

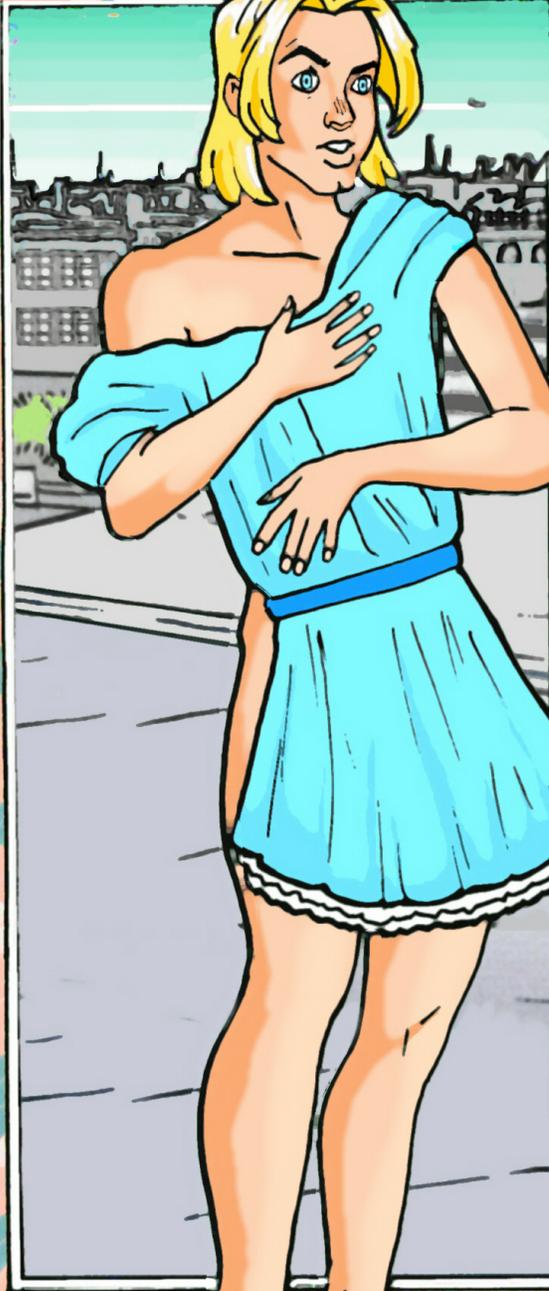


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When in **ROME**

Illustrations by Fraylim



MODERN TG CLASSICS BOOK #2:
WHEN IN ROME

WRITTEN BY COURTNEY CAPTISA & CLAIRE BEAR
ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRAYLIM

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CHAPTER ONE

Packing

“Trunks. Check. Boxers. Check,” Chris lists out loud, double checking that he has packed everything he will need for traveling out of the country for a few days. Usually, he would have already packed way before having to leave tomorrow morning, but finding out about the trip on such short notice caused his late night packing.

It's not too often Chris Henry's twin sister Chelsea does extra special for him. They are very cordial towards each other and have always shared a bond but since they are both 18 now, they are starting to branch out a bit. Which is why Chris was extremely surprised when Chelsea offered for him to take her ticket and hotel room for a trip to Italy with her friends.



Chelsea walks by his bedroom and notices he is packing his ugly green suitcase on his bed. She stops and places her arm on the edge of the door.

Titling her head a little bit, causing her blonde hair to go to one side, she says, “I REALLY wish I could go! Are you sure you aren’t going to mind hanging out with my friends for a few days?”

Chris smiles, “Fuck no! It’s a free trip to Italy. I’ll probably just ditch Leah and Meg once we get to the hotel and do my own thing you know?”

“This university crap is sooo annoying!” Chelsea says with disappointment.

“I can’t believe that thing you need to go is mandatory even after you planned this holiday weeks ago,” replies Chris as he continues packing.

“I know, right? Ugh, you seem to have it really easy right now.”

“Why do you say that?” Chris asks with curiosity.

Chelsea walks into the bedroom a little more. “You don’t have to go looking for universities since you have a job.”

“Yeah, I did get pretty lucky with that. I’m one of the youngest managers in the history of the company,” Chris says, bragging about his newest job at Nando’s.

“And I dunno, guys just seem to have it easier most of the time!” Chelsea smiles and places her right hand on her hip.

“Yeah! Awesome cheeky job, fun in the sun, taking free trips, and not having to deal with pregnancy scares or anything!”

“Very funny!” Chelsea says with a straight face while nodding her head to the side. Just a little shorter than Chris, Chelsea is about 5’9”. She isn’t super skinny but isn’t considered to be chubby either. She has somewhat thick thighs, although can still look great in a bikini and C-cup breasts that look bigger on her small frame body. Her bubble butt gets plenty of attention from her male peers, especially when wearing the right clothing.

Grabbing a pack of condoms and throwing it into the suitcase, Chris closes it and then zips it up easily, “There, all packed!”

“Not taking an awful lot of stuff, huh?” questions Chelsea, looking at the

suitcase that seems to only have the bare essentials.

“I’m not taking a lot compared to what you and other girls usually do. Just clothes and a few little things in there. Much unlike when you pack and the bloody suitcase barely makes the weight check!”

Chelsea sighs and laughs, “You just don’t know what it’s like to be a girl! We need to be prepared for a lot of different things and have stuff we need. Especially when it comes to getting ready to go out you know?”

“Like when you brought FOUR swimsuits for just an overnight at Eastbourne?”

“We like options!” Chelsea says raising her voice in volume and pitch slightly.

Chris turns his head and finishes zipping his suitcase. “Great, I’m all done!”

“Are you sure you have enough for a week in Italy?” she asks.

“Yeah, I mean I can wear the same jeans a few days in a row and shirts until they smell you know?”

“That’s so disgusting,” Chelsea says as she twirls a piece of hair with her fingers.

“I’m sure you’ll have fun having the house to yourself for a few days at least. Mum and Dad aren’t getting back until like Sunday I think.”

Chelsea jokes, “Yeah I’ll be sure to throw a huge party when you’re gone!”

“Yeah right, I know you wouldn’t do that here. Not to mention all your close friends are going to be in Italy!” Chris jokes, pushing her gently on the arm.

“Hey! Not all my friends, but I can’t all be getting drunk like you, otherwise who would give you a lift to the airport?”

“I guess I do have to thank you for getting me on this trip!”

“Don’t mention it! I think it will be a great learning experience for you

seeing a new place for the first time and finding yourself with new experiences. Plus, it's not like I could get a refund easily!"

Chris smiles at his sister. She gives him a hug in return. Although she is a little shy around others, she is normally talkative with close family and her two friends Leah and Meg. Chris knows most of Chelsea's week will most likely be spent in yoga pants watching Netflix when not dealing with stuff for school.

Carrying the suitcase downstairs, he places it by the front door, putting his passport and other things on the table next to it ready for the early morning trip to the airport.

CHAPTER TWO

Good Morning

The next day, the group is packed into Chelsea's Vauxhall Corsa as they make their way to the airport. It's early in the morning, and Chris is in and out of sleep.

Leah is in the backseat with Meg and is concentrated on the frequent social media posts on her phone as she carries a light conversation with her friends. Leah has straight blonde hair and is currently wearing glasses on her grey eyes since she has not put in her contacts for the day. She is wearing leggings with a light sweater.

Meg speaks up, "I really wish you could come with us Chelsea!"

"I'll be with you in spirit!" she smiles while driving with both hands on the wheel.

