even more anguished to know that you've spend the whole day at the mall looking like this. As if that wasn't enough, you're going to tell him how much you love your new look, and that you want to go back to the salon every week to take care of your hair, nails skin... Next, you can even say that you can hardly wait to get a boyfriend now that you have finally found your true self as a pretty girl. After that, darling, Tiffany will be history. If you want to, I think your dad will be willing to even form a rock band with you just to get you back to being a boy."

"It sounds, *like*, all good, mom" Timothy sassily said, sitting down in a nearby armchair. He then crossed his legs gently and laid his chin on a manicured finger, pouting. Susan wondered if her stepson had any idea about how precious and feminine he looked when doing so. *Tiffany* was definitely destined to be a heartbreaker. Pretty soon she would have all the boys in the palm of her hand...

"But I think you're forgetting one small detail" he continued. "Even if this plan works as you are expecting, what am I going to do next? How can I even attend school on Monday? After everything they did to me at this crazy place, I doubt I'll be able to look like a normal guy anytime soon."

"Don't worry your pretty little head about that, cutie-pie. Just focus on your goal, okay? When everything is resolved, we can even think of a way for you to skip school for one or two weeks, if necessary. Now let's get you dressed. We can't stay in this dressing room forever. Take off your robe and underwear, please."

"Aren't you going to leave?"

"Why should I? We're all girls here, aren't we? Not to mention that you are my precious little daughter" Susan laughed. "Now seriously, you're going to need some help to put on the *special garments* I bought for you. Trust me. You'll understand why soon..."

The first thing Susan handed to Timothy was a pair of tight beige panties that had a weird *'compartment'* inside. "That's a gaff" the woman explained, seeing the boy's confused look. "As you'll notice, it's perfect for *girls* like you. This garment will be much more effective in hiding your *little thing* down there than simply tucking it between your legs.

"What?!" Timothy cried out, outraged. "You can't be serious! Do you really expect me to put my... you know... inside this thing?"

"Don't start being a drama queen again, Tiffany! This is for your own good! You don't want any *accident* to happen while we're out at the mall, do you? You'll feel much safer being assured that no one will have a chance to find out your secret."

Timothy was still not happy about that, but he knew that what Susan had said made sense. Feeling defeated, he put the gaff on, following his stepmother's instructions. It felt even more uncomfortable than he feared. That damn garment compressed his private parts so tightly that it was painful. Susan told him that he would get used to it in no time, but the boy thought it was easy for her to say so since she wasn't the one having her genitals crushed.

He couldn't deny she was right about that garment's effect, though... His crotch looked completely flat, and much more natural than when he tucked his member between his legs. Timothy was sure that even wearing some skin tight pants, he would still look like a girl down there. He just didn't know if this was a good or bad thing...

But if Timothy was unhappy about the gaff, it was just because he didn't know what Susan had planned for him next... As the woman opened a large box and took out two globes, the boy's eyes widened in horror.

"These ones..." the woman started, triumphantly, "are the best silicone breast forms that money can buy! Don't they look much more realistic than the little inserts you have been using? And that's not all. Once they are glued to your chest, you'll also see that they have the same weight and consistency of real breasts."

"Glued to my chest?!" Timothy exclaimed, looking totally panicked.

"Exactly, honey. You don't have to be so alarmed, though. Along with the glue, I also bought the special solvent that will make the forms come loose from your skin."

"B-but what's the need of this, Susan?"

"Is this how you really should refer to me, young lady?"

"Fine! What's the need of this, *mom*? Aren't the inserts doing a good enough job already?"

"You're right, sweetie. But today we need to be better than *'good enough'*. We need to be *excellent* in every possible way to make your father throw in the towel!"

"But, mom... They are too big! I'll never get used to them."

"Don't be silly, Tiffany. Those forms are just B-cup size. It's true that they are bigger than your inserts, but not that bigger."

"I still think..."

"Shhh... For now, just relax and let *mommy* do the thinking for you, okay? You'll thank me later."

Before Timothy could react, he was urged back into the armchair, and then Susan began to spread the glue on his chest. Soon, he felt the breast forms being attached to his body.

"Don't move now!" Susan warned him. "You don't want your breasts to get '*crooked'*, right?"

When she finally thought the glue had dried, she pulled her hands away, and Timothy immediately felt a jolt on his chest, as if some mysterious force were pulling him forward and down. Yes, even if the breast forms weren't exactly huge, they still weighed a lot, at least for someone who had never experienced having breasts before.

Timothy observed horrified those *alien mounts* rising and falling with each breath, and the way they jiggled with every tiny movement... But maybe the worst of all was how real they looked. They had the same tone as Timothy's skin, and even the nipples looked like legitimate things. The situation turned even more disturbing after Susan used a little bit of foundation and concealer to blend the edges. The illusion was just too perfect...

Timothy had never seen women's breasts in person, so he couldn't help it but started to get excited looking at those realistic forms, which was very painful thanks to the gaff. As the boy approached a finger to his chest, for a moment he even believed that those breast forms would be sensitive to touch, but he was mistaken. He didn't feel anything touching them, which was a relief, but maybe... just maybe... a little disappointing, too.

"Oh, I see how much you love your *new assets*, princess!" Susan said, clapping. "I told you, didn't I? You definitely should start listening to me more!"

"W-what?!" Timothy cried out, becoming hysterical. "No, mom! Gosh, it totally isn't what you're thinking! I was just, like... I mean..."

"You don't have to explain anything, honey bunny" Susan said, pleased to note that the more nervous Timothy got, the more girly his gestures and speech became. Very soon she doubted he would be able to behave or speak in any other way.

"All young ladies your age are proud of their developing bodies, and have fun checking them. You're doing nothing wrong. However, we don't have time for you to play with your 'girls' right now since we need to finish getting you ready. Let's start with your bra and panties. Just look at them! Don't you just love this set mommy got for you?" Susan exclaimed, and Timothy gasped looking at the new pink lingerie set that was even prettier and sexier than the one he had worn before. He also wondered annoyed why Susan had to make him wear pink all the time. "This is from Victoria Secret, you know. You won't find better lingerie anywhere. God, I just hope I am not spoiling my little daughter too much..."

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Fifteen minutes later, Timothy and Susan finally returned to the main area of the salon, and the feminized boy had to fake a smile as he heard everyone saying how fantastic he looked in his new dress.

Yes, he was wearing a dress – a white one, with floral print and a pink stripe around the waist. Timothy had obviously complained about it, as well, saying he was supposed to be wearing just a t-shirt and jeans for their trip to the mall, but Susan insisted that it would be much more shocking for his father to see him in a dress at night, and the boy needed practice wearing the garment.

To complete his outfit, he was wearing 2-inch pink sandal heels, which left his delicate feet and painted toenails on display; and a pink purse, in which Susan put some makeup, a small mirror, a women's wallet, some wipes, and even tampons, which irritated Timothy immensely since he knew he would never ever need them.

When they finally were able to leave the salon (only after Timothy promised twice that he would be back soon), the feminized boy found himself walking down the aisles of the mall again, and he knew that the experience would be much more frightening now that he was wearing a dress and high heels.

How could that be even happening? Two weeks earlier, if someone had told him that soon he would be parading through the mall dressed like a girly girl, with his hair dyed blonde and his face made up, he would have laughed until his stomach hurt. Still, there he was, it was all real, and there was nothing he could do but to play along until Susan decided it was time for them to go home.

This wouldn't be easy, though...



Not long later, Timothy saw three boys about twenty coming toward him, and his first impulse was to hide behind his stepmother. Susan, however, didn't approve such an idea. "What you think you are doing, Tiffany?" she asked. "Stop it right now!"

"B-but they are looking at me!"

"Of course they are! This is what boys do when they see attractive young ladies like you. This is the most natural thing in the world. Just lift your head and act naturally unless you want them to think you are some kind of *weirdo*."

Timothy did as instructed, but he felt like dying as the boys passed by him and lusted after his body intensely. God, he was sure they had even undressed him with their eyes…

"See, it wasn't so bad" Susan said, trying to calm him down. "And you deserve some male attention after all the time you spent at the salon getting all dolled up, don't you think? Oh, look, a jewelry kiosk! Wouldn't you like to take a look at some beautiful earrings now that your ears have been pierced?"

Timothy saw no sense in this, at all. It wasn't like he was going to start wearing earrings on regular basis, right? However, any excuse to get away as much as possible from those guys sounded wonderful to him.

"Sure, mom! I'd love that!" he claimed, walking as fast as his high heels and corset allowed toward the kiosk, swinging his hips along the way.

When he got there, he started looking at the jewelry, just to do something, but was interrupted by the voice of the attendant, whom he hadn't yet paid attention to. "Hi, miss!" she said, joyfully. "May I help you? Are you looking for anything in particular today?"

As Timothy looked up, his mouth fell open in a muted cry. That could only be a nightmare… He just couldn't believe who the kiosk attendant was…

"Kate?!" Timothy cried out, so astonished to see his crush from school in front of him while he was all dolled up that he even forgot to use his fake feminine voice, which definitely wasn't a good move on his part…

"Yes, that's my name" Katherine said, looking peculiarly at the "*other girl*". "Have we met before?"

"No!" the feminized boy stated – perhaps a little too strong – realizing the mistake he had made, and trying to control the damage. "I… I think I just confused you with someone else… Sorry! Now, if you excuse me, I need to…"

"No, wait" the girl held Timothy firmly by the wrist to keep him from moving away. "You look kind of familiar, now that I'm thinking about it… and the voice you used before… not to mention your eyes…

your eyes... Wait a minute!" she suddenly yelled, seeming completely dumbfounded. "Tim? Is that you?"

Upon hearing the question, Timothy intended to say no, and that he had no idea who the person Kate was talking about was; he also thought of pretending to be offended by being mistaken for a guy; and, for a brief moment, he even considered calling security just to create a turmoil and be able disappear from there quickly.

However, looking at Katherine again, he lost the impetus to try any of that. He could see that the girl already knew the truth. It was pointless to keep denying it.

"Fine, Kate, this is me!" he admitted in a distressed whisper, and the girl covered her mouth in amazement. "B-but this is not what you're thinking! If you let me explain why I..."

"Tiffany, is everything okay, honey bunny?" Susan, who had finally reached her feminized stepson, asked before the boy could finish his sentence. "Do you know this young lady?"

"Tiffany?!" Kate raised her eyebrows, confused.

Timothy looked from Susan to Kate, not knowing what to say to either of them. Then, faced with such a *dead-end*, he simply repeated what he had been constantly doing in recent days whenever he felt sad or frustrated – he cried.

"Oh, come here, baby doll" Susan said, hugging the boy. "Everything will be fine, okay? Now, about you" she angrily pointed at Kate. "What have you done to my little girl?"

"She didn't do anything, mom" Timothy said, apparently so used to calling Susan 'mom' that he hadn't yet realized that this was no longer necessary. He also felt mortified to be called 'young girl' and 'honey bunny' in the presence of his crush, but he hadn't yet had a chance to ask Susan to stop doing so. "She's... umm... a friend of mine. I think I have, like, already mentioned her to you. She's Kate."

"Oh, so you are the 'famous Katy'!" Susan exclaimed, suddenly adopting a much more receptive attitude toward the girl. "Sorry for my manners, honey, but I always get crazy just imagining that my dear daughter is being mistreated. Now I know you are a good friend of hers, though, right?" she smiled. "Yes, I've heard a lot about you indeed, and I'm sure that you have a lot of questions about Timothy's – or *Tiffany's*, as I would prefer you to call *her*, at least for now – current situation. I see you're working, but I wonder if you would be able to get a few minutes off so that all of us could talk in a more appropriate place."

"Of course, Ma'am" Katherine, who could hardly wait to find out what was going on with Timothy, replied hastily. "I can ask my cousin to cover me."

"Fantastic, my dear! I'm sure Tiffany is thrilled to hear so, right, sweetie?"

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The three of them entered a small cafe a few minutes later. Much to Susan's discontent, Timothy had kept his head down all the way, too embarrassed to face Katherine again. That situation was too absurd... How would he explain to her the fact that he was at the mall dressed like a chick? Not only that, but he looked more feminine than the girl. While Kate was wearing a plain lilac tank top, jeans and sneakers, he was wearing a fashionable dress and high heels, and had a lot of makeup on his face. Would he still have any chance to date the girl after that? It was definitely hard to believe so...

"Sweetie, why don't you swing by the bathroom to fix your face?" Susan suggested, resting a hand on her stepson's shoulder. "I'm afraid to say that your makeup looks a little messy right now due your tears."

"Really?" Timothy asked, worried. He was sure it would be a lot easier for people to find out he wasn't a girl if his face wasn't perfectly made up. At the same time, he hated discussing the matter in front of Katherine. It was quickly becoming almost impossible to think of a way to convince her that he wasn't a sissy.

"Yes, honey. You should go now. Kate and I will find a table and wait for you."

As Timothy walked away, with his high heels clicking on the floor, Katherine followed him with her eyes, getting more and more perplexed. It was incredible how *girly* he looked. And the way he walked on high heels... She doubted she could walk on heels as graceful and confident as he did.

"*Tiffany* truly is turning into a lovely young lady, isn't she?" Susan asked, as if she was reading Katherine's mind.

"Yes, Ma'am" the girl replied. "How long has he... I mean... has she been doing this?"

"She started dressing as a female at home a few weeks ago."

"Just a few weeks? Gosh, but she looks so natural..."

"I know, my dear. It seems like she has always been meant to be a one of us, after all, don't you think?" Susan smiled.

"Is this what she wants?" Katherine asked anxiously. "Does Timothy... Tiffany really desires to be a girl?"

"That's what I want to discuss with you before she returns, my dear. Follow me, please. Let's take a sit" They then went to a table in the corner, away from the other costumers. "Now" Susan continued, "I ask you to listen to me carefully. We don't have much time. Tiffany has already proved to be

impressively skillful with makeup, so I'm sure she soon will be back. The thing I want to tell you is... she came out to me as a transgender about a month ago. Yes, this is true, honey" the woman emphasized, seeing the Katherine's astonishment expression.

"Despite the fact she has been calling me *mom* for some time now, because we became so close to each other, I'm in fact her stepmother. Her mother passed away when she was still a child, and for many years she was raised solely by her father. Now, don't get me wrong. Richard, my husband, has many qualities, but he is also what we might call an old-fashioned man. I'm sure Tiffany suffered a lot during all those years having to pretend to be a boy just to please her father. Now that she has finally mustered the courage to reveal the truth about herself, their relationship is very troubled, as you can imagine. Richard is having a hard time understanding that he has a daughter and not a son. I'm supporting her in every way I can, of course, but I think she needs more people at her side. People like you, for instance, if you really are the kind and sensitive girl that Tiffany described to me."

"Of course, Mrs. Foster! I'll do whatever I can. Gee, I have to say that your words explain a lot."

"What you mean, my dear?"

"Well, I didn't know the truth about Timothy... Sorry, Tiffany! I haven't gotten used to her new name yet. Anyway, I had... well... a crush on her. This is very difficult to find such a sweet guy as she used to be. So, not long ago, I asked her out. She accepted my invitation, but later she made up an excuse to say she couldn't go. All makes sense now... She must have been too afraid to go out with me in such circumstances as she probably isn't into girls... Since then she has been avoiding me at school. Poor little thing... Without knowing it, I was just making her even more afflicted."

"I'm sure you didn't mean any harm, darling."

"Yes, Ma'am, but I could have paid more attention to some details. One day, I remember very well, I saw her wearing a little bit of makeup at school... Her nails were very clean and shiny, too... Then, the way she walked and gesticulated started to change and become much more gentle and delicate. I think deep down I already knew that something was going on. That's why I was able to recognize Tiffany so easily today. Anyway, about her name..."

"Oh, it was she who said she wanted to be called like that. I think this name suits her wonderfully well, though. I feel like Tiffany is going to be a very girly girl, so to speak. She really enjoys spending her time reading women's magazines, doing her nails and makeup, taking care of her hair... Earlier this week, she even kept insisting she wanted to have her hair dyed blonde. I told her that if this was what she really wanted, I would have to bring her to the salon, where her hair would be properly dyed and cared for. Despite her fears of going out in public as a girl, she ended up accepting it, and here we are."

"But what's going to happen now, Mrs. Foster? I mean, I doubt Tiffany can pass a guy after her makeover. Is she going to start attending school as a transgender girl?"

"I'm still not sure, my dear. But who knows... Maybe Tiffany will become a *school girl* soon. Now, there's one last thing I need to tell you."

"I'm listening, Ma'am."

"Tiffany is still very insecure about her situation. I'm afraid she might come up with some lame excuse to explain her transformation, denying that she is a transgender for fear of you thinking she's some kind of freak."

"Mrs. Foster, I'd never ever think..."

"I know, Kate" Susan held the girl's hand. "But you need to understand that she's a lot stressed and scared right now. So, if she tries something like that, can you promise me that you're going to support her whatever she tells you until she's ready to admit the truth?"

"Absolutely, Ma'am."

"Fabulous, my dear! I see Tiffany wasn't wrong about you. You really are such a sympathetic girl. Oh, let's talk about something else now. I can see her approaching."

Timothy moved toward the table shyly and then sat down, smoothing down his dress and crossing his legs. Katherine followed his movements intently, thinking how stupid she'd been for not realizing way before that Timothy had always been a girl at heart. Seeing how pretty and delicate he looked, not to mention how naturally he could act as a lovely young lady, she had no doubts that Susan had told her the truth. Timothy was indeed a transgender, and nothing would convince her otherwise now.

Kate thought it would be even a crime to force such a feminine and graceful creature to pretend to be a male, and she would do everything in her power to help Timothy in his transition to Tiffany. That was it. The girl would never think of him as *Timothy* again. For all intents and purposes, *she* was and had always been *Tiffany*, her pretty and feminine friend. For someone with such a "progressive" mindset as Kate, that definitively was the right thing to do.

"Let me see your face, sweetie" Susan asked, like any other zealous mother. "Yes, this is much better now. You did a good job. Don't you think Kate?"

"Of course, Mrs. Foster!" Kate exclaimed, smiling. "You look absolutely beautiful, Tiffany."

"T-thank you, Kate" Timothy mumbled, blushing deeply.

"Oh, I just wish I was as good as you with makeup" Katherine continued, sure that Tiffany would be happy to hear something like that. "Maybe you can give me a tip or two someday..."

"I... I guess so...?" Timothy stammered, mortified. God, such a request made him feel beyond sissified. Teaching Kate how to put makeup on her face? This definitely wasn't what he had dreamed of doing in the girl's company. "B-but listen, Kate, I'd like to... well... explain you exactly what's going on, okay? Did you tell her anything about my situation, *mom*?" he asked Susan.

"Of course not, honey" Susan lied. "She is your friend, so you have the right to address the issue the way you want. In fact, I think I should walk away for a while to allow you two to have a private conversation. Wouldn't you like that? I'll be back in half an hour or so, sweetie" and saying that, Susan got up and left them alone.

After Susan stepped away, an awkward silence took over the table; Timothy feeling too embarrassed and unsure of how to start the conversation, and Kate patiently waiting for him to take the initiative.

"Okay, Katy" Timothy finally said, so nervous that he was unconsciously biting his lower lip and twisting a strand of hair with a finger. "I... I think you want to know what's going on, right? Forgive me for keep using this... umm... feminine voice. But considering the way I look right now, I think I would draw unwanted attention if I spoke like a guy."

"Don't worry, *Tiffany*. I love this new voice of yours!"

"Really?" Timothy asked, looking troubled. "Oh, well... Anyway, I want you to know that I'm not happy about this *'Tiffany thing'*. I didn't plan any of this. It all began in an innocent and harmless way, when I was trying to teach my father a lesson..."

Timothy then spent the next twenty minutes telling Katherine everything that had happened to him during the last few weeks, and how he had ended up at the mall dressed as a girl. Despite his initial reluctance, he realized that once he had start talking, he was unable to stop until his narrative was over. Sharing his problems with someone else was surprisingly good to him, and he felt very relieved at the end.

"... And that's what happened, Kate. However, as I pointed out, I hope this madness to come to an ending tonight. Susan is sure that my father is about to admit defeat, and I can feel it as well."

Katherine couldn't help it but felt a little disappointed for having to listen to such a silly and fanciful story. Why was *Tiffany* making up all those lies? No one in their right mind would believe she was dressing as a girl because of a crazy game against her father. No cisgender guy would even consider doing something like that. But Kate knew she needed to be patient. Tiffany would tell her truth sooner or later, when she was ready. For now, Kate would just support her *girlfriend*, as she had promised Susan.

"So, what do you say? Do you believe me, right?" Timothy asked urgently, pouting and looking at the girl with pleading eyes. "Please, tell me you believe me!"



"Of course I believe you, Tiffany!" Kate said, holding the feminized boy's soft hands. "You don't mind me calling you Tiffany, do you? Just to avoid unwanted attention, as you said."

"Well... It's okay, I guess."

"Great. Then, as I was saying, I believe you, and I admire your courage to keep fighting for what is right. Neither your father nor anyone else is entitled to tell you how to live your life. Only you know what will make you happy. That's why I truly admire you."

"Really?" the feminized boy asked, his face lighting up in a smile.

"Absolutely, Tiffany! And you can count on me for whatever you need, okay? Remember that... Whatever you need..."

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"So, did you two talk? Susan asked when she returned.

"Yes" Timothy said, looking more cheerful than at any other time during that day. "I told Kate everything about my struggle with my father, and that I've been dressing as a girl just because of that."

"That's true, Mrs. Foster" Katherine agreed, winking at the woman. "Now I understand everything."

"Oh, I'm so glad to know!" Susan clapped. "Now, let's eat something, and then we go shopping."

"Shopping?" Timothy asked; jumping out of his chair as his joy was quickly disappearing.

"Exactly, young lady. I want you to try two or three different outfits."

"B-but, Susan... Alright... mom, what is the use of this? I mean, the plan is that after today I will never wear women's clothes again! Then why waste money buying more girly stuff?"

"Because it will be so much fun, darling! Did you forget this is also supposed to be our *mother-daughter* day out? And don't worry about the money. We can always return the clothes later, or even give them to Kate to thank her for her support."

"Oh, I fear that Tiffany's wardrobe will be a bit too girly for my taste. I think she should just keep her new clothes. Who knows when she'll need them again..." Katherine said, and she and Susan giggled. "Now seriously, Tiff" she continued, hugging Timothy from behind, which the boy enjoyed very much, despite being called Tiff, something that to him sounded even more degrading than Tiffany.

"I think your mother is right. Your father will be even more disturbed if he sees that you not only look like a beautiful girl, but also are planning to keep living like this indefinitely. And what better way to make it clear that Tiffany is here to stay than getting home with many shopping bags full of cute and stylish clothes? He'll surely go nuts!"

"Oh my!" Susan exclaimed, her eyes shining. "I'm happy to see that your lovely friend here is such a smart girl, Tiffany, honey! She definitely is a great addition to our team, I'd say! You see her logic,

right? This is going to be perfect! Let's get going, then. And you obviously are invited to join us, Kate. I'm sure Tiffany would love to hear your inputs about her new outfits..."

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It was already dark when Timothy – from inside his stepmother's car – finally saw his house approaching on the horizon. The relief he felt was such that it was impossible to describe. That incredibly tough day was finally coming to an end. The boy could hardly wait to finally beat his father, which would certainly happen that evening, and then lock himself in his bedroom and try to forget all the embarrassing situations he had faced during the last few hours. Oh, how sweet it would be to get rid of that dress, heels and makeup...

Tiffany would finally be gone...

However, as Timothy kept daydreaming about the end of his "femme days", he noticed something weird. Almost all the lights of the house were on, which meant that his father had come home a lot earlier from the pub where he and his buddies usually took some beers after spending the day hunting. This had never happened before, at least not that Timothy remembered. What would have motivated Richard to change his habits that day?

And that wasn't all...

Timothy also saw a big delivery truck around his house, which was moved away as they got closer. Had his father ordered something? And why the delivery would have been made on a Saturday, at such an unconventional time? The boy had a bad feeling about it, as well.

"Is there something wrong, sweetie?" Susan asked, parking the car in the garage.

"Did you see that truck?"

"Yes, I saw it" the woman answered, looking confused. "Why are you asking me that?"

"Umm... I guess I'm just being paranoid" Timothy sighed. "I'm so exhausted that I can't think straight."

"Oh, poor little thing" Susan unfastened the seat belt and hugged her feminized stepson maternally. "I know today wasn't easy for you, but I have to say that you were amazing all day long. I'm so proud of you, honey! I just hope you still have some energy left for the final act... Your father is already at home, from what I can see."

"Of course, mommy!" Timothy cried out, immediately sounding and acting like a perfect girly girl again. "I'm, like, *soo* looking forward to see what daddy thinks about my new look" he giggled. "I totally hope if he will like it as much as I do."

"We'll find out soon, Tiffany" Susan smiled. "Very soon indeed..."

Timothy then left the car and walked toward the front door, trying to ignore the pain in his feet after spending the whole day wearing those high heels. He was also carrying many shopping bags, evidences of an entire afternoon visiting virtually all women's clothing stores in the mall. The boy was sure that this had been even worse than the salon, especially considering that Katherine had been at his side all the time.

He doubted that someday he would be able to forget the humiliation he felt with the girl he had a crush on helping him to choose sexy lingerie...

Oh, Tiff, you just have to get this lace pink nightie. This 'screams you'! And look, it comes with that adorable pair of bikini panties! Isn't it to die for?

Dresses and miniskirts...

No, no, no, stop being such a stubborn girl, Tiff! I'm telling you this skirt isn't too short! With legs like yours, it will look stunning! Now listen to your mom and go try it on! And don't forget to come back here so we can see you on it, okay?

High heels...

Yes, 4-inch high heels can be difficult for most girls, but you seem to have a special talent for walking on pretty shoes, Tiff. You'll master them in no time! And don't you love how precious those red pumps look like?

He also got many tops and blouses, some pairs of skin tight pants and shorts, not to mention the countless accessories – with Kate always encouraging him to try and choose the most feminine pieces. Timothy was aware that it had been just an act. Kate knew about Timothy's struggle with his father, and she was simply trying to help him out. Still, he would have preferred her to be a little less enthusiastic in her '*performance*'. God, many times he thought she was being even more demanding than Susan.

What the boy didn't know, of course, was that Katherine had been convinced that Timothy was a transgender, and what she was really trying to accomplish there was to help *Tiffany* to feel confident about her femininity so that *she* would be able to live like the girl she dreamed of being.

Trying once more to push those memories out of his mind, Timothy kept walking alongside his stepmother. He was two steps from the threshold when he was surprised by the door opening. The person he saw standing on the other side was a tall man, whose body was so large that it obstructed the passage entirely – It was none other than Richard, his father.

If Richard felt shocked or disturbed to see how his son looked after his makeover, he was able to hide such emotions perfectly well – Instead of shouting and cursing, as Timothy expected him to do, he smiled broadly and hugged the boy tightly.

"Oh, *princess*, I can't believe how beautiful you look!" he exclaimed, kissing the top of Timothy's head. Now Timothy was more than sure he was delirious. There was no freaking way in hell that it could be possible happening.

And to his horror, there was still more to come...

"Now I'm finally convinced, honey" Richard continued. "Looking at you, I see that a sweet and delicate little thing like you was never meant to be a man. Skirts and heels definitely suit you much better. God, you look just like your mother when I first met her. This is so incredible and amazing... although your mother has never been blonde, of course. Are you sure this is appropriate, Susan? I fear that the boys won't let my little girl alone with this hair color!"

"W-well..." Susan babbled, hesitating. Timothy thought the woman was as astonished as he was, but she soon regained her self-control. "Don't be such a killjoy, dear! Tiffany insisted so much to have her hair dyed blond... And what's wrong with some male attention, huh? She's a good girl and I'm sure she won't be some kind of *easy girl*."

"So I hope" Richard said, looking at his so-called son again. "You won't date any boy without my permission. Did you hear me, young lady?"

"Y-yes, daddy!" Timothy gasped, even more confused and desperate.

"Good, princess. Daddy just wants the best for his pretty daughter."

"I... I know... Thank you, daddy..." Timothy stammered. "You... You got home early" he added, just because he felt he was expected to say something more.

"I didn't go out today, dear."

"Why not? What about your hunt?"

"I skipped it. The thing is... I couldn't stop thinking about how unfairly I treated you yesterday. I can't believe that I... well... that I almost hit you, my own daughter, when I had promised that I would support you in your transition into a lovely young lady. That was an unacceptable act, and I promise you it won't happen even again. So, as an apology, I prepared a surprise for you."

"A surprise?!"

"Yes. I worked on it all day. Not alone, of course. I needed a lot of help to do a quick and perfect job. Just like you deserve... "

"W-what are you talking about, daddy?"

"Follow me, princess. You'll understand everything soon, and I think you're going to love it!"

"Where are we exactly going, Daddy?" Timothy asked as they climbed the stairs.

"To your bedroom, doll."

"My bedroom?" the feminized boy exclaimed, not liking the sound of that.

"Yes, but not this way."

"But my..."

"Your *old* room was in that direction. I'm talking about the new one, though."

"I don't understand, daddy."



"Let me explain then. I realized that a young lady like you needs much more space, don't you think? So I thought of something... Do you remember the big room where I used to store my old stuff? Badges of honor, medals, old uniforms... Well, I moved everything that was there to another place, and then I got some builders and decorators to reform the room today. Only the best for my little princess" he stated with a twisted smile that made Timothy tremble. "Anyway, here we are" the man added, standing in front of a door at the end of the hallway. "Go ahead, dear. Let me know what you think of your new place."

Timothy then turned the knob with a trembling hand and entered the room. What the boy saw inside was so horrifying that his heart missed a beat. He felt like he was coming into a giant dollhouse, and he thought that nobody but some kind of living Barbie doll could inhabit a place like that one.



The room, after the reform, had pink walls with lace white and pink curtains, and many feminine paintings and *motivational posters* with sayings like "Keep calm and wear heels" and "wake up and make-up". There was also a fluffy hot pink rug on the light wood floor, and a big chandelier, that lightened the place gently. The furniture was predominantly white, and included a large bed, a

delicate bedside table and a beautiful and elegant vanity that would make any girl jealous. Finally, there were some stuffed animals and dolls here and there, emphasizing once again how girly the owner of that room was supposed to be.

"So, honey, do you like it?" Richard asked his son, clearly proud of himself.

Knowing he had to keep in the character, Timothy answered, "Oh, daddy, I love it, like, *soo* much!" he exclaimed, feeling sick inside. Then, he addressed the question that was bothering his mind a lot, "But... umm... what about my old stuff? Is that in the other bedroom?"

"Oh no, princess. I needed that room to store the things that were here."

"Where are my things, then? My old clothes, books, CDs, guitar..."

"I don't understand, baby. Why I girl like you would need any of that crap, especially male clothes?" Richard asked, his fake smile turning into a cruel one. "Everything that was in your old room was donated or thrown away."

"What?!!" Timothy cried out, dumbfounded. "Even my guitar?"

"Of course, honey. How could you even play that thing with such beautiful manicured hands? Do you want to break a nail or something? I got rid of all those things for your own good. Now you'll never again need to remember the time you used to *pretend* to be a boy. This was the least I could do after the way I treated you last night. From now on, you'll only possess pretty and feminine clothes and girly stuff. Isn't that what you wanted, after all? To be a dainty, beautiful young lady?"

Timothy then realized how devilishly brilliant his father had been. Just when the boy was convinced that Richard was completely defeated, the man had actually put his son in a perfect lose-lose situation. Now Timothy had two choices: accept that he had lost the game, or keep fighting and deal with the loss of his beloved belongings without complaining.

"You're right, daddy" Timothy whispered with his voice choked, feeling the tears coming to his eyes. "This is exactly what I wanted. I couldn't, like, be happier than I am now. You totally are the best daddy in the world..."

"So, do you think this is going to work?" Richard asked his wife some hours later, as the couple was getting ready to go to bed.

"We need to wait and see, dear" Susan said, spreading moisturizer on her arms. "But I was with Tiffany a minute ago, and she's definitely shaken about everything that happened. I think she's about to give up."

"I hope you are right, Susan" Richard grumbled, annoyed. "Do you have any idea how much money I spent on that goddamn room?"

"You had no choice, honey. Don't you remember that you almost screwed up everything last night? You needed a bold move to get back into the game."

"Yes, yes... Let's see if it pays off" the man said, still angry. "I really don't understand that boy, Susan. Why doesn't he simply admit defeat right now? Isn't it better than living as a freak sissy?"

"We're almost there, dear" Susan patiently repeated. "But you need to remember that tomorrow will be another important day, so you have to be ready. Also, I told you already that *she* is not a boy. Her name is Tiffany, and she's your daughter."

"There is no need to keep this damn charade when we're away from that stupid boy!"

"Yes, there is. That's the only way to make sure that you're not going to make another mistake like last night. Do you want to win this game or not?" she asked, finally lying down on the bed, and turning sideways to prevent her husband from seeing the smile of satisfaction on her face.

Oh, she couldn't be more pleased with the development of that little *tug of war*...

Richard's mistake had been something the woman hadn't anticipated, but she ended up being able to use it in her favor wonderfully well. She had been the one who had persuaded the man to reform that room in order to turn it into a super girly bedroom, after all, and then ordered most of the furniture online that very night. On Saturday morning, while Timothy was at the beauty salon, she even returned home to talk to the builders and make sure that everything would be ready in time. Now, as she had planned all the way long, her stepson was stuck in that extremely feminine room – a room that perfectly matched the personality of the girl he was going to be...

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Unaware of his stepmother's machinations, Timothy was crying like a baby on his new bed, hugging a soft pillow. He couldn't believe what his father had done to him. In one fell swoop, he had lost everything he had ever possessed. His clothes, his books, his CDs... But the worst of all had been the loss of his guitar. To the boy, it was much more than a mere piece of wood. With that instrument, he had learned how to play... he had written his songs... he had dreamed of a future as a professional musician...

His guitar was like an old, real friend – And now it was gone. His favorite object in the whole world was gone. His father had had no reasonable reason to do something like that. Timothy was convinced that this had been an act of cruelty for cruelty's sake.

"Very well, *daddy*" he murmured, wiping his eyes and getting up. He then approached his new closet (yes, the reformed and redecorated room had an attached closet, as big as a socialite's one), and took off the plain white nightie he was wearing as he looked around. "Here it is!" he said, picking up the sexy lace nightie Kate had chosen for him while they were at the mall. He then spent some time caressing the garment and enjoying how soft it felt.

When he finally put it on, he checked his reflection in a full-length mirror. "Not bad" he told himself, smiling. The breasts forms gave the illusion that he actually had boobs, and even without a corset (perhaps realizing how sad the boy was, Susan had allowed and helped him to take it off that night), he thought his waist looked pleasantly thin.

He then put on the matching pair of panties, which also were the sexiest one he had ever worn, and shivered at the feeling of the soft material slipping between the cheeks of his butt at the back. That was an unfamiliar but not necessarily bad feeling. Wasting no time, he next slid a new pair of nylons up his smooth legs, and put on a pair of 3-inch mule heels.



Fully dressed, Timothy approached the mirror again, and noted how great his legs looked thanks to those shoes, not to mention how lifted his butt seemed. Yes, the heels weren't easy to walk in, but they definitely did a good job at making him look fabulously feminine and attractive.

As Timothy returned to the main area of the bedroom and lay down again – making sure to swing his hips even more sensually along the way – his mind was already made up. He no longer cared about how humiliated he would feel for having to keep dressing and acting like a girl. He didn't even care about winning that crazy game anymore, he realized, as anger and hatred overwhelming his very being.

All that mattered to him now was to make his father suffer – suffer as much as the boy was suffering. And if that meant he had to become the girliest girl in the world, so that was what he was going to be.

One thing was for sure... Susan was about to get the dainty, almost overly girly daughter she had always wanted so badly...

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"Hey, daddy!" Timothy cried out the next morning as he entered the dining room. "So, what you think about my new T-shirt? Is this the cutest thing ever? I totally hope you like it!" the feminized boy giggled, pointing to the hot pink T-shirt he was wearing which had the saying '*daddy's princess*'.

"Oh, I love it, honey!" Richard said, although he had begun to chew his toast a lot harder than necessary. "You look *very beautiful* this morning" he added, trying to disguise how horrified he got not only by the T-shirt but also by the extremely short pair of denim shorts the boy was wearing. God, he thought it was even worse than the dress he had worn the day before.

"Why thank you, daddy!" Timothy exclaimed excitedly, and then he did something he had never done before. Approaching the table, he hugged his father and gave him a little peck on the cheek. He then joyfully sat down on his chair, delighted with Richard's stupefied expression.

Just then Susan entered the room, carrying a tray with pancakes. "Good morning, sweetie pie!" She smiled at Timothy. "Did you sleep well?"

"Oh, marvelously well, mommy!" the boy answered, and Richard once again seemed stunned seing how naturally his son called Susan *mommy*. "My new bed is, like, so soft and comfortable... Not to mention how relaxed I felt surrounded by so many cute pink things!" he giggled again. "I'm totally sure I'll never thank you enough for being so good to me, daddy. That room is, like, the best gift ever!"

"I'm glad you liked it so much, doll" Richard smirked, trying to sound calm and relaxed. "It was my pleasure to make my little girl happy."


ANTIETAM.
Daddy's
Princess

"Oh my... I would never have imagined that Tiffany's transition would do so well to our family" Susan said, sighing in contentment. "Not so long ago, you two were fighting all the time... We used to never have peace under this roof, but now... Now we look like a true loving family! Aren't you happy for finally accepting Tiffany as your lovely daughter, honey?" she asked her husband.

"Absolutely, Susan, absolutely... However, we still need to discuss something important, Tiffany, honey."

"What's it, daddy?" Timothy asked, taking a sip of his terrible green juice.

"Well, as I told you yesterday, all the clothes from the time you pretended to be a boy are gone. Besides that, any sane person would laugh to hear that you are a male after what they have done to you at the salon. So it's time for you to truly start living as a girl. This is not a game anymore, which means attending school as Tiffany. I don't think this will be a problem for you, though, since you seem so happy about it all, right? I have everything planned. We're going to stick with the story you told Mrs. Bennett. We'll introduce you to people as a Susan's niece who came to live with us after my son went to study at a military academy far from here."

"No, daddy" Timothy said, so assertively that his father choked on his coffee.

"What you mean by '*no*'? Why wouldn't you want to attend school as a girl? Don't you want to be a female so badly? Isn't that your biggest dream? Unless, of course, you were lying to me all the way long..." the man continued, barely controlling his excitation. It seemed he was finally about to win that game. "Lying to me to try..."

"Gee, what are you even talking about, daddy?" Timothy shook his pretty head. "Of course I wasn't lying to you! Just look at me... Do I look like someone who would want to be a boy? Yuck, even thinking about it seems totally disgusting now! When I said *'no'*, what I meant is that I don't want to fool anyone by pretending to be Mommy's niece. I want everyone to know that Timothy Ray Foster is now Tiffany Rose Foster. Being totally honest to people is the best way to show everyone that I'm a *good girl*, don't you agree, daddy? I just hope you aren't ashamed that people will know you have a trans daughter!"

Timothy's speech was so surprising and unexpected that not only Richard but also Susan looked shocked. After he finished, the feminized boy then kept facing his father sweetly but fiercely, savoring the panic in man's eyes.

For a moment, it seemed clear that Richard would start yelling, just like he had done on Friday night. But the man was able to control himself, and then he finally said, in a controlled voice, "Very well, Tiffany. If this is what you want, this is what you'll get. I'm going to find out how we can legally change your name and gender to match your true self, and in the meantime I'll have a little talk with

your school principal to inform him that you want to be treated like a female student from now on. No turning back now, did you hear me, young lady? I hope you enjoy your new life, *princess*."

At that point, looking at the smug and challenging face of his son, Richard started thinking pretty much the same as Timothy since the night before. He didn't care about winning that crazy game. He didn't even care if everybody would know that his son was a sissy. He just wanted to teach the boy a lesson he would never forget as long as he lived – No matter how vindictive and sadistic such a lesson was going to be...

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"Wake up and shine, sleepyhead..." Timothy heard a soft voice calling him, and opened his eyes slowly. He then saw his stepmother's face smiling at him.

"What time is it, Susan?" he asked, stretching and yawning.

"Very early, sweetie, but we'll need plenty of time to get you ready, right? Today isn't going to be an ordinary day, after all."

Still drowsy, Timothy didn't quite understand what his stepmother was talking about. However, as he kept stretching on the bed, he suddenly became aware of the softness of his nightgown... not to mention the two unfamiliar mounds on his chest...

"What the..." he started saying, but there was no need to finish the sentence as reality hit him hard, and he remembered all the events from the previous days. "Oh my gosh, this is, like, really happening, isn't, Susan?" he cried out, unaware of how girly his exclamation of shock had sounded.

"Mom, sweetie."

"What?" Timothy asked, confused, looking around. Even in the dim light, he could still glimpse the elegant furniture and embroidered curtain of his new bedroom.

"I meant you should call me mom, honey. Do you want to get grounded or something?" Susan asked, playfully.

"Whatever, *Mommy*" Timothy said, rolling his eyes and crossing his arms, petulantly.

"That's better, doll. You'll be happy to know that I've already prepared a bath for you. You must get up now" Susan insisted, but Timothy remained paralyzed in bed, his gaze lost.

Was he really going to do what he had planned? Would he really dare to go to school totally in femme? Not only that, but also tell everyone there that from now on his name was Tiffany and he wanted to be treated like a girl?

Realizing how insane it sounded, the boy considered giving up the whole idea. However, as he remembered everything his father had done to him, he felt more determined than ever. No, he wouldn't give up – It was a matter of honor now.

Almost as if she was reading the boy's mind, Susan said, "You know you don't have to do it, right, Timmy? We can find another way to defeat your father without you having to sacrifice yourself so much."

The boy got pleasantly surprised to hear his stepmother calling him by his male nickname for the first time in many days. He thought it sounded like a legitimate demonstration that Susan was truly doing all that just to help him. The idea that the woman had some sort of secret agenda didn't even cross his mind.

"It's all right, *Mommy*!" he said, smiling. "I know perfectly well what I am doing. At this point, though, I'm not so concerned about defeating my father anymore. Yeah, it would be nice and all, but what I really want to do is to humiliate him. And when everybody finds out that his only son is now, *like*, living as a girl, I'm sure he will feel humiliated beyond words. That will be my revenge."

"But what about your own reputation, sweetie?"

"Well, this is not like I'm planning to spend the rest of my life in this fuckin... sorry... freaking town. As soon as I finish high school, I'll disappear from here and live as a normal guy somewhere else. But this won't be so simple to *daddy*. He has his job and will have to stay here being tormented for a very, very long time. That's what he deserves... So, pretty please, don't let me give up, Susan. If you ever feel like I'm about to chicken out or something, I want you to push me harder!"

"Be careful if what you wish for, darling" Susan teased him, as she stroked his hair. "God, you have no idea how much I regret the day I suggested you to tie your hair in a ponytail... I definitely didn't think things would get this far. Maybe if you try to talk to your father and..."

"No! It's not going to happen, Susan! No after... this!" he said, opening his arms to indicate the bedroom around them.

"Fine, sweetie" the woman sighed. "I think your father definitely deserves to learn some kind of lesson, and since you want to do it so badly... I guess the least I can do is to keep supporting you. However, I need to know how serious you are about this new plan."

"Totally serious, Susan."

"So, do you agree to be treated like a girl all the time, even when we are alone? Are you going to *always* call me mom from now on?"

"Yes and yes, *Mommy*."

"Very well, baby doll" Susan smiled widely, as her supposed reluctance went away in the blink of an eye. "Then now, for all intents and purposes, you are Tiffany Rose Foster, my sweet little girl! What are you waiting for, princess? Go take your bath while Mommy picks some outfits for you to try on! Don't you want to look stunning for your debut as a school girl? Oh, I bet you do!"

In addition to the walk-in closet, Timothy's new room had an attached bathroom as well, containing everything a girly young lady would need. It had white walls and marble floors, flower pots everywhere, a large mirror, a cabinet full of women's beauty products, and even a big bathtub, which also was something completely new to the boy.

Getting closer to the bathtub, he noticed that it was filled to the brim with water and bubble foam, and there were some aromatic candles on a nearby stool. He touched the water with his fingertips, and got surprised at how pleasantly warm this felt.

Well, it can't be so bad, he thought, starting to get undressed.



When he finally got into the tub, he couldn't help it but let out a groan of contentment. Yes, it felt even better than he had expected. So delightful... In his still sleepy state, the boy's mind began to wander and he wondered if he would ever again get satisfied with a simple shower after such an experience...

After a few minutes of just relaxing there, he finally got a soft sponge and started rubbing all over his body, from his neck to his toes, making sure that every bit of his soft skin was getting enough attention, including his "*breasts*". Timothy was still having a hard time getting used to those forms attached to his chest, but not even them were able to bother him at that moment. In fact, looking down at his body, with his "*girls*" over the waterline, was a very sensual experience – So sensual that he wondered why his member down there wasn't getting as hard as it used to get...

Maybe that was because it had spent almost twenty-four hours straight being crushed by a gaff? It was hard to say for sure, and Timothy would surely be a lot more concerned about the issue had it not been for the fact that he was feeling so relaxed...

"Tiff, honey, are you finished with your bath?" he heard his stepmother asking from the bedroom, and got alarmed.

"Almost, mom!" he cried out, coming back to earth. He was enjoying the bath so much that he had completely lost track of time. "I'll be there in a minute!"

"Oh, here you finally are, princess!" Susan exclaimed when Timothy returned to his room. The woman saw satisfied that her stepson had wrapped the towel around his chest, exactly like she had taught him. "You took a long time in the bathroom, sweetie. We women are all the same, I guess... It seems like you really loved taking a bath, didn't you?"

"Y-yes" Timothy admitted, blushing.

"You don't need to be embarrassed, honey. There's nothing wrong with indulging yourself a once in a while. And trust me, you'll experience many of those little pleasures now that you're a girl. I fear you'll get so hooked to your new lifestyle that you'll find it impossible to go back to being the old you" the woman giggled. "Don't look at me like that, young lady. You agreed to be treated like a girl all the time, remember? You even begged me to push you harder if I felt you were going to... how did you put it? Oh yes... chicken out! So now I say it's time for you to embrace your femininity. Let's get you ready for school."

The first thing Susan handed Timothy was a new gaff to tuck his private parts once again, and then a set of lace lavender lingerie. Next, she tied a corset around his waist, making sure it was tighter than ever.

"Take a deep breath, darling" the woman said. "I'm sure you want to look flawless for your official debut as Tiffany, don't you? The other girls will be so jealous of your slim waist... Oh, and the boys won't be able to take their eyes off you!"

Timothy then looked with concern at the outfits his stepmother had set aside for him to try on. There were at least five of them, and everything looked extremely feminine.

"Since this is my first day as a girl, wouldn't it be better for me to wear something simple, mommy?" he asked, pouting. "You know, maybe a T-shirt and a pair of jeans would..."

"Absolutely not, silly!" Susan shook her head vigorously. "You need to make a good impression today, and I can't picture a girl like you wearing pants so often, anyway... So be a good girl and put on this white top with that pink skirt. I think this will be a good outfit to start with..."

An hour and many tops, skirts and dresses later, Susan finally decided for a pink off-shoulder knit sweater (which forced the boy to change his bra to a light pink strapless one, with matching panties, of course); a navy blue and white pleated mini-skirt, so short that Timothy knew he would have to be careful all day long not to show off his underwear; white knee socks, and black 3-inch Mary Jane heels.

Next, Susan helped the boy to style his hair and put makeup on his face, and then chose some rings and bangles for him. She just lamented the fact that his ears weren't completely healed yet, which meant he couldn't change the little studs he was wearing.

"So, what you think, sweetie?" the woman asked, placing the boy in front of the full-length mirror. "Don't you look like a living Barbie doll?"

Timothy gasped facing his reflection. It was worse than he had feared. The checkered pleated skirt, knee socks and Mary Janes – along with his bleached hair and immaculately made up face – made him look like the perfect stereotype of a frivolous schoolgirl.

There were girls like that at his school, of course; the popular, a little airheaded ones, who almost every guy wanted to date. The feminized boy couldn't believe that now he looked like one of them. Nothing could be more distant from his old image. Not even in his wildest dream did he imagine that this would ever happen someday!

"I... I don't know, mommy... Don't you this skirt is, like, too short? And these heels... How do you expect me to survive all day long wearing them?"

"Oh god, I can't believe you're once again acting like a drama queen, young lady! Well, it at least fits your new persona. There's nothing wrong about your pretty skirt. You actually look very fashionable. Don't girls at your school wear skirts like this one?"

"Some of them, b-but..."

"Good! And about your lovely shoes, I don't want to hear you complaining about them ever again. A girl like the one you *decided* to be is supposed to love heels! I bet that in a week or so you'll be so used to them that you'll even find it weird walking in flats."

Timothy swallowed hard, apparently finally realizing how insane his scheme to get even with his father was. He began to hyperventilate thinking he was about spend the next year and a half wearing skirts and high heels all the time, and that he had been the one who had trapped himself in such a trap... That definitely was the stupidest plan ever!

"I... I don't think I can do this, mom."

"What exactly you don't think you can do, princess."

"Everything! I can't! I just can't... be Tiffany!"

"Oh, sweetie" Susan said condescendingly, hugging her stepson. "Try to calm down, please. You're just getting cold feet, which is understandable. But I assure you that you'll be fine, okay? Isn't it a good thing you *begged me* not to let you give up? I won't let you down, sweetie. *Tiffany* is going to school today no matter what. If necessary, I'll even drag *her* there."

"What?! No, wait mom! I take back what I said before! You no longer need to..."

"Enough talk, missy. Here, take your purse" the woman continued, handing a pink bag to the feminized boy. "Let's go down now. You're already running late" she added, ignoring Timothy's protests and pushing him out of the room.

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"Holy crap! You look so... so..." Richard murmured horrified, when his son stepped into the living room. He couldn't understand how it was possible that the boy seemed more feminine every time he saw him.

"I look what, daddy?" Timothy asked, smiling slyly. Despite being about to lose his mind, he got delighted seeing that his father seemed even more distressed about that situation than the boy himself. "Cute? Pretty? Charming? I totally hope you're, like, thinking something along these lines" he giggled, enjoying the despair in Richard's eyes – so much that he began to forget his reluctance about going to school as a girl, at least for now.



"Yes, you look all that, sweetheart. Very beautiful indeed" Richard said, slowly regaining control of himself. "But don't you think your skirt is too short?" the man asked, as he checked his son's outfit once again, and his troubled mind tried to process what he was seeing. "I don't want people thinking that my daughter is a promiscuous girl!" he thundered, not sure why he did so. Was he truly starting to think of Timothy as a girl?

No, it can't be! Richard told himself, furious. *Someone who was born a man can never be a woman! This 'transgender thing' is just bullshit... A perversion of this corrupted generation!*

"Oh, daddy!" Timothy sighed dramatically, looking at his father with that petulant face he perhaps was getting a little too good at making. "You really don't understand anything about fashion, do you? My skirt isn't *that* short. This is what stylish girls are wearing these days" the boy concluded, hardly believing he was arguing with his father about the length of his skirt. It just sounded too surreal... and also very ironic, of course, considering that a few minutes before he had been the one complaining about that very same piece of clothing.

"I don't care about what the other girls are wearing! You're my daughter, and we're going to have a little talk about appropriate clothing for respectable young ladies later, did you hear me?" the man yelled, more confused than ever.

"Whatever, daddy" Timothy rolled his eyes again.

"Now we need to get going, though. I'll take you to school as we agreed yesterday to have that little conversation with your school principal about your new status. Your new life begins today. I hope you're happy, honey bunny..."

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As Timothy crossed the school hallway toward the principal's office, he was well aware of how much attention he was drawing to himself. Almost everybody stopped talking to look at what they believed to be a new student... a female student, of course.

Many girls could barely disguise their jealousy and spite against the supposed newcomer, hating the fact that she looked so good. The guys, on the other hand, got astonished by the sight of such a gorgeous, sexy *girl*. As she passes by, wearing her miniskirts and high heels, and moving her hips sensually with every step she took, they couldn't help it but openly lusted after her.

Timothy tried to ignore the glances he was receiving, but it wasn't being easy. The feminized boy had never been so nervous in his entire life. There he was, dressed as a girl in front of his whole school. What would happen when people found out who he really was? This could go very, very wrong, to say

the least. But despite this, he kept a confident expression on his face, mostly to piss off the person who was walking by his side – none other than his father.

Richard was indeed completely furious... Furious at his son, who was not only exposing himself to ridicule, but also ruining the whole family's reputation, and furious at those stupid kids around, lusting after *his daughter* not knowing she actually was a freak boy in drag. He knew they would crush *Tiffany* when they became aware that *she* was just a sissy.

Once again, Richard remembered his school days, and how he and his friends used to treat the *faggots* at the time. There was one in particular (whose name Richard couldn't remember, nor did he care about), who at some point started to grow his hair and nails and wear silk shirts – Nothing as extreme as what timothy was doing, but even so Richard and his buddies beat the crap out of that pansy boy until he was forced to leave the school.

And now, Richard thought, fuming, his own son was about to officially become the school sissy. Talk about irony! But Richard was making a huge effort to ignore the humiliation that he himself was certainly about to feel. All that mattered now was to punish Timothy hard – So hard that he would remember it forever. Since the boy hated so much acting like a real man, now he could have all the fun in the world living as a *'cheap imitation'* of a woman...

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"Good morning, Mr. Foster" said Charles Lambert, the school principal. He was a tall, thin man in his mid forties, with a large mustache – obviously dyed black – and an almost completely bald head. He was wearing an old brown suit with a hideous green and blue tie. "Take a seat, please. Would you like something to drink? Coffee? Water? No? Okay, then. Anyway, would you mind if I ask who is this young lady with you?"

"This is my daughter, Mr. Lambert" Richard stated, as Timothy sat beside him, crossing his smooth legs.

"Your daughter?" the school principal raised his almost nonexistent eyebrows. "I didn't know you had a daughter, Mr. Foster."

"Nor did I, until a few days ago" Richard smirked.

"I'm not sure I'm following you" Mr. Lambert said, sounding slightly offended, as if he felt he was being made a fool of.

"Then let me explain it to you. Do you remember my son, Timothy Ray Foster?"

"Of course. He's one of our students, after all."



"No anymore. For all intents and purposes, Timothy is gone. He now is Tiffany Rose Foster, this lovely young girl by my side."

Upon hearing that, the school principal got absolutely sure that the other man was indeed mocking him. "Are you telling me that this girl is Timothy... your son?" he asked, skeptical.

"Exactly, Mr. Lambert. *She* came out as a transgender some weeks ago, and started living as a female at home. Now she wants to attend school as her true self, too. That's why I am here. I want to make sure that my daughter will be treated like the girl she is."

"Mr. Foster!" the other man exclaimed exasperated. "I don't know what your true intentions are, but there's no way this girl is your son! Her face... her figure..."

"Daddy is telling you the truth, sir" Timothy said, using his male voice for the first time in many days, which made the school principal gasp, dumbfounded. "I really am – or used to be – Timothy. Would you mind if I, like, use my female voice now? I totally hate sounding like a boy, you know. Anyway, after I came out to my family, Mommy... I mean, my stepmom took me to the salon for a makeover, and also helped me buying women's garments. That's how I look like this now."

After Timothy finished, Mr. Lambert kept looking from the supposed boy to Mr. Foster intensely, as if he expected the two of them to burst out laughing at any moment, after their successful prank. Since that didn't happen, though, the school principal was forced to consider the possibility that they were telling the truth. Mr. Foster was one of the most respected men in town, after all. He wouldn't simply go around playing tricks on people out of the blue. And he had heard that *girl's* real voice... there was no way a real female would sound like that.

However, accepting that such a story was real didn't make things simpler for Mr. Lambert – quite the opposite, in fact.

"Mr. Foster, are you really okay with the fact that your son wants to live as a girl?" he asked, with sincere curiosity and some disgust in his voice.

"Such news would be a shock to any father, Mr. Lambert. But my daughter's happiness is the most important thing to me."

"B-but for God's sake, Mr. Foster. You're a Navy officer! Your reputation... Also, haven't you considered the possibility that this could just be... a phase? I mean, kids these days..."

"Just look at her!" Richard almost shouted at the man. "Do you think she looks like someone who is joking when she says she wants to be a girl? And I'm not here to hear your thoughts on how I take care of my reputation! All I want to know is if Tiffany will be allowed to attend school as a female student!"

"This is not so simple, Mr. Foster! We are not in one of those liberal states, and I don't even know what current legislation says about it! I'll need to check it out."

Many phone calls later, he finally addressed the man in front of him again. "That's it. The only way for your son..."

"My daughter, Mr. Lambert."

"Fine! The only way for your *daughter* to attend school as a female is by presenting a medical report certifying that she indeed is a transgender, and that she is undergoing a sex reassignment therapy."

"A medical report, huh?" Richard scratched his chin, as Timothy started getting alarmed. What exactly was a sex reassignment therapy? He had no idea, but he didn't like the sound of that. "Okay, we can get one" Richard continued. "But what happens in the meantime?"

"I can make an exception for a day or two and let him... well... her attend classes wearing women's clothes" Mr. Lambert said, grinding his teeth. He was obviously not happy about that. "But she can't use the ladies' room! The best Io can do for now is allow her to use the teachers' bathroom to avoid some kind of... embarrassment. Still, I would like to point out that..."

"This sounds acceptable, Mr. Lambert" Richard interrupted the school principal. "Thank you. I assure you I'll get you the medical report soon. Now, we also need to discuss a new curriculum for Tiffany. She needs classes more suitable for the young lady she is now..."

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As he walked toward his locker, about twenty later, Timothy was feeling completely numb and anguished. The situation had quickly got out of hand, and he wasn't sure about what to do now. In his hands, he was carrying a sheet of paper that was exactly what was troubling him so much at that moment – a copy of his new school curriculum.

Just the week before, besides the core courses, Timothy used to attend electives classes like Audio and Music Production, World Literature, Philosophy, Political Studies, and Electronics and Media Technology.

Now, however, it was all past, and Timothy's academic life was going to be very different. Crossing the empty hallway (the classes had already started, so there was no one around), the feminized boy checked the piece of paper again, almost as if he were foolishly hoping he had misread it at the school principal's office.

...Fashion Merchandising and Design, Cosmetology, Home Economics, Culinary and Nutrition, Early Childhood Development and Education, Interior Design, Dance, Aerobics and Yoga, Jewelry Design...

No, he hadn't gotten anything wrong before. Those indeed were the new classes he was expected to attend, and he doubted that Mr. Lambert would agree to change his curriculum again anytime soon.

It was terrible, and Timothy was sure it would even hurt his chances of joining the college he wanted. He had no idea that his father was going to play so dirty, and it just made him feel even more disgust for that cruel and detestable man.

Well, at least my first class today is History, he thought, trying to cheer himself up. However, could this really be considered good news? Everyone knew Timothy in History class, and he was about to

get in there dressed as a girl. Worst of all, since he was late, it would be impossible to enter the room without drawing everyone's attention.

What will happen then? How will people react? He wondered, as he opened his locker to get his books. He was so engrossed in his gloomy thoughts that he didn't realize that someone was approaching him.

"Wow, hi there, babe!" said a male voice right next to Timothy, scaring the hell out of him – so much that he dropped his purse, the sheet with his new schedule and his books. "Oh sorry, I didn't mean to scare you" the guy apologized, and Timothy realized he knew him very well. It was Steven, who was also part of the basketball team, and one of Timothy's top bullies, right up there with Adam. He had shaved black hair, wide chin, and a large body. "Let me get your stuff, doll. This is the least I can do, right?" Steven smiled, crouching down.

"T-thanks" it was all Timothy was able to mumble, feeling extremely nervous. Then, to make his discomfort and embarrassment even greater, he realized that Steven was in no hurry to collect his belongings because he was taking the opportunity to check feminized boy's legs closely, even trying to peek under his skirt, which made Timothy gasp and put his legs together tightly.

"Okay, I think I got everything" Steven said, reluctantly getting up some time later. "But tell me, babe, I've never seen you around – and trust me, I'd remember you – so I assume you're a new to this school, isn't it right? What's your name?"

"T-Tiffany" Timothy said, lowering his eyes.

"Tiffany... such a pretty name, and suits you very well. So, did they assign this locker to you? I have to say that I can't believe how lucky I am! This is right next to mine, see? I definitely can't complain about bumping into such a beautiful girl like you all day long after each class. The funny thing is that this locker of yours used to belong to a freaking sissy just the week before, can you believe it? I guess he just left school, which is a good thing 'cause no one liked that loser, anyway. So, I guess you need help to get into your class, right? Don't I'll take you there. I don't want to see a pretty little thing like you getting lost or something..."

"T-thank you, Steven, but I don't think this is... like... necessary."

"I insist. Besides... wait a minute... How do you know my name?" Steven asked, raising an eyebrow. "Now that I'm thinking about it, I don't think I mentioned it before."

"Well... I... Umm..." Timothy babbled, not believing how stupid he had been.

"You will have to explain this to me later, doll, when I take you to the movies or something..." Steven said, putting a hand in Timothy's locker, and pressing the feminized boy against it. "I'm assuming you're new to this town as well, so I'll show you the place around. Sounds great, doesn't it? I'm sure

we'll get along pretty well... This is your schedule, right? Let me check in which class you are supposed to be now."

"No, Steven, wait..." Timothy tried to stop him, but it already was too late.

"...History class, and then Home Ec. But... There is something wrong here" Steven said, frowning. "This sheet says that your name... This must be some mistake, of course... Unless..." the guy started to seem furious as he slowly connected the dots. "This locker... Also, how did you know my name again?" he asked, getting even closer to Timothy.

"I... w-well..." the feminized boy stammered, trying in vain to get away from the other guy, who was much stronger than him.

"And why does this piece of paper say that you're called Timothy?" Steven demanded to know, looking truly menacing now. "This is you, isn't it, Timmy? You thought you could just put on a skirt and trick me, you son of a bitch" Steven yelled, feeling incredibly choleric and ashamed. He couldn't believe he had flirted with and felt attracted by what he could only call a *perverted faggot*. "You'll pay for this, sissy boy!" he punched the locker behind Timothy, making the feminized boy squeal and shudder. "Let's see how many other guys you'll be able to fool after I'm done with you!"

Timothy closed his eyes as Steven raised his fist to strike another blow. This time, Timothy was sure the other guy's target wouldn't be the locker but his face, and there was nothing he could do to avoid it...

But then, at the very last moment, Timothy heard Steven let out a groan of pain for some reason, and then something heavy hit the floor. When the feminized boy opened his eyes to find out what was going on, he saw Steven lying in a fetal position while another guy was kicking him hard – It was none other than Martin, his best friend.

"What the hell is wrong with you, you jerk?" Martin shouted at the guy on the floor. "You were about to punch a girl... A girl!" he punctuated the last word with an especially strong kick. "Get out of here... Get out of here before I kill you!"

That was an order Steven didn't need to hear twice. Grunting and moaning in pain, he got up as fast as he could and ran away with stumbling steps.

"Are you okay?" Martin asked Timothy, who still was trembling from head to toe. "Did he hurt you?"

"No, I'm fine..." Timothy said, feeling immensely relieved and grateful. So grateful that he felt like hugging his friend, exactly like the week before in the locker room. On the previous occasion, Timothy had been able to control such an urge, but not this time... Before he knew what he was doing, he went towards Martin and threw himself into his arms, hugging him tightly. "Thank you so much!" Timothy

whispered weakly, seeming about to cry. "I totally don't know what would have happened if it weren't for you. Thank you... Thank you!"

Timothy was feeling a mix of conflicting emotions. For one thing, he felt embarrassed and emasculated for being once again acting like a *damsel in distress* rescued by *her* knight in shining armor; on the other hand, though, he couldn't help it but feel so safe and secure in Martin's arms...



"Don't worry, it was nothing" Martin said, caressing Timothy's back. "I just don't know what's wrong with people around here these days. I mean, nothing would justify what that asshole was about to do! Be sure I'm going to report him! But don't think that everyone in this school is like him, okay? This is not the way to welcome a new student!"

Timothy gasped once again upon hearing that, realizing that not even his best friend had recognized him. Martin was truly thinking he was some female newcomer! What was Timothy going to do now? Lie to Martin? Pretend he was indeed a girl to avoid further embarrassment? No, he couldn't do that... Not after what Martin had done for him. "I... I'm not a new student, Martin" he said, blushing.

"Really?" the other boy exclaimed surprised, looking deep into the eyes of the *girl* in his arms. "Man, I guess I'm even more absent-minded than I thought... How can I not remember a girl like you? How do you know my name, by the way? Have we talked before?"

"Yes. We have, like, talked a lot..." the feminized boy then took a deep breath, just before adding, "This is me, Martin... Tim."

Timothy and Martin had been best friends since kindergarten, and during all those years Timothy had never seen the other boy so stunned.

"T-Tim?!" Martin exclaimed, open mouthed. "It... It can't be!

"Are you sure?" Timothy asked, using his male voice.

"You must be kidding me! Is that really you?"

"I'm afraid so..." Timothy sighed, back to talking like a girl.

"But you look..."

"You don't need to tell me, okay? I know how ridiculous I look."

"Ridiculous?! Ha! You must be kidding me... again! You look... You look so stunningly beautiful. Wow, I don't think I have ever seen a girl as pretty as you!"

Timothy felt a strange tingling through his whole body upon hearing that, and his legs started trembling as his friend kept looking at him in that penetrating way. It made the feminized boy so afraid and confused that he stepped back.

"I... I wonder why you decided to come in this direction, anyway" Timothy commented, desperate to change the subject. "I mean, not that I am complaining or something... I truly fear what would have happened to me had you not appeared. But shouldn't you be in class now?"

"It was all thanks to Kate."

"Kate? I don't understand."

"She came to me earlier today looking for you. I told her I didn't know where you were and that..." Martin scratched the back of his head. "Well... that we hadn't talked to each other since last week when you got mad at me. She told me it didn't matter at that moment, and that it was crucial to find you as fast as possible because you needed someone trustworthy by your side."

"I didn't quite understand what she was talking about" Martin continued. "But she looked pretty serious about it so I simply nodded when she asked me to search this area while she was going to look for you on the other side of school. Just before we parted, though, she warned me that you would be

looking *somehow* different today, which made me even more confused. But now everything makes sense, huh? Anyway, I guess I should let she know that you are with me."

Martin then got his phone and started typing:

Found him...

He stopped, thinking it seemed silly and wrong to refer to that person in front of him using male pronouns. He then tried again:

Found her near the lockers. She's alright.

Proud of his *perspicacity*, Martin looked at his friend again with one of his dreamy smiles. "So, what should I call you now?"

"What you mean?"

"Don't you have a mirror? Of course you have... People say girls have a lot of mirrors..." he started rambling. "What I mean is that Tim doesn't suit you anymore."

"Is this really your biggest concern right now? My name?" Timothy asked, putting his hands on his hips, which in Martin's opinion made him looked incredibly cute. "Aren't you going to ask me first why am I wearing a skirt to school, for instance?"

Martin shrugged his shoulders. "I don't think there is any mystery about it. Remember when I asked you last week if you wanted to tell me something? I told you that even someone like me could see that something big was going on. You were changing a lot, and so fast, you know... I just don't understand why you didn't open up to me that day. I guess you were afraid I was going to get mad? C'mon, Man! No... Can't call you man anymore..." Martin pondered the matter for a considerable time. "Anyway, I'm not a jerk like Adam or Steven... It doesn't matter if you found out that you want to be... No, that deep down you have always been a girl. I did some research on this topic and saw that this is a real thing... You still are my best friend, okay? No matter what."

Timothy didn't know what to say at the end of such speech. He felt a new wave of gratitude towards Martin and had to control himself not to hug him again. He definitely was a real, great friend...

...Too bad he had gotten everything wrong.

"Listen, Martin" Timothy started, so nervous that he unconsciously began to curl a lock of hair around his finger. "This is not what you are thinking. I... I don't want to be a girl!" he claimed, knowing very well how ridiculous and unlikely it sounded due to the way he looked. "All this started innocent enough. Do you remember when I told you my father wanted to send me to a military academy to turn me into a Navy officer, just like him? Well, you know very well how much I hated

such an idea, right? But my father kept tormenting me about it all the time, to the point where I was forced to try something crazy to teach him a lesson..."

"Then..." Timothy continued. "I started doing some silly stuff at home, like tying my hair in a high ponytail and painting my nails. My plan was to make my father so annoyed that he would let me live my life as I wanted just to see me stop acting like a girl. But things didn't go exactly as expected, and soon the situation got out of hand. I had to start acting and dressing more and more like a girl to keep the charade and then..."

Timothy stopped talking suddenly, realizing that it was being nothing but a futile effort. It was clear that Martin wasn't buying that story at all – the look of disbelief was etched on his face.

"Buddy..." Martin started talking. "No, buddy won't do either. You really need to tell me how you want to be called from now on."

"Just keep calling me Tim, okay?" Timothy cried out, exasperated, and Martin looked hurt.

"Fine, *Tim*. As I was saying, I don't know why you keep lying to me. I told you I'm going to support you no matter what, remember?"

"But I *am* telling you the truth, you fool!" Timothy stamped his foot, making his high heel click sharply against the floor.

"Are you?" Martin asked, as he shook his head. "Do you really want me to believe you came to school dressed as a chick just to annoy your father? How stupid do you think that I am? Who would do something like that? The truth, it seems, is that you don't trust me. Maybe we're not friends like I thought after all. Oh but look! Kate is coming right there. I guess *she* is a real friend to you, right? She knew you were coming to school like this today, didn't she? I see you don't need me here anymore, *Tim*, so I will stop bothering you. Bye"

As Martin walked away, Timothy kept thinking he would rather Martin had shouted at him, even cursed him. That would have been way better than facing his friend's look of disappointment. It had definitely broken the Timothy's heart, and he soon enough felt tears coming to his eyes...

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"Oh Tiff, it's a relief to finally see you!" Katherine said, as she reached Timothy. "Is there something wrong? Why did Martin walk away?"

"Because he's an idiot!" the feminized boy exclaimed, and then he hugged the girl and started crying.

"I don't understand, honey" Kate got alarmed. "I thought Martin and you were friends. What did he do? Oh my gosh, did he hurt you or something?"

"No, of course not. He in fact saved me when a jerk from the basketball team was about to punch me. But after that..."

"After that what, Tiff?"

"Well, he didn't believe me when I told him I'm dressing like a girl just to piss my father off, and got, like, totally offended thinking that I don't trust him enough to tell him the truth. But I was telling him the truth! *Uggh* can you believe that?"

"Oh Tiff..." was all Kate said, patting the *'other girl's'* back. In truth, Kate couldn't understand either why Tiffany hadn't simply admitted to Martin she was a transgender, but she knew she couldn't say that because of the promise she had made to Susan. Kate needed to be patient and wait until Tiffany was ready to admit she had always been a girl at heart. "Don't worry, honey... I know you two will make up anytime soon."

"I'm not so sure, Kate."

"Trust me, girl. Now, you should stop crying. I hate to see you so sad... not to mention that you are going to ruin your makeup!"

"I don't care about my makeup!" Timothy pouted.

"Of course you do! Girls *like you* always care about their clothes and makeup" Kate giggled. "Talking about that, I haven't had a chance yet to tell you how great you look, honey. I just love you skirt. So lovely!"

"You sure?" the feminized boy asked, feeling self-conscious. "Don't you think this is, like, too short?"

"Nonsense, girl. You look very fashionable and feminine" Kate stated, and Timothy blushed. *Fashionable* and *feminine* were definitely not the compliments he wanted to hear from the girl he liked. It was especially embarrassing for him to realize that once again he was dressed in a much more feminine fashion than Kate, who was wearing a simple white top, Capri jeans and flats. "Now come with me" Kate added, grabbing Timothy's hand and dragging him to the end of the hallway, where there was a ladies' room.

"I can't go in there, Kate!" Timothy exclaimed, scared.

"Why not, honey? You *are* a girl, aren't you?" Kate winked. "At least until you has finished teaching your dad a lesson."

"But Mr. Lambert will get mad! He told me earlier today that I am not allowed to use the ladies' room!"

"Did he really say so?" Kate asked, furious. "Such a bigoted bastard! I can't accept that, Tiff. We're not in the Middle Ages anymore, and trans people have their rights!" Kate strongly said, almost as if she were at a rally.

"But I'm not exactly a trans, right? Also, I don't want to get into trouble!"

"Don't worry. If Mr. Lambert says something, you can tell him that I forced you into the bathroom. You need to fix your makeup, remember? Come on."

"Wait, Kate, I don't think..." Timothy kept protesting, but the girl wasn't listening to him anymore. When he realized it, he was already about to cross that once insurmountable portal that would lead him into that mysterious and sacred women's place...

...Or maybe not.

If Timothy was expecting to see something overwhelming and unforeseen in the ladies' room, he couldn't have been more wrong. The place looked pretty much like a men's bathroom, except for the obvious fact that there were no urinals anywhere in sight.



"I'm worried, Tiff" Kate said some time later, while Timothy was working on his face.

"Why?!" Timothy froze. "Is there someone coming?"

"No, nothing like that" Kate dismissed the idea with a wave of her hand. "Why would that be a problem anyway? I'm talking about your school schedule. This is very different from mine, you know... Don't get me wrong, girl. I bet those are the classes you've always dreamed of attending... to annoy your dad, of course... but the point is, I won't be by your side for much of the day, and I don't want you to be harassed again. I know very well how intolerant some people can be around here. I guess I have no choice... I'll have to talk to Alyssa Taylor."

