

TWO STORY MOTHER'S DAY BUNDLE

Pageant Play
&
Making Cuts

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Title Page

Pageant Pay & Making Cuts

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Pageant Pay

In between job searches online, Amanda Morgan checked her Facepage account as a kind of stress relief. Although hiding the political posts she didn't want to see was annoying, the lack of job opportunities in her somewhat quiet Washington State suburb - and the lack of responses to her applications - was the bigger irritation. For over a decade, she had been employed at a local elementary school as a school counselor. However, the pay raises had not kept up with inflation over the years. Being a single mom had made things hard, as her son Cameron's dad had not been in his life for a long time. With the mortgage payment, increasing taxes, and high bills, Amanda had been crying herself to sleep some nights.

After scrolling through posts of her relatives' happy families, some babies making a mess, a pet sleeping, someone else complaining about the President, and vacation photos from people she had not talked to in years, a sponsored ad appeared that caught her interest.

The bright pink color scheme and over-the-top graphics grabbed her attention. "Be the next Miss Northwestern Princess!" the headline invited. A very attractive 16 or 17-year-old blonde girl with the typical pageant hair and bright white smile with her hands on her hips was featured. At 37 years old, Amanda was biologically old enough to be her mom, and was obviously way out of the pageant's age range but kept reading anyway since "Grand Prize: \$10,000 + scholarship" was labeled at the bottom. A very high amount for what seemed to be a county or state-level beauty pageant.

"If only..." she muttered under her breath as she kept scrolling down the page, past more boring photos of people she hadn't even met in years. It really would have been the perfect solution, enough money to help her keep the taxes at bay, plus a scholarship for her son, who was nearing the end of high school. That, however, was the one wrench in the perfect idea though.

Her son was male.

She'd always partly regretted never having a daughter, though of course loved her son. In this case, it would have been much simpler if he was just a girl.

Letting out a heavy sigh, she scrolled up to the pageant's ad and read a little more of the conditions, more out of curiosity than anything. Reading through the rules and guidelines, one part stood out; No ID was needed, only a parent's signature and the given form filled out.

A mischievous thought slipped into her mind and refused to part as she looked over at the photograph of her son on the end table in the living room. Maybe, just maybe, this could work after all.

While Cameron was on the short side for guys his age, and was only showing light signs of puberty at 15, he was more androgynous than most. Still, his interests in skateboarding, video games, and sports were typical of guys his age.

Wait, what am I thinking?! she asked herself. Just a few years ago, her niece Cici was in a beauty pageant. Cici's mom, Natalie, Amanda's sister, and all involved had a very entertaining time helping her prep for the event and do things like dress shopping. Since Cameron was Amanda's only child, there was a lack of estrogen fun around the household.

Amanda tapped her manicured fingers on the keyboard, trying to debate the situation. Part of her felt terrible for even considering this, but how else was \$10,000 going to come easily within a few weeks of the pageant date? Then again, entering him would mean he would have to win against natural girls. Wait, wouldn't it be easier to just ask Cici to enter? Ugh, she would most likely get recognized and, being 18, she would be ineligible.

Part of her wanted to text her sister and ask if she was crazy, but she finally had the courage to just ask her son directly. She called him from downstairs. "Cameron, can you come down here please?"

She got the usual response from Cameron, who yelled down as loud as he could.

"I want to talk to you for a minute," she yelled back. "Just pause your game!"

"In a second!" was the brash response. A few minutes passed and he trudged downstairs, half expecting chores or to be scolded.

Letting him take a seat on the sofa, she started. "Well, you know money has been a bit tight recently. I came across something that can help us out massively. As well as pay for your future!"

"That's great Mom, what is it?" Cameron replied, happy to not be in trouble.

"It's actually something you can do, and it's a little crazy. But I'm sure if you embrace it, it will be fun." She said, trying to con him into agreeing.

He didn't fall for it, however, "You mean like get a part-time job or something? I don't know any that would pay that well."

Amanda figured it was just best to show him. She passed him her laptop with the ad on the screen, letting him read it, until he asked, "I don't get it?"

"It's simple. If you win, it solves all our problems!" Amanda said as chipper as she could.

"What are you talking about Mom?!" Cameron said very questionably with his newly developed male voice thanks to recent puberty enhancements. He was still confused, looking at the gorgeous blonde girl. "This is a beauty pageant."

"Exactly," Amanda said with a semi-smile. "It was just an idea."

"You want me to enter a beauty pageant? I would be the only guy standing there."

“... Not if you are posing as a female?”

Cameron nearly threw the MacBook to the ground, but instead just threw it to the side of him on the couch and stood up. “No way, Mom. That’s crazy.”

Amanda stood up in defense. “I didn’t think you would get that mad...” she said not realizing what kind of hormonal imbalances Cameron was going through thanks to puberty and increasing testosterone levels.

“That’s an insult to my manhood. I’ve never wanted to wear a dress, ever! Not to mention going in a fucking beauty pageant!”

“Language!” Amanda said, correcting him.

“I’m done!” said Cameron, running back to his room.

“Please, Cameron, just think about it. \$10,000 is a lot of money right now.”

“Just play the lottery!” Cameron yelled before slamming a door shut.

If was worth a shot. Amanda sat back down, knowing that she needed to find money elsewhere. Maybe he was right... playing the lottery would have better odds than having him look and act like a girl. Again, just a thought. However, more depression sat in as Amanda realized there was no way she was going to be able to make bills next month, and she was already behind on some.

Deep down inside of her, even without the money, she wondered what Cameron would be like if he was born a girl. Perhaps sweeter? Maybe even wanting to enter the pageant voluntarily, to help out?

Dinner that night was eaten in silence. Cameron was still moody about the suggestion of pretending to be a girl, while Amanda was still worried about paying bills.

She barely got a wink of sleep that night, restless and worrying.

When Cameron came downstairs in the morning, he saw his Mother looking through bills. A bit of guilt settled in, as he knew his Mom was having trouble.

"Ah, you're up, Cameron, I've got some bad news."

"What..." Cameron asked, bracing himself for another crazy scheme.

"I think I can just about pay the bills for this month, but only if I turn off our WI-FI and cancel your phone contract," she said holding up the two separate bills.

Cameron's teenage world was collapsing in front of him. His entire social life was built upon access to technology. Without them he'd be an outcast. "What!? You can't be serious; I can't live without those. Please, anything else."

"I offered a solution and you wouldn't even listen to it!" Amanda said, near her wit's end.

"Cause it's crazy. I wouldn't even look like a girl, let alone make into the pageant!"

Amanda did have to admit she shared the same worries, but she was determined to at least see if it could work. "How about this then? We can try getting you all done up, then, if you make it past the audition, you see it through?"

"I can't believe this..." Cameron muttered as he nodded in agreement.

"So, you'll do it!?" Amanda asked, jumping up and hugging him before he pushed her off.

"Fine, I'll put a stupid dress on, just let me keep my phone..."

"Trust me. I want you to win more than anything. I will make you the most beautiful princess up there!"

Shortly after, Cameron became curious, but still apprehensive and defensive of his upcoming feminization. Then a bigger question arrived. He found his Mom in the living room that Saturday afternoon and questioned her.

"Hey, Mom... When is that pageant again?"

"May 12th. Mother's Day weekend. Go figure!" she responded.

"Okay, that's like three or four weeks from now. We aren't going to start prepping until like a few days before, right?"

"No honey. We are going to start as soon as possible. You have to go through the interview process first. I just e-mailed the entry form for Crystal."

"Who is that?" he asked.

"The female you!" she said with a giant smile.

Cameron's penis shriveled as a Macklemore song played through the earbuds around his neck.

"Another thing Mom... don't some of these girls spend hundreds, if not thousands, of dollars on these pageants? How are you going to afford everything?"

"Luckily, you are getting some donations... including the \$200 entry fee."

“WHAT?! From who?”

Suddenly, like something just out of a movie scene, there was a knock on the front door. Amanda smiled as she got up and walked to the front door, as if she was expecting someone important. Cameron didn't move, but heard female laughter and greetings from the door. The voice was instantly recognizable.

“There she is!!!” said the light auburn haired 18-year-old girl putting down a ton of bags as she leaped over and hugged him.

Cameron's face was about as red as the panties showing above Cici's jeans. What in the fuck is SHE doing here?!?! He thought to himself. This was one of the last people he wanted to know about this. His spoiled, somewhat snobby cousin Cici! She was the one who entered a pageant a few years ago, she obviously had experience. He didn't talk to her much, since there was a three-year age gap, and thought they basically had nothing in common.

“I'm a boy!” he said in defense.

“Not for much longer! Your mom told me everything.”

“You said you weren't going to tell anyone!” said Cameron to his mom very angrily.

Amanda shrugged her shoulders and shook her head like she didn't do anything wrong. “Family doesn't count. Cici was nice enough to make some donations.”

Cameron stood there, but didn't say anything, shocked that he could see where this was going.

Cici jumped up, clapping her hands in excitement over humiliating her younger cousin. “Come on. It's time to turn you into a little princess, sissy. Luckily, you are about the same size I was a few years ago, give or take an inch or two. At least my old bras will fit you once these breast forms go on. Let's go up to your room!”

Not giving him a moment to deny her request she grabbed his hand and dragged him up to his own room, carrying a few bags as she burst inside.

"Hey! This is a private area!" he protested, snatching his hand back and folding his arms.

Looking around the messy, teen boy's room, she sighed, wishing he'd at least already have a bit of femininity. "Looks like we're going to have to start at zero then."

"The hell are you talking about Cici?"

"Just stop complaining and take this razor. We're going to need you completely smooth!" Cici smiled before handing over a pink razor, still in the packaging.

"Couldn't we have started a bit slower? Maybe jeans or shorts?" Cameron complained as he played with the hem of the pink dress while standing in front of his mother's floor length mirror.

"Nonsense! You're not going to be wearing jeans up on that stage, girly; you need to get used to not only being a girl, but being a Princess! How's the bra feel?" she asked, stepping behind him and reaching around to cup his faux breasts.

"Tight and uncomfortable, not to mention these forms are just in the way!" he complained, slapping her hand away as she giggled before helping him style his wig a little. It was hers from last Halloween, not bad, but far from realistic.

"We'll have to use some of my extensions back home, which means we'll have to dye your hair to match. This is fun! Like having a life-sized Barbie," Cici excitedly commented, hugging him from behind around the waist.

"I'm glad you're enjoying this, at least," he said sarcastically. "So, can I get changed back now? These panties are riding right up..."

Cici took out her cell phone to take a picture.

"What the fuck are you doing?!" he screamed in protest.

"Just evidence."

"Don't post that anywhere!"

She ignored him and went over to some other bags. "We are far from over. I want to make sure everything fits you. Just figured I would start with the pink dress to make you feel like a sissy from the bat."

"I'm not trying on everything!"

Chloe dumped all the bags on his bed. They were the only female clothes that had ever been in his room, since he was too young to have anything more than a week-long girlfriend. He had his first kiss at 13, but was obviously still a virgin who had not made it past the first base.

Suddenly, his Mom came in. Her heart stopped as she saw the plan coming together. "Oh, Crystal."

"Don't call me that!"

Cici put her hands on her hips. "That's not ladylike."

"What are you talking about?"

Cici corrected him. “While in girl mode, you need to stay in girl mode if you want any chance of passing. The girls you are going up against are going to take this seriously for that prize amount and you have to be MORE serious than them if you want any chance of turning around you and your mom’s financial future.”

He had nothing to say in response to that, although looking at the various bras on his bed that would soon be on his chest didn’t help with his protesting confidence.

Amanda came over and gave her little girl a hug. “I’m proud of you honey. This is a big step for you and I understand you don’t want to be a girl. But this is for the best and I love you.”

Something inside of Cameron clicked and felt comfortable in his mom’s arms, despite feeling the feminine fabric of the dress and his faux breasts touching hers.

“And don’t be so nervous about being mostly naked in front of me,” said Cici. “Girls are nude in front of each other a LOT! We have so much to go through in Phase 1 of your feminization.”

“Then what’s next?” said Cameron getting a little teary-eyed, not only from the feminine emotions in the room but also the humiliation of having to dress like a girl.

“We can go through some casual stuff right now since you are going to have to dress a lot this week.”

“What?!”

Amanda chirped in. “I want you to dress all day tomorrow and then as soon as you get home from school every day this week. You need to spend as much time as a girl as possible.”

“But I want to have friends over!”

“I’m sure you can still play video games while wearing this!” Cici said while holding up some yoga pants and a white crop top.

Cameron minced about the living room, hesitantly, awkwardly, with his arms out and wrists limp. If the sky-high pink sparkly heels weren’t bad enough, the short tight white pleated skirt didn’t help his composure or walking.

His navel was on full display, thanks to the little black crop top that was held in place by tiny spaghetti straps... and his breasts. He blinked back tears of the humiliation, eyelids and lashes heavy with the makeup Cici had adorned him with as the two women watched, and critiqued his every move.

Eventually, after a whole thirty minutes of heel practice, he slumped down onto the sofa and took the pink bow and wig off his head, breathing a sigh of relief.

"Hey now, that wasn't very ladylike!" Cici complained.

"What? I was boiling in that wig..."