Leah giggles a little in the back, but Meg still doesn't look pleased with her response. Chris just puts it down to it being early or being moody because she may be on her period.

Getting up at five in the morning is not something Chris is used to, nor enjoys. However this morning, Chelsea couldn't seem to wait to get out of the house and on the road. You would have thought she was really going on the trip as excited as she was.

Oddly enough, putting the suitcases in the car proved to be much more difficult than he would have guessed. Maybe it was just his early morning daze but his suitcase seemed a lot heavier and was close to busting out the zip.

Leah leans forward from the backseat, "We'll be sure to bring you back plenty of souvenirs if we can and tag you in all pictures just like you are there Chelsea!"

Chelsea smiles, “Thanks! That’s much appreciated! Don’t worry about me, though. I’m going to have plenty of fun doing things while I have the house to myself for a few days.”

Meg laughs and flips her dark red hair, “I can think of a few things you’ll do...”

“Ew, you are so nasty,” replies Chelsea with a smirk.

“Dirty minds think alike?” Meg responds.

Chelsea says, “Trust me. I think this trip experience will be great for everyone! Hey Chris, WAKE UP! We are almost there!”

He pulls down his hood, which made the sleeping in the car a little easier and looks around at the traffic, “Are we there yet?”

“Almost! I’ll have to drop you off quickly, so I don’t get a ticket or anything,” Chelsea answers.

“Right yeah. That means I’ll have to take all the bags out the back quickly being the guy...” Chris says as he checks his phone.

“Considering I had to help you with yours this morning, I’m sure it’ll be a group effort!”

It takes a few more minutes getting by the busy airport traffic until they reach one of the drop-off zones. Chelsea pulls up and puts on the handbrake.

Chris thanks his sister and gives her a light hug with part of his blonde hair touching hers as their heads get closer together. Chelsea holds on for a bit longer than expected, telling him she loves him and hopes he enjoys himself on the trip. Chelsea hugs both Leah and Meg and gets slightly teary-eyed, still upset she can’t join her friends on the trip. The three girls exchange a few more words before saying their goodbyes and heading into the terminal. Chris leads the way with his wheeled-suitcase and waits for Leah and Meg to catch up.

“Why are we here so early again? I know security takes a while, but this is a

little ridiculous. I could have gotten an extra hour of sleep!” complains Chris.

Leah and Meg look at each other and share a laugh.

“What the hell is so funny?”

“Oh nothing...” says Meg flipping her hair slightly with her left hand.

“...Okay...” he responds to their weird antics.

Meg says, “Chris, you have your wallet and passport right?”

“Yeah, I put it in my suitcase last night so I wouldn’t misplace it.”

“Great, cause you are going to need your I.D. and passport before we get to any checkpoints.

“Should I get it out now?”

“Yes!” the girls say in unison.

He wonders why they didn’t mention this in the car at all and are just saying something about it now. Chris lays down the suitcase before opening up one of the front pockets and pulling out the small booklet-like case with the papers and passport in it.

The two girls are watching his every move like it is their favourite T.V. show. He shakes his head before pulling out the passport.

“See, everything is here!” Chris mutters a little annoyed.

“Then look inside and just make sure everything is right,” yells Meg.

Although still annoyed at Meg’s bossiness, he does as instructed.

“What the fuck?!”

“What’s wrong?!” asks Leah as she looks at Chris, who has a nervous expression on his face.

“Something must be. That’s why you should always do what I tell you to!” commands Meg.

“This is Chelsea’s passport! How in the hell did these get switched up?! I need to call her really quick before she gets too far away!” screams Chris.

“Ugh, let me see!” Meg grabs the passport and the flight papers, scanning through them all, “No, thankfully everything seems fine.”

“Fine?! How can it be fine, that’s Chelsea’s passport?! Her name and picture are on there!” Chris pulls out his phone and quickly dials his sister.

“You shouldn’t call someone when you know they’re driving. It’s been known to cause accidents,” Leah says in her usual innocent tone.

After the third time of waiting for her to pick up, he gives up. “I can’t get through, she won’t pick up! Shit!” Chris, looks up at the two girls, noticing that they both don’t seem to be panicking at all, though Leah looks a little concerned.

“She’s not even returning texts now!” screams a panicking Chris.

“Would you calm down drama queen! Look,” Meg says turning the piece of paper around and the passport, “Chelsea Henry on passport and Chelsea Henry on the ticket. They match!”

“What the fuck are you talking about? They aren’t going to let me on that fucking plane with a girl’s passport and I sure as hell won’t be allowed to drink anywhere without I.D. once we get to Italy. This entire trip is ruined unless Chelsea comes back here.”

Meg smiles, “I have an idea…”

“What is that?” Chris asks.

“Well, there won’t be any issues… if you look like your sister.”

Chris blank stares Meg.

Leah looks at the ground, “She has a point...”

“Can we please come up with a realistic solution? Maybe there’s someone who can stop at the house really quick?”

Meg speaks up, “I actually think we can realistically make you look like your sister.”

“Why the fuck would I do that?! Can you please get serious for a moment?!” Chris is starting to get very annoyed at Meg’s insistence. Leah is staying quiet for now.

“Well Chelsea isn’t answering the phone and even by the time she gets back, we will miss the plane!”

“We can get a plane at another time?” Chris suggests.

“It doesn’t work like that!”

“Are you just going to magically transform me into my sister?! This is the weirdest fucking shit I’ve ever heard of,” Chris states sternly.

“Of course not!” Meg nods, happy that he’s finally getting through to her. “But makeup, hair extensions, and clothes can easily make you look enough like her,” Meg smiles, passing him back the papers.

“Oh yeah? As if that was even possible, not to mention, and correct me if I’m wrong, there don’t seem to be many wig shops around!” Chris is practically shouting now, causing a few people to turn around a look at the three of them.

“True, which is why Chelsea packed one that matches her hair almost perfectly, wasn’t cheap either but these extensions will hold up better than a wig,” Meg states, moving closer to him in an attempt to stop him drawing attention as Leah looks around and blushes.

“What the hell are you talking about? Chelsea didn’t pack anything; I did! And why the hell would she have packed hair extensions?” Chris questions, lowering his voice.

Leah pushes Meg's arm softly before she can retort, and sits down next to Chris who has now found a seat to calm his nerves. "She didn't, I have some stuff in my suitcase for you. See Chris, once it's all booked up in someone else's name, it turns out someone else can't just show up with the papers. Apparently to stop identity fraud or something, soooooo..." she trails off.

"You planned this, the three of you!?"

Meg smiles, "I wouldn't really call it planned as much as I would call it helped."

"You bitches are crazy! Screw this, I'm going to call a bloody cab and go the fuck home."

"Chris..." Leah says as she lightly grabs his arm as he walks away. "We all just want to have a good time."

"At my expense?!"

"It's not like that," she says. "It's just... we REALLY wanted Chelsea to come with us since like we are finally 18, and this is supposed to be like our big getaway. But since she can't make it we tried to think of a way are the next best thing."

"Then why can't I just go as myself!"

"It's not the same... Admit it, have you ever thought about what life would be like if you were a girl?" asks Meg.

"Hell no," Chris replies, his face deadpan.

"Oh come on, it's only for a bit, and you are getting a free holiday to Italy with two attractive girls," Meg adds in trying to sweeten the pot.

"So once we get to Rome, I can change back into guy stuff?" Chris asked, coming around to it, only slightly.

"I don't see why not," Meg replies, looking over at Leah with a stern face noticing that she's about to say something.