"Alyssa Taylor?!" Timothy got so surprised that he almost pierced his eye with the eyeliner tip. "Why?"

"Because from what I can see, your schedule is almost identical to hers."

"I still can't get it, Kate. I wasn't even aware that you knew Alyssa Taylor personally."

"Why not? Just because we look so different? Believe it or not, we used to be inseparable until middle school. But then... well... we grew older and our interests and hobbies became too distinct from each other. However, we live in the same neighborhood and still talk once in a while. Although sometimes I have a feeling she gets embarrassed to be seen with me... Ha! Don't look me like that, Tiff. I'm just messing with you! I know Alyssa may seem intimidating at first glance, but she's a nice girl when you get the chance to know her better. If you two get close, she can keep an eye on you when I'm not around."

"B-but it doesn't make sense, Kate! How can I get close to Alyssa Taylor? I doubt we share any common interests!"

"Oh really? What you say about the fact that you two are going to attend the very same classes? Isn't that common interests? And the way you are dressed... I bet Alyssa won't leave you alone until you tell her where you got your outfit. She'll love to discuss fashion with you."

"B-but Kate..."

"God, I just fear you two will get along so well that you will forget about me" Kate said playfully. "Don't you dare to ever think about it, Tiff! You're supposed to be *my* best friend, okay?" the girl giggled. "Now finish putting your lipstick on, honey. You're so late for your class..."

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"Look, man. Over there!"

"Who? That chick with a pink top?"

"Exactly!"

"Are you fucking kidding me? There's no way that hottie is a guy!"

"I'm telling you, man!"

At lunchtime, when Timothy walked into the school cafeteria, everybody around stopped what they were doing to look at him, and started whispering. News that some boy had come to school dressed as a girl had quickly spread during the morning, and soon people were aware of who the boy in question was, although many students were having a hard time believing that such a stunning girl was in fact a boy in drag.

"Are you okay, honey?" asked Kate, who once again was walking beside the feminized boy.

"I... I guess so. I mean, it would be totally awesome if people stopped staring at me, but oh well... this is no worse than what happened in all my classes today."



His first morning at school as Tiffany had definitely not been easy for the poor boy. He was convinced that he could never forget how desperate he had felt during the roll call in his first class. When he raised his hand after hearing the name Timothy Foster, and teacher and his classmates looked at him equally astonished, the feminized boy wished more than anything to disappear from there.

Such a scene was repeated several times in the following hours, and Timothy became aware –once and for all – that there was no turning back now. No matter what happened in the future, he would be forever remembered in that town as the boy who had gone to school wearing women's clothes and makeup.

That was a very disturbing thought, but also... somehow liberating. The boy knew he had nothing to lose now. His reputation was already ruined, so he could focus on getting even with his father.

"Look, Kate" Timothy said, as they kept walking through the cafeteria. "There is an empty table in that corner, pleasantly far from the other ones. Can we sit there, pretty please?"

"We can't, Tiff. Sorry."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm trying to spot someone."

"C'mon, Kate! Don't tell me you are still thinking about that silly idea of introducing me to..."

"Oh she's right there! See? Let's have a little talk with her" Kate then dragged a reluctant Timothy to a table right in the center of the cafeteria, where three beautiful girls were sitting. "Hey, Lyss, honey!" she said to one of the girls, who slowly took her eyes off her phone and looked up.

It was none other than Alyssa Taylor, as Timothy knew very well. Alyssa was not only stupendously gorgeous, but also one of the most popular girls in school. She had long, silky red hair, and a small face, with big, dark blue eyes, arched brows and full lips. Her body was thin and slender, with middle sized breasts and nicely toned legs. The girl always dressed impeccably, and that day it was no different. She was wearing a stylish turquoise silk top, white skirt and wedge heels.

"Oh, it's you, Kate" Alyssa said, looking slightly surprised and not so pleased to see the girl.

"Long time no see! How have you been doing lately? Love your top, by the way!"

"Thank you. Well, I love your..." Alyssa studied Kate from head to toe, looking for something to compliment, but couldn't find anything that looked minimally tasteful to her. Then, she decided to change the subject. "Oh, who's this girl with you?" she asked, looking at *Tiffany* for the first time, and immediately getting interested. Now that was a girl who knew how to dress well.

"This is Tiffany Foster, someone I was eager to introduce to you. I think..."

"Wait a minute" said one of the girls sitting with Alyssa. She had light brown bob-cut hair and a round face. Timothy would find out later that she was called Chloe. "Aren't you that boy who came to school wearing girl's clothes?" she asked, and Timothy blushed deeply.

"She's not a boy wearing girl's clothes!" Kate stated, annoyed. "She's a transgender girl, which means she has always been a female despite the body she was born with."

"Oh my gosh!" exclaimed the last girl at the table, who had freckles on her charming face and dark blond hair, which was tied in a long braid. She was called Gabriella. "Are you really the person people are talking about? I can't believe it! You're *soo* pretty and feminine! But how can you no longer be a boy? Did some doctor... umm... cut your thing down there?" she asked, and Timothy blushed even deeper.

"Where is your common sense, Gabriella?" Kate asked, exasperated. "You can't simply go asking people stuff like that!" she sighed. "Look, girls... What I really intended coming here was to ask if you guys can help Tiffany feel more comfortable in some of her new classes. She has a whole new schedule now that she has started transitioning, and she's going to need some friendly company. Unfortunately she is enrolled in many classes that I don't attend – classes I'm sure you guys are in – so I would like to know if she can count on you."

"So you want *Tiffany* to walk with us, huh?" Alyssa said, punctuating the word 'Tiffany'.

"Just think about it, Lyss. Haven't you read Hollywood news lately? There's nothing *trendier* these days than supporting the LGBT community. You don't want to be seen as a simple-minded provincial girl, do you?"

"I can see what you are trying to do here, Kate, *dear*, but there is no need to try to pull such a low trick. I don't care if this little friend of yours was born a boy or a crocodile, as long as he – or she or whatever – knows how to look good. And from what I can see, *Tiffany* here understands fashion much better than most girls in this school" Alyssa said, looking at Katherine in an insinuating way. She then got up and started walking around Timothy, almost as if she were inspecting a mannequin, which made the boy very uncomfortable. "You have a nice figure, darling. Oh but I see your secret..." she added, groping Timothy's torso from behind. "This is a corset, isn't it?"

"Y-yes" Timothy stammered.

"Not a problem, darling, at least *for now*. It shows that you are really committed. I can also see that you are using breast forms. This trick may fool *ordinary people*, but I have trained eyes for fashion stuff. But I have to admit that you have great legs and a pretty face... Yes, I see potential on you. What about your outfit? Did you put it together yourself?"

"Mommy... I mean my stepmom helped me."

"She has good taste."

"But Kate was also super helpful while I was buying my new clothes last Saturday."

"Kate?" Alyssa's smiled wryly. "Now this is something shocking beyond words! In any case, what you need to understand to hang out with us is that you need to be always looking flawless, got it? I have a reputation to uphold."

Timothy definitely didn't like Alyssa's arrogant, smug personality. It was really annoying the way she thought she was better than other people just because she wore fashionable clothes, not to mention how especially *bitchy* she liked to act when referring or talking to Kate – so much that Timothy started wondering what had really happened between them in the past.

Despite all that, the feminized boy knew that Kate herself wanted him to get close to that mean girl, and he had to admit that it would be nice to have some company in his classes – especially someone like Alyssa, who would overshadow him completely, so no one would pay so much attention to the *boy wearing skirts*.

He just didn't know how long he would be able to endure her presence...

"I... I got it, Alyssa" he meekly said, wondering if he wasn't making a big mistake.

"Oh fabulous, doll!" Alyssa exclaimed, suddenly looking radiant. "Now, if we are going to be friends, you can call me Lyss, okay? Don't make me regret the *privilege* that I'm granting you. You also need a good pet name, of course."

"I call her Tiff" Kate said.

"Yeah, yeah, of course you do" Alyssa impatiently dismissed Kate's interference. "Any ideas, girls?" she asked Chloe and Gabriella.

"Oh she looks so cute and adorable..." Gabriella said, also getting up and starting to walk around Timothy. Soon she was followed by Chloe, and the feminized boy felt like a helpless little bunny surrounded by three hungry lions. "I like Tia... or who knows... maybe Tiny?"

"Tiny... Really, Ella?" Chloe rolled her eyes, frustrated. "Girl, I totally wonder what's wrong with you sometimes. There is a limit to being airhead, you know..."

"Like you're very bright, right, Chlo?" Gabriella made a face. "What about Ti-Ti, then?"

"Ti-Ti..." Alyssa repeated it, slowly. "Yeah, I kinda like how it sounds. It's decided then!" she proclaimed, before Timothy could even open his mouth to express how much he hated that stupid nickname. "You're Ti-Ti now, darling! Tell me, are you enrolled in cosmetology and fashion classes, right?"

"Y-Yes, I am. But..."

"Fantastic! I can hardly wait to use you as my model in some of my projects. I don't know exactly why, but I feel very thrilling about working on *someone like you*... I already have so many plans in mind..." she said, and Timothy gulped. "Of course you will need to lose a pound or two before anything else..."

"B-But I'm already dieting!"

"Really? This is not being enough, I think... But we can always tighten your corset a little more. So many possibilities, Ti-Ti... Aren't you, like, totally excited?"

—•—

"Good morning, Mrs. Foster. Take a seat, please."

"Thank you, Dr. Rowland" Susan said, sitting down. "And also thanks for seeing us in such a short notice. I'm sure you are a very busy doctor so this must have been difficult to squeeze us in."

"Not a problem, Mrs. Foster. I couldn't deny a request from such a dear friend of mine, and, in any case, I was looking forward to meeting both of you. I assume this pretty young lady is your stepdaughter. Tiffany, right?"

"That's correct. Well, that's not her legal name yet, but we hope to have this issue settled before the end of today."

"Naturally, Mrs. Foster. Now, why don't you tell me a little about yourself, Tiffany? You can be completely honest with me, my dear. Remember that I am here to help you."

Timothy looked nervously at the smiling woman in front of him, unsure about what to do. It was the day after he had gone to school dressed as a girl for the first time, and once again he was going miss the first classes of the morning, this time because of the doctor's appointment – an appointment he had earnestly tried to avoid...

It had all started the previous afternoon. Timothy was walking toward his next class when he was stopped by Mrs. Grant, the school nurse. "Oh my god!" the woman cried out, clapping. "Is that really you, honey? I knew it! I knew all the way long you wanted to be a girl!"

"Please speak quietly, Mrs. Grant!" Timothy begged her, alarmed. "Everyone is looking at us!"

"Oh I guess you are right" the woman replied, not looking so concerned about the fact. "Sorry, sweetie. I just couldn't control my excitement at seeing the *new you*! I heard that you want to be called Tiffany now, don't you? Oh this is terrific! Come with me, sweetheart."

She then pushed Timothy into her office, closing the door behind them. "Now let me look at you again. Oh my, such a fantastic transformation... Tell me how it happened, honey. I want to know everything!"

Timothy then briefly recounted his experience at the mall on Saturday, while the nurse looked increasingly happy with what she was hearing. "I was sure it was going to happen since the day you came into here with your toenails painted pink. I just didn't know you would start living full-time as a girl so fast. But why waste time, right?" the woman giggled. "I can only imagine how much you were suffering having to pretend to be a boy."

"I... I don't think you fully understood my situation, Ma'am. I mean..."

"I don't need any more explanations, darling. Trust me, I understood it perfectly well. Isn't it wonderful that you have such a supportive stepmom? Not to mention your father... I heard he came with you to school this morning to explain to the school principal what is going on. Few fathers would do something like that. Yes, I think you're going to be so happy now, sweetie... And you can count on me for whatever you need, okay? Now lift your pretty skirt and bend down."

"W-why?"

"What you think? It's time for your *vitamin shot*" Mrs. Grant said, and Timothy reluctantly did as she had requested, closing his eyes and waiting for the inevitable pinch on his butt. "*Ooh la la* now that's a pretty pair of panties!" the woman exclaimed, and Timothy got mortified. He couldn't believe his school nurse was seeing female underwear. How could that situation get any more embarrassing?

"All done, sweetie" the nurse said after the shot, discarding the syringe. "Now... well... I think it's time for me to be completely open with you. What I've been giving you aren't exactly vitamins."

"What?!" Timothy cried out, startled. "I don’t understand, Mrs. Grant! What are those shots then?"

"Testosterone blockers."

"Wait... Testosterone is a male sex hormone, right?"

"That's correct, doll. I see you have been paying attention to your Biology classes."

"Then what this *blocker thing* exactly does?"

"Roughly speaking, it can stop your body from producing male hormones."

"B-but why?" Timothy asked, feeling outraged and anguished. "Why have you been doing this to me?"

"Is it so difficult to understand, darling? I was just *helping you* in your transition into becoming the beautiful girl you are meant to be. Male hormones could make your body develop undesirable characteristics, such as facial hair, broad shoulders, deep voice and so on."

Once again Timothy thought this could only just be a nightmare. It was like the whole world was plotting against him to take away his manhood and turn him into a girl! "Who could you possible know those were *undesirable characteristics* to me, Mrs. Grant?" the boy asked, getting angry. "I've never told you that I..."

"There was no need to tell anything, sweetie" the woman interrupted him. "I have some experience with transgender people, so I could *read you* right away. And given the fact that you came to school today all dolled up and claiming that you wanted to be called Tiffany, it's easy to see that I was right, don't you think?"

Timothy was so furious that he couldn't say anything. How could that insane woman simply assume he was a transgender and start messing with his body like that? He could surely sue her... but then he would have to swallow his pride and admit to his father that he had never wanted to be a girl... Yes, he was completely screwed.

The boy tried to console himself by thinking he had taken only three shots of those damn blockers, so they would have no long term effect... right? He needed to believe so if he didn't want to go completely crazy.

However, Mrs. Grant still had another surprise for him...

"Now there is something else you need to understand now, sweetie" the woman started. "I'm just a nurse, and you definitely are going to need expert support to continue your transition. Don't get panicked, though. I know a doctor who will be just perfect for you. She will not only work with testosterone blockers, but also prescribe female hormones, which will make your body develop female secondary sex characteristics. Isn't it fabulous? You won't even need to keep wearing breast forms because you'll have real breasts, like any other girl!" the woman said, Timothy winced at the thought. "Also, Mr. Lambert told me about your legal situation, and I know you need a medical report to be able to attend school as a female student. Dr. Rowland will be able to help you in this regards, as well."

"Mrs. Grant, I think..."

"You don't need to worry about anything, my dear. I'll call your stepmother and give her the doctor's contact number."

"Do you know my stepmom phone number, Mrs. Grant?"

"Umm... well... no, of course not, honey. But I can get it in your school records. Since you described your stepmom as someone so *caring* and *supportive*, I'm sure she will be delighted to schedule an appointment for you..."

"I'm not going, *mom*!" Timothy cried out the next morning. "I've told you a million times that there is, like, no way I'm going!"

"Tiffany Rose Foster, I want you to stop acting like a baby right now, did you hear me?" Susan shouted, looking so angry that the feminized boy flinched back.

"B-but I can't do that, mom!" the boy protested again, pouting. "Nurse Grant told me that this freaking doctor is going to give me female hormones! Don't you see that this is too much? What will happen to my body if I take hormones, huh? I don't even want to think about it!"

"Now, now calm down, little doll" Susan said in a soft voice, trying a different approach. She sat next to her feminized stepson, who was in his bed wearing another of his new sexy and feminine nighties (that morning a light purple one), and hugged him. "You shouldn't take this nurse's words so seriously. You may be freaking out for nothing, don't you think?"

"What you mean, mom?" Timothy asked, as the woman stroked his hair. He couldn't help it, but he always felt so relaxed when being caressed by his stepmother like that... God, he just loved it.

"She's just a nurse, sweetie. How can she be so sure about the treatment the doctor will recommend to you?"

"B-but the thing is that I don't need any treatment at all, mom! I'm not a transgender for real, remember? What if the doctor indeed tells me to take hormones? What am I going to do then?"

"You will thank her and say that you can hardly wait to start your treatment."

"What?!"

"Think about it, silly girl. You need Dr. Rowland's word attesting that you truly are a transgender in order to attend school as a girl, don't you?"

"Y-yes, but..."

"...Therefore, you need to convince her that you have always wished to be being a girl. You need to respond enthusiastically to any suggestions that may help you achieve such a dream, even taking hormones."

"I still don't..."

"...But it doesn't mean you *actually* are going to take whatever she prescribes you. Are you starting to understand now? We just need her to believe your story long enough to fill out a form stating you're a trans girl. After that, we can simply throw away any prescription she gives you."

"Umm... I guess I got your point now, mom" Timothy said, biting his lips. "But I still think this is too risky. I mean, she's a doctor, isn't she? I bet she totally will be able to see that I am lying. I don't want to do that!"

"Well, it's a good thing then that you *begged me* to push you harder whenever I feel you're about to chicken out, isn't it? This is the second time in just two days that I will need to do so, sweetie. I had no idea that such a request would be so useful. In any case, you're going to the doctor's office whether you want it or not."

"No, *mommy*, I don't think you understood what I meant when I..."

"Enough talk, young lady. Go take you bath or we're going to be late. The bathtub is already ready for you."

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And that was how Timothy ended up at Dr. Rowland's office, being asked about his pretense gender dysphoria. Dr. Rowland was a woman in her late thirties. She had a professional but friendly face, and her black hair was tied in a tight bun.

"Umm... I'm not sure about what to say, Ma'am" the feminized boy started, with a manicured nail between his pink lips. "Apart from that... well... I've always wanted to be a girl. This totally has always been, like, my biggest dream" his stated, just like his stepmother had told him to do.

"This is easy to tell, honey" the doctor smiled again. "I don't remember ever having a patient that looked as feminine as you even before the beginning of their treatments. If I didn't know any better, I'd swear you were a cisgender girl."

"Thank you, Dr. Rowland" Timothy said, lowering his eyes and blushing.

"You're welcome, my dear" the doctor continued. "But I need to ask you some more specific questions, if you don't mind. When did you first feel that there was something different about you? When did you start wearing women's clothing? Please, answer me honestly. This isn't a test or something. I just want to know you better to in order to find out the options for you."

Timothy then lied saying he had realized he was different from other boys since he was very young, and that he had always felt more comfortable around the girls, as if he had always been one of them. He also said that the situation got worse at the beginning of his puberty, when he was jealous of the changes taking place in the girls' bodies, and hated the fact he was going to become a man, and was expected to act like one.

Finally, he told the doctor he hadn't had a chance to try on women's clothing when he was younger because he had been raised by his widowed father only, with no women in the house. But the

situation changed when his father married Susan, and he told his stepmother the whole truth about himself, hoping she would understand him.

"How did this happen exactly? I mean, the first time you mentioned it to your stepmom" the doctor asked, and Timothy got even more anxious. Why was she making so many questions? Was she suspecting he was lying? The boy was nervous that he didn't know what to say next, but *fortunately* Susan was there to assist him.

"I think my sweet girl still gets embarrassed talking about it, don't you, Tiff?" she said, looking at her stepson with a peculiar smile. "But you need to remember what the doctor said. She's here to help you. I'm sure she won't start judging you or anything like that. Let me tell you how it happened, Dr. Rowland. One afternoon when I got home, I heard a furtive noise from somewhere upstairs. That was very strange since no one was supposed to be home at that hour, and for a moment I considered calling the police. But then I thought I was overreacting... The noise could be just my imagination or something trivial like a bird stuck in the house. I didn't want to bother the police for nothing, so I decided to check what was going on myself. Grabbing a heavy fire poker, I went upstairs and found out that the noise was indeed real, and was coming from my bedroom."

"Taking a deep breath" Susan continued. "I opened the door and looked inside the room... What I saw then was so astounding that I almost fell back down to the floor. No, there wasn't a thief in my bedroom... Just Timothy – as we used to call him at the time – wearing some of my clothes, including high heels, and with his face full of makeup."

"...The poor little thing was so mortified to see me that he began to cry. After recovering from the shock, I went to him and said everything was okay. It took time, but Timothy finally calmed down enough to tell me what was going on. He then admitted that he had always been a girl inside, and that he couldn't go on living that lie... He was sick of pretending to be a boy... He wanted to be Tiffany, the girl he had always been meant to be. And that's how *her* new life began, Dr. Rowland."

At the end of his stepmother's narrative, Timothy understood what the woman was trying to accomplish there. All those lies would surely help convince the doctor that he indeed was a transgender. Still, it hadn't been easy to hear such a bunch of crap. Why did she have to make up a story that was so humiliating to him? He had never tried on his stepmother's clothes...

"Well, it seems things are getting clear now, aren't they?" Dr. Rowland said, making some notes. "You're a lucky girl for having the support of someone like your stepmother, Tiffany. Many transgenders have a hard time being accepted by their families, you know... Now, I need to ask you something very personal, but it is important for us to plan our next steps. I know this answer may change over time, but presently how far do you intend to go in your transition? Do you see yourself

undergoing a sex reassignment surgery in the future? Do you think it will be necessary for you to feel at ease with your body?"

"Sex reassignment surgery?" Timothy asked, wide-eyed. "W-what does this, like, mean exactly, Ma'am?"

"Oh I'm sorry, honey! What kind of doctor am I when I don't explain things to my patients, right?" she playfully said. "It's just that most of the people who come here are already aware of what a sex reassignment surgery is..." the doctor added, and Timothy got paranoid once again. In his troubled mind, he was sure he needed to be a lot more convincing about his *gender dysphoria* or else the doctor would find out the truth about him any moment now.

"In any case" Dr. Rowland continued. "A sex reassignment surgery, or SRS for short, is a surgical procedure to alter the physical appearance and function of a transgender person's sexual characteristics."

"Let me simplify this for you, sweetie" Susan said, noticing that her stepson still looked lost. "If I got it right, what Dr. Rowland meant was that you can have a functional vagina through such a procedure."

"A vagina?!" Timothy cried out, feeling about to faint. He instinctively brought his hands closer to his groin, as if he were trying to protect his penis from being cut off.

"Your stepmom is right, Tiffany. Like I said, I'm not asking you to make a decision right now. You still have a long way to go, after all. I just would like to know what you think about it. Does this idea sound good to you? Do you feel like you need a vagina to feel like a *complete woman*?"

"Y-yes... I think... Umm... I totally think I need a vagina to feel like a complete woman" Timothy stated, hardly believing he was saying something like that. It felt so wrong... So embarrassing... But what choice did he have? The poor boy was convinced that this was the only acceptable answer if he truly wanted Dr. Rowland to believe he was a transgender.

"I understand" the doctor said, making some new notes. "I thank you for being honest with me, Tiffany. I know it must be hard to discuss such intimate matters with someone you just met, but you'll see that it will be very important for your transition. I assure you that I will be at your disposal to help and support you in every step of the process until you can finally feel like the girl you have always been inside."

"Thank you, Dr. Rowland. B-but it won't, like, happen any time soon, right? I mean, this surgery that will give me a... a vagina."

"Oh, I see you really are looking forward to it, aren't you? This is understandable, sweetheart, but like I said before, we have a relatively long way to go before we get there. Try not to get frustrated, though. This is for your own good. We just want to make sure you're absolutely certain about your choices.

You will also need psychological counseling, of course, as this is part of the protocol. Now, I'd like to ask you something else. I see you already have a very feminine figure. How did you accomplish it?"

"Umm... It's all about the corset and breast forms I've been wearing, Dr. Rowland."

"Are those breast forms glued to your chest?"

"Yes."

"And do you use them all day long?"

"For most of the days, yes."

"This isn't good, my dear. You may even get a skin infection because of that. Same thing about the corset. Wearing it all the time can be harmful to your spine and internal organs."

"But without it my figure will look like a boy's one!" Timothy protested, still afraid that if he didn't say things like that Dr. Rowland would get suspicious about him.

"Umm..." the doctor grumbled, writing some more. "Well, after listening to you, I think it's essential to start your hormone replacement treatment as soon as possible. Are you aware of what this is about?"

"You're talking about female hormones, right? You'll prescribe them for me so that my body will get feminine."

"This is not far from the truth, Tiffany. Hormones can indeed help you develop female secondary sex characteristics. But it's important to note that the effectiveness and speed of response to the treatment may vary depending on each organism and method of administration. You're still very young, though, so I'm confident that your body will react well. This way, you'll no longer need a corset and breast forms to fell comfortable about your body. However, you also need to understand that you may experience some uncomfortable side effects, like gallstones, erectile dysfunction, infertility, mood swings, and..."

"I don't care, Ma'am! All that matters to me is to be a girl! Please, don't let me down. You promised you would help me!"

"What you think about it, Mrs. Foster?"

"Well, you heard her, Dr. Rowland. This is so important to my little girl... How can I say no to her? As one of her legal guardians, I authorize any procedure you deem necessary, as long as the risks are controlled."

"Very well. In this case, I'm going to call a nurse to help you put on a hospital gown, Tiffany."

"W-why do I need a hospital gown right now, Ma'am?" Timothy gulped, not liking how the situation was progressing.

"Just for you to feel more comfortable while I run some tests on you, my dear. Trust me, you have nothing to worry about..."

When Timothy returned – annoyed that even his hospital gown had to be pink – Dr. Rowland took some blood from him, and then told him to get undressed. "I need you take off your pretty lingerie as well, dear" she said, and Timothy blushed furiously, as it was already becoming common in his daily life.

The doctor then began to examine his body, including his private parts. That was the first time in his whole life that Timothy was being touched by a female down there, and he got disappointed that this was happening in a situation like that. When Dr. Rowland was finally satisfied, she told the feminized boy to get dressed and sit down again. Then, she pierced his arm with a new needle, and Timothy believed it was just another test.

The boy was seriously mistaken, though, as he obviously had no idea about what the doctor and his stepmother had discussed while he was away...

"You seem perfectly healthy, my dear." Dr. Rowland said. "Therefore, I see no reason to delay the start of your treatment any further."

"So are you going to prescribe me hormones?" Timothy asked, getting relieved as he thought that the appointment was finally coming to an end.

"Better than that."

"Better than that...?" Timothy asked, afraid. "I... I don't understand."

"I know you want fast results, sweetheart. The fact that you have been wearing breast forms and a corset all the time is more than proof of that. So I have a surprise for you. I'm going to perform a minor surgical procedure right now to insert a hormonal implant under your skin. Nowadays, this is the most effective method when working on transgender individuals in my opinion, and you will start to see results fairly soon since the implant will introduce a large amount of female hormones into your system continuously. It will last for over a year, but even before the end of such period I believe you'll have a completely new body, so you will never need to wear corsets and breast forms again."

A hormonal implant! No, Timothy thought there was no way in hell he could accept that. He was thinking that Dr. Rowland would simply give him a prescription and then he would throw it away as soon as he stepped out of that clinic! But now things were getting out of control... The doctor herself said the implant would change his body dramatically. Timothy felt a shiver down his spine at the

imagined he would no longer need a corset and breast forms after some time because he would naturally have a feminine body, with thin waist, wide hips... and even boobs, it seemed!



He looked at his stepmother for help, but Susan just shrugged as if to say there was nothing she could do now. The boy then tried to get up, determined to run away from that place. He didn't care if he was wearing only a hospital gown. He didn't even care if he wasn't going to get that damn medical report stating that he was a transgender to show at school. He simply needed to get away from Dr. Rowland before it was too late.

However, as soon as his feet touched the floor, he felt extremely dizzy and weak, and was forced to lean back in his chair again. "W-what's going on... I... I feel..."

"Relax, Tiffany" the doctor said, trying to calm the feminized boy down. "That's just the anesthesia kicking in."

"Anesthesia?! B-but..."

"Shhh... Stop talking, honey. Everything will be fine. I'm going to perform the procedure now, and I promise you that when you leave this office you will already have a 'river of female hormones' flowing through your system. Isn't it wonderful? You're going to be such a pretty girl, Tiffany..."

About two weeks later...

"Tiff, honey, are you ready yet?" Susan asked from downstairs. "Mrs. Bennett is waiting for us!"

"I'm coming, mommy" Timothy cried out, exasperated, wandering when his life had turned into a sequence of events for which he was always late because he spent so much time getting all dolled up.

Not that it had been his choice, of course – he thought, annoyed, as he applied a fresh layer of lip gloss to his lips. Susan was the one who kept insisting that the feminized boy should never neglect his looks, and needed to suit his outfit and makeup for each specific occasion.

The result was that Timothy needed to wear two or three different outfits every day, something unthinkable in the past, when he used to be just an ordinary boy. Not to mention changing and fixing his makeup over and over again, so much that he had even developed a habit (some people could even call it a compulsion) to check his face in the compact mirror at least twice every hour, even when he was in the classroom, which obviously didn't make his teachers happy.

Checking his pink lips one last time, Timothy winced as he faced the girl in the mirror. Maybe he was just being paranoid, but the boy had the feeling he looked more and more feminine by the minute. At that point, he was even having a hard time thinking of himself as a guy – and it was hard to blame him, considering he couldn't even remember the last time he'd worn any underwear other than some pair of lace panties.

However, Timothy knew very well that such a feeling wasn't only due to the fact he had been wearing women's clothing and makeup all the time. There was also the damn hormonal implant... pouring female hormones into his body incessantly.

The boy still remembered the desperation he had felt in that fateful appointment when he found out what Dr. Rowland was about to do to him. It was hard to forget something like that, of course, especially given that he had recurring nightmares about it.

That day, when Timothy finally fully regained consciousness after the procedure, he already was in his stepmother's car, far from the doctor's office. It was when he started freaking out. He begged Susan to take him back there so that he could demand the doctor to take that damn implant out of his body.

"Don't be silly, Tiffany" Susan said. "Dr. Rowland would never accept to reverse a procedure she just performed. I'm sure this would not be medically advisable. Also, what did I tell you about your language, young lady? I don't want to hear you saying vulgar words!"

"It... It doesn't matter now, mom! Are you even listening to me? We have to do something about this implant! You heard what Dr. Rowland said, didn't you? When you leave this office you will already have a 'river of female hormones' flowing through your system. That's not what we planned! Don't you see how wrong it is?"

"You need to breathe, baby doll. You're getting hysterical."

"Don't you think I have reason for being hysterical?" Timothy yelled, angry.

"Look, honey, I understand why you are so mad. I wasn't expecting Dr. Rowland to perform such a bold procedure today either. However, there is nothing we can do about it right now. It’s no use crying over spilt milk, right? So we have to turn the misfortune to our advantage."

"Oh really? How exactly, mommy?" Timothy asked, crossing his arms.

"I don't like your tone, young lady. I'll only let it pass this time because I know how frustrated you are. But think about it for a minute. How do you think your father will feel to know that you got a hormonal implant? Wasn't your intention to take revenge on him? So now it's time for that! You just need to tell him that you can hardly wait for the hormones to transform your body and turn you into the girl you have been always meant to be. If Richard doesn't go crazy after that, then I don't know him."

"Sounds fabulous, Mom, but there's a little problem... This isn't, like, pretending anymore! The hormones are indeed going to change my body, and guess what? I'm not happy about that. Not at all! You remember that I don't want to be a girl for real, right?"

"Of course, sweetie. But contrary to what you may be thinking, hormones aren't like magic. They don't work so fast, and for you to see some change in your body you would need to keep using them for a very long time."

"Dr. Rowland said the implant will last for over a year! I don't know about you, mommy, but I'd definitely call it a long time!"

"The thing is that you won't keep the implant on for so long, silly! Dr. Rowland caught me off guard this time, I admit that, but it won't happen again at your next month's appointment. We'll simply tell her that you didn't adapt well to the implant and then require an alternative treatment – Something like pills, that you will be able to throw away, as we planned before – without your father knowing any of that, of course."

"Really? Simple like that, Mom? I totally don't like the sound of that. What I really want is to go back to Dr. Rowland's office right now and..."

"Stop being silly, Tiffany! I've already explained to you that this is a bad idea."

"But..."

"No buts, missy! I'm just doing the best for you. Do I need to remind you one more time what you begged me to do whenever I felt you were about to lose your nerve?"

"No, of course not, mommy" Timothy muttered, gritting his teeth and once again regretting making that stupid request to his stepmother at a time when he wasn't thinking straight. But how could he have known she would take this so seriously?

And worst of all, Susan wasn't the only person pushing him on the path of womanhood... Far from that, actually...

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For the past two weeks, Katherine also seemed even more determined to turn Timothy into a perfect girly girl, missing no opportunity to encourage the boy to dress and act like a super frivolous young lady. This was especially difficult for Timothy to bear considering how badly he wanted to date Kate. Instead of having the chance to be her boyfriend, he kept hearing the girl saying all the time how wonderful he looked like a girl, and that she already couldn't think of him as anyone else but Tiffany, her *bestie*.

Not an easy situation, sure, but not harder than hanging out with his other new *friends*...

Alyssa, Chloe and Gabriella readily accepted Timothy as part of the gang... for a certain price, of course. Timothy soon realized that Alyssa wasn't joking when she told him he would need to dress *impeccably* every day in order to be seen with her. Of course, Susan had already been forcing the boy to always wear fashionable clothes, but Alyssa took it to another level. Her concern about fashion bordered on obsession, and Timothy soon found himself forced to follow her strict rules on what to wear, how to coordinate different pieces and always leave home looking flawless.

Just like Susan and Kate, Alyssa and her friends also seemed to take special pleasure in *helping* Timothy dress and behave like the girliest girl ever, always treating him as a living Barbie doll. This was especially evident in cosmetology and fashion design classes. The girls just loved having Timothy as their model, testing several different styles on him.

It made Timothy wonder if deep down all women were like that. Maybe they all had the secret fantasy of feminizing men? No, that was absurd... Or at least he hoped so! In any case, the boy had more pressing issues to worry about than philosophizing about women's deep desires.



Parading around the school with Alyssa and the other girls, for example, still seemed totally surreal to him, making him felt like a character from *Mean Girls*. The only good thing about this whole mess was that no one else had dared to openly harass the feminized boy again (just like Kate had predicted), probably because no guy wanted to look like a *barbarian* in front of the most popular girls in school. Yes, the fact that Alyssa accepted Timothy as a girl had forced people around to do the same... or at least pretend to do so.

However, as much as Timothy wanted to deny it – even to himself – there was something else going on. Something extremely scary...

He had been attending school as a girl for just two weeks, but he had a feeling that some guys – just a few of them, it's true – had already forgotten who he used to be in the recent past. Timothy could clearly notice those guys lusting after him as he walked around the school, which made him very uncomfortable. What was wrong with those jerks? He kept wondering. Could it be that all of them were gay?

But then, whenever he saw his own reflection, he found it absurd to blame some straight guy for being attracted to him. It was getting harder and harder to distinguish him from *any other girl*, after all...

Susan had said that Timothy didn't need to worry the hormones because they would take a long time before having any effect on his body, but the boy could swear that some changes were already taking place. His skin, for instance, already looked so much smoother than before; his hair seemed a lot thicker; his waist was getting thinner and thinner every day, so much that he was even being able to look reasonably good without a corset when he wore an outfit that showed some belly (but apart from such occasions, he still wore a corset all the time, even for bed, of course).

But it still wasn't the most disturbing thing...

Every night, as Dr. Rowland had ordered him to do, the boy removed his breast forms to clean his skin, and then he had the chance to see that the mysterious swelling in his chest – the one that had started bothering him way before he started living as Tiffany full time – was getting so much worse...

Back then, Nurse Grant had assured the boy that the issue was a simple allergic reaction, and had given him a cream to apply on his chest. Timothy was still doing it every night, but he didn't think the cream was doing him any good, except that... well... it felt kind of nice.

His chest was so sensitive these days that spreading the cold cream on them always made the boy feel weird shocks of pleasure. Not to mention the fact that his nipples for some reason were getting hard so easily... Much easier than his penis, especially after a whole day being squeezed in a damn gaff...

As expected, all that was making Timothy very concerned, no matter how good it felt to rub his chest. At first, the issue might even have been a simple allergic reaction, as Nurse Grant had said, but Timothy doubted it was the case anymore. There was a hormonal implant in his body, after all, and the poor boy was convinced that... it was tough to even think about it, but he was convinced he was growing breasts!

When he talked about it with his stepmother, though, the woman said he was just being a drama queen once again. "I told you already, sweetie. Hormones don't work *that* fast. No matter how much you want it!"

"Want it?!" Timothy cried out, outraged. "How can you even say something like that? You totally know I don't want any of this!" he finished, sobbing.

"I know, *princess*. I was just kidding, okay? But I see you are too sensitive for jokes these days."

That was true as well. The hormonal implant was definitely messing with Timothy's mood, and he felt like crying even more often than before.

"But mommy will take care of her sweet little doll" Susan continued. "If you're so worried about this, I will call Dr. Rowland and ask her to see you again this week."

"What? No! I don't want to, like, see that woman anytime soon! I still have nightmares about what happened last time!"

"Then you need to trust me, sweetie. I'm telling you that your chest isn't as swollen as you think it is. You are just overreacting because you are so stressed. I'll repeat one more time, hormones don't work so fast."

Susan could even be right about that, but the little detail she *forgot* to mention to her feminized stepson was that she had already been feeding him with female hormones for a very long time, way before the hormonal implant...

...His vitamin pills weren't exactly vitamin, after all.

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"Oh finally!" Susan said when Timothy showed up in the living room, his heels clicking along the way. "I was starting to worry you had gotten lost in your closet, young lady!"

"I'm sorry, mom! It's just that..."

"It's just that you love getting all dolled up, isn't it, sweetie?" Susan smiled playfully. "You can even lose track of time when doing so, I see. But let me look at you. Yes, I love your hair and makeup. Isn't it amazing that now you are able to get ready completely by yourself when it's needed? My little girl is growing up... And I glad you decided to wear the outfit I *suggested* to you."

The outfit in question consisted of a pink lace top with puffed sleeves that showed the boy's stomach off; short denim shorts, which left his long, slender legs completely on display; and 3-inch wedge heels.

"Yeah, but I totally think it was a mistake now!" Timothy protested. "This top doesn't cover my belly at all... Not to mention how short those shorts are! I feel, like, *sooo* exposed!"

"Don't be silly, Tiffany. You look very fashionable."

"Oh really? What about the heels then? Why do I even need them to go to Mrs. Bennett's house?"

"Because you can't live without heels since they make your legs look so pretty?" Susan giggled. "Now you should stop being so grumpy, baby doll. Remember *you are* the type of girl who likes to always look at her best. It doesn't matter if we're just going to visit our neighbor. Your life motto is *'keep calm and look fabulous'*. Besides, you never know when you'll come across a handsome young man" Susan giggled again. "Maybe some charming prince will be waiting for you just outside the house and you will want him to think you are a beautiful princess, won't you?"

"Ha! You're, like, so funny, mom!" Timothy said, annoyed, rolling his eyes.



"I'm glad I was able to cheer you up, sweetie. Now let's get going. Mrs. Bennett is waiting for us. And I don't need to remember you that we can't afford to waste any more time because you got another invitation for tonight and you will need time to get ready again, right?"

"Like I could even forget about that!" Timothy whined, wincing. The invitation mentioned by Susan was one that the feminized boy desperately wanted to decline, but he didn't know how to do that...

Just breathe, Tiffany, he told himself, trying his best not to bite his lips since it would mess up his lipstick. *Try to stay calm and then you will think of some totally amazing excuse while you are at Mrs. Bennett's house. Focus, girl!*

The walk toward the old lady's house went smoothly. The sun was setting behind the houses across the street, and Timothy would have been able to enjoy the view and the gentle late afternoon breeze had it not been for the fact that he was so nervous about walking around his neighborhood dressed like that.

It was true that by now everyone around already knew that he had *decided* to become as a girl, but he still got extremely embarrassed whenever one of those people who had watched him growing up as a boy spotted him dressed as a chick.

Even Mrs. Bennett was already aware that Tiffany wasn't some Susan's niece, as they had told her the day she had met *the girl* for the first time, but in fact Timothy, who – for all she knew – had admitted to being a transgender and was now living as a female.

Timothy had thought the old lady would be angry to learn she had been tricked like that, but to his surprise she in fact was very understanding about the whole situation. When the boy went to her house to apologize and return the jewelry set she had given him, a few days after he started attending school as a female student, Mrs. Bennett didn't accept to take the jewelry back, and said that *Tiffany* didn't need to apologize about anything.

"It's okay, my dear" she said, patting one of his hands. "I can only imagine how afraid you were about revealing your true identity back then. Some people can be very judgmental, can't they? But be sure that I will always be here to support you whenever you need. I may be an old lady, but I'm not a close-minded one. You *are* a girl, Tiffany, and a very brave one. Never let anyone say the opposite."

Since then, Mrs. Bennett became another of *Timothy's benefactors*, offering him all the possible support in his so-called transition. Timothy obviously didn't like it at all, but he was a kind-hearted boy who knew that Mrs. Bennett was just a lovely and lonely old lady. He couldn't even think of

treating her badly, so he simply played his role as Tiffany the best he could whenever he went to visit his neighbor, almost treating her like a real grandma.

That was why he pasted his brightest smile on his face as he approached the old lady's house and rang the bell with a manicured finger. Next, as the door was being opened, he started saying sweetly and enthusiastically, "Oh hey! It's, like, *soo* nice to see..." He then stopped talking, surprised, realizing that he wasn't facing Mrs. Bennett's wrinkled face, as he had expected. In fact, the person who had opened the door and was now looking at *Tiffany* intensely couldn't look more different from the old lady who lived in that house.

The poor feminized boy definitely wasn't ready for that unexpected twist...

"Hey! It's nice to see you too!" said a young man, smiling from ear to ear. He looked about the same age as Timothy, although he was much taller and stronger. The guy had a handsome face, with thick eyebrows, deep, light brown eyes, and a strong jawline. He was wearing a gray shirt, black shorts and flip-flops. "I'm Matthew, by the way, but you can call me Matt. What about you?"

"I... I'm Tiffany" Timothy said, about to freak out.

"Oh so you are the famous Tiffany!"

"F-famous?!"

"Of course" Matthew smiled. "Since I got here, my grandma just couldn't stop talking about you. This has been *Tiffany this, Tiffany that* all the time... But now, looking at you, I have to say that I can't blame her. You definitely are someone hard to forget" the guy stated, looking so deeply into Timothy's eyes that the feminized boy blushed and trembled.

He then remembered that Mrs. Bennett had indeed mentioned a grandson at some point in the past. Timothy had completely forgotten about him, though, and he obviously had no idea that the guy would be there that afternoon. Otherwise, he would be far away from Mrs. Bennett's house... That's for sure!

Timothy also thought it was very ironic how Susan had joked just a minute ago about why *Tiffany* needed to always present *herself* at *her* best. *'You never know when you'll come across a handsome young man. Maybe some charming prince will be waiting for you just outside the house'...*

And that was exactly what happened... Timothy thought, but the next second he regretted it immensely. *What the heck is, like, wrong with me? When did I start thinking of guys as 'handsome' and 'charming'? No, I'm just getting confused again! It totally wasn't what I meant when I thought that... right? Sure! Why can't you just focus Tiffany?*



"Anyway" Matthew continued, arousing Timothy from his troubled thoughts. "I guess this lovely lady with you is your mother, right? Grandma talked a lot about you too, Mrs. Foster. Nice to meet you."

"Oh my!" Susan smiled, looking delighted. "Aren't you such an enchanting young man? It's so hard to find boys like you these days, my dear. I can't believe how lucky we are, right, Tiffany, honey?"

"W-what?! I... Umm... I guess so?" Timothy babbled, blushing even deeper.

"Please, forgive her, Matt. My little princess here always gets a little *air-headed* when she meets some attractive boy."

"Mom!" Timothy cried out, appalled. "How can you say something like that? What will Matt think about me?"

"Don't worry, Tiffany" Matthew hurried to say, grabbing Timothy's hands. "You can be sure that I am only thinking wonderful things about you. Truly wonderful..."

"See, honey?" Susan said, winking at her stepson. "Mommy knows what she's doing."

"Now why don't you ladies come in?" Matthew suggested. "I'm sure Grandma is looking forward to seeing both of you. And I have to admit, I also would love to have a chance to get to know you better, Tiffany..."

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"Oh Mrs. Bennett, I have to say that this tea of yours is absolutely superb!" Susan happily stated, sipping some more of the drink. They were all sitting at the living room – Mrs. Bennett and Susan in two upholstered armchairs, while Timothy and Matthew were sharing the couch.

"I'm glad you liked it so much, my dear" Mrs. Bennett said, smiling. "This is quite a surprise, though... I don't think there is anything so special about the tea. It was simply made with some of the lemon balm that I grow in my backyard."

"Don't be so modest, Mrs. Bennett. Everything you make is delicious! The cookies, breads, cakes, tea... God, that's one of the reasons why we enjoy coming here so much. Not to mention your unparalleled company, of course! Don't you agree, Tiffany, dear?"

"S-sure, mom!" said Timothy, who was sitting at the end of the couch, trying to keep as far away from Matthew as he could. This wasn't exactly working, though, as Matt kept approaching the feminized boy more and more, to the point where Timothy found himself firmly pressed against the arm of the couch. "I... I definitely *loove* being invited to come here, Mrs. Bennett."

"Oh both of you certainly know how to please an old lady" Mrs. Bennett looked delighted. "But trust me when I say the pleasure is all mine. It's wonderful having you ladies around... Especially considering that it's so rare for someone to come visit me" she added, giving her grandson a scolding look.

"I'm sorry, Grandma" Matthew said, scratching the back of his head. "It's just that lately I've been really busy with the team and school stuff... You remember that I live on the other side of the town, right? But I promise you that I'll start stopping by more often from now on."

"Oh I'm sure you will " Mrs. Bennett said. "I just have doubts I'll be the person you'll be looking for..." the old lady added softly, with an amused expression on her face, watching her grandson gently putting a small piece of cake in the mouth of an unwarned *Tiffany*.

Mrs. Bennett thought they definitely looked great together...

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"Are you ladies sure you don't want anything else? Not even some more tea?" Mrs. Bennett asked, about twenty minutes later.

"Thank you, Mrs. Bennett" Susan started saying. "Like I said, everything was truly delicious! But I've had enough."

"Me too, Ma'am. Thanks!" Timothy quickly said, before Matthew could even think about feeding him again. God, it had been so humiliating to him. Anyone who didn't know better would have thought they were a couple in love or something.

"Oh but you ate so little..." Mrs. Bennett lamented, like any other grandmother. "Well, I guess that's why you both have such beautiful figures, isn't it?" she laughed. "Like mother, like daughter... In this case, I'll take those bowls and cups to the kitchen."

"I help you, Mrs. Bennett" Susan said, promptly getting to her feet.

"I'm going too" Timothy tried to follow his stepmother, but was stopped by Mrs. Bennett.

"You don't need to worry about it, my dear" the old lady told him. "Your mother and I are more than capable of handling this. You can simply stay here. I'm sure my grandson won't mind keeping such a lovely young lady company."

"Not at all, Grandma!" the boy said, looking so happy that Timothy swallowed hard.

"Perfect" Mrs. Bennett clapped. "Oh but you know what? I have an even better idea! Why don't you take Tiffany for a walk in my little garden, Matt? You young people shouldn't waste so much time indoors... Go out and enjoy this nice evening! I'm sure Tiffany will appreciate taking a look at my flowers. Don't you like them, my dear?"

"Flowers?" Timothy asked, getting nervous again. "Umm... Sure, of course I like flowers, but..."

"That's it then!" the old lady asserted, before the feminized boy could finish his sentence. "Go now, my darlings! And don't worry, Tiffany, honey. I'm sure Matt will be a perfect gentleman. He's a good boy."

And then, before Timothy could even try to protest, Matthew had already grabbed his hand and was *dragging him* out of the house...

"Look! Can you believe how amazing the sky seems tonight?" Matt asked, as soon as they stepped outside.

He was unquestionably right. The sky that evening looked incredibly starry and sparkling, illuminating the backyard with a bluish, almost magical glow. The mild weather and gentle breeze helped making the atmosphere even more pleasant.

"It looks totally lovely indeed" Timothy said shyly, worried about the fact that Matthew was still holding his hand. The situation was almost driving him crazy. He as Tiffany had never been in such an intimate setting with a guy before, after all. Alone with Matthew in that backward… walking hand in hand with him under the light of the stars and the moon… the feminized boy felt completely vulnerable, and he immensely feared what might happen next.

He just didn't know what to think about Matthew. Could the guy be convinced that Timothy was a *real female*? Had his grandmother told him the truth about *the girl* he was now holding hands with? Timothy doubted it. Why would Matt be doing something like that if he knew the truth? But then what? Should Timothy tell him himself?

"So, Tiffany, which one is your favorite?" Matthew suddenly asked.

"Huh?" Timothy raised his thin eyebrows, confused.

"The flowers. Which one do you like best?"

"Oh!" the feminized boy exclaimed, with his pink lips forming an "o" of surprise, just then realizing they were already close to Mrs. Bennett's little garden. "I… umm… I totally love the pink roses!"

"I should have guessed" Matt smirked. "Which girl doesn't like roses, right? And pink really seems to be *your* color" he added, making Timothy blush again. *Pink Roses*… Timothy wondered why he had said that. It was like his own subconscious was trying to sabotage him…

Without saying another word, Matt finally let go of Timothy's hand and walked a few steps toward a toolbox. When he returned, he was carrying a pruning shears, which he used to cut one of the roses.

"Here… to you" he offered the flower to Timothy after carefully removing all the thorns.

"T-thank you, Matt" Timothy stammered softly, picking the flower with a shaking hand and feeling his heart pounding in his chest like a drum…

"You're welcome, Tiffany. It's always nice to please a beautiful girl like you" Matt said, still looking at Timothy in that intense way that made the feminized boy's legs weak.

"T-thanks" Timothy stammered. "A-anyway, it seems you're, like, totally good with gardening stuff" he added, trying to change the subject.

"Well, let's say that my grandma isn't the only one in the family who is obsessed with flowers. My mom also loves taking care of her own little garden, and since I was very young I was kind of *'coerced'* to help her if I wanted to earn my allowance" the boy laughed. "Nothing so hard... I just had to carry some fertilizer bags, dig holes in the ground, stuff like that... But even so I was able to learn a thing or two."

"I see. You seem like a good son."

"Ha! I hope my mom thinks the same" Matt said, with a charming smile.

"But wait a minute..." Timothy started saying, with a finger between his lips. "OMG! Won't Mrs. Bennett get mad to know that you cut one of her flowers?"

"I doubt she will even notice it" Matt said, once again grabbing one of Timothy's hands and stroking it. "Don't let Grandma hear me saying this, but her eyes aren't the same anymore. That's why we keep insisting for her go to live with us. She hates such an idea, though, and says she won't abandon her house and that she doesn't need a nanny. Ha! Can you believe that? But even if she does notice that I cut one of her flowers, there's no way she will get mad. Like I told you, Grandma really likes you... And I've to say she's not the only one" Matt added, getting even closer to Timothy.

"Look, a bench!" Timothy cried out, pointing to the other side of the backyard, desperate to make Matt pay attention to anything other than *'the girl'* in front of him. "W-why don't we have a sit for a while?"

"Sure" Matthew said, looking even happier. "Sounds great!"

Then, as Timothy was being guided toward the bench, he realized how stupid that suggestion had been. Noticing how Matthew's behavior was becoming more and more *insinuating*, wouldn't it have been a lot better for the feminized boy to simply say that he needed to go rather than suggesting that they should sit together on a bench located in an even more isolated spot? Timothy just couldn't understand what was wrong with him. It was like he had been hearing so much lately that he was airhead girl that he truly was becoming one...

About fifteen minutes later, the two of them were still sitting on the bench – Matthew in a relaxed position, with his legs apart and his arms on the backrest; while Timothy was sitting modestly, with his legs firmly together and his hands on his lap, still holding the rose Matt had gave him.

Looking at the other boy, Timothy got envious since he couldn't even remember the last time he'd been able to sit *like a man*. Now that he was thinking about it, he realized that even when he was

alone he kept sitting like a lady – Not just sitting, but also walking, gesturing and pretty much everything else.

He concluded in horror that acting like a girl had already become second nature to him. What would happen in the future, then? When Timothy finally had the chance to behave like a boy again, would he be able to do so? Or would he hear for the rest of his life people saying that he behaved like a sissy?

"Umm... are you still listening to me, Tiff?" Matt said, once again interrupted Timothy's thoughts.

"W-what? G-gosh, I'm sorry, Matt! I just, like, got distracted for a moment 'cause... umm... 'cause..."

"What? Is there something wrong with my shirt? Seems like you're looking at it."

"Y-your shirt? No, there's, like, nothing wrong about it! I was in fact looking at... umm... your arms! Yeah, that is it, your arms! They are, like, *sooo* strong, aren't they? I bet you work out a lot!" Timothy finished, dumbfounded he had said something like that. Of all the excuses he could have come up with to explain his lost look, why did he have to say he had got distracted by looking at the other guy's arms?

Just perfect, Tiffany! He told himself, angry. *You're, like, such a genius! Now Matt will not only be totally sure I'm interested in him, but will also think I'm some kind of bimbo!*

"Thanks, babe" Matt said, smirking. "Yeah, I hit the gym sometimes, but I think football also helps a lot, you know. As I was telling you, I'm on my school team."

Matt had indeed talked about it. During the previous fifteen minutes, he had talked about his classes, neighborhood and passion for sports. Timothy had to admit he seemed like a nice guy. Had they met in a different situation, they could have even become friends – which was strange, considering that almost all the *'sport guys'* Timothy had ever met were jerks.

Maybe he's a jerk, as well, Timothy reflected. *He can be just pretending to be nice because I am here. Isn't that what jerks do when girls are around?*

"In any case" Matt continued, putting an arm around Timothy's shoulders. "You haven't said much about yourself yet, Tiff. I'd like to know everything about you!"

Timothy felt panicked to be embraced like that and tried to do something about it. "Umm... Matt... Your arm..."

"Don't worry, babe" he whispered in the feminized guy's ear, making Timothy shiver. "I just want to make you comfortable. This is the least I can do to thank you for spending time with me. I really love your company, you know..."

Then, completely trapped, Timothy felt Matthew's strong arm embracing him even tighter as his large hand started caressing Timothy's upper arm. How could it have gone so far? What was the feminized boy going to do now?



Matt definitely had a muscular body – A body that couldn't be more different from Timothy's delicate, slender one. It was so weird... Had it always been like that? Had Timothy always been so much weaker than the other guys his age? Well, he was sure that at least Martin, his best friend, had always been much stronger than him.

Timothy's mind then began to wonder who had the most muscular body – Matt or Martin. He wasn't sure, so the feminized boy tried to remember how he had felt the last time Martin had hugged him with his large arms...

Wait... Why the heck am I even comparing them like that? Why am I wasting so much time thinking about guys' bodies? OMG I totally need some kind of help! There is, like, no doubt I totally am losing my mind!

It was then Timothy's turn to talk about his life and supposed hobbies and preferences – having to pretend he had always been a girly girl called Tiffany, of course. Thus, he told Matthew how much he *loved* shopping, going to the salon, and hanging out with his *besties*; about school, he said his favorite classes were Cosmetology, Fashion Design and Jewelry Design.



"That's great, Tiff" said Matt, who was still embracing *the girl*. "Yeah, I think all this suits a sweet girl like you very well. I couldn't have imagined anything different from that. But what about sports? Do you like any?"

"Umm... Not really. I've never been good at any sports" Timothy said, knowing that this had always been true, even at the time when he used to be just an ordinary guy. "But I do take dance and aerobics class at school" he added, remembering how much he hated it. It was hard to feel more like a sissy than when he was wearing a tight pair of yoga pants and sports bra, and doing girly moves and poses in a room full of girls.

"Awesome!" Matt exclaimed. "If that's the case, you can't keep saying you're so bad at sports, you know."

"Really? Is dance, like, a kind of sports?" Timothy asked, afraid that he was once again sounding like an airhead.

"Of course it is! And you know what, I think a beautiful girl like you – who can even dance – would be an amazing cheerleader! Have you ever thought about becoming one?"

"Me? A cheerleader?" Timothy gasped, startled at that thought.

"Sure, why not? I see no one more suited to this than you. All I know is that I'd really love having a girl like you cheering for me at my games..." Matt said in a whisper, with his mouth now glued to Timothy's ear, as he began to caress the feminized guy's slender neck. "Talking about it, there's going to be a party tomorrow night at one of my teammates' house to celebrate our latest victory. Wanna come? I'd really, really love to have you there with me, babe. You'll surely be the most beautiful girl at the party. So, what do you say?"

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"...considering how much time you two spent together, it seems like you and Mrs. Bennett's grandson got along pretty well, isn't right, Tiff, honey?" Susan said with a mischievous smile about half an hour later, while she and her feminized stepson were returning home. "But I can't blame you. He definitely is such a charming, handsome young man... a perfect match for a beautiful young lady like you, I'd even dare to say. You just need to be a little careful, dear. You know you still don't have much experience dating guys."

"Are you, like, serious, mom?" Timothy asked, feeling deeply insulted. "Okay, so of course I don't have much experience dating guys. I don't like guys, after all! Did you forget that? I will never, ever, date a guy!" he angrily stated, stamping a heeled foot. "Also, you totally know that going for a walk with Matt wasn't my idea. I didn't want to do that, like, at all! And it wasn't my fault that it took me so long to come back, okay? Gosh, it was Matt who didn't want to let me go!"

"Now, now calm down, sweetie. Why are you so hysterical? Did Matthew misbehave in any way? Did he treat you badly or something?"

"No, that's not what I am saying. Matt was totally sweet and treated me like a real princess" Timothy said, stunned by his own choice of words to describe what had happened. Telling his stepmother that Matt had been *sweet* and treated him like a *real princess* was definitely not something the feminized boy had planned to do.

"I see" Susan said, smiling satisfied. "He even gave you a flower, didn't he? So romantic!"

"H-how do you even know about that?"

"Oh dear... here you are acting like an airheaded girl again... You are holding a flower right now, aren't you? Who else could have given you that?"

"Oh!" Timothy exclaimed, his pink lips forming a perfect 'o', as he noticed that his stepmother was right. How could he have forgotten he was still holding that flower? A flower a guy had given him? All this sounded so crazy and weird. "Whatever! I'll just throw it" he announced, but before he could do so, Susan held his hand.

"You can't do that, young lady!"

"Why not?"

"First, because it wouldn't be a polite thing to do. The flower was a gift, wasn't it? But more importantly, can you imagine how annoyed your father will be to learn that *'his daughter'* got a flower from a boy? So just keep holding the flower, and make sure you look delighted when you show this to your *daddy*. But in any case, since Matthew treated you so well, I still don't understand why you are so angry."

"Oh really? I'm gonna tell you then, *mommy*! The thing is that I'm *soo* tired of you treating me as if I were a real girl all the time... now you're even insinuating that I'd start dating guys!"

"Then you're mad for nothing, silly. At least for the time being, you know very well you *are* a girl! Do I really need to remind you for the thousandth time what you asked me to do the night you decided to start living as Tiffany full-time? It was *you* who begged to be treated like a real girl. And guess what? There's nothing more natural than a girl your age showing interest in guys. I didn't tell you this would be easy, but again, I'm just doing what you asked me to do. Now stop being so petulant and tell me everything that happened in that backyard..."

"There's not much to tell" the feminized boy reluctantly started. "We were, like, just talking."

"This is not how a girl describes the time she spent with a boy, Tiffany" Susan stated, her hands on her waist. "I want details."

"Fine!" Timothy grumbled, and then did what his stepmother wanted, telling her what he and Matt had talked about. Before he realized it, he even mentioning how the other guy had held him tight while they were sitting on the bench, which Susan thought that was very sweet. "And that was it" Timothy concluded, looking down. "Soon after we went back into Mrs. Bennett's house."

"Really?" Susan frowned. "Do you think I was born yesterday, silly girl? Matthew was clearly interested in you. I doubt he would just walk away without trying to arrange date – or a *new meeting*, if you prefer to call it so – with you."

Timothy then bit his lower lip, not understanding how it was even possible that Susan knew so much. It almost felt like she had been spying on them the whole time "Alright, Mom... Gosh, I admit it! Matt indeed asked me out. He said there will be a party at one of his friend's house tomorrow, and that he would love for me to go there with him. Are you, like, satisfied now?"

"Oh I knew it!" Susan exclaimed, clapping. And what did you answer him?"

"What you think?" Timothy asked, angry. "I said no!"

"Tiffany Rose Foster, you weren't rude to Mrs. Bennett's grandson, were you?"

"W-what? No, of course not! I... umm... I just told him that I unfortunately couldn't go to the party with him because I would be totally busy tomorrow... He then insisted to at least get my phone number so that we could, like, fix up something else in the future. B-but the truth is that I just gave him my number so that he would finally let me go. There's no way I'm going out with a guy, okay? And you can't force me!"

This time around Timothy had finally told his stepmother the whole story... or almost. The only *detail* he had *forgotten* to mention was that at the end of the conversation – after he gave Matt his phone number – the other guy had kissed him on the cheek for what seemed like an eternity. It was a warm, passionate kiss, and Timothy didn't think he would ever be able to get over the fact that he had been kissed by a guy that way.

"Force you to go out on a date? What kind of mother do you think I am, young lady? I would never do something like that!" Susan claimed, although Timothy thought she had a weird expression on her face. "If you don't feel ready to go out with that charming young man right now, this is completely fine. You can take your time."

Timothy was about to claim once again that it would never happen – neither now, nor in the future – but before he could open his mouth he heard his phone ringing. He saw that it was a message, and for a moment he feared it might be a Matt's one. However, he soon breathed a sigh of relief to see that the sender was in fact Alyssa. And not only that... The message also brought good news to him.

"Oh do you remember that Lyss invited me to a sleepover at her house tonight, Mom?" he asked, putting his pink phone in his purse again. Yes, Timothy had gotten a new phone recently (another gift from his 'mommy'), and just like almost all of his new belongings, it was also pink.

"Of course I remember, my dear. That's why we need to hurry."

"That's no need to hurry anymore."

"What you mean, sweetie?"

"Lyss canceled the sleepover. Isn't it, like, totally awful?" Timothy mockingly said, pretending he was upset. He actually had always hated the prospect of being forced to take part in a sleepover with Alyssa and the other girls, so he couldn't be happier to know that it wouldn't take place anymore. "Seems like some kind of *little makeover* in her room isn't finished yet, so she doesn't feel like receiving guests right now. Poor Lyss!"

"It's adorable to see you worried about your friend, baby doll. I'm so glad you're making so many new friends... One more time I have to say that it seems you have always been meant to be one of us!" Susan smirked. "And you know what? I have a great idea to cheer this friend of yours up."

"What idea, mom?" Timothy asked, getting extremely concerned again.

"Your friend can't receive you girls because apparently there's a problem with her room... However, there's nothing wrong in *your* room, right? Are you following me, sweetie? I think it's about time for you to show your pretty room to the girls!"

"What? No, Mom, I think..."

"Don't be shy, honey. I'm sure they are going to love this!" Susan added, taking the phone from the hands of a distracted and scared Timothy. Before the feminized boy could try anything, his stepmother was already typing furiously.

"All done" Susan said a little later, finally returning Timothy's phone. "I've already invited your friends over on your behalf. Isn't it fabulous? Now we just need to get you ready. Come on, darling. We don't have much time!" the woman finished, starting to drag her stepson into their house...

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"Oh my gosh! What a marvelous bedroom, Ti-Ti! Everything looks so magnificent here!" Gabriella, the blonde girl who loved to wear braids, exclaimed as she entered Timothy's room, about an hour later. Beside her, there were Chloe and Alyssa, who seemed equally impressed.

"Ella is right. This definitely is a beautiful place" Alyssa stated to Timothy's surprised. He had never seen the *gang leader* praising something so openly before. "I don't think I've ever seen a girlier room than this one. Looks like you really want to make it clear that you're a girl, right? Not bad, Ti-Ti. Now, let's get changed and then we can start having some fun..."

Ten minutes later, the girls were already wearing their nighties, and Timothy was still having a hard time believing that that was really happening. Just a few weeks ago, he would have thought he was the luckiest guy in the world if he had three gorgeous girls in his bedroom wearing only lingerie. Reality, though, turned out quite different from what he could have dreamed, since he himself was also wearing lingerie, and the girls saw him as just one of them.

They had not even felt ashamed to get changed in front of him, which made Timothy feel even more impotent and emasculated. He had imagined that his first time seeing boobs in person would be very, very different from that...

"What you think you are doing, Ti-Ti?" Alyssa asked, looking threatening, as the feminized boy left his closet. Unlike the girls, he had excused himself to get changed in privacy.

"Umm... what's wrong, Lyss?" Timothy boy asked, afraid.

"What's wrong? Did you take a look at yourself? What are you even wearing? Your grandma's pajamas?"

Timothy couldn't deny that unlike Alyssa and the other girls, he had been a lot conservative in his nightwear choice. He was wearing a pretty but simple silk nightwear set, consisting of a light purple tank top and a pair of matching loose shorts. Considering the kind of clothing his stepmother had been *helping him* to shop since he had started to live as a girl full-time, it had been a very difficult task to find such a modest set amid the countless flirty piece of clothing that filled his closet.

"D-didn't you like it?" he asked, nervously wringing his hands and rubbing his legs together. The truth was that he definitely didn't want to wear anything too revealing that night. The whole sleepover thing itself was already embarrassing enough for him. "I thought this pajama set was, like, totally cute and..."

"Oh, girl, and here I was thinking you had some fashion sense!" We need to fix this... and fast! Chlo, Ella, let's check her closet..." Alyssa exclaimed, in her typical bossy tone.

Then, for the next forty minutes, Timothy was forced to parade around the room trying on several nighties, nylons and heels. Needless to say, he hated it with all his heart. However, the last thing he wanted was for someone like Alyssa Taylor to be mad at him. He knew very well that she could turn his life in school into an even worse nightmare.

"That's it, Ti-Ti. I think this nightie suits you superbly!" Alyssa said at some point, as Timothy walked across the room balancing on 4-inch pink mule heels. He was wearing a *see-through* pink nightie, so short that it fully exposed his stockings tops, and even some of his lace pink thong.

It was Timothy's first time wearing such a garment, and needless to say he wasn't exactly enjoying the experience. Not only did he had to tuck his penis much more firmly in order to *accommodate* it in such a limited space, but he also got immensely bothered and annoyed at the feeling of the underwear backside sneaking up between his buttocks. How could women get used to something like that? Timothy was already about to lose his mind!

"OMG I totally agree!" Gabriella exclaimed, clapping. "You look *soo* freaking hot, Ti-Ti!"



"T-thanks, girls" Timothy meekly said, blushing.

"Oh gosh... aren't you such a cutie pie?" Chloe said, smirking. "The way you bat your eyelashes and look shy whenever you hear a compliment is definitely enticing. Trust me, girl, guys like it... a lot! Also your body... Like Lyss and Ella mentioned, this is getting so sexy and feminine. The hormones are definitely doing a terrific job on you, Ti-Ti! I don't see you staying single for too long. What you say girls? Wanna bet how long it will take for Ti-Ti to get her first boyfriend?"

"Very funny, Chlo!" Timothy cried out, panicking. "Now can we change the subject, please?"

"Why the hurry, Ti-Ti?" Alyssa asked, suspicious. "Now that I'm thinking about it, I don't think I've ever heard you talk about boys. You usually just nod and stuff when we're talking about it. Why that, girl? Don't you like guys?"

Upon hearing that question, Timothy swallowed hard, not knowing what to answer. He didn't think it would be advisable to tell Alyssa and the other girls the truth. They had just got changed in front of

him, and even now they were wearing barely any clothes. How would they react if they knew Timothy was attracted to girls? That could definitely end very badly...

Realizing that he was trapped once again, he knew he had to lie to them, no matter how difficult it would be to say that...

"G-gee, of course I like guys!" he stated, blushing again, to the delight of the girls. "I-it's just that... well... I want to, like, focus on my transition right now, okay? Also... what guy would want to date me? Everyone at school totally knows that I am ... umm... *different*."

"Oh poor Ti-Ti!" Gabriella said, standing up and hugging Timothy from behind. "I had no idea you were, like, feeling so lonely and insecure. You are totally wrong, though, girl! I know of at least three or four guys at school who wouldn't mind dating you. Quite the contrary, actually... They would *looove* taking you out" she whispered in the feminized boy's ear, making him shiver. "Including that old friend of yours..."

"Who? Martin?!" Timothy got startled. "Do you know Martin? Do you talk to him?"

"Oh looks like someone is getting interested!" Alyssa said in a teasing voice, and the other girls giggled. "Isn't this Martin guy that tall one with curly hair? Yeah, he's kinda cute, although he is a weirdo."

"Martin is not a weirdo!" Timothy stated, a little taller than he had intended. "He just has some... well... eccentric habits."

"Ha! Eccentric habits? Are you trying to sound like an intellectual to protect *your boyfriend*, Ti-Ti? It doesn't suit you girl... You know that your charm is being an airhead, right?" Alyssa mockingly said.

"Whatever, Lyss" Timothy rolled his eyes. "Now tell me what's going on, Ella! Did you talk to Martin or something?"

"Not exactly, girl. But the thing is, after this friend of yours – or soon-to-be boyfriend, who knows – was kicked out of the basketball team, he..."

"Wait a minute!" Timothy interrupted her. "Martin got kicked out of the basketball team?! What are you even talking about?"

"Didn't you know that? Oh girl, that's bad... He was kicked out because of you, after all..."

"What?!"

"Everybody knows it. He broke that guy's nose to defend you, didn't he? After that he was kicked out of the team."

"But this is totally unfair!" Timothy cried out, furious. "Martin wasn't guilty of anything! It was Adam, that jerk, who started the whole mess!"

"Well, seems like the basketball coach doesn't agree with you. Anyway, after being kicked, he went to the football team, where we are cheerleaders, as you well know, so we know everything that's going on over there..."

"Especially you, who can't live without a good gossip, right, Ella? Not to mention how much you *loove* to lust after the players' bodies" Chloe teased her friend.

"As if you were any bit different, *darling*" Gabriella made a face at Chloe. "But as I was saying, he went to the football team and this is why I know Martin likes you, Ti-Ti... From what I heard, whenever someone makes a joke about you, he is always there to defend you. He doesn't allow anyone to call you sissy or anything, saying that you are a girl and that people should treat you as such. I even witnessed something like that once, and oh girl... You should hear him talking about his *beloved Tiffany*. He's totally into you, girl. There's, like, no doubt about it!" Gabriella finished enthusiastically, but Timothy was no longer listening to her.

Oh my gosh, what have I done? He thought, feeling guilt taking over his whole being and tears coming to his eyes.

It was pretty clear that Timothy and Martin's friendship was going through a rough period. The two boys, who had been inseparable for so many years, hadn't spoken a word to each other in the last two weeks, since the day Timothy had showed up in school dressed as a girl for the first time.

During the first few days after, Martin was angry with Timothy, believing that his friend didn't trust him enough to admit he was a transgender. Sometime later, though, he swallowed his pride and texted *Tiffany*, asking if *she* wanted to talk about what was going on. But then it was Timothy's turn to get mad. Why couldn't Martin believe him when he kept saying he didn't want to be a girl? It was just so frustrating...

Timothy had then ignored all his friend's messages ever since, telling himself that he had nothing to talk to Martin until the other guy was ready to accept that Timothy didn't like living as Tiffany.

But now, knowing that Martin had been kicked out of basketball team because of him, and that even being ignored by Timothy he was still defending his friend whenever necessary, the feminized boy felt incredibly guilty... After all, could he really blame Martin for not believing his version of the story?

Just listen to yourself, Tiffany, Timothy told himself. *It doesn't matter if you are, like, telling him the truth... The idea that you started attending school as a girl just to teach your dad a lesson sounds totally like a lame excuse. Who could buy it so easily, girl? OMG I can't believe I've been treating Martin sooo unfairly ... He has always been so sweet to me... I need to do something... I know I'll be*

able to, like, convince him of the truth over time... He knows me better than anyone else in the world... When we go back to hanging out, he'll realize that no matter how I look, I'm still a guy, right? Gosh, I totally hope so! Timothy fervently wished, as he had one of him hands on his widening hips, and the other curling a lock of her blond hair around a manicured finger. Maybe convincing Martin that deep down he was still an ordinary guy would be *a little* harder than he was expecting...

He was so distracted by his internal conflicts that he didn't notice that his phone – that was on the bed, next to Alyssa – was ringing again.

"Well, well, well..." Alyssa started saying, after checking Timothy's phone. "Looks like someone wasn't being completely honest about whether or not she has a boyfriend..."

"W-what are you talking about?" Timothy asked, afraid, approaching Alyssa and trying to get his phone from her hands. The girl, however, was faster than him and walked away just in time. She then began to read aloud the message, whose sender was none other than Matthew, Mrs. Bennett's grandson.

Hey, babe! I'm just writing to say that I really loved meeting you and can hardly wait to see you again. You are such a beautiful, special girl... I hope we are gonna spend a lot of time together! Anyway, are you sure you can't go to the party tomorrow? If you change your mind, I promise you that I will make sure you have a great night!

"Oh my gosh!" Gabriella cried out when Alyssa finished reading the message. "Here you are, Ti-Ti, playing victim and saying no one is interested in you, when in truth you totally have the boys eating in the palm of your hand, you naughty girl!"

"It's not like that, Ella!" Timothy said, defensively. "I... I met Matt just a few hours ago, okay? He is my neighbor's grandson, and was at her house when I went there to visit her today!"