"Not the wig, the way you sat and the way you're sitting, I can see your panties from here!"

Cameron slammed his thighs together, thankful that he'd been forced to tuck as he blushed bright crimson making his blusher and highlighter redundant. "Well, don't look up my skirt, perv!"

Cici just giggled. "Only been a few hours and you're acting like a girl and calling it your skirt. Sure you're not a sissy?"

"You're the one making me act like one! Are we done with phase one now anyway? My feet are killing me..."

"Phase 2 is to commence at my house tonight!" said Cici. "We'll spend the next few hours here, then around 7 pm head to my house for dinner, and then work on having you learn to act like a girl."

"What?! What about Aunt Natalie?"

"She already knows, duh!"

"This is a lot for one day!"

"Yeah, but it's helpful. You are spending the night with me!"

Cici's dad, Rick, stayed silent, watching his feminized nephew from across the dinner table at their house. Meanwhile, Cameron sat there in silence as well, hearing his Aunt Natalie go on and on about how excited she was about Cameron's feminization.

"I haven't seen Cici wear that shirt in years," Natalie said, referring to the "No Boyfriend, No Problem," burgundy shirt Cameron was wearing over top of the bright pink push-up bra. He had lost his appetite and ate only a few bites of salad and pasta while Natalie, a heavy-set woman, was already on seconds.

Cici smiled. "I feel like I've done my community service with all of this work and donations to a great cause!"

"Yeah, yeah," said Cameron playing with his food and tossing the annoying side braid of his wig out of the path of his food.

"We should start getting everything ready," said Cici, who was finishing her meal.

“How much do we need?”

“Putting out some sodas and snacks. Everyone is excited to meet you.”

“What are you talking about?”

“I’m having a few friends over tonight. Today wore me out so I had to bring in the reinforcements.”

Cameron slammed down his fork in frustration. “Mom, let’s go!”

“I knew about it,” said Amanda.

Of course, you did, Cameron thought. He then said, “This is ridiculous.”

“Sorry sissy, you need to get used to being around other girls.”

She had a point. One that Cameron couldn’t argue against. However, having some other older girls help humiliate or feminize him was not the way he wanted to spend his Saturday night.

Later, Becky, Chloe, and Amber all sat on the edge of Cici's bed, eagerly anticipating what she had done to her sissy cousin in the bathroom. Crystal, as they kept calling him, was mortified to find out that Cici hadn't been completely honest in telling them why he was dressing up.

She chose instead to tell them that he'd always loved playing dress up, and wanted the full slumber party experience. The first "game" as they called it, though it wasn't any fun at all for Crystal, was that each girl would have a scenario and then a chance to dress him up to match it.

The door swung open as Cici pushed her younger cousin into her bedroom, hands on the small of his back, all the while giggling as she announced. "Here's the perfect look for a summer date!"

Crystal wished that the pink rug he was standing on was a black hole that would swallow him whole. Instead, he was forced to twirl and show off the white floral dress. The bodice fit tight around his waist and chest, while the skirt flared out, showing off plenty of his smooth legs to the adoring crowd.

Chloe, a cute freckled redhead, was the first to comment. "Oh, wow. You look so pretty, Crystal! I bet your date would be stunned!"

The mix of clothes, teen girls, and confusing emotions boiled over as he threw his arms up in the air, ready to strip right there if it wouldn't have revealed his panties. "My name is Cameron! Not Crystal! What the hell sort of game is this anyway? I'm basically just a dress-up doll!"

To his surprise they all just nodded and agreed with him, Cici taking his hands to stop his tantrum. "Well yeah, that pretty much is the game, hehe, but think about it. You need to be ready

for all sorts of different outfits, right? What better way than this?"

"These!" yelled Amber, who was holding up some 16" long city blonde hair extensions.

"Oh great, you were able to get them!" said Cici. "Isn't this great Crystal? You are going to have long hair like us and look like a total girl!"

"NO! Plenty of girls have short hair."

Chloe playfully hit Crystal with a hairbrush. "Yeah, but your sissy butt is going into a pageant. Have to look your best!"

"Why not just a wig? What are those clips?"

Amber came closer to Crystal and pushed him into a chair in the room. "You'll probably want someone to take them out, but I recommend keeping these in for a while. The more you take them on and off the worse they'll look."

"You all seem to forget that I have school on Monday! Luckily, I don't have gym this semester, otherwise I wouldn't have shaved my legs and armpits!"

Amber started brushing his natural boy hair with the large red hairbrush. "You seem to have an excuse for everything! Just sit back and enjoy the ride. When else are you going to get a chance to do this? Have fun with it."

All the natural girls in the room agreed, and stated their excitement for wanting to see this sissy come to life.

"Give me a break; it's the first day of this!"

"Yeah, but you HAVE to win this thing," said Cici.

Amber started clipping in the long blonde locks to his natural hair. Crystal looked in the mirror, horrified as he saw that the hair was going to come down to his breast forms.

If Crystal thought he was humiliated before, that was nothing compared to when Becky's round was beachwear, getting dragged into the bathroom before having a bikini thrust into his hands and being told to hurry up. The breast forms did their job quite well, pushing out the top and giving shape to the floaty print Aztec crop top.

The blue crisscross bottoms were another thing, however, as he had to tuck back his equally embarrassed sissy penis to give a smooth, flat front to make it appear like the girl's dreams of him having a vagina would come true. It took him being dragged out of the bathroom and into the bedroom for all the girls to see him, having refused several times.

Of course, all the girls praised and teased him endlessly, even taking out their phones and

making him pose for pictures, moving his hands and legs themselves as now they really were treating him like a dress-up doll. Cici even grabbed his phone to take a few pictures before suggesting his friends might want to see, quickly silencing any objections he had about continuing the slumber party.

Thankfully the girls gave Crystal some mercy and let him change into sleepwear, a little surprised as he wasn't ushered to the bathroom this time but changed with them. His tucked back his member, trying, but failing, to grow in the panties he still wore.

Slipping into the horrendous, hot pink Hello Kitty nightie, he was dragged down onto the floor where a few pillows broke his fall before a film was put on. Amber started painting his nails a glossy hot pink as he watched in horror.

The film did little to catch his attention, as he kept having to fight to keep himself awake, some boring rom-com as he rested his head on the shoulder of his cousin and drifted off into a rather uncomfortable and nightmare filled sleep.

Thanks to hanging out with the girls that night, Crystal had collected a ton of hand-me-downs as the ladies gave him stuff that they no longer wore or didn't fit anymore. His closet seemed to be filled with just as many female clothes as male clothes, and there were more shoes available as his sneakers were being replaced with a variety of heels, wedges, slippers, flats, and others.

While at school, he tried keeping the fact that, aside from his arms, he was hairless from the neck below, and that he still had painted toenails. The extensions were difficult to take out in order to go to school, but he realized why they were put in. Much more stable than a wig, and they weren't going anywhere when he practiced twirling and flipping his hair.

Cici and Amanda suggested he watch as many movies involving women as he could. Since he had to pretend to be one, it was like acting. He had to practice walking like one, raising his girly voice in certain ways, sit while wearing a skirt, and use more facial expressions. This was hard to conceal from friends, and they were the last people he wanted to know. If this was going to be pulled off, it had to be pulled off. Wearing a bra with breast forms and a shortcut lace dress was the last thing he wanted to be wearing, but over the next few days, he realized that all skills would be needed to gain entry to the pageant via the audition/interview.

Crystal sat in the conference room wearing black heels, a white and black striped skirt, and a pink sleeveless blouse with her legs crossed in a Cambridge cross position facing the three pageant representatives, two women who appeared to be in their 40s and one flamboyant, but neatly dressed, man in his 30s.

Cici had let him borrow a crystal bracelet, necklace, and some earrings, his piercings being healed just in time to give some more femininity to his face. Crystal had on a leopard lace push up bra underneath and had luckily been getting accustomed to the feeling of having a girlish body thanks to the breast forms and hip pads. Tucking was still a pain in the ass, but in order to

cause no accidents, the glue had been utilized to keep his now useless testicles out of the way.

One of the women continued the interview. "It says on your application that you enjoy ballet, making jewelry, and playing field hockey. Can you tell us more?"

Crystal did an internal gulp. These were the bullshit hobbies his - her - mom had listed. He, not she. Him, not her. She had to remember that. They only briefly talked about some details before, but Crystal was a good liar at this point. "I've been enrolled in ballet since I was a little girl! Currently, I make a little bit of money selling my jewelry on Etsy and want to take it to the next step before college. I did field hockey in middle school on the team but now just play with friends for fun when it is in season."

The panelists smiled and then the gay man spoke, "Last question Crystal. What will you do if you become Miss Northwestern Princess?"

Crystal gave the biggest fake pearly white teeth smile she could give and tried to look very excited about being crowned Princess. "First and foremost, I want to be a role model to other girls and show them that anything is possible if you put the right amount of effort into it. This is my first pageant, and for the longest time, I wanted nothing to do with them. However, after getting the right inspiration, I understand how important they are to our culture and helping young women grow as individuals. Being crowned with the title is an honor for the community."

All the judges smiled and then compared notes with each other while Crystal sat there wondering if her lies had worked. Seconds later, one of the women made an announcement.

"Congratulations Crystal, you are going through to the second part of the audition!"

Crystal gave a fake smile and happy laugh, "Oh my God, thank you! What's the second part?"

She responded with a smile, "Just how you walk like a lady and smile on the runway. We'll also be taking some photos. If you make it to the pageant, everyone will see you in our publications!"

Crystal hugged her Mom as she heard the good news, who was jumping up and down a little as she congratulated her little girl. Crystal couldn't help but enjoy that part, since it had been a while she'd gotten so much praise. Sitting just as demurely as she had in the interview, since by now it was second nature, Crystal looked in the in the compact mirror she'd borrowed along with a purse.

It was still a shock as she saw the feminine reflection instead of her usual masculine one, but rather scary was how normal it was fast becoming. Sighing, she closed it and slipped it back in the purse, wanting to be back home in sweats and playing video games.

"You did great today precious," Amanda told her, patting her knee gently as they waited for a green light.

"Thanks, I think..."

"I was sure you'd ace it, Cici has done such a great job giving you hints and tips!"

"Yeah, she's been a real pain in the...a great help." Crystal said, folding her arms awkwardly with her breast forms in the way.

"Were there any shaky moments? Things to work on?" she asked, humming along to the radio.

"Not really. Only when they asked about the ballet and stuff."

"Ah, of course, we'll have to see if Cici can help with that too."

Crystal just nodded, figuring she meant with lying about it as she watched the world fly past the window till they got back home.

Her mom's smile gave away that something bad was happening before she even noticed the lights were all on.

"What's going on, Mom?"

"Just head upstairs, dear. Cici has a little surprise for you!" She said with a wide grin.

Crystal didn't like the sound of that. It felt like there was a pit in her stomach as she kicked off her heels and climbed the stairs. Sighing as she saw the "Princesses Only" sign hanging on her bedroom door, she apprehensively pushed it open and peered inside to see her worst fears realized.

Her bedding was now a soft pink with frills and bows along the edges, finished off with a few cute cushions in the shape of lips and hearts. Stuffed animals in various shapes and sizes competed for space on the bed. The walls and carpet were thankfully still the same, but her curtains now matched the bedspread, and a fluffy pink rug was the center of attention in the middle of the room.

On her desk, gone were the figurines of superheroes and video games, replaced with makeup kits and jewelry boxes. There was even an ornate wind-up ballerina music box.

"You can't be serious..." Crystal complained as she just walked past her cousin and fell, face first onto her new, annoyingly soft, bed.

"You didn't think you'd be able to keep your horrible boy room, right, sissy? The first and easiest part is over; now it's down to business. You'll be dressed as a girl as much as possible!" Cici told her, sitting beside her on the bed and flipping up the skirt to see her zebra print panties.

"Ugh, just get out of my room!" Crystal moaned, grabbing a pink unicorn and throwing it at her cousin.

Cici was bouncing with excitement as she pulled Crystal into the changing rooms, despite her protests.

"I can't go in here Cici!"

"Oh relax! First, there's no one here but us and, second, you're about to be at a pageant...where all the girls are backstage. Besides with your flat panties, no would figure it out, hehe." Cici mocked her a little, before passing her the pink duffle bag.

Crystal started to get changed, undressing down to her plain white cotton bra and thong before peeking inside the duffle bag. Inside were white opaque dance tights, a white leotard with mesh around the bosom and sides, along with a pink skirt.

Looking up, she noticed Cici's outfit was fairly similar to tights and a leotard, but hers also came with leg warmers and a crop top type sweater. Not to mention hers were black not pink, "What the hell, how come you get the black stuff and I get the pink outfit that reveals more!?" She complained.

"Simple, you're the sissy, and you have to do what I say, Princess." This was becoming a theme Crystal had noticed, her cousin had always been the bossy type, but she seemed to take great pleasure in ordering her about like a slave.

Once the awkward silk ballet slippers were on, Crystal stood up and smoothed out her skirt, alarmed at the complete lack of any manhood. She couldn't dwell on her dying ego, however, as she was soon dragged into the dance studio and introduced to the teacher, one Mrs. Wawackski, or Ma'am, to save time.