“So I just have to put up with it until I get to my hotel room?” Chris asks out loud, trying to make a decision.

“OUR hotel room,” smiles Leah correcting him.

“Fuck it....”

The female bathroom at the airport feels like foreign land already to Chris. Leah and Megan quickly sneak him into a stall.

“Let’s try to be really quiet while we are in here okay?” asks Leah. She is nervous about the whole ordeal but nowhere near as concerned as Chris appears to be.

“Don’t worry, he’s just going to put something on and I’ll glide it in,” says Meg in the crowded stall.

“Okay,” says Leah.

“Just hurry up,” asks Chris wanting this predicament to be over with as soon as possible.

Meg gets out the hair extensions that exactly resembles Chelsea’s long blonde hairstyle. The extensions have many clips that attach to Chris’s real hair. It is then pulled very tight against his head so there is no definite line of where the extensions start.

“How does that feel?” asks Chelsea.

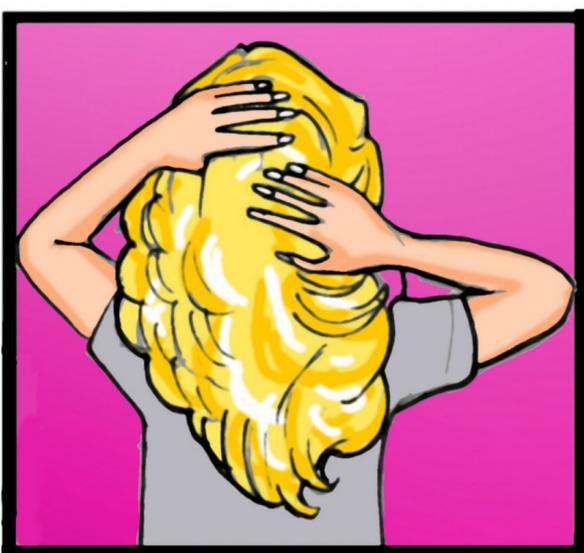
“It hurts and it’s fucking stupid,” says Chris. “ I can’t wait to take this shit off...”

Leah rolls her eyes and wonders if Chris will complain the entire trip.

Meg puts her hands on Chris’s shoulders and looks him in the eye. “I think you do need a little makeup...”

“I thought you said none of that!”

“Just some basic contouring and such. Leah and I don’t have much makeup on right now either since it’s so early. Just need some to make you a little more passable.”



“Don’t even think I’m going to wear one of your dresses...”

“Do you see how we are dressed?” asked Meg pointing to her t-shirt and leggings. “You look casual enough.”

The girls bring Chris over to the mirror and start to apply powder to his face to bring out the appearance of cheekbones.

Meg says, “And just for safety reasons to get by security, we need to call you Chelsea and use female pronunciation just to be sure. Do you understand that CHELSEA?!”

“Whatever...”

“Oh, and your voice...”

Chris mocks her by putting on a fake and over-the-top girly voice, “Is this better your Majesty?!”

“Better, but a little forced!” Leah replies encouragingly, as Meg applies a little more makeup to his face to hide his male features.

“Hmm, I’m not sure. I mean the face is fine since it’s early morning everyone looks crappy, but the clothes... They’re clearly guys...” Meg murmurs as she studies him.

“Who cares? I’ll be a tomboy!” Chris argues.

“Well that would be fine, on a girl, but since you’re a guy it just makes you look manly....”

“Ugh fine, what do you have in mind then?” Chris asks, regretting it the moment his mouth finishes.

“Yeah, your clothes are going to need to go and since this just doesn’t look right. Leah, can you grab a bra for him?”

Chris’s eyes get very wide, “What the fuck just happened there? That escalated quickly!”

“It’s just like your dick is showing a little through your jeans, and you don’t have any boobs yet.”

“Maybe they will think I’m trans?”

“That’s not right...” says Leah shaking her head.

Meg sneers, “Just do what I say... follow me back into the stall because someone is going say something if you take your shirt off and like somebody walks in... Quick!”

Chris is pushed into another stall with Meg as Leah passes over a bra from Meg’s suitcase. She also gives them a feminine T-shirt, pink panties, and a pair of yoga pants. She then throws under a few pairs of socks.

“Please tell me these aren’t Chelsea’s panties...”

“No, even better... they are mine!” says Meg.

“I’m not wearing your panties you sick freak! And what are these red stains?”

Meg glances at Chris, “Don’t worry, they are yours to keep.” She pulls down his pants exposing his boxers.

“Fine! Jesus, just leave the stall, and I’ll get dressed....” Chris says, taking the panties.

“Not a chance Chelsea, I can’t have you putting anything on incorrectly. Besides it’s no big deal, girls change in front of each other all the time,” Meg says folding her arms.

With all his possible exits covered, Chris has no choice. He turns around in the cramped stall, he slips off his boxers, which are immediately snatched away by Meg, although she doesn’t look pleased.

One foot at a time, he steps into the foreign garment and pulls them up his hairy legs, doing his best to get his junk comfortable adjusting it every few seconds.

“God, you take longer than us to get ready. Now if you’re done playing with yourself in your panties, we have a plane to catch...” Meg ridicules, draping the matching bra over his chest then clasping it behind, helping him slip his arms through the straps. The cups are stuffed with socks.

The rest is easier and Chris could do it alone, though putting on a top with long hair is a little awkward, not to mention the way the yoga pants fit, pushing his butt out.

Chris comes out of the stall and Leah gets her first view of him.

“Oh wow, that did make a difference! You look cute Chelsea.”

“Told you,” says Meg with a smile.

Chris glances in the mirror at the site of himself in his sister’s clothes with mock breasts and puts his hand to his mouth. “This is fucking ridiculous.”

“Your voice, it needs to change!” commands Meg.

“Well, what do you want me to do?!”

“Just stop using as much profanity and like talk very airy from your throat rather than your chest,” says Meg.

“Is this better?” Chris says in a new voice.

“Try more natural, not like you just sucked helium.”

Chris takes a breath “This? How about this?”

“That will do for now... What do you think Leah?”

Leah responds with shyness, “I just hope we don’t get in trouble...”

“Just a few adjustments!” Meg declares before putting her hands under his top and fiddling with the bra and socks inside each cup to make them look a little more even.

A small clearing throat noise causes them all to turn to the door, seeing a conservative looking middle-aged woman looking at them with a look of contempt.

“Ummm, hey...” Chris squeaked out in his new voice.



CHAPTER THREE

Check In



Check-in and the flight were rather uneventful for the two girls and an unwilling makeshift girl. Passing over Chelsea's passport, Chris thought for sure they would be caught and that he'd be all over the news as a cross-dressing pervert. Thankfully however, they got through fine, which knocked down his male pride a little. Though, he was thankful for no complications.

Sitting between the two girls wasn't the worst thing in the world. After all, what eighteen-year-old guy wouldn't mind that? Although he soon found that wearing tight panties and sitting down for long periods didn't mix at all. To Meg's great amusement, the film being shown on the plane was a comedy about a guy going undercover as a girl at an American sorority. Something that in his current predicament, he didn't find funny at all.

"Here you go," he nervously stammers out after landing at the other airport in Italy. Chris passes his sister's passport to the stern looking Italian airport employee.

The man with the mustache takes another glimpse of the cross-dressed boy after looking at the passport photo. "Graze signorina," he says as he signals for Meg to hand hers to him now.

"What does that mean?" asks Chris in a whisper to Leah.

"He said thank you!" she responds.

Chris lets out a sign of relief, yet exclamation of depression since there are no issues with getting in. That also means that the security guard really thinks he is a teenage girl.