"Oh really?" Chloe frowned. "But it seems like you two already are very close, huh? You're even calling him *Matt*..."

"Chlo is right" Alyssa stated. "I don't like it, Ti-Ti... not at all! You are not supposed to hide things from your besties. We have *the right* to know what is going on between you and this guy. So why don't you start talking?"

Timothy then had to recount for the second time that night his misadventures at Mrs. Bennett's backyard. He once again tried to omit some embarrassing details, but the girls were even more persuasive than his stepmother in making him talk about everything.

"Gee, this is so awesome!" Gabriella exclaimed in the end. "He's totally into you, Ti-Ti! He even gave you a flower... how romantic! And the kiss... I bet you loved that, didn't you? Tell us, is he hot?"

"W-what?" Timothy blushed, not believing he was having a conversation like that. "Umm... I think one could say he is, like, an attractive guy."

"Really? *Attractive guy*? As if dressing like a grandma wasn't enough, have you now decided to talk like one too?" Alyssa mockingly asked. "Girl, sometimes I don't understand what I had in mind when I allowed you to start hanging out with us. But since you don't want to talk, let's just check his Facebook profile."

And so they did, and they definitely liked what they saw...

"OMG, he surely is hot as heck!" Chloe exclaimed, not hiding her enthusiasm. "Would you care to explain why didn't you accept his invitation to go out on a date right away, Ti-Ti?"

"I... umm... this is, like, not so simple, okay?"

"Why not?" Gabriella asked. "Weren't you complaining that no guy calls you out?"

"I wasn't *exactly* complaining, Ella, and you know it very well!" Timothy gritted his teeth. "Gosh, don't you girls see the problem here? I don't think Matt knows that I... umm... that I'm trans! That could end pretty badly!"

"Nonsense!" Alyssa snapped. "It's not like you are going to sleep with him on the first date, right?"

"Looking at his strong arms and large chest, I wouldn't be so sure... Who knows how long our little Ti-Ti will manage to resist!" Chloe said, and everyone but Timothy laughed.

"In any case" Alyssa continued. "I think you're just making excuses, girl, since you don't have a lot of experience with guys. But this is *clear* that you want to go out with him... so I'm gonna help you out..."

Just then Timothy realized that Alyssa was still holding his phone, and he felt his blood run cold as he watched the girl start typing. He knew very well what she intended to do, after all...

"Wait, Lyss! Don't do that, please!" he tried to reach her again, but was held by Chloe and Gabriella.

"Truest me, this is for your own good" Alyssa said. "It's already done, anyway! Listen to what I wrote to him..."

Ohhh I loved meeting you too, Matt! You were, like, so sweet... you made me feel so good, especially when you hugged me :) Gosh, I don't know what I was thinking before... I guess I was just nervous? Of course I accept to go to the party with you! I'm counting the seconds to see you again! hehe What time will you pick me up? XOXO

"Sounds good, huh?" Alyssa asked, smiling, clearly proud of herself. Timothy, on the other hand, was so shocked that he almost passed out.

"You shouldn't have done it, Lyss!" he said in a weak voice.

"Why not? Oh, look! He already answered me... I mean, answered *you*!"

It's great to hear that, babe! Really, you have no idea how happy I am right now! :) Is 7 PM ok?

"Tell him I can't go! Tell him I can't go!" Timothy begged, but instead of listening to him, Alyssa typed:

Sounds perfect! But you won't mind if I make you wait a little bit until I get ready, huh? You know how we girls are! Tee-hee! But I promise I'm gonna wear something very, very nice for you! XOXO

"That's it, Ti-Ti!" Alyssa said triumphantly. "Your first date ever is set up! Aren't you totally excited? Now we just need to pick something nice for you to wear, just like *you* promised Matt. You know what that means, right? We are going shopping tomorrow!"

The next morning, as soon as the sun rose, Timothy grabbed his phone and urgently texted Katherine. *'There's a problem. Need your help'*. It was all he said, but was enough to make Kate alarmed.

'What kind of problem? What's going on, Tiff?' she asked.

Timothy then looked left and right to make sure Alyssa and the other girls were still sleeping. Yes, the whole group had slept in Timothy's bed, squeezing the feminized boy in the middle. Even now, Gabriella still had a leg over his lower body, while Chloe had an arm over his belly.

It had definitely not been an easy night for the poor boy, and the irony of the situation was overwhelming. He had spent the night surrendered by three incredibly hot girls, what would be a fantastic prospect for almost any straight guy in the world, but in reality there was nothing he could do.

So close yet so far away...

For the first time he was glad his penis wasn't *working properly* these days. What could have happened if it had gotten hard during the night? Timothy didn't want to even think about it. The girls saw him as someone harmless, after all. For them, Timothy – or Tiffany – was just one of the girls, with whom they could talk about makeup, fashion and boys, just like they had done during the sleepover. In Timothy's mind, something like a boner could definitely have caused a great commotion in the room.

But the fact that Timothy's member down there didn't feel so alive didn't mean he couldn't get aroused. Thus, he had barely been able to get any sleep, as he kept being rubbed and touched all night long.

With none of those concerns in mind, though, the girls were indeed sleeping soundly. This way, Timothy thought it was safe to tell Katherine about his biggest concern at the moment.

'Ok, so...' he began to type anxiously.

'It's a long story...'

'But the thing is that I have a date tonight and...'

'A date?!!!' Kate typed, before Timothy could finish what he had to say. *'With who?'*

'Gosh, that's not the point here, Kate' Timothy replied, annoyed. What he really wanted was for Kate to help him call off the date. *'Listen, I need...'*

'What you mean this is not the point?' Katherine interrupted him again. *'I wanna know who you're gonna date! Is the guy from school?'*

'How can you be so sure this is a guy?' Timothy asked, even more bothered.

'Ha! Very funny, girl! Now are you gonna tell me who he is or not?'

'Fine! If this is, like, soooo important to you... The guy is not from our school. He's my neighbor's grandson. I met him at her house. Now listen...'

"Ohhh this is so exciting! Your first date! Congrats, Tiff! Is he handsome? How did he ask you out?'

'Oh my gosh, why aren't you listening to me, Kate? I totally need your help, okay?!'

'Oh I understand! You need my help getting ready for your date, isn't it? Don't worry, Tiff, I'll be at your house in the early afternoon. Then you can tell me everything about this guy while we get you all dolled up! See you soon, girl! Xoxo!'

Timothy just couldn't believe what he had just read. Why did everyone presume he was happy about dating a guy? Kate knew he was dressing like a girl just to annoy his father. Why was she acting like that then? Could it be that Timothy was so good as a Tiffany that the girl had started believing he truly wanted to be a female?

Such a theory made him even more nervous. Martin didn't believe this Tiffany thing was just a charade. Without Kate at his side, he would be completely alone. He was about to type that she had got it all wrong, but before that he heard a voice saying in his ear:

"Good morning, darling. Oh, I see you were already awake. I bet you are so excited for your big day that you simply couldn't sleep longer, right?" Alyssa asked, smiling, and Timothy gulped, feeling screwed.

Timothy spent the entire afternoon at the mall, on what surely was being the most surreal day of his life. There was a *real entourage* following him – Susan, Katherine, Alyssa, Chloe and Gabriella, all of them keen to find the perfect outfit for *Tiffany's* first date, which basically meant that Timothy was forced to visit every trendy clothing store in the place, and try on dozens and dozens of dresses, not to mention heels and lingerie.

All the while, the poor boy was still thinking of a way to call off that date. He tried to talk to Kate privately several times, but it was simply impossible with so many people around. However, even if Timothy had managed to do so, he doubted Katy would listen to him. She was too excited about the date thing to believe that Timothy didn't want to attend it. At most, she would think he was getting cold feet about his first time going out with a boy.

And it wasn't just that. Kate hadn't liked at all the fact she hadn't been invited to the sleepover the night before, which Timothy thought that was totally unfair. Kate had been the one who had insisted for him to get close to Alyssa, after all, while Kate herself didn't get along with the other girl.

The two of them then spent a lot of energy competing to see who would pick a perfect dress for Timothy. To the boy's despair, the only thing they seemed to agree on was that the shorter and flirtier the dress was, the better.

By this point, Timothy had already begun to consider the unthinkable... Maybe, just maybe... he would indeed have to go out with Matt, and if that was the case, he would rather wear something modest. Too bad everyone – especially Alyssa and Kate – thought it was a terrible idea. Whenever the boy tried to choose a dress that didn't show so much skin, the girls would tell him to pull it away immediately, saying this wasn't appropriate for the occasion.

When all of them – except Timothy – were happy with a certain outfit, it was time to go to the salon. It was far from a new experience for the feminized boy. Since he'd started living as a girl, he'd been taken to the salon at least once a week to get his hair and nails done, not to mention the electrolysis to get rid of the few hairs on his face and body. (He obviously had no idea that after two or three more sessions his body would be completely hairless for good.)

However, even being kind of used to the salon trips, Timothy feared it would be so much worse this time around due the circumstances. He just hoped he would be able to convince the salon staff not to do anything so drastic to him, but he knew it wouldn't be so simple. Things at the salon usually got out of hand pretty fast...

"Hi, Marlene, did you get my message?" Timothy's stepmother asked the hairdresser. "As I told you, we need something special today! Can you believe my little girl is going out on a date tonight? Oh, they grow up so fast! And she wants to look stunning for her *soon-to-be* boyfriend, right, Tiff?" she

added, and the feminized boy felt his stomach sinking. Any hope of just having his hair slightly trimmed in an ordinary fashion was gone now. The smile on Marlene's face made it pretty clear.

"Oh this is so exciting!" the hairdresser cried out, clapping. "Do you have any ideas about the look you want, Tiffany, honey?"

"N-not exactly" Timothy stammered. "But..."

"Oh, that's completely fine!" Marlene interrupted him. "I'm already familiar with your hair so I have an idea or two on how to make you look glamorous! I promise you that your date won't be able to take his eyes off you!" she stated, and Timothy thought that it was exactly what he wanted to avoid. Then, to make things even worse, the hairdresser added in a whisper, "And he won't be able to keep his hands off you either, darling" she giggled, and timothy shivered.

As he was being dragged through the salon, the feminized boy cast one last pleading look at his stepmother, as if begging her to get him out of there, but she just waved and blew him a kiss.

Susan had been ecstatic in the morning when Alyssa told her that Tiffany had changed her mind and accepted Matthew's invitation to go out. And just like Kate, she had had no interest in listening to Timothy's attempts to say it had all been just a misunderstanding and that he didn't want to go on a date with a boy. She was convinced it was about time to Tiffany start dating handsome young men, after all. There was no reason to delay it any longer...

Three hours later, Timothy was still at the salon getting all dolled up, and he was feeling incredibly bored. Electrolysis, facial, manicure and pedicure, eyebrows, hair and makeup... He was well aware of the whole ritual, but that day it was taking even longer than the usual.

At least it was almost done now. Marlene had told him she was just putting the finishing touches on his hair, and Sophia, the makeup artist, was already about to start working on his face. Timothy had no idea what they were doing to him, and he dreaded it a lot; but more than anything, he just wanted to leave and breathe some fresh air. Once again he thought he couldn't understand how anyone could enjoy spending so much time inside a salon.

That was exactly why he didn't pay much attention when the makeup artist started saying, "You have great lips, you know..."

"Thanks" he muttered in response.

"...but I think they would look even better with some lip filler. Nothing extreme, of course... Just a little bit here and there to make your lips even more kissable. You know that we can do it right here, right? What do you think?"



Still completely zoned out, and wanting to avoid any discussion that could prolong his stay at the salon, Timothy simply replied, convinced that lip filler or just a different lipstick or something, "Sure, like, why not? Go ahead."

"I think this is a splendid idea, Sophia" Marlene intervened. "But you need to ask her mother's permission first."

"Of course!" Sophia exclaimed. "I'll do it right now."

As she walked away, Timothy closed his eyes and tried to relax, looking forward to the moment when that torment would be over. However, a strange feeling kept bothering him all the while. Was he missing something? It took him about five minutes to wonder...

Why would Sophia need my mom's permission to, like, put lipstick on my lips? Wait a minute... OMG, that if this lip filler thing isn't just lipstick at all?

But at this point, when he finally realized that he might have made a big mistake, it was already too late. He got startled as he opened his eyes and saw Sophia extremely close to him, holding a syringe.

"I've already talked to your mom, honey" she said. "She loved the fact that you asked to get your lips filled, and happily gave her permission. So let's get it done."

Starting to freak out, Timothy tried to get up and run away, but was contained by the woman. "Stop moving now, dear. You don't want me to ruin those pretty lips of yours, do you?"

And so it happened. Timothy felt the needle piercing his lips several times until Sophia was satisfied. The poor boy was so shocked that he just stood there, completely paralyzed. What had he gotten himself into? Would that lip filler be permanent? How would he look now?

But whatever he was expecting to see, reality was much more shocking. When his hair and makeup were finally done and Marlene allowed him to look in the mirror, Timothy felt like the boy he had once been was utterly and hopelessly gone and he would be stuck as Tiffany forever...



If before Timothy was able to look like a cute girl next door, what he saw in the mirror now was a stunning, glamorous face – a face that could very well be on the cover of some beauty magazine. And

yes, shocking as it was, that was his own face. He was that dazzling, breathtaking girl... and no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't spot any male trait in his reflection.

His hair had been straightened and now sported a modern, sexy hairstyle, with long bangs falling over the right side of his face, while the other side had been held behind his ear. The overall effect was impressive, and Timothy was amazed at how soft and silky everything seemed.

His makeup looked way fancier than what he was used to, with bronze, black and white smokey eyeshadow; long false lashes and black eyeliner; peach blush, luminizer and bronzer; and fire-hydrant red lipstick and lipgloss, making his filled lips look incredibly hot and irresistible... So irresistible that Timothy feared a lot how Matt would behave having to face such sensual lips all night long.

"You love them, don't you?" Sophia, the makeup artist, asked.

"W-what?" Timothy stammered.

"Your lips, silly! I can see the way you are looking at them... It's obvious that you loved the lip fillers!"

"Umm... Yeah... I... I totally love them!" Timothy lied, still afraid that if he said something wrong people would get suspicious about his true gender, which was getting ridiculous at this point. Anyone would laugh at the idea that that gorgeous girl was in fact a boy. "You made a *soo* amazing job, Sophia. Gosh, I can't believe how magnificent my lips look! Thank you so much!"

"We are glad you liked it so much, doll" said Marlene, the hairdresser, joining the conversation. "And I agreed with you. Sophia definitely outdid herself today – Not only with the lip fillers, but also your makeup. Just look at your lipstick! This tone of red really suits you, darling. Sophia, why don't you give her the lipstick tube?"

"Sure! Here it is, Tiff, dear... and the lipgloss, too. Courtesy of the house!" she cried out, and then added in a whisper, almost as if she had been reading Timothy's mind a little before, "This way you will be able to fix your lips after making out with your date! Such a lucky guy... I'm sure he's going to love your lips as much as you did..."

Susan, Kate, Alyssa and the other girls were also thrilled to see Timothy's makeover result. It was obvious that the feminized boy looked better than they were expecting, and Susan –– to Timothy's total astonishment – even had happy tears in her eyes.

"Oh, God, I can't believe how fabulous my little girl looks like!" she sniffed, and Timothy got even more concerned. That madness was rapidly getting out of the hand. It was clear that Susan not only was getting a little *too used* to having a daughter... She was truly loving it! And she didn't seem willing to let *Tiffany* go...

Susan had never been able to give birth, as she had said countless times, so she seemed to be finally fulfilling her desire for motherhood by turning Timothy into her *little girl*, which scared the hell out of the boy. God, how he regretted the day he'd foolishly asked his *mommy* to push him deeper into womanhood whenever she felt he was about to give up the charade. If he only knew before where that stupid request would take him...

It was time for Timothy to get dressed for the date so he was taken to the dressing room in back of the salon. There, before he could understand what was going on, the girls started undressing him, and soon he was wearing just a pair of panties.

"Umm... Can I, like, have some privacy now, girls?" he asked, hopeful.

"There's no time to be so *prudish* today, Ti-Ti" Alyssa said. "We are running out of time" and without another word, she lowered Timothy's panties at once, leaving him completely naked.



Timothy got so shocked and disturbed that all he could do was open his mouth in a silent scream. That was beyond his worst nightmares. There he was... naked in front of his stepmother and four girls his age, including his ultimate crush!



And it only went downhill when Gabriella commented, "Oh my gosh, that's a relief that you decided to be a girl, Ti-Ti. You're not very blessed down there, are you?" she giggled. Timothy knew Gabriella hadn't said it out of spite. She was just being her usual bubbly self, and she believed Timothy was a

trans girl, after all. But it still hurt a lot, and Timothy felt utterly humiliated. He almost claimed that his male parts didn't use to be so small, but what would be the use of that? He would just embarrass himself even further.



The feminized boy had never been so happy to have a pair of panties to put on. It didn't matter if it was an extremely sexy and tempting pair of red lace thong panties. He just wanted something to cover

himself. Following the panties, his breast forms were enveloped by a matching strapless bra, and he was helped to put his feet in 5-inch red pump heels.

While he was still trying to find his balance, a sweet and feminine fragrance was sprayed on his neck, behind his ear, wrists and between *'his breasts'*. Then, it was time for the chandelier earrings (the boy got dazed at how heavy they were), bracelets and rings.

Finally, the only thing left to do was for him to get into his dress…

The dress in question was an extremely tight one, which meant that Timothy had a really hard time putting it on. Not only because the dress itself, but also due to the fact that the nail extensions glued to his hands that day were much longer than what he was used to, making the process even more arduous.

The boy had to put on the dress from the bottom up in order not to mess up his hair and makeup, and it was especially tricky around his hip and butt. He got very worried about that. His stepmother kept insisting that the female hormones would have little if any effect on his body in the short term, but that's not what Timothy was seeing. He could swear that his hips and butt were already much wider than before, not to mention the way his waist was shrinking rapidly.

When he finally managed to get into the piece of clothing – with a lot of help from the girls – he felt like he had been vacuum-packed. The dress was a strapless one that highlighted every curve of Timothy's increasingly feminine body, and was so short that it ended dangerously close to his crotch, leaving his slender, sexy legs fully on display.

When Timothy checked his reflection again, he gasped and almost fainted. It was so much worse than he had expected… and by worse, he meant he looked stupendously hot.

Oh my Gosh! None of this makes sense at all, he thought, disturbed. *Not long ago I used to be, like, just a normal guy. But look at me now… I totally look like a jaw-dropping bombshell! Gee, what have they done to me?*

"Ok, so…" he started saying. "I…I can't do that!"

"What are you talking about, Tiff?" Kate asked.

"I just can't go out on a date with a guy, okay? I mean, look at me!"

"Don't be silly, little bunny" his stepmother said, stroking his back. "You look so beautiful! Just like a dream!"

Timothy thought that *'nightmare'* would be a much more fitting expression than *'dream'*. "Geez, mom, that's not what I'm trying to say!" he protested. "I know I look *kinda* pretty, but the thing is…"



"Aunt Susan is right, Ti-Ti" Gabriella interrupted him, and the boy got surprised that everyone was already so close that they were already calling Susan *'aunt'*. "This is, like, super normal to feel nervous before your first date, but trust us. You don't look *kinda* pretty. You look totally stunning, girl!"

"B-but..."

"No more buts, silly!" Alyssa said, playfully slapping Timothy's butt to rush him out of the dressing room, which made the feminized boy squeal. "We totally need to go now or you'll be late for your date. You'll thank us later when you see how happy Matt will be when he lays his eyes on you. Let's get moving, girl!"

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If there was someone who got even more shocked about the Timothy's new look than the boy himself, it had to be Richard, his father. At first, the man didn't recognize that *blonde bimbo* (the term that came to his mind as he looked at her) who entered the house next to Susan wearing a ridiculously short red dress and sky-high heels. But then, he slowly started realizing who *the girl* was. He knew those big green eyes and button nose very well, after all... As unbelievable as it seemed, *she* was none other than Timothy, his own son...

The finding was so terrifying that Richard collapsed into the nearest armchair, shaking from head to toe and having trouble breathing. *This can't be happening*, he thought, desperately hoping he was just having a hallucination. *What have I done to deserve such punishment? This can't be my son...*

"Look, Tiff" Susan started saying, excited. "Your father got so thrilled to see you after your makeover that he can't even talk. How sweet! Doesn't our little girl look absolutely gorgeous, Richard, honey?"

The man opened his mouth a few times but no words came out. When he finally managed to say something, his voice was hoarse and almost intelligible. "What is going on? Why is *she* dressed like this?"

"Well, there's something I've to tell you, dear, but you need to promise me you won't freak out."

"What you have to tell me, Susan?" he demanded to know, his voice getting louder and louder now.

"Tiff has a date tonight."

"A date?"

"That's what I said, honey."

"With who? A guy?!" Richard asked, sounding threatening but also scared.

"Listen, Richard, I think it's time for you to face the truth. In any case, I'm sure you saw it coming,... Tiffany, your daughter, is not only a trans girl. She's also a *straight* trans girl, which means she likes boys. So yes, she's going on a date with a young man tonight."

Timothy, who had been listening to their conversation a few steps behind, expected his father to explode upon hearing that. Instead, he remained sprawled in his armchair, mumbling incoherent words. Reality had really hit him hard this time around, and Timothy would have loved to torment him even further, saying things like how much his loved his new look, and that he could hardly wait for his date to arrive. But Timothy simply just didn't have the strength to do so. He was feeling as lost and confused as his father, and feared a lot what would happen later that night.

Thus, he just stood there, looking at his high-heeled feet, and wishing for the first time that Kate, Alyssa and the other girls were still at his side. (They had said goodbye at the boy's door, after wishing him good luck on his date a thousand times.)

"Who's this guy, anyway?" Richard growled.

"His name is Matthew" Susan started to explain, calmly. "He's Mrs. Bennett's grandson. You remember Mrs. Bennett, right? Our adorable neighbor? Good. We met Matthew yesterday at her house, and he and Tiffany got along really well. It was just natural for him to ask Tiff out."

"Why wasn't I informed of any of this before?"

"Because Tiff was afraid of your reaction. She's so excited about this date, honey... don't spoil it for her. Matthew is a good boy. You'll have the chance to see it for yourself when you meet him."

"Meet him?"

"Of course. He is coming here to pick Tiffany up."

Richard put his hands to his head, feeling more and more appalled. No, that wasn't a hallucination. His son in drag had really been asked out by other guy... None of that was going according to Richard's plans. He had thought – and hoped – that when Timothy started wearing women's clothes the whole time, he would be harassed and crushed by everyone around him. That would teach him a good lesson.

Instead of that, though, it seemed like he was being accepted as a female.

What's wrong with this damn generation? Richard thought, fuming. Timothy had made new friends, as the man could tell from the bunch of girls who went to a sleepover at his house the night before, and now he had even been asked out by another guy. Did this guy know who *Tiffany* really was? It couldn't be... Or maybe it could? Richard was beginning to believe that all the young people had been

turned into a bunch of pussies. *Yes... All thanks to this freaking liberal agenda! This is definitely destroying our nation...*

"You're not going on this date, did you hear me?" he thundered, finally getting on his feet and glaring at his feminized son.

Hearing that, Timothy breathed a sigh of relief. The last thing he wanted was to go out with Matt, anyway. But then, suddenly, a sense of discomfort began to grow inside of him... There was he father, once again trying to boss him around and control his life. *You can't play this damn guitar... You have to cut your hair and look like a real man... You're going to the Military Academy whatever you like it or not...* It was what he used to say in the past, and now he was saying, *You're not going on this date,* with the same old intransigent and arbitrary attitude.

It was clear that Richard hadn't learned anything yet, and this fact made Timothy furious. "Why can't I go, *daddy*?" Timothy asked defiantly, his hands on his hips, after crossing the room with firm steps – or at least as firm as his 5-inch heels allowed. "I thought you were, like, totally supporting me in my decision to live as girl! Don't tell me you changed your mind!"

Richard felt as if he had been slapped in the face. It was unbelievable that his son was willing to go so far just to win that stupid game. Now it was no longer merely about walking around wearing women's clothes... His son was talking about going out with another guy!

A reasonable person would realize that this was the time to throw in the towel. It was clear that the boy wasn't going to step back. However, Richard wasn't a man known for his reasonableness...

"You... umm... you can't go because no daughter of mine will be seen outside this house dressed like a slut!" It was the better excuse Richard could come up with.

"C'mon, daddy!" Timothy rolled his eyes and stamped his foot, fully embracing the *Tiffany persona*. More than anything, he wanted was to torment his father, no matter what he had to do. "I'm not dressed like a slut, okay? Gee, compared to the other girls, I'm even covering too much!"

"I don't care about what the other..."

"Calm down, honey" Susan intervened, touching her husband's arm softly. "I know this is hard for you to understand – fathers tend to be overprotective of their daughters, after all – but I assure you Tiff isn't dressed inappropriately... She's just showing some skin, like all the girls her age. Also, she's a good, prudent girl. I had a good *mother-daughter* talk with her, telling our little girl how to behave when going out on dates with boys, and I'm absolutely sure she will do nothing that could disappoint or embarrass you. Right, Tiff, dear?"

"S-sure, Mommy."

"See?" Susan looked at Richard again. "Please, don't ruin her night, honey. She's so looking forward to this date... Especially after spending the whole day at the mall choosing the perfect outfit to impress Matthew."

If *Tiffany* really were a girl, Richard thought there would be no way in hell he would agree with that. However, no matter how convincing *she* looked, the man knew *his daughter* was just a stupid boy in drag – a boy Richard wanted to make suffer. And despite his feminized son's confident and petulant words, Richard could see (now that he had calmed down a little bit) the fear in the boy's eyes when Susan mentioned that Matthew guy.

It was clear that Timothy hated that whole mess as much as Richard did – perhaps even more. Such a realization made Richard change his attitude...

"Well, I'm still not happy about it" he started, with a devilish smile. "But a good father needs to make sacrifices to see his beloved daughter happy, right? Very well, sweetheart. I'm sorry about what I said before. I didn't mean to hurt you. Of course you can go on this date."

"Oh, this is fabulous, Richard!" Susan clapped. "It's so nice to see you trying your best to understand and support our sweet girl! You're absolutely right. This is what a real father is supposed to do! Now what do you need to say, Tiff?"

"Umm... thank you *soo* much, daddy!" the feminized boy cried out, as enthusiastically as he could, making a huge effort to hug his father. "You totally are the best!"

And then, as though rehearsed, they heard a car stopping in front of the house. A little later, the doorbell rang, and no one had trouble guessing who was at the door...

Just like Richard, Matthew got so stunned when he saw *Tiffany* that he couldn't say anything – although his reasons for that were quite different. The young man already knew that Tiffany was a hot girl ... but not *that* hot. In that tight little red dress, she looked even better than Matthew's wildest dreams. He told himself he was going to do everything possible and impossible to make that dazzling girl his girlfriend. He was so intoxicated by her beauty that it was all that mattered to him now.

"Wow, Tiff" he started saying, with a silly smile on his face. "You... you look so..."

"Pretty?" Timothy suggested, batting his eyelashes. "Gosh, I totally hope you was gonna say that!" the feminized boy added giggling, and heard his father letting out a startled moan behind his back. This made him happy.

"No, saying you look pretty isn't good enough to describe you..." Matthew stated, still looking mesmerized. "I don't think I have ever seen a more beautiful girl than you in my whole life."

The boy said such words so intensely that Timothy felt a shiver down his spine. Yes, he knew he was playing a very dangerous game, but he wouldn't give up now – Not in front of his father.

"Here, for you" Matthew continued, and just then Timothy realized he had brought flowers. He handed a bouquet of red roses to Timothy – which ironically matched his outfit perfectly well – and another one (yellow tulips) to Susan.

"Oh, Matthew, you're such a gallant young man!" Susan cried out. "You surely know how to please a girl. Don't you agree, Tiff, sweetie?"

"T-totally, mom!" Timothy said, blushing. "Thanks for the flowers, Matt. I... I love them, like, so much!"

Matt smiled even wider at that, and Timothy finally took a minute to get a better look at him. It was clear he had put a lot of effort into preparing for that date. Not just because of the flowers, but he was also nicely dressed, with a dark gray t-shirt, copper colored jeans, black sneakers, and a leather jacket.

Yeah, I can't deny he looks kinda handsome tonight, Timothy thought, but almost immediately he got appalled. *OMG, what the heck is, like, wrong with me? Since when do I think guys are handsome?! Wait, Tiff... Just breathe, girl! I... I'm just confused... That's all! It's not like I'm attracted to Matt or anything, right? Gee, why am I even considering such an idea? I totally think that I am losing my mind and...*

The troubled boy's thoughts were interrupted by a loud cough behind him, which made him scared – so much that he lost his balance on his killer heels, and he would have fallen to the ground if Matt wasn't there to catch him.

"T-thank you" Timothy stammered weakly, feeling his delicate body firmly pressed against Matthew's strong one. Matt really had muscles everywhere, and they were so close that Timothy could smell the other guys' manly perfume and shaving lotion... All this was so weird for the poor feminized boy...

"So, Tiffany, aren't you going to introduce *your friend* to me?" asked Richard, the one who had coughed a little before in order to get his *daughter's* attention.

"W-what?! Oh, sure, I'm so sorry, *daddy*!" Timothy said, distressed. "This is Matt... I mean, Matthew... As mommy told you, he's Mrs. Bennett's grandson."

"Nice to meet you, Mr. Foster" Matthew said, finally letting Timothy go and approaching Richard to shake the man's hand. Richard returned the handshake with a little more force than necessary, but the boy didn't wince. Looking at the young man, Richard concluded he seemed far from being a *'fagot'*. Then why would he be interested in taking a sissy out on a date? The only possible explanation was that he didn't know who *Tiffany* really was. What should Richard do then? Reveal the truth and expose his sissified son to ridicule right there? No... He thought it would be best to let Matthew

discover the truth on his own later that night. With luck, he would then beat the crap out of Timothy, as his dumb son deserved...



"Matthew, huh? Where do you intend to take my daughter tonight, young man?" Richard asked, playing the role of a father concerned about his *daughter*, but without pushing it too hard.

"Some friends of mine are throwing a little party, sir, to celebrate the latest victory of our football team."

"So you play football?" Richard asked, scratching his chin. He couldn't help it but started wishing that this young man was his son instead of the pansy boy wearing a dress and high heels. Matthew seemed like a real man, although he also needed a haircut.

"That's correct, Mr. Foster. Do you like football?"

"If a like it? Oh, you should have seen me playing football when I was your age! You would never believe what... But that's not the point here! Tell me, will there be drugs at this party?"

"Drugs? No, of course not, sir!"

"What about alcohol? My daughter is a minor and I don't want to hear she has been drinking, do you understand?"

It was hard to keep calm in front of someone as intimidating as Richard, but Matthew didn't look shaken at all. "Don't worry, Mr. Foster. I promise you I'll take good care of Tiffany. We will do nothing that could make you angry and I will bring her back safely."

"Very well, boy. I'm going to trust you, but I want to see Tiffany back home before midnight."

"Understood, Mr. Foster. I won't disappoint you. Should we get going, then, Tiffany?"

"Umm... S-sure, Matt. Let me just get my purse and I'm ready to go, okay?"

He then grabbed a small red clutch – inside which Susan had put his phone, keys, some makeup and wet wipes – and was guided by Matthew out of the house after blowing one last kiss to Richard and Susan.

That was it. As insane as it sounded, he really was going to have a date with another guy, and there was nothing he could do to avoid it now...

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"Please, come in" Matthew said, opening the car door for Timothy. It was a good thing that the feminized boy already had so much experience with skirts. Otherwise, he wouldn't have been able to get in the car wearing such a short dress without showing off his panties.

Timothy had never been *that* interested in cars, but even he could see how nice that one was. The car (a silver Ford Mustang with leather seats that looked brand new) in fact belonged to Matthew's father, and the man was very jealous of it. However, after much insistence, Matt had convinced his father to borrow the vehicle for a day in exchange for washing it every week for a whole year. Yes, it would be a lot of work, but Mathew thought it would be worth it – he really wanted to impress *Tiffany*.

"Ready to go?" he asked, now sitting in the driver's seat.

"O-okay" Timothy replied, keeping his legs firmly together and nervously curling a lock of hair with a finger.

"So... your father seems to be very strict, doesn't he?" Matthew asked, after starting the car, trying to break the ice. It was evident how nervous *the girl* was.

"Oh, you have, like, no idea how much..." Timothy lamented, with a long, deep sigh. "Gosh, he tries to control my life all the time. Did I tell you he's a Navy officer? He totally treats me as if I were one of his recruits. This is *sooo* unfair! Honestly, I have, like, no idea how he let me go out with you tonight!"

"Well, all I can say is that I'm glad he did" Matthew stated, putting a hand on Timothy's thigh, who gasped. "I'm so happy you're going to the party with me, Tiff... I know this is kinda early to say something like that, but I think you're the most special girl I've ever met. There is something very different and unique about you."

"T-thanks" Timothy stammered, gulping. *I indeed am, like, very different from any <u>other girl</u> you have ever met*, Timothy thought, afraid. *You have no idea how much!*

He desperately wanted to find a way to move Matt's hand away – which was now stroking his bare leg while he held the wheel with his other hand – but the feminized boy had no idea how to do that without seeming rude. He'd never been on a date before, after all, let alone a date with another guy.

"You're welcome, babe. And I truly hope that once your father get to know me better, he won't even bat an eye about letting you go out with me. He will realize that I just want to make you happy and I will take care of you."

Timothy winced at that. *Oh my gosh, Matt is already talking about future dates! He can't be <u>that</u> into me already, right? It makes, like, no sense, at all! I mean, we knew each other yesterday! But he's speaking as if he already were in love with me! Gosh, what am I gonna do? What am I gonna do?*

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Back at home, Richard was walking around the living room with vigorous steps as he impatiently looked for something. "Susan!" he yelled. "Did you see my wallet?"

"Why do you need your wallet?" Susan asked, coming from the kitchen. "Are you going out?"

"Yes, I'm going out!"

"Where are you going, dear?"

"What you think?" Richard roared. "I'm going to get so fucking drunk that I won't even remember my name! Drunk enough to forget all the shit that is going on around here!"

"Oh, Richard... I understand that all this is hard for you, but..."

"Hard? No, this is so much worse than *hard*, Susan! My son, wearing a red dress and high heels, just got out of the house in another boy's arms. Do you understand what I am saying? I don't want to hear whatever you have to say right now, okay? Just tell me where my damn wallet is!"

"I didn't see your wallet, Richard" Susan said, her voice sounding a little cold. "Did you check your pants pockets?"

"What do you think I am? Some kind of moron?" Richard asked, and Susan had to bite her tongue to keep from saying what she really thought about her husband. "My pockets were the first place I searched for my wallet" Richard continued. "And I'm telling you, this is not..." he stopped talking suddenly as he patted the back pocket of his pants once again. "Oh... umm... looks like my wallet is here, after all" he scratched his head. "Do you see what this situation is doing to me? I'm going out now, Susan. You don't have to wait up for me."

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When the car stopped, Timothy found himself in front of a beautiful mansion with a large garden on the other side of the town. The loud music and the sound of many excited voices made it clear that this wasn't going to be just a small party like Matthew had said, which made the feminized boy even more apprehensive.

After leaving the car (Matthew opened his door again, and offered his hand to help Timothy get up), he started walking towards the house. Timothy kept thinking that it would be best for him to avoid any kind of physical contact with Matthew throughout the night, but his legs were shaking so badly that he was forced to lean on the other guy as they moved forward. Matthew didn't seem bothered by that, at all... Smiling broadly, he put an arm around Timothy's waist – his hand dangerously close to the feminized boy butt – pressing their bodies even closer together.

"Hey, man!" a tall guy with black hair greeted Matthew as he opened the house door. "You're finally here! Why did you take so long? Zack is about to start his victory speech. You wouldn't want to miss it, would you? You know how hilarious his speeches can be. Oh, and who is this beauty with you?"

"Take your eyes off her, Tyler" Matthew said, laughing. "This is Tiffany, my date. Tiffany, this is Tyler, our host tonight."

"Hey, Tiffany! Nice to meet you" Tyler said, making a huge effort not to lust after the body of the *girl* with his buddy. "You don't go to our school, do you? I don't think I've ever seen you before."

"Nice to meet you too, Tyler" Timothy said, so nervous that he snuggled even closer to Matthew's body. "No, I... umm... go to another school."

"I see... and how did you meet each other?"

"Tiffany is my grandma's neighbor, man. We met each other at her house yesterday."

"Yesterday?" Tyler exclaimed. "Ha! You really don't waste time, man! But, please, come in! If you guys need something just call me, okay? Feel at home!"

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"Hey, you, I want another one of these!" Richard said to the bartender, pointing at his empty glass of whiskey.

"Don't you think you already have had enough, my friend?" the bald man with a large mustache behind the counter asked, as he dried some glasses with a dirty cloth.

"Who do you think you are to tell me when I should stop drinking?" Richard growled. "Just give me my damn drink!"

When the bartender finally filled his glass again, Richard stared at the liquid for a few seconds just before drinking it all in one swallow again. "One more!" he shouted in a choked voice, punching the counter. "Why don't you just leave the bottle here, huh? You know I'll pay for it, right?"

But the truth was that no matter how much Richard drank, he just couldn't forget the shame and anger he was feeling. It wasn't just about Timothy going on a date that night. The last few weeks as a whole had been hellish for the man...

When his son started attending school as a girl, Richard did his best for this information not to reach the ears of people who worked with him at the Navy base, but it was an effort in vain. Pretty soon some people there knew what was going on, and the news spread quickly... That was when Richard's torment began.

His underlings said nothing for fear of possible retaliation, but Richard could see the way they kept looking at him all the time, as if they were dying to laugh at his expense. Richard's superiors and peers weren't so subtle, though, and openly mocked the man. How could Richard, who had always bragged of being an *'alpha male'*, have a *sissy* son? How ironic was that?

Feeling more and more furious, the man drank another shot. He had always loved his job more than anything, but now even it had become a burden on him. All thanks to his stupid son, who refused to behave like a 'real man'... Richard was so ashamed that he felt like disappearing. He wanted to be left alone and not have to talk to anyone anytime soon... But in another irony of fate, as soon as this thought crossed his head, someone spoke to him.

"You're Timothy Foster's father, aren't you?"

"Here's your soda, babe" Matthew said, handing Timothy a cup. "Diet Coke, just like you asked for."

"Oh, thank God, Matt!" Timothy cried out, sounding extremely relieved.

"Wow! I had no idea you were so thirsty!"

"What? No, it's not that!" Timothy giggled, covering his mouth with one manicured hand, and Matthew felt a chill in his belly. *Man, does she have any idea how irresistible she looks when she does that?* He wondered.

"The thing is..." Timothy continued. "Two or three different guys came to talk to me while you were away, and it totally freaked me out..."

Just as Timothy had feared upon arriving at the house, the so-called small party turned out to be a huge one, with at least two hundred people. There was even a dance floor in one of the rooms, which impressed Timothy – He had never been in such a big house.

"Which guys?" Matthew asked, getting angry. "Were they disrespectful to you? 'Cause if they were, I'm gonna..."

"No, that's not the issue!" Timothy replied hastily. "They weren't rude or something... I think they didn't know I was accompanied and just wanted to talk, you know? It's just that I'm not used to... umm... male attention" Timothy looked down.

"Now this is hard to believe" Matthew said. "A girl as beautiful as you... I bet you always had the guys eating out the palm of your hand."

"Geez, you are, like, *soo* wrong! You saw can strict my dad can be. So he... umm... never let me go to many parties and stuff" Timothy improvised the best he could. "Also, I rarely if ever dress up like this. I... umm... I just chose this outfit today 'cos I wanted you to think I looked pretty and..." Timothy stopped talking suddenly, blushing so furiously that his face turned as red as his dress.

Why the hell had he said something like that? It wasn't even true! Susan, Kate, Lyss, and the other girls were the ones who said he needed to look pretty to impress Matt. Timothy himself had never said something like that. He had no interest in looking attractive to guys, after all... *Right*?

"Man, I feel more and more like the luckiest guy in the world" Matthew said gallantly, lifting Timothy's chin with a finger. "But if what you wanted was for me to think you looked pretty, you didn't need to do anything at all, babe. I'm sure you look stunning even when you just wake up. And don't worry... I won't leave your side again tonight. I'm gonna protect you and make you feel safe..." and saying so, he embraced Timothy, with his right hand still on the feminized boy's chin.

When Timothy realized what was about to happen, he almost lost his mind... Matthew had closed his eyes and was bringing his lips closer to Timothy's... The feminized boy was completely stuck, with no way to get rid of Matt's grip. Was that really it? Was he going to be kissed by another boy? But at the very last moment, Timothy's mind 'jumpstarted', and he turned his face, making Matt kiss his cheek instead of his lips.

It didn't seem to weaken Matthew's will, though, and he kept kissing Timothy's cheek, slowly going down towards his slender neck. Having to think fast again, Timothy suggested the first thing that came to his mind, and regretted it almost immediately...

"Umm... Matt, why don't we go, like, dance a little bit, huh?"

"Really? And here I was thinking you were a shy girl!" Matt said, with a naughty wink. "Your wish is an order, babe" he added, grabbing the feminized boy's hand and dragging him to the dance floor...

As they approached the dance floor, everyone stopped what they were doing to look at *Tiffany*. The feminized boy had already experienced something similar when he first appeared at school dressed as a girl. However, it was a lot worse this time around, considering how he was dressed...

The guys couldn't take their eyes off him, lusting after his body so avidly that the poor boy felt like a lamb surrounded by wolves. The girls, on the other hand, looked at Timothy with spite and envy, mad to see that unknown girl driving their boyfriends crazy like that. Timothy wasn't sure if it was the boys or the girls who scared him the most.

Oblivious of any of those concerns, Matthew seemed overjoyed to have the most beautiful girl in the party in his arms. He truly believed that was going to be the best party ever, especially considering the plans he had for *after* the party...

"Oh my gosh, Matt! I'm sorry but I... I don't think I can do that!"

"Do what, babe?"

"Dance! Not while I am wearing these high heels!" he exclaimed, pointing to his own feet.

"Relax, babe. I'm sure you will be fine. You walk on heels so well... It's almost like you were born on them! And have I told you that I love how they make your legs look like?" he added in a whisper in Timothy's ear. "So elegant and beautiful... I wouldn't complain if you decided to wear shoes like those all the time..."

"T-thanks, Matt. That was, like, very kind of you, I guess? But I still think..."

"Just feel the song, Tiff. Remember that I am here with you..."

Realizing he had no choice, Timothy tried to do exactly that. However, the electronic song that was being played didn't make him feel anything at all. Timothy loved music, of course, but his thing was

classic rock and folk. Then out of despair, he looked around and tried to copy the girls' moves, feeling incredibly silly and stupid.



Gosh, this is, like, so unbelievable! He thought, as he swayed his hips shyly. *Look what I am doing! I mean, when could I have imagined that I would be at a party wearing a dress and heels and dancing with a guy?*

"You're doing great, Tiff!" Matthew cried out, excited. Timothy wasn't so sure of that, but he definitely was trying his best. After so long pretending to be a girly girl, he at least knew how to move gracefully and delicately, what he hoped that would make his dance minimally acceptable – The last thing he wanted was people pointing and looking at him because he was acting like a clown.

What he didn't notice at first, though, was that a lot of people were indeed looking at him, but not because they thought he looked ridiculous... They were in fact mesmerized by the hottie in that little red dress shaking her body sensually. It didn't seem to matter to the guys that she wasn't exactly a *superb* dancer... It was safe to say they were enjoying the show a lot, regardless of her ability...

However, as expected, none of them were having as much fun as Matthew. At some point, he even grabbed Timothy from behind, and the feminized boy felt his butt getting stuck together to Matt's body, as he kept shaking his hips.

Oh, gee! Timothy thought, stunned. *And here I was thinking that this crazy situation couldn't get any worse...*

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"Go away!" Richard growled at the man who had asked if he was Timothy's father, without even turning around.

"Why so angry, my friend? I just wanna talk a little bit."

"I'm not your friend and I have nothing to talk to you!"

"Oh, really? I was convinced that a *trans girl's* father would be someone more reasonable and open to dialogue, you know..." the man said, loud enough for everyone around to hear.

"Is a fight what you want?" Richard asked, punching the counter again, this time so hard that it almost broke in half. "Because if that's the case, you might get one!" he added, finally getting up and turning to the other man. He was so furious that his hands were shaking. Who did that bastard think he was to expose that Richard had an abomination as a son like that?

He stared at the man in front of him. He was as big as Richard, and about five years younger. But it didn't weaken his resolve. Now Richard was already convinced that a good fight was exactly what he needed to ease his frustration.

"I don't want to fight" said the other man, who clearly was as drunk as Richard – perhaps even more. "I told you I just want to have a little talk."

"And I made it clear that I..." Richard stopped talking suddenly, looking better at the man in front of him. "Wait a minute... I think I've seen you before."

"Of course you have. I used to be the basketball coach of your son... or should I say daughter? I'm Gary Smith" the man introduced himself, stretching his hand.

Richard didn't shake the Gary's hand. Instead, he kept staring at the other man with hard eyes. "Get out of my way" Richard ordered, gritting his teeth. "Get out of my way or I swear to god that I'll punch you. I don't care if you used to be my son's coach."

"Oh, I knew it!"

"You knew what?"

"That you still call him a son... not a daughter. Look, buddy, I'm not here to mess with you. I was just sitting over there and when I saw you I couldn't resist. I just want to understand, okay? You are someone admired by everyone in this town... You served in a war... And most importantly, anyone can see that you are a *real man* – a man who doesn't buy all this liberal crap, and understands that people need God, order and moral values. I've always respected you because I believe the same things. I've always seen you as an equal. And that's why I want to know... Why are you accepting this bullshit? Why are you allowing your son to walk around dressed as a grotesque imitation of a girl? He's never going to be a female... This is just impossible! No matter how much he mutilates his body! I know you agree with me. Then tell me... What's really going on?"

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Finally, it was almost over... Sitting in Matt's car again, Timothy breathed a sigh of relief. The last few hours had been some of the hardest of his life. It was incredible to believe he had ever survived that party. It had been so embarrassing and stressful... All those people looking at him... Being forced to dance with Matt... Not to mention how his feet were killing him, after a whole night wearing those crazy heels. But it was all past now. He was on his way home, and he couldn't be happier about that. As ironic as it sounded, Timothy could hardly wait to take refuge in the safety of his girly pink bedroom. He had never missed that place so much.

Just a few more minutes, Tiff, he told himself, smiling. But then, when he least expected it, he noticed something concerning...

"Umm... Matt? I don't think this is, like, the way to my house."

"I'm not taking you home, babe... not yet."

"What?!" the feminized boy cried out. "B-but if I don't get home my dad..."

"Shhh... Relax, Tiff. Your father said he wanted to see you at home at midnight, which means we still have a little over an hour to have some more fun" Matthew said, smirking. "There's something I want to show you."

Timothy couldn't believe what he was hearing. Just when he thought the torment was coming to an end... How unfair was that? He had to do something. He didn't know where Matthew was planning to take him to now, but he had a feeling it wouldn't end well for him.

"I'm sorry, Matt" he started saying. "But I really think that..."

"Everything will be fine, Tiff. I know you're worried about your father getting mad, but remember I want him to like me, too, okay? Just trust me" he finished, putting his hand on Timothy's legs again, and the feminized boy shivered.

I'm totally screwed, he told himself.

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Timothy had always thought that if his father and former basketball coach met one day, there were two possible options for what would happen: they could get along very well, since the two of them were equally uncompromising, authoritarian and hot-tempered... Or they could kill each other pretty fast, for the very same reasons.

Unfortunately for the boy, it was the first possibility that came true. After a rough start, Richard and Gary were now sharing a table in the pub as if they had been best friends since forever, drinking massive amounts of alcohol.

"...and so that was how it happened" Richard finished his story, and then took a long sip of his beer. "I know how insane it sounds, but I was truly convinced that after a few days of being forced to live like a sissy around home, that stupid boy would come to me begging me to let him be a man again. Then, I would send him to a Military Academy, where he could honor our family's legacy."

"But that damn boy chose to start attending school dressed as a fucking girl instead of giving up that dumb charade" Richard continued, squeezing his glass so hard that it almost broke in his hand. "Can you believe that? When would a boy of our generation accept something like this? Back in the good old days, any of us would rather have been killed than going to school wearing a skirt! But nowadays... it seems like all boys have been turned into a bunch of pussies!"

"So right now the only thing I want is to make that stupid sissy suffer... suffer so much that he will never forget it. That's all that matters to me! But to my horror, it looks like he's being accepted as a female at school! Do you see how this world is screwed?"

"Well, now things make sense" Gary said, as he drummed the table with his fingers, after a moment of silence. "Pretty nasty situation indeed, man. Who would have imagined that your son would have *the balls*... I mean, would have the guts to do something like that? But tell me something..." he continued, now talking in a conspiratorial whisper. "Are you absolutely sure that what you want now is to make him suffer?"

"Do you have any doubts?" Richard snarled angrily. "Does that boy deserve a punishment or not?"

"Sure, sure... and you are convinced he's not enjoying pretending to be a girl, right?"

"Absolutely! I can see in his eyes he hates it as much as me. He's just too damn stubborn to admit it!"

"Very well then..." Gary said, with an evil smile. "If that's really the case, I have an idea or two to turn his life into a hell at school..."

"Really?" Richard asked, getting excited. "What ideas, exactly?"

"Just wait and see, buddy. I think you'll enjoy it. *Tiffany*, on the other hand..."

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"Alright, Tiff. We arrived!" said Matthew, turning off the car.

"W-where exactly did we arrive?" Timothy asked nervously, looking around. They were on a dark, deserted street with only a few old houses here and there.

"You will understand soon."

He then opened the car door for the feminized boy again, and helped him to stand up. They then walked a few feet, Timothy's heels clicking on the potholed sidewalk. When Matthew stopped, Timothy couldn't understand why. There was nothing around the point where they were, except a few tall, shaggy shrubs on the left, surrounded by a fence. However, looking more closely, the feminized boy saw that there was an opening in the fence right in front of them.

"G-Geez, you don't expect me to walk over there, right?" Timothy asked, pointing to a dark trail.

"You don't need to be scared, Tiff. You know I would never ever put you at any risk, right? Not only your father, but also my grandma, would kill me. Trust me. I just wanna show you a place. You're going to love it!"

"B-but there's, like, no way at all for me walk this trail with these shoes!"

"Umm... I guess you are right" Matt said, scratching his chin, and for a brief moment Timothy thought he would finally be taken back home. But then, before he realized what was happening, Matthew lifted him in his arms, as easily as if Timothy were a feather pillow. "I guess I'm just going to carry you them. It'll only take a minute, babe" he told her, as they entered the dark trail...



Matthew walked with Timothy in his arms for about fifteen minutes, getting deeper and deeper into the vegetation. The feminized boy kept looking around, trying to memorize the path they were taking, but he found it simply impossible. The trail was getting darker and darker, with increasingly tall trees, and he had no experience in exploring that kind of terrain. Everything looked the same to him, and he concluded – feeling terribly afraid – that he certainly would depend on Matthew to find his way out of that place.

"We're almost there now, Tiff" Matthew said, sounding excited.

"A-are you ready to tell me where we are going now?"

"That would spoil the surprise, you know... Be patient. It won't be long now."

Timothy definitely couldn't understand what was going on there. Where was he being taken? What were Matthew's intentions? He didn't believe Matt was planning to do him any harm, but even so he

was scared to death. Matt had already made it clear how much he liked *Tiffany*, after all, and he was taking *her* somewhere in the middle of nowhere...

Some time later, the feminized boy was able see light ahead, indicating, he thought, that they were approaching a kind of clearing where the moon shone freely. "Ah, I told you it wouldn't take long!" Matthew exclaimed, starting to speed up. "So, what you think?" he asked, finally putting the feminized boy down.

Timothy looked around, and his eyes widened. Whatever he was expecting to see before, it was quite different from reality. He wasn't sure what to say... or even think...



"Oh, Matt, this place is, like, so... beautiful!"

It was true – the place almost looked like a forest or a park from a fairy tale, with a wide variety of trees and flowers, a dirt track that led to a small bridge over a lake, and a granite gazebo with flower arrangements on its pillars. The starry night and wonderful aroma in the air helped to make the scenery even more magical, so much that for a brief moment the feminized boy even forgot the tough situation he was in...

That was the kind of place he would love to go carrying his guitar and play some nice song... It would be even better if someone like Kate was with him...

"I told you, didn't I?" Matthew asked, clearly proud of himself. He could see how Tiffany's eyes lit up with pure delight when she saw how beautiful the landscape around her was.

Upon hearing Matthew's voice, reality soon hit Timothy hard again, and he woke up from his reverie. None of what he had daydreamed sounded feasible at that point of his life. His father had gotten rid of his guitar, and, in any case, he knew it would be simply impossible for him to play anything with those long nails. About Kate, Timothy regretfully remembered how excited she was to learn that he that he had been asked out by another boy. It seemed perfectly clear that she saw Timothy as nothing more than one of her girlfriends. She, along with the other girls and Susan, had basically forced Timothy to go out on that date with Matt, after all.

Matt... Timothy started to hyperventilate for the second time that night as he wondered what he was going to do about Matt now... He then said the first thing that came to his mind to buy some time.

"You are, like, so right! I totally love this place!" he cried out, and then thought that if he really wanted to avoid Matt's advances, he perhaps should sound a little less excited. "But... umm... where exactly are we?"

"Well, long story short, this forest used to be part of a property that was abandoned many years ago, and people who live nearby have been claiming that it should be transformed into a public park. No decision has been made yet, but a local committee has already been taking care of everything around here to put pressure on the issue. My mom is part of such committee, so I've known this place for a long time."

"OMG... I had, like, no idea. Yeah, this place definitely should be turned into a park! Everything here is totally superb! Gosh, why didn't you tell me where you were bringing me before?" Timothy asked, pouting and crossing his arms, "When we entered that trail I was, like, so scared!"

"I'm sorry, babe" Matthew said, grabbing Timothy's hands. "The last thing I wanted was to scare you. But you see now? You can trust me, Tiff. I just wanted to surprise you. Tonight is our first date – the first of many, I hope – and I want this to be a special night. Come. Let me show you around."

They then started walking holding hands. While Matthew pointed to various plants and flowers, Timothy tried to find the right time to free his hand from the other boy's grip, but he was unable to do so, which once again made him feel completely powerless. Nothing had worked the way he had wished that night. His plan to avoid any physical contact with Matt couldn't have gone more wrong. And now here he was... on a romantic walk in the moonlight with another guy. It definitely couldn't end well...

As they approach the bridge, a slightly stronger breeze passed through them, shaking the leaves around. Matthew then took off his jacket. "Here, let me cover your shoulders" he offered.

Timothy was surprised by that. Never before had anyone taken off their jackets or whatever to offer it to him, and he couldn't help it but felt a little... just a little... flattered.

Geez, what was you, like, expecting, Tiff? He asked himself, as petulantly as if he were goofing around with one of his besties. It was incredible that even in his thoughts he was able to talk like a perfect spoiled girly girl – and even more incredible that he didn't even realize he was doing so.

Why a guy would offer you his coat before? He continued thinking. *Nobody knew you were a girl and... Wait a minute... W-what? Oh my gosh! No, that's not what I mean! Nobody thought you... I mean... I was a girl! 'Cos I'm not a girl for real! I don't see myself as a girl at all! The last thing I want is to be a girl... right? Gee, Of course that's right! I'm a hundred percent a guy!* He tried to convince himself, with a manicured finger between his red lips and the other hand on his hips.



The effect of all this confusion on his mind was that the poor boy's hands started sweating, something that he hated a lot. *So gross!* He thought, annoyed. He definitely didn't need a jacket now.

"Thanks, Matt! That's very kind of you, but I'm okay."

"Are you sure?" Matt asked, embracing Timothy's waist.

"Y-yeah. I already am feeling very hot... I m-mean... I'm just talking about the weather... you know that, right? I'm not trying to imply... What I am, like, trying to say is that it's warm tonight and... and..."

Timothy once again cursed himself. Why couldn't he stop acting like an airhead when he was around guys? But the truth was that it just didn't matter. Matt was clearly no longer listening to what the feminized boy was saying. His eyes were fixed on Timothy's red lips, as if he were mesmerized. Then, just like he had done at the party, he lifted Timothy's face with a finger under his chin, and looked deep into *Tiffany's* eyes.

"W-wait, Matt..." Timothy whispered, urgently. "I... I think..." but whatever he was thinking at that moment, he didn't get a chance to put it into words...

...it's not easy to talk while being kissed on the lips, after all...

Omigosh, omigosh, omigosh... Matt is kissing me! Matt is totally kissing me! Timothy told himself desperately, as if that were even necessary. The shock he felt was such that for an instant the feminized boy had no reaction. He just stood there, feeling Matt's lips pressing his, while his delicate body was embraced by the other boy's strong arms.

But soon enough, Timothy realized he had to do something. He couldn't allow it to keep happening. He was a straight guy, after all... wasn't he? However, as soon as he parted his lips to tell Matt to stop kissing him, he felt something invading his mouth before he could say anything...

Wait... Is it Matt's tongue?!! Omigosh, I can't believe his tongue is, like, in my mouth! Do something, Tiff... Do something now!

But his groans of protest sounded more like moans of pleasure, which made Matt even more *motivated*. He stuck his tongue deeper and deeper into Timothy's mouth, rubbing the feminized boy's back even more intensely.

Timothy foolishly tried to convince himself that it was just a nightmare. That couldn't be happening. He couldn't believe that his first kiss ever was happening like that... being kissed by another guy. That was so outrageous... so humiliating...

However, slowly, something even more frightening started to happen... Timothy felt a lot of weird goosebumps all over his body, as his breathing became faster and more unsteady... His skin became

incredibly sensitive to the touch of Matt's big hands, and his mouth involuntarily opened further to allow the other guy to explore it more easily.

W-what is, like, going on here?! Gosh, I'm not enjoying being kissed by Matt, Right? Right?! I... ahh... I... mmmmh...



It didn't matter how much Timothy wanted to deny it... His body was already answering the question for him. It was undeniable that he was getting aroused... *Madly* aroused. His penis, firmly imprisoned by his gaff and lace thong panties, didn't show any reaction, which wasn't a big surprise, considering how lifeless and useless it had been lately. His chest, on the other hand, started to tingle like crazy, and he felt his nipples getting hard, which was pleasant and a little painful at that same time, considering that there were breast forms attached to them.

Oh, gosh... no, I can't... He kept fighting against himself, feeling confused and disoriented. *I need... I need to, like... stop him...I... ohhh... mmmmh...*

But that was a fight that he had no chance of winning, and soon he was no longer able to reason at all. Before he could think about what he was doing, he wrapped his slender arms around Matt's neck, and raised his right leg in the air, as the couple kept kissing passionately. Even wearing that sky-high heels, Timothy still had to stand on his tiptoes to reach Matt's lips, but it didn't seem to bother the feminized guy at that moment – He was just too excited to pay attention to that...

"Oh, Tiff... You're so hot... so beautiful" Matt whispered, now kissing *Tiffany* neck and ear, while he rubbed *her* butt.

"Ohh... hmm..." were the only sounds that Timothy was able to make while he bit his lower lip with his eyes closed.

"I won't let a special girl like you get away, babe. I just won't "Matt stated, a second before starting to kiss Timothy's mouth again...

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"... oh my gosh, and so, after he kissed you, what did he say again?"

It was Monday morning, and Timothy (in the company of Alyssa, Chloe and Gabriella) was walking through a corridor towards his next class. The feminized boy wasn't in a good mood, to say the last – not only because his next class was cosmetology, one that he particularly hated, but also because the girls kept asking him over and over again to talk about his date with Matt, a subject that Timothy pretty much would like to erase from his mind.

"I've already told you that, Ella!" Timothy protested, annoyed. Why did the girls need to hear the same story so many times? And why did they want to hear so many details? They demanded to know pretty much everything that Timothy and Matthew had talked about, how Timothy had felt in each moment, the way Matt had hold him, the kiss, and so on and on...

"A-after he kissed me..." Timothy continued, reluctantly. "He said... well... he said he wasn't going to, like, let a special girl like me go away..."

The girls squeaked as excitedly as if they were hearing the story for the first time. "Oh, Ti-Ti, aren't you such a lucky girl? He's totally into you! And gosh, he's such a hot guy!" Gabriella giggled.

"He surely is" Chloe agreed, smirking. "I bet you loved being embraced by his strong arms as he kissed you, huh, Ti-Ti? Are you sure you two did nothing but kiss, darling?"

"W-what are you, like, trying to imply, Chlo?" Timothy asked, his eyes wide. "Of course I'm sure about that! After he kissed me one or two... okay, four or five times, he took me back home. He knew I couldn't be late or my dad would get totally furious!"

"Relax, girl" Alyssa said, laughing with the other girls. "Don't you see Chlo is just teasing you? I wonder how you can be so naive all the time... But I guess that's, like, part of your charm, Right? That pretty, innocent face of yours can really drive guys crazy! Not to mention your sexy body, of course. It was such a waste all those years you hid those stunning legs *pretending* to be a boy, girl! It's clear that you were always meant to wear cute, flirty outfits. As a boy, you were forgettable at best, but as Ti-Ti... Wow! If you weren't part of the gang, you would totally be one of my rivals... that's for sure! Now, now don't go blushing again. We're your *besties*, remember? There's no need to be so shy around us."

Timothy remained silent as the girls giggled some more. Alyssa's words had disturbed him deeply. *As a boy, you were forgettable at best, but as Ti-Ti...* Was he really that worthless as a guy? Sure, he had never dated a girl, but for a brief moment he had been convinced that Kate was into him. She had even asked him out!

That's right, Tiff, but you're talking about the same girl who got extremely excited to learn you were going out with a guy, said a mean voice inside his head. *When she invited you to go to the movies, she was probably already thinking that you were gay or something. It's not like she was seeing you as a potential boyfriend...*

But was that true? At that time Timothy had really believed that Kate could become his girlfriend in a near future. Had he been mistaken all along? And if that was the case, would he really need to keep wearing skirts and high heels indefinitely if he wanted to have a romantic life? As Alyssa had pointed out so bluntly and unkindly, it was unquestionable that he looked a lot more attractive as Tiffany than Timothy. He couldn't deny that...

Stop that, Tiff! He told himself. *As mom always says, you totally am being a drama queen again! I don't need to be a girl to attract people...Sooner or later I'll be just a normal guy again, and my body will finally build up... It happens to all guys, right? Even if in my case it was, like, taking a bit too long for me to gain some muscles and stuff...*

He then sadly remembered that there was a hormonal implant under his skin *pouring* large amounts of female hormones into his body. If before it was already being difficult for him to develop a *man's body*, it would be simply impossible now... at least until he got rid of that damn implant. He would see Dr. Rowland again in two weeks, and in such appointment he would need to make it clear that he wasn't adapting well to the implant, and demand another type of hormonal treatment – something like pills, that he could simply throw away.

This is, like, super urgent now! He thought, distressed. *'Cos instead of becoming a man, right now I'm turning more and more into a girl!*

It didn't matter if Susan kept insisting that hormones didn't work so fast... Timothy could see his body changing right before his eyes. His skin was smoother than ever, and his hair was a lot thicker; his waist was getting thinner and thinner even when he wasn't wearing a corset, and his hips and butt were getting bigger; and worst of all, it was evident that he was developing breasts! They were still small, A-cups at most, but they clearly were breasts. Timothy could see them every night when he removed his breast forms. Oh, the breast forms... It was getting more and more painful to keep them glued to his chest all day long now that there were real boobs growing under them.

Real boobs... I can't believe I'm growing boobs!

To Timothy's relief, the group's conversation had finally changed course, so he didn't need to keep talking about how Matt had hugged him, kissed him or whatever. The girls were now discussing their plans for the upcoming Easter break, just a few weeks away. Timothy was only partially paying attention to what they were saying. His head was a mess at that moment, after all, and even if he was no longer being forced to talk about Matt, he couldn't get the guy out of his mind...

While thinking about his growing breasts, Timothy couldn't help it but remembered how they had tingled and became hard when Matt kissed him. Such fact had been haunting him since Saturday. He wondered once again what that meant exactly, but all he knew was that he felt extremely guilty and ashamed about what had happened.

"Earth to Ti-Ti, are you even listening to us, girl?" Gabriella asked.

"Umm... What?" Timothy exclaimed, surprised.

"Of course she isn't" Chloe said, a teasing smile on her face. "Don't you see can't stop daydreaming about her boyfriend?"

"Matt isn't my..." the feminized started, angry, but interrupted his protest in the middle when he saw a *certain guy* down the hall. "Umm... look, girls, you can go ahead. I'll catch up with you in the classroom."

"Why?" Alyssa asked, suspicious. "What are you planning to do?"

"I think the answer is right there" Chloe said, looking directly at where Martin was.

"Ti-Ti, your slut!" Alyssa teased the feminized boy. "Are you by any chance looking for a second boyfriend already? It totally looks like we've created a monster!"

"W-what?! No, it's not like that! I... umm... I just want to talk to Martin, okay? After you girls told me he was, like, kicked out of the basketball team because of me and stuff, I totally think I need to apologize and thank him. That's all, okay? Stop giggling now, all of us! Martin has been my friend

since forever!" he then walked away from the girls towards his old friend, feeling his heart beat faster and faster with each step...



"Umm... Hey, Martin. C-can we, like, talk for a second?"

Martin, who was putting some books in his locker, didn't even bother to turn around to face Timothy before answering, "What do you want to talk about?" he asked, and Timothy couldn't remember ever hearing his friend sounding that cold before.

"L-look, Martin, I'm sure you must be, like, totally mad at me, but I... well, I just want to say I'm sorry, okay? I'm sorry for not replying your messages. You... you have no idea how confused and lost I was. But I shouldn't have done that. Gosh, you have been my *bestie* since forever, and... and I also know you were kicked out of the basketball team, and it was, like, totally my fault! But even then you keep defending me when someone offends me and you are around. You... you are an amazing guy, Martin. You definitely are! And... well..." Timothy continued, in a faint whisper that sounded more like a meow. "...I'd like to know if you still want to be my friend. I miss hanging out with you, like, so much..." he finished, insecure.

Martin, who still had his back to the feminized boy, finally finished putting his books away, and closed the locker door harder than necessary, making Timothy squeak and jump a bit. "Why would you want to waste time hanging out with me, huh? Don't you have a boyfriend now?" he angrily asked, facing his old friend for the first time.

Seeing how furious the other boy was, Timothy got overwhelmed by his emotions and tears started to flow from his eyes. Martin was completely stunned by that reaction. All his anger seemed to disappear in a second, as if by magic. Feeling ashamed and guilty, he kept looking at the Timothy, who was covering his face with his hands.

"I'm sorry, Tiffany" she said, embarrassed. "I don't know what was wrong with me. I shouldn't have yelled at you" he tried to explain himself, patting Timothy on the shoulder awkwardly. But seeing that it was having no effect at all, he took a step closer and hugged the feminized boy.

The two of them remained silent for some time – Timothy sniffing on the other guy's shoulder, while Martin tried to console him by stroking his back and hair. When Timothy finally calmed down a little bit, he looked at his friend again.

"Wait a minute..." he started saying, an curious and confused expression on his pretty face. "How did you know?"

"How did I know what?"

"About my boyfriend..." the words had barely left Timothy's pink lips when he covered his mouth, horrified. "Oh, my gosh! What am I even saying? Matt isn't my boyfriend, okay? He totally isn't!"

"That's okay" Martin said, sounding resigned. "All *girls* have the right to have a boyfriend, right? You don't need to explain me anything."

Timothy wanted to insist that he didn't have a boyfriend and that he wasn't a girl, but he decided to leave it for later. "Who told you I went out with Matt?" he asked, hardly believing he was having that kind of conversation with Martin, his best friend since childhood.

"Kate" Martin simply answered.

"Kate? Have you been talking to Kate?"

"Of course I've been talking to her! I... I wanted to know if you were okay but you weren't replying my messages" Martin explained, and Timothy felt his stomach sink. "Kate has been telling me what is going on."

"I see" Timothy said, looking at his high-heeled feet, his face burning. "Well, like a told you, I'm so sorry, Martin. I totally should have replied your texts."

"Yeah... but let's forget about it, okay?" Martin suggested, in a sudden change of mood. He was now smiling, his old dreamy expression on his face. "That's past. I'm happy we're talking now."

"Me too. But still... gosh, I'm truly sorry you were, like, kicked out of the basketball team. I know how much you enjoyed playing basketball."

"I won't lie... that was tough, indeed. But this isn't bothering me anymore. Football is cool, as well... and we can play this outdoors, which is good for the chakras."

"So you're still working on your chakras?" Timothy asked, giggling in an extremely girly way – something he noticed a bit too late.

"Absolutely!" Martin exclaimed, smiling even wider. "And answering your question, of course I still want to be your friend, Tiff! I missed you a lot, too" he finished, caressing Timothy's hands in a way that he would never have done in the past.

"Oh, that's wonderful! I'm, like, so happy to hear that! But... umm... why are you calling me Tiff?"

"Kate told me that's how you like being called now... Or do you prefer Ti-Ti? I heard some people are calling you that."

"No, Tiff is fine..." Timothy said, annoyed. "...not fine, but better than Ti-Ti at least" he added in a whisper through his teeth that Martin didn't seem to hear.

"But now that we are good again, I'd like to know... Is this boyfriend of yours treating you well?"

"I told you Matt isn't my boyfriend!" Timothy protested, his hands on his hips.

"Oh, really?" Martin raised his eyebrows. "That's weird, 'cause Kate told me you even let him kiss you last Saturday."

"She what?!" Timothy got wide-eyed, feeling outraged. "Kate should mind her own business! She... she is so..." but the feminized boy was angry that he couldn't even put into words what he thought that Kate was at that moment.

"Come on, Tiff" Martin started saying, and for an instant he looked serious again. "I told you I don't care if you are a guy or a girl. You're my friend no matter what! You don't need to keep saying to me you don't like being Tiffany... or dating guys."

Timothy opened his mouth to reply but closed it again almost immediately. It was happening all over again... He and Martin had stopped talking some weeks earlier because Martin had thought Timothy was lying to him when the feminized boy insisted he didn't enjoy being a girl. And to Timothy's despair, things seemed even more complicated now...

Martin knew that Timothy had dated a guy, and had even been kissed! As if that wasn't bad enough, Timothy had cried in his friend's arms just a minute before, and then giggled like the girliest girl in the world. He also kept talking and gesturing like a kind of living Barbie doll, something that had already become second nature to him – He even feared how hard he would have to work in the future in order to be able to behave like an ordinary guy again.

Timothy concluded he had no chance of convincing Martin about the truth right now. It was sad, but if he really wanted his friend back, he would have to swallow his pride and *admit* that he enjoyed being Tiffany. Later, he would need to find a way to show Martin that this *Tiffany's thing* was just a charade to torment his father.

"Fine, you win" Timothy started, after taking a deep breath. "I admit it! I've always wanted to be a girl. I totally love being Tiffany... I love wearing cute outfits and getting all dolled up... I'm so sorry I wasn't honest to you before. Gee, the thing is that we've, like, known each other since we were kids, and you always thought of me as a boy, right? I was *soo* afraid you freak out seeing the new me... But I know I was being totally silly... You told me over and over again you had no problem with me being Tiffany... Anyway, I just want you to know I'm still the same person I've always been... nothing needs to change between us, no matter how I look now, okay?"

That was it. Feeling it had been the most difficult thing he had ever done, Timothy had succeeded in telling the lie in a way he judged convincing. He then got slightly desperate realizing that – at least for now – he would have no one to vent about the pain of pretending to be a girl when in truth he didn't want it... On the other hand, he was overjoyed to know that he and Martin would be friends again, and this fact alone made him more confident in facing the challenges of the crazy situation he was in.

"See?" Martin smiled again. "That wasn't so hard, was it? Thank you for trusting me, Tiff. However, about you being the same person as before, I'm not so sure... I mean, you're a girl now, right? I guess I

have to open doors for you, carry your books now and then, and stuff like that..." Martin kept talking, more to himself than to Timothy, and then seemed to get lost in an existential reflection.

"Uggh" Timothy exclaimed, frustrated. "There is no law that forces you to do any of that, you know that, right?"

"Oh I see... Yeah, I also need to remember that girls are hard to understand sometimes" Martin commented, thinking out loud again. "But tell me, Tiff... How is it?"

"How's what?"

Martin made some vague gestures around his body, but since Timothy didn't seem to get the idea, he put it into words, "Being a girl."

"Well... It's alright... once you get used to the heels, of course!" Timothy said, in an attempt to make a joke, but Martin once again seemed in deep thought upon hearing that. Timothy sighed; he had forgotten how his friend's inability to understand irony bothered him sometimes. "Wait a minute... Are you checking out my legs?"

"Umm... What? Yeah, I guess I was... I'm sorry. It's just that I noticed how great the heels make your legs look. Man... I mean, girl... I've never realized you had such beautiful legs before..."

"T-thanks, I guess" Timothy said, blushing. "But can you stop looking at my legs, please?" he added, looking angry, but deep down he felt an edge of excitement for being praised by his friend like that – so much that his nipples tingled uncomfortably under his breast forms again.

"Is everything okay?" Martin asked, seeing Timothy poking his chest.

"Yeah, yeah, fine" Timothy impatiently said. "It's just that I have real breasts growing under my forms and sometimes this is so uncomfortable that it drives me crazy..." he added, not really thinking about what he was saying. However, when he fully understood what he had just told his friend, he covered his mouth one more time, shocked.