"I thought you were bringing me a boy to teach Cici?" She asked, a little confused looking at the two girls.

Cici just giggled as once again she'd misinformed people on purpose, reveling in revealing the truth, "Oh, she is a boy Miss. She just really wanted to be a princess in a pageant. So, Crystal here needed a feminine talent!"

The teacher just raised a slightly graying eyebrow before shrugging and ordering them both to stand by the rail. The large mirror seemingly taunted Crystal whenever she looked into it and saw the feminine vision looking back.

The lesson was brutal, with Mrs. Wawackski not taking it easy on Crystal even though it was her first time. Referring to the girls as Cici and Sissy, clearly picking that up from her cousin, she had them both perform stretches that almost broke Crystal.

Forcing her leg higher and higher against the wall as her slim thighs burned, before letting her take a little break. Next on the agenda was a little easier - it was positions to take up, both with her feet and hands. The lesson went on for a few hours, leaving Crystal and even Cici tired and

sweaty at the end.

Once they were dismissed, the girls trotted off back to the changing rooms as Crystal took out the pink scrunchie holding her long blonde hair in a high ponytail. "Thank God that's over with. I thought my legs would snap!"

"Yeah, I told you it wasn't as easy as it looks. Not weak little girls now, are they?" Cici said before taking a sip of water from her bottle.

"Yeah, I have to admit, I respect ballerinas a lot more now. I don't ever want to be back here."

"Hehe, you're kidding, right? You thought that was it? You've got three more lessons, sissy, and you didn't think one lesson would teach you all you needed, did you?" Cici giggled, again leaving some information out to enjoy later.

"Oh, come on... Fine but I get to wear that outfit next time." Crystal tried to bargain, even though she had no say in the matter.

"Ha, no chance Princess. You'll have to start practicing in a full tutu for the next lessons, so get used to it!"

"Th... Thank you, Auntie." Crystal said through a fake smile as her mother watched, curtsying a little in her mini denim skirt, borrowed from one of the friends she'd made at the slumber party.

"You're very welcome; every pageant girl should have the perfect dress just for her! I can't wait to see you up on stage." Natalie pulled her nephew, now niece, in for a tight hug before handing Cici her card.

"You two have fun shopping. Don't spend too much!" Amanda called out as the pair headed for the front door waving.

"And no picking up boys!" Natalie warned before giggling at Crystal's horrified and blushing face. Slamming the door shut, she hopped in Cici's car and they headed to the mall.

By now, being out in public as a girl was no big deal for Crystal as she'd perfected her voice and mannerisms, mimicking her cousin almost perfectly as the two girls walked across the marble floor and towards the "Elegant Princess" store.

Once inside, Crystal was again under Cici's thumb as she took complete control of the situation, explaining to the clerk the situation before heading to select dresses while Crystal got undressed in the changing room.

It was hell for her as she was made to prance around the store and pose in the mirrors in dozens of dresses while the female clerk and Cici critiqued each dress, and how it looked on her.

Eventually, they had it narrowed down to two, of course, pink dresses. Very different in design, however, with one being tight to her body with a very low bust line, making the breast forms work their hardest before billowing out into ruffles about mid-thigh.

"He... oh, sorry, I mean she does look great in that. Your slim waist and shapely hips work it well. It just might be a bit too..." The clerk stumbled.

"Sexy!" Cici jumped in, giggling, "It would be perfect for prom with you on the arm of some hunk, but you might need the more stereotypical little miss innocent princess dress!"

Crystal headed back to change, shaking her head as she tried on the other dress. Hot pink this time with a lace back corset bodice, with glitter and diamonds accentuating it, a tulle skirt completing the Princess look. As she stepped out, both girls giggled and clapped as she was forced to twirl for their amusement.

"Now that is the perfect dress for a sissy! Now I know you want both, but I think we can only have that one Crystal," Cici said with an evil wink, once again making it look like she was the innocent kind cousin helping out her odd sissy.

"Great. You can get changed back, then, and I'll get it all packaged and ready for you!" The clerk said with a giggle before taking a quick pic with her phone. "We just have to get this on a poster..." she muttered before strolling to the back room.

It was only two weeks before the pageant and the pressure was coming on. Sure, Crystal had successfully been accepted into the pageant, was living as a girl (except for going to school), and was becoming successful with dance class, but the interaction was the main thing. Minus interaction with Cici and her friends, and a fake Crystal profile online, she was not interacting with girls her age in person. Until now. It was the day of the preliminary pageant shoot where all the girls in the competition get together and pose.

Walking in heels had become no problem as Crystal walked with the other girls in her 3-inch pink heels while wearing a flowing white dress that hugged her body tightly. She had lost five pounds since going on a diet, and had compliments on how her skin started to look while in boy mode from people at school, which felt odd. Being efficient at putting on her makeup and doing her hair could be looked at as an accomplishment. While the feminization had been brutal at first, Crystal was starting to look at it as a task to complete, a mission like in some sort of sick video game.

She put on her best smile and shook hands lightly with a few other contestants she was meeting. There was much diversity as Crystal scouted the competition seeing ladies who were short, tall, white, black, Hispanic, skinny, plus-size, and young to older looking teens. Some of the girls appeared to have known each other prior to that day, but Crystal was on her own. Surely it would be odd if she stuck to herself and didn't socialize. What kind of beauty queen does that?

Before she could act, two girls came up to her. They had the classic beauty look. One was a slender African-American girl who looked like she should be a model, and the other a pretty girl of about 5'6" with wavy hair who looked of Italian descent.

"HI!" both said with cheery voices.

"Hey, I'm Crystal," she replied extending her manicured hand.

The black girl responded, "I'm Shanice!"

"Courtney," said the other girl.

"Nice to meet you both! I love your hair!" Crystal said to Courtney, having learned how to interact and talk like a girl thanks to her feminization by Cici.

"Thank you so much!" Courtney said before going on a two-minute long tangent about her hair routine.

Crystal turned to Shanice, "Where do you go to school?"

"Leitmore," Shanice said. Crystal was familiar with this place. It was where all the rich kids in the county went to school. Surely, she didn't need the prize money. "What about you?"

This was part of her cover-up. "Bateman," she said referring to a small Christian school that was on the far outskirts of the county. It would have been stupid to tell people what real school she went to.

"Oh cool, my cousin's boyfriend goes there. Do you know Pete Livermoore?"

Crystal lied, which seemed to be a theme in her new life. "He sounds familiar..."

"Attention everyone!" yelled pageant director Peggy Mitchell, who was wearing sunglasses. Her short hair and distinct New York accent gave her a natural authoritative tone. "We are going to line everyone up for photos now. First are group shots! Everyone by the pool, please."

The session seemed to go on for thirty minutes, but Crystal smiled the entire time. No one had recognized her in the local paper or on any social media in the try-out shots advertising the pageant, and no one would know her here thanks to her increased knowledge of how to act like a girl and the heavy amounts of makeup and girl parts. She secretly wondered if any of the other pretty girls standing next to her with their hands on their hips and bright smiles secretly had penises tucked under their thongs as well.

Part of this was becoming fun.

Not the part about curling her hair, putting fake eyelashes on, gluing her testicles near her asshole, wearing tights, and acting like a sissy ballerina. The fun part was that she was hiding a

deep secret, and that this needed to stay under wraps for a long time. She and her mom were still trying to devise an exit strategy for when she did win, how they could claim the prize money but also get her out of the deal by not having to show up to all the events needed for Miss Northwestern Princess. Shitty thing to do, yes, but so was forcing your son to act like a girl in a pageant. Desperate times call for desperate measures.

After a break in the group shots, the ladies started mingling again when Crystal felt a light tap on the back of her skinny smooth arm.

“Hi!” said a very short brunette girl with little freckles and a pointy nose.

Crystal was screaming inside. How did she not spot her earlier?!

“Do I know you from somewhere? You look really familiar.”

More lies entered Crystal’s life. “No... I don’t think so, maybe just remembering from the other photo shoot?”

“Maybe that’s it,” said the girl pointing up in the air and waving her finger around a bit. “Or you could be related to someone I have seen before?”

“I have a lot of cousins!” Crystal said trying to laugh the situation off but secretly crying inside that Lauren Halsey who was one grade higher than her at her high school was standing right in front of her. Somehow, the heavy amount of foundation, eye makeup, and lip gloss was a barrier against recognition.

“Oh, cool. Yeah, you look like someone I know, but the name just isn’t coming to me right now.”

And hopefully never will! Crystal thought to herself. This pageant just got a lot harder, in more ways than one as Mrs. Mitchell announced on her megaphone, “Okay girls, it’s time for individual shots. Please line-up. After this, it’s time to get in your bikinis!”

It had been a long road to get this far. Being forced to live every day as a girl, being isolated from friends, hiding dark secrets, and learning a completely new lifestyle had been a lot of work for Crystal. However, on the plus side, it gave her a new activity to do with Cici, and brought her and her Mom closer. They were right in the fact that this was a once in a lifetime experience. She wasn’t transgender, and didn’t intend to live as a girl, but she was becoming more curious about wearing other girly stuff. Perhaps it was from the fact that this new lifestyle of hers was demanding, wearing many different outfits.

Backstage at the beauty contest venue in a large hotel, Crystal felt confident that she stood a chance. There had been no speculation of her identity, and she had avoided Lauren as much as she could. Cici and her Mom had joined her backstage to help prepare her for the big night.

Amanda had small tears as she realized this might be Crystal's last night as her little girl. She appeared to be a princess, sitting there in her matching white dress to the other girls.

Crystal would be lying if she said she didn't enjoy the way the tulle skirt felt on her smooth skirt. The bodice fit her breasts nicely, and there wasn't too much on show as there was a lace pattern going from her bust to around the neck. Amanda was putting the finishing touches on Crystal's heavily curled and waved blonde hair while Cici was adjusting a bit of her heavy makeup.

"You are going to do so well!" said Cici.

"I hope so!" said Crystal.

"We are proud of you honey," said Amanda. "Just remember to be yourself out there."

That was Amanda's code words for, "Pretend like you were born a girl and act like a complete sissy in order to win the pageant."

Mrs. Mitchell came into the room a few minutes before call time and gave the girls one last round of encouragement and advice, telling them that the audience had packed the auditorium. Crystal held the hands of a few friends she had made, and they all screamed in high-pitched excitement as their cue to go on stage was given.

Crystal followed the other girls with their skirts sometimes touching and smiled the entire time with one hand on her hip and the other swaying to the introduction music. She took her place on stage and waited for the cue in the Ariana Grande song to start the dance motions and patterns with the other ladies on stage. When it was her turn, she went to the microphone and said, "Crystal Morgan!"

"That girl is easily the fucking hottest one here," said a boy in the audience to his friend, the two having been dragged by their moms, whose daughters were in the pageant.

"I don't know; your sister is pretty hot."

"Shut up bro!" the one guy said in response jokingly.

Crystal was all smiles as everything was good so far. She'd had the pageant format and rules explained during the preparation stages. Ten girls eliminated in first three rounds. Intro dance sequence, then getting into her swimsuit, talent routine, and if she made it to the last ten, evening gown with an interview question. Even getting to the last ten would bring in some much-needed money for her and her mom. She saw the struggles get worse over the last few days. Natalie had helped out some with groceries, but Mom's job hunt was not going very well. Crystal knew she needed to win this. It would be the ultimate Mother's Day present.

Crystal hurried backstage and back to Cici and Amanda as they gave her glowing compliments on the performance so far. The next two rounds were ones she was dreading, though; bikini and

then talent. The talent being ballet, which she'd practiced a ton of over the previous month, but was still far from perfect at.

The bikini round, which was first, was rather simple in terms of getting ready, but she was nervous about being seen so scantily clad in front of so many people. For once, she was thankful for her rather diminutive junk and excellent tuck job. Cici helped unzip her white cocktail dress as she slipped out of it.

She was too focused on the competition to worry about wearing only a bra and panties, let alone ogle the other near naked girls around her. Passing her the blue bikini they'd picked out before, Amanda told her to hurry up and change in one of the private cubicles before they'd do hair and makeup changes.

Nodding and hurrying off, Crystal rechecked her tuck was good before slipping on the bikini, feeling the tightness of the bottoms on her butt as well as the weight of the forms lessen a little. Stepping out, she sat down in front of Cici as she set about changing her eyeshadow from nude to blue, a better match for the outfit.

Meanwhile, Amanda combed out her long blonde hair, letting it fall in soft curls and waves around her shoulders, a windswept and wild look that would suit the swimsuit round. Soon enough, her name was called, and with a firm pat on her butt, she was out on the stage.

Holding her breath nearly the whole time, Crystal did a short walk to the center before standing still and striking a few practiced poses. Hands on her hips and pushing her chest out while sucking her stomach in, heart racing as she turned on the sandal heels and wiggled her hips back behind the curtain.

Once again backstage, hearing that she had been passed along to the next round, she quickly changed out of her bikini and back into her bra and thong, no longer bashful of being in her underwear around strangers, as she received help from her cousin and mother, changing into the dreaded ballet outfit.

Her hair was quickly put up in a neat bun, finished with a large oversized satin head bow. The nearly white pink tights were simple as she sat down on a chair and bunched them up, slipping one pedicured foot in at a time before pulling them up over her hips, wiggling her butt as they got in place.