Meg receives her passport back, and the group heads to hail a taxi. Chris is still getting used to the discomfort of wearing female clothes and hopes to wear something more comfortable once getting to their hotel.

Having the taxi driver take care of all of their luggage is a refreshing change, seeing as he usually has to help as a guy. The drive isn't long though it is fairly awkward with Leah gushing over how cute and feminine he looks even with minimal feminization to his body. Checking in is again, no hassle, as they receive their two keys to the room and head up the elevator to the fourth floor.

Clicking the little card key into the lock and then pushing the door open, Chris practically throws himself into the room. He is eager to change and get the holiday, as he sees it, started. Throwing the suitcase on one of the beds, he notices Meg smiling as she passes and Leah running shortly behind, her head bowed and low.

Unzipping the suitcase with a quickly rising sinking feeling, Chris's nightmares are realised.

"Did you figure out what you are going to wear tonight CHELSEA?" Meg says with a laugh.

"... I don't have any clothes here!" he yells. "This ALL Chelsea's stuff..."

Leah comes to his aide, "Oh no... How did that happen?" Leah places her hand on his back in an attempt to make him feel more at ease with the situation.

"... I packed all of MY stuff last night. You all must have planned this. Did Chelsea switch out my entire suitcase while I was sleeping?! Really... NO male clothes?"

"You aren't a boy anymore," Meg says tapping Chris's nose.

"I have something else you can touch if you aren't positive I'm a boy you crazy bitch!"

Leah speaks up after a gulp, "Calm down everyone..."

Chris looks at Leah, "Calm down? How would you feel if you had to be a boy during this trip?"

Meg interjects, "Speaking of your penis, we have to do something about that. This trip is about Chelsea being her with her besties which means we ALL have to make the best out of it. So that means girl mode, you know... the entire time." While saying this, Meg makes multiple sassy hand gestures to make her point and show her dominance over him.

"I knew you two were crazy for the airport situation, but you're completely

batshit insane if you think I'm going to pretend to be a girl for the whole holiday by wearing my sister's clothes!" Chris yells out, throwing the suitcase shut.

"I don't really see any other option for you. All you have here are her clothes after all, so you might as well get used to it. No such thing as a free holiday..." Meg says taunting him again.

"Yeah, but there's plenty of shops in Rome. What's stopping me from just going out and getting all new clothes?" Chris says, stepping towards Meg in a challenging way.

"Let's just all calm down and talk about this quietly shall we?" Leah timidly adds.

"There's nothing to talk about. Seriously, this is fucked up! Who even thinks about something like this?"

"Calm down please!" says Meg. "Look, we've already gotten this far. That security guy even thought you are a girl and we haven't even started with your makeover in the proper way.

"Proper way?!"

Leah speaks with her head down, "We have some ideas about how to make you... you know... a little more feminine."

"Again... fuck this! I'm leaving. Going to buy some NORMAL clothes, and I'll see you back here later. We can do our own thing while on holiday and just touch base once in awhile."

Meg pauses, "Are you forgetting something?"

"Not that I know of other than the fact that again, you are psycho evil ginger!"

"... You don't have YOUR wallet! All the cards and identification you have are the real Chelsea's."

"I have cash!"

“And the bank is probably going to ask for your identification if you exchange it for Euros you idiot!”

Chris stops dead in his tracks, turning back towards the girls, “Give me my wallet...”

“You mean may I have my purse please,” Meg replies calmly but still with her usual mocking tone.

“I mean give me my wallet now or I’ll call the police on you crazy bitches!”

“Hey!” Leah says, a little hurt at his name calling.

“Ha, and tell them what? There’s two of us so we can just say you stole Chelsea’s stuff like a pervert!”

“You two are the worst; you actually want me to dress up as her this whole holiday?!” Chris asks, almost begging them to come to their senses.

Both give different answers at the same time, a cheerful yes from Leah and a simple no from Meg, giving him hope.

“I don’t want you to, no. I want Chelsea here, but you’re the best alternative. You are twins and have really similar facial features. So yes, you’ll dress in her clothes. Yes, you’ll act like her and yes, you’ll smile like the happiest English girl in Italy!” Meg orders, her tone stern and absolute.

“But I have NOTHING to get out of this at all!”

Meg shakes her head, “Why does everything have to be about you?”

Leah smiles hesitantly, “At least you got a free trip to Italy?”

“I’m done with this convo. Something needs to happen,” he says.

“I agree,” says Meg.

“Bye bitch...” he says trying to reach for the purse.

Meg grabs him by his arm and then puts her hand over his mouth. “Just try being a girl for a day...” she says right into his eyes.

He blank stares her and wonders why she’s getting physical.

“This means a lot to us, and you’ll piss off your sister even more if she finds out you ruined our whole fucking vacation by acting like a little bitch. If she managed to already send you with her passport and suitcase full of clothes to a foreign country, imagine what she’ll do if she’s REALLY gets pissed off.”

Leah shakes her head in agreement.

Chris replies, “Or I could just not talk to her for a while!”

“That may be a little hard to do since you both still live at home together! Come on Chelsea...” Meg flips her hair again and crosses her arms.

“Why do you keep calling me Chelsea? This is so confusing.”

“It won’t be if you accept yourself as her in her place,” says Meg.

“That’s so bloody disgusting. Thinking about being my sister...” Chris looks down at the suitcase and rummages his hand through some of the clothes. “You really expect me to wear one of her fucking bikini and underwear?!”

“They should fit fine and you definitely aren’t wearing any more of mine. Although you can try on one of her bras if you want to pretend like you have her breasts,” smiles Meg.

Before he can argue or protest, Leah tries to calm him down and reason with him, “You are already wearing some girl stuff including underwear. I’m sure once you do it for a bit it will feel natural.”

“I don’t want it to feel natural. I’m a guy!”

“Really? Cause you look like a girl to me, and to all of Italy apparently. I don’t know any guys that could pass as their sisters” Meg once again can’t help herself from taunting him.

“Only cause we’re twins and you two have crazy skills with makeup!” Chris argues, trying to win back his male ego that Meg keeps knocking down.

“Oh that was nothing, just wait till we really get to work! You may even look better than Chelsea!” Leah adds in an odd attempt to comfort him.

“So it’s decided, Chris never came to Italy, but Chelsea did...” says Meg.

“When the hell did we decide that?!” Chris balks at Meg.

“We didn’t, I did!” says Meg inching closer to his face.

Chris mutters under his breath but knows there is very little he can do at this point. Although he wants a relaxing holiday, he knows he’ll now be subjected to Meg’s various taunts and threats. He still has yet to receive any form of contact from his sister back home. Leah seems much nicer about the situation, but he realises she’ll still part of the evil plan to feminize him.

Meg starts getting various cosmetic bags out of her suitcase and places them on the bathroom counter, which is very spacious surprisingly. Leah unpacks her things and places one shirt on one of the queen-sized beds. “Maybe that will look cute on you,” she says.

He turns his head away from the sight, but knows what is coming is unavoidable. “So how are we going to start this shit?”

Meg smiles, “It’s about time you come around. Help me get some of this stuff in the bathroom. I need to teach you everything.”

“Why?”

“I’m not going to do this for you every day! It will be more special if you learn to do it yourself.”

“So I’m supposed to master beautification in only a short time?”

“It’s everyone’s dream...”

Chris opens up his suitcase again. The desire to throw it out of the window returns once he sees the cacophony of feminine attire inside. Grabbing

Chelsea's, now his, cosmetic bags, he reluctantly trudges towards the bathroom.