Martin didn't seem the least bit alarmed by the information that his lifelong friend was growing breasts, though. Leaving this aside as if it were the most ordinary thing in the world, he said, "Oh, I just remembered! I have a gift for you!"

"A gift?" Timothy cried out, feeling deeply relieved by the change of subject. "What kind of gift?"

"That is..." but before Martin could talk about the gift, Timothy's phone rang, filling the hallway with Ariana Grande's latest release (Gabriella had choose his ringtone for him). "Oh, I see. This is your boyfriend calling" Martin said, looking at the phone display before Timothy could hide it, and trying his best to talk about it casually. "I guess you have to answer him, right? That's okay... I need to go to my next class, anyway."

"Wait, Martin, I..."

"Don't worry, Tiff. I talk to you later, okay? Glad we're friends again" and saying so, Martin walked away down the hall...

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About three weeks later...

"Are you feeling better, baby girl?"

With huge effort, Timothy lifted his head from the pillow and saw his stepmother – who was carrying a breakfast tray – walking towards him.

"I... I don't think so..." Timothy said in a dramatic faint whisper, and then rested his head on the pillow again, which was a relief since it seemed to be weighing a ton. He also closed his eyes because the intense rays of sunlight coming in through the window and hitting pink walls of his room were making him even dizzier.

"Oh, poor little girl" Susan said, in an annoying high-pitched voice as if she were indeed talking to a child. "Don't worry, though. Mommy is here to take care of you. Also, remember we're going to see Dr. Rowland again this afternoon. Now it's time for your breakfast."

"I'm not hungry, mom."

"Now, now don't be like that, Tiff, honey. You want to get better, don't you? Then you need to eat something... half an orange and your green juice, at least."

"But..."

"No buts, princess. Now be a good girl and open your mouth..."

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Timothy had started to feel sick just before the Easter break. The itch and discomfort in his chest, which had already been bothering him for some time, worsened considerably on the last day of school before the break, to the point where the boy almost went crazy. Not many hours later, he started experiencing other symptoms, such as dizziness, headache, weakness and nausea.

The next day, early in the morning, Susan took her stepson to Dr. Rowland's office. After a battery of tests, the doctor concluded the obvious: Timothy's issue was due to the continuous and unrestricted use of the breast forms, more specifically the adhesive used to fix them to his chest, which caused an allergic reaction and mild intoxication.



"But I assure you that after properly medicated, you'll be completely fine in just a few days, Tiffany" Dr. Rowland said, trying to calm her patient down. "But I'm afraid to say you'll need to stop wearing your breast forms for some time, dear – a few weeks at least."

"Oh, that's, like, so sad" Timothy said, pouting, as he tried his best to pretend he was sad about that news. In truth, though, he couldn't be happier about what he was hearing. He had always thought the breast forms were a pain in the ass, so he would be delighted to see them go away.

"There's no reason to be so upset, Tiffany. Your breasts may not be as big as your forms yet, but they are developing quite well" the doctor stated, groping Timothy's chest, which made the feminized boy gasp. He was in the middle of the office, wearing only a pair of lace pink panties, with his *boobs* fully on the display. The feminized boy thought it was weird and ironic how quickly things could change. These days, he felt completely exposed and vulnerable whenever his chest was uncovered like that, something he would have been totally okay with in the past.

Well, what did you, like, expect, Tiff? He asked himself, biting his lips. *In the past you weren't growing boobs!*

"...quite well, indeed" Dr. Rowland continued, still feeling Timothy's chest. "The hormones are doing wonders for you, my dear! I see how softer your skin is, as well, and your hips are much wider already!"

Upon hearing this, Timothy glared at his stepmother over the doctor's shoulders, as if he were telling her *I told you*. Contrary to what Susan had been saying for the past few weeks, Timothy now had medical confirmation that the female hormones were already changing his body, and at a fast pace!

The feminized boy thought it was the perfect time to discuss what had been afflicting him for so long. "Umm... talking about the hormones, I'd like to ask you something, Dr. Rowland."

"Go ahead, my dear" the doctor encouraged him.

"O.k., so I don't think I'm, like, adapting that well to the hormonal implant. I'm having a lot of side effects. Would it be possible for you to give me hormones in some other way? Like pills or something?"

"What side effects are you having, exactly?"

"Umm... Let me see... a lot of mood changes, anxiety..." he started, counting on his manicured fingers. "...appetite loss and so on and on... It all started, like, well before my most recent symptoms, so I don't think it's related to the allergic reaction."

"You're possible right, Tiffany. However, I'm afraid to say that removing your implant wouldn't solve the issue."

"W-what?"

"The symptoms you described to me are typical of any type of hormone therapy, my dear. Of course, there may be a slight variation in intensity, but I believe that you would be experiencing the same side effects even if you were taking pills instead of the implant. What I need you to understand, though, is that these symptoms are transient. Once your body gets used to the treatment, they will go away. In the meantime, I can prescribe you some drugs to relieve your discomfort."

That was definitely not the answer that Timothy wanted to hear, and his frustration must have shown on his face because Dr. Rowland soon added, "I know this must all be very difficult for you, Tiffany. You are going through a major transformation, and hormonal changes are difficult to deal with, especially at the beginning of the process. That's why I strongly suggest you to start seeing a therapist. As I told you in our previous meeting, you'll need one as your transition progresses, anyway. I can recommend someone to you if you are interested. Moreover, it's important for you to always have in mind how much the hormonal implant is helping you. Very few times have I had a patient whose body responded so quickly to a hormonal treatment. Aren't you proud of your increasingly feminine body? Aren't you happy about the fact that you are developing such beautiful breasts?" the doctor asked, looking so deeply into Timothy's eyes that the feminized boy gulped...

"I... umm... well..." Timothy started, not knowing what to say next. He knew he needed Dr. Rowland to believe he was a trans girl in order to keep attending school as a female. However, at this point, Timothy was no longer sure if this was a worthwhile effort. Things were getting pretty serious, after all. His body was changing so drastically and quickly that he feared that such changes might not be completely reversible if he waited too long. Was it worth going through all this just to torment his father?

It was true that Timothy's feminization was finally hitting his father hard – Richard was languishing right before everyone's eyes. Over the last few weeks, the man had lost a lot of weight; so much that his clothes were getting loose; his hair, that in the past had always looked strictly trimmed and neatly combed, was now often tousled and disheveled; and instead of being overly aggressive and combative, the man was now behaving grumpy and moody, mumbling around all the time.

It had started after Timothy's first date with Matt, which made the feminized boy more than happy to accept going out with Matt again, just to see his father suffering whenever Matt appeared to pick him up. They had already gone out together three more times after the first date, and Richard's despair seemed to increase on each of those occasions.

|However, such amusement always came at a price, of course, as Timothy knew very well. Matt always kissed the feminized boy during the dates, something Timothy kept telling himself he hated with all

his heart. Sometimes, though, it was hard for the poor boy to believe in his own words since he usually got so excited when Matt kissed him and rubbed his delicate body.

Kate, Alyssa and other girls were getting more and more excited about *Tiff* and Matt, saying they could hardly wait for them to become a thing. Matt himself had already given some hints that he wanted *Tiffany* to be officially his girlfriend, but Timothy always changed the subject quickly when the other guy started talking about it.

Martin, who had started hanging out with Timothy again, always avoided mentioning Matthew when they were chatting, which was a big relief for the feminized boy. And apart from some awkward moments, when Martin didn't exactly know how to treat his best friend now that he was he *was* a girl, the two of them were getting along pretty well, just like the old days...

It all crossed Timothy's mind as he kept facing Dr. Rowland's inquisitive eyes. What was he going to say? Was he ready to admit defeat to his father and ask to live as a boy again? What would be the consequences he would have to face?

However, before he could reach a decision, his stepmother answered the doctor for him, "Of course Tiff is happy about her increasingly feminine body and growing breasts" Susan stated, her hands on Timothy's shoulders. "Being a girl is what she wants most in the world. That's why she was so devastated to learn that she won't be able to wear her breast forms for at least a week. The forms really helped her feel more confident as a female. You know how young ladies are self conscious about their bodies, especially their breasts. This is even worse in Tiff's case, since she was forced to pretend to be a boy for so long. Also, Dr. Rowland, she has been feeling very distressed because of the hormonal implant's side effects, as she pointed out. All of this is being very difficult for her."

Timothy felt his heart racing upon hearing that, believing that Susan had finally decided to help him. The woman had indeed promised over and over again that she would find a way to get Dr. Rowland to remove the hormonal implant from his body, and now it seemed like she was definitely working on it, although Timothy still couldn't quite understand her plan.

He was overjoyed. Without the implant changing his body, he thought he wouldn't mind to live as a girl for some more time, being able to keep taking revenge on his father without the risk of permanently damaging his body...

"Isn't that all true, Tiff, honey?" his stepmother asked him.

"Absolutely, Mommy!" Timothy answered promptly.

"Isn't the hormonal implant bothering you?"

"Yes!"

"But you're happy with how the hormones are changing your body, aren't you?"

"S-sure."

"And you're going to miss your breast forms immensely, right?"

"Of course!" Timothy cried out, not sure why Susan was stressing that point so much. His head was hurting so much and he was so dizzy that it was hard to think straight. All he wanted to do was to get rid of that damn implant. "I mean.... without the forms I am, like, almost flat-chested, right?" then, feeling he was expected to say something more, he added, "I wish I had bigger breasts right now... C-cups, at least..." he finished, pouting.

"That's okay, sweetie. You'll get there eventually. I promise you" Susan told him, kissing the top of his head. "Now, would you mind waiting for Mommy outside for a minute? I'd like to discuss something with Dr. Rowland in particular..."

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Three days later, Timothy still had the implant inside his body, but he had faith that it would change that afternoon, when he would have a new appointment with Dr. Rowland. "Is she going to get this out of me today, Mom?" he asked, after sipping his green juice, and making a face because of the horrible taste of it.

"What are you talking about, sweetie?"

"Gosh, what else, Mom?" Timothy asked, exasperated. "The implant! Is Dr. Rowland going to remove it from my body today?"

"I told you already, doll..." Susan sighed, tired. They had already discussed the issue several times during the past three days. "I did my best to convince her that the hormonal implant isn't the right treatment for you, and I believe I was able to convince her."

"Good! Thanks, Mom! Now she has, like, no choice, right? I mean, she can't force me to..."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, you're right, dear... Now finish your juice" Susan said, making Timothy drink the juice so quickly that he almost choked.

The rest of the morning passed uneventfully. Timothy remained lying on his bed, texting with his besties most of the time. By lunchtime, though, he was strangely feeling even more sleepy and dizzy – so much that he was having a hard time keeping his eyes open.

"Oh, poor baby girl!" Susan said, seeing her stepson's condition. "It looks like you need some more sleep. Do you want me to call Dr. Rowland and say that we can't see her today?"

"No, Mom! Don't even think about doing that! Just help me get dressed, okay? I'll be fine!"

The next hour passed in a blur. Timothy slept most of the way to the clinic, and when he was awake, he was in such a lethargic state that he could barely register what was going on around him.

At some point, he had a nightmare in which Dr. Rowland was saying that another doctor was going to perform a breast augmentation surgery on him, and Timothy was thrilled about it, saying with a silly smile on his face that having breasts had always been his biggest dream.

The poor boy woke up frightened. He was panting in a cold sweat, so much that the hospital gown he was wearing was glued to his body. *It was just a nightmare... just a nightmare...* He told himself, trying to calm down.

When his breathing was finally returning to normal, he started wondering about something weird... Why the hell was he wearing a hospital gown? Looking around, he saw that he was in one of the clinic rooms. In addition to the bed he was on, he could see some chairs, a small table with a flower pot and some medical equipment. Timothy couldn't remember getting there either. When the boy tried to concentrate to understand what was going on, his head hurt so much that he let out a moan.

He started to get nervous again, but the worst was yet to come... Looking down his own body, he noticed something very, very wrong... His scream then was so loud and high-pitched that it was hard to believe that anyone inside the building hadn't heard him...

Timothy immediately lowered the top of the hospital gown he was wearing in order to get a better view of his upper body. What he saw then was appalling... His chest was wrapped in a thick layer of bandage; under it, there were two big bumps that looked horribly like... The boy didn't even want to think about it, foolishly trying to convince himself that he was still sleeping. Yes, it had to be a nightmare – he thought that was the only possible explanation.

However, when he touched one of the bumps with a trembling finger, and felt a sharp pain, he knew he was definitely awake, and he – inexplicably and shockingly – now had...

"What's wrong, baby doll? Why did you scream?" asked Susan, hurriedly entering the room followed by a female nurse.

Timothy was completely startled to see her. For an instant, in the midst of his shock and confusion, he had forgotten where he was and that there were certainly people around.

"Answer me, Tiffany!" Susan insisted, looking distressed. "What's going on?"

But Timothy ignored his stepmother's question one more time. His attention was again on his chest, and he was trying to take off his bandages – He was very afraid of what would happen then, but the suspense was killing him...



"Not so fast, young lady" said the nurse, moving quickly and holding Timothy's hands with surprising strength for someone so short and thin. "You need to wait until Dr. Mosley decides it's time to remove your bandages."

"Who's Dr. Mosley?" Timothy demanded to know.

"Don't you remember, sweetie pie?" Susan asked, relieved that *Tiffany* was speaking again. "Dr. Mosley is the wonderful doctor who did your surgery."

The word *surgery* made Timothy tremble so hard that it was as if he had suddenly been put in a freezer. There was no more doubt now... It had definitely happened.

The nurse asked, too, if Timothy was in pain or feeling any discomfort, but the feminized boy just babbled some disconnected words, unable to think straight.

"I think I know what's going on here" Susan said, now stroking Timothy's hair. "I think my baby girl is just too thrilled about her surgery, you know... That's why she cried out when she woke up. Isn't it right, Tiff, honey? She can hardly wait to see how her chest looks now."

"You may be right" said the nurse, scratching her chin. "This happens more often than you would believe. But in any case, it's not good for her to be so agitated after a surgical procedure. I will you give a mild sedative, my dear."

Timothy tried to protest – the last thing he wanted was to get dizzy and disoriented again – but the nurse's frown made it clear that the matter was not open for discussion. After injecting the drug into the boy's arm, she left the room, saying she would be back soon to see how the patient was. Then, when she closed the door behind her, Timothy found himself alone with Susan again…

"You!" Timothy shouted at his stepmother, gritting his teeth. "Look what you did to me!" he pointed to his chest full of bandages, realizing more clearly than ever how heavy his new *assets* were.

"What are you talking about, young lady?" Susan asked, sounding as angry as the feminized boy. "I didn't do anything!"

"Oh, really? Then would you mind to explain why the fuck I have boobs now, *dear Mommy*?"

Upon hearing that, Susan looked so furious that for a moment the boy thought she was going to slap him. Instead of that, she answered him in a cold, sharp voice, "You have breast now because you asked for it, *sweet doll*."

"W-what?!" Timothy cried out, outraged, and was about to say that Susan had lost her mind when he remembered something… that vague and confused scene in which Dr. Rowland was saying that another doctor was going to give Timothy breasts, and the boy was ecstatic about it. But that had just been a nightmare… right? The poor boy wasn't so sure, and he felt a growing anxiety as he concluded that maybe… just maybe… that really had happened.

Susan, who had been silent while Timothy was facing such a furious internal debate, suddenly smirked confidently and slyly. "You remember, don't you? You know I'm telling the truth."

"B-but even if I did such a thing…" Timothy stammered, swallowing hard. "It was, like, just because I wasn't in my right mind! Gosh, you totally know that I wasn't okay… I can barely remember anything that happened after breakfast this morning! So even if I truly agreed to get a boob job, you should have helped me out, telling Dr. Rowland it wasn't the right thing to do! You know very well I came here just to get rid of this damn hormonal implant… You know I don't like being a girl… How could you possibly believe that I suddenly wanted to have boobs, huh?"

"Let me see… Maybe you don't hate being a female as much as you keep saying… For someone who supposedly detests living as a girly girl, you're playing the part wonderfully, aren't you? Or maybe…" Susan continued, before Timothy could protest. "…you realized that getting breast implants was the only way to keep tormenting your father now that you no longer can wear your breast forms. In any case, you sounded genuinely happy about the procedure."

"Oh my gosh, the last thing I'm worried about right now is tormenting my father! Don't you see how bad it is, how serious things are, Susan? We're no longer talking about tying my hair in a high ponytail or painting my nails... Geez, I have boobs... like, real boobs!" the feminized boy cried out, and the more agitated he got, the more his breasts bounced and jiggled, as if to emphasize his speech.

"Take a deep breath, Tiffany. You're freaking out. Breast augmentation surgery isn't an irreversible procedure, you know..."

"Then I want these damn implants out of body right now, did you hear me? Now!"

"Don't be so petulant, young lady!" Susan took two steps forward, and once again looked threatening. "You have to start dealing with the consequences of your actions! It was you said you wanted to live and be treated like a girl... It was you who decided to start attending school as Tiffany Rose Foster, a transgender student! It was you who begged me to push you harder if I ever realized you were about to chicken out... So guess what? That's exactly what I am doing, *cutie pie*! It's too late for you to say that the last thing you're worried about is tormenting your father. You already made it clear – not long ago – that this is the most important thing for you.

"Oh, and before I forget" Susan continued, now with a triumphant expression. "It was also you who squeaked and giggled, barely controlling your thrill, when you were about to get breast implants. You even asked for bigger ones, don't you remember? But the doctor said it wouldn't be advisable since you are taking hormones and your body will keep developing over time. So stop that nonsense of waiting to get rid of your implants. This is not even possible, not right now at least... I did some research on the topic while you were having your beauty sleep and I learned a few things... For Instance, the procedure cannot be undone during six weeks after the surgery. It would be too risky."

"Six weeks?!" Timothy cried out, horrified.

"Six weeks, at the *very least*."

"But I... I..." before Timothy could finish, he suddenly felt a strong dizziness – the sedative the nurse had given him was finally kicking in, and he was having a hard time speaking and keeping his eyes open.

"Oh, I see you're getting sleepy again" Susan commented, sounding kind and gentle again. "You definitely need some rest, sweetie. This will be good for you. Later, we'll have a little talk about you calling me Susan and saying bad words. I made it clear when I agreed to help you that I wouldn't tolerate such things. But I understand that you are nervous and confused, aren't you? Poor little girl... Try to relax, darling... Everything will be okay. I have a feeling you'll love having breasts... Just wait and see how stunning you'll look in some low-cut dress... Your boyfriend won't be able to take his eyes off you, and I know how much you love looking beautiful for him. Sweet dreams, princess..."

About a week later...

"Oh my gosh, Lyss! No, no, no! There's, like, no way I'm going out dressed like this!"

"Don't be silly, Ti-Ti. You look gorgeous."

"B-but I'm almost naked!"

"No, you're not! Okay, I admit my swimsuit looks a little tight on you, especially around your chest area, but it's not my fault that you decided to become such a busty babe overnight, right?" Alyssa stated, and Gabriella and Chloe giggled. "This is still better than the terrible swimsuit you brought with you, anyway. Who did you borrow that from? Your grandma? You look much more fashionable now."

"But I feel totally exposed!" Timothy protested.

"Well, you didn't get those beautiful big boobs of yours to keep them hidden all the time, did you? That would be a waste! Besides, remember that there is no one around but us girls. I told you mom and dad are out of town. Now take this hat and let's go out."

It was a sunny Saturday afternoon and Alyssa had invited her *besties* to hang out by the pool at her house. If Timothy had had any choice in the matter, he would have made up an excuse to decline the invitation. However, to his misfortune, Susan had answered the phone while he was taking his morning bath and said that *Tiffany* would be thrilled to go.

"Ti-Ti, your bitch! I still can't get over how hot you look!" Gabriella giggled, as the group crossed the patio full of sumptuous marble vases towards the pool. "Gosh, how is it, like, even possible that someone who used to live like a boy now is one of the hottest girls I have ever seen?"

"Ella is totally right" Chloe agreed, nodding. "You could even be a model, Ti-Ti? Have you ever thought about that?"

"Yeah, right, Chlo... Very funny!" Timothy grumbled, annoyed, his 5-inch pink mule heels clicking on the tiled floor. He didn't remember ever feeling *that* vulnerable and exposed, not even on his first date with Matthew, when he had worn that red mini dress. The swimsuit that Alyssa had forced him to put on was indecently tiny, leaving his whole body on display. It was a hot pink one-piece, with thin strips on the torso that barely covered his newly acquired breasts; and an equally revealing lower section, so small that Timothy had a lot of trouble tucking his member inside it, and his butt was fully exposed. To complete the look, Alyssa had handed him a silk cover up, which didn't make Timothy feel more protected at all, since it was almost transparent; a wide pink hat and big zebra print sunglasses.



His daring outfit also left on display his belly button that now sported a charming golden piercing with a cute pink pendant in flower shape, result of a silly bet that took place two days earlier at the mall...

Alyssa had said she was sure *Tiffany* could get free milkshakes for all of them if she just smiled and fluttered her long lashes at the clerk behind the counter, which Timothy thought that was ridiculous, and would never happen. Alyssa then proposed the bet. If the feminized boy won, she would give him a thousand dollars; if the girl won, though, she would present Timothy with a new jewel, and he couldn't refuse to wear it.

Timothy accepted the bet right away, convinced that Alyssa was being a fool for proposing something like that. He had nothing to lose. A thousand dollars would be extremely useful for him since he had lost all his men's clothes and even his guitar, and he had no idea when he would be able to get his hands on his inheritance. Even though he couldn't wear men's clothes right now, he thought that just having a few pieces around would be great, reminding him of who he was for real. And if he lost the bet, that wouldn't be a big deal. So what if he was forced to wear a new pair of earrings, necklace or whatever? It definitely wouldn't be the end of the world...

However, when he was leaving the mall an hour later, feeling his belly button sore and uncomfortable, he regretted having underestimated Alyssa's wit and inventiveness that way. After she won the bet, and the entire group indeed received free milkshakes thanks to Timothy's beautiful face and ample bust, the feminized boy found out in the worst way possible that the jewel Alyssa had in mind for him was something far different from a pair of earrings or a necklace...

"I'm not teasing you, girl" Chloe continued, bringing Timothy back to the present. "You truly look hot. Though I have to say I still think you played dirty by not leaving us know you were going to get a boob job!"

"But, Chlo! I already told you that..."

"Relax, girl! *Now* I was teasing you. I wouldn't mind getting your surgeon's phone number, though... He's a true artist! Let me take a look at those beauties again."

Timothy sighed, annoyed. This had already happened countless times since he had left the clinic. The girls would gather around him, and then take turns touching and squeezing his new assets while the feminized boy simply stood there, as if he were a Barbie doll, feeling mortified... In the past, he would have loved to be surrounded and admired by pretty girls like that. However, he could never have imagined that this would happen because the girls were jealous of his boobs!

About five minutes later, when the girls finally got enough of touching and squeezing Timothy's boobs, the group went to the beach chairs around the fancy pool.



"Did you bring sunscreen, Ti-Ti?" Gabriella asked, opening her large bag.

"Umm... What?" Timothy asked, a finger touching his painted lips. "No, I didn't."

"Oh, girl, how can you be so airhead?" Ella giggled. "It's okay to get some tan, but if you spend the whole afternoon in the sun without sunscreen you'll look like a tomato by evening! Here, take mine."

Timothy then started rubbing the sunscreen on his hairless, soft body. Even after so many weeks, he was still amazed every time he touched his skin, noticing how different it felt now. He always had the feeling that he was touching someone else's body... a girl's body...

"Let me help you, doll" Gabriella offered some time later, seeing how Timothy was struggling to rub the sunscreen on his back.

The feminized boy then lay face down on the beach chair as Ella took the bottle from his hands. She began to apply the sunscreen to Timothy's back in a delicate and meticulous way, which Timothy couldn't deny that felt nice, just like receiving a back massage. Despite that, Timothy had a hard time relaxing, mostly because he felt his big boobs being pressed uncomfortably against the beach chair.

Gosh, how can women, like, deal with having boobs? He wondered, biting his lower lip. *What would it be like to have boobs a lifetime? Feeling them bouncing and jiggling all the time, and always getting in the way... Being forced to wear a bra every single day...*

Such a thought made Timothy feel a shiver down his spine. Why the hell was he thinking about something like that? It wasn't like he was going to have boobs forever, right? *No, of course not,* he told himself, trying hard to sound convincing. Susan had told him that he would need to wait at least six weeks to have the implants removed, and from what the boy had researched, she hadn't lied.

Six weeks... That sounded like an eternity. But was better than living with breasts for the rest of his life, he concluded, trying to see the bright side. After that period, he would demand the clinic to remove his implants, no matter what they could say. Perhaps he would have to be honest with Dr. Rowland, finally telling her that he never wanted to be a girl, which would probably put an end to his charade. He thought this was a price worth paying. That charade was already getting out of control, after all. Dr. Rowland had said some scary things when she saw Timothy after the surgery... things the boy couldn't get it out of his head...

"I can imagine how thrilled you must be right now, my dear! I know how important having breasts was for you, and now you don't need those breast forms anymore. Isn't it fabulous? Also, let me know in our next meeting if the hormonal implant is still bothering you. If that is the case, there is a procedure we can try..."

"W-what procedure, Dr. Rowland?"

"This is called orchiectomy, my dear. Basically, we would remove your testicles, which would cause a drastic reduction in the levels of testosterone in your body, speeding up your transition and allowing me to reduce your dose of female hormones. That way, the side effects you have been experiencing because of the hormonal implant would be minimized."

Timothy was completely shocked to hear something like that – so shocked that he couldn't say anything in response, and once again his astonishment was misunderstood as excitement for getting closer and closer to becoming a *full girl.*

Faced with such a scenario, Timothy knew it was time to put an end to all that, before it was too late. The only happiness he could find in that nightmare was the fact that his father reacted even worse than the boy himself to that situation...

When Richard saw his sissified son come home looking like what he thought to be a busty bimbo, his horror was such that for an instant Timothy was sure the man was going to lose his sanity. "What have you done? What have you done?" Richard kept asking, as he paced around the living room with his hands on his head, pulling out tufts of his increasingly disheveled hair. His despair was such that Timothy thought he would have felt sorry for the man... if he weren't who he was, obviously.

"Well, *daddy*, I think you can see totally well what I have done. My *girls* aren't, like, easy to hide, right?" the feminized boy giggled, gathering all his strength to sound overjoyed about his new assets. He knew how dangerous that game was, but he couldn't resist tormenting his father a little more... "I had been begging Dr. Rowland for, like, forever to give me breasts. I mean, I was *sooo* tired of wearing forms! Besides, I totally felt I needed breasts to feel more like a girl, you know... And oh my gosh, it finally happened! See?" Timothy asked, pointing to his own bust, as if that were necessary. "I'm, like, *sooo*, *sooo* happy, daddy!"

Timothy regretted that *little show* almost as soon as he got to his bedroom, leaving behind a completely stunned and lost Richard. He knew that by then he should be looking for a way out of that mess, and not getting even deeper into it. However, he also knew there was nothing he could do for at least six weeks. Before such period, it would be impossible for him to live as a guy again, considering how hard it was to find guys with big boobs like the ones the owned now walking around.

His boobs...

Alone in his bedroom, it was Timothy's first opportunity to take a close look at his chest with no one around to interrupt him. He then stood in front of his full-length mirror, and took off his blouse and bra. There they were... The big boobs that would make any playbunny jealous, rising and falling with each breath. Timothy couldn't deny they were beautiful... Not only that... Those boobs were the most sensual thing the feminized had ever seen. Perfectly full and round, big enough for him not to be able to cup them with his small hands, with large areolas and pronounced nipples. Yes, it was clear that the doctor had done something to his areolas and nipples too. Could this also be reversed?

In the past, Timothy would have died to touch boobs like those... *Now I totally can touch these ones whenever I want*, he thought, smiling sadly. *But this is not like I would have wished...*

While Timothy was thinking about all this, Gabriella kept applying sunscreen on his back, and soon enough her hands reached Timothy's Butt and thighs.

"Hey!" the feminized boy protested, surprised. "What are you..."

"Relax, Ti-Ti! That pretty butt of yours is barely covered. It needs sunscreen, as well."

"This is not my fault if I'm wearing a totally obscene swimsuit" Timothy stated, glaring at Alyssa who paid no attention to him since she was absorbed in a conversation with Chloe about her newest crush.

"As if you didn't like showing your body off..." Gabriella teased the feminized boy, giggling. "This is so unfair, though... How can you have such a sexy butt? Are you sure you haven't had any work done on your butt too during your stay at the clinic?"

"You know I haven't."

"Yeah, I know... But more than ever this seems crystal clear you were always meant to be a girl. I mean, it would be such a waste to hide such a fabulous butt wearing ugly men's pants. You know what, Ti-Ti? If I were into girls, I'd totally hit on you!" she finished, giggling again, and playfully slapping Timothy on the butt, which made the feminized boy squeak.

"Thanks, I guess, Ella..." Timothy replied, grumpy. It wasn't the first time he was bothered by the obvious fact that he was much more attractive as a girl than as a guy, especially now with his tempting big boobs. He had heard people saying he was meant to be a girl so many times already that this idea seemed to be completely destroying his already deeply damaged male ego.

Would he be able to see himself as a man when he had the chance to return to his old life? Or would he feel ridiculous going out wearing men's clothes, like he were a girl dressed in her boyfriend's clothes? Would he feel bothered, as if he were forgetting something important, for not putting makeup on his face in the morning? Or for not brushing his hair a hundred times and putting countless creams on his face before going to bed?

Stop it, Tiff! He told himself, firmly. *You're getting anxious again, so stop it, like, right now! Of course I'll be able to behave and feel like a guy again. Actually, I feel like a guy right now...right?* He wondered, trying to turn his body slightly so that his boobs wouldn't be so annoyingly pressed against the beach chair. *Just relax, Tiff...*

He tried to focus on the good feelings he was experiencing thanks to the massage, but something felt off. *Umm... I guess Ella's hands are too small...I'm used to much bigger and stronger hands rubbing my butt and thighs.*

Such a thought had barely crossed his mind and Timothy was already starting to freak out again. *W-What the heck is wrong with me? Just a second ago I was all about how much of a guy I am, and now I'm missing the feeling of Matt stroking my body? This... This is so wrong! I'm not into guys!* He stated to put an end the matter, but had a hard time trying to explain to himself why his nipples were getting hard as he remembered one of his making out sessions with Matt, and the way the other guy kissed him deeply and rubbed his whole body with passion.

"Are... are you done, Ella?"

"Yea, Ti-Ti, all done! That little sexy body of yours is protected now."

"Good! 'Cos I totally feel like swimming a little bit."

Timothy then moved away towards the pool as if in doing so he could also leave behind his disturbing thoughts. The water felt refreshing to his hot skin, and he was able to relax for a moment – despite the fact that he felt awkward swimming with his *new assets* and tiny swimsuit.



He tried to focus on his movements... left arm... right arm... left arm... right arm... but there was a word he couldn't get out of his head...

Matt...

Timothy hadn't seen Matt since his surgery. It had been the perfect excuse for not meeting the guy for a while since the feminized boy needed time to rest in order to recover from the procedure. Matt had obviously said many times he would like to visit *Tiffany* at *her* home, but *the girl* begged him not to go, saying *she* wouldn't bear Matt to see *her* all messed up and untidy. Timothy even went far enough to say that he would reward Matt for his patience, looking especially pretty for him on their next date.

However, he had said such a thing just to avoid Matt for a few days... He didn't like going out with Matt, after all... He dated the boy just to torment his father... But if all that were really true, why did

he keep thinking about the other guy? Why did he get chills every time he remembered how Matt kissed him?

Could it be that Timothy... maybe... just maybe... was starting to have feeling for Matt? As a boyfriend?

No, of course not! Timothy thought, furious. *Gosh, I'm just confused... I totally am! Matt was, like, the first person who ever kissed me... the only person who ever kissed me! That's why I'm so confused... I just need to start kissing girls and I'll be fine! Maybe I even like Matt, but as a friend. We have seen each other so often, after all... And he's such a lovely guy... no, not lovely! He's... how I used to say? A cool guy... yeah, that's it! He's just a cool guy!*

However, it was difficult to believe in such a theory considering what Matt and Timothy usually did when they were together. Two supposedly straight male friends would hardly kiss each other so passionately as if they lives depended on it every two minutes. Moreover, being with Matt was far different from spending time with Martin, who actually was Timothy's friend...

Yeah... I don't feel my legs shaking when Martin approaches me or looks me in the eye... Though I have to admit that I feel, like, sooo safe and protected when Martin hugs me with his big arms... Hmmm... It feels sooo good and all... Wait, what? No, that's not the point here, Tiff! Focus, girl! Omigosh, omigosh, omigosh! I totally keep sounding like boy-crazy-ditzy-girl that people tease me for supposedly being...

"Wow, isn't Ti-Ti getting out of the pool the sexiest thing ever?"

"You girls are, like, really determined to mess with me today, aren't you?" Timothy asked, annoyed, as he used a fluffy towel to dry his body.

"There's no boy around, Ti-Ti. You don't need to keep pretending to be *that* innocent and naive just to receive even more compliments" Alyssa said, and the other girls giggled. "You know very well how attractive you look, honey. Incredibly attractive... That's why we were talking about something while you were swimming..."

"T-talking about what?" Timothy asked, having a feeling he wouldn't like what he was about to hear.

"You remember Vanessa and Laura, the twins? We heard they aren't going back to school after the Easter break. Seems like their father was transferred to other state or whatever, which means that now there are two free spots in the cheerleader squad. We think you definitely should take part in the tryouts."

"What? Me, a cheerleader?! No way, Lyss! You guys have lost your minds!"



"C'mon, Ti-Ti!" Gabriella said, approaching the feminized boy and taking the towel from his hands to help him dry his back. "Don't tell me you never thought about being a cheerleader, hon."

Timothy immediately remembered his first date with Matt, when the guy said: *I think someone as beautiful as you would be an amazing cheerleader! I'd really love to have a girl like you cheering for me at my games...*

Timothy felt another chill going through his body. He tried to picture himself wearing a tiny miniskirt and a low-cut top that showed a lot of his big boobs, as he shook his pom-poms and cried out in a shrill and excited voice: *Go, Matt! You're the best! Nobody can stop you, Matt!*

He shook his head, horrified. He couldn't understand why he kept having such thoughts. They even seemed to be getting worryingly stronger and more frequent now. Could it be that he had crossed some kind of line and his mind would never be the same again, so conditioned it was to think like a super girly girl?

Stop being silly, Tiff, he anxiously told himself. *Matt and I don't even go to the same school. You could never cheer for him... Wait, that's not the point, girl! The thing is that I don't want to be a cheerleader! Like, not now or ever!*

"The answer is no!" he stated, stomping his foot. "You guys can't force me!"

"Force you?" Chloe raised her eyebrows. "What kind of monster do you think we are, Ti-Ti?" she asked, comically pretending to be offended, and approached the feminized boy, too. "That would never work, anyway. You would need to learn some routines for the tryouts, and that's kind of hard to *force* someone to learn jumps and dance steps, don't you think?"

"G-good, 'cos..."

"However..." Chloe interrupted him, whispering in his ear. "You know you're being totally dumb and coward for not even trying, right?"

"That's so true" Gabriella said in his other ear. Timothy felt like a helpless puppy surrounded by them. "It's obvious you'd totally love to be a cheerleader. You're just afraid to admit it because you think people still see you as a boy. But let's face the truth, Ti-Ti. You were *never* a boy... not a *real one*. I bet most people have, like, even forgotten that you used to go to school wearing men's clothes. They just see what you really are... a flirty blondie who loves miniskirts and high heels" Gabriella giggled. "Girl, don't you see it? Everyone expects you to be a cheerleader! That totally is the most natural thing in the world."

Timothy knew Gabriella was exaggerating. He doubted most people at school had forgotten he had been born a boy. They probably still thought he was a freak for going to school dressed as a girl. But despite all that, Gabriella's words had hit him hard one more time. *You have never been a boy. I mean, not a real one... They just see what you really are... a flirty blondie who loves miniskirts and high heels...*

What if she's right? He wondered. *What if I am never taken seriously as a male again... not even by myself? Gosh, am I a lost cause already? Have I messed up my mind so much that I'll be forced to hear skirts and high heels for the rest of my life?*

"Why do you girl want to turn me into a cheerleader so badly, anyway?" Timothy asked, trying to ward off those dismal thoughts.

"For many reasons" Alyssa said, smiling. "First of all..." she continued, counting on her slender fingers, "...'cause you're going to love this, just like Ella said. Second, because it will be *soo* good for your reputation, which means it'll be good for our group's reputation as a whole. Third, for political reasons..." Alyssa stated, as seriously as if she were talking about an embargo on some enemy country. "I need more girls loyal to me in the cheerleader squad."

Taking advantage that Alyssa phone rang at that exact moment, Ella whispered hastily in Timothy's ear, "Lyss lost the post of cheerleader captain last semester. You know Abigail Smith? That bitch bribed and blackmailed many girls to steal Lyss' role. Of course, the fact that her uncle is a school employee helped, like, a lot, too. Mr. Smith... Do you remember him, right? Of course you do... He used to be your basketball coach. Oh, Ti-Ti, I still can't believe that someone as delicate and frail as you used to play basketball with the boys! Gosh, I bet it was *soo* funny to watch!"

"Yeah... I'm sure Ti-Ti joined the team just to see all the guys naked in the locker room" Chloe said, smirking. "Maybe Ti-Ti isn't as airheaded as she looks... In any case, this situation with Abigail was a hard blow for Lyss, so..." Chloe stopped talking suddenly when Alyssa finished her call. The girl threw the phone aside, and sighed dramatically.

"Geez, how great it must be to have a day of peace!" she exclaimed, frustrated.

"Who were you talking to, Lyss?" Gabriella asked, wide-eyed. "What happened?"

"Just my mom... Even on vacation, she calls me at least twenty times a day with instructions to make sure that I will win 'Miss Charming Beauty' again. Oh, she thinks she's, like, *soo* smart and stuff. *You need to listen to me Alyssa...Remember that I won the contest three times in a row, the only one in history who achieved such a feat!*" Alyssa continued, in a cynical imitation of her mother. "*It doesn't matter if you've won the Miss Charming Beauty two times already...You are my daughter and I accept no less than three victories... at the very least! You should be taking care of your body and practicing makeup! Don't be so lazy, there is no time to lose!* Oh, it's, like, so hard being me!" Alyssa finished, leaning back in her beach chair under the worried eyes of Chloe and Gabriella.

Timothy had the good sense not to ask what this *Miss Charming Beauty* thing was exactly because he knew it would make the girl even angrier – It was the kind of stuff that Alyssa found outrageous that anyone around her didn't know about. Timothy had just a vague idea it was some kind of local beauty pageant. Yes, now that he was thinking about that, he could remember someone saying that Alyssa had already won many of those contests. What he didn't know before was how important it was for the girl, and even more to her mother, apparently.

The boy found the whole thing kind of amusing, but part of him sympathized with Alyssa. Now he was aware of all the sacrifices girls had to make in order to look at their best, after all. Not only that, but he also knew what it was like to have a demanding *mom* always telling *her daughter* to take care of her looks. Could it be that Alyssa's story – apart from the feminization part, of course – was similar to his? Could it be that her mother's crazy demands had turned her into that fashion-crazy-girly-girl?

No way, this is, like, totally absurd, Tiff! Anyone looking at Lyss can see that she is naturally a frivolous girl! Gosh, this is not something that can be changed... It's just who she is... Timothy

thought, but then he felt a sinking feeling in his stomach as he realized that people who didn't know better should think the very same thing when they saw him. After all, just like Alyssa, he always wore fashionable clothes and high heels; his hair was always immaculately styled; he checked his make up every five minutes, even during his classes, and his lipstick always matched his nail polish; he could repeat by heart the main articles from the last five issues of Seventeen, Teen Vogue and Girls' Life, and could sing most of the songs in Billboard's hot 100, from Taylor Swift and Ariana Grande to BTS and Blackpink.

That was it. In the past, when Timothy was just an ordinary guy, always wearing faded jeans with his hair untidy and playing old songs on his guitar, it would be easy for him to believe that there couldn't be a person more different from him than Alyssa Taylor, the popular cheerleader who always paraded around school dressed as if she were on a fashion show. Now, however, it was difficult to point out any difference between them, and Timothy felt bad for what he had thought just an instant before...

Anyone looking at Lyss can see that she is naturally a frivolous girl! Gosh, this is not something that can be changed... It's just who she is...

He became fully aware of how unfair it was. How could anyone judge another person without knowing their entire story? Before Timothy realized what he was doing, he went to Alyssa and hugged her.

"I'm sorry to hear that, Lyss. My mom can be, like, *soo* annoying sometimes, as well. Hope I could do something to cheer you up... anything!"

For a moment, Alyssa seemed so stunned by that display of affection that she couldn't say anything. However, she soon regained her usual confident and sassy attitude. "Interesting choice of words Ti-Ti" she smirked. "But you already know perfectly well what you can do to *cheer* me up..."

"N-no" Timothy stammered. "Not that, Lyss!"

"Oh, you fake bitch! Weren't you saying right now you could do anything for me?" Alyssa smiled. "Just think about the idea, okay? I know you're gonna love being a cheerleader *sooo* much! Do you promise me you will think about it?" she asked, looking deep into Timothy's eyes.

"O-okay... I promise" Timothy lied, just because he didn't want to make Alyssa even sadder. In truth, he was convinced there was no way in hell he was going to change his mind about the matter. *But is it right to lie to a friend? Even if it is for a greater good?* He wondered, confused. *Wait a minute... Oh my gosh! Since when do I think of Alyssa as a real friend?* But it seemed inevitable now. The realization that they were so alike, all thanks to a silly phone call that hadn't lasted more than a minute, changed something inside him.

For the rest of that afternoon, he was even able to giggle at the girls' jokes and interact with them as an equal, feeling more at ease than he had even been with them. He knew it was something very dangerous and stupid to do... something that could push him even further into womanhood. But he just couldn't resist it. After living under tension all the time for so long, it was good to have a moment of relaxation with his *besties*. The girls also noticed *Tiffany's* change in attitude, and they were delighted with that. In their mind, it was like Tiffany was finally getting comfortable in the role of the blondie girly girl she had always wanted so badly to be.

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"Mommy, I'm home!" Timothy announced in a melodic, high-pitched tone, clearly in a good mood. It was early evening and he had finally left Alyssa's house.

"It was about time, *princess*!" said a deep, husky voice from someone in the living room who was evidently not Susan. Even with the lights off, Timothy could recognize the contours of his father sitting in his favorite armchair.

"Daddy? What are you doing here in the dark?"

"Oh, I was just waiting for you, sweetheart" Richard said, lighting a lamp on the corner table beside him. When Timothy saw his father's diabolical smile, the feminized boy felt his happiness deflating like a balloon losing air. "I want to say that I'm deeply sorry for my behavior from yesterday. I wasn't fair to you and I see it now, doll. To make up for that, I have a surprise to you... Something I know you're going to like pretty much..."

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"Oh, Tiff, honey, just wait and see! You're going to love your new look so much!"

It was Sunday afternoon, and once again Timothy was at the beauty salon. Marlene, the hairdresser, had previously said that she didn't work on Sundays, but she decided to make an exception for Timothy since she was so close to Susan and that was such a *special occasion* for her friend's *daughter*...

As usually happened there, the feminized boy had very little say about what was going on. Before he realized it, Marlene and Susan had already decided it was time for what they called a *big makeover*.

"Don't get me wrong, doll" Marlene started explaining. "Your bob hairstyle does look incredibly cute on you. However, I think *cute* isn't exactly what you're aiming for today, right? It's time to turn you into a real knockout... a jaw-dropping beauty! I know you have the potential for it, honey... especially now with your *new girls*, huh?" the hairdresser winked slyly, looking at Timothy's breasts. "You just need the right hairstyle. I see that you have been taking good care of your hair. It's so thick and bright,

not to mention how fast it's growing! However, for what I have in mind today, you'll need some extensions. Don't worry, though. I have the gorgeous hair extensions right here... the best available! You'll see how natural they look!"

"Hair extensions?" Timothy cried out, freaking out. "B-but Marlene, I've never had long hair! Gee, I... I'm not sure this is, like, a good idea!"

"Oh, don't worry, dear. You'll get used to it in no time! Of course, having long hair can be a bit tricky sometimes... You'll need to spend a little more time taking care of it. But when you see the results, you surely will agree that the effort will be worth it!"

Timothy flinched at that. He already had to spend a hell lot of time taking care of his hair every single day. What would his life be like with long hair? Would he have time for anything other than brushing it over and over again until *his mom* said it was enough? Marlene, however, paid no attention to his complaints, and Susan encouraged the hairdresser to keep doing her work.

"Just relax, sweetie" Susan told her feminized stepson. "Marlene is the professional here, remember? Has she ever let you down? Certainly not, because she knows what she's doing. Tonight will be a very special night for you. You want to look stunning for that, don't you?"

Timothy bit his lip, pissed off. He couldn't stand people talking about his *special night* anymore. All of this was his father's fault, or course, which made him hate the man even more intensely, something that seemed impossible before. He simply didn't want to think about what would happen that night... He would need a fantastic plan not to get even more screwed up, and he hadn't managed to come up with anything yet.

The process of putting on the hair extensions seemed to take forever. The only relief for the boy was that nobody said he would have to undergo another electrolysis session that day. Now that he was thinking about it, he couldn't remember the last time that a single strand of hair had grown on his body or face, something he found weird. Obviously, he had no idea that he had already had so many of those sessions that they no longer needed... ever. As long as he lived, his face and body would be permanently and irreversibly hairless.

While Marlene worked on his hair, other girls came over to take care of his nails and makeup. They all kept talking nonstop about how superb *Tiffany's* new breasts were, and the boy wished he were wearing something more modest – The tight robe he had on could barely cover his bra and ample chest.

"Alright, I think it's all done!" Marlene announced, much time later. "Oh, Tiff, darling, thanks for being so patient. I bet you're dying to see your new look, aren't you? You don't have to wait any longer, sweetie. Let's see what you think."



She then turned his chair toward the mirror, and the feminized boy looked at his reflection, gaping... Timothy couldn't believe that was really happening. It was astonishing how much his new hairstyle had changed his appearance. Now, more than ever, all he could see as he looked in the mirror was a beautiful girl. It was as if the boy *that girl* used to be had never existed. His now long hair looked gorgeous, flowing down his right shoulder in elegant waves. It was hard to deny that Marlene was brilliant at her job. Timothy thought he could very well be in a shampoo Ad. The hairdresser should be very popular among her customers who *actually* wanted glam hairstyles.

His makeup looked equally luxurious, with black and pink eyeshadow; eyeliner and false eyelashes; and dark pink lipstick and lipgloss, making his lips look irresistible. His nails, matching his lips, were even longer than before, and he doubted that he would be able to do any manual work with such *claws*.

"So, are you think, sweetie?" Marlene asked, smiling, clearly proud of her work.

"Oh, I can see that my baby doll is so thrilled that she can't even speak!" Susan exclaimed, clapping. "I'm sure this is exactly the look she was looking for, right, Tiff? Now come with me, darling. We don't have much time to get you dressed. I bet your friends must be arriving at any moment now."

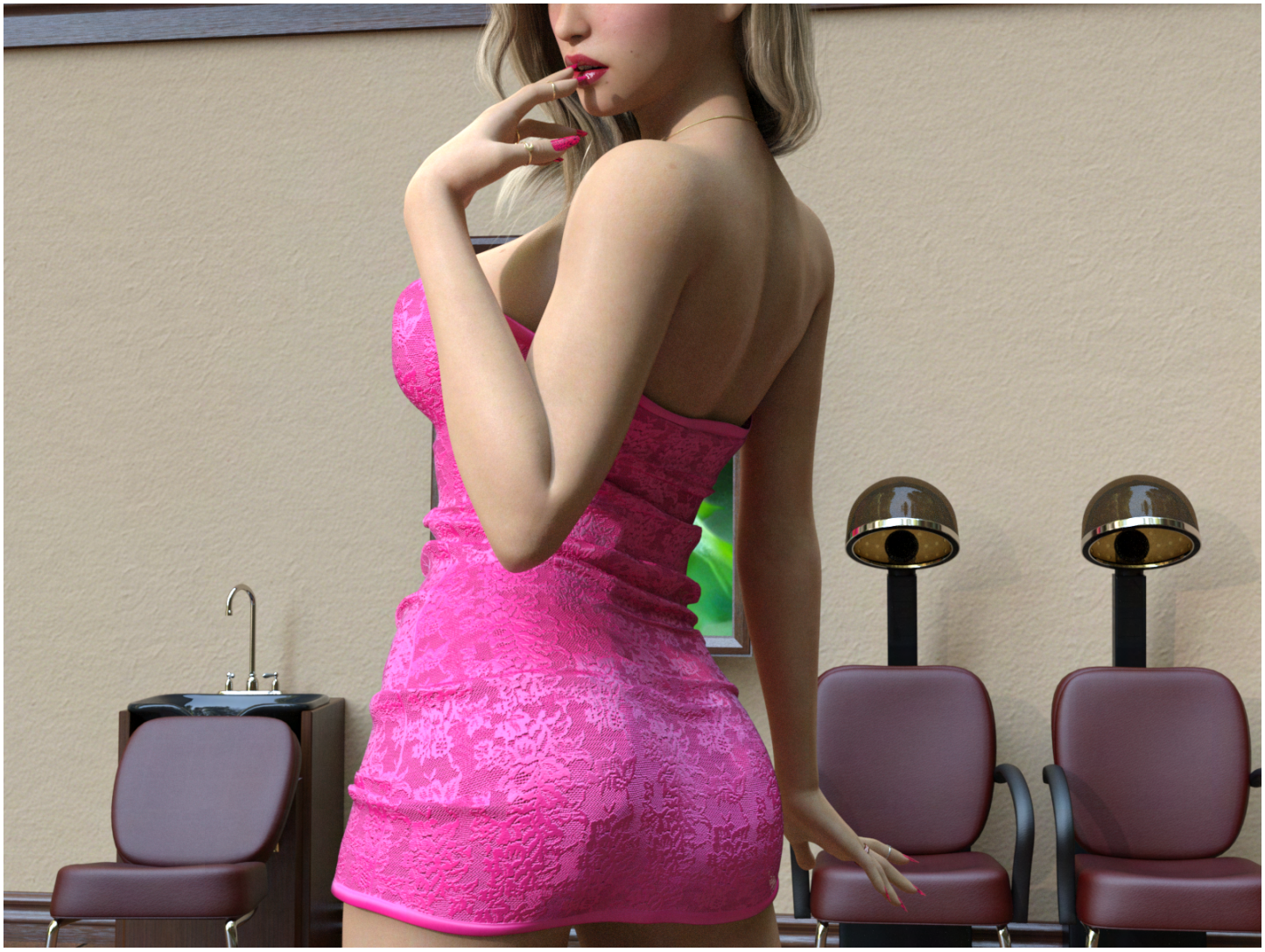
Timothy was then dragged into the already familiar dressing room at the back of the salon. Almost at the same time, Alyssa, Chloe, Gabriella and Kate entered the place, carrying many bags.

"Oh, my gosh!" Gabriella cried out, open-mouthed. "I can't believe it, Ti-Ti! Girl, you look like a movie star!"

All the other girls nodded in agreement, seeming equally impressed. Kate even stepped forward and hugged Timothy tightly. "Oh, Tiff, this is *soo* amazing!" she exclaimed, taking care not to mess up the boy's hair and make up. "I'm so happy for you, honey! There's no doubt now. You definitely became the girl you were always meant to be."



Timothy once again was unable to say anything in response. How could everyone be so sure that he wanted to be a girl? Even Kate? He had explicitly told her he was dressing like a girl just to torment his father! Why was that so hard to understand?



Could it be that I am the one who is, like, denying the truth? He wondered, distressed. *Maybe people can see that I totally love being a girly girl while I keep trying to fool myself? Could that be the case? No, of course not! Stop that right now, Tiff! I don't love being a girl! Gosh, why did I even consider such an idea? I totally hate it, like, with all my heart! I don't know why people can't see that! There is nothing girly about me!* He told himself, as he took off his robe revealing his killer body, so feminine that it seemed to be scoffing at his statement.

"Alright, Tiff" Alyssa said, bringing him back to reality. "I spent the whole afternoon making some adjustments to the dress we picked up earlier. You should be, like, *soo* thankful! It will fit perfectly now."



After being informed that he wouldn't need to wear a bra with that outfit, Timothy put on a pair of pink lace thong panties over his gaff. Next, he was helped into the hot pink strapless dress. The feminized boy, Susan and the girls had gone shopping in the morning, and the group was almost unanimous in saying that such a dress was the just perfect dress for Timothy. The only one who disagreed was the boy himself – thinking the dress was way too short – but he didn't have the strength to argue, especially considering that if he did so he would be forced to try on dozens of other dresses again until the girls were satisfied with some other.

Alyssa, though, who was a perfectionist when it came to fashion, said the dress would look even better with some adjustments, and volunteered to work on the garment herself, which was understandable since she was the best student in the Fashion Design class. But now, after putting the dress on, Timothy regretted immensely letting her do so...

"Oh my gosh, Lyss!" he cried out, horrified. "What have you done? The dress is, like, so short now... even shorter than before!"

"Don't be silly, Ti-Ti. The dress looks perfect on you!"

"B-But it's barely covering my panties, not to mention how tight it is now! And what about my boobs? They are almost bursting out of the dress! You made it *too* low-cut, Lyss!"

"Now, now stop being so ungrateful, girl! I worked hard to make you even prettier for your *special night*, you know? You have no reason to be freaking out like that. You look totally stunning!"

Timothy looked around for some support, but everyone seemed to agree with Alyssa. "*Mommy*?" he appealed to Susan, pouting and making sad puppy eyes. "Don't you agree this is dress is, like, totally short for your *daughter* to go out?"

"Well, this is definitely shorter than what I would normally approve" Susan said, scratching her chin. "But I think I'll turn a blind eye to that and make an exception tonight... only because this is such a special night for you, sweetie. Let's just not make it a habit, okay? I don't want people thinking that my daughter is a slut."

Before Timothy could protest any further, a pair of 4-inch pink sandal heels with lovely butterflies on the back was slipped on his feet. His look was then completed with a pair of big hoop earrings, a choker and a delicate necklace, and many bracelets and rings.

And that's was it. The feminized boy was finally ready for his *special night*...



As Timothy left the beauty salon with his stepmother and the girls, the feminized boy was still having trouble getting used to having long hair. It was very strange how heavy it felt, not to mention the way it always got in the way. *Gosh, as if it weren't enough to have big breasts, now I also need to learn how to deal with long hair! And what about these nails? How am I supposed to do, like, anything at all with such long nails?* The feminized boy wondered, disconsolate, while he kept trying to lower the bottom of the dress a little bit, but without success – his beautiful legs remained fully exposed.

The looks he was getting as they crossed the mall towards the parking lot were scary, to say the least. The guys around were eating him with their eyes, not even bothering to disguise their lust. It made Timothy so nervous that he tried to quicken his pace, which was simply impossible due to his high heels and tight dress.

And the night is just beginning... His hatred for his father reached a new level at that moment. None of that would be happening were it not for Richard, as the boy knew very well. Timothy then remembered what the man had told him the day before when he came home from Alyssa's house.

"That boy you've been dating came here while you were out."

"Who?" Timothy asked, afraid. "Matt?"

"Who else could it be?" Richard raised his eyebrows. "Are you dating more than one boy at the same time by any chance?"

"Of course n-not, Daddy! W-what did Matt want?"

"He wanted to see you. He said the two of you hadn't seen each other since... umm..." Richard made some vague gestures in the air, as if he were holding two melons at his chest. "... well... since your surgery."

"And what did you say to him, Daddy?"

At that point, Richard's grin became even wider. "I told him what any zealous father would say..."

"You've been going out with my daughter for a while, young man. Don't you think it's about time to make it clear what your intentions are for her? I was your age once. I know that boys pretty often go out with girls just to have some fun. But I want you to know that I didn't raise my daughter – my only daughter – to be one of those girls, do you understand me?"

"N-no, of course not... I m-mean, yes, of course I do understand you, sir! That's what he answered me" Richard continued, still with that wicked smile on his face. *"I have nothing but the best intentions for Tiffany, Mr. Foster!"*

"Oh, really? Could you be a little more specific?"

"Well... I... umm... I <u>love</u> your daughter, sir... I truly do... I... I'm not going out with her just for fun... I'd love to be her boyfriend... I mean... A boyfriend in a serious relationship, Mr. Foster."

"You'd need my permission to be her boyfriend! I don't care if people find it weird and antiquated. That's how things work under my roof!"

"O-of course, Mr. Foster!"

"Then what are you waiting for, young man? I'm here right now. Ask the question!"

"Umm... okay...would you... I mean... would you allow me to be Tiffany's boyfriend?"

"Very well, son. I give you my permission. You seem like a good boy who cares about her, after all. But don't make me regret trusting you!"

"I swear you won't regret it, Mr. Foster!"

"And that's what happened, *princess*" Richard finished his narrative, looking deep into his feminized son's eyes in search of the despair he should be feeling. "He also asked for permission to take you out tomorrow night, when he will officially ask you to be his girlfriend. He begged me not to tell you anything we've talked about because he wanted to surprise you, but as you can see I wasn't able to control myself. I simply couldn't wait until tomorrow to see the smile on your face upon hearing that Matthew wants a serious relationship with you. You're happy about that, aren't you, doll?"

"S-sure I am, daddy!" stated Timothy, who in fact was about to freak out. A serious relationship with another guy?! He definitely didn't see it coming, despite the fact he had already been going out with Matt for a few weeks now. *This is, like, totally insane!* He thought, deeply shaken. *Gosh, how can I go back to being a normal guy if I'm going to be Matt's girlfriend? Is that it? Am I completely stuck now?*

"Are you sure you are happy, honey?" Richard asked, delighting at the distress on Timothy's face. He wanted his son to beg not to be forced to be another boy's girlfriend. Richard would refuse such a request, though, even if Timothy promised he would become a real man this time around. All he wanted now was to make the stupid boy suffer. "You look a little worried."

"Ohh... It's just... like... I don't think I have *anything* to wear for such a special occasion... like, anything at all! OMG, I totally need to go shopping tomorrow morning!" Timothy exclaimed, trying to sound as airheaded as possible to get even on his father. His mind remained full of dismal thoughts. What was it like to be in a serious relationship with someone? Timothy had never experienced this. Matt was the first person he had ever dated, after all. The feminized boy had a disturbing feeling that as an *official boyfriend*, Matt would no longer settle for just making out at the end of each date. He would probably want more. What would Timothy do then? How would he be able to keep hiding his *little secret*?

"Anything to wear?!" Richard exclaimed, awakening Timothy from his internal torment. "You have a closet full of every type of clothing imaginable!"

"Oh, daddy! You don't understand anything about fashion, do you?" Timothy asked, crossing his arms petulantly. "Did I ever, like, stick my nose when you were choosing a gun to go hunting or other manly stuff like that? Leave fashion to us girls!"

"Fair enough, princess. But are you completely sure that you are pleased about being Matt's girlfriend?"

"Totally, daddy! And you know why?" Timothy took a deep breath before continuing. That wouldn't be easy to say... "'Cos I totally *love* him, too!"

Half an hour later, when Matthew saw Timothy, his eyes almost popped out of the sockets. "Tiff... I... I c-can't believe..." he stammered, dumbfounded. "I can't believe how fantastic you look! I mean, you always looked stunning, but now... wow!" he finished, his eyes roaming over Timothy's body, and lingering on the feminized boy's new breasts.

"Why thank you, Matt! You look great, too!" Timothy said, giggling. In truth, he was completely scared of Matt's *enthusiasm* about how he looked, but he didn't want to let that show in front of his father. Yes, Timothy was at home, and Richard was watching the whole scene.

Matthew then came over, kissed Timothy lovingly on the cheek and gave him a bouquet of roses. That was a weird experience for the feminized boy – not so much for the kiss itself, but by the feel of his boobs against Matt's muscular chest. How could he have let it go so far? Technically, he was still a guy, just like Matt. However, it was simply impossible to find any similarity between them that night. Matthew had a manly body with muscles everywhere, and was wearing a gray T-shirt, jeans, a jacket, and sneakers. Timothy, on the other hand, had a delicate and feminine body, with big breasts and killer legs, and was wearing that tiny pink dress and high heels.

Matthew next greeted Susan and then he approached Richard. "Good evening, Mr. Foster" he said, extending his hand.

"Matthew, my boy!" Richard exclaimed, sounding so cheerful that Timothy's jaw dropped. He even embraced the guy, something he had rarely done to Timothy since the boy was born. "It's good to see you. So, how is the football team? Training hard, I suppose."

"Of course, sir! I truly believe we have a chance to win the championship this year... A good chance! Maybe you are interested in watching one of our next games, Mr. Foster?

"We'll see, we'll see, my boy... but now, enough talking about football! I'm sure you two *lovebirds* are eager to get out of here and enjoy some time together, huh?" Richard said, smirking at his feminized son, his eyes full of malice.

"Oh, I can't deny that, Mr. Foster. You know how much I like your daughter" Matthew said, smiling charmingly. "We can finish our talk later then. Are you ready to go, Tiff?"

"S-sure!"

"Great! I promise to bring her back before midnight, as always, Mr. Foster."

"Why the hurry, young man? Why the hurry?" Richard's diabolical grin became even wider. "Now that we are getting close, I know that you won't do any harm to my daughter, right? Let's say I won't complain if Tiffany arrives a little later tonight..." he laughed; a laugher that sounded more like a bark. "You two should get going before I change my mind!"

Matthew, who seemed to hardly believe his luck, didn't need to hear it twice. He grabbed Timothy's hand and dragged the feminized guy out of the house wasting no time...

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"So... where are we, like, going tonight, Matt?" Timothy asked, in a weak voice, when they were already in the car, moving away from his home.

"Oh, you're really curious, aren't you?" Matt asked, using his right hand to caress Timothy's bare legs. It was something that had already became a habit while he was driving, and Timothy always felt that mixture of fear and excitement having his bare legs stroked like that, with the guy's hand so dangerously close to his groin. He then realized he had never worn pants on a date with Matt. In fact, he couldn't remember the last time he had worn pants in any situation. It was no wonder that Alyssa and the rest of the gang thought he was the girliest girl of them all. Even Alyssa wore pants to school from time to time.

"I'm not telling you where we going so fast, Tiff" Matt continued. "I want to surprise you. I know how much you like surprises."

"Hey, I've never said that!"

"That's no need to say, babe. I already know you very, very well..." he whispered, and then, as if to prove his point, he took advantage of a red light to kiss the feminized boy's neck, which made Timothy let out a groan of pleasure, no matter how much he wanted to avoid it.

Matthew drove for another fifteen minutes, and Timothy started to get really worried when they approached the highway. "Wait, are we leaving the town?" he asked, wide-eyed.

"Relax, honey. We're not going far" Matthew assured him. "Just up to the nearby town, okay? There's not much to do around here, and I want this night to be special..."

About half an hour later, they finally arrived at their destination. Matthew parked the car next to a building with vibrant lights and loud music coming from inside. "You know where we are, right? This is the best nightclub around that allows people under twenty-one to get in. Since you enjoyed dancing *so much* on our first date, I thought you would like to come here."

Timothy was about to say he hadn't enjoyed dancing at all, but he knew it would be of no help. Also, he had never been to a nightclub before, so he couldn't deny that he was curious to see how it looked inside. But it was hard to believe he was going into a place like that as a girl, especially wearing such a tiny dress. As they entered the nightclub, the lustful glances Timothy received made him wince. Matt, on the other hand, was thrilled for having such an attractive girl as his date, with all the guys around envying him.



"Hey, there are some tables over there" he said, pointing to a corner. "Would you like to sit down for a drink?"

"S-sure, why not."

"Cool. Let me guess... a Diet Coke for you?"

"Yeah, sounds perfect. But wait! Gosh. I don't want to wait alone while you fetch the drinks, Matt! I... I'm totally scared! It's my first time in a nightclub, you know... Please, promise me you won't, like, leave me alone... not even for a second!" Timothy begged, unconsciously curling up in Matt's strong arms.

"Alright, Tiff, don't worry. You're safe with me, okay?" Matthew stated, lifting Timothy's chin and kissing him gently on the lips. "Being at your side all the time is my pleasure, anyway."

After picking up the drinks, they headed for a table. Timothy finally felt relaxed enough to take a look around. It was difficult to see anything, though. The area they were in was poorly lit, with dark walls and pop art paintings. Ahead, there was the huge dance floor, with so intense lighting that it was difficult to stare for more than a few seconds without the eyes starting to hurt. It was also hard to talk, given how loud the music was. However, it soon became clear that having a conversation wasn't exactly what Matt had in mind at that moment. With such a dim light and so few people around (since most people were on the dance floor), it didn't take long for him to start kissing *Tiffany*.

"Calm down, Matt! Gee, we're in public and..." Timothy tried to argue, but he knew that was a lost cause. Matt was just too excited to pay attention to what he was trying to say, and so was Timothy's own body. As Matt's tongue explored his entire mouth eagerly, the feminized boy finally surrendered to the pleasures of being kissed with so much passion, feeling the usual guilt for enjoying what was going on.

"Oh, Tiff... You're so beautiful... So hot..." Matt murmured, now kissing and nibbling on Timothy's ear, his hands rubbing the feminized guy's legs and shoulders. As much as he struggled, Timothy found it hard to reason about anything. It was unbelievable how Matt knew how to turn him on... He really knew him well... At least his feminine side...

And the night is, like, just beginning, Timothy thought, afflicted... A night that, if his father was right, could change everything...

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They kept making out for what seemed like forever. Timothy was getting more and more aroused, in a way he had never experienced before. He needed to do something, and fast – Otherwise, the situation would get out of control pretty soon.

"W-wait a minute, Matt" he said, breaking another hot kiss. "I... umm... I think I need another drink."

"But your glass is still full, babe" Matthew pointed out, as he kissed Timothy's neck.

"W-What? Umm... Yeah, I guess it is. Gosh, I am, like, so such an airhead sometimes... What about dancing a little bit then? As you said earlier, I totally *love* dancing!"

Timothy knew that it was far from a perfect solution, but should be enough for him to gain some time in order to be able to think straight again. *You need to control yourself, girl*, he told himself. *You can't let Matt's attention affect you like that!*

But he knew it was much easier to say than to do...

The dance floor was bustling with people, and most of the guys stopped what they were doing to watch *Tiffany* go by, which infuriated the girls with them. Timothy tried not to think about any of this, moving on without looking at any specific point, firmly clinging to Matt's arm.

They danced for a long time, and the feminized boy thought he did a better job than last time, despite all the tension he was feeling. The guys around, including Matt, clearly enjoyed watching *the girl* as she moved her body and wiggled her hips sexily in her little dress, with her breasts swaying nonstop...

Between dances and breaks for drinks, the hours went by. Keeping true to his word, Matthew stayed beside Timothy the entire time, except when the feminized boy needed to go to the women's bathroom to use the toilet and retouch his makeup.

"I hope you are having fun, honey" Matthew said at some point. "But I still have a surprise for you."

"Another one?" Timothy asked, shivering. He was almost sure he knew what Matt was talking about, and he didn't like it at all.

"Yeah... and a big one this time. Let me show you."

He then guided Timothy to a small corridor at one end of the dance floor, where there was a narrow winding staircase. "Do you think you can climb the stairs with your shoes?" Matthew asked. "I can carry you if you want."

"I think I can do that, thanks. But what do you want to show me?"

"You'll see in a minute. Hold my hand."

They then went up the stairs slowly and carefully. Timothy once again thought of all the sacrifices that girls needed to make to in order to look beautiful and attractive. High heels were the least practical shoes in the world, that's for sure, and turned a simple action like climbing a staircase into a real challenge; even so, girls kept wearing them.

When they finally got up there, a simple door led to a large terrace lit by dim yellow lamps. There were a few sofas and armchairs elegantly arranged around the place, with flower pots everywhere, and even a small garden in a corner. The terrace was completely empty, except for a couple kissing on a distant sofa.

"So, what you think?" Matthew asked.

"Oh, Matt, this place is, like, so beautiful!" Timothy answered sincerely, admiring the view of the river that ran through the town down below. "It totally seems like you know all the lovely places in the state" he giggled. "First that wonderful garden and now this terrace ..."

"I'm glad you liked it, babe. Making you happy is the most important thing for me" he gallantly said.

"Do you say that to every girl you bring here?" Timothy teased him, not sure why he was doing so. He just sounded like some jealous girlfriend. Why the hell would he care if Matt had already taken another girl to that place?

"I've never done that before, Tiff. Not this way. I was saving it for someone special... someone like you. But that isn't the surprise I was talking about" he then took Timothy to the farthest sofa, next to the little garden, and held both of his hands. "There's something I need to tell you, babe... something very important. The thing is... I'm completely in love with you, as I have never been before, and I'll prove you that."

He then reached into one of his jacket pockets and Timothy felt his heart sink in his chest. *Omigosh, omigosh, omigosh! Is Matt about to do what I think he is about to do? What will I do then? Think, Tiffany... think!*

When Matt's hand became visible again, Timothy's fears came true. The guy was holding a small velvet box that could contain just one thing... "Tiff, I know this seems completely old-fashioned and stuff, but I'm sure that a romantic girl like you will love it."

"A-am I a romantic girl?"

"Of course you are... A girl who loves flowers, beautiful places and being cared for... And I promise that I will always take care of you, babe... Always! If you allow me, of course... That's why I want to know..." he opened the box. "Would you like to be my girlfriend?"

Timothy's mind went blank upon hearing that. Did things like that really happen in real life? Matt had even kneeled in front of him! Did all guys ask girls to be their girlfriends that way? Timothy had never dated a girl, but he doubted it. Then what was wrong with Matt?



Gosh, he definitely must love me, like, a lot! Timothy concluded, stunned. He then looked at the ring inside the little box – a very beautiful silver one with a bright and delicate solitaire diamond stone. The diamond didn't look fake, so the ring should have cost a lot of money.

Matt is totally crazy! The feminized boy exclaimed inside his mind. However, at the same, part of him – a small part at first, is true – felt immensely flattered by that gesture. He just couldn't help it. That wasn't about the price of the ring, but the fact that Matt cared so much about *Tiffany* that he bought *her* a jewel just to make *her* happy. Timothy experienced a strange warmth in his belly. He definitely felt like someone special and loved. Was that how all women felt when receiving jewelry? As the feeling grew and started to overwhelm him, it was getting more and more difficult for Timothy to think of himself as a 'he'... as if his female persona was finally taking over. *Tiffany* felt silly thinking of herself as a guy when she was there wearing a dress, heels and make up and was about to become Matt's girlfriend.

Oh my gosh, stop that, girl! No, not 'girl'! I'm not a girl! Pull yourself together, Tiffany! I mean, Timothy! I can't accept the ring! This is totally wrong! But gosh, it looks so precious...so marvelous... so pretty... It would look sooo perfect on my finger... No, that's enough, Tiffany! Geez, why do I feel drawn to this ring as if it were a magnet? Why do I suddenly feel like this totally is the thing I want most in the world? Stop that, Tiff! Focus, girl... focus!

On the way home in the car, Tiffany couldn't stop looking at her right hand, as if she were mesmerized by the new ring on one of her delicate and manicured fingers. She had said yes... she had said yes, and now she was officially Matthew's girlfriend. The fancy promise ring, with its solitaire diamond shining dazzlingly even in the gloom, was the proof of that. And the question that kept tormenting her was... Why had she accepted that?



The obvious answer was that it was the only way to keep punishing her father. Despite all his pretense, Tiffany was sure that Richard would suffer immensely to learn that his so-called son now

had a boyfriend. But she was aware it wasn't just that... As soon as she laid eyes on the ring, on the nightclub terrace, she knew she genuinely wanted it. At that point, she even felt like she was a real girl, and truly believed that being Matt's girlfriend would be the best thing in the world.

But why? She never before had considered the idea of having a boyfriend as a good thing. What had changed inside her? She didn't know for sure, but it was clear that such an event had had a big impact on her. Even now, she still found it impossible to think of herself as a guy – a *real* guy would never have put himself in such a situation, accepting to be another guy's girlfriend, after all. Maybe that was it... Maybe she truly was meant to be a girl, as everyone kept saying all the time...

"A penny for your thoughts, babe" Matthew said, smiling, his right hand stroking Tiffany's legs. "Are you okay?"

"Umm? Yeah, I'm totally fine, Matt" Tiffany lied, trying her best to return the smile. "It's just... well... I'm trying to absorb everything that's, like, going on... I... I never had a boyfriend before, you know... It's all new to me."

"You don't have to put so much pressure on yourself, Tiff. All I want is to make you happy. You know that, right? That's why I asked you to be my girlfriend. Are you happy now?"

"Or course!" Tiffany lied again. At that moment, she was much more confused than happy.

"That's the important thing, babe. Just relax, okay? And by the way, I'm very happy as well... I feel like the luckiest guy in the world for being your boyfriend" he finished, rubbing Tiffany's smooth thighs even more intensely, which made her suddenly bite her bottom lip.

Gosh, I can't believe I'm getting aroused again... This is no time for that, Tiffany!

However, as Matthew kept massaging her legs, the girl had a hard time focusing on anything. She even stopped paying attention to the path they were taking, so excited she was getting. When Matt parked the car, though, about fifteen minutes later, she finally noticed that something wasn't right.