The ballet outfit was about as sissy as sissy got, pink with white frills and bows, with a thick tulle tutu underneath. Getting into it was a lot of hassle, but eventually they got it to work, tying the satin sash around her waist and finishing it with a bow behind her.

Slipping on the ballet slippers while her makeup was finished, Crystal had a little time to wait before heading out on stage.

"You're doing perfect so far sweetie!" Amanda encouraged her, a soft pat on the shoulder.

"Yeah, you're showing some of these bitches up!" Cici said in a hushed voice, giggling with a wink that Crystal couldn't help but chuckle along with.

They'd never really been that close before, but she did have to admit, this whole ordeal had made her feel like the sibling she'd never had. Crystal just wished it didn't have to involve her becoming Cici's makeshift sister.

Once again, they heard the announcer. She took a deep breath before plunging out onto the stage, the lights still blinding, but she was growing more accustomed. The place was largely silent as the music had been paused for her ballet track, standing in the middle before gripping her tutu and curtseying, holding the position till the music began.

The soft Classical music filled her ears as she shut her eyes and concentrated on her routine, remembering to smile as she gracefully glided across the stage. Lowering her hand in a sweeping action mimicking her leg which did the same, toes en pointe before twirling a few times.

She couldn't quite do the splits, with her small equipment still in the way, but the lessons had made her plenty flexible as she raised her leg high and straight before back down.

It wasn't a long performance, as to not drag on too long and with one final curtsey to match the beginning pose, she smiled to the judges and the applause. Confidently, she walked off the stage, knowing that she'd pretty much nailed the performance, even if it wasn't particularly showy or fancy.

The MC announced, "Ladies and Gentlemen, here are your final ten contestants for Miss Northwestern Princess! Shana Jackson! Giana Fernandez! Ashley Hoops! The list continued until she heard, "Crystal Morgan!" and walked out smiling, wearing her extravagant huge pink ball gown. Even though she didn't have the tiara on, she felt like a princess with the amount of applause going for her as she smiled her way around the stage, finally stopping in front of the microphone with the MC to answer the all-important interview question. She heard a few of the other girl's questions, and as long as it didn't have anything to do with the environment, she felt like she had a good chance.

Amanda continued to watch her sissy daughter and smiled from the side of the stage with Cici and some of the other family members of the remaining contestants.

Meanwhile, backstage:

"I swear... I know that girl from somewhere! And that name.... Ugh! This is driving me crazy. Why is it that her Instagram only has pictures from like the last two months? That's weird, right?" Lauren asked the other girls who had been eliminated.

"Kinda. I mean maybe she started over again," said Alexis, a tall skinny blonde girl.

Another girl spoke up, "Why are you hung up on this?"

Lauren, who was genuinely sweet said, "I don't know. There's just something about her. Everyone has been so nice this pageant, and I heard she's fun, but she has seemed to ignore me. Like she doesn't want me to know something."

"I think someone is just jealous that she is still on stage and you aren't," said one of the chubby girls not afraid to speak her mind.

Lauren chose to ignore her and instead turned to her cell phone for answers. She typed in "Crystal Morgan" along with their town name and nothing came up other than the pageant. She then sent some texts to some friends... some of whom were in the audience, checking their phones through the whole show anyway.

Hey, do y'all know anyone named Crystal Morgan? She's on stage. Just never heard of her before now and curious.

Within seconds, she had a response in the group chat. *Nah, the only Morgan I know is that kid Cameron Morgan in second period.*

Does he have family around?

Another person responded. *Dude, that kid weird & has been acting very strange lately. Acting kinda girly, maybe gay.*

Meanwhile, back on stage...

The MC said, "Our guest judge Miss Northwestern Princess 2011 winner Tiffany Williams will be asking your question."

The dark-haired woman in her early 20s stood up with a wireless microphone and divided her attention between the card with the question on it and Crystal. "All ladies in this competition have been intelligent and graceful. What makes you stand out from the other ladies on stage?"

Crystal fought the overwhelming urge to blurt out the obvious, but bit her tongue as she thought about the question a little, keeping up her smile and dainty pose. "Well, firstly I'd like to say that all the other girls are beautiful, and I'm thankful to have made it this far."

Crystal took another deep breath before continuing, "As for what makes me stand out, I guess, until very recently I've always been a bit of a tomboy, never in skirts or dresses until a month or so ago. I've really put a lot of work into this pageant, trying to make myself a more complete female, I suppose," Crystal answered honestly as the judges smiled and the audience clapped before she returned to the line of ten girls.

Shaking a little, and finally breathing out as she watched some other girls answer, she awaited the results. She smiled down and spotted Natalie, Cici, and Amanda, who all waved.

During the elimination process, Crystal's name from the ten girls was not called. She began getting extremely nervous. How in the world did she make it this far? Just a few weeks ago, she was living life as a teenage boy, and now she was up here, looking and feeling like a princess. More importantly, how was she going to adjust to going back to living as a guy? She felt like some of the mannerisms were becoming part of her movement now, and caught herself making mistakes at school a few days ago.

It was finally down to three girls. "Our second runner-up..." the MC said as the three girls held hands and looked at the ground. "Yolanda Esperano."

Holy shit. This meant Crystal had made it to the final two! This alone would be a few thousand, plus some college money. Success! But all of this work had led to this point. She would be so proud of herself, and happy for her family, if she could win and walk away with the \$10,000.

The other girl was Lindsay Hawthorne. The type of girl with the natural pretty looks who is typecast to be a beauty queen when she does her hair and makeup. She had been in pageants for years, and somehow now was head to head with a developing sissy.

The girls held hands as the music in the background became more dramatic. There was ground noise and some gasps which both girls on stage and the staff thought was people getting nervous about who was going to win between both girls. The only people who knew the truth at this moment were the judges, pageant director, and the MC, and that was hopefully going to change soon. However, the noise from the crowd became louder and the ladies couldn't help but look out. The MC became confused but tried continuing the show despite the fact that she saw hundreds of people on their phones.

"And the first runner-up is..."

"STOP THE FUCKING SHOW!" yelled some angry dad from the front row.

The MC and staff, along with the judges, became increasingly confused as the crowd became louder and angrier. Crystal and Lindsay squeezed each other's hands tighter to comfort each other not knowing what was happening.

"BOOOO!"

"FUCKING FAGGOT!"

"GET THAT GOD DAMN SISSY OFF OF THE STAGE!"

Suddenly, the sound to the MC's mic was cut off and Mrs. Mitchell came running to him.

“We have to stop the show immediately. Please tell everyone to hold tight and get these ladies backstage NOW!” She demanded while showing the MC a photo that had just gone viral on social media, and was being texted around the town, showing a male Cameron with female Crystal picture next to it, and a caption.

One year later, Crystal walked into the living room, wearing yoga pants and a crop top with a white bra that no longer needed any breast forms or stuffing. She hugged her mom, receiving great news that Amanda was able to get off work from her new job so that they could go on a week-long vacation to the Islands in a few months.

A lot had changed in the year since the pageant. The chaos of the audience caused the entire pageant to get canceled, and the uproar backstage caused Crystal and Amanda to leave the venue via a police escort. Mrs. Mitchell didn't want to cancel the whole event, but Amanda and Crystal knew there would be more liabilities if they lied. Mrs. Mitchell felt silly for asking Amanda if Crystal was really a boy, as what proof that went around was minimal but powerful. They admitted it, and Mrs. Mitchell made the executive decision to disqualify Crystal from the pageant and give the crown to Lindsay, who in reality was the first runner-up. Crystal was shocked when she found out she had won and was about to get the whole tiara, sash, and flowers thing if they had not been ousted.

Amanda was devastated by the event, and asked Mrs. Mitchell directly what they violated. She was given the runaround and after a few weeks, completely ignored. Due to the local attention, Cameron was made fun of at school and gave up on dressing for the time being, yet still kept the girly room. Reviewing the rules for the pageant, Amanda did not find anything she violated and brought it up with her sister Natalie.

It helped that, as a blanket for any confusion, she had legally changed Cameron's middle name to "Crystal" right before registering, and used her middle name when originally registering for the pageant making entry legal. There was no language in the official rules about gender being legally female or having to have been born a genetic female.

The pageant would have been better off allowing Crystal to take the crown as they lost the discrimination lawsuit filed by Amanda and Crystal and pay them \$756,211 in restitution.

During this time, their lawyer (who Natalie provided) suggested that Crystal continue living as a girl as the court would more likely agree with them. It worked, and all financial worries were taken care of, including paying off the house. There were only positive things that had come from Crystal's feminization, and the only negative was the humiliation she received during certain parts of the process.

Even now, she continued hanging with male friends, although they often had a hard time keeping their eyes off her developing ass in yoga pants, thanks to the hormone prescription. There was no longer a need for the extensions either, as she had been letting her hair grow out and it was now down to her shoulders.

The question in her mind was how long she would have to stay living as a girl, but she knew the answer deep down in her heart. Plus, it seemed that living as a woman was a great money maker, how else would it bring in money in the future? The money was there now since she had given her mom the ultimate Mother's Day gift.

Making Cuts

Brad glanced at the clock hanging high on the large office's room, the minute hand seemingly broken with how painfully it moved, despite being only about two hours into the workday. With a shake of the head and a sip of his coffee, he returned to the computer screen and made a few finishing touches on the Facepage sponsored ad his company was about to release.

Hawtee Cosmetics was one of the leading cosmetic brands in North America, though his Oregon branch was about mid-level on its corporate ladder. Still, being in charge of this region's social media did bring him a certain satisfaction. In his mid-twenties, Bradley Butler was only a few years out of college, and had landed the job a few months ago after finding a job ad on Indeed. His past job hunting efforts had been difficult. Who knew having a bachelor's degree in marketing would be so cumbersome? This was considered his first big boy job, even though it was not an ideal place he wanted to work at first.

The job interview had made him more than a little nervous. With it being a cosmetic company, its staff in the non-executive roles leaned towards the female persuasion. It had been only him and one other man waiting outside, along with a dozen or so women.

Still, he impressed the interviewee with his knowledge of the company and got the job. That knowledge was something they probably thought was just good research, but Brad had another reason. Ever since he was in his early teens, he'd been a crossdresser, starting with his sister's clothes, until he got his own eventually.

Even today, under his desk he was wearing a black garter belt and lace panty set, with seamed stockings, and even a pair of slacks he'd gotten in the women's section, though you'd never notice. The more daring he was, the more exciting it was for him. Still, he couldn't wait to be back home and in something a little more comfortable.

On the next level of the large office complex, Mr. Marceo sat at his large oak desk, staring at the iMac in front of him. He was one of the few men that had been with the company for over a decade, and was responsible for running all operations logistics of the branch. Checking e-mails, he saw some bad news. He leaned forward, placing a hand on a chin that had a medium-sized beard.

*To: mikemarceo@hawtee.com
From: linda@waverysolutionsconsulting.com
Subject: RE: Making Cuts*

Mike,

In response to our previous discussion, I have the unfortunate job of informing you that, due to budget concerns, we are advising you to let go all employees in the following departments:

1. *Social Media*
2. *Janitorial Staff*

These positions are being outsourced to one of our partners in India, which can accomplish the job for pennies on the dollar for what Hawtee is currently paying. Please ask all employees to cease operations today, and to turn in all assignments with directions on how they were doing their tasks.

Sincerely,

*Linda Captisa
Wavery Solutions Consulting*

Mike spoke out loud to himself. "I just came into the office today to grab some paperwork and check my e-mail, and now this!" He looked around and saw the briefcase he had packed for his trip. The plan was to leave in about four hours, and he had to get to the airport in time to get through security. Why would someone lay an e-mail on him like this right before he was to leave for a business conference? That's consultants for you. He debated the situation for a moment and then came up with an idea.

A few floors up, at the top of the large building, Sandy Plume - the COO of the entire company, who would often make trips between branches for months at a time - noticed the alert of an email on her computer. Checking the time, she sighed and clicked on it.

It was a forwarded e-mail from Mr. Marceo, which she quickly skimmed through, having already been told the previous day the cuts were going to happen. The last part, added by Mark, was what made her roll her eyes:

Ms. Plume,

Sorry to bother you with such a thing, but I'll be leaving for a trip in only a short few hours and need to be at the airport rather soon. In regard to that, I was hoping that maybe you could inform the employees of the cuts. I've linked the relative information.

Many Thanks.

Of course he was putting this off on her. The excuse was valid enough, but it still felt like he was trying to get out of the uncomfortable situation of having to let a worker go. With a curt email response, she looked over the email for the information of one Brad Butler and sent a message to her PA to call him and send him up as soon as possible.

Meanwhile, she sorted out her desk, which didn't take long with only one framed photo of her pet dog.

Brad almost jumped out of his skin as his phone went off beside him on the desk. It was a rare occurrence, with co-workers usually emailing or talking to him in person. Closing the page of women's clothes he was browsing, he picked up the phone.

"Hello. Brad Butler speaking."

"Hello Mr. Butler. Ms. Plume, the chief operating officer, needs you to come up to the twelfth floor for a quick meeting."