“Great, you brought some of your own too. Won't have to borrow my expensive stuff all the time!” Meg says, throwing a sideways glance at him, still clearly annoyed at the situation of his hesitance to submit to feminization.

“Awww, c'mon. Don't be so harsh on her; you can borrow my stuff anytime Chelsea!” Leah cheerfully claims, placing a few things on the counter too and bouncing slightly with excitement.

What follows is a crash course in makeup and feminine hygiene. Something that Chris had no intention of ever taking in life. Training starts with what lotions and body cream he is to use in the morning and before bed to keep his skin radiant and smooth. Then, the foundation that will be best match his skin tone, which is likely to change a little with the warm Italian weather.

Next, he is shown the various tools: eyelash curler, tweezers, nail file and more. Then, the real makeup such as lipstick, lip gloss, mascara, eye shadow, eyeliner, and blush. It is all a little too much for him though he struggles through it knowing asking Meg again will cause her to flip out.

Makeup lessons are only the beginning of the journey as once they are finished, Chris's hair is the next matter of business. Unfortunately, he is reassured the extensions are made out of human hair and can do everything normal hair can such as being curled and washed.

“Ready to begin with your transformation girly girl?” asks Meg in her usual condensing tone.

“No,” Chris says sternly.

“Okay great! Wash your face with this stuff,” Meg says passing him a bottle rapidly with her manicured hand as she looks around the counter a bit.

Chris examines the bottle and notices that is a face wash with kiwi scent and something called Argan Oil. As a guy, he normally just washes his face with water and occasionally uses bar soap. For him, there was never a need

for any special scents.

“Why can’t I just use water?”

“Girls don’t do that!” yells Meg as she passes him a towel. He follows instructions and figures this is only a small first step in his slow transformation into a girl.

Leah speaks up from her shy state, “Should we make him take a shower?”

Meg replies, “Damn, I knew I forgot something...”

“You forgot shower stuff?” Leah asks knowing it’s not a big deal since hotels provide little cosmetics for guests all the time.

“No, he needs to shave...” says Meg.

“You have to be kidding! Come on, what else do you want me to do? Paint my nails and wear heels?!” Chris complains, knowing that shaving his face is a hassle, let alone will his legs be.

“Good ideas, though right now shaving will do, here!” Meg replies passing him a pink razor and women’s shaving cream. “Now after you do your legs, do your underarms and for good measure your arms too.”

“You expect me to do this by myself?”

Meg shakes her head and continues talking to Chris as Leah leaves the room. “Fine, I’ll help you, but that also means I need to shave EVERY part of you down there. Now strip you little sissy!”

CHAPTER FOUR

The Real Makeover

Shaving takes awhile due to the amount of excessive hair on his legs. Not to mention, Meg goes slow with the razor to not nick his legs during shaving. Getting every nook and cranny of hair removed is difficult, but eventually Meg is pleased enough with it though looking down at his now hairless legs will take a lot of getting used to on his part. Chris's pubic area, stomach, armpits, arms, and other reasons are shaved as well making him look much less masculine.

Chris has always found Meg to be highly attractive with her spicy red hair and unique facial features. He's honestly surprised that he doesn't get an erection while Meg is looking at him naked but maybe it is the high level of embarrassment that prevents this from happening.

Leah comes back in the room as Meg is applying lotion to Chris's legs. "What is taking so long? I can shave my legs in like five minutes," Leah brags.

"Good for you..." replies Chris.

"Shave your armpits, legs, and vag every day for this trip," demands Meg. "Should be much easier now that I showed you!"

Chris stammers, "What the fuck..."

"It will be good practice, and you won't have anything nasty showing."

"Luckily, no one is going to see my butt," he says.

"Better be safe than sorry..." says Meg.

Leah shyly asks, "Can I see it?"

"See what?! My ass?"

“I think she also wants to see your penis...” Meg says with a small laugh.

Something about the way she said that makes Chris get a little bit of an erection finally and pushes down on the towel in an attempt to mask it.

“I don’t think that’s a good idea,”

“Come on, just show me,” asks Leah again.

“I’ll show mine if you both show your boobs...”

In his failed attempt to get sexy, Meg pulls on Chris’s towel exposing his hard dick and shaved lower body.

The two girls share a laugh, partly at the fact that they think he is getting turned on by his feminization and partly at his embarrassment at being erect.

“I think I missed a spot!” says Meg with another one of her signature laughs.

Meg clutches his still slightly erect dick and holds it up so she can carefully shave the rest of the region to the side of his testicles. Gasping as she works, he tries to take his mind off of what is happening, fidgeting a little.

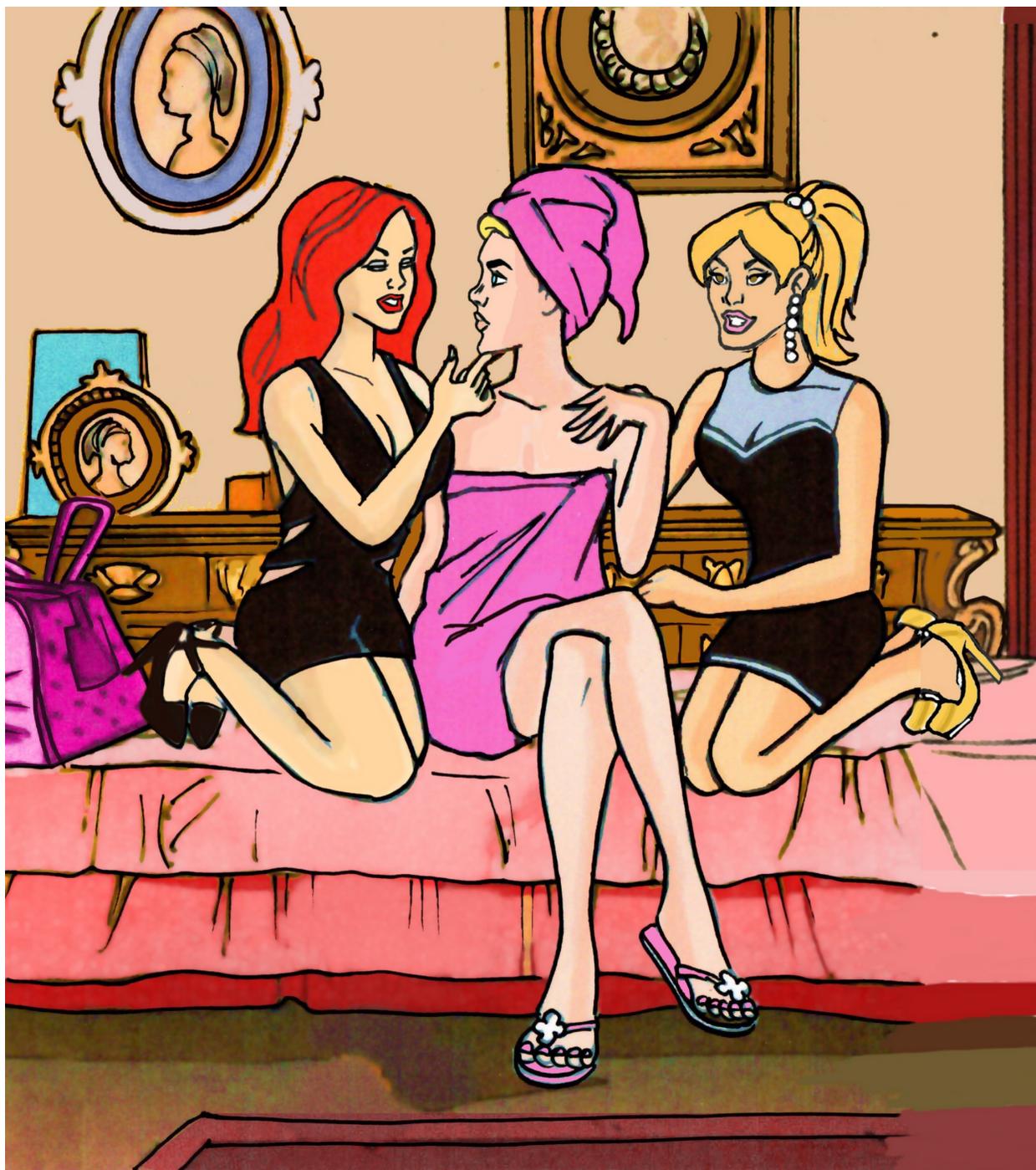
“If you don’t stop moving this is going to hurt a lot...” Meg tells him.