"This isn't my house, Matt. Where we are?" she asked, afraid, realizing she had never been on that street before.

Instead of answering the question, Matthew kissed the girl with such voracity that the car even shook. Taken completely by surprise, and already feeling dangerously aroused, Tiffany had no chance to stop the guy. She kissed him back with equal urgency, and for many minutes they stayed there, kissing and feeling each other's bodies.

When Matt finally broke the kiss, Tiffany was flushed and out of breath, with her big breasts rising and falling rapidly. "This is my house, Tiff..." Matt started explaining, as he kissed her neck. "And my

folks are out this weekend. You know what that means, right? We have the whole house to ourselves..."

"Matt!" Tiffany gasped, open-mouthed. "We can't! I mean, I have to go home or else Dad's gonna..."

"It's not even eleven yet, honey... Your father said he wouldn't mind if you got home after midnight today, remember?"

"B-but..."

"C'mon, Tiff..." Matthew continued, still kissing Tiffany's neck, and starting to rub her boobs. "We are a couple now... An official couple... Don't you trust me? As I said, all I want is to make you happy, babe... I would never hurt you... And God, you're so beautiful... so hot... You have no idea how much you turn me on, babe... No idea at all..."

It was the first time Matt was rubbing Tiffany's boobs after her surgery, and the girl couldn't believe how fantastic it felt... It was way beyond anything she had ever experienced before, and the wave of pleasure that spread throughout her body was so powerful that it made her squirm and moan wildly, completely dumbfounded at how sensitive her enhanced nipples were.

Oh my gosh... I thought I'd never ever think something like that, but I love my boobs... I totally should thank the doctors on my knees when I see them again... tee-hee... No, wait, Tiffany! I need... I need to control myself...I...Gee, I'm sooo horny... Matt is my boyfriend... my boyfriend... He just wants to, like, make me happy...And gosh, he definitely knows how to do that... tee-hee... I feel... I feel like a female... a real female... B-but I can't! T-there's something important I'm missing... totally important... Geez, why my boobs had to be so damn sensitive! I can't think straight... just can't... He's my boyfriend... He loves me... my boyfriend... Maybe... who knows... maybe I love him too...All I know is that I don't want him to stop rubbing my boobs... Gosh, I totally want him to keep doing that forever...

"So, what you say, Tiff?" Matt asked again, putting his thumb between Tiffany's lips, and the girl started sucking on it without even realizing she was doing so.

"I say..." she started saying, and her voice cracked in a sensual, hoarse moan. "You have, like, no idea how much you turn me on either, honey... Take me inside the house..."

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Matthew and Tiffany kissed all the way to the guy's bedroom, knocking over flower pots and furniture as they walked blindly through the house. Their arousal and attraction for each other had reached a new level, and seemed almost palpable in the air.

Just before they entered the bedroom, Matt picked Tiffany up, and walked into the room carrying her in his arms. "Here we are, babe" he announced, smiling. "I can't believe this is really happening. I can't believe we are here."

The room was large and looked a little too clean and organized for a young man's place. Tiffany thought that the only possible explanation was that Matt had tidied up the room earlier because he was already planning to take her there.

Matt then laid Tiffany gently on the bed, and started kissing her again. The girl's mind was still a blur, completely overwhelmed by her excitement. The only thing that mattered to her was the pleasure she was experiencing, and she desperately wanted more...

Not long after, Matt lowered the top of her dress, revealing her perfect breasts. "Oh, Tiff, they are so beautiful... so stunning" the guy said, looking at her boobs as if they were the most wonderful thing he had ever seen. When he touched one of her nipples with the tip of his tongue, Tiffany felt a shock of pleasure so intense that she squirmed, completely mind-blown. She had no idea that having breasts could be so sublime. At that moment, all the trouble of wearing bras all the time and feeling her new assets swaying nonstop seemed insignificant in the face of such delight. Her boobs were even more sensitive than her penis before it became useless.

"Don't stop now, Matt... Gosh, please don't stop!" she begged, as the guy began to suck her breasts, more and more intensely, and she held his head firmly against her chest. Matt already was shirtless, and Tiffany didn't know when or how he had got rid of his jacket and T-shirt. Had she helped him do that? She couldn't say. But since it had happened somehow, she took the opportunity to stroke his strong naked arms and scratch his large back with her long nails.

At some point, she realized she was on top of him, and instinctively began to wiggle on his lap, as Matt continued sucking her breasts. The guy was still wearing pants, but Tiffany could feel his hard member against her groin and butt, which made her even more aroused. She started to wiggle harder and harder, and Matt lifted the bottom of her dress and began stroking and squeezing her butt.

Tiffany's breathing got faster and her moans louder, and she felt spasms all over her body. The pleasure she was experiencing was beyond any explanation, and she could feel that something even more powerful was about to happen... She dug her nails into Matt's back, feeling goosebumps from head to toe as her spasms became stronger...

"Oh... ah... oh my gosh... don't stop, Matt... don't stop... Ahhh...I... I... gosh... it feels, like, so good..." she gasped, nibbling on his ear, as the massive orgasm grew inside her. When it finally blossomed, she cried out as she had never done before. The orgasm was far superior to any other she had experienced in the past, as a male. It encompassed her entire body, and lasted so long that she

thought she would lose her senses. Her little thing down there remained completely dead inside her gaff the entire time, but she didn't miss it for even a second. In fact, it was as if she had even forgotten that it existed.



...Which would cause problems pretty soon.

"Thank you, Matt" she whispered, still out of breath, and then kissed him deeply on the mouth, savoring every bit of it. "Gosh, I can't describe how marvelous it was."

"I'm glad you enjoyed it, babe. I told you I just want to make you happy. But we are not done yet, you know. In fact, we're just getting started..." and saying so, he brought his hands to Tiffany's hips and started lowering her thong panties.

It was when something clicked inside the girl, and she started panicking. There was a *little detail* about Tiffany's anatomy that Matt didn't know about, and he might be shocked to discover the truth.

"W-wait Matt" she started saying, grabbing his hands to stop him.

"That's okay, honey" the guy replied, kissing her neck. "You trust me, don't you? Just relax and enjoy..."

"I... I..."

"Listen to me, Tiff... I think..."

"No! *You* listen to me, Matt! I... I don't feel ready for that yet, okay?" she stated, gently but firmly. "Please, don't think it's about you. I do trust you... I totally do! But... I'm a virgin, and I need more time before going that far. Can you understand that?"

"But..."

"Please, Matt!"

"Alright" the guy sighed. "I won't force you to anything" he added, clearly disappointed.

"Don't be sad, honey" Tiffany kissed him kindly on the lips, and took her hands to the bottom of his abdomen. "I... umm... I can do another thing for you" she stated, not sure where that idea had came from. Was she really going to do what she had just hinted at?

It's too late to back down now, she thought, seeing the wide smile that had formed on Matt's face. *And that's totally the fair thing to do after how he made me feel... You can do that, Tiff! You go, girl!*

She slowly unbuttoned and unzipped his pants, and lowered his boxers with shaking hands. Then she saw it... There was Matt's penis, so hard that it was even pulsating. She was startled at how big it was, but at the same time couldn't stop looking at it, not sure about what she was feeling. She started stroking it, and Matt moaned, which instantly turned her on again. She couldn't explain why, but it felt amazing to know she was able to arouse Matt so much.

"Do you like it, honey?" she teased him, biting her lip temptingly.

"Oh, I love that, babe!" he gasped. "You're such a hot and wonderful girl... What else do you have in mind, doll?"

"I'll show you" she said, and then added in her mind... *It's now or never*.

She lowered her head and started kissing his abdomen, going further down slowly. When she finally reached his groin, she closed her eyes for a second and licked the tip of his member, making Matt moan even louder and squirm. His reaction gave her the encouragement she needed. Stroking her own breasts with one hand, she used the other one to put his penis inside her mouth, and started sucking it.

Oh my gosh, I can't believe it! I can't believe there's, like, a penis inside my mouth! She thought, about to freak out, but forced herself to push those thoughts away, and focus on the pleasure she was

giving and also experiencing. Since it was her first time doing something like that, she had no idea about how to do it right, so she simply trusted her instincts – and considering Matt's enthusiasm, she didn't believe she was doing a bad job.

That's it... I'm his girlfriend... I need to make my boyfriend happy... Gosh, I totally love making him happy...

As she got hornier, she began sucking Matt's cock deeper and deeper, always maintaining eye contact, and enjoying the way she was driving him crazy. The guy was so turned on that it didn't last long. Pretty soon, he started having spasms and his moans turned into screams.

"You may want to back off now, Tiff! I... I'm coming!"

But Tiffany didn't want to back off... She stayed there until the end, and Matt, her boyfriend, flooded her mouth with his thick juice...

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Three days later...

...It's time to put things back on track... I need to remind myself of who I truly am... That was the mantra Timothy kept repeating to himself as he approached a certain house that sunny afternoon. However, as in so many aspects of his new life, it was a lot easier said than done. After everything that had happened at Matthew's house, the feminized boy was having a hard time even thinking of himself as Timothy; it seemed so much simpler to just accept that he was meant to be a girly girl named Tiffany... a girl who loved fashionable clothes, high heels, makeup and guys...

But this is not who I really am! He told himself for the thousandth time. *I'm Timothy, not Tiffany! I couldn't care less about cute outfits, makeup and all this girly stuff! And more importantly, I totally like girls... I always did!*

That part was even harder to convince himself of, especially after the way Matt had brought him to orgasm a few nights before, and how Timothy had *took care* of his boyfriend, enjoying every bit of it... literally.

I just got carried away by the situation... Gosh, it had been, like, so long since I had some kind of sexual relief... I know there's nothing wrong about being gay... I've never been one of those jerk guys trying to prove what a macho man they are all the time... It's just that if I really liked guys, I would have figured that out sooner, right? I never thought of guys that way when I was growing up...

Timothy had concluded that there was only one way to be sure about his sexuality... he needed to kiss a girl – not some kind of little peck on the lips, oh no, but a wet, passionate kiss, just like Matt used to kiss him. He had no idea how he would achieve that, though...

...who would he kiss?

The first person that came to mind was Kate. However, she considered him to be just one of the girls, and he doubted she would accept doing something like that. It was the same thing about his other *besties*... He just couldn't picture Alyssa, Chloe or Gabriella giving him a big French kiss. All of them were surer than ever that *Tiffany* was a straight trans girl. The feminized boy had an *official boyfriend*, after all, and they spent a hell lot of time looking at Timothy's hand, ecstatic about the ring Matthew had given him.

"Oh, Ti-Ti, you lucky bitch!" Ella cried out, squealing with so much excitement. "That's a real diamond, isn't it? Gosh, you know it totally looks like an engagement ring, right? Are you sure that Matt didn't *propose* to you? Being such an airhead, you may have missed it!"

"Shut up, Ella!" Timothy stamped his foot, angry, making the girls giggle.

"Relax, girl" Chloe said, putting her hands around Timothy's shoulders. "Ella is just messing with you. The funny thing is that you always take the bait, don't you? Poor innocent Ti-Ti..."

"But Ella's right about something..." Alyssa pointed out. "I've never heard of a guy giving such a fancy ring to a girl just to ask her to be his girlfriend. Matt is totally making it clear that he wants to have a future with you, Ti-Ti... a '*long future*'" she finished, making Timothy swallow hard as Gabriella exclaimed 'lucky bitch' once again.

Susan reacted to the ring with equal enthusiasm, going so far as to say – with her eyes full of tears – that she couldn't believe how fast her baby girl was becoming a woman. At that point, Timothy was no longer so sure that she was saying such things just to upset his father. It looked like the woman really believed that Timothy was a girl... and her daughter, of course.

Richard seemed shocked beyond explanation when he saw the ring. There was indisputable proof that his son... his only son... now had a boyfriend. The man tried to hide his dismay by saying that he was overjoyed for his *daughter*, and that someday she would certainly be a good wife for Matthew, and spend his life taking care of her husband, like any decent woman should do.

That was the crazy environment Timothy was trapped in. No one in his life treated him like the boy he used to be anymore; everyone was acting as if he really was a dainty little princess who didn't care about anything but being the girliest girl in the world. He was sure this was having a huge effect on him, to the point where he even started to believe that he might be indeed meant to be Tiffany.

He desperately needed someone who could treat him like in the past, or at least as close as possible. And he could only think of one person for the job...

After ringing the doorbell, Timothy didn't need to wait more than ten seconds before saying a familiar face smiling at him. "Wow, Tiff, what a nice surprise!" said Martin, sounding as if nothing in the world could please him more than seeing *Tiffany*.

"What do you mean by *'surprise'*?" Timothy asked, putting his hands on the hips. "I texted you about two hours ago saying that I was coming!"

"Ohhh..." Martin seemed lost in his thoughts for a moment. "I thought you said you would come tomorrow. But the sooner the better, right? Come in! You look... so pretty, by the way!"

Timothy had decided to dress casually for that day, but unfortunately it was so damn hard to find anything that didn't scream *'girl'* in his closet. In the end, he decided on a pink tank top and denim shorts. The outfit still showed a lot of skin, but was the best he managed to put together considering the options available.

Timothy even intended to go out without makeup, but his *mom* was there to dissuade him from such an *absurd idea*. "Stop being silly, Tiff! What will your friends think if you arrive at Alyssa's house with no makeup on your face? No, a little bit of mascara and lipgloss won't do the trick. You need full makeup, in a natural style, of course, since it is daytime. I don't know what came over you today. No girl likes makeup more than you..."

Yes, the feminized boy had lied to his stepmother about where he was going. For some reason, he thought that Susan wouldn't think it was appropriate for him to visit a young man in his house now that *Tiffany* had a boyfriend.

Without choice, Timothy did his makeup, and then put his hair on a ponytail, remembering that it had been exactly how all that mess had started: an innocent ponytail, just to annoy his father. That silly charade had changed everything about him, as he could see in the mirror as he painted his lips with pink lipstick...

Although Timothy had given in on the makeup matter, his footwear was a different story. For the first time in many weeks, he left the house wearing simple flip-flops. He couldn't deny it was a weird experience, so used he was to wearing high heels almost all the time. Everything around him seemed bigger and taller, and from time to time he walked on tiptoe, unconsciously missing the heels' support.

However, even if the feminized boy wasn't all dolled up that afternoon, he looked good enough for Martin not be able to take his eyes off his friend. He just couldn't help it... His eyes traveled all over

Tiffany's body, from *her* beautiful face to *her* slender legs, completely exposed thanks to her short denim shorts, and then went back to *her* big breasts, temptingly squeezed by *her* tight tank top.

At the same time, without even realizing he was doing so, Timothy started checking out his Martin's body, too. The guy was shirtless, which had never been a big deal before. The two boys had grown up together, after all, so Timothy had already seen his friend like that countless times. That day, however, it felt very different for the poor feminized boy...

*OMG, has Martin always had such big arms? And what about his chest? There are muscles, like, everywhere...*he thought, his mouth salivating. *Wait... What the heck is wrong with you, Tiffany... I mean, Timothy! You totally should stop checking out Martin's body. You have a boyfriend, you slut! No, that's not the point, girl! I mean, man... Uggh... I am, like, totally confused again!*

"Umm... as I was saying, I wasn't expecting you to come today. That's why I'm dressed like this. Maybe I should put a shirt on, though" Martin said, perhaps realizing – in a rare moment of sagacity – where Timothy's eyes were looking and how troubled he seemed.

"No!" Timothy cried out, holding one of Martin's strong arms with his delicate hand. "This isn't necessary, okay? Gosh, seeing you shirtless has never been an issue in the past. And you know what? I'm still the same person, Martin... We have always been buddies, remember? That's what I want... I want us to treat each other like nothing has changed!"

"If you say so..." Martin replied, scratching the back of his head.

"Fabulous!" Timothy giggled, clapping. "Now, where's your Xbox? I told you I'd come to beat the crap out of you, just like the old times when we used to play all day long."

"Ha! I don't know what you're talking about, *missy*! You've never beat me... no more than I beat you, anyway! And to think people say I'm the one who keeps forgetting stuff..."

"Oh, really? I'll show you, *sweetie*... I mean, man! Just wait and see... You won't know what hit you when I'm, like, done with you..."

"Ah, I have something here I think you'll like" Martin said, when they entered the guy's room. It looked exactly as Timothy remembered, with a simple bed in a corner, an old couch, a TV and a video game, and clothes and comics scattered everywhere. "Do you remember Becky, my cousin, right?"

"Yes" Timothy answered. Becky was about two years older than them, and Timothy had had a crush on her when he was younger, even knowing he didn't stand a chance with her. Becky was a nice girl, who even played with them sometimes, but not only was she older, but also too hot to pay attention to a skinny guy like Timothy, or at least he believed so.

"When she was here for Christmas, she left some stuff behind. She said she no longer have time to play now that she's in college. Take a look" martin finished, casually throwing something for Timothy to grab. Taken by surprise, Timothy squeaked, and almost dropped the object on the floor. "I'm sorry, Tiff! I forgot you've never been good at catching things... You okay?"

"I'm fine. But for your fault I almost broke a nail! Timothy protested, pouting. "Now what's this? A pink controller? Why did you think I'd like a pink controller?"

"You kidding me, right? You're wearing a pink top... your makeup is pink... your nails, including the one you almost broke, are pink... I've never seen you without at least one piece of pink clothing since you... umm... came out as trans... It's clear that you love pink! That controller will give you good luck, and I bet Becky won't mind you playing with it. She also left some of her games, but most of them are dance ones, so I didn't play them... Anyway, I told her about you coming out and she was so happy... She said you definitely would make a very beautiful girl since you always had... umm... how did she put it? Such a girly complexion or something like that..."

"You did what?!" Timothy asked, looking so angry that Martin – despite being much taller and stronger than his friend – took two steps back.

"I... I'm sorry" Martin said, shrugging. "I didn't know it was a secret. I mean, you're even attending school as a girl and all..."

"Fine, Martin" Timothy sighed, frustrated. It wasn't pleasant to hear that yet another girl he had a crush on always thought he had a 'girly complexion'. That was another blow to his almost nonexistent male ego. "Gosh, let's just play some game, okay? Then I can finally kick your butt!"

"You the boss... So, which game do you want to start with?"



An hour later, they had already played three or four games, and Timothy had lost miserably on all of them. The last one had been NBA Live, and Martin completely crushed him, winning the match 87-15.

"I'm doing so badly just because of my long nails!" Timothy tried to justify himself. "You have, like, no idea how hard it is to play this way!"

"Yeah, right" Martin smirked. "I thought you were the one who was going to kick butts, though."

Next, they tried Dragon Ball FighterZ, and Timothy, playing as Android 18 (without even noticing that he had naturally chosen a female character, and the one that resembled him the most), could see he was going to lose yet again. It was time for desperate measures, so he started pushing all the buttons at the same time, hoping for a miracle...



"Yayyyy!" he cried out, ecstatic, when he saw that his *strategy* – as unbelievable as it was – had paid off, and he managed to win the fight. He jumped on the couch with his arms up, while Martin watched him with an expression of delight and admiration on his face. "See? I told you I could win! Wait a minute... Why are you smiling like a fool? Oh my gosh, don't tell me you let me win! Did you?"

"What? No, of course not! Why would I do something like that?"

"I know you did! I can see it right in your face!" Timothy stated, punching his friend's arm with his soft and small hand, which felt almost like a caress. "But you know what? I know how I can beat you fair and square. You said that Becky left some dance games behind, right? Let's play one of them now and then you'll see..."

As soon as they started playing Just Dance, it became clear that Martin had no idea what he was doing. "C'mon, Martin, is this the best you can do?" Timothy asked, teasing him.

"I fear it is" Martin answered, hopelessly unable to follow the dance steps on the TV screen.

He then noticed that *Tiffany*, unlike him, was doing great. Looking at her, it was hard to believe that the girl – dancing with such grace and femininity – truly was the same shy and clumsy guy who had grown up with him.

"Where did you learn to dance like that?" he asked, as he watched Timothy perform a complex pirouette.



"Ha! So you admit you're no match for me? I've been attending Dance, Aerobics and Yoga classes at school, you know. I guess it helped..." Timothy explained. However, now that he was thinking about it, he realized that he didn't need many classes to learn the basics of dance, and got the hang of it pretty quickly, like something natural; quite different from his experience with basketball, where even after years of training he still sucked at it.

Martin kept observing his friend, increasingly amazed. More than even, he was convinced that Tiffany was truly meant to be a girl. Not only because of the elegant and feminine way she moved her body, but also due to the fact of how much fun she was clearly having while doing so. Tiffany looked radiant, which warmed Martin's heart. Yes, he loved seeing her so happy... He could keep watching her dancing all the day long...

...the fact she looked incredibly beautiful was a *plus*, of course. From her stunning face to her gracious feet, Martin was sure she was the prettiest girl he had ever seen. He couldn't help it but one again felt jealous of that Matthew guy, who was dating her. Martin knew he would never do anything to harm Tiffany's relationship, but he told himself he would kill Matthew if he hurt her in any way possible...

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"...and then you asked the woman in front of us in the line if her dog had taken kung fu classes!" Timothy was saying, laughing so hard that his belly ached.

"I didn't understand why she got so offended, though" Martin commented, scratching his chin. "Do you remember the dog's pose? Not to mention his mustache!"

"What was the matter with his mustache?"

"You kidding me? He looked like a Chinese sage!"

"Oh, Martin, you totally are out of this world!" Timothy cried out, bursting into laughter again, while Martin keep facing him, not understanding what was so funny about any of that, but glad to see his friend having so much fun.

After playing video game, they had now been chatting for about two hours, remembering old stories. Timothy was indeed having fun. At some point, he even forgot about the fact he was dressed like a girl, with his long hair in a ponytail and makeup on his face. All the awkwardness of the situation seemed to have vanished in the air. It had really been a great idea to go to Martin's house... That was as close as he could get to being a normal guy again, even being called Tiff...

"Wait... I'm curious about something" Martin suddenly said, after a moment of silence.

"About what?" Timothy asked, apprehensive.

"You've never cared about winning or losing in video game, you know... that's not like you. Why were you so competitive today?"

"Well... I don't know for sure..." Timothy started saying, looking down. "I guess... well... I wanted to show you that you could treat me like before. I know I look totally girly and stuff, so I feared you would treat me differently and we wouldn't be able to, like, connect anymore."

"Nonsense, Tiff! It doesn't matter how you look or if now you have..." Martin's eyes betrayed him and went down to Timothy's cleavage, but he quickly faced her in the eye again, feeling that it was *the polite* thing to do when talking to a girl. "What I'm trying to say is that you're my best friend, no matter what, okay?"

"T-thank you, Martin" Timothy smiled brightly, which made Martin feel butterflies in his stomach. "It means a lot to me..."

"Oh, I just remembered something!" Martin cried out, excited. "Do you remember a few weeks ago when I mentioned I had a gift for you? With everything that happened, I never had the chance to give it to you."

"Yeah, I do remember! What is this mysterious gift, anyway, huh?"

"You need to wait and see... Otherwise this won't a surprise, right? I'll get it now!"

"Alright... But first, let's dance one last time!"

"Dance?" Martin frowned. "I didn't enjoy that dancing game so much, Tiff."

"Just because I totally beat you?" Timothy giggled. "C'mon, just one more game. I promise I'll help you this time around... Pretty please?" the feminized guy begged, pouting and batting his long lashes.

"Fine!" Martin finally gave in, thinking that when *Tiffany* looked at him like that, he could do anything she asked for...

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"...no, Martin, you have to move your right foot!"

"Which of them?"

"You have *only* one right foot, silly!"

Timothy's plan to teach Martin some dance steps wasn't going exactly well, but they were having a good laugh, at least.

"You need to spin now, just like I'm doing!" Timothy instructed him, but when Martin tried doing so, he lost his balance, and automatically grabbed his friend's arm for support, taking the two of them to the ground.

"You okay?" Martin asked, afflicted.

"Yeah" Timothy answered, his face red from so much laughing. "Oh, Martin, you're going to need, many, many dance lessons!"

The two of them kept laughing for a very long time. When it finally died out, Timothy realized that they were lying on the floor with their bodies intertwined. Martin's face was very close of his own, with his lips parted and his black eyes looking deeply into Timothy's ones.

Flipping into Tiffany, *the girl* realized that she simply couldn't look away. Her heart pounded in anticipation, in a second that seemed to take an eternity. She knew what was about to happen, and she couldn't do anything about that... she *wanted* it.



When Martin's face was just an inch away, though, at the very last moment, she managed to control herself. "We can't, Martin" was what she whispered.

"I know" Martin sighed. "Because of your boyfriend, right?"

"W-what? Yes, there is Matt… I can't betray him… but that's not the biggest issue, I guess…"

"You don't love him, then?" Martin asked, full of hope.

Tiffany took an instant to reflect about what was going on. Why had she removed her promise ring to go to Martin's house? Could it be that deep down she expected – perhaps even hoped – that Martin would try to make a move?

No, stop that, Tiff! Martin is, like, my only connection with my old life! He's my friend, and it totally has to stay this way! Gosh, that's the only chance I have to go back to being my old self!

"I need to go, Martin" Tiffany announced, getting up.

"What?! Why? Is it something I have said or done? Wait, Tiff! What about your gift?"

"Another time, Martin. It's late, okay? I really need to go now. No, you don't need to come with me. I know the way out. See you later" she finished, leaving the room, as Martin followed her with his eyes, deeply disappointed and sorrowful…

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A few days later…

"That's the one, Ti-Ti!" Gabriella happily giggled. "You look superb… just like a dream come true!"

"C'mon, girls! Do I really need to dress like this?" Timothy asked, checking his reflection in the full-length mirror.

"Of course, silly" Chloe said. "You lost the bet, after all, so we had the right to choose your outfit. Don't be a bad loser."

"Besides, I don't know why you're pretending to be pissed off" Alyssa smiled. "We all know just how much you love wearing flirty and cute nighties."

It was Friday night, and the girls were having a new sleepover in Timothy's bedroom. This time around, though, that there was one more guest… Kate, who had been invited by Timothy, much to Alyssa's annoyance. Yes, Alyssa was still picking on Kate whenever they were in the same room, something that Timothy had never understood why.

"Well, I have to agree that you look fabulous, Tiff" Kate stated, scanning her friend from head to toe, her eyes shining.



"Kate!" Timothy cried out, open-mouthed. "You were supposed to be on my side!" he stomped his foot, making everyone around laugh.

"I am, sweetie" Kate told him. "Trust me."

"Yeah, right" Timothy grumbled, thinking that at least once Alyssa should be happy about Kate's presence.

The outfit in question consisted of an open front red nightie that ended just about the feminized guy's butt, and had a very low-cut neckline, matching thong panties, nylons and 4-inch mule heels. His hair was tied in a loose high bun, and his face was flawless made up, with dark eyeshadow and red lipstick.

Alyssa and the other girls were also dolled up, of course, but none as much as *Tiffany*... The truth was that Timothy always felt like some kind of Barbie doll during those sleepovers.

"So, what are we gonna do now?" asked Gabriella, sitting on the bed and crossing her legs gracefully.

"I don't know... what about some game?" Chloe suggested.

"What an amazing idea, Chlo!" Alyssa exclaimed, smirking. "I know the perfect game for us to play... Truth or dare!"

"Oh, no..." Gabriella sighed, frustrated.

"What's the matter?"

"You don't know Lyss when she plays truth or dare" Chloe said.

"Yeah" Gabriella agreed. "She gets totally savage. I mean, even more savage than she normally is."

"C'mon, girls! The way you two are talking, Ti-Ti and Kate will think I'm some kind of mean and nasty girl..." Alyssa smiled cynically. "Just to teach you a lesson, I'm gonna start with you, Ella. Truth or dare?"

"Truth, I guess."

"Very well... how many guys have you slept with?"

"Lyss!" Gabriella cried out, angry.

"Well, It was you who chose truth, wasn't it? Stop bitching around."

"Fine! Two guys."

"Yeah, right" Chloe chuckled. "I'll pretend that I believe it."

"But that totally is the truth! I've slept with Jack and Sean only, who were my boyfriends at the time."

"And what about Cody and Ivan?"

"Alright, four guys then!" Gabriella admitted, blushing, making Alyssa and Chloe laugh. "But now this is my turn. Truth or dare, Chlo?"

"Truth."

"How many guys have *you* slept with?"

"Really, Ella?" Chloe rolled her eyes. "Don't you have, like, any creativity at all, girl? Whatever... Unlike you, I've *actually* slept with just two guys, Dustin and Zack. You already knew that. But I won't deny that I am in need of hooking up again soon..."

"Oh, do you have someone in mind?" Alyssa asked, her eyes full of malice.

"A few options, you know... Gavin and Ian have been following me like puppies... I know they are totally crazy about me."

"Gavin is hot" Gabriella pointed out, a finger in her lips.

"Yeah... but I laid my eyes on another guy recently."

"Who?"

"That friend of yours, Ti-Ti..." she declared, looking at Timothy. "What's his name again? Marcus, isn't it?"

"Martin" Timothy corrected her, irritated.

"Yeah, whatever" Chloe continued. "Anyway, he's a weirdo but we can't deny he has a great body. Have you girls noticed his arms? Definitely hot... What you say, Ti-Ti? Is he seeing someone? Do you think you can fix a date for us?"

Timothy was completely taken aback by that request. *How can Chlo ask me for something like this?* The feminized guy wondered, offended. *Yeah, she's, like, totally pretty and attractive, and can be nice when she tries really hard, but she doesn't even know Martin's name and keep calling him a weirdo. I'm totally sure Martin can do a lot better than Chlo! I mean, he's so sweet and handsome and funny... It's so amazing to spend time with him... Wait a minute... Oh my gosh, I'm not jealous of Martin, am I? No, of course not! Martin is my friend, and I want the best for him. That's all! But then shouldn't I be happy for Martin having the chance to go out on a date with a hot girl like Chlo, even if only for one night? Gosh, I'm soo confused!*

"Well, looks like someone wants to keep all the hot guys for herself" Chloe insinuated, raising her eyebrows.

"W-what?" Timothy cried out, afraid.

"Chlo is right, Ti-Ti, you little slut" Alyssa remarked, amused. "You shouldn't be playing with guys' hearts this way, honey, unless you want a reputation as a bad girl, of course... which I don't think is a bad idea now that I am thinking about it."

"I... I'm not playing with anyone's heart, okay?" the feminized boy exclaimed, outraged. "Martin is just a friend! Gosh, If this is so important to you, I'm gonna talk to him about you, okay, Chlo? Happy now?"

"Definitely happy" Chloe smirked. "Now enough drama. It's my turn. Truth or dare, Ti-Ti?"

"Truth" Timothy told her, crossing his arms petulantly. "What are you gonna ask me? If I love Martin or something?"

"Don't be silly, Ti-Ti. There is no need to ask something that everyone already knows the answer to" Chloe teased him. "What I really want to know is what happened the night Matt asked you to be his girlfriend, after he gave you that stunning ring of yours."

"That's it? I already told you girls what happened. We kissed a little in his car and then he took me home."

"Yeah, you already told us that" Chloe commented, checking her nails. "But now I want the truth. That's why the game is called *truth or dare*. You got the concept, right?"

"I... I don't know what you are talking about."

"Stop playing the dumb, Ti-Ti" Alyssa said. "No guy asks a girl to be his girlfriend and settles for just some little kisses at the end of the night – especially not after giving her such a fancy ring. What happened for real?"

"C'mon, girls!" Kate intervened, making Timothy sigh in relief. "If Tiff doesn't want to talk about it, we have to respect her. Are you her friend or what? When she is ready..."

"Cut the crap, Kate!" Chloe interrupted the other girl. "We totally are her friends, and that's why she can open up with us. Also, you don't need to act like a nanny around her all the time, okay? Ti-Ti is already eighteen. A woman! She can defend herself. So, Ti-Ti, are you gonna answer the question or not?"

Timothy felt the weight of all eyes on him, as everyone waited, full of expectation, for what he would say. The situation made him so nervous that he found it impossible to lie. "Fine!" he sighed. "That night things totally went a *little further* than just a few kisses. Matt's parents were out of town and he took me to his house. When I realized it, we were already in his bed. Are you girls happy now?"

"Oh my gosh!" Gabriella exclaimed, hardly containing her excitement. "What happened next?"

"He... umm... lowered the top of my dress and started playing with and sucking my breasts" Timothy told her, blushing furiously. He couldn't believe he was truly having that conversation.

"I knew it!" Chloe cried out, radiant. "Ti-Ti, your little bitch, why did you hide it from us? How did you feel then?"

"I felt... good" he simply said, feeling stupid. "At that point I had somehow ended up on him, and I began wiggling on his lap as he played with my boobs, and then..." Timothy bit his lower lip, shocked. Wasn't he going too far? He didn't know why, but once he started it, he felt unable to stop the story. "OMG, then I... I came to orgasm."

All the girls – including Kate – stared at him in speechless amazement. Timothy was already wondering if he had said something wrong or weird when the girls suddenly exploded in cheers and shrieks of delight.

"You go, girl!" Gabriella clapped.

"See? I keep telling you all that Ti-Ti isn't the innocent girl she seems to be!" Chloe laughed. "She totally knows how to get naughty when no one's looking!"

"You came without even being touched down there?" Alyssa raised an eyebrow. "Girl, you really have the hots for Matt, don't you?"

"I hadn't thought of that!" Gabriella said, looking confused. "Oh my gosh, Ti-Ti, do you still have a... you know... a penis?"

"C'mon, Gabriella!" Kate scolded the girl, just like she had done the day she introduced Timothy to Alyssa and the others. "How would you feel if people talked about your body in public like that?"

"Girl, you really know how to be a pain in the ass!" Gabriella glared at Kate. "You have it or not, Ti-Ti?"

"Y-yes, of c-course I have" Timothy stuttered.

"Wow, this is so unbelievable! I keep forgetting you are a trans. I mean, you look completely flat even when you're wearing only a thong or a bikini. Just look at you right now! Your thing must be so tiny... So good you decided to be a woman!" she giggled.

"Nobody *decides* to be a woman" Kate intervened again. "A trans person just..."

"Yeah, yeah, we already know all that" Alyssa interrupted her, annoyed. "Shut up for a second, smart-ass. So, Ti-Ti, how Matt reacted when he learned about your *little secret*?"

"Umm... he doesn't know about that yet."

"What you mean he doesn't know?" Chloe exclaimed, surprised. "He gave you an orgasm and called it a day? That's not what guys do. Didn't he try to get into your panties?"

"O-of course he tried" Timothy said, looking down. "B-but I told him to stop 'cos I wasn't read for that."

"And he just did so?"

"Well, of course I had to, like, do something for him... I felt it was the right thing to do after what... well... he did for me. So I... umm... I sucked... you know... him..." Timothy finished, in a weak whisper, almost dying of embarrassment.

"What?! You gave him a blowjob?" Alyssa cried out, astonished.

"Voice down, please!" Timothy begged her. "Gosh, did you forget where we are? But yeah, I did just that!" the feminized guy stated, feeling that any chance of being seen as a man by Kate was now completely lost.

"Oh, Ti-Ti, that's so amazing and all, but you have a big problem, girl" Chloe said, when the level of euphoria in the room finally went down a bit.

"Yeah, I see what Chlo means. Sooner or later, and I suspect it'll be sooner, you'll need to tell Matt the truth about you" Alyssa asserted.

"I've told you girls a million times!" Kate exclaimed, exasperated. "No one has an obligation to talk about their private parts unless they want to!"

"I don't think it applies when we're talking about someone a girl is sleeping with" Alyssa countered.

"Why don't you just get rid of the little thing between your legs, Ti-Ti?" Gabriella suggested. "I mean, what use can it have?"

"This is not so simple, okay?" Timothy said defensively, unconsciously taking his hands to his groin as if to protect his male parts. "The surgery is, like, totally complex, and my doctor told me that I need a few months of counseling before thinking of that."

"Are you seeing a therapist already?" Alyssa asked.

"Not yet. Dr. Rowland suggested me some names but..."

"Worry no more. I know a perfect therapist for you... an old friend of my family. But like you said, all this will take some time, so you totally need a plan to deal with Matt until then. *We* can decide it later. I'll give it some thought, and you know how wonderful I am at making plans. For now, let's just resume the game."

And so they did. Over the next hour, Timothy was forced to answer many other embarrassing questions, but the biggest drama of the night was yet to come... something that Timothy couldn't have imagined even in his wildest dreams...

"It's my turn again" Alyssa said, with a mischievous smile. "I guess I'll go with you this time around, Kate, *honey*... Truth or dare?"

"Dare" Kate answered, with a defiant look on her face.

"Oh, a bold choice! I like that. Very well, I dare you to kiss Ti-Ti right here, right now... But not a little peck or something... I want a big French kiss!"

Everyone looked at Alyssa with a puzzled expression, as if they didn't understand what they had heard. "Now you've gone too far" Kate said, outraged. "That's not funny."

"Who said I was trying to be funny?" Alyssa shot back, crossing her arms. "You chose dare, and I challenged you. Isn't that what this game is about?"

"Yeah, but you crossed the line. Also, you can't involve other people in the challenge."

"Says who? Was it you who created the game? Don't be such a party pooper, darling. I'm just doing you two a favor, anyway..."

"Oh, really?"

"Of course! Ti-Ti said she's never kissed a girl. She definitely should try it at least once before getting her stuff cut out. Sure, she could do much better than you, but oh well! And talking about you... Don't you think you've been a little too protective towards Ti-Ti? Maybe you see her as more than just a friend, and want to have some action with her..."

"I didn't think you would go so low, Alyssa, implying stuff like that. I've been playing fair so far, but I know things about you I'm sure you wouldn't like your *besties* to learn about."

"Are you threatening me?" Alyssa asked, with cold killer eyes. The tension in the room was palpable.

"Umm... Kate" Timothy said hesitantly, making everyone look at him again. "That's okay. Don't get angry, please. We can, like, just do what Alyssa wants and get it over with."

"What?! No, you don't need to do that, Tiff! Don't let Alyssa gets in your head! It was a mistake introducing you to her. I thought she might have matured a bit after all those years, but I see I was wrong."

Timothy felt his hands sweating as his breathing grew faster. He had spent the past few days thinking he needed an opportunity to kiss a girl, and now he had his chance. "You know her, Kate. She just wants to piss you off, and tease me" the feminized guy continued, in a whisper that only Kate could

hear. "But if we just, like, do *the thing*, as if it were no big deal, it'll be she who will get totally bitter. I mean, unless the idea of kissing me gross you out..."

"You don't gross me out, Tiff, Don't say that! You're the sweetest person I've ever met, but..."

"Gosh, then let's just do that, okay? Lyss needs to learn a lesson."

"Are you sure?"

"T-totally sure..." the feminized guy claimed, not looking so convincing as he shook from head to toe...

"So, are you two going to kiss or not?" Alyssa asked, impatient.

Timothy and Kate ignored the question, and got even closer to each other. Unlike Timothy, Kate was wearing a very casual outfit, consisting of a white tank top and baggy flannel pants. Timothy once again experienced that oppressive emasculating feeling with the fact that none of the girls looked as girly as he did. It was weird to think that he was going to kiss a girl for the first time dressed like that. Standing in front of each other, Timothy and Kate smiled awkwardly, not knowing where to put their hands.

"Oh, just look at them! They are so shy... isn't it the cutest scene ever?" Gabriella exclaimed, giggling, which made Timothy and Kate even more embarrassed.

"Maybe if we turn the lights down a little they will get more at ease" Chloe said, turning off the chandelier lights. The only lighting now was coming from the night sky and from the closet, whose door was open.

Realizing that Timothy was showing no sign that he would take the initiative, and looked as nervous as if he were about to pass out, Kate put a hand on his face and whispered, "Let's get this over with, okay?"

Holding Timothy's face gently but tightly, she closed her eyes and brought her face closer, making the feminized guy shiver. That was it... the kiss was about to happen and there was no turning back now.

The instant he closed his eyes, he felt Kate's lips touching his own. It felt... different. Timothy was so used to being kissed by Matt that this new experience was strange at first. Both of them were wearing lipstick, after all, and Kate's kiss was a lot more tender and delicate than Matt's.

Only then Timothy realized that his hands were still loose at his sides, so he put them around Kate's waist, making their bodies so close together that Timothy felt his big boobs touching hers, which also felt a little strange.



However, the most awkward moment was when Kate opened her mouth, forcing Timothy to do the same. For a instant, neither of them invaded the other's mouth with their tongue, making the feminized guy confused – He was so used with the confident and assertive way Matt always kissed him that he didn't know what to do in those new circumstances.

Wake up, Tiff, you're supposed to be the man here, girl! He told himself, distressed. *Kate totally is, like, expecting you to do something!*

But his attempts to work his tongue inside Kate's mouth were not exactly successful, as he had no idea on how to do that, and almost ended up licking her face. Once again, it was up to Kate to fix the situation, taking the lead and imposing the rhythm of the kiss, while Timothy returned to his familiar passive role.

It worked like a charm and the kiss gained momentum, with Kate exploring the feminized guy's mouth with more and more passion. Timothy started enjoying it, even forgetting the strangeness of having his body stuck together to another one that was equally delicate and feminine... He was definitely getting aroused.

Oh my gosh, I can't believe it! He thought, thrilled. *I can't believe I'm truly kissing Kate! Okay, maybe being kissed is the right way to put it, but whatever! I dreamed of this for so long... And I'm loving it, right? Of course you are, Tiff! Just shut up and enjoy it! I knew I was into girl. I was right all the way long... But am I enjoying it as much as I like being kissed by Matt?* He wondered, as Kate kissed him deeper and deeper. For someone who was so reluctant about the whole thing before, Kate seemed really excited now. *Oh my gosh, I don't know! Geez, I'm totally getting confused again... Stop that, Tiff! You totally are overthinking it! But... should I really be kissing Kate? I mean, I'm Matt's girlfriend... Am I not kind of cheating on him? But I... I never wanted to be his girlfriend... right? It just happened. But I accepted the ring...*

With so much on his mind, Timothy got distressed to a point where he could no longer enjoy what was going on. The final blow was when he heard a phone taking a picture, which made him break the kiss so suddenly that it sounded like a sink plunger.

"What you think you're doing, Lyss?" he demanded to know, startled.

"Don't get your panties in a bunch, Ti-Ti!" Alyssa replied, still holding her phone. "I just took a picture so that we can always remember this *lovely* moment. I'm not sharing it with anyone, though. Your boyfriend you never know how naughty you can get during our little sleepovers" she stated, making Gabriella and Chloe giggle. "But who knows... Maybe he would love to learn about that... You and Kate really put out a good show..."

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About two weeks later...

"That's it, Ti-Ti, now raise your hands and shake your pom poms, just like I taught you... Move your hips to the left and keep your legs straight... Why aren't you smiling, girl? Geez, I told you a million times to smile all the time!"

Timothy had finally agreed to take part in the tryouts to choose the new school cheerleaders, and Alyssa had then insisted he should take daily classes taught by her in order to learn what she put as *some basic moves and routines*. However, the so-called basic routines seemed way advanced to Timothy (despite his natural talent for dancing), and Alyssa proved to be as demanding a teacher as Mr. Smith, the feminized guy's former basketball coach.

"I'm trying, Lyss!" he cried out, grinding his teeth. "But that's, like, totally impossible to remember to smile when I have to do so many moves at the same time!"

"You need to step your game up, girl! The tryouts are just ten days away! Gosh, time is totally flying... I know you're neither the brightest girl in the world nor particularly good at multitasking, but I'm not asking you to solve quantum physics problems or something, okay? Just remember to smile and look pretty while you dance. This is not too much; looking pretty is, like, your superpower, after all..."

Timothy really hated it when Alyssa treated him as if he were some brainless bimbo who had no talent or skills but being an eye candy. Still, in her bitchy, twisted way, he truly believed she cared about him. He also knew that without her help, his life at school as a girl would be even tougher. Finally, there was the fact that he believed Alyssa had been treated her entire life by her mother the same way Susan treated *Tiffany*. It made Timothy sympathize a lot more with the girl.

As expected, Timothy had accepted taking part in the tryouts just to please Alyssa. However, the last thing he wanted was to become a cheerleader, even if just for a few games, since the semester was already coming to an end.

That was why he had a secret plan...

Timothy was determined to do his best during those daily classes, just to show Alyssa that he was really committed to joining the squad, but he would make a lot of mistakes in the tryouts, having the excuse that it had happened because he was too nervous.

He felt kind of bad about deceiving Alyssa like that, but there was a limit to what one should do to please a friend. As he didn't really intend to become a cheerleader, he also knew those classes were a waste of time, but that had been the best plan he had been able to come up with.

"So, how's our little butterfly doing today? Is she ready for the tryouts already?" asked Chloe, entering the dance classroom with Gabriella.

"Not yet" Alyssa stated, frowning. "But we'll get there, not matter what, right, Ti-Ti?" she added, with a scary expression.

"She looks cute at least" Gabriella said, giggling. "With such a killer body, they might let her join even if she just stands there holding her pom poms."



Timothy was wearing a hot pink yoga suit with an open mid section and a very low cut neckline, making his sexy figure looks irresistible, as pointed out by Gabriella. His hair was tied in a ponytail and his makeup was light, but flattering.

"You know it won't be like that, Ella!" Alyssa snapped impatiently. "Don't forget that Abigail has the last word on which girls will pass, and that bitch won't let a friend of mine join the squad unless Ti-Ti is perfect! Do you understand how serious it is, Ti-Ti?"

"Sure, Lyss" Timothy sighed.

"Then, to start with, you need to remember to..."

"Always smile and look pretty. Yeah, I totally got the idea. Could we take a little break, though? Gosh, my legs are killing me."

"Alright. You can rest for five minutes, but not a second longer!" Alyssa said, sounding pretty much like Timothy's father.

"So, how was your date yesterday, Ti-Ti?" Chloe asked, sitting on a bench nearby. "Matt took you out, didn't he?"

"It was... okay" said Timothy, cautiously.

"Just okay?" Alyssa raised her eyebrows. "I had forgotten about your date... So, did you follow my advice?"

"We didn't get so far last night, okay?" the feminized guy cried out, blushing. "Matt's parents are back in town so he didn't take me to his house."

Timothy shuddered just remembering what Alyssa's advice on his issue had been. About a week before, she had told *Tiffany* that if she really wanted to keep hiding her *little secret* from Matt, she should tell him she was saving her virginity for marriage, but he could have some fun at her *back door*.

"Trust me, he will be totally thrilled to hear so" Alyssa assured him at the time. "Few things turn on a guy more than that. Just make sure you have plenty of lubricant at hand."

Timothy was so shocked to hear such a suggestion that he had no reaction. How could Alyssa address such a delicate matter so casually? All he knew was that it was something he would never do... ever!

But he hadn't been completely honest about his date the night before. It was true that Matt's parents were back in town so the guy hadn't taken Timothy to his house. However, it hadn't stopped Matt from trying to get into his *girlfriend*'s panties, this time inside his car. Once again, *Tiffany* needed to use *her* mouth to calm him down. Timothy had done it three times already, and what tormented him

the most was that he always got aroused with Matt that he enjoyed every bit of it. It was getting impossible to convince himself he truly was a straight guy.

But there was Kate... Yes, it was true he had loved being kissed by the girl – another thing he was grateful to Alyssa for, since without her intervention it would never have happened. However, Kate had been acting strangely after that sleepover night, barely answering Timothy's texts and avoiding him at school.

It made Timothy distressed and confused. Could Kate be angry at him because of the kiss?

That way, besides Alyssa and the girls, Martin was the only friend Timothy had to hang out with these days, although he didn't return to guy's house after what had happened there last time. They had reached a silent agreement not to mention the fact that they had almost kissed, as well, and their friendship now was almost like old times, despite some awkward moments.

Yeah... Martin is being, like, totally sweet! Gosh, I love the way he smiles when he sees me... It totally warms my heart... B-but just as a friend! Yes, he's just my friend, and it will never change! Now I wonder what's the matter with Kate... OMG, why is there so much drama around me these days?

"What about Dr. Hoffman? Are you enjoying the sessions?" Alyssa asked.

Dr. Hoffman was the therapist that the girl had mentioned during the last sleepover at Timothy's house, and, in the feminized guy's opinion, he was nothing more than a big charlatan. Timothy wouldn't even have went to his office had it not been for the fact that Susan almost dragged him there.

"Don't be ungrateful, young lady!" the woman scolded her stepson, on the day of the first session. "Alyssa went to the trouble of scheduling an appointment for you, and even said the sessions are already paid, as a gift. I did some research and found out that Dr. Hoffman is a highly sought-after professional. His fees aren't cheap, you know. Alyssa is a true friend, there is no doubt about that. Fearing you could get cold feet about the whole thing, she called asking me to make sure you go to the session. She knows how important it is for your transition"

"Gosh, how many times do I have to tell you that I don't want to transition into a girl, Mom?"

"That's what you keep saying..." Susan smirked. "But as I told you before, you need to bear the consequences of your actions, sweetie. You were the one who *begged* to be treated like a girl, and for all intents and purposes, you truly are transitioning into a female. That's what your friends think. And who can blame them? You're just a natural, doll, and I find it hard to believe that you aren't enjoying being Tiffany, even if just a little bit."

"You know I totally hate it!" Timothy stamped his foot, pouting.

"Oh, really? What about your dates? You seem to be getting along pretty well with your *boyfriend*. I still wonder what you two do when you get home so late..."

"I already told you that we just talk!"

"Sure, because talking is all a young man wants from a date."

"Alright, he kisses me once in a while" Timothy admitted, blushing furiously. "You already knew that! But I only let him do so when I have no choice, and we've never gone further than that!" the feminized guy lied – the last thing he wanted was for his stepmother to learn what he had been doing with his mouth when he was alone with Matt.

"I still think you're hiding something, sweetie" Susan pointed out, as if she were reading Timothy's mind. "I suppose you're in that phase where girls like to hide things from their moms. But you know you are being silly, right, princess? I'm just concerned about your well-being and safety. Have you told Matthew that you are *slightly different* from the other girls yet?"

"I'm not a girl, Mom" Timothy grumbled.

"Stop acting like a baby, Tiffany! You definitely *are* a girl, at least for the time being, and it was you who chose to live like that. You should be honest with Matthew. He's a good boy and it's clear that he's crazy about you. I think he'll accept you like you are. Even so, you should address this issue when you two are in public, just in case he reacts badly in a first moment; or you could do this here at home. I could stand by you while you explain everything to him, honey. Wouldn't that be perfect?"

"W-what? I really don't know what's, like, wrong with you these days, Mom! Forget about it, okay?" Timothy cried out, distressed. Susan acting and talking like he was going to remain a girl indefinitely always drove him mad.

"Already, sweetie" Susan sighed. "All in good time, right? But I see that Alyssa is right. A bit of counseling will do wonders for you. Get changed and do your makeup. We don't have much time."

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It didn't take long for Timothy to understand why Dr. Hoffman was so popular. It seemed clear to the feminized guy that the therapist was there just to say whatever he believed his patients wanted to hear – with a few touches of pseudoscience here and there – which was just perfect for spoiled rich people, who not only believed but were sure that the world revolved around them. The man was in his forties; his copper-colored hair was combed back, revealing his broad forehead; his face was narrow and thin, with a big goatee, and small round glasses over his too-far-apart eyes.

"Yes, Ms. Foster, I definitely think you're doing the right thing in transitioning to a female" he told Timothy during the first session. "As soon as you stepped into this office and I laid my eyes on you, I

could see an intense feminine aura in you. I'm not talking about your appearance, though, but the energy you emanate. You would certainly be unhappy pretending to be a male since this is against your deepest nature. I'd even be willing to give you a psychological report stating that you are ready for your sex reassignment surgery right now, but unfortunately the medical community and the state isn't so open-minded, so you'll need a few months of counseling before that. I also have to say that you have been a very brave young woman for pursuing what is right for you. Not everyone has the courage to do so. You should be proud of yourself. Yes, I can see a bright future ahead of you, as a joyful and fulfilled woman, with a loving husband and children..."

What a joke! Timothy thought, fuming, as he left Dr. Hoffman's office, stomping firmly on each step despite the fact he was wearing high heels. *Gosh, Is that weird guy really an accredited therapist? This is totally unbelievable!*

However, when Alyssa asked about the sessions during the break in the cheerleading lesson, he told her a quite different story, perhaps believing that if the girl was happy, she would take it easy on him in the class.

"Oh, he's, like, totally amazing! The sessions are helping me a lot!"

"I'm glad to hear so, Ti-Ti" Alyssa smiled. "See? You should listen to me more often. I know what's good for you."

"Has he given you permission to cut the little thing between your legs and get a real pussy?" Gabriella asked.

"Not yet. He said this will still take a few months."

"Gosh, this is bullshit!" Chloe exclaimed, angry. "What else do people need to see to understand that you are meant to be a woman?"

"I know, right?" Timothy sighed, pretending he was frustrated. "I just can hardly wait to be a full female..." he finished, shivering – Even knowing it was a lie, it was still disturbing to hear those words coming out of his own painted pink lips.

"You'll get there, darling" Alyssa told him. "I'll make sure of that. But now, enough talking! We have work to do."

"But Lyss..."

"No buts, Missy! The break is over."

Annoyed, Timothy got to his feet, but they had barely started again when they heard a knock on the door. Turning his neck, Timothy looked back to see who was coming.



"Kate!" he exclaimed, surprised. Yes, it was Kate who entered the dance classroom, looking strangely embarrassed and nervous.

"Umm... hi, Tiff" the girl said, without looking Timothy in the eye.

"What do you want?" Alyssa asked, harshly. "Don't you see that we are busy here? But let me guess... I bet you came because you want more of Ti-Ti's sweet lips... I haven't forgotten the show you two put out that night" she finished, maliciously, making Gabriella and Chloe laugh.

"What if I came exactly because of that?" Kate snapped back, with a sudden fury. "Are you jealous by chance, Alyssa?"

The two girls faced each other as if they were ready to kill, and Chloe and Gabriella looked from one to the other nervously, not knowing what to do.

"Calm down, girls, please" Timothy intervened, startled, standing between the two of them. "We're, like, all friends, remember? Let Kate speak, Lyss."

"I... umm..." Kate started, finally looking at Timothy, which made her blush deeply. What did that mean? The feminized guy once again felt immensely confused. "I read your message that you were going to take part in the tryouts to choose the new cheerleaders and that Alyssa was going to give you some private lessons. Sorry I didn't answer you. It's just... well, in any case, I came to say that I want to join you. I want to take part in the tryouts, as well."

Kate, Gabriella and Chloe looked at each other as if they haven't understood what they had just heard.

"You... a cheerleader...?!" Alyssa said slowly, with as much incredulity as if Kate were saying that she was going to swim across the Pacific Ocean. "This idea is..."

"Fabulous!" Timothy cried out, clapping and jumping. "Oh, Kate, this is, like, the best idea ever! It will be, like, so much easier to go through all this with you with me!" and then, after a moment of hesitation, he stepped forward and hugged the girl.

Alyssa watched the whole scene looking shocked. "May I ask where did this sudden desire to be a cheerleader came from, *honey*?" she finally asked, in a cold, dangerous voice.

"Well, it's not like I'm really itching to join the squad. But if that's what Tiff wants to do, I feel like I should be by her side, supporting her. That's what friends are supposed to do, and she is my best friend. Who knows... it might even be fun."

"Oh, it will be totally superb! OMG, I know it will!" Timothy keep squealing excitedly, talking so quickly that it was difficult to follow him.

"But I obviously have no idea how to be a cheerleader. So I would like to know if I can take part in your lessons, Lyss."

"Oh, really?" Alyssa said, mockingly. "Now you want me to teach you? You?! Why would I ever do that?"

"'Cause I am begging you, Lyss" Timothy stated, with sad puppy eyes. "Please, don't be like that. I think this will be marvelous for all of us!"

After a moment of reflection, Alyssa finally gave in, "Fine, I'll teach you, Kate, *darling*."

"Yaaay!" Timothy cried out, shaking his pom poms, and for the first time smiling widely as Alyssa had told him to do countless times.

"However... you need to remember that I am the authority in this room, so you need to do whatever I say! Did you bring any gym clothes? Go get changed and be back here in five minutes. What are you waiting for? I said *now*!"

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About a week later...

"It's about time!" Richard growled at the man who approached his table, placed in a distant corner of the decrepit and dirty pub. "Why are you so late?"

"I had some last-minute details to sort out" Gary Smith answered, sitting down. "Holy shit! Are you okay, man? You look like crap."

It was undeniable that Richard had changed a lot in the last few weeks. The man had lost even more weight, to the point where his body looked extremely fragile and weak. His old red flannel shirt, which in the past highlighted the muscles of his strong body, now looked very loose-fitting, almost as if it were actually a sheet wrapped around his body. His face was sucked in, with large dark circles under his eyes, indicating that he hadn't been sleeping well, and dark spots everywhere.

"Why do you fucking care how I look?" Richard gritted his teeth. "Are you turning into a faggot, too?"

"Do you remember that I'm here to help your ungrateful ass, right, buddy?" Gary pointed out, glaring at the other man. "I would be more careful with my words if I were you."

"What the fuck you want me to say?" Richard sighed. "Look, you know how much I appreciate your help, but keep in mind that my life has been a living hell for a very long time, so don't expect me to say sweet words right now. I won't have peace until I make that damn boy suffer – suffer for real, like all sissies deserve. So, do you have good news or not?"

"Not only good, buddy... I have fucking amazing news!" Gary stated, rubbing his hands. "Everything will start tomorrow... However, before anything else, I need to make sure that this is what you really want."

"Do you still have doubts?"

"Well, you know that after we're done with him, your son will be damned for life, right? There will be no turning back for him."

"And it serves him just damn well!" Richard raged, punching the table. "Just do your thing, okay? The sissy boy looked for it, and now he will get what he deserves. That's all I need now... sweet and full revenge..."

The next day...

Timothy was enjoying the pleasant warmth of the late afternoon sun as he walked through a beautiful park eating a delicious strawberry ice cream, his favorite one. He just couldn't think of a better way to end that glorious day...

"I still can't believe that guy didn't have curry ice cream" complained Martin at his side, who in the end had been forced to settle for chocolate flavor instead.

"You know that curry ice cream isn't a thing, right?" Timothy pointed out, with an amused expression.

"What are you even talking about, Tiff?" martin asked, as incredulous as if his friend were saying that the sky was actually purple. "I had curry ice cream just last week!"

"Yeah, sure you had" Timothy giggled.

"...or was it a coconut one? Now I'm not so sure anymore."

"Gosh, the way your mind works is totally a mystery to me!" Timothy exclaimed, laughing so hard that he dropped some ice cream on his own face.

"Laugh as much as you want, Missy" Martin said, gently wiping the ice cream off his friend's lips with his thumb. "When you taste curry ice cream, though, you'll see that this is the best one ever!"

"Geez, I just can't wait!" Timothy teased the guy, showing him his tongue.

"So, what about the cheerleading tryouts?" Martin asked, as they sat on a bench in front of a big lake, which reflected the sun's rays in a dazzling way. "They took place today, right? Do you think you did well?"

"Not really" Timothy shrugged. "Gosh, I got so nervous that I'm messed up everything. It totally was like I had two left feet; all my moves were wrong, even after so much training. The results have yet to be announced, but I totally doubt I passed."



"Oh, Tiff, I'm so sorry" Martin said, stroking his friend's back. "It's normal to be nervous during a test, you know... don't you think you could have a second chance? I'm sure you would be a brilliant cheerleader!"

"Brilliant?" Timothy giggled again. "Aren't you such a gallant young man? Anyway, nah, I don't think I'll have a second chance. You know the cheerleader captain is Mr. Smith's niece, right? She acts pretty much like her uncle, and I think she hated me as much as he used to do when I was part of the basketball team. But that's okay. I was kinda doing it just to please Lyss, anyway... I've never been that interested in being a cheerleader."

Timothy's plan for that day had worked like a charm. He had indeed messed up everything at the cheerleading tryouts, but not because he was too nervous – he actually did all this on purpose, as part of his strategy to avoid being chosen as one of the new cheerleaders. Alyssa wasn't the least bit satisfied at the end of the whole thing, but she couldn't accuse him of not even trying.

"I'm so, *sooo* sorry, Lyss!" he told her after the tryouts. "I really tried my best, but I don't know what happened... my mind was a blur and I couldn't do anything right. I guess you're, like, totally right... Gosh, I can be such an airhead sometimes!"

Kate, on the other hand, performed very well. Ironic as it was, she was the one who had a good chance of joining the squad.

As Timothy had predicted before, the only good part of that week of intense cheerleading training was that he spent a lot of time with Kate. Everything was fine between them again, although Kate hadn't yet explained why she had spent so many days without talking to him, and she was also acting like their kiss had never happened.

Timothy was still unsure what to think on the matter, and hadn't had a chance to talk to Kate alone during the week since Alyssa and the other girls were around all the time. But for now, he was just happy they were talking to each other again, something he thought that was a good sign.

"I'm sorry, anyway" Martin repeated, still stroking Timothy's back. "All I can say is that it would be amazing to have you as a cheerleader in one of our games, if you wanted so, of course."

They stood in silence for a while, admiring the view and eating their ice cream. Timothy was feeling at peace, and completely comfortable about everything that was going on... This wasn't just about being successful in his plan to avoid becoming a cheerleader, or the fact that he and Kate were in good terms again, though...

Slowly, he realized just how much he was enjoying the time he was spending with Martin – Enjoying in a way he hadn't expected before. He definitely liked the way the guy touched his face to wipe the ice cream off his lips... and how he was stroking his delicate back as they enjoyed the sunset view, sitting close together...

Martin was so loving and caring that it was hard for Timothy not to get carried on, almost forgetting who he actually was. Now that he was thinking about it, why hadn't he bothered to correct the ice cream man when he referred to *Tiffany* as Martin's girlfriend? At the time, it just felt like something silly and unimportant. Why make a scene out of something so small? But now he wondered if there was something else going on...

Gosh, it would be, like, totally amazing if Matt could take me out to do simple stuff like eating ice cream in a park... With him, I always feel like a Bond girl in a 007 movie, with a new surprise every minute... I won't deny this was kinda exciting at first... which girl wouldn't feel like that, right? But this is totally getting old pretty fast...

That afternoon, unlike his dates with Matt, Timothy was wearing a very casual outfit, consisting of a flowery summer dress and pink flats. His hair was tied in a high ponytail, and his makeup was subtle yet flattering.

But the question is... Is it Matt who I really want to, like, have this kind of date with? Because the way I feel right now... I haven't ever felt it with Matt... Wait, what are you even thinking about, Tiffany, you airhead? I'm not on a date! Martin and I can't be on a date! We are, like, just two friends hanging out... That's all! Geez, I totally need to get these crazy ideas out of my head! I can believe I'm seriously wondering about which guy I would prefer to date!

He then remembered something from a few weeks earlier, and started talking without even thinking about what he was doing. "Are you seeing someone, Martin?"

"Not right now, but I saw a woman with a stroller a few minutes ago. Why?"

"What? No, stop being silly! Gosh, what's the matter with you? What I want to know is if you're going out with some girl!"

"Oh, that..." Martin said, looking anxious. "N-no, I'm not going out with anyone. Why are you asking me that?"

"Well, you know my friend Chloe, right? The cheerleader? She told me she thinks you are, like, totally cute and all! Pretty amazing, huh? I mean, Chloe is such a beautiful girl... So, what you say? Would you like to take her out one of these days?"

What's he gonna say? What's he gonna say? Timothy wondered, biting his lower lip. *Gosh, it would be so fabulous if Martin started seeing someone... This way I would understand once and for all that he's just a friend... But then why am I so freaking afraid of what he's going to answer?*

"Umm... I'm sorry, Tiff" Martin said, scratching the back of his neck. "She's definitely pretty, but I don't think we have much in common. I guess it wouldn't work out."

"No problem. That was just an idea, okay?" Timothy assured his friend, experiencing a deep, inexplicable sense of relief.

The two of them remained in an awkward silence for a while. But then, suddenly, Martin smiled triumphantly, and stood up in a jump.

"What's going on?" Timothy asked, surprised.

"Oh, I keep forgetting something important! I have a gift for you, Tiff... A fantastic gift, modesty aside! I think I mentioned it already, didn't I? Anyway, it isn't here right now, but if you..." before he could finish, though, Timothy's phone started ringing.

"It's Lyss" said Timothy, checking the display. "Just a minute, Martin. Let me see what she wants" the feminized guy then answered the call, and little by little the color disappeared from his face. "Take it easy, Lyss, you're not making sense... t-the tryouts? But I... it makes no... w-what? Beauty contest... gosh, how is that even... reporter? What are you, like, even talking about?! Okay, I'm going... Yeah, just give me twenty minutes and I'll be there, okay? Bye."

"What's wrong, Tiff?" Martin asked, concerned.

"Sorry, Martin, I gotta go" Timothy simply said, putting his phone back in his purse.

"But..."

"There's something really crazy going on, Martin! Don't worry, I'll explain everything later, okay? I promise you! But now I really have to go. See you..." he then gave his friend a little peck on the cheek, without even realizing he was doing so, and hurriedly walked away. Martin just stood there, touching his face, trying to make some sense of what had just happened...

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"Oh my gosh, you made it! Congrats, girl, you're in the squad!" Alyssa cried out when Timothy arrived at her house, hugging him tightly. The feminized guy didn't remember seeing her so happy before. Chloe and Gabriella were also there, looking equally ecstatic.

"W-wait, Lyss. What are you talking about?" Timothy asked, almost out of breath with the girl squeezing him so hard. "I totally sucked at the tryouts! How can I have been chosen? It makes no sense!"

"Well, the level of the girls wasn't that high, you know" Gabriella commented. "I guess it helped."

"Also, Abigail was telling people she couldn't let the opportunity of having a trans girl in the squad go by" Chloe said. "That's like free advertising for the squad, right? Everyone will get curious about a trans cheerleader. I think that's why she chose you even hating all of us."

"But regardless of all that" Alyssa intervened. "We all know that you have the potential to be an amazing cheerleader, Ti-Ti. You just got nervous during the tryouts. That's all! With a little more training, you'll see how good you are going to get. Yes, now that you are in the squad, I'll keep giving you private lessons, in addition to the regular cheerleader training. Oh, girl, this is *soo* fantastic! I'm in such a good mood that even Kate is welcome if she wants to keep attending my classes."

"Kate? Why would she want to do that?" Timothy asked, holding his breath.

"Oh, didn't I mention?" Alyssa said, sounding indifferent. "She was the other girl chosen to join the squad. There were two spots, remember? I guess it proves just how fabulous a tutor I am, right? My two pupils passed. Who knew I was going to turn someone as clumsy and stiff as Kate into a

cheerleader?" she added, full of herself. "But this is not the only issue we have to deal with now... So, you decided to steal my title of Miss Charming without even caring to inform me, didn't you, you little bitch?"

"W-what?" Timothy stammered, aghast. "What the heck is that now?"

"Stop playing dumb with me, Ti-Ti. I know very well you signed up for this year's contest."

"Lyss, I would never..."

"Don't get your thongs in a bunch, girl. I was just teasing you, okay? I'm not mad about it, but yeah, you totally should have told me that you wanted to take part in the contest."

"Have you lost your mind, Lyss? Gosh, I'm telling you that I haven't signed up for any contest!" Timothy stamped his foot, frustrated

"Oh, really? So whose signature is that?" Alyssa asked, sticking her phone in Timothy's face. The screen showed a picture of an application form, and the name Tiffany Rose Foster - signed in a handwriting identical to the one Timothy had been trained to use since he started living as a girl - was at the top of it.

"I... I don't understand!" Timothy cried out, getting more and more distressed. "Someone is clearly trying to set me up!"

"Yeah, sure..." Chloe rolled her eyes. "Next you're gonna say it wasn't you who made that post on Instagram, right?"

"Post? What post?"

Timothy had never been very active on Instagram, and, as soon as he started living as a girl, he even had temporarily disabled his account, as the last thing was photos of *Tiffany* on internet. Despite all the insistence of Alyssa and the other girls, who kept saying that a girl like Ti-Ti had an *obligation* to be active on social media, Timothy had remained firm in his resolve during all this time.

However, to his utter horror, when he picked up his phone, he saw that not only his account was only active again, but there was also a new post from a few hours earlier, with a photo showing Timothy's before and after transformation, and a caption that spoke about how happy *Tiffany* was to finally be living as her true self, and emphasized her ambition to take part of the "Miss Charming" beauty contest, something she dreamed of since she was a little girl trapped in a boy's body, yearning for a day when she would have the chance to wear those girly, colorful dresses, and feel pretty and feminine.



Timothy was so shocked when he finished reading it that he had no reaction. How was that even possible? Who could have hacked his account to write such a nonsense? What was he going to do now? The post already had over two hundred likes, something unthinkable for Timothy in the past.

"I... I don't know what to say, girls" he babbled, stunned. "B-but it wasn't me who..."

"There's no need to say anything, doll" stated Alyssa, and before Timothy realized it, the girl was hugging him again. "You just should have mentioned how you felt about this whole thing before. We're *best friends forever*, remember? I guess you were scared of how I would react to knowing that you dreamed of taking part in the constest, since it meant that you would compete against me, right? You were being silly, Ti-Ti. After I learned that this is so important to you, I withdrew my entry, and I'll do everything in my power to make sure you win the competition! You're going to be the new Miss Charming, honey. I promise you that!"

"N-no, Lyss! You can't do that!" Timothy cried out, wide-eyed with fear. "I m-mean, the contest has always been so important to you... You can't give up because of me!"



"I've already won this twice, darling. It was getting kinda of boring, anyway."

"B-but your mom..."

"She has to understand that I'm already eighteen! She can no longer control my life, and I won't go back on my decision."

"And guess what?" Gabriella said, smiling. "I think you already have some advantage in the contest, girl. People can't stop talking about you!"

"W-what do you mean?"

"There was a local newspaper reporter near school this afternoon interviewing people" Gabriella explained. "Did you know you are going to be one of the first trans people in America to take part in a beauty contest that used to be exclusive for cis girls? That's what he was telling everyone."

She then showed Timothy the story on the newspaper's website, and the feminized guy almost passed out. There was a big picture of him under the headline: *Young transgender woman takes part in "Miss Charming" beauty contest for the first time in history*, and he noticed that the story had already been shared over three hundred times on social media.

It was too much for the poor guy. He felt a lump in his throat as he tried to think of a way to escape that mess. Now that the story was on internet, he feared that it would spread not only in his town, but throughout the state; perhaps even further. Hadn't the reporter said he was one of the first trans people to take part in a contest like that?

But I didn't sign up in the contest! He thought, desperate. *And I didn't write that post on Instagram either! Who is behind all this? I don't think this is Lyss and the girls. They look totally surprised, just like me. But who then? Oh my gosh, I am totally screwed!*

The next morning…

"Wake up, sweetheart. You need to get up now or you will be late for school, and you don't want to be late today, right? Remember you have your first training session as a cheerleader. Isn't it exciting?"

Timothy woke up slowly, feeling dizzy and confused, and barely processing his stepmother's words. The woman's voice seemed to be coming from far away, as if she were on the other side of a tunnel, even though she was standing right beside his bed. Susan had mentioned something about that being a special day, but Timothy had no idea what she was talking about. As far as the boy was aware, it would be a day like any other. He would just get up, take a quick shower, put on the first pair of jeans he could find, and go to school… Pretty ordinary stuff… Maybe, just maybe, he would finally build up the courage to ask Kate out…

He then wondered why he was so tired, and having such a hard time trying to open his eyes. Had he had a bad night's sleep? Now that he was thinking about it, he thought so. He had vague memories of a nightmare in which he was forced to live like a girl… not just any girl, though, but the girliest one in the world – almost like a living Barbie doll. As if that weren't enough, he had been chosen to join the cheerleader squad, and would participate in the most famous local beauty contest… Oh, and he had a boyfriend!

Now that had been a crazy nightmare. Timothy couldn't wait to see Martin and tell him all this crap. They would certainly laugh their heads off… Martin… Timothy didn't know why, but he felt butterflies in his stomach when he thought of his friend. It was so weird…

"Are you even listening to me, princess?" Susan insisted, opening the curtains. The sun bothered Timothy's eyes, even though they were still closed. "There is no time. You need to get up now."

"Okay, I got it…" Timothy moaned, astonished at how high his voice sounded. *Oh my gosh, what is, like, going on here?* He wondered, getting more and more confused. *Wait… has Susan just called princess? Gosh, I totally think she did so! But why? Is she trying to be funny or something?*

Timothy then scratched his eyes, and got surprised when one of his nails poked his face. "Ouch!" he squeaked, once again sounding extremely girly. Feeling distressed and scared, the boy finally opened

his eyes. It took him some time to get used to the morning light; as his vision slowly came into focus, he looked at his own hand in horror.

OMG, why do I have long pink nails?

And it wasn't all. Just like his nails, almost everything around him was pink, from the comforter over his body to the embroidered curtains and walls. He then tried to lift his upper body, and felt something very heavy in his chest. Looking down, he let out another squeak of awe. He somehow had big, perfect boobs, which looked incredibly tempting in the little lace pink nightie he was wearing.

It was when Timothy's mind finally woke up, and he remembered everything. Living as a girly girl hadn't been just a nightmare... it was his life – *real life* – now, and he had indeed been chosen to join the cheerleader squad, had been signed up in a beauty contest, and had a boyfriend. All of that was true, however absurd and surreal it sounded.



That hadn't been the first time Timothy had forgotten about his current situation in the morning, but it had never happened so intensely before. For a few minutes, he was truly convinced that he was still

just an ordinary guy, and that Tiffany had never existed, except in a strange nightmare. The shock he felt as he remembered the truth was such that he found himself sweating and breathing fast, his big boobs going up and down wildly.