"S...Sure, I'll be there shortly," he replied before a thank-you and putting the phone down. What the hell would the COO need with him?, he wondered nervously.

It was a rare occasion for Brad to be on the office's top-floor. The last time was probably his orientation tour when he was first hired. As the elevator door opened, he saw a large receptionist desk area, almost like that of a hospital, most likely for people working for the top executives at the branch headquarters. Immediately, he was questioned by a girl in her early-20s, who had a resting bitch face.

"May I help you?"

"Yes, I received a call to come up here about an important meeting, right now, with Ms. Plume."

"And who are you?" asked the snobby black-haired girl.

"Brad Butler. I'm in the social media department."

Without responding to him, the girl picked up the phone and pressed the button for Ms. Plume's extension. She waited for a moment while standing up and eyeing down Brad with a smirk on her face.

"Ms. Plume. Brad Budler is here to see you."

"It's Butler..." Brad replied calmly. She ignored him while now smiling, making him a little nervous. He couldn't hear the reply, but it must have been to send him in.

The receptionist came out from behind the desk, where Brad got a nice view of her thick ass in a heather gray skirt. He assumed she was of some type of Mediterranean descent.

"Have you met Ms. Plume before?"

"No," replied Brad, shaking his head as they walked.

"She's very nice, but just to let you know, she doesn't like wasting time. She likes to get to the bottom of things quickly," said the woman, talking with her manicured hands like she knew

every in-and-out of the company. "Please leave your shoes outside of her office. She just had new carpet installed, and has asked everyone to take off their shoes for the first few months."

Brad felt his penis shrivel as a mail delivery person walked by with Macklemore playing from their headphones.

Brad froze a little as he looked at the door, the secretary, and then finally his own feet. Why, today of all days, did he have to wear stockings, without at least socks to hide them? Maybe from behind their desks, neither would notice, so he waited for the secretary to move.

Alas, she seemed intent on standing by the door and waiting, till she clearly got impatient, "Well? You said it was important, why are you dawdling?"

Brad just nodded, as he knew there was no way out of this. Bending down, he loosened the lace of his shoes a little before easily sliding his stocking-clad feet out of them. The sheer black material made it obvious just what they were, along with his bright red painted nails shining through.

Of course, the secretary sniggered as she looked down, before commenting as he opened the door and went inside, "Nice color, sissy."

Thankful to have the door closed behind him, he stood a little while, just past the door to the large office, as Ms. Plume was in the middle of a call. Doing his best to hide his feet, Brad looked around the room. It was a huge office, with a large window behind her desk, along with a little mini bar to the side, clearly for entertaining other executives or business partners.

Again, he wondered just why he had been called in here. Maybe a promotion, he speculated, before she finally put her phone down and gave him a once over. Waving him closer, she asked, "Mr. Butler?"

"Yes, it is very nice to meet you, Ms. Plume!" Brad said with an eager smile, trying to take attention away from what was below. He walked closer to her desk as she stood up to shake his hand. While his attention was on her, he also couldn't help but notice the amazing city view from her office. Much more appealing than the shitty cubicle he was subjected to downstairs. Ms. Plume appeared to be in her late-30s, with amazing dirty blonde hair and a nice figure. She was wearing a business style white dress shirt, with a navy-blue skirt, and had a necklace on that seemed to be a cross.

"Nice to meet you as well, Brad. I wanted to bring you up today to discuss some concerns we have had about your performance."

Brad's testicles shriveled again. Throughout his life, he had a hard time dealing with any alpha female chastising him. "Oh? What exactly are the concerns?"

She ignored his question. "Can you please tell me exactly what you do day-to-day?"

This didn't take long as Brad spilled out the information while Ms. Plume took notes. She felt like someone else needed to be doing this, but after Brad's three-minute job description speech, it was time to lay down the news.

"Thank you, Brad. Your efforts have been appreciated here. Unfortunately, corporate needs to make cuts, and we will not be needing your services anymore."

"WHAT?! We have this major social media campaign coming out next week. I've been working hard on it for the last month."

Ms. Plume didn't seem too impressed. In her mind, she didn't see how difficult it would be to look at a few analytics pages, use hashtags, and schedule the posts. "I'm sorry Brad, but Hawtee is getting rid of all social media employees."

"But I need this job!"

Ms. Plume had heard it all before. Especially from millennials who don't know how to handle rejection. Since she had no children, there was no motherly nature in letting someone down easily, and she was known for being a hard person to those around her. "You are young, and have a world of opportunity, Brad. However, that opportunity is not with Hawtee right now."

Brad felt like his entire life was crumbling before his eyes. This couldn't be happening. He needed this job. "No, please Miss, you don't understand. I'm already behind on my rent and I have student loans that need paying off..."

Sandy couldn't stand begging so she brushed off his pleas, "I'm sorry, Mr. Butler, but this isn't my decision. The company needs to make cuts and reorganize. I'm afraid that means your job is no longer tenable."

"I'm screwed..." Brad muttered underneath his breath. He would lose his apartment, his job, and probably have to move back in with his parents across the country, losing his friends too. Tears were welling up in his eyes. He'd never been the macho no-tears type.

Uncharacteristically, she felt a little sorry for him, crying his eyes out in her office. Standing up, she pointed towards the little bar, "How about a drink? I'm sure it will lessen the sting."

Brad just nodded his head and followed her over, before taking the small glass of an unknown alcoholic beverage and downing it as quickly as possible, making a disgusted face from the taste, preferring the more feminine, fruity drinks.

Looking down for the first time Ms. Plume noticed his stockings and painted nails, not reacting, but surprised inside. "What made you want this job anyway? Most men would scoff at working at a cosmetics company."

Shattered a little by the news, and his inhibitions lowered by the drink, Brad opened up a little more, admitting part of the reason. "Well I'd always liked the products myself, not too pricey, but

good quality..."

"Ahhh, I see, so that's our polish you used?" She questioned, pointing with her little finger to his toes while holding her glass, a rare smile appearing on her crimson lips.

"Yeah... this is kind of awkward though."

"Why do you say that?" asked Ms. Plume.

"I've never talked about this with any girl before..."

"Oh really?"

"Yeah, I mean I would wear my sister's panties when I was younger, but never admitted anything to her. Almost got caught in her prom dress once!"

Ms. Plume gave a small laugh, her first of the day. "And she still does not know?"

"Not at all. We only talk occasionally. She's in college in Boston right now, so I don't even get to see her much."

"And are you from Oregon, originally?" asked Ms. Plume, getting more personal and off-topic.

"Yeah. I grew up about an hour from here. Graduated from Oregon State University and it was very hard finding a job after graduation. I liked it here, and it was my first real job with decent pay. This is why I'm upset. It's going to be difficult again, and I'm already two months behind on rent as it is, thanks to my student loans!"

"I see..." said Ms. Plume, continuing to look at his little feet in his stockings. "Are you going move back in with your parents?"

"I REALLY don't want to. My dad died in jail a few years ago and my mom is currently dating a man I do not like. He seems to have it out for me, and has even called me a sissy before.

"That's not surprising..." said Ms. Plume. For some reason, that made Brad a little hard, but not much. "You don't have any idea what you are doing right now, do you? Backup plan? Savings?"

Brad shrugged as she continued to pace around the office, taking a drink and looking out at the pretty cityscape.

Their little interaction painted Brad in a new light for Sandy, an interesting new development that brought out some hidden urges. Playing it cool, she grabbed a Post-it note and scribbled a few things down - her number and address - before returning to Brad, who was finishing his second glass.

"Here. Although it's not my decision to make, and we will be closing that position, I want you to

come by my house tomorrow evening and we can discuss your possible future."

Stunned, Brad took the small note and put in his pocket, nodding his head. "Y... Yeah sure." He was unsure by what she meant, if the job wouldn't be around. Maybe a different one? His mood settled down a little as he wiped his still teary eyes.

"That will be all, no need to clear your desk just yet. And no telling your co-workers, for now," she said, returning to her businesslike approach as he walked towards the door, "Oh, and Brad, be sure to wear a SIMILAR outfit."

With a single nod, Brad opened the door and stepped out of her office, thinking she had meant his stockings, but then realizing she probably meant work attire. Looking around for his shoes, he didn't see them by the door. He looked up at the secretary, confused.

"What's wrong? Oh, your shoes? I sent them down to be cleaned. You can borrow a pair of my spare heels if you want?" She suggested giggling away.

"You can't be serious..." Brad asked, wide-eyed.

Rolling her eyes, she pulled out his shoes from behind the desk and placed them on the counter, before answering her phone, the final words he heard as the elevator closed being, "I know, and did you see his toes!?"

The next evening, Waze directed Brad's beat-up 2007 Ford Explorer to a suburban neighborhood he had never heard of. He knew it was a big deal when the gated community had a security guard greet him. After stating his full name and giving an ID, he was approved to go through, as Ms. Plume had been expecting him at her residence. He questioned the logic of her inviting him to her house, rather than a bar, as they had never met before that day. Maybe she was feeling sympathetic? He followed the immaculate neighborhood roads until coming to a single lane that had several trees and a stone wall guarding the property.

"Holy shit," Brad said double checking Waze to make sure the mansion was the right house. It was the modern kind with many rooms illuminated, architecture that could rival some of the homes he saw on HGTV, and a few fountains that were not currently running water since it was about 58 degrees outside. He nervously walked up to the door and looked for the doorbell. After a few moments, Ms. Plume greeted him with a warm smile. She was wearing a businesslike blouse, though showing a little cleavage. He could smell her floral perfume and noticed that she had more makeup on than she did previously in the day.

"Brad! I am so glad you could make it. Please come on in."

"Thanks for inviting me. Wow, your house is amazing."

"I like to call it Pine Gables, since it is my dream house, and given the type of trees around most of the property."

“This is amazing. How long have you lived here?” Brad asked as he followed Ms. Plume down the hardwood floor of the hallway with to a kitchen that looked to be the size of Brad’s apartment.

“About five years. I bought it as a present to myself when I was promoted to COO. That came with a very healthy raise.”

Brad couldn’t help himself. “Sorry if this is rude... but how old are you, Ms. Plume?”

She toyed with her hair and bent forward a bit. “38.”

“You became COO at 33? That’s amazing!” complimented Brad.

Ms. Plume smiled and blinked her eyes before responding, “I worked extremely hard. After I graduated with my MBA, I moved from working as a makeup artist for Hawtee to the corporate office, and just kept climbing the ladder.

“Hendricks?” she asked as she reached her hand to grab a glass.

“Nah, I’m not big into Classic Rock. Maybe some Imagine Demons or BingeDrinkers?” he said, looking at the smart speaker next to her glassware.

“I meant the gin, not music,” she laughed. “But yes, we can throw some tunes on.”

"Oh, right. Ha-ha, yeah, anything you have will be fine." Brad replied, a little flustered as he gratefully accepted the glass before following Sandy into the large, and rather ornate living room.

Sitting down on the red couch beside her, his mind wondered just what this meeting was about. Business or pleasure?

“Do you live alone here?” Brad eventually stammered out, not seeing a husband or any children.

"I do, yes. Sadly, that's been the downside to my working so hard at the company. I've had little time to find courtship, let alone start to raise a family." She replied with a hint of sadness in her voice, before repeating the question, "How about you?"

"Yeah, it's just a small one-bedroom apartment. My ex-girlfriend was going to move in, but things fell through."

"Sorry to hear that. Well, cheers to us being single then, ha-ha," she said, clicking her glass against his as they shared an intimate, if nervous, giggle.

"So, I have to admit, Ms. Plume, I'm a little confused as to why you invited me here. Is there a new job position?" Brad asked, needing information before he got his hopes up.

"Please, Sandy will do. There's been no change in the situation at the company, I'm afraid, though," she replied smiling, somehow looking a much friendlier person outside the office.

"Ah, that sucks... So ummm, why invite me here?" Brad's curiosity pushed the question out before he could stop himself.

"Well, it's not often I have a chat as... Interesting as the one we had back in my office. Tell me, have you used many of Hawtee's products?"

Brad blushed, remembering his confession of crossdressing. "Well, only a little bit. I've tried makeup before, but never really got the hang of it. The nail polish is the main thing I use," he admitted again, remembering her seeing his red nails.

"Interesting," she said swirling her drink. "Over my years, I have met many males in the business. Mostly those who identify as being gay men... very VERY few crossdressers."

"This wasn't my first choice of employment, but the employee discount was nice."

Sandy smiled and moved her head, causing her blonde hair to cover part of her face. Brad just sat there, drinking and feeling like he was going through another type of interview.

"You know... Makeup artists can make decent money. Have you thought of going into the field?"

"I'm not good enough! I only watched, like, four tutorials on YouTube and mostly turned them off because either the production was bad or the girl was boring.

"Those girls are not professionals. They are dreamers," Sandy said bluntly. "We put all of our makeup artists through beauty school."

"Cosmetology school?"

"That's different," she responded. "It's more like a weekend seminar followed by some educational classes to follow. Just an idea for you."

"Thanks, but I do want to try using my degree in marketing."

"You are marketing yourself in that territory. Not to mention, working with the best products!" she smiled as a young beagle dog came running to her.

"Cute dog," said Brad.