“It’s a little difficult with you holding my junk!”

“Maybe if you weren’t getting such a hard-on over being a girl, this would be a lot easier!” Meg scolds him. Before finishing up and turning him around, making him baby smooth all over before letting him put more lotion and cream on himself.

His towel is placed around him again only this time, around his chest.

Meg puts her arms on his shoulders. “Now let’s get started on actually making you over shall we?”



Leah goes into the other room to grab a chair for Chris to sit on as Meg prepares a foundation that will match his skin tone. She places some on his face in small dots and then uses a soft bristle brush that tickles him slightly as she spreads it.

“I’m going to contour your face a little to bring out some of your pretty

features,” she says. “No one will suspect you are a boy at all, and luckily you have a small Adam’s apple. Some makeup on your neck should take care of that as well.”

Chris asks, “Are you sure?”

Meg smiles, “Only one way to find out.”

Leah returns with the chair and he sits down.

“Can you heat that up for me?” asks Meg pointing to a curling iron that is on the counter but is not plugged in.

Chris’s slight erection is officially a thing of the past. The wig was able to get wet in the shower and not get destroyed due to its natural ability.

Meg makes a kissy face at Chris and leans forward slightly giving him a nice view of her cleavage. He closes his eyes making the same kissy face and is disappointed when it’s not her lips that touch his, but rather the edge of a lipstick container. She graces his bottom lip first then asks him to bring his lip in to spread it onto his top lip. In the mirror, he can see his lips are now a dark pink shade. She continues working on his lips with a lip lining pencil, giving a tutorial of what she is doing the entire time so that he may learn how to apply these things himself again in the near future.

After she is done with his lips, she grabs a palette with different eye shadow colours, pointing out to him each one and what matches what. Closing his eyes, Chris feels the light blushing on his eyelids moving upwards as she applies the natural soft brown colour, blending it with a darker shade afterwards on top closer to his eyes.

“Now you’re going to want to blink and move away but don’t you dare when I’m doing this!” Meg warns as she grabs the eyeliner, carefully and slowly applying it to top and bottom. Even with the warning Chris was finding it difficult, uncomfortable with something being so close to his eyes.

More simply and much less frightening is the mascara which Meg explains is to be held at the base of the lashes for a few seconds before moving up and to the tip while brushing side to side. Explaining it like a typical teen girl’s magazine, Chris sighs but can’t help but make a mental note of her

generous instructions.

Finishing up his face, Meg clears up his brows a little by grooming and plucking them into a fine arch. Moving from in front of him and letting him get a short glimpse fully in the mirror before Leah filled it up, “Now hair!”

Meg walks around Chris; she examines him like a test subject. She picks up a blow dryer and starts tossing some of his blonde hair in her hands. He is amazed that the wig is such high-quality that it can hold up to heat. Memories of Chelsea donating a large amount of hair in the past to an organization to provide wigs and extensions to medical patients comes to him. He thinks it is a little sick that he could very well be wearing his sister’s actual hair, even though it is highly unlikely.

After a few minutes, Meg finishes drying his hair and starts brushing it with a soft comb. Leah is playing with various hair clips on the counter trying to find the best for the imitation of Chelsea.

“Things are going to be very casual tonight. Just need to get you styled properly to emulate Chelsea. I’m thinking light night time makeup, cute hairstyle with curls on just the ends, and a sexy little black dress,” says Meg as she smiles with both of her hands fiddling with Chris’s hair.

“Can you please tell me again WHY I have to dress exactly like Chelsea? No one knows who she is here other than you two.”

Meg looks at him sternly, “We are the ones that matter! Plus, the idea is to start getting you to think as yourself as Chelsea. Is that understood?”

“Yeah yeah. You’ve really hammered that point home. Though, is the dress necessary? I mean I could just wear one of her tops, and there’s really no need for a bra. People can think I’m just flat-chested,” Chris suggests in the hopes of not having to slip into a little black dress.

“Ha, you think after we did all this with your hair and makeup that you’re going to ruin it by putting a casual top on and not looking pretty and dressed-up like us? No chance!” Meg scolds him.

He resigns himself to his fate and watches Leah masterfully tweak and spray his hair making it curl in the right places. It is the first real chance to

look at himself properly in the mirror, and he doesn't like what stares back at him.

Sitting in the chair, albeit in a manly way is his sister Chelsea. Even he can't tell the difference at this point with the makeup and hair dead-on in the way she usually styles it, "I never really realised just how much we look alike..."

"Who? You and Chris?" Meg jests again, clearly trying to get him to think of himself as Chelsea.

"Yeah, I mean, no! You know what I meant!"

Leah smiles, "You are actually really lucky. My friend Sarah once forced her younger brother who is kind of chubby to wear makeup and a dress, and it was really funny, but he didn't look like a girl at all."

"You really think I look like a girl?"

"Don't be stupid. You know we are beyond that point and we haven't even tucked away your sissy penis or given you breasts yet," Meg smiles brushing back some of her red hair from her ear.

Meg's comment makes Chris very uncomfortable to the point of feeling the top of his dick concave a bit, but he says nothing in response.

Leah gets out her phone and starts taking random photos at different angles of their creation to post on Instagram.

"I REALLY don't want any photos posted!" says Chris.

"We figured that, but everyone knows that Chelsea is coming on holiday with us."

"I HAVE to tag her in all of these!" says Leah.

"... What about CHELSEA... you know, the real one... my sister. What in the hell is she doing with all of this happening?"

Leah tilts her head, "Good question... but I'm sure she'll think it's cute. I'm

going to do hashtag: #gettingready.”

Watching Leah click away on her phone makes Chris even more nervous. Sure, he looks just like Chelsea but what if one of his friends sees her back at the house or around town? It would all be out with photographic evidence. Wasn't much he could do now however as they finish up the final lock of hair with the curling iron.

Meg smiles and says, “There, all done Chelsea!”

“You look so pretty. I'm a little jealous!” Leah adds in.

Even though they aren't the compliments he is used to, nor wants. Chris can't help but blush and look at the shy girl in the mirror. There are worse things than getting all this attention and compliments from two hot girls after all.

“Now let's get up and pick out your outfit for tonight sweetie. Black dress so black undies too!” Meg commands, lifting him up and swiping the towel away. Just like that, his little moment is broken and brought back down to earth.

Both girls laugh at the sight of him looking extremely feminine with his curled blonde long hair and exquisite makeup, but with a boyish stance and no boobs with a six-inch penis. Part of Chris doesn't know where exactly to grab but feels somewhat confident with his penis size despite the extremely awkward circumstances.