"Oh, I see that the *sleeping beauty* has finally awakened" Susan teased her feminized stepson, smiling. "How are you feeling, doll? I didn't see you last night."

"I came straight to my room when I arrived, and I didn't see you on the way... Anyway, we need to talk about something important, Mom. I totally need your help! Like, *really*!"

"Of course, sweetie. You know I can do anything for my baby girl! Let me guess... you want me to prepare a nice bath for you, and then help you choose a pretty outfit for the day, right? I know today is a special day for you..."

"No, this is not it! Why do you keep saying that today is a special day, though? Wait... you mentioned something about the cheer squad before, didn't you? How do you know about that?"

"How else? Alyssa called me earlier asking me not to let you be late today because you have your first training as an official cheerleader. Oh, baby, I'm so proud of you! My dear daughter, a cheerleader... Isn't it like a dream coming true?"

"Can we discuss it later, please? I need your help about something else."

"Then it must be about the beauty contest, isn't?"

"Exactly! How you... Ah, nevermind! I bet Alyssa told you about it, as well."

"Yes, she did. And you know what, young lady? I'm not mad at you, but you definitely should have informed me before that you intended to take part in a contest like that."

"But that's what I'm trying to say, Mom! I didn't sign up in the contest. Someone is totally trying to set me up!"

"Oh, your friend warned me that this could happen, too..."

"What you mean?"

"She told me that you were ashamed to admit that you signed up in the contest, and came up with the excuse that someone set you up."

"But this is not an excuse!" Timothy protested, frustrated. "You know me, Mom! You know that I'm pretending to be a girl just to mess with dad! Why would I want to participate in a beauty contest?"

"You're right, sweetie. I know you... I know you very well. So, when did this happen? When did you realize you truly wanted to be a girl?"

"What?!! I can't believe you're saying something like that! Gosh, what's wrong with you, Mom?

"Let's face the facts, princess... Who would accept to undergo such an extreme transformation only to mess with a parent?"

"You know I never wanted any of this! The clothes, the hormones, these huge boobs..."

"That's what you keep saying, but Dr. Rowland assured me that you were ecstatic to learn that you were getting breast implants."

"B-but you know that I wasn't on my right mind that day, okay? I had a terrible allergic reaction, and was so dizzy that I couldn't think straight!"

"So you was unable to think straight exactly in a day like that? Very convenient, isn't it?" Susan smirked. "It was also you who begged me to treat you like a girl, wasn't it?"

"Y-yeah, but just because I was totally furious with dad that night! He had just thrown away all my stuff, even my guitar, remember? I... I just wanted revenge and..."

"Excuses and more excuses... But we both know the truth, don't we, sweetie? At some point, you figured out you desperately wanted to be a girl, but you still are afraid to admit so. That's the only plausible explanation. Then you keep saying that you are a victim, forced by the people and by the circumstances to live like Tiffany. It's easier that way, isn't it? It's not your fault that you are a girl if you were forced to become one... But this is going too far, sweetie. Now you're even making up imaginary people who sign you up in beauty contests. For your own sake, I'll stop indulging you in your fanciful narratives. No more charades! It's clear that you want to be Tiffany Rose Foster forever, so I will make sure that you complete your transition smoothly. This won't be difficult... there's not much of a male in you anymore. You should just say the truth, dolly. You'll feel so much better... And you know you'll have the unconditional support of many people around you, including me and your friends."

"Y-you... you're totally insane!" Timothy cried out, aghast. "You got everything wrong! I never wanted to be a female, and you can't force me to become one!"

"Again this '*forcing you*' story?" Susan sighed. "What about your photo on Instagram, young lady? Who *forced you* to post that?"

"I-it wasn't me who posted that, okay?"

"Oh, really?" Susan raised her eyebrows. "Now are you going to tell me someone hacked your account just to make that post?"

"E-exactly!" Timothy claimed, aware that he was sounding less and less believable by the second. "Who took that picture of me in the salon, anyway? I can't remember it... I bet whoever did this is totally involved in the scheme!"

"Marlene, your hairdresser, took the picture, darling."

"See? Then she must be the one who..."

"But she took the picture with your own phone, don't you remember?" Susan interrupted him. "Ah, I see in your face that you do remember. It means that there's only one person who could have posted it... and this person is you! So stop making false accusations on innocent people, Missy. This is getting ridiculous now, and trust me, and you don't want me to be angry with you. If you were so unhappy about the post, why didn't you just delete it?"

"Do you think I didn't try it last night? My password was changed so I couldn't log in! I'll show you."

Timothy then picked up his phone, determined to rub the truth in Susan's face. However, to his deep astonishment, he was able to log in with no problem this time around. It was so shocking that for a moment even Timothy himself doubted his version of the story. Was Susan right? Had he been the one who had posted the picture? Could it be that he truly wanted to be Tiffany for the rest of his life but was afraid to admit it, even to himself?

No, stop that, girl... I mean, man! He told himself, disturbed. *You know this isn't true, okay? She's , like, just trying to mess with my mind!*

He then noticed that the post, which last night had about two hundred likes, now had over fifteen hundred, and hundreds of comments. Many of them were hate comments, with people saying that *Tiffany* was an abomination and would never be a real woman, that it was an affront to the word of God, and so on... However, most of the comments, in a quick check, seemed to be supporting *her*.

"You're getting really popular, sweetie" Susan said, delighted. "I took a look at your post earlier today, and I saw that even the National Center for Transgender Equality liked it."

"I... I don't know what's going on" Timothy said, feeling numb and lost. "Last night I couldn't log in, but now... Whatever! I'm gonna just delete the post right now!"

"Yeah, yeah, I'm sure you will" Susan said, taking the phone from Timothy and throwing it on the bed. "But first, let's get you ready for the day, shall we? We've already wasted too much time."

"But..."

"Later, Tiffany. I'll prepare your bath now" Susan finished, in a tone that left no room for discussion, dragging her confused feminized stepson to the bathroom...

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"Haven't you finished your bath yet, Tiffany?" Timothy heard his stepmother asking from the bedroom. "I've already choose some outfits for you to try on. Don't take to long there."

After a long moan, Timothy got out of the bath, wrapping a fluffy pink towel around his feminine body, and a small one around his head. He then started rubbing one of his many moisturizers on his body, to make sure his skin remained soft and flawless. Even after so long, this was still a strange experience for Timothy, as he always felt like he was touching someone else's body... a girl's body, of course.



It was just incredible how smooth his skin felt, with no hair in sight anywhere. He always wondered how long it would take for the few hairs he used to have on his legs to grow back, obviously unaware that he had already undergone enough electrolysis sessions for his body to remain hairless forever... Just another "*little detail*" of his transformation that Susan didn't see the need to share with her feminized stepson.

But Timothy couldn't deny that the experience of rubbing his increasingly sensitive body was also kind of erotic. During these skin care sessions, Timothy's nipples invariably got hard, and he felt waves of pleasure all over his body. Instead of offering him some relief, though, those quick moments

of enjoyment just made him feel guilty, as if he were betraying his true self for feeling any kind of pleasure in *Tiffany's body*.



But will I ever, like, have another body besides this one? He wondered, discouraged.

Even knowing how late he was, Timothy approached the bathroom mirror and got rid the towel. It was appalling how much he had changed. All he could see in the mirror was a stunning young woman, with tempting big boobs, small waist, wide hips and a hot bubble butt. In short, he looked like a bombshell... any guy's wet dream. The only remnant of his past as a male was the tiny thing between his legs, completely useless and lifeless.

Gosh, look at me! How could I let this go so far? You're such a stupid girl, Tiffany! You totally deserve to be called an airhead 'cos that's exactly what you are! Can I ever look like a guy again? How long would it take?

"Tiffany Rose Foster, if you don't step out of the bathroom right now you're going to regret it, young lady! I'm telling you!" Susan shouted, sounding truly annoyed this time around.

"J-just a sec!" Timothy cried out, hastily putting on a pair of pink lace panties, which were obviously in thong-style, just like all the other panties Timothy had worn since a few weeks after *Tiffany* came to live, as Tiffany was supposed to love thongs and how feminine they made *her* feel.



He had no trouble at all tucking his member between his legs, and soon his crotch looked as flat as that of any other female, while the back strap of the thong soon slid deep between his buttocks, a feeling he already knew very well, but still found it uncomfortable everyday for the first hour or so...

"Ah, you're finally here" Susan exclaimed, her arms crossed over her chest. "I was starting to worry that you had drowned in the bathtub. Move your pretty little butt and go dry your hair. You can't waste any more time!"

Putting on a pink silk robe, Timothy sat at his vanity and took the hairdryer, just like he did every morning. As he had learned the hard way, having long hair required a lot of dedication to keep it looking flawless and glamorous.



As he dried his hair and then brushed it, his mind began wandering once again about his current situation and how he could manage to escape his pink prison. But he simply couldn't see a way out, at least in the short term.

He would still have to wait a few weeks before he could have his breast implants removed, and he would have to find a way to convince Dr. Rowland that he had no intention of being a girl in order to get rid of his hormonal implant. That would be even more difficult now that there was a therapist certifying that he indeed was a transgender.

As if all that wasn't enough, his feminized body wasn't his only concern now. After all, he had been chosen to join the cheerleader squad, he had been signed up into a beauty pageant, and someone had hacked his Instagram account to post about how happy he was about his transition, and such a post was spreading widely over social media.

His original plan to take revenge on his father was to live as a girl until he graduated from high school, and then he would start a new life somewhere far away, where no one would know of Tiffany.

But it was getting more and more complicated now since *Tiffany* was quickly becoming an internet sensation. What would happen if Tiffany became a really big trend? He didn't even want to think about it.

Deep down, Timothy knew he should just tell Susan and his father to go to hell, announce that he would start living like a guy again that very same day, whether he had big boobs or not, and go to the backyard to burn all of Tiffany's belongings.

But the truth was that he felt completely unable to do any of that, he sadly realized, as he started doing his makeup. Maybe it was the hormones messing with him... or all the conditioning he had been subjected to in order to act and think like Tiffany... or perhaps the fact that he hadn't seen a guy in the mirror for so long... Whatever it was, he simply didn't have the physical or psychological strength to react and take back the control of his life at that moment. He just kept telling himself that he needed more time, but time was running out.



He desperately needed help before it was too late. But who would come to his rescue? His father was a sadistic reactionary who was willing to ruin the life of his own son just to make his point; his stepmother turned out to be a complete nutcase, who would go to great lengths to keep having a so-called daughter and treat her like a Barbie doll, absolutely sure that she was doing the right thing, and that her stepson had wanted it all way long; Martin, his best friend, truly believed he enjoyed being Tiffany, and honestly, Timothy couldn't blame him, considering the circumstances of how everything had happened; Alyssa, Gabriella and Chloe didn't seem willing to let Ti-Ti go anytime soon either, and were now determined to turn him into the new *Miss Charming*.

But there was someone else... someone who now represented Timothy's last hope... Kate.

The girl was aware about all the truth about him, after all. Sure, she had started to treat him like he really was a trans girl, as well, but Timothy knew that she was a reasonable and empathetic person. When he reminded her of why he started doing this *Tiffany thing*, and explained the danger he was in, he was she she would be on his side.

That's it... Kate will totally know what to do... She will be like my knight in shining armor...

With a small smile of hope, Timothy put a final layer of lip gloss on his pouty lips, convinced that he had finally seen a light at the end of the tunnel.

However, before he left the house, he would have yet another unpleasant surprise...

"Good morning, princess! How are you feeling today?" Richard asked, as his feminized son came down the stairs. "You had a busy day yesterday, didn't you?"

One of the few consolations Timothy had these days was the fact that all that mess was afflicting his father as much as it was distressing him, perhaps even more. Richard kept losing weight, and looked like a fraction of his former self. It was evident that he was barely being able to eat as he watched his only son transform into a jaw-dropping blonde day after day, right before his eyes.

"Oh my gosh, totally busy , Daddy!" Timothy cried out dramatically, in the girliest voice possible, well aware of how much it would annoy his father. He then stepped into the living room with graceful steps on top of his 4-inch platform heels, his elbows close to his body and his pink bag hanging from his left arm, just like a model on a catwalk. He was wearing a hot pink cropped top that showed a lot of cleavage and a salmon mini skirt. "I guess you've already heard the news, then?" the feminized guy giggled, still talking in his fake excited tone. Since he felt completely powerless to recover his old life for now, he could at least have some relief at the expense of his father's misery. "I was chosen to be a cheerleader! Gosh, isn't it, like, the best thing ever?"

"Yes, I heard about that, sweetheart. I also heard that you signed up for a beauty contest, and are becoming something of an internet celebrity..."

"I know, right? Gee, can you even believe that?" Timothy giggled again, trying to return Richard's penetrating gaze, although he was quickly starting to worry about the direction of the conversation.

"Oh, I believe... Being honest, I think you should have discussed the idea of entering a beauty contest with us before making your decision, but what is done is done, right? However, you need to understand that your actions have consequences. Now everyone and their granny will know about your history. Tell me something... does your boyfriend know you were born and grew up as a boy?" Richard asked with a cruel smile, and Timothy gulped. So much had happened in the last twenty-four hours that he hadn't yet thought about the fact that Matt didn't know that his *girlfriend* used to be a guy. He shivered as he thought about Matt's reaction...



"I can see from your face that he still doesn't know" Richard continued, barely being able to hide his satisfaction for seeing such desperation in his son's eyes. "Susan mentioned you have a date with him

tonight, don't you? I guess this will be the time for you to tell him the truth, whether you want to or not. Maybe he already knows it by now..."

"I think we can help her, Richard, honey" Susan said softly, touching her husband's arm. "I've suggested this to Tiffany before... She could invite Matthew to have dinner with us, and then, with our support..."

"No" Richard shouted, resolutely. "This is something between her and her man, and they need to work it out by themselves. I'm sure everything will be alright, though... You and Matt love each other so much, right, princess? Oh, another thing, the Cadet Academy Gala will take place in two weeks, and I won't accept excuses this year. I want to see you there."

In a small town like the one they lived in, whose only point of interest was the military base, the Cadet Academy Gala was the most awaited event of the year, and almost everyone did everything they could to get invited. Timothy had always been one of the exceptions, year after year refusing to attend the event, much to his father's chagrin.

"That will be my chance to officially introduce my *dear daughter* to society" Richard continued, smirking. "Tell your boyfriend he's invited, too. Who knows, maybe he will take the opportunity to propose to you and make you an honest woman... Now you would love that, wouldn't you?"

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"Are you sure you are doing the right thing, Richard?" Susan asked her husband after Timothy had left for school.

"What you mean?"

"Sending Tiffany to talk to Matthew alone... You know there's a chance she will get hurt, right? Matthew seems like a good boy, but still..."

"Stop calling him *Tiffany* when the freak is not around!" Richard shouted at his wife, flushing. "He's not, and will never be a woman! He's just a sissy, did you hear me? And if Matthew beat the crap out of him tonight, it'd be about time! Be glad that I am a good man. Otherwise, I would have already killed that ungrateful sissy with my own hands by now!"

Susan sighed, thinking that "coward" was a better word to describe her husband than "good", since he was expecting for someone else to do his dirty work. "Listen to me, Richard. You know there's no way back to what you are doing, right? Since you *joined forces* with that new friend of yours..."

"You're weak, Susan... so damn weak! I've already told you time and time again that I don't care if that stupid boy will be stuck as a *repulsive thing* forever. I know he hates it, and I just want to see him suffer for the rest of his fucking life. You, on the other hand, started to get attached to that *thing*,

didn't you? Pretending the aberration is your daughter? That's why women cannot be trusted. All of you are too emotional. I won't deny that you helped me a *little bit* in the beginning, but now me and Gary are truly making progress. So just leave this to us, okay? You used to know your place, Susan... I think it's time for you to remember where you belong. I have been too benevolent to you."

"Very well. I'll let you *big boys* take care of the important matters" Susan said dryly, turning her back on the man.

"I don't remember saying you could go! We're not done yet" Richard yelled, making Susan stop. "You still need to explain why you bought me this damn shirt. This is not what I told you to do. Didn't you notice how thin this fabric is? It looks... wrong."

"That was the only model available for your new size, Richard. This is not my fault if you keep losing weight."

"No, this is that damn sissy's fault" Richard stated, grinding his teeth and clenching his fists. "But I'll put my shit together as soon as I am done with him."

"Anyway, if you don't mind looking like a fool, you can wear one of your old shirts. That's your call, *darling,* but don't blame me when people make fun of you. Now if you don't mind, I need to do the dishes..."

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As Timothy arrived at school, the only thing he had in mind was to find Kate immediately, as he was convinced she was the only one who could help him find a way out of his tough spot. What he didn't know, though, was that Kate was eager to find him, too...

"*Where r u*?" the girl texted him.

"*Just got to school*" Timothy texted back, typing as fast as his long nails allowed, his high heels clicking across the hallway floor.

"*You know the old chemistry lab on the second floor? The one that is always empty?*"

"*Yes, why?*"

"*Meet me there in five minutes, pls. It's important.*"

"*K*" Timothy answered, puzzled. Why was Kate being so mysterious? And why did she want to meet him in an empty room?

I guess I'll find out soon, he told himself, going up the stairs towards the second floor, and realizing that he was attracting even more attention than usual. Maybe everyone had already seen the post on

his Instagram account, he pondered, and such a thought almost made the feminized guy freak out. He needed Kate more than ever.

Good thing he was just steps away from meeting her...

"Umm... Kate? Where are you?" Timothy asked uncertainly, entering the empty laboratory. All he could see were old test tubes on dusty counters and decrepit chairs everywhere. He was already starting to wonder if he had misunderstood the girl's text somehow when he glimpsed some movement on his left, in a dark corner he hadn't paid attention before. The feminized guy squeaked, taking a step back, surprised... Then, when his brain finally started working again, he saw Kate right in front of him.

"K-kate? What is going on? Gosh, you almost scared me to death!" he protested, breathing quickly, and his heart pounding in his chest.

"I'm sorry, Tiff" Kate apologized, looking embarrassed. "I didn't mean to scare you."

"Then why were you hiding in the dark?"

"I wasn't hiding. I was... thinking."

"Thinking?"

"Yes..."

"About what?"

As an answer, Kate grabbed Timothy by the waist firmly, and kissed him, with such intensity that the feminized guy almost ran out of air. Timothy still had no idea what was going on, and for a second he even wondered if he was delusional. He had never seen Kate acting like that before, and didn't know how to react to that.

His body, on the other hand, had an idea or two...

It took no time for him to get completely turned on, and then he kissed Kate back with all his passion, while their hands rubbed each other's bodies eagerly. There was no doubt who was leading the whole thing, though. Kate was the one putting her tongue deep inside Timothy's mouth, and guiding him to the back of the room. Timothy was having a hard time along the way – with the room full of broken chairs and other obstacles – not only because he was walking on his back, but also because he was wearing sky-high heels; Kate, contrary to him, was wearing simple sneakers, matching her casual outfit, consisting of a gray sweater and plain jeans.

But with Timothy was having trouble keeping on his feet, Kate was there to support him, holding his body tightly, and preventing him from tripping, all while she kept kissing him. Timothy had no idea exactly where she was taking him, but it just turned him on even more. No matter what he tried to convince himself of, it looked evident he loved the passive role while making out with someone...

Not long after, he felt his body firmly pressed against something solid, and before he realized it, Kate had lifted him up to one of the counters, and he ended up on her lap somehow, with his legs spread wide. Kate then started kissing his delicate neck as her hands went up his upper body, slowly lifting his top...



Timothy had to bite his lower lip to keep from screaming in pleasure when Kate finally licked his hard nipples. It felt absolutely amazing... way beyond what words could describe, and he found it hard to deny he was going to miss how sensible *Tiffany's* nipples were when he transitioned back into a guy. He was so aroused that he even started wiggling on Kate's lap, as if he was unconsciously wishing the girl had *something extra* between her legs.

"Don't stop now, Kate!" he begged her, throwing his head back, in ecstasy.

Anyone watching the scene would be able to see that Kate knew very well what she was doing. She might not have hands as big as Matt or Martin, and her body wasn't exactly muscular, but she was well aware of where to touch *Tiffany* in order to drive her crazy in a blink of an eye, something that only a female could do for *another*...

...not to mention how good she was with her tongue, of course.

"Oh my gosh... I... ahh... ohh... I totally think I'm coming, Kate... just keep doing your thing... yeah... exactly like that..."

But then, without any warning, everything suddenly stopped. As Timothy opened his eyes, confused, he saw he was still sitting on the counter, while Kate was walking back and forth in front of him, hands on her head.

"I... I'm sorry, Tiff" she started to say, in a choked voice. "This shouldn't have happened... I... I don't know what was wrong with me..."

"W-what?" Timothy stammered, feeling incredibly frustrated now after being so close to orgasm just a minute before.

"I had no right to kiss you... especially without telling you that I was going to do so... and you have a boyfriend, and also..."

"Listen, Kate" Timothy interrupted her, wishing that at least once she wasn't so '*politically* correct'.

"No, you listen to me! That's exactly why I avoided you for some time after that slumber party, okay? I was afraid I wouldn't be able to control myself... not after what happened that night."

"Umm... I'm not sure I'm following you, Kate."

"I like girls, Tiff. I always have" Kate simply stated, finally stopping and facing Timothy.

"B-but you... umm... you asked me out when I was still a guy, didn't you?"

"You were an exception. I had never been interested in another guy before. I don't know, maybe I could already see that you were a girl deep down? But the thing is, I've always liked girls. Not that I have a lot of experience... I've only dated one girl, in secret, but it didn't work out 'cause she was too afraid to reveal she was a lesbian and ruin the image people had of her."

"I... umm... I'm sorry" Timothy awkwardly said, still chocked by that revelation. Now that he was thinking about it, though, it was indeed curious that he had never seen a girl as beautiful as Kate dating any guy during all those years in high school.

"You're so sweet, Tiff" Kate said, with tears in her eyes. "That's exactly the problem" she added, shaking her head, as if to awaken herself. "That's why I fell for you. Don't get me wrong, you're the most beautiful girl I have ever seen, but it was your heart that won me over."

Timothy wanted to shout he liked her too – a lot – but he was just too stunned to say anything, so he just kept staring at Kate with his mouth open. There was also the *little problem* the girl had made it clear that she was a lesbian. Would Timothy be willing to give up his manhood to stay with her?

"I was able to resist during the last few weeks" Kate continued. "However, after what you did yesterday... It was just too much to me. Your gesture was so beautiful, so brave, so generous..."

"Umm... what gesture are you talking about, exactly?" Timothy asked, looking puzzled once again. "Like, I don't remember doing something *that* special yesterday."

"Don't be so humble, honey. I'm talking about your Instagram post, of course, where you declared your pride in being a trans girl, even aware of all the challenges ahead of you in a society like ours. That's exactly the kind of thing we spent so much time discussing... Justice and social inclusion, respect for diversity, people having the chance to live their lives as they wish... And now you're inspiring people... Representativity matters, right? You are a role model for all trans people out there. Did you see how many people are saying in your post they feel encouraged by your act? Oh, Tiff, I just can't express how proud and honored I am to be close to someone like you" and saying so, Kate stepped forward and hugged Timothy one more time. However, she walked away quickly, as if she was afraid she would start kissing him again.

Timothy, in the meantime, just stood there, even more dumbfounded, as if that were even possible. The weight of the Kate's words made him feel his blood run cold in his veins. The smile on her face... the sparkle in her eyes... all because she believed that Timothy had been the one who had posted that photo and text on his Instagram account. On his way to school, Timothy was full of hope, convinced that Kate would help him out of that mess, but now he just couldn't muster the courage to tell her the truth. How would she react? Would she believe in his claim that someone had set him up? Or would she think it was some kind of sick joke, and that Timothy was playing with the feelings of all transgender people in the world?

Gosh, this is, like, totally unbelievable! Why do these things keep happening to me? Why?!

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"Wow, babe, I can't believe how hot you look tonight!" Matt exclaimed, kissing Timothy as his hands squeezing the feminized guy's butt, and then opening the car door for him to get in. "Even hotter than usual, something I thought that was impossible" he added, dumbfounded, as if he couldn't believe what his eyes were seeing.



"W-why thank you, Matt!" Timothy whispered weakly, forcing himself to smile despite his nervousness. He kept facing Matt, afraid of what might be coming, but Matt looked more relaxed and happy than ever, missing no opportunity to rub the *girl's* bare legs as he started the car. Could it be possible that Matt hadn't yet seen *Tiffany's* post? That seemed unlikely, but Timothy couldn't think of any other possibility given how naturally he was acting.

The feminized guy had indeed went out of his way to look especially sexy that night, picking the tightest and most low-cut dress he could find in his closet, and asking his stepmother to assist him with his makeup and hairstyle, making it clear that he wanted to look look sensual and tempting.

"It looks like someone wants to dress to impress tonight, doesn't it?" Susan smirked.

She was definitely right. Timothy was convinced that if he looked completely irresistible, it would be so much easier to deal with Matt when he learned the truth about his *so-called girlfriend*. However, while such a realization was a relief, it also made Timothy feel sick to his stomach.



Gosh, so that's what I'm turning into? A girl who uses her looks to seduce and manipulate guys in order to solve her problems? He wondered, feeling sad, as he checked his reflection in the mirror. *I guess people at school are, like, totally right to call me a bimbo girl.*

The dress he was wearing was a dark pink embroidered one, which ended well above his knees and was so tight that highlighted all the curves of his luxurious feminized body in an almost indecent way; as if that weren't enough, the cross straps at the top did very little to cover big, perfect boobs. To complete the look, he was wearing big hoops earrings, and many rings, including his promise ring, of course.

Timothy himself gaped at the enticing he looked, thinking that *the girl* in the mirror could be on the cover of any magazine in the world. How could a simple hormonal implant have transformed his body so radically? Could this happen to any guy? Or had he really always been meant to be a girl, as people kept saying? Even Kate had revealed that morning that she had asked him out in the past only because she probably could already see that deep down he was a girl.

Wouldn't it be, like, a lot simpler to just accept that I will be Tiffany forever? He thought, facing his own stunning green eyes, which looked even more dazzling with smokey eyeshadow, eyeliner and mascara. His glossy pink lips trembled as he imagined a lifetime in miniskirts and heels.

"Now don't you look totally gorgeous, honey?" Susan cried out, putting her hands on her feminized stepson's shoulders. Timothy looked at her smiling face reflected next to his disoriented one. But then, suddenly, her expression changed, and Timothy wasn't sure what was going on. What was that on Susan's face? Fear? Guilt? Anxiety? "You know you don't have to do this alone, right, sweetie? We can still simply invite Matthew to come in and then..."

"Dad said he won't accept that."

"As if he would dare to stand in my way!" Susan shouted, fuming with anger. "Don't worry about your father, honey. I know how to manage him. We're talking about you right now, okay? I've been in your shoes before... Having to tell bad news to a boyfriend, and getting all dolled thinking it'll make everything easier. You can open up to me. We are all girls here, doll, and you know how much I love you. It doesn't need to be like..."

"Forget it, Mom I won't give my father the satisfaction of knowing that I am afraid!"

"You know that sometimes you can be as stubborn as he is, right?" Susan sighed. "At least promise me you'll make sure that Matthew takes you to a public place, okay? And keep your phone close. If you feel you are in any danger, call me immediately. Don't take unnecessary risks, Tiffany."



Things were really not going well for Timothy that day, as he thought in the passenger seat of Matt's car. Since he hadn't had the guts to tell Kate the truth, he now had no one to help him get out of the tough situation he was in, and had no idea about what he was going to do next.

He also had to attend his first training as a cheerleader after lunch, which was a lot uncomfortable, to say the least, considering that almost half of the school decided to watch the session, mostly because everyone was curious about his performance in the squad.

To make things even worse, another unfortunate incident happened when Timothy was leaving school, in the late afternoon, once again in Kate's company. Before he realized what was going on, a strong light blinded him for a moment, and he heard a deep voice asking, "Ms. Foster, would you mind answering some questions for our audience?"

"W-what?" Timothy stammered, confused. His eyes then slowly got used to the sudden light, and he found himself in front of a TV camera and a smiling reporter.

"But where are my manners, right?" the reporter continued, smiling even wider. "I forgot to introduce myself. I'm Bill Walker from HLB News Channel. Does the name ring a bell?" he asked with a wink, clearly convinced that everyone around knew very well who he was, and straightening his sleek blond hair, as if he were getting ready to be bombarded by selfie requests.

Now that Timothy was being able to see clearly again, he realized that he had indeed already seen that man before. He was a pompous reporter who worked for some local news channel, and Timothy had always felt a little sick whenever he saw the man on TV, giving how affected he looked with his *a little too white* teeth and fake smile.

"Why would you even want to interview me, anyway?" Timothy asked, crossing his arms. "I don't remember doing anything special."

"Ah, don't say that, Ms. Foster. Sure, a reporter like me has a lot of important issues to address... the mayor can barely sign a document without me being around. But the truth is that since yesterday you have become everybody's favorite subject. People just can't get enough of the *boy-to-cheerleader* story! Even Reverend Clark spoke about you, in his first public statement since... Black Death, I guess? I bet that grumpy old bat was already around when the country was founded. His words weren't very kind, though. He mentioned something about moral degeneration and eternal condemnation to hell... yes, something along those lines. But who cares, right? There is no such thing as bad publicity!" he concluded, with another of his smirks. "So, can you answer a couple of questions now?"

"I'm not sure this is a good idea!"

"Umm... Can you give us a minute, Mr. Walker?" Kate intervened, and then, after a few steps, she addressed Timothy in a whisper, "I think you should talk to him, Tiff."

"What?! Why?"

"Listen, this is your call, of course, and I know this guy is a pain in the ass, but I think it'd be important for people to hear what you have to say. Not everyone is on the internet, and people need to understand what transsexuality is. They need to see that you are not a monster or a pervert. You're just a normal girl wanting to live your life like any other."

"B-but how could I even say that in front of the camera? C'mon, Kate! It sounds, like, way too complicated!"

"Trust me, honey. You just need to be yourself."

And just like that, Timothy ended up giving a *touching interview*, in which he declared how happy he was to finally be living like the girl he had always dreamed of being, and how excited he was about joining the cheer squad and taking part in a beauty contest; all to the delight of the small crowd of onlookers who had formed a circle around him.

What else could he have done? At that point, Kate was not only sure that he was genuinely a trans girl, but also believed that he wanted to inspire other trans girls everywhere, after all. All the feminized guy knew was that the deeper he got in that charade, that harder it would be to get out of it...

And now that he wasn't only a sensation on the internet but had also appeared on TV, he couldn't understand how Matt was acting so naturally as he drove through the suburbs.

"Umm... So, honey, how was your day? All good?" Timothy asked, in an unsure tone.

"Yeah, I guess so..." Matt replied slowly, making Timothy hold his breath. "Some stuff pissed me off, though."

"Really?" the feminized guy gasped. "Like what?"

"Well, my phone stopped working yesterday. Can you believe that? I bought that crap just a few months ago! That's why it took me so long to text you today."

"Oh, gosh, that's totally awful" Timothy sighed. "But other than that, all went well?"

"Kind of... I mean, there was some weird stuff going on at school, as well, but that's no big deal."

"What happened?"

"Some kind of prank, I guess. People were whispering when they saw me all over the day... I mean, I'm used to people whispering when I pass by, but it was different. I asked Zack if he knew what was

going on, but he laughed and said it was something I needed to find out on my own. You remember Zack, right? From the party at his house?"

"S-sure."

"Anyway, I bet he's the one behind all this. We're always pranking each other, you know? He will pay me for that, of course" Matt laughed. "But forget about it. Let's think about us, babe. Guess what? I'm taking you to that night club again, since you had so much fun there last time. What you think?"

"Umm... Actually, Matt, I don't feel like going to a night club tonight."

"Really?" Matt exclaimed, disappointed.

"Yeah, sorry. I just... umm... I would like to go somewhere quieter tonight... where we can talk without having to shout to each other."

Matt's disappointed expression suddenly turned into a naughty smile. "I see what you mean. Somewhere quieter, huh? Looks like you want to go straight to the good stuff. That's my girl! You're in luck, babe, my parents are out of town again. We have the whole house to ourselves."

"W-what?" Timothy cried out, wide-eyed. "That's not what I..." before he could finish whatever he had to say, though, Matt took advantage of a red light to shut his *girlfriend* up with passionate kiss, wasting no time to grab and rub *her* huge boobs.

Tiffany shuddered, frightened, thinking she couldn't remember seeing Matt so horny before...

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As soon as they got to Matt's house, the guy wasted no time in taking his *girlfriend* up to his room, kissing *her* and rubbing *her* body as they went up the stairs. Timothy was no longer trying to resist. Whether it was because of how stressful that day has been (with Kate letting him down when he was so close to having an orgasm, the cheerleading training, the TV interview, and so on) or because of his distress about what was yet to come, the truth was that it took Timothy no time to get completely turned on – so much that he flipped into *Tiffany* still in the car.

The simplest explanation for *her* sudden arousal, though, was that she simply loved male's attention. Tiffany didn't know what to think anymore. Just that morning she had made out with Kate, something she definitely liked a lot, and now she was having a great time making out with Matt. Perhaps she was bisexual, after all... And it was impossible to deny that Matt knew so damn well how to push her buttons...

"Here we are, babe" the guy said, taking his girlfriend in his arms and carrying her to the bed. When Tiffany started to take off her shoes, however, the guy stopped her. "Keep your heels on" he told her,

as he took off his shirt and began kissing her thighs. "I love to see you wearing high heels. It makes me so fucking horny! I wish you could wear heels all the time... But we can get you out of your dress."

A few seconds later, Tiffany's dress was already out of the way, just like Matt's pants and underwear. That was when Tiffany's eyes grew wider as she realized exactly *how horny* Matt was... She couldn't help it but started salivating looking at his erection, which made her feel ashamed and embarrassed, as part of her still thought it was wrong to be attracted to men.

Ashamed or not, though, she knew very well what she had to do now – that wasn't her first time facing Matt's big, hard cock, after all, and it was essential for her to *distract him* before he tried to get into her pink lace panties.

Crossing the bed on all fours, licking her pink plump lips as her big boobs swayed temptingly, she approached Matt and started kissing his abdomen, using her hands to caress his groin, not touching his dick just yet.

"Do you like it?" she teased him, making the guy moaned and squirmed. "I think you totally do" she giggled, finally touching his penis, and Matt had such a strong spasm that for a moment she thought he was going to come right away.

Maintaining eye contact, she lowered her head and started licking the tip of his cock, already tasting his pre-cum. As she started sucking his huge member for real, struggling to fit it all inside her mouth, Matt grabbed her head, making his penis reach her throat.

"You love it, don't you, you *little slut*?" It was his turn to tease her, and Tiffany could only mumble something intelligible in response. "I know you do. I can see it in your pretty eyes. Get ready, babe, 'cos I have *a surprise* for you..."

Not long after, Matt groaned and screamed as he flooded Tiffany's mouth with a hot jet of his thick juice, and his girlfriend swallowed it all as fast as she could not to choke...

"Oh, babe, it was incredible!" Matt cried out, barely containing his enthusiasm, while Tiffany wiped some cum off her lips. "But don't think we are done already. Not tonight... I want to make you feel good, too."

Tiffany then realized, astonished, that Matt was already getting hard again! The guy grabbed her from behind, kissing her neck and playing with her boobs. Tiffany was so aroused that she just couldn't think anymore. She just loved having her boobs groped and rubbed like that... It felt so wonderful...

But Matt had more surprises for her... Soon enough, Tiffany felt his hard cock pressed against her buttocks, which alarmed her immensely at first. However, excited as she was, she soon relaxed again and started enjoying the feeling, even rubbing her butt against his member and wondering how it would feel to have it inside her.



Oh my gosh... Am I really fantasizing about being, like, penetrated?! What's wrong with you, Tiffany?

It was when Matt grabbed her panties and started lowering it. Tiffany realized what was going on just a second before it was too late...

"Wait, Matt! We can't do that!"

"C'mon, babe! I know you want it... You want it so bad..."

"D-do I? I mean... Yeah, maybe... b-but I can't! We... we need to talk, okay? I have something important to tell you."

"Are you sure it can't wait?" Matt asked, kissing and nibbling her ear.

"I... I... Yeah, I'm, like, totally sure!" Tiffany cried out, struggling to focus.

"Let me guess, then... you want to tell me that you were born as a male, don't you?"

Tiffany lost her breath for an instant, completely stunned. "You... you know?" she asked in a weak, terrified voice.

"Yes, I do. I know about your *little secret* for a very, very time" and saying so, Matt finally pulled down her panties in one quick motion, leaving her completely naked...

Timothy didn't know how to react to that revelation, and for a moment he just stood there, frozen, while Matt kissed his neck from behind and stroked his naked body. "Wait, Matt... Stop it, okay?" the feminized guy asked, finally coming to his senses. "We need to talk."

"C'mon, babe, don't be such a *party pooper*! I already told you I know your secret. This is no big deal! Why don't you just relax and..."

"This is a big deal for me!" Timothy cried out, pushing Matt away, which finally made the guy stop.

"Fine!" Matt sighed, frustrated. "You want to talk? Let's talk then" and saying so, he got up and walked over to the minibar next to his TV and returned with two cans of soda. He then stared at the front of his naked *girlfriend* for the first time, and he did a bad job of hiding his disgust when his eyes fixed on *her* crotch.

"No, thanks" Timothy said, when Matt held out one of the sodas. "So... umm... how long do you know?"

"My grandma told me after our first date. She told me you were... How did she put it again? A *special girl* or something like that, stressing that you deserved to be respected like any other woman. Pretty *progressive* for someone her age, isn't it?" he smirked. "I tried to tell you this the first time I brought you here, many weeks ago, but you just didn't let me speak."

"And you are, like, okay with that?"

"Well, I won't lie. I got pretty mad at first. I mean, what guy would be okay to learn he had just dated a *shemale*? I hope it doesn't sound offensive... you wanted to learn the truth, didn't you? But the thing is... You're just so damn hot that I couldn't resist. You definitely look like a *real woman*. It's crazy to think you used to be a boy. I bet you were a very effeminate one, huh? You made the right call right turning into a girl. Someone with that pretty face and killer legs of yours was meant to wear makeup and skirts."

Timothy couldn't believe what he was hearing. How could someone turns out to be so insensitive and rude? Was Matt thinking Timothy should feel flattered by those "*compliments*" by any chance? And there was still more to come...

"When are you going to get rid of that *little thing* between your legs, by the way?" Matt asked, after a sip of soda, as if it were the most natural thing in the world to ask someone. "Couldn't that have been sorted out when you got your boobs? Since you were already at the surgery table?"

"T-that's not so simple, Matt. It's a complex surgery and..." Timothy was interrupted by his phone, which started ringing. However, the feminized guy had no idea where his purse was... probably somewhere on the bedroom floor, under some of the pieces of clothing that they had thrown everywhere. Furthermore, he didn't feel like answering a phone call at that moment, so disturbed he was.

"Complex or not, you should get it done it as soon as possible, babe. Don't you want to be a woman? Trust me, you'll be perfect once you get that thing cut out, and I'll be even crazier about you... Anyway, I no longer care if you used to be a guy or not. Sure, it would be the worst thing ever if my buddies found out the truth about you, but I don't think this is possible, right? I mean, looking at you, who would even suspect?" he finished, and Timothy swallowed hard.

"Umm... Matt, you are aware that everyone at my school knows that I am trans, right?"

"That's another reason why I kept insisting for so long that you should transfer to my school, even though our graduation is already around the corner. No one knows about your past there. Don't you think it would be much more comfortable, *even* for you?"

"They would discover it sooner or later. Our town isn't that big. Actually... I fear your friends may already know the truth about me..."

"What the hell are you talking about?" Matt cried out, looking horrified.

"Have you heard of a contest called *Miss Charming*?" Timothy asked, getting more and more scared. "I... umm... I ended up enrolled in this thing somehow, and people are talking about it all over the internet... Gosh, there was even a TV reporter who surprised me when I was leaving school today... Before I fully understood what was going on, I was already giving him an interview and... "

"You did what?" Matt shouted, now definitely furious, throwing his arms in the air. "I've always knew you were a dumb blonde, but I had no idea you could be *that* stupid! Fuck, can you turn off this damn phone while I'm talking to you?" he added, when Timothy's phone started ringing again. "How could you sign up for a fucking beauty contest without consulting me first?"

"I didn't sign up myself" Timothy said in a faint voice. "That's what I'm trying to say. Someone set me up."



"Oh, really? Now you want me to believe this crap? As if I didn't know you are a fucking attention whore, always dressing like a slut! Holy crap... that must the reason why everyone was looking funny at me at school today... Do you realize what you have done, you airhead? You may have ruined my reputation! Is that how you thank me for dating a fucking *tranny* like you, and treating you like a real girl? I can't believe it... What the hell is wrong with you? Do you ever use your head to think of anything besides makeup, heels and sucking cocks?"

Timothy lowered his head, feeling his face burn in shame as tears streamed from his eyes. He had never felt so violated and humiliated in his entire life, not even after his first makeover as Tiffany or when he woke up to find that he had been given breasts that he had never asked for. Matt's words felt like red-hot knives piercing him over and over again, without mercy. It hurt so badly that he had trouble breathing as he looked at the pathetically small thing between his legs that used to be his penis, still tasting Matt's sperm in his mouth.

More than ever, he was sure he had no feelings for Matt, especially now that the guy was showing his true character. What really made Timothy depressed was the unfairness of the situation. He didn't deserve to be treated like a pile of garbage for just being who he was. Nobody did! At that moment, he was convinced he was experiencing the pain of many trans people in the world. Sure, he hadn't chosen to transition, but it still hurt a lot. Matt had said such horrible things to him for the simple fact that he couldn't bear the ideia of his friends knowing that *Tiffany* had been born a male. Timothy thought it was so perverse that he simply couldn't put it into words.

"I think we still can work it out" Matt suddenly said, as he kept pacing around, trying to calm himself. "I know I was harsh with you, but you realize it was your own fault, right? I'm willing to forgive you, though, and I have a plan. You can simply withdraw from that damn contest, and then we'll disappear from this shithole of a town as soon as we graduate. I have a lot of college scholarship offers... all over the country! We can go to the farthest place possible. Maybe you can be accepted into college with me. But if you can't, so what? I'll take care of you, okay: Your only job will be to look pretty to me. Doesn't that sound perfect?"

"This is really how you see me?" Timothy cried out, sobbing. "A trophy girlfriend whose only purpose in life is being an eye-candy for you? The idea that I am, like, just a normal person with my own dreams and plans doesn't even cross your mind, does it?" he added, his sadness turning into anger. Maybe he was fated to be stuck as Tiffany for the rest of his life, but it didn't mean he was going to be a trophy wife for some smug football player. "You know what, Matt? This is over! I'm not your girlfriend anymore!" and saying so, Timothy take off the promise ring Matt had given him and threw it on the floor.

"Y-you... h-how..." Matthew babbled, stunned. "Who the fuck you think you are to dump me? Do you really think any other guy will want to date *something* like you?"

"I don't care, just get out of my way!" the feminized guy yelled, bending down to pick up her dress and shoes.

"You're not going anywhere!" Matthew stated, grabbing Timothy's wrist roughly and shooting him with his eyes. However, almost at the same time, they heard hurried steps up the stairs. "What the fuck?" Matt exclaimed, just an instant before someone burst into the room...

"Lyss?!" Timothy exclaimed, so dumbfounded that for a moment he thought he was delusional. It was real, though. Alyssa was indeed there, and she wasn't alone... A second later, Timothy's heart missed a beat when he saw a second girl entering the room. "Oh my gosh, Kate?! W-what are you guys, like, doing here?"

"Is that how you welcome your rescue team?" Alyssa asked, crossing her arms. "Gosh, I thought you would be, like, totally thrilled to see us!"

"T-that's not what I meant! Of course I'm happy, b-but..."

"Relax, girl. I'm just teasing you... like always! Aunt Susan told me what was going on. She was tracking your phone to make sure you were safe, and got really worried when she saw you had been brought here, and wasn't answering her calls. Since my house is close by, she asked me if I could come and check if you were okay."

"Oh, thanks, God! What about you, Kate?"

"I... umm... I was at Lyss' house at the time."

"What?!" Timothy exclaimed, even more puzzled. Since when did Alyssa and Kate spend time together? Nothing was making sense that night.

"We can explain it later, okay?" Kate said. "Let's get out of here first."

"I already said she's not going anywhere!" Matthew cried out, fuming with rage. "I don't know how the hell you two got in here. I guess I forgot the door unlocked when we arrived, but this is still trespassing! Get the fuck out right now or I'm calling the cops!

"We should be the ones calling the cops!" Kate snapped back, equally furious. "Do you think we didn't hear all the horrible things you were yelling at Tiff just now?" she then came closer and slapped him in the face, something that neither Timothy nor Matthew were expecting to happen.

"C'mon, Kate, why do you always have to be such a *softie*?" Alyssa said, rolling her eyes. "Let me show you how it should be done, okay?"

Matthew, still stunned for being slapped by a girl in his own house, didn't have time to react when Alyssa took a bottle of pepper spray out of her purse and splashed it right into his eyes. Not satisfied, she next kneed him in the groin, making the guy fall to the ground rolling and howling in pain.

"Now listen to me, you little piece of shit" she shouted at him. "I was the one who made Ti-Ti accept going out with you for the first time, so I feel totally responsible for what happened here. If you know what's good for you, you'll never come near her again, did you hear me? Trust me, I can so much worse than just kicking you in the balls. You don't want to cross me, or I'll make your life miserable. Now let's get out of here, girls. Just looking at this dumbass makes me feel sick" she concluded, leading the way out of the room, followed closely by Kate with an arm over Timothy's shoulders...

—•—

A few days later...

"That's it, Ti-Ti, one foot in front of the other... don't forget to swing your hips like I showed you..." Alyssa kept instructing the feminized guy as he paraded around the large and fancy living room of her house, his high heels clicking on the marble floor.

"C'mon, Lyss!" Timothy cried out, annoyed. "Is this really necessary? I already know how to walk on high heels, okay? Gosh, Actually, I've been *living* on heels for, like, so long that I don't even remember how it feels to wear sneakers."

"Don't be a drama queen, darling" Alyssa smirked. "I know you're a pro at heels. No one doubts that. But to parade on a catwalk, you still need to learn a trick or two. This is not just about walking. You need to draw attention and enchant everyone around you. You need to look confident, graceful and irresistible, all at the same time. That's the only way you can win the Miss Charming title. Trust me, that competition is not a piece of cake. And you want that crown, don't you?"

Timothy opened his mouth to answer that he couldn't care less about that stupid contest, but he controlled himself when he looked over Alyssa's shoulder, towards the couch where Kate was sitting next to Chloe and Gabriella. Kate was getting more and more excited about Timothy's participation in the beauty contest, which allowed him to be a role model and inspire trans people all over the country.

Timothy's number of followers on Instagram was increasing so rapidly that it was scaring the hell out of him. Before *Tiffany* came to life, he barely had a hundred followers. Now, however, he already had over fifty thousand, and it didn't seem like he was going to lose momentum anytime soon! What would happen when he finally revealed the truth? A lot of people would certainly be angry. There was no doubt about that. Still, the reaction he feared most was Kate's one...



After the incident at Matthew's house, they had spent a lot of time together in the following days. Timothy still couldn't describe how grateful he was to Kate and Alyssa, as he had no idea what would have happened if they hadn't shown up. Kate was doing her best to comfort him, always saying that everything would be okay and that he shouldn't blame himself for what had happened. It was all Matthew's fault, she kept saying, calling Matt a *disgusting person* who didn't deserve someone as wonderful and sweet as *Tiffany*.

Timothy invariably blushed when he heard that. Unfortunately, he hadn't had a chance to talk to Kate alone yet, as Alyssa was always around, too, and Kate and Alyssa were strangely treating each other more *politely* these days, perhaps not to upset Timothy.

The feminized guy also couldn't deny that he was feeling grateful to his stepmother. Without Susan's intervention, Kate and Alyssa wouldn't have been able to save him, after all. The woman was a complete mystery to him. She was openly doing everything in her power to keep him as Tiffany – despite the fact that he had made it clear over and over again that this wasn't what he wanted – but, at the same time, she seemed to genuinely care about her *daughter*. Timothy couldn't help it but thought there was something very important about his stepmother's past that he was still unaware of. Could her obsession with Tiffany be just due to the fact that she had never been able to give birth? Or was there something else?

But if Susan was happy and relieved that Timothy had left Matthew's house safe and sound, the same couldn't be said about Richard. Even if his father hadn't said that explicitly, Timothy could see in his eyes how disappointed Richard was about the fact that his feminized son had returned home in just one piece. That was more than enough for Timothy to lose any trace of sympathy he could still feel toward his father. It was one thing to want to punish him, for whatsoever reason, but wishing his own son to get hurt was something completely unreasonable and sick. Whatever happened in the future, Timothy was sure he didn't want Richard in his life.

"Alright, let's try it one more time" Alyssa said, resolute. "And remember everything I told you, Ti-Ti! Your expression is important, as well. You want to seduce and win the audience and the jury. I know you can do that! So move your pretty *not-so-little* butt, girl!"

Sighing resigned, Timothy went back to the other end of the room, having no trouble at all to walk on his 5-inch fuchsia stiletto heels. To match the shoes, he was wearing a two piece set, consisting of a pencil skirt and very low-cut cropped top with long sleeves. Alyssa had been the one responsible for choosing the outfit, saying that *Tiffany* needed to wear something that would make *her* feel beautiful and sexy.



"Yeah, I think you're getting the hang of it" the girl cried out, six or seven attempts later, while Timothy struck a pretty pose in front of them once again. "With a little more training, I can definitely see you winning the competition. But we still need to think about the '*talent* stage'. Any idea for a performance, Ti-Ti?"

"Well, she used to sing and play guitar" Kate intervened. "I saw her singing only two or three times, and it was before she came out as a trans, but I remember she was pretty good" she stated, and Timothy blushed one more time. It was nice to know that Kate thought he was a good singer. However, remembering his guitar made him feel sick in his stomach.

Gosh, how I miss my guitar, he thought, sad. *I would give anything to have it back... Like, anything at all!*

"Playing guitar is definitely out of the question" Alyssa stated, crossing her arms. "It would ruin her beautiful nails! But singing sounds like a marvelous idea, if she really is good at it. Do you think you could sing an Ariana's or Taylor Swift's song, Ti-Ti?"

"I... umm... I've never sang pop songs before."

"Really?" Alyssa raised her eyebrows, puzzled. "Girl, you were completely lost before meeting us! Anyway, train it at home for the next few days, and then we can evaluate it later, okay? I think that's it. We're done for today."

"Thanks goodness!" Timothy murmured, being careful to speak low enough not to be heard by his friend.

"Now, what you guys say about spending some time by the pool? We still have one or two hours before sunset."

"Sorry, Lyss, but I'm too tired for that" Timothy told her, pouting. "I guess I'll just go home."

"Are you sure you are just tired?" Alyssa asked, suspicious. "You're not sad because of Matt yet, right? That bastard doesn't deserve you to waste time thinking about him. He hasn't called you, has he? I warned him not to do so."

"W-what? No, Matt never called me again. And don't worry. I'm totally over him. Like I said, I'm just tired."

"Well I think I'm leaving, as well" Kate said, standing up at once. "I... umm... have a lot of homework to do. Can I walk you home, Tiff? I mean, your house is on my way home, so..."

"Umm... sure, that would be totally lovely!" Timothy exclaimed, a little surprised but satisfied. "Let me just get changed and we can go..."

"Look, Tiff, I love that cafe over there! What you say about a cappuccino? Maybe some tea?" Kate asked, as they crossed a beautiful tree-lined street.

"Sounds fab!" Timothy exclaimed, excited. "Umm... I thought you were in a hurry to get home, though? Didn't you have, like, a lot of homework to do?"

"Umm... Did I? I... Yeah, sure, of course I have, b-but the thing is..."

"Gosh, Kate, you're such a bad liar! You know that, right?" the feminized guy said, and the two of them laughed. "Why don't you just tell me what's going on?"



"Fine!" Kate sighed, resigned. "I made up this homework excuse because I wanted to spend time alone with you. Don't get me wrong. Lyss has been amazing these days... in her peculiar way, of course! But she's definitely maturing. The way she defended at Matt's house... that was incredible! Defying her mother about not taking part in the Miss Charming contest this year was important to

her. Trust me, Mrs. Taylor is a very difficult woman. There was a reason for Lyss to be like she used to be. Still, I wanted to talk to you in private, so when you said you were leaving, I offered to take you home. It's not like I have anything *that important* to say, though... I... umm... I just miss spending time with you. So, if you're tired or have something important to do, I'd fully understand, and..."

"No, absolutely not! I... umm... I miss hanging out with you, as well. I totally do!"

"Great!" Kate smiled brightly. "Let's go to the cafe, then. My treat!"

Kate and Timothy sat at a table on the sidewalk, from where they could appreciate the beautiful sunset. Kate ordered a cup of peach tea, while Timothy chose a lemonade. They then made small talk for a while, enjoying their drinks...

"So, how are you *truly* feeling, Tiff?" Kate finally asked at some point, insecure. "You don't have to tell me that everything is okay just so I don't get worried, okay? What happened that night at Matthew's house must surely have been a very traumatic experience for you, and I want you to know that I am here to support you. Nobody deserves to be treated so cruelly, especially a girl as sweet and kind as you."

"Thank you, Kate. As you said, yeah, that was a totally horrible experience. The things Matt told me... The disgust with which he looked at my body..." Timothy said, sipping his lemonade to fight back the tears. "But I'm, like, just trying not to think about it, you know? I don't know if this is the right thing to do... maybe I'm being a coward... but that's the only way I can cope with what happened right now."

"You're not being a coward, honey" Kate stated, holding Timothy's hands over the table. "Listen to me, don't you ever dare to think of yourself as a coward! You're one of the bravest people I've ever met! If you don't want to think about what happened now, this is completely understandable. Just remember that when you want to talk about it, if that ever happens, I'll always be here for you. And if you still have feelings for him..."

"What?! No, of course not! Actually, I think I've never had feelings for Matt. I mean, everything happened so fast, and he was so pushy the whole freaking time... The truth is that I didn't have much experience with relationships before. He was the first person I ever dated, and when I realized it, he had already given me a fancy ring and I was his girlfriend."

Timothy didn't know where it all had came from, but he definitely felt better after opening up to Kate.

"But what has been bothering me these days is how Mrs. Bennett, my neighbor, has been reacting to what Matt did" Timothy continued. "She's Matt's grandma, you know, and I met him at her house. She's been feeling guilty for the way he behaved, despite the fact I keep assuring her she has, like, no guilt at all... She even said she will disinherit Matt from her will..."

"See? You're such a cutie pie, aren't you? Even after what that happened to you, you're still concerned about someone else's feelings. That's why it's so easy to like you..."

About forty minutes later, when they left the cafe, Timothy was in a very good mood. He had really enjoyed that time that he had spent with Kate, he thought, as he watched the sun disappear behind a distant hill. However, he noticed that the girl had a strange expression on her face.

"Is everything okay, Kate?" he asked. "You seem worried about something."

"Listen, Tiff, I'd like to apologize to you."

"Apologize?" Timothy asked, confused. "For what?"

"When I heard you talking about Matthew, and how you guys started dating, I realized that I acted exactly like him that day in the chemistry lab. I shouldn't have kissed you the way I did, without your consent."

"Don't say that, Kate! There is no reason to apologize! I... umm... totally enjoyed being kissed by you" Timothy said, blushing one more time. "That day, when you said you were into girls and liked me, I got so surprised that I couldn't, like, say anything in response. But the truth is... gosh, I like you, too! I totally wanted to ask you out for a long time... long before I start... umm... *transitioning*. But I never had the guts to do so. That's why I was so happy when you took the lead and invited me to go to the movies. But then a lot of things happened that week and we couldn't go out, and after that... well, things got totally out of control."

"I'm so happy to hear that, Tiff" Kate said, smiling with tears in her eyes. "You have no idea... However, I don't think this is a good time for us to think about start dating."

"Why not?"

"You just got out of an abusive relationship, and you are in the middle of your transition... as hard as it is for me to say so, I think you need to focus on yourself right now, and find out what you really want, honey. I mean, you can't deny that you're attracted to guys, can you? Don't lie to me."

"It's... c-complicated" Timothy admitted, biting his lower lip. "I'm not completely sure about that yet... But even if this is the case, I'm attracted to girls, too. I truly am!"

"See? That's what I'm talking about. You're still discovering yourself. The last thing I want is to get in your way while you are doing so. Maybe, just maybe, I'm not the right person for you. It hurts to say so, but I just want to see you happy. That's why I think you need some time away from relationships. I'm not saying that I'll get out of your life. You'll never get rid of me, honey! But you need some time for yourself before you start dating again, while you figure out what you really want to do... I assure you I'll be here for you the whole time..."

The following weekend...

"Gosh, I had, like, totally forgotten how beautiful this place is!" Timothy cried out, sipping his orange juice as he admired the beautiful lake in front of him, surrounded by flowering trees and shrubs, with steep hills in the background.

"I know, right?" Martin agreed, smiling. "It's been a long time since we last came here."

"So true! Like, more than a year, I'd say. Geez, time really flies fast" Timothy added, thinking that the last time he and Martin had been at that place, things were very different... he still didn't have boobs, to start with.

As the boys were growing up, they used to spend a lot of time at the lake, especially during summer vacation. Every morning, they would wake up early and go to the place by bicycle – a half-hour ride to the north end of the town – spending the whole day there, swimming, playing around and chatting.

To Timothy, those memories seemed almost like another life now, and in a certain way they indeed were. Regardless of that, he was very excited on Friday at school when Martin suggested a little trip to the lake. "Just to remember to old days" the guy pointed out, scratching the back of his neck. "I didn't plan anything fancy, though... I guess we could just talk and eat something..."

Is he nervous about 'asking me out'? Timothy wondered, amused. *Oh my god, I think he totally is! He looks kinda cute that way, doesn't him? I mean, cute as a friend, of course...*

"Like a picnic?" the feminized guy asked, full of expectation.

"Umm... yeah, sure, a picnic! So... w-what do you say? If you already have plans for the weekend, though, I'd fully understand and..."

"It sounds superb, Martin! Yeah, let's have a picnic!"

"Really?" the guy exclaimed, sounding as excited as if Christmas had come early. "That's great! I... umm... I'll think of some snacks to bring, then."

"Fab! I'll do it, as well, just in case you decide to bring curry ice cream or something" Timothy teased him.

"Hey! I told you already that curry ice cream is great!"

"Yeah, sure it is" Timothy giggled. "I have to go now, Martin... I... umm... I'm late for cheer practice..." he added, realizing how weird it was to say something like that to his best buddy. "See you later!" he then hurried down the hallway, his heels clicking on the floor, after kissing Martin on the cheek, of course, something that had already become a habit without him even noticing it.

The next day, to Timothy's surprise, he saw that Martin had been a lot more *pragmatic* in his choice of snacks than the feminized guy had expected. He had brought a basket full of homemade cake and cookies, alongside with toast and blackberry jam. Timothy suspected that Mrs. Lozano, Martin's mother, had been responsible for choosing and making the *menu*. Unlike her son, she was a very practical woman. Martin's personality had clearly been inherited from his father, a joiner who had some *peculiar ideas* on how to build furniture, and perhaps because of that he wasn't the most requested professional in the town.

Timothy had always gotten along pretty well with Martin's parents, but he hadn't seen them in a long time. What would they be thinking about the fact that their son's best friend was now living as a girl? Did they know that Martin was now on a picnic with *Tiffany*?

The feminized guy had also made some effort preparing for the event, bringing orange juice, fruit salad and yogurt. As for his outfit, he was wearing a plaid shirt tied above his navel and short jean shorts, missing only the cowboy boots in order to look like a perfect farm girl. He had chosen the pieces himself, thinking it seemed appropriate for the occasion.

Pulling a female outfit together had already become second nature to him at that point. It was just inevitable after being trained so rigorously by his stepmother, and spending so much time with Alyssa. And however much Timothy wanted to deny it, he also begun to experience some amusement while doing so, as an artist proud of his own creation. Women's fashion was something much more complex than almost any guy would guess, after all, and doing it right made him feels some kind of accomplishment.

Timothy and Martin spent the whole morning laughing and remembering the past, as they ate the food. "Here, try this cake" Martin offered, after spreading jam over it meticulously, bringing the cake to Timothy's mouth. "Pretty good, huh?"

"Mmmm... pretty good indeed!" Timothy cried out, cheerfully. "Do you know the recipe? Gosh, I'd definitely like to try making it myself some day. *Soo* yummy!"

"Sorry, I have no idea" Martin said, looking frustrated. "That's one of my mom's *top secret* recipes. She can be very possessive about them, you know... But since it's *for you*, she may be willing to share it this time. I think she uses melon or something..."

"Melon?" Timothy raised his thin eyebrows, as he nibbled another piece of the cake. "No way! You're, like, totally wrong!" he giggled.

"Maybe..." Martin considered the idea for a while. "But since when are you an expert on cooking?" he asked suddenly, as if waking up. "From what I remember, you didn't even know how to fry an egg!"



"Oh, you have no idea what you're talking about, *mister*" Timothy stated, with a slyly smile. "I've learned a lot since I... well... since started living as a girl. I've been cooking almost every day. I even made the fruit salad you just ate!"

"Yeah, it was delicious, I have to say!" Martin scratched his chin. "But fruit salad can't be *that* hard to make, can it?" he asked, with the honest curiosity of someone almost too naive to live in society.

"Did you really say that?!" Timothy exclaimed, open-mouthed. "Oh my gosh, you have no idea at all on how to please a girl, do you?" he asked, laughing and hitting Martin on the arm at the same time. "Oh, Martin, you totally are a lost cause!"

"Wait... did I say something wrong?" Martin questioned, truly puzzled. "Ouch, it hurts!"

"Oh, really? Now you want me to believe that a delicate girl like me can hurt big boy like you?" Timothy continued, now laughing so hard that his face was flushed and his belly began to ache. "Oh, Martin, I think..." but whatever Timothy had to say next, it never came out of his pink lips – suddenly, his face turned into a mask of terror as his eyes focused somewhere over Martin's shoulders, not far away...

...there was something definitely wrong going on.

"What's the matter?" Martin asked, worried. "You look like you saw a ghost!"

Instead of answering the question, Timothy let out a sharp shriek and threw his arms around his friend's neck, pressing his face against Martin's chest.

"Tell me what's wrong, Tiff! God, I never saw you like that before" Martin insisted, as *the girl* trembled in his arms.

"R-right behind you..." Timothy stammered, softly.

"What?" Martin asked, turning his neck. "I can't see anything!"

"On the floor... near the big rock!"



"I still can't... wait a minute... you're not talking about that little frog over there, are you?"

"Y-yes" Timothy nodded, still too scared to look up. "I... I don't like frogs."

Martin kept looking at the top of *Tiffany's* head, stunned. He knew that Timothy had never been the biggest fan of animals like snakes and spiders. However, he had never seen his friend act so dramatically at the sight of a harmless frog.

Maybe she is just expressing her true feelings now, Martin rationalized. *Everybody says girls are better at it than guys, right? Yeah, I guess it makes sense. Poor Tiff... It must have been so hard for her to pretend to be a guy all those years... Man, I should have realized who she really was way before...*

"Umm... do you want me to shoo the frog away?" Martin suggested.

"Yes, please!"

"In this case, as much as I hate to ask for that, you'll have to let me go for a second."

"Huh? Oh, I see, sorry!" Timothy said, blushing. "Be careful!"

"Oh, don't worry. I'm very good with animals" Martin then stood up, holding the lid of one of his pots. "Right, Mr. Frog? I'm afraid you'll have to move away, buddy. The lady is scared of you. I know what you had in mind, but you'll need to look for another princess to give you a little peck."

Martin had to just slightly swing the lid once, and then the frog jumped back into the lake. Timothy watched to scene feeling confused and embarrassed, realizing that he had acted like a drama queen, exactly like people keep calling him. *Oh my gosh, this thing of living as Tiffany for so long has really messed up my head! I mean, sometimes not even I can recognize myself anymore! Will I ever be able to behave like the old me someday? Or is it too late for that?*

Oblivious to Timothy's mental struggle, Martin smiled and said, "All done! The little buddy won't bother you anymore."

"Thanks, Martin. You... you were fabulous."

When Martin sat next to him, Timothy kissed him on the face again before he knew what he was doing. The feminized guy then shook his head, one more time confused about what was going on. "Listen, Martin, I know I totally overreacted, okay? I'm sorry. I don't know what's wrong with me. It was just a frog and I..."

"You don't need to apologize, Tiff" Martin said, holding *the girl's* hand. "This is not your fault if you were scared. Everybody is scared of something."

"What are you scared of, then?"

Faced with such a question, Martin looked more serious than Timothy had ever seen him before. Soon enough, however, his expression cleared, returning to its usual dreamy aspect. "I am very scared of breaded chicken" Martin finally answered.

"Breaded chicken?!" Timothy exclaimed, amazed. "You're kidding me, right? How can anyone be afraid of breaded chicken?"

"Hey, I didn't judge you because your fears, did I?" Martin asked, smiling. "There is nothing more frightening than breaded chicken."

Timothy was about to open his mouth to argue, but he stopped himself. It was clear that Martin wasn't feeling comfortable at the moment to reveal what he *truly* feared, and Timothy knew that, as his friend, he should respect it.

They then spent some time just looking at the lake in front of them, without saying anything. All this time, they were still holding hands, something that Timothy didn't seem to find weird or awkward. "Umm... Tiff... can I ask you something?" Martin said, suddenly.

"Sure, go ahead."

"Well..." Martin started, strangely uneasy. "I know you and that guy broke up, but I still don't know what happened exactly. Do you want to talk about it? Is there anything I can do?"

"Thank you, Martin" Timothy sighed. "You're so sweet, but I... I really don't want to talk about it now. All that is important to know is that I was the one who broke up with Matt and I never want to see him again."

"But did he do something to hurt you? 'Cause if he did do so, I..."

"Martin..."

"Fine! I won't insist. But if you ever want to talk about it, I'm here, okay? No matter what."

"Yes, I know" Timothy said, feeling strangely at peace. Despite the mess his life was now, the feminized guy couldn't deny he was lucky for having so many good people around him. He knew he could count on Kate, Martin and even Lyss to support in any situation, and he was grateful for that. He hoped he would never lose his friends, regardless of what would happen in the future...

"Umm... there is something else I want to say, Tiff" Martin stated, more troubled than ever.

"What is it?"

"Look, I know this is definitely not the right time to say that, and I'll probably sound like a jerk trying to take advantage of your vulnerable state, but I think you have the right to know. The thing is...

well... I like you. I like you not just as a friend... I mean... Yeah, I think you got the idea. It must be a shock to you, as you surely didn't know a thing, but as I said, I thought you had the right to know."

In other circumstances, Timothy would have found it funny. Martin was so oblivious to reality sometimes that he honestly believed that *Tiffany* didn't know he liked *her* as a potential girlfriend. Timothy had been aware of it for a very, very long time, as Martin had made it pretty clear with the way he acted whenever the feminized guy was around. Timothy didn't find it funny this time, though... not even a bit. He knew that his friend was opening his heart to him, and there was nothing funny about it. He, in fact, felt sad because of the answer he was about to give...

"Listen, Martin, you have, like, no idea at all about how flattered I am for hearing you say all that. You're such a sweet, pure and handsome guy... Gosh, I'm sure you would make any girl in the world happy! But the truth is... I don't think I want to date guys anymore. This is not an excuse, I swear! It's just... I don't think this is the right thing for me to do, at least for now, and I don't think I will ever change my mind about it. I... I'm sorry..." Timothy finished, feeling his heart as broken as Martin's one probably was.

"T-that's okay, Tiff..." Martin replied, looking down. "Well, we can always be friends, right? That's the most important thing, after all... Our friendship is very important to me."

They went into an uncomfortable and awkward silence, and Timothy kept telling himself he had to say something... anything... so he let out the first thing that crossed his mind. "Umm... you kept mentioning not long ago that you had a gift for me, isn't it right? What is that? Now that I'm thinking about it, I'm totally curious" Timothy asked, feeling like the stupidest person in the world.

Really, Tiffany? The feminized guy scolded himself, angry. *You just told the guy you don't want a relationship with him and now you're asking about gifts? Oh my gosh, how can anyone be that airheaded and insensitive?*

"Yeah, that's right. I bought it so long ago... I thought you had forgotten about the whole thing, you know" Martin said, with a weak smile, making Timothy feel even guiltier. "Anyway, yeah, I will give it to you. I just need a few days to... umm... to make sure the gift is feeling well."

"What you mean? Is the gift a pet or something?"

"No, not a pet. J-just give me a few days, okay? You'll understand everything..."

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The beginning of next week...

"Oh, you're finally home! Good evening, princess... I'm so glad to see you!" Richard cried out when he saw his feminized son, with such excitement in his voice that Timothy shivered.



"Umm... I don't understand why you are, like, so jolly, Daddy" Timothy said, unsure. "Is today a special day or something?"

"Absolutely! Very special, indeed! But before we get into this, where are your manners, young lady? Don't you think you should greet our guest?"

Only then did Timothy realize that his father wasn't the only person in the living room. The feminized guy saw a young man sitting on the couch, looking very uncomfortable.

"This is Donovan Mills" Richard continued, excited. "The best cadet in his class, about to graduate with all honors, right, my boy? Ensign Mills will give us the pleasure of his company at dinner tonight. Mills, this is Tiffany, my dearest daughter, but you've probably already figured it out by now, right?" Richard finished, with a twisted smile on his face.

"Umm... Hi?" Timothy said, still completely confused about what was going on. In response, Donovan just nodded slightly, his face completely expressionless.

"C'mon, don't be so shy, my boy!" Richard exclaimed, encouraging the young man. "Get up and greet the lady properly!"

"Yes, Sir" Donovan said mechanically, with the face of someone who would rather cross the Antarctica completely naked. He then stood up and approached Timothy with firm steps, almost as if marching into battle. "Nice to meet you, Miss Foster" he said, kissing Timothy's hand. "Your father... umm... talks a lot about you."

"Oh, really?" Timothy asked, puzzled. He just couldn't imagine his father talking openly about his feminized son at the military base... none of that made sense.

Timothy then took a moment to look closely at the young man in front of him. From his uniform to his haircut, there was no doubt that Donovan was a military man, and his posture showed that he was really proud of it, or at least had been trained to demonstrate so. He couldn't look more different than Timothy now, who was wearing a low-cut flowery black dress with pink ruffles and sandal heels, with his long blond hair neatly styled and his face beautifully made up.

The feminized guy reflected that if, months ago, he had simply done what his father wished instead of daring him into that crazy game, he would now be wearing a uniform like Donovan's one, and wouldn't be living like a living Barbie doll. However, the idea of being a military man still sounded so repulsive to him that he thought that wearing skirts and dresses wasn't *that bad*, if he only had those two options.

"Now that you two have been properly introduced, I think I can start telling the good news, right?" Richard said, rubbing his hands. "As you know, Tiffany, sweetheart, the Cadet Academy Gala will take place next weekend, and you have no one to be your date now that you have lost your boyfriend, isn't

it true? But fear no more, princess. Ensign Mills here was kind enough to *volunteer* to accompany you to the gala. Do you see how great it is? Like I said, Mills is the best cadet in his class, with a bright future ahead. He's a *real man*, who will certainly make the country proud. You should be honored, doll! Who knows... if you two get along, maybe he'll make you an honest woman in a near future, huh? So do your best to impress him, dear. You don't want to be dumped by yet another good man, do you?"



Timothy was so furious and outraged by all the crap he had heard that he couldn't say anything for a moment. The contempt he felt for his father reached a new level, something he thought impossible. "So, you *volunteered* to take me to the gala?" he asked, annoyed, turning to Donovan. "Without, like, even consulting me about the matter? You and Daddy just decided it for me?"

"Officer Foster said you'd like it" Donovan explained, surprised by how angry *the girl* looked, and clearly as unhappy about the whole thing as Timothy was.

"Tiffany!" Richard cried out. "Don't use this tone with..."

"Wait a minute, Daddy! I'm talking to *my date*, okay? So, Donovan, Daddy cared to mention to you that I am a trans girl? Do you know what that means? Do you know that I still have a..."

"Tiffany Rose Foster!" Richard shouted, now truly exasperated. "Stop it right now, young lady, or I swear I'll make you regret it! You will learn to behave like a proper lady, one way or another!"

"Yes, I know what a trans is" Donovan finally answered, easing the tension in the room a little. "But your father is my superior and he says you are a woman. Then... you're a woman" the young man stated, to Timothy's disbelief. "I... I'm very happy to take you to the gala" he added, clearly hating himself for every word he was saying. Timothy could see in his eyes that he thought *Tiffany* was anything but a woman.

"See?" Richard thundered. "You should be thrilled that such a good man accepts you as you are, young lady! You're definitely a lucky girl... I'm even willing to forgive you for your little tantrum if you promise to behave from now on. I know you are acting historically just because you feel insecure about your body, isn't it? But here comes my second surprise for you, and you'll thank me for it forever... As your graduation gift, I decided I'll pay for the last surgery you need to be a *full woman*. Now when is your graduation again? I believe this is in less than two months from now, isn't it?"

Timothy was completely dumbfounded to hear that, feeling like he had just been slapped in the face. It seemed like his father had grown tired of their little game and decided to go *all-win*. "B-but, Daddy, I... I still don't have medical authorization for..."