"Thanks. This is Lucy. Lucy... meet Brad!" she said, smiling and using her hand to wave the dog's paw towards Brad. He laughed at her cuteness. It was nice seeing this rich, professional woman have a heart and act as a person.

“How old is she?”

“18 months,” replied Sandy, talking like it was a baby. “She’s my pride and joy. I think she just woke up from a nap because she’s usually all over the place running.

“So, you aren’t alone here all along it seems,” said Brad.

At first, she didn’t know how to respond, but then said, “At least she never talks back to me.”

“Where do you hang out around town?”

“There’s a nice wine bar off Lexington that I frequent with some girlfriends once in a while. I just do not get out much anymore, since we all busy with our careers, and most of my girlfriends have small children.

Had she invited him here to be friends? Brad was starting to get very curious. The other thought in his head was about taking off all this sissy stuff underneath his clothes and just throwing Sandy down over the sofa, pulling down her bottoms to give her a good fucking. This woman was incredible. Very attractive for her age, powerful, and wealthy... and, to the sick part of his imagination, slightly vulnerable in certain aspects of her life. “Do you date at all?”

She shook her head while petting Lucy. “Occasionally. You know, I can’t just date anyone... I need that special someone.”

Luckily, Brad managed to get a great glimpse of Sandy’s breasts in the bathroom. It was mostly cleavage as he peeked down her house while she was giving him a makeover! This bathroom was unlike the ones he had typically been in. It was the size of some people’s living rooms! He was placed in a chair in front of the large mirror. with Sandy smiling more than he had ever seen as she organized many different makeup products around him.

All Hawtee labeled of course.

“You could have taken advantage of your employee discount!” she said as she rubbed concealer from the bottom of his eyes to the top of his cheeks with a brush.

“I wasn’t about to pay for a ton of it when I could just play with a few things,” he said.

Sandy smiled, “I have a bunch of stuff you can have. Other than the owner, CEO, and CFO, I think I have one of the best perks, since there is a \$500 a month stipend for me to get cosmetics.”

Brad was shocked, “\$500?! How in the world do you get that much makeup in a month?”

“Some women like to build a collection, and have many different needs for what they are using,” Sandy stated trying to educate him. “I expect you to do the same, and to further your knowledge

of how makeup can be used to bring attention to certain part of a woman's best features, and to accent others. This is the perfect example."

Sandy started to color match the proper foundation to his skin color. She rubbed it in on the lower part of his face, patting and dabbing it in from his cheeks to his neck, then again over the part of where the concealer was applied.

He saw his reflection and noticed how much smoother his skin looked already. A few blemishes were covered up, adding to his youthful appearance. Meanwhile, Lucy was on the floor, wagging her tail, enjoying the same type of show that was making Sandy happy.

"This mineral powder is going to add some additional coverage," Sandy said as she tickled Brad with the large brush under his eyes and around his nose. "We are going to get all these lines ALL powered out."

"Okay," said Brad just anxious to see the final transformation.

Sandy continued placing this powder - and a LOT of it - over the course of about ten minutes, while educating him about makeup application in other ways at the same time. She then turned her attention to a natural matte and dabbed a bit on a brush.

"Keep your eyes closed baby," she said before applying some of the makeup to his eyelids. This was a dream come true, not only for Brad, but also for Sandy, who loved the idea of feminizing this sissy in front of her.

"Isn't he looking like a pretty girl?" Sandy asked Lucy.

The beagle continued to just wag her tail and look up at her mommy.

Sandy smiled and smeared another brush into another part of the palette, adding it to the same section of Brad's face. She ran the final color down in a gentle application.

"I love this new Risqué color," said Sandy.

"I remember hearing about it when designing something," said Brad.

"It's been a top-seller, especially amongst teen and college-age girls..." she said making a hint that he better brush up on his knowledge of the products, even though he wasn't currently employed by Hawtee.

"Our Madame Mascara is going to go on before I do your eyeliner. Before I put fake eyelashes on you, I just want to see how it looks on you naturally."

Brad just sat there, awaiting his future feminization. She started from the outer part of his eyes and moved it in various directions. This was taking a lot longer than he originally thought, and the fact settled in that if he was going to pretend to be a girl, he was going to have to be patient in

the amount of time it takes to look like one.

After his eyeliner was applied, Sandy did another layer of mascara, knowing she wanted to go all out for a dramatic princess look. It had been a long time since she did another woman's makeup in her profession, although she did experiment with her sister Courtney once in a while.

"Let's get to work on your eyebrows. This is our Hot Cocoa mix," she said, using a brush on his eyebrows to add color and definition. He was able to keep his eyes open and watched as his brows became much darker. The pain of having them plucked was harder than this - before the makeup session, Sandy had administered a detailed hair grooming and facial cleaning to his body.

"Pucker up those lips princess," Sandy said, tapping Brad's head with a short lip liner pencil. Brad did as instructed, and Sandy started rubbing lines at the top of his lips, making sure they were even, and then brought the pencil down the corners of his lips and lip line, tracing the edges. She continued to do the same with the bottom of his lips, filling up the entire lip.

"Do this," Sandy said, showing him the movement she wanted him to do to rub the makeup in with his lips.

Sandy got out a lip cream in the same color and used the end of the soft brush on his lips.

"Wow," he said, looking in the mirror, and realizing he was looking exactly like a girl."

"Works, magically right?" We need a bronzer on your pretty little cheeks. She continued to work on his face with the bronzer, and used the same brush for a blush on his cheeks to allow his cheekbones to stand out, much like it does for most girls.

"Time for our Hawtee Lumi powder."

"How many powders are going on my face?!" he asked.

"As many as it takes!" she said, placing her hands on his shoulders in a slightly loving, yet authoritative gesture. Another part that made this very sexy was the fact that he saw his once-stiff superior having the most fun, and generally caring about how feminization turned out.

"Yes, I think we are going to go with the fake lashes," Sandy said, opening a drawer of the bathroom vanity. She started to fit them on, staying still as she glued on his eyelashes. They helped eliminate any masculinity that remained on his face, and he knew that anyone who saw him would have to do a second take on his true gender, looking like this.

"Here's my princess!" Sandy announced.

"That's amazing Sandy. You did such a great job," he said, admiring her skills.

Sandy smiled, "My pleasure. We are going to have a ton of fun doing your makeup and nails all

the time!”

Brad would never have thought yesterday that he would be lounging on one of his superior’s sofas, cuddled up, watching the movie *Bridesmaids 2: A Second Chance* while wearing tight black yoga pants, a pink girly shirt, and a matching bra underneath. He loved wearing Sandy’s lacy CK panties, even though they were very tight around his somewhat average size cock, and rode up his ass. The fake lashes took a bit of getting used to, and Sandy was directing him on how not to ruin the lip gloss that he had on his face.

“Gosh I love this part,” said Sandy.

“Oh, is that Ashley O’ Harris?!”

“Yes!”

“Wow, I haven’t seen her since Evil Girls back in MySpace days.”

“She’s great in this. I loved her in that movie too.”

“I think she’s dating that one guy who was on the spin-off of The OC.”

“I LOVED THAT SHOW TOO!” Sandy said, hugging a pillow. She wouldn’t admit it, but this was the most fun she’d had with someone in a long time. Not only was Brad giving in to her feminization desires, but he was fun to be around, and had a great personality. There was no way in hell she would date anyone like this, since she didn’t like feminization on a romantic front, but there was something about it. Just something that made her want to have him around more.

Brad continued to watch the movie. Sandy just stared at him, wondering what he would look like with long hair. He wasn’t complaining about wearing this hot woman’s panties while in yoga pants, having makeup put on, and wearing a bra. Maybe he wouldn’t complain about wearing a wig and being forced to parade around the house as a French Maid?

“This is fun. We should do this some other time.”

He paused... “Yeah.”

“If you want, I can pay you to do a few chores at the house.”

Their girls' nights in had continued for a few nights in the following few weeks, Brad coming over before being made up and dressed in varying outfits. He even spent both Saturday and Sunday at her place, borrowing a bikini and lounging around her pool, before earning some money as a French maid, which was more work than he'd have thought.

The friendship between them was stronger each time, really hitting it off. At first, he'd wondered

if there was something that could happen between them, but soon realized she seemed to value him as a friend, not a lover. Disappointing, but getting to wear her clothes soon made up for it.

Even while this was all happening, he sadly had lost his job, saying goodbye to his co-workers and office, before beginning the frantic search for a new job before the end of the month, when the rent was due. His time with Sandy was a much-needed distraction from his worries, with him looking forward to the weekend when he could spend more time with her.

That Saturday, after he'd come over, but before he'd been given a makeover, they'd chatted casually about his job hunt, and the closing time frame before he was kicked out. Sandy comforted him as best she could, before saying she had an idea, much to his delight.

"Though, before I tell you, I want to show you something. Follow me," she stated before putting her glass down and heading up one of the staircases, leading to a long corridor. Eventually she turned into one of the rooms with a pink and white trim door.

She led him inside and he gasped a bit at the overtly feminine room - pink, frills, bows, and plenty of them. The carpet was soft, fluffy and pink, matching the walls in color and most things. On one side was a door leading to a walk-in closet, already open with a few outfits he could see.

On the other was a vanity, seemingly stocked with a few items already. The bed was ornate, with a floral design on the backboard, while the bedspread was pink with frilly trimming. "Wow, this room is something else..." He eventually muttered out.

"Right? My niece decorated while she stayed here last summer; cost a fortune, but I didn't mind spoiling her," Sandy replied, sitting on the bed and patting it for him to follow suit.

"So, I've been thinking, Brad, since you've still not found a job and you'll soon be losing your apartment... Why not stay with me, in here?" She offered bluntly, patting his thigh gently.

Brad looked around the room even more, and sat down on the girly bed, which was extremely soft and seemed comfortable. This room was a sissy's dream come true. Her niece must be extremely feminine. "I appreciate this very much Sandy, and it's been great to get to know you over the past few weeks, but this is a little much."

"What is your plan then? You are about to be homeless, unless you move back in with your mom!"

Bad memories of his mom's boyfriend came back. "There's some room in the back of my Explorer until something miraculous happens."

"Oh, come on, Brad..." she said sitting next to him and putting her arm around him in a nurturing nature. "You know you don't want to sleep in your car! I have this huge house here, and a room for you until you get back on your feet."

"Yeah, it's just..."

“What?” Sandy asked smiling while still holding him.

“I’ve never met anyone like you before... to be so understanding, caring... and opening their heart and home to me in such a short period of time...”

“Yes... it’s almost like I’m your...” Sandy paused for a moment. She knew she had practiced this routine after reading online and talking with her sister Courtney about this.

“What?” asked Brad still confused.

“Brad... what about this makes you the most uncomfortable? You know, deep down, you are a sissy and need a strong woman to guide you,” she said rubbing his back and feeling his bra straps... even though it was her bra...

“It’s mostly the openness... and the fact that I don’t want to intrude on your space in this short time. What are you getting out of this? I know you like dressing me up... but you know I haven’t found many cisgender girls anywhere who are into this.”

Sandy smiled. “I just want you to try something...”

“What is that?”

“You are filling something that has been missing in my life... forever... but something that has come to mind in the last few years.”

“What is that?”

“I know I’m pretty and successful. But dating is HARD and it will take forever to find the right man to start a family. Brad... I want you to be my daughter.”

Brad laughed. “It’s one thing to dress like a girl, but I’m not wearing diapers and having you breastfeed me.”

“Not that young... I’m thinking slightly older... Not so much that it’s going to cause concern. Maybe 15 or 16? Almost like my cool niece. It was fun when she was younger, but now that she’s old enough to have a conversation, it’s great, and you know I love chatting with you too.”

Brad paused. She was serious about this. This woman actually wanted him to pretend like he was at one time inside of her.

“What would be involved?”

She smiled, knowing he had some interest. “Three-month trial. Of course, I’ll support you on your journey.”

Brad thought this had to do with his finances and job hunt, but Sandy had other things in mind.

She continued. "For those three months, I want you to be yourself... but a 15-year-old female version of yourself. That means dressing FULL-TIME as a lady, acting younger, and learning more about femininity."

Brad thought about it for a few minutes, as he kept looking around the room and at the sun through the window, Sandy giving him plenty of time, but casually playing with his bra strap until he eventually came to a decision.

"Okay, I think. For three months, until I get back on my feet. I'm willing to try it. The past few weeks, even with work and stuff, have been great, so I'd be a fool to turn that down." His mind made up, he was certain.

Sandy squealed like a teen girl, which Brad was soon to become, and hugged him tightly before holding him out at arm's length. "You won't regret it, trust me. Though there are a few ground rules."

Enjoying the intimate moment, and his submissive nature kicking in, he agreed. "Okay, what rules?"

"Firstly, there's no talking about being a boy. You'll act just like you were born a girl, my daughter..." She paused for a moment, trying to think of something before clapping her hands together, "Maddison! Maddie for short."

Brad blushed. "Maddie, that's cute. Okay, I agree."

"Secondly, I've read about it a bit, and know that after men climax they lose urges, crossdressers losing the urge to be girly and feminine."

"So, I can't cum? That's going to be tough..." Brad admitted, knowing being dressed 24/7 already excited him.