Something deep down inside Leah makes her a little turned on by looking at a girl with a dick, but she stays silent about her emotions. Meg feels empowered, and that's all she needs to get a rise out of her sissified creation.

“I knew there was something we should have done first...” says Meg.

“And what the fuck would that be?!” asks Chris.

“We should have done something with that thing...” she says pointing to his penis.

“What about it? It’s not like you can give me a sex change right here or magically turn me into a girl.”

“Or can we...”

He’s extremely taken aback by her comment and wonders what she has in store for him. Meanwhile, Leah is looking to the ground and trying not to stare at Chris’s dick.

“I did a little research. The last thing we want is for like you to get an erection or something disgusting or like bending over, and someone seeing that you have a big penis.”

“Usually that’s a GOOD thing!”

“Usually...” says Meg as she laughs. “I found this thing that some Asian drag queens do and it had this handy chart about how to tuck your penis properly, so it really resembles a vagina. It shouldn’t hurt too much and your testicles are going to be tucked in nice and tight so you won’t feel a thing. You probably won’t be able to get an erection like that. You’ll look like a normal girl down there so wearing Chelsea’s underwear won’t be an issue at all. Let’s lay you down on the bed and I’ll get my iPad that has the notes on how to do it.”

“Is this why you are single? You are this crazy all the time?!”

Meg shakes her head, “No turning back now princess! Leah, can you grab the super glue?”

“Glue!? You can’t glue down there!” Chris yells out as he is taken by the two girls to the bed and laid down.

“Oh relax it’s not just off-the-shelf super glue, it’s a special glue that’s fine for skin and comes off with another cream repellent. Same thing we are using for your chest!” Meg replies, grabbing a few things.

“What the hell are you doing to my chest!?”

“Well you’re a girl now Chelsea, and at 18 it would be odd if you had no breasts at all....” Meg calmly states while she points to two breast forms she

removed from a suitcase.

“You’ve got to be kidding me... Where did you get those?!”

Ignoring his protests, Meg goes about her work like a skilled professional. After he gets on the bed, she pushes his testicles up then pulls everything back into a mound shape before gluing it all leaving a small opening near the head of his penis so that he can still urinate. His mock pussy is glued and held by Meg’s hand for two minutes while it dries. He is in pain for much of this, but Leah holds his hand to comfort him.

Before Chris can get a chance to even look down at what she had done, two round orbs are placed down on his chest. He gets critical looks from Leah and Meg.

“Hmmm, I think that’s about right, even to you?” Meg asks Leah, all but ignoring Chris.

One nod later and the glue is in place, it’s cold, wet feeling makes him shiver a little. A few minutes pass in awkward silence as she waits for the glue to cement the C-cup forms.

“What do you think of your new pussy Chelsea? Do you want to touch it?”

The ability to get an erection has officially come to an end for Chris as his new pubic area is confirmed. Having his testicles glued is going to take some getting used to, and there is already a feeling of emptiness in his once prized region.

“You are fucking sick...”

Leah speaks up, “We are so sorry Chelsea, but you know it’s probably a good thing because now you can have fun with us on the beach and everything.”

“You want me to go in the water like this?”

“We can always just lay out and get some sun,” responds Leah.

“Guys are going to be all over you just as normal,” says Meg. “Don’t move

around too much, we have to wait a few more minutes for these breast forms to settle.

Chris looks down to see his breasts that now match the size of his sister; 34C. The breast forms have realistic-looking nipples.

“How long is this supposed to last?”

“Hopefully through this entire holiday,” says Meg. “But maybe a little longer depending.”

“And they come off easily?”

“We’ll see,” says Meg. “I still have to put some makeup around your cleavage and contour it to make it look really natural. While you are laying there, do you want us to put your panties on for you?”

“Sure, why not...”

Leah smiles and goes to his suitcase where she starts taking things out and placing them on chairs, a table, and whatever else she can find around the room. She stumbles upon the dozen or so styles of underwear that the real Chelsea packed for her brother and finds a black pair with lace trim around the waistband. She places them to the side and also picks out a hipster-style black pair with golden sparkles around the sides. Next is a bikini-style cut that are purple and have a stretchy fabric around the waistband.

She walks over to him and smiles, “Which of these do you like best?”

Chris is not impressed with the showcase as Leah holds each up and turns them around so he can see the front and back. “Are you sure I can’t just wear my boxers or briefs? What sick fuck is going to be looking up a dress!”

“Are you forgetting there are no male clothes here for you?” Meg says as she touches his nose to intimidate him.

“Ugh!!!!!!!” says Chris knowing she is right.

Leah tries to calm him down, “I think the first pair are going to work best for you, just step through.” She holds open both legs and waits for Chris’

now shaved bottom half to step through into a world of femininity.

Spinning around on the bed and then placing each of his legs through the holes, he cringes looking down at the smooth area where his penis used to be. Standing up, he lets Leah pull them up and into position comfortably.

“Wow, you fit those better than most girls!” she says, her typical ditzy smile making it so he can’t be completely mad at her.

He did have to admit, with the new tuck job they fit perfectly, and even more alarmingly, they feel very comfortable against his skin. Though he’ll never admit it to Meg.

Leah returns to the suitcase once again holding up the next torture device, a matching bra to fit his panties. Turning him around and clipping it up, she helps with each arm before making a few adjustments before clapping in excitement.

Chris places his hands on his new breasts, “Why do these feel so real?”

“Only the best for our special little girl,” Meg mocks.

“Don’t worry, unlike your hair, those aren’t from a human!”

“What the...” says Chris.

Meg returns with more foundation and starts tickling his chest with makeup to blend in the breast forms with his skin. He puts his hand on his back feeling the bra straps and realizing how unnatural it is for him to wear a bra.

“I’m so excited!” says Leah as she puts her hands together.

“Why?” asks Chris.

“Just because all of this is coming together, and you look just like your sister. We are going to have such a great time! I’m going to start getting ready as well.”

“I’m right behind you girly,” says Meg as she puts the last touches on

Chris's breasts.

Chris looks in the mirror to the side to get a glimpse of his new look, and the first thing he notices is the way his side boob looks in a bra. He no doubt looks just like his sister, although he can't say he's ever checked out his sister in her underwear. Although has seen her in a bikini and knew her figure. The appearance is dead on.

"How does your new vagina feel?" asks Meg.

"Really weird and even weirder that you are calling it that..."

"I think I know something that will help..." says Meg as she goes to her one of her many cosmetic bags, pulling out a red small leather bag. The contents of the bag include a bunch of period supplies as seen by Meg's removal of a few pads, tampons, and body spray in a travel-sized container.

"NO! I have to draw the line somewhere; I'm NOT fucking wearing a maxi-pad," says Chris as he puts his foot down at the thought of wearing something as useless as that.

"Would you rather put a tampon in your asshole? Come on it's not that big of a deal. Besides, your sister probably packed some for you, just in case it's that time of the month. This is just so that the panties don't rub too much against that area; it will be a little sensitive for a while," Meg lectures him, already moving towards him despite his reaction.

"Have you ever thought about a career as an evil villain?"

"I'm much too sweet for that..." Meg replies while yanking his panties down slightly and putting in the pad carefully before smiling wickedly. "Now keep your self-occupied while we're getting ready!"

"So I'm just supposed to sit around her in girl's underwear?"

"Well... if you want to dress yourself..." Meg says as she heads back to the bathroom.