"Oh, to the hell with those damn doctors and all this bureaucracy! What else do they need to see to understand that you are meant to be a female? You were never worthy of being a man, after all! I will take you to another state for you to have your surgery... even another country, if necessary! So, what you say? Are you happy with the news, *princess*?" Richard asked with his tiny cruel eyes shining, as if he were challenging his feminized son to beg him to change his mind... But Richard really knew how to get the worst out of Timothy and make him act irrationally. In face of his father's cocky expression, Timothy decided to double the bet...

"Oh, Daddy, you have, like, no idea how happy I am!" the feminized boy cried out, in the girliest voice possible. "You totally are the best daddy in the world! Gosh, I'm *sooo* thrilled that I'm gonna post about it on Instagram right now, so everyone will know the news! You know how we girls are... We just can't keep secrets" he added, giggling, as he took his pink phone out of his pink purse and started typing with his also pink nails, announcing to his followers that he would undergo SRS soon, and that he couldn't be happier about that. He then selected one of his photos wearing a cheerleader outfit to go with the text and published it, without thinking about what he was doing or the consequences that it would have.

It was hard to believe how far that charade had gone – which had started with a harmless ponytail, now was dangerously approaching sex reassignment surgery, something that would make Timothy's feminization irreversible.

"All done, Daddy!" Timothy exclaimed after publishing the post, which immediately started getting likes and comments. "Now where's Mommy, by the way? Does she already know the news? Gosh, I can't wait to see her face! She's *sooo* going to love it! I guess she is making dinner, right? I will help her. Why don't you two enjoy a drink in the dining room while we girls take care of the food? Come, *Ensign Mills*, I'll show you the way" Timothy giggled, grabbing the guy's arm and kissing him on the face, much to his father horror. "Oh, gosh, you have, like, such strong arms... I bet you work out a lot, don't you? Totes fab..."

A week later, on the Gala night...

"Very well, darling, I think you're ready! Oh my gosh, I bet you'll definitely love how you look!" exclaimed Marlene, Timothy's hairdresser, splashing some more hairspray on the feminized guy's hair while her assistant added a final layer of lip gloss on his plump lips.

Timothy couldn't be happier to hear that Marlene and the other girls were finally done with him. It had been three or four hours since they started working on his hair, makeup and nails, and he was eager to stretch his legs – even if he would have to do so wearing killer heels.

For that special occasion, Marlene had agreed to come to Timothy's house to do his makeover, so the feminized guy's bedroom was full of busy beauticians walking around. Susan, Alyssa, Chloe and Gabriella were there, too, with their hair and makeup already done, so they were totally focused on *Tiffany*, giving some suggestions to make sure *she* looked at her best at *her* first Gala as a female.

"Oh, my... I can't believe how beautiful you look, sweetie!" Susan cried out, with tears in her eyes. "I see my baby girl is already a grown woman!"

"You're, like, totally right, Mrs. Foster" Gabriella agreed, smiling. "No one will be able to take their eyes off you at the Gala, Ti-Ti. If you weren't one of my besties, I'd be totally jealous!"

"Can I take a look at myself?" Timothy asked, looking around for a mirror.

"Not yet" Chloe said.

"Yeah, I think we should help you get dressed first" Alyssa stated. "So you can get the full effect. Let's go, girl!"



Timothy was then taken to his walk-in closet, where the girls took off his robe, leaving only his pink silk panties covering his body, with his big boobs fully on display. Chloe then handed him the red thong he was supposed to wear with his outfit for the night.

"Umm... can you girls give me some privacy for a moment?"

"C'mon, Ti-Ti, is this really necessary?" Alyssa asked, slightly annoyed. "We're all well aware that you are a pre-op trans, but no one will judge you. We all love you, remember? That's not your fault you have a *little extra thing* down there... but not for long, right? You'll get rid of it pretty soon" she finished, making Timothy gulp, and unconsciously take his hands down to the middle of his legs, in a defensive stance.

The feminized guy had definitely had a tough week after the announcement he had made. His growing number of followers had gone crazy after learning that *Tiffany* was undergoing a sex reassignment surgery soon. The only problem was that Timothy had no intention whatsoever to truly undergo such a procedure, and had made that post just to get back at his father.



It didn't take long for Timothy to realize that it had been a huge mistake. He started getting more and more messages from trans people saying how inspiring his story was, and that they loved him for everything he was doing for the LGBTQ+ community. The guilt that Timothy felt for deceiving those people – who already suffered so much in their lives – was overwhelming. The guy had always been a big supporter of minority causes (one of the reasons he and his father had never gotten along,) and he felt depressed for playing with those people feelings like that, even if he hadn't been the one who started it.

What was he going to do about it then? How would he explain what was really going on without offending people even more? He had no idea, but he would have to think about it later. For now, he needed to focus on surviving the Gala, which would be quite a feat in itself...

"Umm... could you girls just turn around, then?" Timothy insisted, still feeling uncomfortable about getting naked in front of the girls.

"Fine!" Alyssa rolled her eyes, sighing. "But hurry up! We don't have much time."

The feminized guy then put on his thong, making sure to tuck his member between his legs, which was a quite simple task, considering how tiny it was now.

"Oh, Ti-Ti, I keep thinking you've been fooling us all the way long, you know" Gabriella commented. "Gosh, there's, like, no way you actually have something between your legs! I mean, just look at you. How is that even possible?" she asked, making Timothy blush.



That was one of the times Timothy wished Kate were there, as she would certainly scold Gabriella for being so obtrusive. But Timothy knew he wouldn't have the girl by his side that night. Kate's mother was away for some days, and Kate would need to stay home to look after her grandmother, who wasn't feeling well since the previous week.

During the past few days, Kate had shown concern for Timothy, insisting for him not to attend the Gala either. "Why are you going to do this to yourself, Tiff? I know you don't want to go out with the stupid cadet that your dad introduced you. You were the one who said he looked at you like you were garbage. Why are you going then?"

The truth was that not even Timothy knew the answer to that question. Deep down, he felt it probably was just because he wanted to humiliate his father even further, knowing how miserable the man would feel being forced to introduce his feminized son to everyone who served with him. But was that really worth it? It was what he kept wondering...

Early in the week, Timothy had thought of a plan to avoid going to the Gala with Donovan Mills. The feminized guy would simply tell his father he already had a date, and had *forgotten* about it before. No, it wasn't the best plan in the world, but Timothy was sure it fitted his *airhead-girl character* that his father hated so much. He knew exactly who he would need to ask for help to make this plan work... Martin. Timothy felt like a horrible person for asking Martin to take him on a fake date knowing the guy had feelings for him, but he was completely desperate.

However, Martin didn't show up at school that day, and didn't answer any of Timothy's texts. Timothy knew it wasn't *that* unusual for Martin to disappear for a day or two when he was involved in some *important project*, like a new meditation technique or counting how many fireflies there were in the town, but when Martin still hadn't shown up on Thursday, Timothy started to get seriously worried – so worried that he even went to his friend's house to find out what was going on.

He was received by Martin's mom, which was kind of embarrassing for the feminized guy, as he knew the woman since he was a kid, and that was the first time she was seeing him as *Tiffany*. She just praised him, though, saying that he looked *pretty*, and pointed out she should have realized that deep down he had always been a girl way before. About Martin, she vaguely explained that he had to leave town for a few days, but she believed he would be back soon.

That really wasn't what Timothy had hoped to hear, as now it seemed he would have no choice but to go to the Gala with Donovan...

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As Timothy descended the stairs (taking care not to trip on the way since he was wearing 6-inch red sparkle pump heels, which were a little too high even for a pro in heels like him,) the conversation in the living room stopped, as if everyone was hypnotized by the clicks of his pumps.

That was the moment that Timothy was eagerly waiting for, and he entered the living room as graceful and confident as a top model on a catwalk, much to his father disbelief and horror. The feminized guy himself had been dumbfounded by how beautiful he looked when he finally saw his reflection back in his closet. Marlene and her assistants had truly outdone themselves this time around... Timothy was convinced he wouldn't look out of place even among movie stars on the red carpet of some award show, and that finding was shocking, and he knew he would never ever look

that attractive as a guy. Alyssa had wasted no time in taking some pics of him, and in just a few minutes the post already had thousands of likes on Instagram.



The feminized guy was wearing a gorgeous strapless red gown, which highlighted all the curves of his feminine and sexy body, including his tempting D-cup breasts. The dress had a deep front slit, leaving his killer legs on display while the back of the garment fluttered in an enchanting way as he parade around.

His hair was glamorously styled, cascading over his right shoulder in elegant waves; and his makeup was dramatic and sultry, with dark smokey eyeshadow, long false eyelashes, and red lipstick and lip gloss, making his lips look even fuller and irresistible. To complete his look, he was wearing big chandelier earrings, many rings, and a chic bracelet.



"So, what you think, Ensign Mills?" *Tiffany* asked, in *her* most seductive voice. "Do I look pretty?"

Donovan was unable to speak for a moment, his eyes almost popping out of their sockets. It was undeniable that he was stunned by how beautiful *the girl* in front of him looked... but then, as he remembered who that girl really was, his face took on a confused and angry expression, as if he couldn't handle the fact that he was feeling attracted to someone he didn't consider to be a *real female*. Still, he had to keep up appearances, since he knew he couldn't openly hostile *Tiffany* in front of *her* father...

...in short, his mind was a mess.

"Umm... yeah... you look pretty, indeed, Miss Foster" he finally answered.

"C'mon, *Donny*, if you are going to be my date tonight, there is no need for, like, so much formality! You can call me Tiff or Ti-Ti, okay? And if you don't mind me saying so, you look very *charming* in your gala uniform, too" Timothy giggled.

"Umm... thank you, I guess" Donovan replied, looking even more troubled.

"What about you, *daddy*?" Timothy turned to Richard, with daring eyes. "What do you think about my look?"

"Oh, you look fantastic, *princess*!" Richard answered, with a sick smile. He looked a lot less intimidating these days, though, with his body getting weaker and weaker for some reason "Also, I think..." but before the man could finish it, he was interrupted by someone who burst into the living room through the front door without even knocking, startling everyone present.

"Tiff, you can't go to the Gala with this guy! I just can't let it happen! Because... I love you, Tiff... I love you so much!"

"Matt?!" Timothy cried out, astonished. "W-what are you, like, doing here?"

"Now that's a very good question" Alyssa said, looking furious as she came forward. "I thought I had made it clear the last time that I didn't want to see you around Ti-Ti again, you piece of shit!"

"Don't think I'm afraid of you, you crazy bitch!" Matt snapped back. "Be glad that I decided to forgive you. I just want to talk to *my* girlfriend, okay? That's why I'm here."

"She's not your girlfriend anymore, dumbo, and..."

"Thanks, Lyss, but I think I can deal with him this time around" Timothy intervened. "She's right, though, Matt. I'm no longer your girlfriend, and you know it perfectly well."

"It can't be, Tiff! Don't you realize we are meant to be together? When I found out you were going to this gala thing, I decided it would be me who would take you there. I came prepared for that!" he

stated, pointing at himself, as if to emphasize the tuxedo he was wearing. "By the way, you look fantastic, babe. We'll look incredible together! You just need to give me a second chance, Tiff. I know you want to be with me, too!"

"I think you came a little late, young man" said Richard, who was clearly enjoying himself at the expense of his feminized son's embarrassment. "The lady already has a date for the Gala."

"With all due respect, Mr. Foster" Matthew turned to Richard. "Your daughter can do much better than going out with this moron!"

"Who are you calling a moron?" Donovan exclaimed, irate. It was true he had no desire to take someone he didn't consider to be a *real woman* to the Gala, but this didn't mean he would accept being offended without taking action.

"You're a moron!" Matthew repeated, pointing a finger at the cadet.



"Oh, now this is getting interesting!" Gabriella whispered to Chloe, excited by all the drama.

"Stop it, you two! Stop it right now!" Timothy placed himself between the guys, when they seemed about to start punching each other. "Listen to me, Matt, do you think I forgot all the horrible things you said to me that night?"

"I... I'm so sorry about that, Tiff. You know I wasn't thinking straight after... well, after the news you gave me. Can you really blame me? I promise you it will never ever happen again!"

"Oh, really? Would you now be okay with everyone knowing you are, like, dating a trans girl?"

"I won't deny this is still hard for me... But don't you remember my plan, Tiff? We can just disappear from the town as soon as we're graduated, and then..."

"She's not going anywhere with you" said someone else, also entering the house in a dramatic way...

Everyone turned towards the door, and they saw a beautiful young woman wearing a mint green gown. Her makeup wasn't very elaborate, but looked elegant and tasteful; her hair was tied up in a neat ponytail, with braids coming out of the front, and some loose curls falling down her face.



"K-kate!" Timothy cried out, more confused than ever. Nothing was making sense that evening, but this time he had a pleasure surprise, at least. "I can't believe you are here! I mean... I thought you were going to to take care of your grandma and... Ah nevermind! It's *sooo* fabulous to see you!"

"I asked my aunt to spend the night with grandma. You look stunning, Tiff! It always amazes me how you keep getting prettier and prettier."

"Thank you, Kate!" Timothy said, blushing. "You look gorgeous, as well! This dress totally suits you. Now that I am thinking about it, I don't think I have ever seen you wearing a dress before."

"Yeah... I've never been a *dress girl*. And I feel awkward wearing such a fancy gown."

"Nonsense! You look just like a dream!"

That was Kate's turn to blush. "If you say so... But this is just an old dress from my mom, you know. My aunt helped me with my hair and makeup, since I'm not particularly good at it. We had to improvise since I decided to go to the Gala at the very last minute."

"What made you change your mind, Kate?"

"You did."

"Me?!"

"Exactly. I've been thinking about everything, and I don't want to run away from my feelings anymore. I want to take you to the Gala, Tiff... as my date."

Everyone held their breath after hearing such an unexpected revelation. The first one to regain his composure was Richard, who commented mockingly, "It seems like this thing of wishing to be a girl was just bullshit, right, Tiffany, *princess*? Or should I call you Timothy? How is that possible you want to be a female if you are about to date a girl, huh? What else have you been hiding from me?"

"I don't know what's going on here, but Tiffany isn't into girls!" Matthew stated, outraged. "I know she had a lot of fun while we were making out! Not to mention when she was sucking my..."

"Gosh, how can anyone be so gross and disgusting?" Alyssa said, pulling Matthew's hair from behind so hard that the guy tripped and fell to the floor. "You never learn, do you? I see I'll have to do something *drastic* about you to make you get the message."

Taking the opportunity, Kate addressed Richard, "What you said is absurd, Mrs. Foster! Tiffany being interested in females doesn't make her less of a woman! You know that lesbians exist, right? And bisexuals? I thought the father of a trans girl wouldn't be someone so closed-minded."

"Blasphemy!" Richard exclaimed in horror, his face flushed. "All this crap is just a plan by the communists and the media to destroy our society!"

"No, you're wrong. There is nothing abnormal about not being heterosexual" Kate said, in a defiant tone. "I know I am a lesbian for a long time, and when I was dating Lyss, some years ago, I..." Kate suddenly stopped talking, with a shocked expression on her face, realizing she had gone way too far.

"Wait a minute" Timothy said, open-mouthed. "Are you telling me that Lyss and you used to date?!"

"Is that true, Lyss? You dated... *her*?" Chloe asked, equally stunned.

"Oh my gosh, I should have brought some popcorn 'cos the tea is served!" Gabriella cried out, getting more and more excited. It was clear she truly loved a good gossip.

Alyssa, who until a moment ago was still glaring at Matthew on the floor, looked at Kate with a lost and frightened expression. Timothy had definitely never seen her looking like that.

"I... I'm so sorry, Lyss!" Kate said, approaching the girl with unsure steps. "I had no right to expose you this way. I don't know what was wrong with me... Can you forgive me? But maybe... you know... that's a good thing..." Kate continued, carefully. "You know dating guys just to keep up appearances never did you any good. You deserve to be happy, Lyss. Can we talk about it later? In private? You know that we can talk whenever you want" Alyssa, who remained speechless all the time, just nodded, still looking numb and bewildered.

"So, Tiff" Kate turned to Timothy again, grabbing his hands. "This is the moment of truth... do you want to go to the Gala with me?"

But before the feminized guy could open his mouth to answer, yet another person appeared on the scene. "Wow, why are there so many people here? And why is everyone wearing costumes? Is this a party? I thought Halloween was still many months away..."

"Martin?!" Timothy cried out, once again stunned. It seemed like the surprises would never come to an end that night.

Only then Martin noticed Timothy, and his eyes opened wide as his jaw dropped in amazement. "Wow!" he exclaimed, completely dazed. "You look... wow!"

"Where have you been, Martin?" Timothy asked, a little impatient. "I spent the whole week trying to talk to you!"

"Where have I been? I don't even know anymore... Tiff, you look so gorgeous that I'm finding it hard to think about anything else right now."

"Don't be silly, Martin!" Timothy said, although he blushed one more time after hearing his friend's compliment. "Just tell me what's going on! Wait... why are you carrying a guitar case?"



"Am I? Oh, yeah, I see! Well, this is the gift I've been mentioning for so long. Maybe I should have wrapped it in gift-wrapping paper or something?" He looked thoughtful for a moment. "Oh, well, I guess it's too late now. But open it. Let me know what you think!"

When Timothy did so, he had yet another big shock. "Wait... Oh my gosh, Martin, it looks exactly like my old guitar..."

"Good, 'cause this is exactly what it is!"

"My guitar?! Is this my guitar? Like, for real? Gee, how is that even possible?"

"Months ago, I saw it in the window of a musical instrument shop downtown and I recognized it right away. How couldn't I, right? You used to carry this guitar everywhere. I didn't understand why it was there, though. I knew you had come out as a trans girl, but I didn't believe you would want to get rid of your guitar, as it had always been so dear to you. I thought you might have sold this along with your other guy's stuff by mistake; or maybe you truly intended to sell this, but would regret it later."

"In any case" Martin continued. "I thought it was better to keep the guitar with me, even if it was just as a remembrance of you. We weren't talking to each other at the time, you know, and I didn't know if you'd ever want to be my friend again... So, yeah, that's it. If you really don't want the guitar anymore, that's okay. I can understand" Martin finished, scratching his head, as he considered for the first time that it might have been a bad idea to give it to his friend, since the guitar could bring back bad memories of the time that Tiffany had been forced to live as a guy.

However, before he realized what was going on, *Tiffany* threw herself into his arms and kissed his face, sobbing. "Oh, Martin... I swear this totally is the best gift I have ever received! You have no idea how much I missed my guitar... like, every single day! Gosh, you are the best friend *a girl* could ask for!"

A little surprised but a lot pleased by his friend's reaction, Martin hugged *the girl* back, while everyone around watched the scene not knowing how to react to what they were seeing. "But wait a minute..." the feminized guy said suddenly. "It still doesn't explain why you were missing in the past few days."

"Well, after I learned to play the guitar, I..."

"Wait a minute, *Mister*! What do you mean by 'after I learned to play the guitar'? I tried to teach you in the past, but you never had the patience to practice – which was *kinda* surprising, considering you usually have the patience to do anything, even watch the grass grow up!"

"Well, I thought it would be a good idea. I believe any instrument gets sad if no one plays them for a long period of time. And learning it was easy. I just had to get in touch with the guitar soul and then..."

"Martin!"

"Fine! Some tutorials on YouTube helped as well. But as I was saying, after I learned the basics, I started writing a song – just for fun, you know – and that was when a tragedy happened... I dropped the guitar one day, and it got hurt, with an ugly crack in the neck..."

"What?! Did you break my guitar?" Timothy cried out, frantically looking for the crack. "Where is it? I can't see anything!"

"That's what I'm trying to say. After the accident, I did some research and found out that the best luthier around lived in a small town across the state. I traveled up there earlier in the week to get the guitar fixed. The problem was that the man was very busy when I arrived, so I had to wait a few days until he had some free time. That's why I came back only today."

"Let me see if I got it right, okay? Are you saying that you, like, crossed the entire state just to get my guitar fixed?"

"I had broken this, hadn't I? It was the least I could do. I know there are luthiers who live closer, but none of them are as good as Mr. Dunlap from what I read. I have to say he did an incredible job, don't you think?"

"I don't know what to say, Martin. You keep surprising me, and... You truly are an amazing guy. Thank you... thank you so much! You have no idea how much all this means to me!" *Tiffany* cried out, hugging Martin again. And while *she* was there, feeling *her* delicate body being embraced by Martin's strong arms, a crazy, absurd idea crossed *her* mind...

...an idea that could seal *her* fate forever.

"Daddy, I'm so sorry but I can't go to the Gala with Donovan" Timothy stated.

"What are you talking about, young lady?" Richard thundered. "Why not?"

"'Cause I... I love Martin!" the feminized guy declared, not really sure why he was doing so. All he knew was that he definitely didn't want to go out with Donovan, and that his father had always hated Martin, whom he considered to be a good-for-nothing boy, and a bad influence on his son. Timothy also knew that someone as homophobic as his father would never again take him seriously as a trans girl if he went to the Gala with Kate, which would give Richard an advantage over him...

...but maybe... just maybe... it could also have something to do with the way Timothy had felt when being embraced by his friend.

"You... love me?" Martin asked, more shocked than Timothy had ever seen him, and the feminized guy felt once again like a terrible person for playing with the Martin's feelings like that. He also wished he had a chance to talk to Kate alone – in order to explain what was truly going on – but he knew it was just impossible at that moment.

"Martin, I..." Timothy started to say, but then Martin surprised him with a full, warm kiss on him mouth. Completely taken aback, Timothy had no reaction and just stood there, as Martin kissed him passionately.

Oh my gosh, I just can't believe this is, like, really happening! The feminized guy thought, distressed. *Martin is kissing me... He is, like, totally kissing me! I'm being kissed by a guy in front of dad, Susan and everyone else. It just can't be... Do something, Tiffany... Do something now!*

But when he parted his lips, he felt Martin's tongue invading his mouth before he could say anything. *Oh, geez, this is going way too far! This... this... this feels kinda nice*, *though,* Tiffany thought involuntarily, when *her* own body started to betray *her* once again. Before she knew it, she was kissing Martin back with equal passion, her arms firmly wrapped around his neck.



Oh, gosh! What am I doing? Who is going to believe that I'm just pretending to be a trans girl now? But I... I mean... I just can't... I can't resist it...

Martin's kiss felt completely different from Matthew's ones. It had all the eagerness that Tiffany couldn't deny that she liked a lot, but was also gentle and tender, something Tiffany had never experienced with her ex-boyfriend.

For a brief moment, which seemed to take forever but at the same time passed way too quickly, Tiffany even forgot where she was and all the people around her – it was like she and Martin were the only people in the world...

But it ended as suddenly as it started. Still with her eyes closed, Tiffany felt Martin break the kiss, hugging her even tighter. "You have no idea how much I loved it" he whispered in her ear, making the girl feel butterflies in her stomach. "If I got it right, we're going to some kind of party, right? Hey, man" Martin addressed Matthew, who looked shocked and furious after seeing his ex-girlfriend being

kissed by another guy. "We haven't been introduced yet, but where can I get a butler costume like yours? It looks like I'm going to need one of those."

—•—

A few days later...

"The game will start in ten minutes, girls. Hurry up!" a voice shouted in the locker room, making Timothy jump, startled. Checking his reflection one last time, he still couldn't believe he was really going to do that. It all seemed too crazy to be real.

"You okay, Tiff?" he heard someone approaching from behind asking. "You look a little pale."

Still looking in the mirror, Timothy saw Kate stand beside him, wearing a uniform identical to his. "Hey, Kate" the feminized guy said weakly, immediately looking down at his feet. "I... I don't know what I was thinking... Gosh, I can't be a cheerleader!"

"Calm down, Tiff. Just take some deep breaths, okay?" Kate said, hugging her friend. "Everything will be alright. You're just nervous. That's all" she added, and Timothy wished that at least once Kate wasn't so kind to him, since it just made him feel even more guilty.

The memory of what had happened on the Gala's night was still fresh in the feminized guy's mind. Kate had declared herself to him, but in the end Timothy went to the party with Martin, due to yet another of those bizarre turn of events that seemed to only happen to him.

Despite all that, he would be lying to himself if he said that the Gala had been a complete disaster. He had had a lot of fun being introduced to everyone who served with his father at the military base, and seeing the despair in the man's eyes. It was also hard to deny that he had had a good time with Martin as his date, although that was something Timothy didn't want to think about.

The news spread quickly and in just a few days everyone knew that *Tiffany*, the trans girl who had become the new internet sensation, was now dating her childhood friend. Timothy soon realized that trying to deny it was a futile effort. Photos of the couple together were already everywhere on Instagram and Facebook, and people just couldn't get enough of them.

Martin – Timothy had to admit – was being very understandable about the whole thing. When they met the day after the Gala, he said that the night before had been the most special of his life, but that it was okay for him if *Tiffany* wanted to take things slowly. He wished to build a lasting relationship with her, after all, so he wasn't in a hurry. He didn't try to kiss her forcefully, like Matt used to do all the time, and respected her personal space.

In short, he was so sweet that Tiffany didn't have the courage to tell him the truth at that moment – that she had said she loved him just to piss off her father – but was that the whole truth?

Things progressed slowly but surely over the next few days. Everything happened so naturally that Timothy didn't find it strange when they started walking hand in hand at school, or when Martin kissed his cheek before they went to different classes.

That was another huge difference from the time that *Tiffany* used to date Matthew. Martin wasn't ashamed to be seen with her, even if everyone around knew (or believed) she was a trans girl – on the contrary, it looked like nothing could make him happier and prouder than walking with Tiffany, which made *the girl* feel good... in a *dangerous* way.

She was so confused about the whole situation that sometimes she daydreamed that it would be a lot easier if she could simply date Martin and Kate at the same time – only to then invariably feel disgusted with herself.

What's, like, wrong with you, Tiffany! Gosh, stop thinking like some kind of spoiled Barbie girl who wants everything for herself!

Several times, Timothy had also tried to explain to Kate what had truly happened (despite the fact that he couldn't explain it satisfactorily even to himself), but with no luck. Kate always interrupted him, saying that he owed her no explanation.

"I know you and Martin have a long history together, Tiff" she told the feminized guy. "You two are friends since forever, and I think it's only natural for you to try to have a loving relationship with him. Everyone can see how much he loves you. And judging the way you looked at him when he showed up at your house that night, I think it's safe to say that you have feelings for him, as well..."

Kate's generosity and empathy was something that kept shocking Timothy. How could a real person be like that? And now, as he freaked out about the idea of being a cheerleader, there she was, once again by his side, encouraging him.

Timothy was still staring at the mirror, having a hard time convincing himself he hadn't actually lost his mind. What he was seeing in the mirror was a stunning blonde cheerleader with a face and a body that could make any model in the world jealous. Her uniform, consisting of a black and pink mini skirt and a pink low-cut top, highlighted all the curves of her gorgeous, mind-blowing figure in a mesmerizing way. Her hair was tied in a high ponytail, and her makeup was flashy, with hot pink eyeshadow, long false eyelashes and glossy pink lips.

That girl was none other than Timothy himself, of course, which made no sense to him. He used to be just an ordinary guy who never drew much attention and spent his time playing guitar, after all... now, however, he was a girl with a killer body, known to everyone.

"Trust me, Tiff" Kate insisted. "You'll be a fantastic cheerleader. And remember that we will be by your side the whole time. Right, girls?"


10
SPIRIT

Only then did Timothy realize that Alyssa, Gabriella and Chloe were also around. "What's going on?" Alyssa asked. "Is there a problem?"

"Nothing serious" Kate answered, smiled. "Tiff is just a little nervous, but she'll be fine, right, Tiff, honey? I was telling her that she can rest easy because we will be there to support her."

"Kate is totally right, Ti-Ti" Alyssa stated, also caressing Timothy's shoulders. "You have nothing to worry about. Just look at you... You look glamorous, girl... Just like a dream! Besides, you're totally ready for your debut after training so hard."

Once again, Timothy found it astonishing how all the hostility between Kate and Alyssa had disappeared almost overnight. The revelation that the two of them used to date in the past was something that Timothy was still having trouble assimilating, so surreal it sounded. And if this was being difficult for Timothy, the situation was even worse for Gabriella and Chloe, who didn't seem to know how to react to the discovery that their mentor and leader wasn't exactly the person they imagined her to be.



"It's showtime, girls" Alyssa continued. "All of you know what to do. Let's go! But first... let's take a picture together" she then asked one of the other cheerleaders to take a photo of the five of them. Timothy stood between Kate and Alyssa, and smiled nervously as the moment was immortalized not only by a photograph, but also by his own mind. At that point, he knew he was indeed going to debut as a cheerleader, and that there was nothing he could do to avoid that. It was certainly something he would never be able to forget, even if he managed to go back to being a guy one day.

After the photo, he was resignedly following the girls to the field when he was stopped by Abigail, the cheerleader captain, at the locker room door. "You girls can keep going" she told Kate and the others, making Alyssa frown, suspicious. "I just want a word with our little star before the game starts. We'll catch up with you girls in a minute..."

—•—

"So, what did Abigail want?" Alyssa asked, when *Tiffany* joined the other girls outside the locker room.

"I... I don't know for sure" the feminized guy said slowly, looking confused. "She was kinda nice, you know? She asked me how I was feeling, and stated that I could, like, count on her if I needed anything. It was her duty, as the squad captain, to support the girls and blah, blah, blah."

"Hmm... weird" Chloe said. "That bitch isn't known for being such a sweetheart."

"Yeah..." Timothy continued, troubled. "She totally acted like a doll, even making sure there was nothing wrong with my makeup and uniform, but..."

"But...?" Kate and Gabriella asked together.

"Maybe I'm being paranoid" Timothy pouted, looking down. "But there was something in her eyes that totally frightened me. But let's forget about it, okay? It's not like she could do something to me during the game, right?"

Timothy had barely finished saying these words when Abigail appeared behind him, coming out of the locker room. "Is everyone here?" she asked suddenly, making Timothy jump a little. "It's time to..."

"Wait for me!" cried out another girl, hurrying out of the locker room. Her face was flushed and her breathing was fast and shallow.

"Lilly, where the hell were you?" Abigail yelled, looking furious – completely different from the kind girl who had talked to Timothy just an instant before. "Don't you have any responsibility, girl? You're letting the whole squad down!"

"S-sorry" the girl called Lilly stammered, so embarrassed that she had tears in her eyes. "I ... I had to go to the ladies room and..."

"We don't have time to hear your lame excuses now, your airhead" Abigail interrupted her. "Don't you see the game is about to start? We'll have a little chat later. Now, everybody, get into your positions!"

As Timothy moved towards the players' locker room, he realized that he wasn't the only one dissatisfied with the way Abigail had treated Lilly. To say that Abigail had overreacted was an understatement – she had acted more like a spoiled little dictator who didn't accept to be contradicted.

Timothy thought it was amazing how much the girl's personality could resemble that of her uncle, Mr. Smith, whom the feminized guy knew very well since the man had been his basketball coach. It was clear that Abigail maintained her leadership over the cheerleader squad through intimidation. Apart from two or three girls, nobody truly liked or respected her, and Timothy doubted the squad would be *deeply sorry* to see her go.

The squad then stood in two lines outside the players' locker room, forming a corridor through which the team would pass to enter the field. When the players finally appeared, the cheerleaders shook their pom-poms and cheered excitedly. *Tiffany* then spotted Martin among them, and *her* heart skipped a beat. That was another completely surreal experience for her, wearing and tiny cheerleader uniform and cheering for her best friend. Before she knew what was going on, she thought that Martin looked particularly good wearing his football uniform, which made him look so strong and manly that Tiffany bit her bottom lip with her legs shaky.

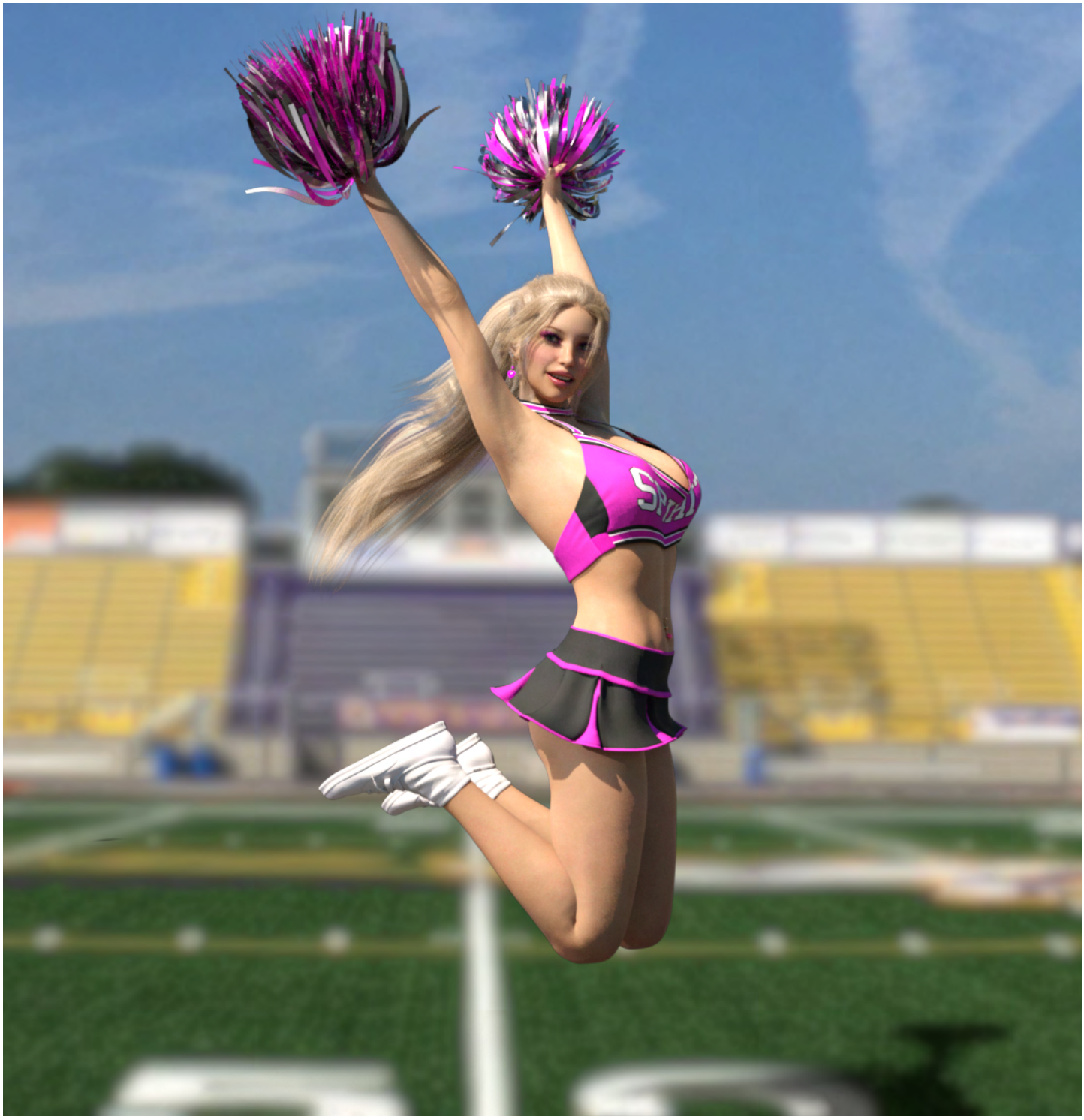
Martin reacted with equal enthusiasm when he saw Tiffany. He was so mesmerized by the girl that he stopped running suddenly, almost getting hit by his teammates. "C'mon, man, keep moving!" said the guy behind him. "You'll have time to admire your *girlfriend* later!"

Then, once again acting on impulse, Tiffany blew Martin a kiss when he finally headed for the field. *Oh my gosh! What's, like, wrong with me? Control yourself, Tiffany! t*he feminized guy scolded himself. *If he only didn't look so yummy in that uniform... Wait... what?!*

The small stadium was a lot more crowded than usual; not only because the home team only needed one win to reach the final of the regional tournament – something that hadn't happened in thirty years – but also because many people from the town and surroundings were curious about the new trans cheerleader that was a sensation on the internet.

Oh my gosh, that's it, Timothy thought, as the cheerleaders headed to the edge of the field. *I'm really doing this*. Feeling a warm, late spring breeze between her legs, Timothy started to shake his pom-poms again as the game started.

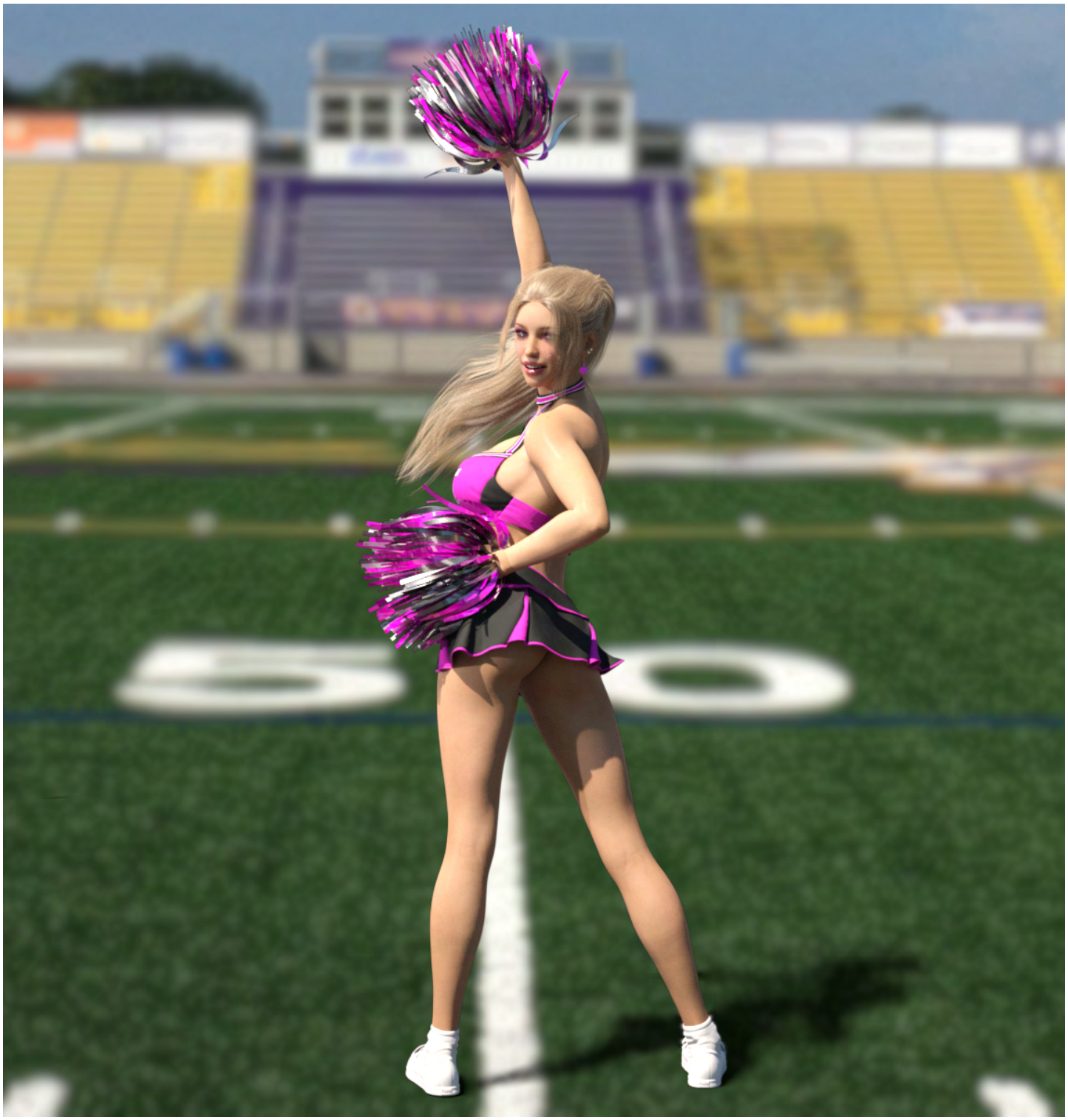
Now he was officially a cheerleader...



It's no secret that Timothy had never been a big sports fan. If his knowledge of basketball was poor, to say the least, it was even worse when it came to football. He simply had no idea how the game was played, and what the players should do in order to win. Such a fact just made him feel even more like a kind of Barbie girl, who didn't care about sports, but could speak for hours about the best hairstyles for the summer, the right makeup for any occasion and how to put together the most fashionable outfits.



The irony was even greater when considering that even Alyssa, Chloe and Gabriella knew the basics about the game, while Timothy was completely lost. "Are we winning? Are we winning? That was, like, a point, wasn't it?" the feminized guy asked constantly, as he cheered and jumped.



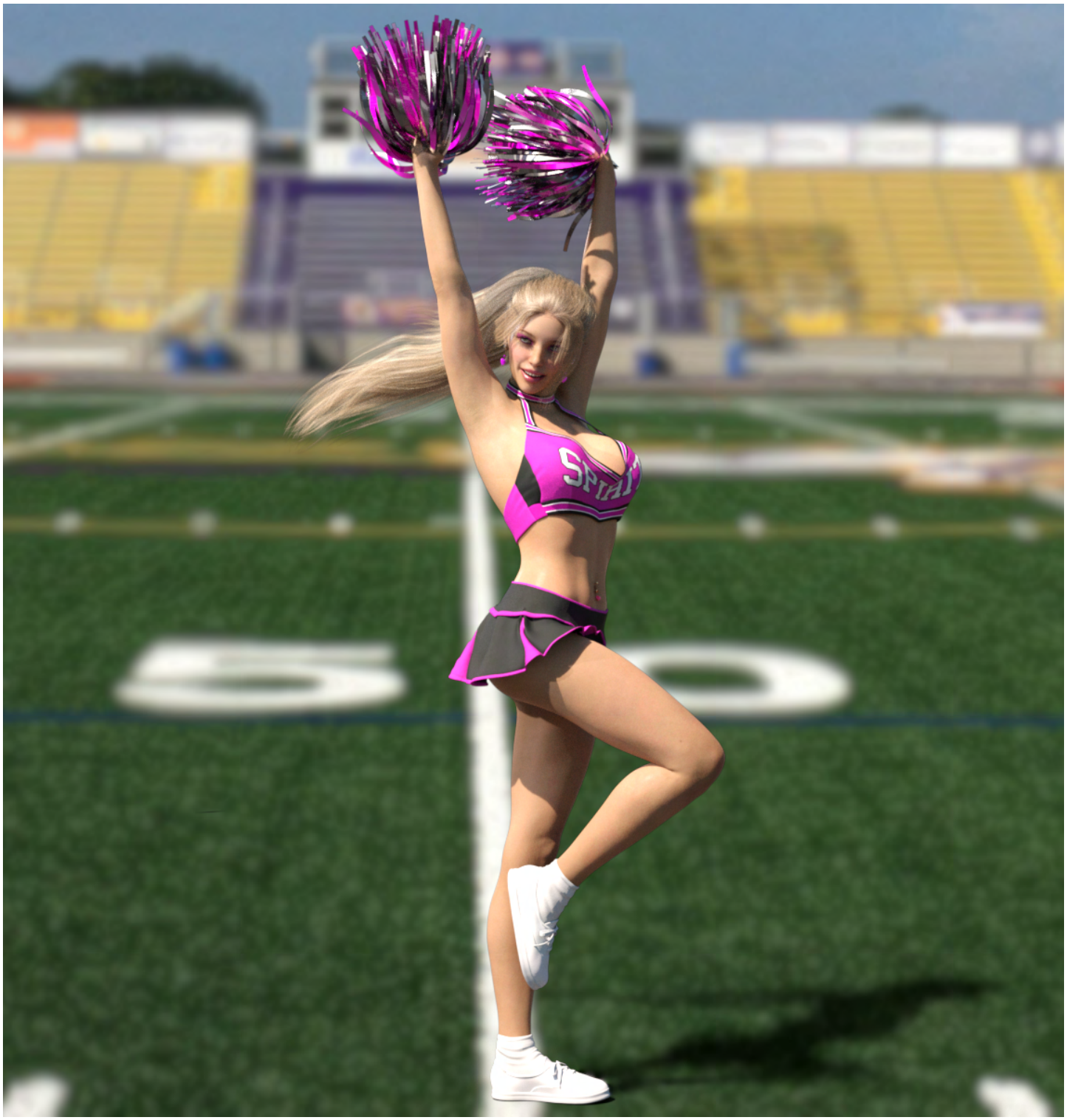
"Six points, girl!" Gabriella answered.

"Oh, that much?" Timothy was surprised. "Six is, like, a lot, right?"

"Yes, that's the points for a touchdown" Alyssa explained.



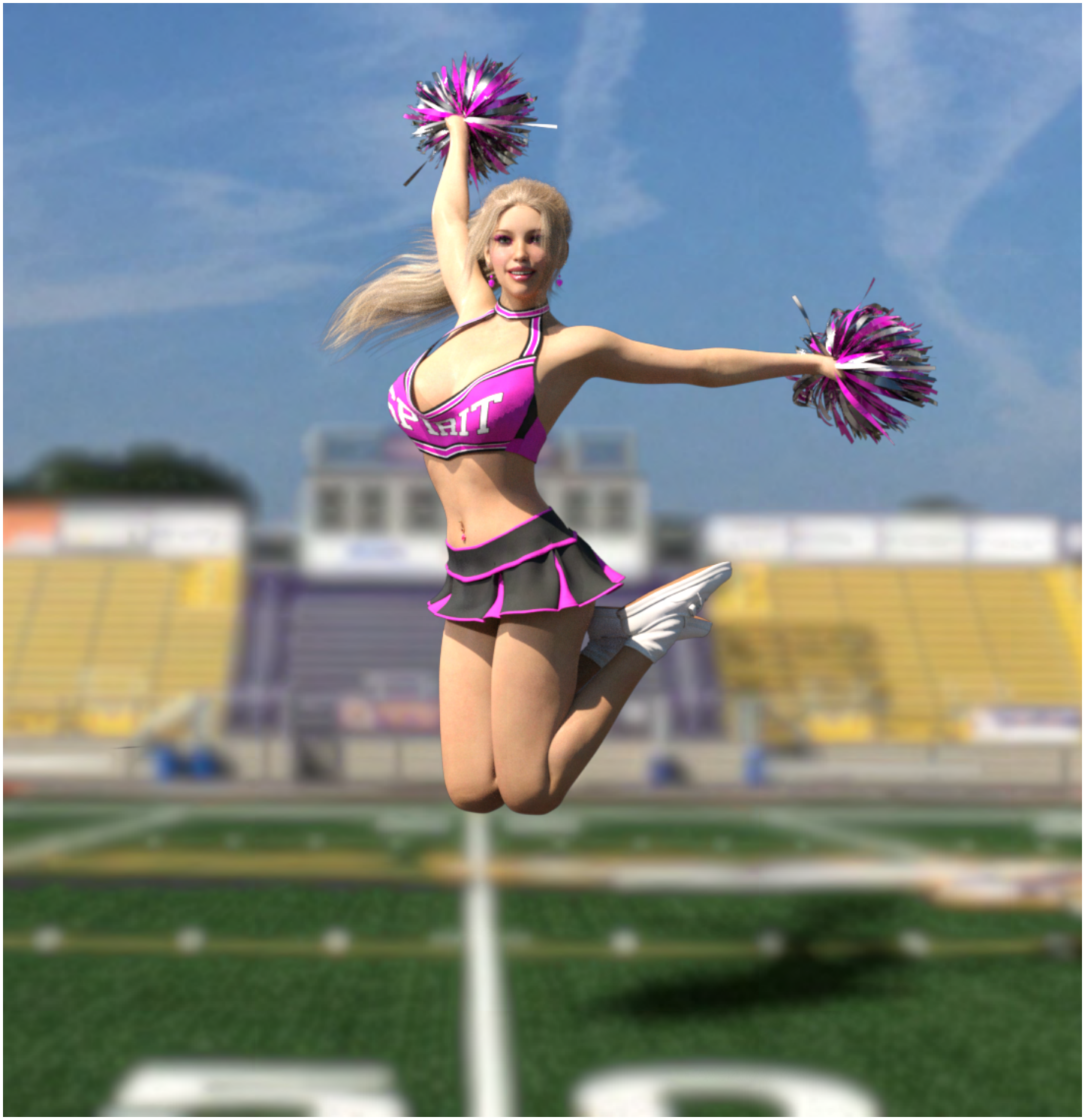
"And that's all thanks to *your boyfriend*" Chloe teased him. "He's definitely very good... It seems like you really have a thing for sportsmen, right, Ti-Ti? First Matt and now Martin... It's sad that he's one of the only decent players on the team... We're not winning. The game is tied right now. So keep moving your pretty ass to inspire Martin. We depend on him to have any chance of winning!"



And so Timothy did. Still thinking it was the most surreal experience of his life – he could never have imagined that one day he would be part of the cheerleader squad, cheering for the school team at the edge of the field – he kept jumping and shaking his pom-poms as he chanted along with the other cheerleaders.

Ten yards, ten more yards,
For our team, it's not hard!

Give me a T-O-U-C-H-D-O-W-N!
Touchdown! Touchdown! Touchdown!



Martin scored twice more in a short time, but it wasn't enough – the team was still losing at halftime. The difference in the score wasn't large, but even Timothy could see that a victory wouldn't be easy... the visiting team really knew what they were doing, and they seemed much more prepared.

But that was something Timothy would have to worry about later. Right now, he had a much more urgent concern... During the break, the cheerleaders would perform a special routine to entertain the audience, and Timothy would have a special role in such a routine.

That alone was already making him freak out. What he didn't know, though, was that something very, very nasty was about to happen during the performance...

"Are you ready, Ti-Ti?" Alyssa asked, as the cheerleaders got into formation.

"N-no!" Timothy cried out in response, his eyes full of dread.

"Nonsense! You trained very hard for this. I'm sure you will do very well!"

When the speakers started playing some upbeat bubblegum pop song, the girls started to perform a lively and feminine choreography, smiling and waving their pom-poms all the time. With no choice, Timothy joined them, although he doubted the wide smile on his face looked natural, considering how scared he was.

When the routine was nearing its end, after four minutes that seemed to last forever for the feminized guy, he took two steps forward, while the other cheerleaders waved their pom-poms around him – it was time for his solo. As Timothy started swinging his hips from side to side, with his arms up, he could not only see but also feel all eyes on him...

That was an indescribable experience, to say the least. As a musician, Timothy had always dreamed of having the attention of an entire stadium on him, but he could never have imagined that it would happen in such circumstances, with him wearing a tiny cheerleader uniform and with his big boobs bouncing nonstop as he danced.

The feminized guy had no idea how he managed to finish his solo, but when he did a graceful pirouette and landed on the lawn with his legs spread in a perfect split, he sighed, relieved.

The entire stadium burst into screams and cheers, while Timothy remained in the center of the field, trying to calm down enough to stand up again. He needed to recover quickly, though. As he knew very well, the show wasn't over yet...

As a grand finale for the girls' presentation, they had planned to make a human pyramid, with Tiffany on top, of course, since Abigail was determined that *Tiffany* would be the big star of the day. However, when the girls started helping Timothy to get up off the lawn, the feminized guy immediately realized that something was wrong...

"Wait, girls!" he asked. "I... I t-think..." but the adrenaline was so high that nobody paid any attention to what he was trying to say – before Timothy realized it, he was already being lifted into the air, hoping with all his might that the worst wouldn't happen.

When he reached the top, over fifteen feet from the ground, the stadium cheered with even more enthusiasm as he raised his arms, with the best smile he could come up with...

...but that was when his worst fear came true.

Timothy had little time to react when his top straps snapped. He covered his breasts with his hands as quickly as possible, managing to prevent the stadium from seeing them, but it was enough for him to lose his balance and, consequently, shake the entire pyramid...

A second later, Timothy felt intense pain as his body hit something hard. Fortunately, however, his fall had been dampened by the girls at the base of the pyramid, and he had no injuries, besides some bruises on his arms and legs.

Not everyone was so lucky, though. Looking around, the feminized guy could see that Kate, for instance, had an ugly bump on her forehead; and Lilly, the girl Abigail had scolded before the game, had a black eye, and was rolling in pain, holding her left arm.

Timothy, shocked by what had happened, and still using his arms to protect his exposed boobs, felt hands lifting him up again, and guiding him towards the locker rooms, while part of the stadium laughed at them, although most people, especially the home crowd, looked concerned...

"What the hell is wrong with you, you stupid bitch?!" Abigail yelled at Timothy inside the locker room. "Do you want to kill us all? Look what you've done. A lot of girls are injured! And that's not all... this squad has never faced greater shame in its history... ever! Are you satisfied now?"

"Shut up now, Abigail! Don't you think you..." Alyssa tried to say, but she was soon interrupted by the other girl.

"Don't tell me to shut up! Who do you think you are? I'm your captain, remember? You can't save your *attention whore* friend's ass this time around!"

"A-attention whore?" Timothy stammered, with tears in his eyes, finally daring to look up.

"Don't play dumb now, you slut! Do you really think I don't know what happened? You were so desperate to show your fake tits to the entire stadium that you made everybody fall to the ground!"

"W-what!" the feminized guy gasped. "T-that's not true! I would never do something like that!"

What followed next was pure chaos, with Alyssa, Kate and Timothy's other friends exchanging accusations with Abigail and her henchgirls – not only that, but it seemed like everyone had something to say, and the confusion was so great that it was difficult to understand what was truly going on.

Suddenly, though, a sharp, piercing scream made everyone shut up. Startled, all the girls turned to Lilly, the girl had been hurt the most in the incident, and was still holding her arm, which was getting more and more swollen.

"L-listen, everyone..." she started talking, taking deep breaths, as if she were building up courage for what was to come next. "Abigail... she... umm... she's lying. I saw everything... before the game, she was the one who did something to Tiff's top."

Everyone looked at Abigail, dumbfounded. "What do you think you're doing, dumbass?!" Abigail snarled at Lilly, who stepped back, frightened. "Is this some lame attempt at revenge? 'Cos I scolded you before the game?"

"Im not lying!" Lilly protested, in a challenging tone, trying her best not to be intimidated by the killer expression of the other girl. "And I have proof!" she declared, raising her phone. "I recorded everything from the bathroom cabin!"

All of Abigail's efforts to take the phone from Lilly's hands were in vain, as she was stopped by the girls around, eager to watch the video.

The recording left no room for doubt. It was evident that Abigail had indeed sabotaged Timothy's uniform and, this way, had been responsible for the accident in the field.

"So what?" Abigail screamed, losing control of her temper one more time. "Yes, I did it, but it was nothing less than this freak deserved! You girls can see it, right? *Right*?! He's not even a real girl. He's just... a disgusting thing! You girls can't side with him... Didn't he want attention so badly? What better way to get it than by showing off his fake tits to everyone? We all worked our ass out to be in this squad and this freak became famous just for being an aberration!"

In Abigail's mind, she was perhaps making a great point, but the truth was, the more she tried to justify herself, the more furious and sick the other girls looked. "Get out of here right now, Abigail" Alyssa said in a controlled but menacing tone. "Do it before I change my mind and beat the crap out of you."

"You can't kick me out of the locker room, bitch!" Abigail screamed, hysterically. "I am the captain! The squad will be on my side!"

"Oh, do you really think so?" Alyssa mocked her. "Let's see if you're right, then. Who votes for Abigail's immediate expulsion from the squad raise your hand!"

And so everyone did, even Abigail's cronies, after some reluctance, realizing that that was a lost cause. "I can't believe this" Abigail whined. "Oh my gosh, I can't believe I'm being betrayed by all of you, after everything I've done for this squad. Be sure of something, you will all regret it!" she added, like some villain of a B-movie. "Oh, and one last thing, *freak*" she turned to Timothy. "Just for your

information, I wasn't the only one behind all this. Actually, I was just doing a favor for my uncle and your dear daddy. You see? You are a disgrace to your own family" she finished, just before leaving the locker room.

"So, your dad was involved in this mess, Ti-Ti?" Alyssa commented, with a curious expression in her face. "Seems like we'll need to have a little chat with Mr. Foster later. But now, we need to choose a new captain for the squad."

"Well, I think everyone knows who the obvious candidate is, right?" Chloe said. "It's you, Lyss" she asserted, and most girls nodded in agreement.

"That's awesome to know that you girls think si, but I don't want to be the new captain. Actually, this is my last game as a cheerleader."

"What?!" Gabriella exclaimed, as surprised as the rest of the squad.

"That's right, girls. It's nothing personal, believe me. I'm just, like, getting to know myself better and I realized that I want to change some stuff from now on. But I have a suggestion myself for the new captain..."

—•—

Timothy felt his body numb when he returned to the field some time later. After all that drama, now he was not only a cheerleader but also the captain of the squad.

When Alyssa suggested his name, he was sure the squad would laugh in her face. However, to his utter astonishment, the girls started to seriously ponder the idea, and, after Alyssa argued that no one represented the spirit of that squad better than Tiffany, who had faced enormous challenges not only to be a cheerleader, but also to be the girl she had always been meant, always showing unwavering courage and determination, it was all settled. Timothy was elected the new captain, even if in his case this was just a symbolic position, since the season was almost over and he obviously would need everyone's support to perform his duties.

Obviously, he tried to refuse the being the captain, stammering that he wasn't even a girl, but all the cheerleaders told Tiffany never to repeat that again. She couldn't let Abigail enter her mind, and she was as much a girl as everyone else in the room.

Then, despite the fact that he was feeling extremely nervous, he did his best to lead the squad in the second half of the game. He couldn't deny that he started to feel a stronger bond with the girls, after being chosen as their leader; and, even without understanding the game, even he could see how exciting the second half was being, with the game getting tougher and tougher as the end approached.

And then, when the home team secured victory in the last few seconds of the game, scoring once again thanks to Martin, *Tiffany* was the first one to run towards the center of the field, fully ecstatic. She jumped into Martin's arms, and he smiled widely.

"You did it!" she cried out, barely containing her excitement. "I mean, I don't know exactly what you did, but it looked totes awesome!"

In response, Martin kissed Tiffany on the lips for the first time since the gala, and she kissed him back, as people around celebrated...

...that definitely was a happy day for the little town in the middle of nowhere.



"Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the 47th edition of Miss Charming Beauty!"

The audience that filled the event hall applauded enthusiastically, and the host gave them time before explaining the rules and some other details of the contest that was about to start. The place, as usual, had been decorated with exuberance – the stage shone with a multitude of lamps and spotlights, highlighting the walkway where the contestants would parade; at the back, surrounded by floral arrangements and modern pink structures, a huge led screen displayed pictures of the girls who would soon take the stage. Among them, there was a photo of a young blonde woman who smiled radiantly, showing her perfect white teeth as her big green eyes enchanted everyone.

Anyone who didn't know better would think that the girl was a professional model, and that her photo was part of some makeup or shampoo ad. It was hard to imagine someone better suited to take part in a beauty contest. However, the truth was that that girl's participation in Miss Charming Beauty had been the subject of much protest and debate during the last few weeks, as many conservative people in the town thought that it was an outrage and an affront to the beautiful story of the contest, one of the greatest prides of the region.

Their reasoning, the blonde girl couldn't take part in the contest because she hadn't been born a female. Some of them were bold enough to voice out what they really thought, and that was that the *so-called girl* would never be a real woman, no matter how many procedures *she* underwent. How could she participate in a female beauty pageant, then?

But the girl also had people on her side, especially on the internet, where her number of followers grew every day. Her fans even made an online petition to make sure she would take part in the contest, arguing that if she were prevented from participating it would be a clear case of discrimination and transphobia.

In the end, after much drama and commotion, the organizing committee decided to keep her entry, not only due to the pressure from the sponsors but also because they knew her presence was great to attract even more attention to the event.

The irony of it all was that the girl wasn't *that excited* about taking part in the contest. In fact, she had tried to avoid it in every possible way, but to no avail. Due to a series of unfortunate incidents that seemed to happen only to her, she was now forced to compete for the title of Miss Charming Beauty.

"Just one more minute, Tiffany, honey" said Marlene, the hairdresser, who was an *old friend* of the young woman. She had been responsible for Tiffany's first makeover, after all, in a time when people still referred to her as Timothy, and she still lived like an ordinary guy, who could never conceive of the idea of taking part in a beauty pageant, not even in her wildest nightmares. "I'm almost done with

your hair" Marlene continued. "And Sophia is just putting the finishing touches on your makeup. Don't worry about anything, doll. You won't believe how terrific you look... Miss Charming Beauty's crown will certainly be yours!"

Tiffany just gulped and mumbled something inaudible in response. She had the feeling that if she opened her mouth now she would surely throw up. It was true that she had already faced many challenging moments since she had reluctantly started the path to womanhood. She still remembered how scary her first day at school as a girl had been... or her first date with a guy... not to mention her debut as a cheerleader.

Still, she was convinced that none of this had been as frightful as what she was about to do. It felt like a point of no return, after which he would be stuck as a woman forever. In her troubled mind, there was nothing girlier than taking part in a beauty contest, wearing flashy dresses and swimsuits. Would she ever be able to think of herself as a man again, even if she regained her manhood somehow? Or would she forever see herself as the girly blondie with a gorgeous face and a killer body who had participated in Miss Charming Beauty?

Gosh, you totally are being a drama queen again, Tiffany! She scolded herself, frustrated. *Of course you will be able to, like, see yourself as a guy! No matter how I look now or what I've been doing... I mean, I totally am a guy... right? But not tonight...*

She took a deep breath before continuing...

Gee, I'm so freaking nervous that I think the only way I can get on that catwalk is forgetting – or at least trying to – *that I ever was a guy...*

Almost losing her mind for daring to even think something like that, she tried to calm down one more time, and then told herself firmly...

That's it, Tiffany... you totally know this is what you need to do... this is, like, the only way... Timothy is gone... repeat with me... I love being a girly girl... I love it when people say I look like a Barbie doll... I love wearing pretty dresses and cute heels, and pink totally is my color... Now go out there and show everyone what a stunning girl you are, darling! You know you totally can do that!

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"...and now, it's time for our next contestant! I have to say this is one that a lot of you were certainly looking forward to seeing tonight! Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome Miss Tiffany Rose Foster!"

The audience cheered even more excitedly as the young woman started parading down the catwalk with the grace and confidence of a top model. She was wearing a fancy sparkling pink gown, with deep side slits and low-cut top; the bodice was extremely tight, showing all the curves of her tempting

and feminine body. To complete the outfit, she was wearing 5-inch rose gold peep toe pumps, chandelier earrings, and a silver choker necklace.



Her long and full hair, with a slightly wavy hairstyle, fluttered glamorously as she moved forward, in an almost supernatural way, as if she were a Greek goddess. Her makeup was dramatic, with smoky pink and black eyeshadow, long false eyelashes, and dark pink lips, which looked incredibly kissable with many coats of lip gloss.

The lighting emanating from the spotlights was so strong that Tiffany could barely see her surroundings. This may have made her mission a bit easier, as she was able to focus entirely on the path ahead of her.

I look totally fabulous... And I love sooo much being all dolled up! Being Tiffany is totally fab! She kept repeating in her mind, like a mantra, as she walked on her sky-high heels as effortlessly as if she were barefoot. All the training that Alyssa had imposed on her was really paying off now. *Maybe it won't be that hard, after all... Like, all I have to do is to parade around and pose, right? Piece of cake!* She thought, getting more and more confident...

...however, she had no idea that the night still held many surprises for her.

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After being warmly applauded by most of the people, Tiffany returned to the backstage to change her outfit. As she knew very well, the show was just beginning...

"You're doing great, Ti-Ti!" Alyssa said, as she and the other girls helped Tiffany out of the dress.

"Do you really think so?" Tiffany asked, anxiously. "I mean, you're not saying that just to make me feel good, are you?"

"You know me, right? If I thought you sucked, I would say it right away!"

"You were fantastic, Tiff!" Kate agreed with Alyssa, smiling. "So gorgeous and confident... It felt like you've been doing this your whole life... It's crazy to think this is your debut! The public loved you, as well!"

"Yeah, yeah, but don't get too carried away" Alyssa advised her. "The contest is not over yet so you need to stay focused. Now put your swimsuit on. We're almost running out of time."

That was the part of the contest that Tiffany was fearing the most. The prospect of parading in front of so many people wearing a tiny bathing suit was overwhelming, to say the least. However, she knew that giving up wasn't an option anymore. *Just breathe, Tiffany*, she told herself. *Go out there and show them once again what you can do... You go, girl!*

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When Tiffany returned to the stage, she drew gasps of surprise and admiration from the audience. They seemed to be finding it impossible to believe that she really had been born as a male, considering how perfectly feminine and stunning her body looked.



Tiffany was wearing a red one-piece swimsuit covered in golden embroidery. The garment, handpicked by Alyssa after much searching and deliberation, was indeed very flattering to Tiffany's body, highlighting all her attributes. The deep neckline went down to the middle of her belly, almost reaching her navel, and making her voluptuous breasts look irresistible; Tiffany's back was totally exposed, allowing everyone to see how narrow her waist was; the bottom of the piece, in bikini style, covered most of her buttocks (much to Tiffany's relief), but still did justice to her bubble butt.

Reaching the end of the catwalk with grace and elegance, Tiffany did some poses for photos and smiled and waved to the people around, who once again reacted excitedly. Throughout the whole thing, Tiffany kept repeating 'motivational phrases' inside her head: *You're, like, doing great, Tiffany! Show them how charming you can be!*

And just like that, the second stage of the contest was over...

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After parading in gala and bathing suits, now it was time for contestants to show their talents to the public. It had been decided a long ago that Tiffany would do a singing number, and Alyssa kept insisting she should sing some trendy pop song. Tiffany even rehearsed some of the Ariana Grande and Taylor Swift's hits, but in the end she decided to try something different...

Since Martin reappeared with Tiffany's old guitar, the two of them started playing together. In truth, Martin was the one playing, as Tiffany soon realized – to her frustration – that it was simply impossible to play the instrument with her long nails. But she could at least sing, and they spent many afternoons at their favorite spot, by the lake outside the city, playing and singing.

Things progressed quickly and soon they were writing a few songs together. Tiffany was always surprised at how creative Martin's mind could be, although she sometimes needed to bring him back to reality when he started to have *a little too absurd* ideas, like when he suggested they should work on a song about a bee with honey allergy.

More often, though, he gave good suggestions for the songs they were working on, and Tiffany was especially proud of a song they wrote called "Simple like love". In fact, she liked it so much that it gave her an idea...

"Oh my gosh, Martin! What do you think about performing this song on Miss Charming Beauty?" Tiffany asked, on one of the afternoons by the lake. "Would you take the stage with me?"

"Wait ... are you serious?"

"Absolutely! Gosh, I think that would be, like, much better than singing one of those songs that Lyss suggested... So, what you say? It's okay if you think this is... umm... a bad idea."

"You kidding me, right? No, I don't think this is a bad idea, at all. This is fantastic! Of course I would take the stage with you!"

"Oh, Martin, you are, like, super awesome!" Tiffany cried out, throwing herself into the guy's arms, and, before she knew it, they were kissing. That had been happening with an alarming frequency since the football game, although Tiffany kept telling herself that it meant nothing, and that they were still just friends. Everything would be back to normal when she managed to be a guy again...

At first, Alyssa wasn't very pleased about the idea of Tiffany doing an acoustic number in the contest instead of singing some upbeat pop song, but even she had to give in after seeing Tiffany and Martin playing together. It was obvious that they had a lot of chemistry, and the performance would be sweet and sentimental, just perfect for touching the audience's heart.

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...Tiffany changed her outfit once again. For the talent show, she put on a golden dress that, according to Alyssa, would make her glow; and nude sandal heels with clear straps. "Are you ready for this?" she asked Martin, when the guy approached carrying the guitar.

"Wow! You look..." Martin started saying, gaping. "So, so incredibly beautiful..."

"Focus, Martin" she giggled. "But thanks! That's, like, very kind of you.

"Yes, I'm ready... Let's do this."

Tiffany felt her heart racing when she stepped on stage once again. This time, she wasn't there to parade or pose, but to do something she truly loved, and she had never sung to so many people before... she was nervous, but definitely looking forward to it...

...now was the moment of truth.

She waited for the audience to stop applauding and nodded to Martin, who started strumming the guitar strings. Then, she started to sing the song...

Something so easy to see

But impossible to explain

Something that makes me feels carefree

Like when watching the afternoon rain

Simple like love

Something no Mayan could predict

Beautiful and pleasant as singing

Something that makes me feel

Like Quixote daydreaming

Simple like love

Something so rare to have

Like a life without pain

Something that exists in you and finally

I could understand who I am

Simple like love



The public remained silent throughout the whole performance, as if mesmerized by Tiffany's angelic voice. In the end, though, even the jury stood up to give them a standing ovation. Tiffany could barely contain her excitement. The performance had been a huge success...

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"Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome back the stars of the evening, the contestants for Miss Charming Beauty!" The host, smiling wider than ever, cried out, making the audience even more excited. "It's indisputable that all the girls were incredible tonight, pulling out a great show for all of us. However, as everyone knows, only one of them can be crowned the winner, and the jury has reached a decision!" he added dramatically, further increasing the tension.

Standing on the stage, Tiffany looked around nervously, and her eyes rested on the other candidates. There were about twenty young women around her, and most (if not all) of them looked decidedly stunning and glamorous. She thought she had no real chance of winning the contest. Sure, the audience had enthusiastically applauded her, but that was just because they wanted to encourage and show their support for the first trans girl to ever take part in the contest. There was no way they were truly thinking that she could win...

Oh my gosh, why am I, like, even thinking about it, anyway? It's not like I care about winning this stupid contest... right?

Deep down, however, Tiffany knew she wasn't exactly being honest with herself. Perhaps she had got a little too immersed in the character during the evening, but the fact was that the idea of being crowned Miss Charming Beauty seemed somehow appealing to her – which was a scary realization, to say the least.

"Let's start announcing the results then, shall we? So, the third place goes to..."

Please say my name, please say my name, Tiffany wished fervently. Since she was sure that winning was out of the question, a third place would be an honorable position.

"Michelle Anderson!" the man announced, and Tiffany sighed, frustrated. Still, she did her best to applaud the brunette girl, feeling more and more like a *professional* beauty pageant contestant.

"And now, the second place..."

Come on... Just say Tiffany Foster, she begged inside her mind once again, feeling that this was her last chance...

"...Sophia Thompson!" the host exclaimed, and this time Tiffany barely managed to hide her disappointment. Mustering all her willpower, she finally was able to smile and applaud the ginger girl who headed to the center of the stage.

That's it, she told herself. *But this is better this way, Tiffany... You know you totally were getting carried away by all this madness... like, a lot! It's time to focus on what's real, girl.*

"...and now, ladies and gentlemen, it's time for the big winner of the night" the host continued, but Tiffany was no longer paying attention. "I think it is relevant to mention that this candidate received the highest score from all the judges in the three phases of the contest... an undisputed victory, indeed! So, without further ado, the new Miss Charming Beauty is... Tiffany Foster!"

Since Tiffany's mind was wandering at that moment, she didn't immediately realize what was going on. Just when everyone turned towards her did she start to connect the dots...

"What? I won? Oh my gosh, did I really win?!" she cried out, bewildered.

Wasting no time, the host came closed and handed a bouquet of flowers to Tiffany, who still seemed too shocked to react. And there was yet another surprise for her...

"Now I'd like to call to the stage the winner of last year's competition. Please welcome Alyssa Taylor!"

Alyssa then took the stage, wearing a splendid gala gown, as well. "I told you that you could win, didn't I?" she said, hugging her friend, and, unless Tiffany was mistaken, the girl had tears in her eyes.

"Oh my gosh, is this, like, really happening? I mean... all the contestants were so beautiful and..."

"None of them were prettier than you, silly... Not to mention your presentation at the talent show... Girl, you definitively are a fantastic singer. I think you have a career ahead of you! So, are you happy?"

"Umm... Kind of, I guess..."

"Ti-Ti?" Alyssa raised her eyebrows.

"Ah, fine! I can't fool you, right? I don't know exactly why... I mean, this is totally insane... But I am, like, *soo* thrilled that I won!"

"I knew it! I knew all along... Now it's time for me to give you this" she said, placing the Miss Charming Beauty sash around Tiffany's body. "And also this" she added, putting the crown on her friend's head.

"Oh, Lyss... you know you would have won the contest yet again if you had competed, right?"

"Probably... but trust me, getting rid of all this stuff is a relief to me. Now I have a better idea of what is really important to me, honey, and you helped me to see it."

"Me?!"


BEAUTY

"Exactly! You're a very inspiring girl, even if you are, like, so slow sometimes. Now enough talk. The audience is waiting for your speech."

"S-speech ?! I don't have a speech!"

"What are you talking about, Ti-Ti? I told you over and over again times to have a speech ready!"

"I was certain sure that I had, like, no chance of winning, okay?"

"Oh, Ti-Ti, I don't know what to do with you... You have to improvise something then. Any speech will be okay. The public loves you, anyway. Just remember to thank me... just kidding, dear... or maybe not."

Despite being taken by surprise, Tiffany managed to deliver an inspiring speech, thanking everyone who had helped her along the way, and telling people to believe in their dreams. "It often seems that we are born with a script to act out, and anyone who dares to deviate from it is, like, harshly punished. But I would like each of you to understand that you can be whoever you want. Everyone deserves to be happy, and you can't let prejudice and discrimination get in your way. We totally need to fight for a better world" she finished, sounding a lot like the idealistic guy she used to be, and being applauded for a long time by the majority of the audience.