"Only a few times a week I think. I have a device that should help with that. And lastly, three months would be far too long to spend inside so; you'll have to be going outside as Maddison," she reasoned.

He knew that made sense but it was still a daunting prospect. "If you can make me look passable, then yes, I agree to them all."

"Perfect!" Sandy announced, grabbing his hand and heading to the closet. "Now just strip down, Maddie, and we can get your makeover underway! Oh, one other thing."

"What's that?"

"Please call me Mom."

Maddie laid on the bed in front of Sandy, observing him like a fine piece of art. He didn't have the smallest penis she had ever seen, but the smaller the better in this scenario.

"What's that?!" Maddie asked in fear, as Sandy came close to him, wearing blue plastic gloves and a needle. She had just rubbed both of his pecs with a little rubbing alcohol, as well as around his hips and butt. "Part of the process."

"What is it?!" Maddie still questioned.

She started to answer him as she came closer to his skin with the sharp needle. It's a compound that is in development right now from a close friend of mine who works in chemistry. These are going to help you develop what looks like breasts. See, that didn't hurt!"

"SANDY! We agreed for three months! How long are these going to last?"

"Remember to call me MOM!" she said, correcting him, as she inserted part of the needle into his right butt cheek.

"It's called FemGel. Patent Pending!" she smiled as she put in the last injection.

"How big are they doing to get?"

"With this dosage, it should bring you to a B-cup. Yeah, I know, you were wearing my C-cup bras, but they were just stuffed with pantyhose. It's time to get you your own clothes! There's a few here I got, but you know me. I'm going to want that mother-daughter bonding moment when I take you out shopping and help you pick out your first bra and stuff!"

Once the injections were done, Maddie was left rubbing his sore butt and chest. Sandy produced a pink chastity cage, which was her genius solution to the climax problem. He'd seen them on other crossdressers, and in stories, so he was no stranger to the concept, and had thought about getting one himself for a while, so he didn't complain. Much.

Next was the much more enjoyable part, slipping into a bra and panty set, though it was a far cry from his usual racier lace and satin kind. A simple teal cotton thong was slipped up Maddie's smooth legs, with the cage making a small cute bulge in the front.

The bra - which was an A-cup, since it would take a day or so for his breasts to fully grow - was matching teal and hugged his puffy chest just right. Taking him towards the vanity, she had Maddison take a seat before beginning the process of makeup.

Very similar to how she had that first night, and many nights after. Contouring his face into a feminine shape, before adding the feminine touches like glitter and shiny pink lip gloss. Maddie smiled in the mirror and pouted, loving every second of the transformation as her cage strained in the thong.

“What are we doing about my hair, Mom?”

Sandy smiled, knowing that her little sissy was being properly trained. “It’s a little short to do anything with. I want you to grow it out. But for now... We have these...”

Maddie was expecting to see a wig, but luckily Sandy had invested money in the best hair extensions she could find - Bellamy Straight Bundle 160G 22" Sassy Brunette color, semi-permanent, and would last at least eight weeks. Maddie looked at the length and his dream of looking like a natural girl seemed like it was about to come true.

“Did I mention I was also a hairdresser before going into cosmetics?”

“Woman of all trades!” said Maddie.

“Yes! It’s been a while since I had to do this, but this DOES take some time,” she said going to her phone to play some music. “Just sit back and enjoy the ride, my little sissy girl. Once these are in, it will be just like you have long natural hair, and we can dye it and style it in any way we want, my princess!”

A little over two hours later, Maddie couldn’t help but play with her new long hair. The extensions had been sown into her real hair and were considered just an extension of her natural beauty. Because of Maddie’s short stature to begin with, the hair came down to about where her sore nipples were getting puffy.

The final part of his transformation, of course, was the dress. Sandy brought out a pink dress with a high scoop neck, princess seams, and a deep v-line back. It would be finished off with a large bow that would match the one Sandy had added to the back of his head.

"Oh, wow, Mom, it's gorgeous!" Maddison said, admiring it, knowing it must have cost a lot, a designer dress fit for a princess.

"Only the best for my little girl. Now, step into it, sweetie," she cooed motherly as he followed her instructions and was soon curtsying and spinning in front of the mirror.

Maddison was deeply enjoying herself so far. After the rocky start of injections and chastity, she was now reaping the benefits. A pretty dress, long hair, and best of all a mother figure doting on her like a princess. Next was a pair of pink, kitten heel, peep toe shoes that showed off her pink nails, painted the night before.

"Maddison, what do you think of the full transformation?" Sandy asked, standing behind her as they both looked into the mirror smiling.

"I love it San... Mom! I can't believe how good you are at this I look just like a teen girl!" The words barely escaping his lips as he stood awestruck in front of the vision in the mirror.

"Oh, it was easy. You're such a pretty sissy, we just had to bring that out," she said before planting a kiss on his cheek.

Letting him get settled a little with the long hair and new room, Sandy left him alone for an around half an hour before calling Maddie down to help bake some muffins. The pair had great fun, with Maddison adapting well to her new role, while retaining the personality Sandy enjoyed so much.

The hours flew past as the two watched some television, before getting ready for bed. Maddie put on a simple mermaid PJ set before settling down to sleep. Her hair, butt, and budding breasts made it a little difficult at first, but with the combination of the soft bed and her worries being gone, at least for now, she soon drifted off.

The next morning, Maddie woke up in the unfamiliar bed, though happy that it was super comfy. A new day was ahead of her, as well as a new life. She still had mixed feelings. Especially after having that dream during the night, where her penis broke off like a broken ceramic. She placed her pedicured feet on the soft carpet and walked around, still having yet to explore the entire room since she had become so busy and exhausted with Sandy. She took a peek outside and noticed something. Looking at the clock, she saw it was a little before 8 am. Surely Sandy wasn't going into the office today. She ran out into the hallway...

"San..MOM!!"

"Yes?" Sandy ran out of her room in a robe, now having to deal with having a needy daughter in the house.

"Where is my car?!"

"Oh, honey... I didn't know they were coming this early to haul it away."

"WHAT?!"

"You know... you wouldn't believe how strict the home owner's association can be here! It's gone for now."

"I had to go get some stuff from my apartment!"

"What stuff exactly?" asked Sandy smiling. "Remember, new life..."

"But I don't want all of my stuff to get thrown out in the street?"

Sandy laughed again, "I had them take it to a storage unit, baby. Now, please get showered and dressed. We have a lot to attend to today."

"What do you have in mind?"

“A little Sunday tradition...”

After a quick shower, being sure to use all the feminine products Sandy had instructed him to use, Maddison was tasked with dressing himself, since he'd have to at some point get used to it. Knowing they were going to church, he selected a feminine, formal dress.

It was actually a little too formal for the casual church, as he'd be told later, but he couldn't help himself once he saw it hanging in the closet. Off-white with a hint of blue, the dress had a deep V-neck that proudly showed off his little A-cup breasts that, with the push-up bra, were quite an exciting sight.

Still locked in chastity, however, he couldn't enjoy it to the fullest. Maddie grabbed a pair of white two-inch heeled sandals before calling to Sandy for help with hair and makeup. Unlike the usual, with her doing it all in silence or with music playing in the background, she took great care in explaining each step she took, even letting Maddison take over a few things like blush and lipstick.

Once done he again gasped in the mirror at the teenage hottie staring back at him - long brunette hair, pouty lips and now even cleavage. As he squirmed in his seat, wishing he wasn't caged, Sandy passed him a purse. "Now, I've put a few things in there any girl your age will need. Be sure to not lose anything!"

Maddison nodded before opening up the cream shoulder purse, peering inside and seeing the usual things like gum, a phone, and sunglasses, as well as a few new feminine things he'd never taken out before, like a compact, small makeup bag, perfume, and most embarrassingly, tampons.

Stepping outside for the first time as Maddison was both horrifying and liberating, the soft wind swirling around his smooth legs and up the dress. With the sun's warm glow on his fast-growing chest, and his long hair swirling around, it was a little overwhelming at first. Sandy had him walk around a little to get accustomed before they slipped into her black Mercedes for the short drive to the local church.

"Umm Mom? I was thinking, I may look like a girl, but I hardly sound like one?" Maddison worried, nervously playing with the hem of his dress.

"Don't worry. There have been strides in technology for that too, sweetie. Inside your purse there's a canister not unlike an asthma pump. A few short puffs every four hours or so tightens and shortens your vocal chords, making your voice higher!" She explained in detail while keeping her eyes on the road.

Maddie examined the pink canister and read the directions. Use as directed. Too much can lead to permanent damage. It made her think about how much of this experiment was going to be permanent. She inhaled a little and spoke to Sandy.

“How is this? Wait... it didn’t work.”

“Give it a few minutes and it should.”

“What if it doesn’t?!” Maddie said impatiently.

“Then just be in quiet mode.”

“That’s do...Doable...” Maddie grabbed her throat as it was jumping in pitch. It was starting to work.

“Hey Mom... How does this sound?”

“I think you need to give it a few minutes to settle.”

Maddie went back to reading directions. Wait five minutes for the full effect.

As Sandy made a turn, and Maddie looked at the time, she spoke. “Trying again!” She looked at her mom, wide-eyed and happy. She sounded just like a 16-year-old girl.

“There we go!” Sandy said, happy about him being feminized even more.

Pulling into the church parking lot, Maddie noticed that it was a modern building, rather than the older churches she was forced to go to as a kid. Up until this point, Sandy had not mentioned being a Christian, although he did notice that she was very clean in nature, did not curse, and had a great spirit.

After getting out of the car, she played with the hem of her dress, still not used to wearing such a thing, and followed Sandy closely.

As Sandy took her hand, she explained that, for now, she'd be pretending to be her niece, Rachel, instead of Maddison. Otherwise, a few questions would be asked. Maddie, or Rachel, nodded, the different names getting a little confusing, but otherwise enjoying the little game of espionage.

Walking in, they were a little late, with Maddie taking a rather long time to get ready, taking their seats on the hard, wooden benches about midway into the building. They got a few smiles and nods from the, mostly, elderly people in there. Remembering to smooth her skirt underneath her when she sat down, Maddie's heart was racing, but was thankful she was passing so well.

Having not been to church in more than a few years, he'd almost forgotten just how boring church could be, having to sit through the ninety-minute sermon as the Minister droned on and on, despite the fact that this one had more contemporary music. Looking down at his pretty dress, heels, and purse were a bit of consolation, however. Never in his wildest dreams could he have imagined wearing such an outfit, let alone in public!

Once it was finally over, there was a chance for the churchgoers to mingle and chat, Sandy

leading Maddie around to talk to people she knew. Introducing her as her niece, Rachel, Maddison blushed and greeted them with her new higher voice.

It was odd being treated like a teenager again, with most of the adults talking about her, instead of with her, while she just batted her eyelashes and looked pretty. Checking her make up in the compact every now and there, partly just to see the pretty face, he could get used to this, Maddison thought.

Right after church, the girls grabbed a quick bite to eat at a cafe downtown, before embarking on their shopping trip. On a sunny day, they sat outside, enjoying Iced Tea and their Mediterranean salads.

“Thank you for coming to church with me, it means a lot,” said Sandy before eating a forkful.

“Anything for you, Mom,” Maddie said sincerely.

“We are going to have a lot of fun together.”

Yeah, outside of church! Maddie thought to herself.

A group of young men walked by their table and Maddie could tell they were checking them out. She felt glances of men at church as well and wondered if it was because they found them attractive, or thought they saw her little penis poking out of her dress, despite not being able to get an erection while the pastor was talking about loving thy neighbor.

Maddie was expecting a trip to the mall to go to VS PINK or Aerie, so it came as a surprise when Sandy parked outside of La Femme Qui Fleurit, a lingerie boutique.

She noticed that one of the women working there appeared to be about 65-years-old. She greeted Sandy quickly.

“Ms. Plume, welcome back!”

“Thank you Mrs. Pert! I want you to meet Maddie!”

Maddie was confused that she didn’t introduce her as her niece like she did at church, but played along.

“Hi! Nice to meet you,” she said.

“Ms. Plume has been shopping here a very long time,” said the older woman. “It’s great that you both could come in today, how can we help you?”

Sandy explained that she wanted her daughter’s first bra sizing to be in a special, unique place.

And Maddison wasn't going to argue once they went inside. Racks upon racks of high-class looking lingerie, all made in Paris with the finest materials.

It was a sissy's dream. They took a little time walking around and admiring a few of the sets, before one of the shop attendants came over and asked if they needed anything.

"Yes, thank you. My daughter here wants to be measured and fitted for a few bras," Sandy said, pushing the small of Maddie's back, so she was forced to step into the limelight, blushing as the cute twenty-something woman smiled down at her.

"Perfect. Follow me, ladies, and we can find out how much you've grown," she said cheerfully. Maddison was curious herself, as her bra had been getting tighter and tighter as the day wore on.

The changing rooms were very high class, similar to bridal ones, with a little plinth stage as well as plenty of room for the three of them. Maddie was instructed that she'd need to take her dress off for measuring, and for the first time regretted wearing the dress.

With a little encouragement from Sandy, she unzipped the dress and let it fall around her ankles before passing it to her Mom. The bra was next, as the younger woman, whose name tag read Rebecca, noticed the small bulge in Maddison's panties, but didn't mention it.

Rolling the tape measure out, Rebecca gently, and with practiced, warm hands, wrapped it around her puffy and budding chest. "Hmmm around 32B. Your old bra was much too tight, good thing you came in today!"

"I don't think you'll need a training bra with these girls," said Sandy.

"Great... Moving on to the real thing!" Maddie said excitedly, like a true sissy.

About an hour later, Maddie looked in the mirror to check out her side boobage in a pink lacy bra with a bow in the middle. After trying on dozens of bras, this one looked the sexiest.

"I don't know if this is age-appropriate," said Sandy, starting to transform into a concerned mother.

Maddie, who was becoming less nervous, said, "Come on Mom. It's pretty, and I'm not a little girl anymore!"

Sandy took another look over Maddie. She thought she had this same bra somewhere in her collection, but it was the kind she was saving for a special date night. Having Maddie wear it would help with the princess effect.

"Okay, we'll take it!" Sandy said to Rebecca.

"Thanks, Mom!"

Rebecca smiled, even though part of her was a little jealous that she never had an incident where someone took her to a lingerie shop and spent thousands of dollars on things.

After having some shop assistants take the bags to the car, the girls were on their way back home. Maddie had some mixed feelings still. For one, he did feel like she was in heaven, wearing a sissy dress and having an older woman control her, but in another way, he had been thrown into this whole situation VERY quickly.

Sandy was talking about how the upcoming week would be very busy for her at work, and she had some things for her to do around the house, but Maddie was busy on her phone (which Sandy asked her to restore as a fresh phone, to get rid of old contacts and start new). She was setting up a “fake” profile on InstaPic to start sharing some of her life with the world.

About 15 minutes later, they arrived home where, Maddie spotted a white Audi in the driveway.

“OH MY GOD MOM! YOU HAD A NEW CAR FOR ME DELIVERED!?!?!”

Sandy laughed. “Honey, you don’t have a driver’s license anymore! Sorry, but that car isn’t yours.”

Maddie became very disappointed, “Then whose is it?!”

As they parked next to the Audi, a very attractive brunette woman, who looked like she was in her late 20s or early 30s, came out of the house wearing a tight black dress, waving.

Maddie questioned, “I thought you lived alone? Did you feminize someone else?!”

Sandy laughed. “No, that’s my sister, Courtney. She has a key to the house. I told her all about you weeks ago, and she is the one who has been helping out. She’s been wanting to meet you, and now is the chance! Please, call her Aunt Courtney. She owns a ballet studio that you are going to start going to on Tuesday.

Courtney looked very similar to her older sister, Sandy - similar build, facial features, and hair color, but Courtney was noticeably younger, in both looks and attitude. Her exuberant and excitable ways clashed with her sister's more reserved and delicate mannerisms. Still, the two obviously got along very well with how casual and close they acted.

"I've heard sooo much about you, Maddie! I'm so glad you took Sandy's offer to be her little sissy!" She squealed, hugging Maddison tightly, her breasts pushed against his made-up face.

"Yeah, me too..." She replied a little sheepishly, unsure just how much her Mom had told her.

Taking her hand, Courtney led Maddie over to the living room, where she noticed a few bags scattered messily about the floor. "I've got you a few things. I bet you'll love them!"

The next half hour was spent opening up the bags and finding dance outfit after dance outfit, varying from casual sweats and sports bras to full-on leotards with wide tutu's. The materials she didn't mind, but Maddie was never big on dressing too much like a little sissy, preferring the sexier styles than the sissy ones.

Still, with Courtney's insistence and Sandy's coercion, she was soon standing in dance tights, a leotard, and a tutu, her face burning with embarrassment as the cage she wore was prominent in the tight Lycra. "Okay you've had your fun; can I please get changed back?"

"Oh, not yet, honey. We want you to get used to these outfits before you join Courtney's class," Sandy explained, clapping at the vision of her sissy daughter.

"You can't be serious. An actual class!?! Filled with...Girls?" Maddie's eyes were wide in horror.

The past month had been up and down emotionally for Maddie. Sandy had been at work a lot, leaving Maddie to herself or in ballet class. None of the adult women in his class suspected anything, until they made him do splits in class with his sheer white tights, matching ballet skirt, and tight top. Spreading his legs out far, one tiny 90-pound woman standing on top of his thighs noticed his sissy penis in chastity and nearly had a heart attack. They laughed it off, though, once Courtney explained that he was being taught how to be a girl, and loved every minute of it. Part of the humiliation of having multiple women call him a sissy and WANTING him to be more of a woman made him happy, though.

Courtney was slightly concerned about Maddie being at the house by himself so often, since Sandy was overwhelmed at work with some of the changes overall, and new marketing campaigns coming up. She offered to give Maddie a job at the studio as a receptionist in the meantime, to keep her busy, meaning that Maddie was going to be around female dancers nearly every weekday.

On the downside, job hunting for Brad had not been going so well. It was like a vicious circle, the only difference being that he looked and felt different. It's a little hard to look for a job as an adult male when you have a side ponytail and are wearing panties under yoga pants. The other tricky part was that he had to ignore multiple text messages from family and friends, wondering why they had not seen or heard from him in weeks. He assured them it wasn't time for a missing person report, but that he couldn't see them. What would they think if they say that he now had breasts, hips, a butt, and looked like a normal teenage girl?

His concerns finally came out after Sandy came home from work one Friday. Normally, she came home slightly worn out, but she was excited this time as she walked in the door while Maddie was eating a banana and smoothie after Pilates.

"Maddie! Come here! I have GREAT news."

"What's that Mom?"

“It came in! It’s finally here. I thought it was going to take a few months, but luckily my lawyer got a rush on it.”

“What are you talking about?” Maddie said walking over to get a closer look at the piece of mail she had in her hands. That’s when Sandy gave her the all-important document.

It was a birth certificate.

Name: Maddison Nicole Plume
Social Security Number: 222BBB444CCC5
Birthdate: 03/23/2003
Gender: Female
Mother: Sandra Ellen Plume
Father: Donor

The other attachment in the envelope was an Oregon ID card with some of the same information, with a picture of Maddie looking straight forward.

“MOM... what is all of this stuff?”

“An early Mother’s Day gift!” Sandy said hugging her daughter. You are now **OFFICIALLY** Maddison Nicole Plume. My **GIRL!**”

Maddie started to become extremely angry and **HER** face turned red. “You didn’t ask me...”

“Honey. I thought you would be more excited than this...”

“We are still in the three-month trial....” said Maddie. “What about all the other stuff in life?”

Sandy became insulted. “Other stuff... you mean to tell me you are still thinking about that? After all I’ve done for you.... After all the money I’ve spent on you? After all the time I’ve dedicated to giving you the perfect life with me?”

“And I appreciate all of it Mom. It’s just that this was supposed to be for fun, and temporary, but I’m getting concerned. I do have a degree, after all, where I can make more money than working as a receptionist at a ballet studio, and some of my friends have been asking about me lately. I think it may be a good time to hang out with them this weekend, and maybe just wear a hat to cover this hair just to show them I’m alive.”

"I don't think I like the idea of my teenage daughter spending time at some bar with older men; you're not even old enough to drink!" Sandy said, putting back the birth certificate in its envelope.

"I think you forget that I'm actually 25! This isn't a prison. If I want to hang out with my old friends I will!" Maddie shouted back, raising her voice for the first time and meaning it.

Sandy was a little shocked from the outburst, but was surprised it hadn't happened sooner. She knew precisely what to do. With one swift motion, she clutched Maddison's wrist - she was screaming curse words at this point - before dragging her to a chair and putting her over her lap.

Maddie couldn't believe she'd been overpowered so easily, but being naturally smaller than Sandy, and surprised by the attack, she was helpless. Knowing exactly what was about to happen, she kicked her legs wildly. Sandy gave her no mercy, however, and soon peeled down the yoga pants, revealing a zebra print thong.

Her hand was a blur as it went up and came crashing down repeatedly, mumbling that she should have done this a while ago as Maddie screamed louder. The pain wasn't so severe, more stinging and sharp, but the humiliation of being overpowered and being spanked cut deep.

After a good ten minutes and several dozen smacks later, Sandy relented after Maddie had given up struggling, assuming she was out of fight. Maddison wasn't so easily beaten, though, as she noticed the weakened grip and wriggled free. She grabbed Sandy's car keys before trying the front door, only for it to not budge.

With Sandy fast chasing her, she dodged and sprinted upstairs, leaving her yoga pants behind, dressed only in a cami top and thong, heading straight for her bedroom and locking the door. "You're the worst! This was only a bit of fun, something for a few months!"

Sandy shook her head after trying the bedroom door a few times, relenting before grabbing her phone and calling her sister. "Hey Courtney, urgent news. It seems my daughter has hit her rebellious stage. You have punishment outfits?"

"Of course, sis. I've been waiting for this, I can't wait to see how cute Maddison is wearing overalls over a diaper!" Courtney replied with glee, grabbing a pacifier and baby bottle before adding them to a duffle bag.

Sandy replied, "Courtney, are you still able to do that thing where you can produce breast milk without being pregnant?"

By early May, most of the Mommy issues had stopped. Thanks to strict punishment via whatever means necessary, making Maddie burn her male possessions, and then the orchiectomy procedure; Maddie had been turning into a perfect teen princess. The job at the ballet studio allowed her to interact with women of all types, and develop a more feminine personality. At church, she started to have fun going with her Mom, and even joined the teen youth group. Many of them were asking what school she went to, and she could gladly answer a very exclusive private Christian school now that Sandy had enrolled her as a 15-year-old girl.

On a Saturday afternoon in May, the doorbell rang while Maddie was home alone, awaiting the parent of a boy she was interested in to pick her up so they could hang out downtown. She happily skipped her way to the door, causing her brown curls to bounce around, but was shocked when she saw a tall red-haired woman at the door, who she recognized.

How she got through security was the last question on her mind.

“WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK?!” said the woman known to Maddie as Lindsay, her ex-girlfriend back when she'd been a man!

“Lindsay?!?! What are you doing here?” asked Maddie, who no longer needed the vocal spray thanks to surgery on her throat and voice training. Maddie also had pink braces on her teeth now, since Sandra thought they were needed. Lucy came scabbling down to the front door to see who the stranger was and Maddie bent down to make sure the dog didn't go out the front door.

“Look at you... what the hell?!” Lindsay said in reference to Maddie looking exactly like a pretty teenage girl, now with implants, and wearing a white skirt with a pretty dusty blue floral print, a pleated waist, and cute front pockets, along with a teal top with poofy shoulders.

“How did you find me?!”

Lindsay said, “I saw that video you put on YouTube!” The video in question was one that Sandy thought would be a good idea to send only to those who were in Brad's life, notifying them of what had happened as a sort of goodbye video. It had Maddie wearing a pink princess gown, stating facts confirming she was Brad, how she gave up trying to live as a man, and how she was now adopted by a powerful woman and loved living as a girl.

"Ummm, I don't think you should be here, Lindsay..." Maddie said trying to close the door, but stopped by her outstretched arm.

"No way am I leaving just like that. I know you had a few feminine inklings, but this!? Are you being forced or something?" She asked, seemingly genuinely confused about her ex-boyfriend, who now looked prettier than her.

"No, it's not forced. Sure, some things aren't perfect, but I have a giant house, no worries about money, and I really love the clothes." Maddison admitted the last part, forcing herself not to giggle like a total sissy.

"But what about family, job!?" Lindsay pleaded.

"Well, I have a new Mom and Aunt now, and as for a job, I work part-time at a dance studio, and I might even get a job at Hawtee again, as a model."

"This is so weird...You're acting like a total sissy!"

"I'm not acting like anything! This is me now, and I like it." Maddie said firmly, stomping her heeled foot down as Lindsay just shook her head and took a few steps back.

"So, you're just gonna let the bitch who fired you feminize you, and then go back and work for the same company that bankrupted you?!" Lindsay questioned, almost done and near giving up.

"Hey, my mom is not a bitch! She's been there for me, and helped me. Besides, I'm going back to where I worked next week. It is 'bring your daughter to work day' to celebrate Mother's Day weekend! I may be going back to the company, but this time, as a model! The only other cuts that are being made are when I go in for the final surgery next month!"

"This is crazy... You've lost it, Brad!"

"That's not my name anymore. It's Maddison now, and can you please leave here... and my life? My date will be here soon, and I don't want you to see him!" Maddie said with as much confidence as she could muster, closing the door shut on Lindsay, and her previous life, in one swift action.

Hawtee
cosmetics

Maddie

Eyes: Heartbreaker Palette Eyeshadow. Anna Eyelashes. Miss Volume Masacara
Face: Princess Foundation #2. Hide-n-Seek Concealer. Fairy Glitter Highlighter, Damsel
Blusher, Pro Contour Kit
Brows: Shape Up Brow Pencil and Brush
Lips: Kelli Benner Signature Lipstick and Liner
Nails: Mediterranean Azure Nail Polish
Hair: Aunt Annabelle's Girlhouse
Photography: Captisa Photos

Thank You!

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

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(We use Pinterest to gather ideas for characters, outfits, settings, and more. Look for the board dealing with the story and you'll see what ideas we had!)

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