Back in the dressing room, Tiffany was effusively welcomed by Kate and the other girls, all of them ecstatic about her victory. But none of them were as excited as Susan, though, who seemed to have never been happier in her entire life.

"Oh my god, this is terrific!" she cried out, hugging Tiffany so tightly that the girl almost ran out of breath. "I knew you could do this, sweet doll. I always had faith in you! Could you girls leave us alone for a moment, please?" she asked, turning to Kate and the others. "I promise it will only take a minute. I just want to have a quick chat with my dear *daughter*."

After the girls left, Susan hugged Tiffany once again, unable to contain her delight. "How are you feeling, princess?"

"Umm... it's weird, *Mom*..." Tiffany started, looking down. "I can't deny that it was, like, kinda nice winning the contest. But I don't know... You, better than anyone, know that I never wanted any of this. I was just an ordinary guy, who had never thought of being a girl, but look at me now."

"I am looking, honey, and all I can see is a gorgeous young woman, who just won a beauty contest. Surely even you can see that now, princess. You're meant to be Tiffany... forever."

"F-forever?!" Tiffany stammered, getting anxious. "B-but I..."

"Stop fighting it, doll" Susan interrupted her stepdaughter, stroking her long hair. "You just admitted that you had fun tonight, being an ultra girly pageant contestant. It's true that, contrary to what people think, you didn't start living as Tiffany because you've always dreamed of being a girl. That was all about that silly game with your father, trying to piss him off. This is the official version of the story, at least... Perhaps you've manipulated me into helping you in your '*reluctant feminization*' because you were too embarrassed to admit the truth about yourself, huh?"

"W-what?! I would never..."

"In any case, this is all past now. The important thing is to think about your future, and I can picture you being very successful in many beauty contests, even national ones, at the same time that you do many modeling jobs. Wouldn't that be wonderful? Getting all dolled up and wearing fancy dresses and heels every single day of your life?" Susan asked, with her eyes shining, and Tiffany gasped. Would that really be her fate? Living like a Barbie doll for the rest of her life?

"We can discuss the details later" Susan continued. "I'm sure you're dying to celebrate your victory with your friends, and I need to make a call to check something about your dad. It's a shame he didn't attend the contest. I'll have a little chat with him about it. Richard is also going to face some big changes soon, anyway..."

Susan then opened the door, and spotted Martin, who was walking towards the dressing room. "Oh, here you are, young man! Come in. You were fantastic on stage, too! Such a lovely number! You can keep Tiffany company. I see you guys in a minute."

Upon seeing Martin, all worries disappeared from Tiffany's mind, and she flipped back into her girly persona. "Oh, Martin! Can you believe we did that?" she cried out, throwing herself into his arms. "I don't know about you, but I totally loved the presentation! It seems like people liked our song a lot, too, and..." she suddenly stopped talking, realizing how serious the guy looked. "Is there something wrong, Martin?"

In response, Martin gently disengaged himself from her arms, and started pacing around the room. "I... I know everything" he simply said.

"I'm not sure I am following you, Martin."

"Don't you get it? I don't think Susan noticed it, but I heard *everything*!" he then dropped to his knees in front of Tiffany, and for a crazy moment the girl thought he was going to propose to her. "I beg you to forgive me!"

"Martin, w-what..."

"Now I know that you were telling me the truth when you said you've never wanted to be a woman, and started doing it just to piss your father off. I was a horrible friend... I didn't believe you, my best buddy since forever! But I will redeem myself. I swear!"

"And what does that mean exactly?"

"What else? I'll help you to be Timothy again... *man*."

A few weeks later...

"Are you feeling better, honey? Your guest will arrive anytime now."

"Guest?" Richard asked, shaking his head, confused. "What are you talking about, woman?" The man then looked around, rubbing his eyes. He was in the living room, and it was afternoon, as the sun was coming in through the front window. Apparently, he had just woken up from a nap. However, he couldn't remember what had happened before or how he had got there.



"Now, now don't be silly Richard, honey" Susan smiled condescendingly at her puzzled husband. "Don't you remember that you invited your *partner in crime* to come here today?"

"Gary? Why? Fuck, what day is it again? Shouldn't I be at work?"

"Oh, Richard, I wonder what's wrong with you these days. Today is Saturday, darling. Why would you be at the base? Here, have some tea to wake you up."

"Tea? You know I hate tea! "

"What are you talking about, Richard? God, I'm starting to think you should see a doctor. You've always loved tea!"

"H-have I?" Richard asked, more confused than ever, and Susan smiled again. Everything was going exactly according to her plan...

Soon enough, they heard the doorbell ring. "Oh, it must be Gary!" Richard exclaimed, after sipping his tea, that tasted surprisingly good. "If he's here, it means he has a new idea to screw the sissy boy!"

"Tiffany?"

"Timothy!" Richard shouted, grinding his teeth. "How many times do I have to tell you that his fucking name is Timothy? I know you grew fond of the sissy, and that's exactly why I told you to stay out of my business!"

"Of course, dear. I'm sure that you big boys are doing a *much better job*."

"I've also told you that I don't like it when you use that tone with me, *woman*. We've had some setbacks, sure, but how could I possibly imagine that the fagot would win that damn contest? The idea was to humiliate him to the point where he would never have the courage to go out on the street again. The world is completely fucked up, though. How is it even possible for a sissy to win a beauty contest? But I'm sure Gary has a new idea to teach that damn boy a lesson."

"Yes, yes, I'm sure he has. So why don't you go to the bathroom and wash your face while I open the door, dear? You don't want your friend to see you in this state, do you?"

After Richard walked away, Susan went to the door. "Good afternoon, Mr. Smith. It's a pleasure to see you again! So, have you thought about what we discussed last time?"

"I... I don't know what you are talking about" Gary stated, looking strangely uneasy.

"Of course you do, Mr. Smith. There's no reason to lie to me. You know that nobody needs to know what happens inside the house, right? I just want to see my husband happy, and I can do anything – *truly anything* – to make it happen, and I know you want it, as well, Mr. Smith..."

Meanwhile at the mall...

"The movie was so awesome, wasn't it?" Kate asked, excited.

"Absolutely!" Timothy replied, smiling from ear to ear. "Gosh, people were, like, totally incredible back then! Can you believe how brave they were?"

Timothy and Kate had finally went to the cinema together, to watch a film set in the period of the civil rights movement. The feminized guy couldn't stop remembering that, many months ago, when his *girly persona* was still a secret, Kate had also invited him to watch a movie with her, but he declined at the very last moment, convinced by Susan that it would be a bad idea if he really wanted to win that crazy game against his father.

He couldn't help it but wondered how his life would be now if he had simply told his father to go to hell and then went out with Kate that day. To start with, he wouldn't be wearing a skirt and high heels, with makeup on his face, his long hair dyed blonde and his big boobs bouncing at every step. Tiffany would have never existed and maybe... just maybe... Kate would be his girlfriend.

But would this life be so fabulous, Tiffany? Do you really hate being a girl that much?

The past few weeks had been even stranger and tougher for Timothy. Now that Martin knew the truth about his friend's feminization, the interaction between the *two guys* was being very awkward, to say the least. Martin was determined to help Timothy get his old life back, but neither of them had a clue how to do so. The fact that they barely had the courage to look each other in the eye – still embarrassed for having kissed so many times – just made things even more difficult.

But worst of all, Timothy could see that Martin still had feelings for *Tiffany*, although he tried his hardest to hide it. It broke Timothy's heart, and he couldn't deny that he somehow missed walking hand in hand and being hugged by Martin.

What about being kissed by him? Why don't you just admit that you miss it as well, girl? He questioned himself. *Gosh, control yourself, Tiffany?! No, I don't miss being kissed by Martin... right? O-of course! And now that he knows the truth about me, this is my chance to be a man again! And I think I totally know how to start recovering my manhood...*

"Listen, Kate, I need to tell you something important... Like, totally important!"

"I'm all ears, sweetie, what is this?"

"Okay, so... Martin and I are not dating anymore."

"Oh, Tiff, I'm so, so sorry! What happened? Did you guys have a fight or something?"

"Oh gosh, no, there was no fight! We just realized that... umm... we are meant to be friends rather than a couple... that's all."

"You sure? Was that so simple?"

"Yeah, totally sure! What about you? Are you... seeing someone?" the feminized guy asked, and then held his breath while he waited for the answer.

"Not really... I mean, Lyss asked me out not long ago, but..."

"Oh my goodness! Lyss asked you out? Like, for real?!" Timothy cried out with wide eyes, his long manicured nails over his mouth.

"Please, keep your voice down!" Kate begged, looking around. "I don't want to expose her, okay? You have to promise me that you won't tell anyone!"

"Of course, Kate, I promise! What did you say to her, anyway?"

"I had no choice but to say no. Lyss already broke my heart once, and... I'm not completely sure that she is ready to come out to the world as a lesbian, even though she's a lot more mature now. Besides..."



"Besides?"

"I...w-well..." Kate stammered, looking down. "I still have feelings for you, Tiff" she finally admitted, in an almost inaudible whisper.

"Oh, Kate, I am, like, *soo* happy to hear that. You just have no idea! Come with me, please" Tiffany said, grabbing the girl's hand.

"Where?"

Timothy then took a deep breath... it was now or never. "Somewhere more reserved, if you know what I mean. I want this to be, like, a special night for us, Kate. After everything that happened, I totally think we deserve this. So... what do you say?"

"Come in, Tiff. Please, feel at home."

Timothy felt utterly astonished. There he was, alone with the Kate in the girl's bedroom. He had longed for a chance like that since forever... Now that it was happening, though, he didn't know exactly what to do, and just kept looking down awkwardly.

The room was small but cozy, with a bookcase and a desk in a corner, a window overlooking the garden on the other side, and lots of black and white art on the wall behind the bed. But Timothy only noticed all this much later, considering how nervous he was.

"You okay, Tiff?" Kate asked, caressing his arm.

"Umm... yeah."

"You sure?" Kate insisted, clearly not buying it. "You can be honest with me, sweetie. There is no reason to hide anything."

"Everything is fine, Kate. I swear! It's just that... like... I'm a little nervous. I've never been with a girl before, if you know what I mean" the feminized guy admitted, blushing furiously. He felt stupid for saying something like that at that moment, but he just couldn't help it. All the courage he had mustered to ask Kate to go to a more intimate place had simply vanished into thin air, and he was as scared as a kitten.

"Listen, Tiff" Kate lifted Timothy's chin and looked deep into his eyes. "We don't need to do anything you're not comfortable with, okay? Actually, we don't need to do anything if you've changed your mind."

"Gosh, no!" Timothy hurried to reply. "I didn't change my mind at all!"

"I'm glad to hear so" Kate smiled sweetly, although her eyes were full of lust. "Just one more thing... I understand that you are experimenting with your sexuality, to find out what you like and dislike, and this is exactly why I'm not going to demand anything from you, no matter what happens. I'm okay with it being just a one-time thing, in the case if you find out you don't like to be with girls. So no pressure, okay? You and Martin just broke up, after all... you may still have feelings for him and..."

"Kate... could you just shut up and kiss me, pretty please?"

"You don't have to ask twice, honey" Kate winked, just before kissing Timothy deeply. The *two girls* started rubbing each other's bodies, slowly taking their clothes off.

Timothy was enjoying the whole thing a lot, but something in the back of his mind kept bothering him. It took some time for the feminized guy to figure out what it was, but when he was wearing only his lingerie, about to get naked, everything made sense... The truth was that Timothy didn't know exactly what he was going to do Kate in bed. Not only was his member much smaller these days, but he also couldn't remember the last time he had managed to get an erection. Since he was planning to regain his manhood, being unable to get hard while in bed with a hot girl didn't seem like a good start in his troubled mind.

But that wasn't all... if Timothy was really going to sleep with Kate, he felt that he needed to be honest with the girl once and for all, so that she wouldn't feel deceived and used in the future. With great effort, he finally started talking... "L-listen, Kate... I need to tell you something, too."

"Really?" Kate commented while she kissed the feminized guy's shoulders and was about to take his lacy bra off. "Are you sure it has to be now? Having a conversation didn't seem to be your top priority a second ago... and you kinda convinced me that we have more urgent things to do."

"Yes, it totally needs to be now, Kate. Sorry, but I promise it will be quick, okay?"

"Alright, sweetie. I'm listening" Kate assured him, although she kept caressing his body.

"Earlier today you asked me why Martin and I stopped dating. Do you remember?"

"Of course, but you were a little vague in the answer, and I didn't want to push you."

"What truly happened was that... w-well... Martin found out the truth about me."

"The truth about you? What does that mean exactly?"

One more time, Timothy needed to take a deep breath before continuing. It was almost impossible to know how Kate would react to that. "On the night of Miss Charming contest, Martin overheard a conversation I was having with Mom, I mean, Susan... we were talking about everything that had happened to me since I started living as Tiffany... Do you remember the first time you saw me dressed as a female, Kate? That day at the mall?"

"Yes, I do. But I'm still not sure I know what you're getting at."

"Trust me, everything will make sense soon. So, that day I explained to you why I was wearing women's clothing. Gosh, it was all about a crazy game to piss my father off. We never talked about it again, and you started treating me like I really was a trans girl. But I was telling the truth that day, Kate. I swear I never wanted to deceive anyone! But after a while, I simply found myself totally stuck in my female persona, with no way to go back... Anyway, Martin heard all this, and we concluded that we could no longer be together. I thought I should remind you about it before we go ahead."

"It's okay, honey."

"Really? Is that all you have to say? 'Cos I thought you would, like, totally freak out and..."

Before Timothy could finish, Kate interrupted him with another hot, wet kiss, and Timothy gladly kissed her back. If Kate was okay with what he had just said, then it was all good... but maybe... just maybe... she had accepted it too easily...

The girl then finally took off Timothy's bra. "They are beautiful" she said, stroking and kissing the feminized guy's breasts. "So, so beautiful..."

Timothy bit his bottom lip as a soft, feminine moan escaped his mouth.

"I see you are enjoying it, aren't you?" Kate giggled, licking Timothy's nipples.

"Y-yes" it was all that Timothy managed to whisper, as he became more and more aroused. Before he realized it, Kate had already got rid of her own underwear, and then her hands went to Timothy's thong, which made him anxious.

Realizing that, Kate kissed his ear and whispered, "It's okay, Tiff... Just relax and enjoy."

Timothy thought it was a lot easier to say than to do. He was apprehensive about how Kate would react when she saw him naked. Would she look at him in disgust like Matt? Or would she be perturbed? Maybe shocked? The truth, however, was that Kate acted quite naturally, as if she wasn't seeing anything unusual between the legs of *the woman* in front of her.

"See, honey?" Kate said, holding Timothy's hand. "I told you everything would be alright. So... are you ready?"

"T-totally ready" Timothy replied, although he didn't sound that convincing.

"Then come to bed with me" Kate murmured in a sensual tone, and the feminized guy felt a shiver down his spine. That was it. The girl he had a crush on since he was a high school freshman, years before, was naked in front of him, inviting him to go to bed with her. Kate looked incredibly hot without her clothes – even hotter than Timothy could have imagined – and the feminized guy was definitely looking forward to what was about to happen, despite his tension...



In bed, they kissed passionately again, exploring each other's bodies with their hands. Kate kept paying special attention to Tiffany's boobs, stroking and gently pinching his nipples, which was driving the feminized guy crazy. Considering how turned on he was, it was unbelievable that his member down there was still completely lifeless. It didn't seem to bother Kate, though. Actually, it felt almost like she was deliberately ignoring Timothy's cock, which wasn't that surprising, considering she had already revealed she was a lesbian.

Not long after, the girl grabbed Timothy from behind and – still caressing his big boobs – started kissing and licking his slender neck. "Do you like it, babe?" she whispered in his ear, nibbling his earlobe.

"Oh... I like it a lot, Kate..." Timothy replied, breathless. It was at times like this that he was grateful to have boobs, even if he supposedly intended to get rid of them in the future. They were so damn sensitive and made him feel so good... It was something that one needed to experience to truly understand. "Don't stop now, Kate... please..."



"Don't worry... such an idea didn't even cross my mind. Oh, honey, you are so sexy... so hot... I just can't get enough of you..." Kate stated, sucking Timothy's nipples, which made the feminized guy squirm with pleasure and moan even louder. "You love it, don't you, Tiff? You love being a woman and having such a gorgeous, hot body..."

At that point, Timothy was so horny that he could agree with anything, and before he knew it he had already flipped into *Tiffany mode*. "Yes!" *she* screamed at the top of her lungs, unable to control herself. "You're, like, totally right! I love being Tiffany! I... I totally love being a pretty, sexy woman!"

Oh, my gosh! What are you talking about, Tiffany? Just now you were all about never wanting to be a girl and now this? Gee, how do you expect Kate to believe you if you keep acting like this, huh? Tiffany inquired herself, distressed. Her plan wasn't going exactly as planned. *Oh, girl, could you please stop worrying so much at least once, for God's sake? You totally are having fun, aren't you? Just enjoy it... you know you want it...You want it so badly...*



And so Tiffany did. At least once, she decided to forget her worries and focus on the moment. Kate kept sucking Tiffany's nipples for some time, making her hornier and hornier, and then positioned herself on top.

The two of them took a minute to look into each other's eyes, as the tension grew even more palpable. Kate, who was usually very sweet and kind, now seemed like a completely different person, looking at the other girl with such lust and desire that Tiffany felt completely at her mercy. That wasn't a bad feeling, though. At that point, Tiffany wasn't even going to try convincing herself that enjoying the passive role in bed was a bad thing. When Kate kissed her again, making it clear who was in control of the situation, the blonde girl gladly accepted this, loving every bit of the making out session.

One more time, Kate started rubbing and caressing Tiffany's body, her hands slowly but decisively going down. However, if Tiffany was thinking that Kate would devote some attention to the member between her legs, she couldn't be more wrong. Kate's hands went straight to Tiffany's butt and, before long, Tiffany felt a finger sneaking into her anus...



"Ahh... w-what are you doing?" Tiffany cried out, suddenly jumping as if she had gotten an electric shock.

"Sorry, Tiff. I didn't mean to scare you. Have you ever... umm... touched yourself back there?"

"N-no" Tiffany admitted, embarrassed to be having a conversation like that.

"Well, if you just relax, I can..."

"M-maybe later, okay? Let me do something for you first!" Tiffany hurried to say, eager to change the subject. As excited as she was, the idea of someone exploring her butt sounded unsettling, to say the least.

She then changed position with Kate, getting on top, and it was her turn to kiss and suck Kate's boobs. Tiffany soon started to relax and feel good again. She had never had a chance to touch breasts before (except her own, of course), and she thought it felt incredible. But the girl wasn't planning to stop there, oh no... she had something a lot *bolder* in mind.



Tiffany kissed Kate's abdomen all the way down to her lower body, and then found herself facing the young woman's pussy. Tiffany felt her heart pounding wildly at the sight. For the first time ever, she was seeing a pussy in person. Half an hour earlier, she would have been saddened by the fact that her member was still completely lifeless even in a situation like that. Now, however, such a thought didn't even cross her mind. She was so engrossed in what was happening that it was hard to think of herself as anything other than a female.

She started to kiss Kate's groin, getting closer and closer to the pussy, and was feeling so excited that her body was shaking. However, at the same time, she began feeling a little worried again. From what she could see, sucking a pussy seemed a lot more complicated than doing the same to a dick. She wasn't sure how to start this, and what to do from there.

Gosh, just follow your instincts, girl, she told herself, trying to calm down. *Your tongue will totally know what to do*.

A little awkward, Tiffany kissed Kate's inner lips, paying attention to how the other girl reacted to each move. From her moans, it seemed like Kate was enjoying this a lot, which encouraged Tiffany. It took her a bit too long but she finally managed to find Kate's clitoris, and when she started licking, the other girl went wild.

Pretty sensitive, huh? Tiffany thought to herself. *Yeah, having a clit doesn't seem like a bad idea...*

Not long after, Tiffany finally stuck her tongue inside Kate's pussy, sucking it greedily. She soon felt Kate's hands on the back of her head, making her tongue go deeper and deeper into the crack.

"OHH, TIFF... IT FEELS... SO... DAMN... AMAZING... DON'T STOP NOW, BABE! I... I THINK I'M COMING!"

When she finally did so, Tiffany felt kind of proud of herself for being able to make Kate orgasm on their first night together, although it hadn't happened exactly as the *old Timothy* would have wished.

"That was fantastic, Tiff!" Kate exclaimed, kissing the other girl softly on the lips. "I don't remember the last time I felt so good. Thank you so much, honey! But now I want to make you feel good, as well. Don't worry, I understand that you are not ready for receiving attention back there, right? But I have another idea in mind. Just trust me, okay?"

A second later, again in her passive role, Tiffany was lying on her back with Kate on top of her. They kissed passionately as Kate wiggled her hips and rubbed her groin against Tiffany's. It worked pretty well and Tiffany – who was desperately aroused but still hadn't had any relief that night – felt her body on fire. Following Kate's example, she started wiggling and rubbing her groin against the other girl's one, at an increasingly fast pace.

It was hard to feel more like a female than that. For all intents and purposes, that was lesbian sex, and Tiffany's cock was nothing more than a *little too big* clit. None of this mattered to her now, though – she could only focus on the wonderful sensations she was experiencing.

"Do you like it, Tiff?" Kate asked, just like she had done earlier that night. "Tell me you like it!"

"GOSH, I TOTALLY LOVE IT... I LOVE IT, LIKE, SO MUCH...!" Tiffany cried out, feeling she was about to explode with so much pleasure.

And then, when Kate rubbed Tiffany's boobs again, it was too much for the poor girl... the orgasm grew inside her with the fury of a volcano and when it finally came to the surface, Tiffany almost lost consciousness...

...she was still feeling her body numb when Kate snuggled up to her side, stroking her long blond hair. The night hadn't been exactly what she had expected before, but the truth was that she couldn't complain... she couldn't complain at all.



The next week...

As Timothy crossed the quiet streets of his neighborhood towards his house, he couldn't help it but feel a strong sense of *déjà vu*. Considering he had walked those same streets a million times before, it wasn't that surprising. However, there was something special about that particular late afternoon. The sun setting behind the distant houses... the gentle breeze on his face... the leaves along the way... all this reminded Timothy of a certain day almost a year ago – the day before the most dramatic change in his life, like the calm before the storm.

Back then, the young man couldn't even imagine what was about to happen to him. He crossed the familiar streets wearing an old gray T-shirt, faded jeans, and a pair of comfortable All-Star shoes, while he carried his guitar case and with his disheveled hair blowing chaotically in the wind. Now, on the other hand, he was wearing a cute floral strapless cropped top, a hot pink faux leather mini skirt, and 4-inch sandal heels, which clicked audibly with every feminine and graceful step he took. Instead

of a guitar case, he was carrying a fashionable pink purse; and his hair, now long and blond, floated glamorously behind him, like in a movie.



Gosh, one year can change everything indeed... Timothy mused, biting his lower lip and tasting his strawberry lip gloss. *But what am I, like, going to do now?*

Two recent events had made the feminized guy very thoughtful. The first one, of course, had been the night he had spent with Kate. Sure, he had enjoyed it a lot, but the night also had its low points, especially looking at it in perspective. Timothy was convinced that Kate hadn't believed a word when he stated once again that he had never intended to be Tiffany, and all of that had happened by accident. Could he start a relationship under such circumstances, with someone who didn't know who he truly was?

But that wasn't all. Timothy was again feeling concerned about his sexuality. For a long time, he had told himself that he liked girls... alright, it was hard to believe he was "*entirely heterosexual*", considering that Matt had brought him to orgasm, but Timothy insisted that he would certainly prefer to sleep with women. Now that he had experienced it, however, he wasn't so sure anymore. Matt had clearly been a jerk to Timothy the whole time they were together, so the feminized guy felt more at ease with Kate, who was a sweet and empathic person. But talking exclusively about the physical aspect, had it been *that different*? Had Kate managed to turn him on more than Matt? He didn't even need to think about Matt to wonder about it. Had being kissed by Kate been better than being kissed by Martin, despite all the awkwardness of being in such a situation with his best friend?

The answer was clear as day, no matter how much Timothy wanted to deny it. There was no doubt that he was bisexual. Deep down, he knew the best he could do was to simply accept it. There was nothing wrong about liking men and women, after all. But he also knew that sexuality had nothing to do with gender identity. So the most important question was, did he really still see himself as a male? Did he hate being Tiffany that much? Whatever the answer was, he needed to figure it out fast, because he had an important decision to make – a decision that, one more time, would change everything.

Such a decision was related to the second event that was making Timothy so uneasy. It had all started with a simple phone call, two days ago...

At first, the feminized guy thought it was just a prank call. It's not every day that the assistant of a producer from one of the biggest record labels in the country calls you, after all. Timothy was still doubting the whole thing when he went to meet the man at a local cafe the next day. To his great astonishment, though, it soon became clear that the man really was who he said he was. As someone as passionate about music as Timothy, he immediately recognized Mark Turner, the producer responsible for much of the big hits of the past few decades.

Before leaving home, afraid this might be some kind of scam, Timothy had asked Kate and Alyssa to accompany him. Once there, the two girls looked puzzled at the feminized guy, not understanding why he was so shocked.

"Mr. T-turner" Timothy stuttered, open-mouthed. "I-It's an honor to meet you in person!"

"Ha! I bet you didn't believe I would actually come from LA to here, in the middle of nowhere, right? I see the locals aren't used to visitors. Everyone has been looking at me as if I had come from another planet!"

Considering Mark Turner's extravagant style – a mix of Elton John and David Bowie – Timothy thought it was no surprise that the conservative people of his hometown were terrified. Turner was

wearing a bright orange plaid suit with a purple bow tie. His famous curly white hair was more voluminous and wild than ever, in such a way that even Brian May would be jealous.

"And who are those ladies with you?" Turner asked, looking at Alyssa and Kate. "Your backing vocals? Yeah, I think they would look great on stage, as well" he added, scratching his chin.

"Umm... no, Mr. Turner. They are, like, just my friends. Alyssa Taylor and Katherine Jones. I asked them to come with me to... umm... support me, you know?"

"So you brought friends over instead of a manager? Oh, I already like you! I'm tired of people barely out of their diapers thinking they are the new Madonna or something. Please sit down girls. You can order whatever you want. All on me! Actually... the record label will pay for everything, but that's the same thing. Those bastards would have already gone broke if it wasn't for me!

Kate and Alyssa looked at *Tiffany,* once again confused. Since they didn't know Mark Turner, they were also unaware of the man's eccentric reputation. A reputation that, as far as Timothy could see, was entirely justifiable.

"Anyway" Turner continued after the girls settled down. "I saw a video of you singing, Ms. Foster. I think it was in a beauty contest or something like that. I must say I was impressed. You are a great singer with a good stage presence, although we still need to work on that. I then did a little research on you and I couldn't believe what I was reading. A trans girl! Who would have guessed? I mean, you're so beautiful and feminine. It's almost impossible to believe you were born a boy! But the fact that you're trans just made it a thousand times better. If before you were just another pretty girl with a nice voice, now you're *special*, if you know what I mean. In this age of social awareness, representation and all this stuff, you are just perfect! I couldn't resist and decided to come here right away. Listen to me, Ms. Foster, I'm going to make you a big star... the biggest star of all!"

The meeting with Turner wasn't exactly perfect, though. When Timothy mentioned the songs he wrote himself, the producer didn't seem all that interested, saying that if they signed a contract, he would call a team of professional songwriters to work with them.

"Don't get me wrong, Ms. Foster" he started explaining. "I listened to the song you sang in the contest, and also the excerpts from other songs you posted on the internet. They are cute songs, sure, but that's not the style I have in mind for you. Considering your history and everything, I believe you need a more disruptive and provocative image. You trust my judgment, right?"

Timothy couldn't say he was happy to hear that. It seemed that instead of a folk and vintage rock singer, Mark Turner wanted him to be a pop princess, singing stuff similar to Selena Gomez and Ariana Grande.

The feminized guy was thinking about all this as he went back home that late afternoon. He knew that it was common for artists and bands to be forced to record songs they didn't necessarily like early in their careers. However, could he really do what Turner was expecting from him? Could he go up on stage wearing a skimpy outfit and perform a sexy choreography? He told the man he needed a few days to think about it. And he, indeed, needed to think... a lot.

It wasn't just about the *artistic vision* of the project, though. As Timothy knew all too well, that decision would seal his fate. If he took up Mark Turner's offer, he would most likely be stuck as Tiffany forever; there would be no way back.

He was so lost in his thoughts that he didn't notice the people in front of his house. He only realized that something unusual was going on when he heard a shrill voice crying out, "Look, Mom! It's her, Tiffany Foster! Gosh, I'm sure it's her!"

Then, before the feminized guy could fully understand the situation, he felt someone hugging him tightly around the abdomen – so tightly that he was breathless for a moment.

"Sophie, where are your manners, young lady? You're going to scare her like that!"

"I'm sorry, Mom! Oh my gosh, it's just that I'm so, so happy to meet you, Tiff! I can call you Tiff, right?"

Just then Timothy had a chance to look into the pair of deep blue eyes that were facing him intently. The owner of the eyes was a cute red-haired girl who couldn't have been more than eleven or twelve years old, and had a round face full of freckles. Behind her, there was a couple in their thirties, smiling uneasily.

"Please, excuse our daughter, Ms. Foster" the woman started saying. "It's just that Sophie was so excited about meeting you, right, sweetie? I'm Angela Cooper, by the way, and this is Derek, my husband. We were passing through the state and Sophie insisted that we stop here so she could have a chance to meet you. We just couldn't deny it to her... You're our little girl's biggest idol, Ms. Foster."

"Me?" Timothy was confused and surprised. "But why?" he asked, noticing that Sophie was now crying profusely.

"Well... Sophie is a girl like you, if it's not something offensive to say... I'm trying my best to learn about all this, you know. In any case, she started living as a female not long ago."

"Really?!" Timothy got wide-eyed. It was hard to believe that such a pretty and feminine little girl used to be a boy. But then, with a sinking feeling in the stomach, he thought that this must be the very same reaction people had when meeting him for the first time.

"Oh, Tiff, I love you so much!" Sophie declared, sobbing. "You are, like, so beautiful and perfect! I want to be just like you when I grow up!"

"You're so sweet, aren't you, dear?" Timothy smiled, hugging the girl back. "But you know what? Gosh, you totally are so much prettier than me!"

"Oh no, there is no one prettier than you in the world!" Sophie stated, although she looked flattered. "Gosh, I wanted to meet you, like, so bad, and you totally are even cooler than I thought! It's so hard to be... you know... like us... so many people laughed at me... but following you... seeing your posts... you gave me the strength to keep going on."

Such a declaration hit Timothy pretty hard, like a punch in the stomach. He couldn't understand how people could be cruel to that adorable girl simply for her being who she was. That was so unfair and sick. Of course *Tiffany* had read countless stories like that online, with people saying how inspiring and important the trans community *she* was, but seeing someone like Sophie face to face took it to another level, and made everything – maybe for the first time – feel real.

"Listen to me, Sophie, honey" Timothy started, bending down to be at the girl's eye level. "I want you to promise me that you'll never let people put you down for you being yourself. You aren't doing anything wrong, okay? Gosh, they totally are the bad guys here! Don't let people who hate you tell you how to live your life. And be happy, sweetie... this is the most important thing. Be happy, and remember that there are people who love and respect you, and accept you for who you are."

And as he was saying all that, something clicked in Timothy's mind... something he had never realized before. When the Coopers left, he picked up his phone and called someone, "Hey... Are you home? I need to talk to you. Yes, it totally has to be now."

Martin looked pleasantly puzzled when he opened the front door of his house twenty minutes later. "Come in" he said, smiling at Timothy. "It's so nice to see you!"

"Are your parents home, Martin?"

"Umm... I don't think so... If I remember well, they went to the Murrays' house or something... or was it yesterday?" the guy scratched his head. "Anyway, I don't think they're home, or they would be watching TV at this hour. Why you asking? Do you want to talk to them?"

"No. I... like... I want to talk to you. But I don't want us to be interrupted" and saying so, the feminized guy put his arms around Martin's neck, kissing him lightly on the lips.

"W-what are you doing, *buddy*?" Martin asked, confused. "I thought you didn't want this anymore. I thought you wanted my help to get back to being Timothy."

"Martin... don't call me Timothy, pretty please? Not tonight! I've been thinking about something... don't ask me to, like, explain this right now, because I'm still trying to figure it out myself, okay? But the thing is... I want to spend some time with you... as Tiffany. I think we totally deserve this... at least once."

As expected, it took Martin some time to fully understand what Tiffany was saying. When it finally happened, though, his eyes went wide. "Wait, are you suggesting that we... I mean... we really..."

Tiffany thought it was definitely cute to see Martin so nervous, having so much trouble with the words. She couldn't understand how someone could be so innocent, sweet, *handsome*...

"Just tell me something, Martin... Do you really like me?"

"Of course I do! You're my best friend since forever!"

"No, Martin... I'm asking if you like me as a woman. So...?"

In response, it was Martin's turn to kiss Tiffany, with such sweetness and passion that it was clear how much he had desperately missed it. When the kiss finally came to an end, he smiled once more – a sincere, contagious smile – and lifted the girl in his arms, carrying her to his bedroom...



"Here we are, honey" Martin announced, not long after. His room was a simple but surprisingly organized place, apart from a few pieces of clothing thrown around. There were some magazines and books in one corner, a plain wardrobe that was clearly older than Martin in the other, a TV, and many paintings and drawings of natural landscapes and psychedelic scenery. There were also some pillows and incense on the floor in the center of the room, that Tiffany was sure was where Martin used to meditate. "Are you sure... umm... that this is what you want to do?" the guy asked, unsure.

"Martin..." Tiffany started saying, looking deep into the guy's eyes. "Honestly, I'm not sure we're doing the right thing. Gosh, at this point I'm not sure of anything! All I can say is that – right now – I wouldn't wish to be anywhere else but here with you. I have a feeling that you, better than anyone else, were able to understand me a long time ago... before even I myself could do it. Am I making any sense?"

"A little bit, I guess..."



"This is better than nothing, isn't it?" Tiffany giggled. "Now why don't you kiss me again?"

"You don't need to ask twice."

They made out for a long time, exploring each other's bodies with their hands. Before Tiffany realized it, she had already taken off Martin's shirt, and just couldn't get enough of the guy's strong arms and muscular body. Now that she was no longer pretending she wasn't attracted to guys, she could enjoy it to the fullest without any guilt, which was an amazing feeling.

But there was still something worrying Tiffany... her top and skirt were already out of the way, and she knew that her lingerie would follow suit pretty soon. The young woman wondered how Martin would react to the sight of her naked body. In the past, Matt had looked at her with disgust; Kate had been much nicer, of course, but had purposely avoided looking at Tiffany's lower body, maybe even thinking it would please her. But what would Martin do?

Oh well... now is the time of truth, she told herself, taking off her bra and pulling down her panties...

...she then took a deep breath and simply said, "So, this is me."

"You... you're so beautiful, Tiff" Martin exclaimed, mesmerized. There was no disgust or awkwardness in his eyes, which warmed Tiffany's heart. She wasn't wrong about him, after all...

In bed, Martin took his time rubbing and sucking Tiffany's boobs, to the point where the young woman started squirming with pleasure. "Yeah, Martin... It feels, like, so good! You totally know what you are doing... Oh, gosh..."

Tiffany then grabbed Martin's hard, throbbing cock, and started stroking it softly, which made Martin gasp. She smiled at his reaction; it was nice to know she could turn him on that much. But the question was, how far did she want to go?

Gosh, you know very well what you want, girl, she told herself, biting her lower lip. *Don't chicken out now!*

"Listen, Martin, this will be... umm... my first time doing this, okay?"

"We don't have to do anything you're not comfortable with, Tiff. If you don't think you're ready..."

"No, I *want it* to happen, and I want it to be *with you*. I just thought you should know the truth."

"I see. In this case, I think I should admit this is going to be my first time, as well."

"What?! But you've dated other girls before!"

"Not many, as you know very well, and for one reason or another, it never went too far with any of them. But I think this was a good thing."

"Why?"

"Because this way it'll be the first time for both of us, and we are going to do it together" he said, caressing her face. "The Universe really knows how to do things" he added, for a moment sounding like a wise old man.

"If you say so" Tiffany teased him, giggling. She knew she could never get tired of Martin. Talking to him was always an adventure. "Just remember to be gentle, okay?"

"Of course, Tiff. I would *never* hurt you."

"I know" she whispered. "I'm sure of that, Martin."



After some initial discomfort, Tiffany was able to relax a little bit so Martin could start penetrating her, using only his member's the tip at first. "You okay, honey?" Martin asked for the fourth or fifth time. "Just tell me if I do anything wrong."

"You're doing great, Martin" Tiffany encouraged him. "I... I think I'm starting to feel good..."

As the young woman got more and more relaxed, she became more receptive to the presence of Martin's member at her *back door*. The lubricant also helped him slide into her more easily, in and out... deeper and deeper...



"Oh, Tiff, you're so gorgeous... so sexy... I feel like the luckiest man in the world" he whispered in her ear as he played with her nipples, making Tiffany moan louder and louder, feeling a shiver run through her body. "Wait... I want to look into your eyes while we do this."

"Ahh... ohh.. o-okay."

Tiffany then lay on her back, with her legs apart, and Martin positioned himself over her. The young woman soon felt Martin's cock penetrating her butt hole again. This time, however, she was already so aroused that the pain was almost entirely gone, and she felt a kind of pleasure she had never experienced before. It wasn't just a physical matter, though. As she and Martin looked at each other, she felt fully connected with him, in a way she couldn't explain. It was as if, at that moment, they were

one, and no one else existed in the world. It was a sublime sensation, and it only amplified the pleasure she was getting from being penetrated.



"H-harder, Martin..." she cried out, breathless. "I want you to fuck me harder!"

"You sure?"

"Just do it!"

Tiffany gasped as she felt Martin's member deep inside her body, reaching what appeared to be her g-spot. She was sure her ass would be sore for days after that, especially since that was her first time, but she just couldn't get enough of that feeling. She wanted... no... she needed more...

"Yeah, Martin..." she screamed, digging her nails into his arms. "Right there... Oh my gosh, I think... I TOTALLY THINK I'M COMING!"

Both of them exploded in an orgasm so intense that Tiffany nearly passed out. She felt spasms and shivers all over her body, which seemed more sensitive than ever. In such a moment of delight, all her

fears and worries seemed unimportant, even silly. This helped her to accept, once and for all, who she really was and what she needed to do next. It felt so right...so logical... that Tiffany couldn't understand why she had been so reluctant for so long. She felt free and at peace with herself, maybe for the first time ever...

...about fifteen minutes later, she was lying with her head on Martin's chest while the young man stroked her hair. She was wearing a T-shirt that Martin had lent her (which was obviously too big for her, looking almost like a dress,) and was completely relaxed.



"I love you, Tiff" Martin declared, as naturally as if he were just putting into words something that everyone had long known – which was technically true –, and Tiffany's response came out so easily that she didn't even have to think about it.

"I love you, too" she said, just before falling asleep with a smile on her face.

Six months later...

The woman crossed the station with confident steps, stopping right in front of the large clock close to the departure area. She saw that it was almost noon. Her train would arrive in fifteen minutes. Opening her compact powder case, she checked her reflection in the small mirror, and what she saw must have pleased her... the woman smiled, showing her very white teeth. As she closed the case, her attention was caught by a middle-aged man and a teenage girl who were standing in front of her.

"How can you be so damn stupid, young lady?" the man yelled, waving his arms wildly. Her plump cheeks, just like his bald head, was very flushed, and his tiny eyes were so squinted that were almost unnoticeable. "I'm your father, for God's sake! You have to do as I say!"

The woman behind them didn't like what she was seeing... Oh, she didn't like it at all! Whatever the young woman had done, assuming she had actually done something reprehensible, she didn't deserve to be humiliated in public like that. No one – or almost no one – deserved it.

"Oh, now what?" the man mocked his daughter. "Are you really going to start crying? You're just like that dumb woman, your mother, used to be. That's your problem! When are you going to stop being such a useless girl?"

The girl then rushed away towards the bathroom, covering her face bathed in tears with her hands. This was the cue for the woman to enter the scene...

"Excuse me" she said, approaching the man, who turned around clearly ready to start screaming again. When he saw the attractive woman who was addressing him, though, his fury deflated like a balloon, and an ugly, twisted smile came over his face.

"Umm... hello, Mrs...?"

"Oh, I'm not a Mrs., *darling*. I'm Susan; Susan Morris."

"N-nice to meet you, Ms. Morris" the man greeted her, smoothing his oversized mustache with his sausage-like fingers. "I'm Alfred Collins."

"Please, call me Susan" the woman told him, stroking the man's arm with her long nails. "Nice to meet you, too... Alfred. I can call you Alfred, right?"

"Sure, of course you can!"

"Now Alfred, dear, I don't mean to sound nosy or anything but I couldn't help but overhear the argument you were having with your daughter a little ago. Do you want to talk about it?"

"Oh, that was nothing important, Susan."

"You don't have to lie to me, darling. I know very well how impertinent and obnoxious young people these days can be. Tell me everything. We're trying to get intimate, remember?"

"A-are we? Y-yeah, of course we are! Alright, I just didn't want to bother you with such a stupid matter, but here it goes. The point is that Sarah just doesn't listen to me. I can't understand how she can be so ungrateful. I did everything for that girl after her mother passed away!"

"Oh, so are you a widower? I'm so sorry to hear that!" Susan exclaimed, giving him her best look of compassion. "You are so young!"

"Not so young, not so young..." Alfred chuckled, barely able to hide his satisfaction. "This happened about five years ago, you know... But to be honest, marrying Denise was a mistake in the first place."

"Why so?"

"Because she was stubborn and disobedient, exactly like her daughter. That woman didn't know her place. I was raised at a time when women knew their job was to take care of their husbands and children. That's what my mother did, just like my grandmother, great grandmother and so on. Society has always worked this way. Why reinvent the wheel?" Alfred ended his speech, staring at Susan as if daring her to say he was saying nonsense. To his grateful surprise, though, she broke out into a wide smile.

"Oh, I understand you perfectly well, Alfred!" the woman stated, caressing the man's arm once again. "You're absolutely right. The woman's role is to take care of her husband and children. It has always been like this. Those liberals want to destroy our families!"

"I know, right?" Alfred cried out, exultant. "I bet the Chinese are behind all this" he added, in a conspiratorial tone. "They want to make our men weak in order to make it easier to dominate us!"

"I don't doubt that!" Susan said, trying hard not to roll her eyes. "In any case, I have to say that I was never lucky enough to find a *real man* to take care of me. I'm a widow, too, but my deceased husband was... I don't like to criticize those who are no longer here to defend themselves, but the truth is that he was a failure, to say the very least."

"Oh, that's awful! A woman like you... you need a man who treats you the way you deserve" Alfred stated, trying to pull in his big belly and puffing out his chest.

"I wish, Alfred, honey" Susan smiled seductively. "I truly wish so. And about Sarah...what's wrong with her exactly?"

"It's like I was saying... she is identical to her mother. Long story short, there is a great man, member of a respected and influential family, who proposed to her. One chance in a million, you see... and the wedding would also be great for my business, by the way... but the stupid girl is reluctant to accept it

because she wants to go to college in another state! *College*!" Alfred repeated the word with such disgust and anger that some droplets of saliva flew from his mouth. "As if college were going to teach her something useful! The stupid girl won the lottery but is too dumb to realize that!"

"Ah, now I understand your problem!" Susan said, doing her best to sound sympathetic. "Yeah, the whole situation must be so hard for a father as *caring* and concerned about his daughter's future as you..."

"You have no idea!"

"Have you ever thought that Sarah might need a mother figure in her life? To help her understand what's best for her?"

"Now that you mention it..." Alfred grinned. "I think that... umm... someone *like you* could be a wonderful influence on her."

"You flatter me, Alfred, dear" Susan giggled. "You really know how to treat a lady, don't you? How sweet! Oh, and now that I'm thinking about it, an idea to make Sarah understand that you are just trying to think about her future crossed my mind."

"What idea?"

"I don't know if you'll like this, Alfred. Maybe..."

"Just tell me, Susan. Coming from you, I'm sure it will be a wonderful idea!"

"Oh, I just can't resist your *charm*, darling. Very well. So here goes..."

Susan felt absolutely ecstatic. After so many months of searching, she had finally found a new man to work on. Alfred was just perfect, and she felt a thrill as she imagined all the possibilities. The memory of what she'd done to Richard was still fresh in her mind, and she couldn't wait to do something like that again. One thing she knew for sure, she would never forget Tiffany's graduation day, when everything happened...

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"What are you waiting for to go get changed, Richard, dear? You don't want to be late for our baby girl's big day, do you?"

"I already told you I'm not going, woman!" Richard yelled, furious. He was wearing one of his old flannel shirts and jeans, which at that point looked ridiculously big for him, but Susan knew it wouldn't last – that was probably the last day Richard would wear menswear.

"Now, now don't be like that now, dear. It's her graduation day. you can't miss something like this. You are her father."

"Stop referring to that abomination as if he were a real girl, Susan!" Richard growled. "None of this should be happening. I... I just want my son back."

"It's too late for that, Richard. You don't have a son but a beautiful daughter. And you worked hard to feminize him, didn't you?"

"Yes, but deep down, I always had hopes that he would come back to be a boy. The son I always dream of having... Or, at worst, I expected him to spend his life suffering... hating every minute of being treated like a sissy. But he's having fun, Susan. The degenerate freak is enjoying all this!"

"Oh, Richard, honey, Tiffany's not the one who's going to spend her life suffering..."

"What you mean?"

"Nothing. I'm just... thinking out loud. Here, have some tea, darling. You need to relax..."

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It was no secret that Charles Lambert, Tiffany's school principal, wasn't exactly a progressive man. Like most of the town, he took a very dim view of any and all movements that distorted his idea of an ideal society, based on the traditional family model and respect for conservative values. However, even someone like Lambert couldn't ignore the money a student like Timothy Foster could bring to his school.

Therefore, he was forced to make certain concessions throughout the year, like allowing *Tiffany* to participate in all school activities as a female student, which certainly displeased the parents of many students. Yes, despite all the money, Lambert was happy to see Timothy go. It would certainly make his life much easier. He just hoped he wouldn't have to deal with another trans student any time soon. In his opinion, things were so much simpler in the past...

Before that nightmare would come to an end, though, Lambert had to make one last concession, and that was to allow Timothy's stepmother to give a *brief speech* during her stepson's graduation. Lambert didn't know why this was so important to the woman, but he hoped she wouldn't say anything that would make his life even harder.

Susan took the stage getting little to any encouragement from the audience. The half dozen people who applauded her did so with the enthusiasm of someone who is about to sit in the dentist's chair. That didn't seem to put Susan down, however, and the woman smiled radiantly at everyone.

"Thank you... thank you very much all of you" she started saying. "All I want to do today is to say thank you to this amazing community for accepting and embracing my *daughter* at such an important and defining moment in her life."

The people in the audience looked at each other, confused. They didn't know who Susan was talking about, but it definitely didn't seem to be about them. What they didn't know, of course, was that the woman had a very good reason to start her speech that way, even if what she was saying wasn't necessarily true.

"It's never easy to accept what's different" she continued. "The first impulse of many people is to judge, segregate, attack, and this can be especially hard on trans people. To illustrate what I'm saying, I'd like to tell you all a little story. Don't worry, this won't take more than a few minutes."

"Many, many years ago, there was a young woman living in constant pain. She was a high school student, and the main cause of her suffering was that, even though she had always knew she was female inside, the girl had been born a boy, and until that day she was being forced to live like one. But that wasn't just it. Being different and unable to adjust to what society expected of her, the girl was ostracized and humiliated by her peers over and over again.

"One young man, in particular, seemed to take special delight in turning the girl's life into a living hell. She was beaten several times, literally thrown in the trash almost daily, not to mention countless other forms of public humiliation and abuse. The situation was so serious that the young woman even considered taking her own life on several occasions."

"But rest assured, all of you, this story has a happy ending. Eventually, the young woman was able to rebuild her life. She moved to another town, and finally started living as her true self. And then, many years later, she met her high school bully again. I'm well aware how unlikely this sounds, but the truth was that the woman found that that boy, once so nasty and cruel, had turned into a good, loving man. When he discovered who the woman really was, he asked for forgiveness for all the harm he had done to her, and the two of them eventually fell in love."

"And here's the big surprise, my friends. The story I just told you is my real life story. I am the trans woman who once was a bullied teenager, and Richard Foster, who you all know very well, is the loving husband who used to be a transphobic young man."

Susan took a moment to savor the astonishment that such a revelation had caused in the audience. All those people had known Richard for two decades, ever since he had been transferred to the military base there. The fact that he not only had a trans daughter but was also married to a trans woman certainly came as a shock to everyone.

Most of Susan's story was real. She had indeed been persecuted and humiliated by Richard in her teens, something that had left deep marks on her soul. The part that Richard knew the truth about her and had accepted her, though, was obviously a lie – a lie that would be very useful for her plans...

In the middle of the audience, Tiffany was as shocked as everyone around her. Then Susan was trans herself? Now that she was thinking about it, Tiffany thought that explained a lot, like the fact that Susan always said she had never been able to get pregnant. But the girl knew that the story of her father being a loving husband was bullshit. Why was Susan saying that? What did she intend to do?

But the truth was that no one was more dumbfounded than Richard himself. *This can't be true*, he thought, on the verge of collapse. *I can't believe I got married and have been sleeping with a sissy... The same fucking sissy I used to torment in high school!*

What Richard didn't know, however, was that things would still get much, much worse for him...

"In any case" Susan continued, when the buzz through the auditorium finally started to die off. "I shared my story with you tonight to prove that love and tolerance is always the best way. I know a lot of trans people still suffer pretty much nowadays, but I'm happy to know that the change has already started. The fact that Richard and I are together shows that this is possible. Unfortunately, though, we are not going to be a couple for much longer. No, we didn't have a fight or anything. It's just that Richard... he... or should I say *she*? Also discovered something important about *herself*..."

What is this bitch... I mean, this sissy talking about now? Richard wondered, gritting his teeth. *Is he really calling me a she? Oh man, I swear I'm going to kill this fucking fag!*

Indifferent to Richard's murderous expression in the audience, Susan continued her speech. "A few months ago, my husband finally opened his heart to me, and all of a sudden a lot of things made sense... all the hatred he showed for '*effeminate guys*' in his youth, the way he used to treat me, it was all... envy. He just couldn't handle the fact that he was living a lie, even if he didn't have full understanding of it back then. But that's all in the past now and Richard... no, *Rachel* is ready to reveal her true self to all of you..."

When Susan finished saying so, a video started playing on the big screen behind her... a video that filled Richard with a dread he had never experienced before. It showed Susan helping him into women's clothing... lingerie, corset, stockings, dress, jewelry, make up and even a wig! Soon, Richard looked like what he himself would describe as a *degenerate faggot*.



The strangest thing, though, was that Richard looked strangely calm during the whole video, even somehow happy. How was that possible? Richard could feel the disapproving looks from everyone around him but he didn't know what to think or how to react. And there was more to come. When he was finally all dressed up, the next part of the video showed the arrival of a new person in the scene...



Wait... what is Gary doing there? Richard thought, getting more and more stunned. Gary had been his closest friend for the past few months, helping Richard think of ways to screw up his sissified son. Then why did he look so pleased to see Richard dressed as a transvestite? None of that made sense. But the following part was even more disturbing, with Gary and Richard hugging each other in a weird way, to say the least...

W-what the hell is going on? W-why are his hands so close to my ass? And why is he getting so close to my face?



Then, the inconceivable happened. Richard's jaw dropped in a silent scream as he watched Gary passionately kissing him on the lips. It was just too much. At that point, the people around began to openly mock and harass him, and Richard felt crushed by the sense of humiliation and vulnerability. All he wanted was to disappear, but he didn't even have the strength to get up.



Suddenly, he felt a hand on his shoulder, which made him jump a little.

"G-gary!" Richard cried out, turning around and seeing the man standing behind him. "W-what's going on, buddy? How is that..."

"Come with me" Gary interrupted him.

"B-but..."

"Just come with me" Gary repeated, leaving no room for discussion. "I'll protect you."

"Wait... you'll what?!"

"Protect you. You don't want to be lynched by this mob, do you? You are too weak to defend yourself. But there is something important you need to understand, so pay close attention. You belong to me now."

"I... belong to you?! What does this mean exactly?"

"Don't be such an airhead, *Rachel*. You know so damn well what I'm talking about. Look at you. You no longer deserve to be called a man. You know this as well as I do. So now you're going to be my little sissy wife, understood?"

For a moment, it looked like Richard was going to punch Gary, but his rage soon faded away – either because Richard was still too shocked and shaken by everything that had happened or because he indeed thought he no longer deserved to be treated like a man, he meekly lowered his head and followed Gary out of the auditorium, completely defeated, and Susan watched everything with a wide smile on her face...

...her work was done there.

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Even after so many months, Susan still felt elated as she remembered the events of that night. She knew that Richard was still living as Gary's submissive little sissy wife, hating every second of his life but completely powerless to try to change it. He no longer had his precious job and was completely dependent on *his man*, living in the same town city where he was once so respected and admired. In short, his life had turned into a living hell, the kind of life he had worked so hard for his daughter – his own daughter – to have.

Susan had spent her entire adult life thinking of ways to get back at Richard. She had never been able to get over the high school events, not even after her transition. When she finally managed to approach the man again, getting married to her own nemesis, her initial plan was just to feminize his son *a little bit*, knowing it would be enough to torment him for a lifetime.

But Susan grew greedy and, for a long time, she saw in Timothy the chance to '*create'* the daughter she knew would never be able to conceive. Now, she knew she had been unfair to the boy. Timothy was not to blame for what his father had done to her in the past. Fortunately, he had realized he was indeed trans along the way, but Susan knew it had been luck and luck only. Yes, maybe she had a little hunch that he could be a girl inside from the start, but still she had no right to push him the way she did. She was determined never to *work on* someone innocent again.

About Richard, it took her some time to realize that she didn't need to focus only on his son. She could feminize the man himself, applying her manipulation techniques and, in his case, some calming and slimming pills, to make him insecure and vulnerable. As she knew better than anyone, manipulation was all about patience, and after some months she was able to do whatever she wanted with her *beloved husband*.

She never planned on turning him into a woman, though. That would be too kind. She knew he would suffer a lot more being forced to live like a *sissy*, with everyone being able to recognize his old

identity. When she noticed Gary's growing interest in Richard as the man lost weight and became more and more delicate, she knew she had found an ally, even though Gary was so reluctant at first. It was clear he had an interest in emasculated men, and for fear that anyone would notice it he had been so homophobic and transphobic all his life. The perfect cover, or at least he thought so.

Obviously, it didn't stop Susan. She had already manipulated smarter and more cleverer, and it was just a matter of time for her to convince Gary that having a sissy wife wouldn't make him *necessarily gay*, and he could always threaten anyone who insinuated anything offensive about him. He was about to retire anyway, so he wouldn't have to deal with the repercussions of his relationship at school, either.

For some time, Susan thought she would finally be free from the ghosts of the past after getting back at Richard, but it didn't take her long to realize that it wouldn't be the case. When someone starts to walk such a path, there is no way back. Her hunger for revenge never went away, not even for a single second. Now her plan was to ruin any and every evil man she could get her hands on. Some could say this was such a pitiful way to live, but Susan would argue back that no one was in her shoes to understand how she felt. She liked to think that she was using her existence as a way to bring some justice to the world...

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Meanwhile, halfway across the country...

"Come closer, everybody, we don't have much time. Now say cheese!" the group smiled as the cell phone balanced on a guitar case immortalized the moment in a photograph.

The young blonde woman then hurried towards the phone, her high heels clicking on the asphalt, and she seemed delighted with what she saw. "Oh my gosh, it looks just perfect, guys!" she exclaimed, smiling widely. "Take a look!"

The photo showed the four of them posing in front of a flashy, multicolored van, on a remote road somewhere in the West. The splendid late afternoon summer sky just made everything even more vibrant and psychedelic, making it easy for someone who didn't know better to believe that that was an enhanced photograph of a bunch of hippies in the late sixties.

"Wow, it looks pretty good, indeed" the guy in the group commented.

"I know, right?" the blonde girl cried out, suddenly sniffling.

"What's the deal, Ti-Ti?" the red-haired girl, who was none other than Alyssa, asked, raising an eyebrow. "You seem overly sensitive today. Don't tell me your period is around the corner or something."



"Ha! Very funny, Lyss! And I don't know what you're talking about, girl. I think I'm perfectly normal."

"Are you sure, Tiff?" it was Kate's turn to ask. "'Cause now that Lyss mentioned it..."

"I think you're just trying to agree with your girlfriend!" Tiffany stated, making everyone laugh. "Seriously, guys, I'm totally fine. I just noticed this nice spot and asked Martin to stop the van so we could take a pic together."

"Well, you actually took the wheel from me to stop the van right away, you know" Martin mentioned casually, his gaze lost in the horizon. "Not the safest move, I would say."

"Even you?" Tiffany punched her boyfriend's arm, and everybody burst out laughing again.

"Really, honey" Martin started saying, hugging Tiffany and kissing her softly on the lips. "We just want to make sure you're alright."

"I appreciate it, but you guys have nothing to worry about. Everything's fine. Now we should get going. Janis and Miguel are already waiting for us. We can't be late for the concert."

The four of them returned to the van, and Martin drove towards the setting sun. The group chatted happily along the way, anticipating the night ahead of them, and Martin, Kate and Alyssa slowly forgot their worry about Tiffany, as she seemed to be acting normal again. The truth, however, was that the young woman was indeed feeling sensitive and anxious that day, although not even she herself knew the reason for that...

The last two months had been the happiest of Tiffany's life. After her graduation, a lot of things happened very quickly, in an alarming and confusing way, but in the end it all worked out. First, Tiffany had to decide what to do about Mark Turner's offer. She was fully aware that Turner was one of the most influential producers in the country, and that with his help she would certainly be a famous artist. However, she concluded she couldn't do what he expected from her. Singing pop songs wasn't what Tiffany truly wanted to do. She felt like she would be lying to herself, and she didn't want to do that – not ever again.

She then mustered up the courage to say no to Turner, even though she didn't know what to do next. However, before worrying about her music career, the girl had other matters to resolve. It was time to have a long, honest conversation with Susan, in order to fully understand what was going on about the woman and Tiffany's father.

What Susan told her was shocking, to say the least, as she confessed she had manipulated both Tiffany and Richard all along. "You see, Tiffany, honey, I have no reason to lie to you. I already got what I wanted, after all. I married your father just to get revenge for what he did to me in the past. However, I know I had no right to involve you in this mess. At first, I didn't expect it to go this far, I mean, look at you now... but you're happy, aren't you, Tiffany? Tell me the truth, please. Are you happy living as a female?"

"Yeah, I'm happy, but that's not the point here."

"I know. Regardless, I had no right to... Oh well, what's done is done. It's not like we can go back in time. Believe it or not, I've grown quite fond of you, honey. You're such a special human being... so different from your father. Everything could be different if we had met in other circumstances. For a while, you were the daughter I never had and probably never will. But I guess there are no happy endings for someone like me. You can do whatever you want with me now, Tiffany."

"What does this mean exactly?"

"Call the police if you that's the right thing to do. Tell them the whole truth. I won't deny anything. As I said, I already got what I wanted. I humiliated and destroyed Richard just like he did to me, and I doubt he will be able to go back to who he was before."

"About my father..."

"Wait... don't tell me you're sorry for him?"

"He's my father, isn't he?"

"Oh, dear, you're *too* good. You know what he planned for you, right? A terrible life, full of humiliation and suffering, exactly the kind of life he has now. But you are right. He's your father indeed. I won't stop you if you want to help him."

"How did you manage to, like, do what you did to him, anyway?"

"It wasn't that hard. You know your father better than anyone. He never accepted any sign of weakness or effeminate behavior from men. When he saw the himself putting on women's clothing so submissively, his mind panicked, and came to the only *possible conclusion*... he wasn't a real man. Of course, this wasn't a one-day job. It took me a few months to destroy his ego, making him lose weight and become unable to perform or act like a man. You saw most of this happening. He was on the brink of collapse for a long time... and just needed a little final push."

Tiffany was silent for some time, not knowing how to process what Susan had told her. "Do you think what I did to him was a bad thing?" the older asked, noticing her *stepdaughter's* hesitation. "Didn't you spend all this time saying your dad was a monster? That he deserved to learn a lesson? Don't you think the world will be a little better place without the *old Richard* around?"

"Yes, the world will certainly be a better place, and I did say all these things, but..."

"But, in the end, you are feeling sorry for him?"

"I m-mean... yes" Tiffany admitted, feeling silly and foolish.

"Oh, honey, You're unbelievable! Again, you can do whatever you want now. There's just one more thing I want to discuss with you before you make you decision."

"What is it?"

"You should take a look at your bank account... Let's say your mother's wish is finally fulfilled, and you have received your inheritance."

"What?! How did you convince dad to..."

"I wouldn't say that *convincing* is the right term here, but a good magician never reveals their secrets, right? All you need to know is that the money is yours now. Go be happy, Tiffany. You deserve this more than anyone."

After that day, Tiffany never saw Susan again. No, she didn't report the woman to the police, but she did try to help her father. Unfortunately, however, it was to no avail. When Tiffany went to Mr. Smith's house, his father, even dressed in femme, still looked at his daughter with the same old contempt and reproach. It was clear that he still hated Tiffany as much as he hated himself in his current predicament. He flatly refused to talk to the young woman, telling her to get out of his sight.

This only confirmed what she already knew for a long time. Her father had never loved her, not even for a single day. He had just wanted a son to be an exact copy of him, and, when he didn't get it, he tried to turn his own child's life into hell. In truth, Tiffany doubted her father had ever loved anyone. Somehow, she still managed to feel sorry for him again. What a miserable existence that must be, she thought, as she faced her now sissified father one last time...

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Now that Tiffany had turned down Mr. Turner's offer, she concluded that her best bet, in order to make the kind of music she wanted, was to be an independent artist. She and Martin found two amazing musicians on the internet, Janis Floyd and Miguel Santana, and the four of them formed a band, *The Wandering Flowery Hearts*. Tiffany used some of the money she inherited from her late mother to record an album with the group, and also bought an old van so they could travel around the country looking for places to perform.

As crazy as it sounded, she thought that was a brilliant plan. She couldn't wait to leave her hometown, a place where she had felt out of place her entire life. Moreover, living on the road would likely be an amazing experience. But it wasn't time to pack her stuff yet. There were other things to do first. She then asked to talk to Kate, in order to make everything clear with the girl...

"That's okay, Tiff" it was what Kate started saying. "I always thought that you and Martin being a couple was the most likely thing to happen. I mean, you two have a long history together, and when you started your transition... well, now I see it was just a matter of time for you guys to be more than just friends."

"Kate, I never wanted to deceive you and..."

"I know, Tiff". Kate interrupted her "I would never think something like that. You are one of the sweetest people I've met."

"So, umm... what are you going to do now?" Tiffany asked, awkwardly. "In your life, I mean... going to college?"

"This is something I definitely want to do. I would love to study History and Sociology. I just don't know if I'm going to do it right now. What about you?"

"Do you remember the band that I talked about? We're going to hit the road looking for places to play and things like that."

"Oh, Tiff, this sounds exciting! Really, I'm so happy for you guys!"

"Umm... I don't know if it would be, like, weird for you or something, but what you think about coming with us?"

"Wait, what?! But I'm not a musician, Tiff. I can't play anything."

"That's totally fine! We would just appreciate to have you with us, if you're comfortable with it, of course. I just thought... since you're not sure you're going to college right now... you could, like, spend some time with us and... Wait, it was very insensitive of me to suggest something like that, wasn't it? I mean, you and I..."

"Relax, Tiff. It's alright, and I promise I'll think about your offer. But if I accept it, do you think it would be okay if Alyssa went with us?"

"Lyss?! Sure, that would awesome! I just can't picture her living in a van, you know."

"You'd be surprised... Anyway, I'll give you an answer soon."

And then, a few months later, they all boarded the van towards God knows where. This was the beginning of the happiest months of Tiffany's life. Just leaving her hometown, as she had predicted, was an incredible feeling in itself... she had never felt so free before. However, it was nothing compared to the happiness of performing at small festivals here and there; knowing a new place every day; and, the best of all, spending all her time with the people she loved most in life.

And there was yet another important thing making her overjoyed...

Before the trip, to seal the beginning of her new life, Tiffany decided to have one last surgery – the surgery that would get rid of the last vestige of her masculinity. The recovery process was slow and painful, but Tiffany didn't regret it for a second. She didn't believe that what she had down there defined her gender, but she definitely felt a lot more comfortable with her body after the surgery. No more lies. She felt she had never been so honest with herself before, and the procedure also took sleeping with Martin to a whole new level. After an adaptation period, she began to love the new sensations she was now able to experience.

Kate and Alyssa had started dating again even before the trip, but now they were closer than ever, clearly in love with each other, like they had already been in the past. Away from her mother's influence, and from the town that saw and treated her as the spoiled little princess, Alyssa was more than ever becoming a new woman. Of course, her old sarcasm and irony was still there, but that was a good thing as far as Tiffany was concerned – she just couldn't imagine her friend without her sharp comments.

Now that she was in a process of self-discovery, finally admitting to the world that she was a lesbian, Alyssa was still unsure of what she was going to do in the future. But one thing was indisputable, she was enjoying the trip to the full, and looked radiant with each new experience, much to Tiffany's surprise.

Of course, a lot of it had to do with Kate, teaching her a more down-to-earth attitude. Tiffany realized that it took some time for Kate to truly give herself completely to Alyssa, certainly because she was afraid to have her heart broken by the girl one more time. However, when she realized that Alyssa was ready to have a real relationship, and wasn't going to back off, everything changed. Tiffany couldn't be more delighted to see the two girls so happy together.

They were still in contact with Chloe and Gabriella. Both of them had gone off to college and, without the *old Alyssa* as a constant presence, they were growing up, too. The girls promised to visit Tiffany and Alyssa on the first possible holiday.

Martin was also living his best life. Dating the woman he loved so much and traveling nonstop, it was impossible to catch him without a big smile on his face. As Tiffany knew very well, Martin was a *unique person*. He could be as innocent as he was eccentric, so he was definitely not cut out for a normal lifestyle with a usual job. A musician's routine (or lack of) fit him like a glove. By that time, he was as enthusiastic about playing and writing songs as Tiffany, and his new guitar, a vintage Rickenbacker one, was always around.

The other two members of the band, Janis and Miguel, were very kind and witty people, and, despite being young, already had a lot of stories to tell. Janis, who had been something of a child prodigy, finishing high school when she was only fifteen years old, gave up her academic career to dedicate herself to music, her true passion. She wanted to use art to inspire and motivate people, which made her and Tiffany become close to each other as soon as they met. Miguel was the son of an immigrant couple from El Salvador, and started playing with bands in his early teens, already being an experienced drummer. He could learn almost any song in the blink of an eye, and was very inventive with his beats and fills.

The band got along very quickly, as if they've played together all their lives. Tiffany couldn't be more satisfied about how things were going; she was learning a lot from them, and she hoped they would all grow even more as musicians going forward.

The festival audience wasn't *that* large. There were, at most, thirty or forty people in front of the small stage located in a beautiful field. It didn't discourage Tiffany and the rest of the band, though. They always gave their all on stage, as if they were at their last concert. The setlist, like every night, was composed of original songs along with classics of folk and rock.

Tiffany was wearing a charming light blue floral dress with bell-bottom sleeves, and lace-up wedge heels; her hair was styled in soft curls that flowed down her left shoulder, and her makeup was soft but graceful, with light brown and pink eye shadow, kitten eyeliner and pink lips, matching her nails, which were now a little shorter so she could play her old acoustic guitar; the other members were also wearing floral clothes, in line with the concept and name of the group.



Some of their songs were already known by some people, but the huge hype about Tiffany was already calming down. News gets old very fast on the internet, and soon people are talking about something else. However, Tiffany still had a large number of followers, and continued to be considered an icon of the trans movement.

The young woman also used a big part of her inheritance to fund support groups for transgender people expelled from home and victims of violence, which made her feel good, knowing that she was helping, however little, to make the world a fairer and more inclusive place. This had always been what she had dreamed of doing, after all.

The concert was one of the best of *The Wandering Flowery Hearts*, with the band seeming particularly inspired that late afternoon. The audience reacted with more and more enthusiasm as time went on, and the energy was contagious. They ended the show with a sequence of songs that started with "Simple Like Love", the first song Tiffany and Martin had written together and presented for the first time at the Miss Charming Beauty Contest; followed by a version of "God Only Knows" by The Beach Boys in which Martin played a ukulele, an instrument he was also getting very good at; and, finally, an emotional version of "All You Need is Love" by The Beatles.

When Tiffany played the last chord on her guitar, the audience erupted in excited applause and whistles. The concert had been a huge success for sure. However, despite all the joy, Tiffany was still a little troubled about something... she just couldn't understand it.

"Hey, can I give you a hand, honey?" Martin asked, approaching his girlfriend.

"Huh?" Tiffany exclaimed, surprised. She was so distracted as she put her guitar in its case that she didn't notice the young man's presence. Looking around, she saw that her other bandmates also had already left the stage towards the tent used as backstage, and even the public had dispersed to other areas of the field, towards the bathrooms or to get a drink.

"Are you ready to tell me what's going on?" Martin questioned, looking concerned.

"Martin, I..."

"There's no reason to lie to me, Tiff" the guy stated, hugging her and kissing the girl's head. "I know something has been bothering you all day. But if you don't want to talk about it right now, that's okay. I won't insist."

"That's not it, honey. The thing is..." Tiffany hesitated, biting her lower lip. "Not even I know what's, going on. Yes, there's something bothering me, but I just can't grasp it."

"I see... but don't you have any clues? Something that has happened recently?"

"Not at all! I mean, everything has been so perfect. You and me... the band... our friends... the trip... Just perfect! Gosh, I don't know what's wrong with me!"

"Shhh... that's okay, Tiff!" Martin tried to calm her down. "That's okay."

They remained silent for some time, just hugging each other. Even in such a stressful moment, Tiffany felt safe in Martin's arms. For her, his arms were the coziest place in the world. "You know..." the guy suddenly started saying. "Maybe that's exactly the problem."

"What? I don't understand."

"Maybe you're feeling distressed because everything seems so perfect now."

"But why would that bother me?"

"Well, maybe you're afraid this will change."

And just like that, everything made sense to Tiffany. She hugged Martin even tighter and started to sob. "I don't want anything to change, Martin. I... I want this life forever!"

"Listen, honey" Martin whispered, lifting her chin with a finger. "Isn't that what a lot of the songs we play talk about? Things change, and this is inevitable. Pretty often, they change for the better, though. Just look at us. A year ago, would you have guessed that all of this would be happening now?"

"No" Tiffany admitted, amazed at how much Martin was maturing, too. That trip was doing them all very well. No doubt about that.

"See? On the other hand, there are things that never change."

"Like what?"

"Like our friendship with Kate and Lyss. Even if they stop traveling with us, which might happen at some point, we'll still be friends. We've all lived so many things together... I don't believe they'll just forget about us."

"I... I guess it makes sense."

"About our band, I bet this will last as long as The Liquid Shadows."

"The liquid what?"

"Oh, I thought you knew about them. It's an Albanian band... or is it Bulgarian?" he scratched his head. "Anyway, they've been together for a long time, like The Rolling Stones. You remember the Stones, right? They are almost as good as the Shadows."

"Yeah, I think I've heard about the Stones" Tiffany giggled. Maturing or not, the old Martin she loved so much was still there.

"And there's another thing that won't change..." the guy continued.

"What?"

Martin smiled before saying, "My love for you. I've always loved you, Tiff... and I always will... I promise you that. It didn't sound too cheesy, did it?"



"Just a little bit" Tiffany giggled again. "But it was cute. Yeah, I totally liked it. I love you too, Martin" she stated, and then the two of them kissed for a long time, oblivious to the world around them, as if they were in another dimension that belonged only to them.

"Are you feeling better?" Martin asked, when the kiss finally ended.

"Yes, totally. I see your point, dear. What's real will never change."

"That's right. So, let's join the others? I have a surprise to you."

"Surprise?"

"Yes... do you know what one of the specialties in this town is? Curry ice cream."

"Ha! No way!" Tiffany laughed, remembering another very happy afternoon, many months ago, when Martin promised her some curry ice cream. Being with him was always an adventure, even in the small details. "You're kidding me, right?"

"You'll see. Let's go then?"

"You go ahead, and I'll catch you in a minute. Don't worry, I swear I'm fine, babe. I'm always fine when you are around."

Alone on stage, Tiffany remembered everything that had happened up to that moment. It hadn't been easy, but everything turned out well. She had finally found out who she really was, and she was in peace... as a woman.



All her life, she had always felt that something was out of place, although she couldn't tell what it was. Even not knowing beforehand that she was a transgender, Tiffany concluded that she had always had a feminine soul, and when she accepted it everything fell into place and made sense. Now she could be a woman. The woman she really was, not someone else's creation.

And, after her talk with Martin, she was no longer afraid to be happy. Happy about who she was; happy about her relationship with her boyfriend; happy about her band and friends. Looking up at the starry sky above her and hearing the voices and laughter of the people she loved in the tent behind her, she smiled remembering an old song, one of her favorites, that put into words everything she was feeling at that moment…

…the love you take is equal to the love you make.

THE END