Cursing her as she left the room, in his head at least, Chris pulls up his panties and again is annoyed to admit that she is right. The pad is providing

a comfort buffer between his new vagina and the panties.

Now what am I supposed to do while they take ages getting ready... Chris muses to himself, looking over at his suitcase.

He can hear the girls bantering about other topics in the bathroom and even hears the toilet flush once. Getting the rest of his things out of the suitcase, he finds a few dresses and the special one the girls mentioned. Chris remembers seeing Chelsea wear this little black dress a few times before. She usually wore it when going out with friends to somewhere nice or on a date. It's not overly formal, but it's not super casual either. It's a skater-style dress with a chic mesh neckline. Sadly, while holding the fabric to his busty chest, he knows he'll be able to fit into it with no issues. He can see it will be a little tight around his waist which will most likely make his hips look bigger. It comes down to about three inches above his knees on his freshly shaved legs.

Chris notices a few wrinkles and makes the subconscious decision to get the ironing board out in the room. He gets the iron and knocks on the bathroom door. The girls are playing music from one of their phones and laughing while curling hair and messing with eye makeup.

"The dress needs to be ironed..."

"You are taking care of that right?" asks Meg.

"Yes..." he says.

"Great!" she turns on the faucet for him so he can get the water into the iron.

Chris exits the room and plugs in the iron while placing the dress on the board.

He walks back to his wardrobe that is scattered everywhere and starts putting things in the dresser and hanging things in the closet. He then stumbles upon a few tights and leggings that Chelsea packed for him.

As he searches through the suitcase for anything even resembling male clothing, pushing a pink bikini to one side he sees a small piece of paper

with 'Chelsea' written on the front. Opening it up, he begins reading the neatly handwritten letter:

'Chris',

I know you're going to be fuming and you do have a right to be. But do try and think about others during this holiday. We've been looking forward to this trip for months now and I'm really gutted that I can't go and so were Meg and Leah. So much so that they were going to cancel. I really feel even though it's extreme this way they can have some guilt-free fun! Also, once you get back, I have a big surprise treat for you since you're being such a good SISTER!

*Lots of love,
Chelsea*

Putting the note down, Chris looks over at a mirror again. Looking himself over a few times before sighing, Chris says out loud, "I guess I really am **CHELSEA** for now..."

CHELSEA puts **HER** hands on a pair of black tights and walks **HER** way back to the bathroom to see the other girls. This time, she doesn't knock. They are still messing with their hair, and Leah's is in a completely different style than it was before.

"Do you think I should wear these?" she says poking part of her head in the door while waving the tights in her hand.

"Depends, but I guess you should get used to wearing them," says Meg.

"Okay," says Chelsea.

"Just be sure to wear them **OVER TOP** of your underwear. We also still need to do your nails. Oh, and you should have a pair of heels or two with you."

Feeling a little embarrassed at the fact that the two half-naked girls didn't bat an eyelid that she came into the bathroom unannounced, Chelsea strolls back to the suitcase quickly to find the two pairs of high heels. One is a black leather pair rounded at the toes and with a four-inch heel. The other,

a red peep toe style at about three inches.

Both looked impossible to walk in, and annoyingly Meg had mentioned a black dress, so she grabs the black pair and put them to the side of the bed while she struggles with the tights. It takes her a good few minutes before she realised bunching it up at the feet was much easier and eventually she gets them on and looking flawless.

Her body betrays her as she strokes one leg, enjoying the feeling of the hosiery encasing it. Shaking her head to clear her mind, she looks down at the heels laying at her feet and decides she best get some practice in at least.

Chelsea looks at herself in the mirror again and no longer feels like a boy. No part of her looks masculine at this point except for her hands. Looking closely at her fingernails, she wonders what the girls have in store for her. She remembers her sister taking awhile waiting for some to dry when doing nails in the past but other times would just glue on fake acrylics.

She places her attention back on the footwear and tries slipping her right foot into the red heels. Her foot is a little too wide for them, but she manages to squeeze in. The weight is much more noticeable than the athletic shoes she normally wears as a boy. Slipping the left foot heel on confirms the awkward feeling as she tries standing free.

Extending her hands to catch her weight, she bends her knees a little to prevent herself from falling. She's glad the other girls are still in the bathroom because she knows she would be made fun of, especially by Meg. Chelsea knows she can simply ask their advice, but instead practices trying to walk in them by herself.

Sticking close to the beds as she wobbles just in case she does fall, she tries to do a few laps around the hotel room walking past the giggling from behind bathroom door. A few more minutes of practice and she gets a little more confident, though only at walking very slowly and carefully, and with her hand on something just in case.

Just as she's walking by the bathroom door for the fourth or maybe fifth time, it swings open and a startled Meg looks over the stumbling girl. "Having trouble in those heels honey?"

“That’s an understatement, how does anyone walk in these?!” Chelsea complains, sitting back down on the bed without crossing her legs.

“With practice, so don’t worry you’ll be a pro by the end of the holiday. Though try to keep your legs together as much as possible, try walking on foot in front of the other like you’re on a runway,” Meg advises as she grabs another bag and heads back into the bathroom.

Following her advice, Chelsea does find it a little easier when she tries walking again. Though she still wobbles occasionally.



If these are this bad, how much of a nightmare would the four-inch heels be?

Moving back to her bed, she looks at the black dress she will be wearing and grimaces at its shortness. Nothing too bad for any girl but for one unfamiliar with wearing dresses, it is terrible.

Meg comes out of the bathroom wearing just a purple bra with black panties and starts searching through her clothes.

“Just out of curiosity, why don’t you get dressed BEFORE you do your hair and makeup?” Chelsea asks.

“It’s a habit and kind of depends,” says Meg.

“On what?” asks Chelsea.

“Wouldn’t want to get makeup all over my clothes and stuff you know?”

“Well there you go...” says Chelsea.

Chelsea feels tingling in her maxi-pad, but there’s nothing her former penis is going to do thanks to the glued tuck job. She knows Meg is really hot and loves the way her ginger hair is on one side of her shoulder. He sees her change into a short black skirt and a blouse that is dark purple as well that shows a lot of skin on her back.

Leah is a little more conservative as she gets changed. She too is wearing a black-coloured ensemble. It isn’t as poofy in the skirt area as Chelsea’s but does hug her figure tighter making her look she has more of a butt.

“Do you think you can do your nails by yourself or does our little princess still need help?” Meg asks in a condescending way.

“Umm.. What do you want me to do? It’s not like I’ve ever done this before,” asks Chelsea, not at all amused at the situation.

“There’s a pack of nails over there, just follow the instructions. Should take like 10 minutes to dry with a hair dryer once you put them on.”

Not wanting to ask Meg for any more help, knowing she would probably try and embarrass her, Chelsea grabs the plastic sheet and looks down at it. Rows of nails line it in ever increasingly feminine styles, trying to find the least girly; she settles on bright red ones.

“Ohhh sexy, maybe we should redo your lipstick to match?” Meg asks, watching as she takes out the ten nails.

“They aren’t sexy, they’re the manliest ones in there not my fault most of them are all pink and glitter...” Chelsea complains, throwing the sheet over onto the over bed but keeping the instructions.

Following the directions awkwardly, it takes her a few attempts per nail on the first hand but she soon gets the hang of it and the second wave of hand feminizing is a breeze. Looking up, she sees Meg motioning her towards the bathroom where the hair dryer is.

Kicking her heels off, Chelsea follows her and put her hands out. She feels the hot air warm her fingers.

“You do look great by the way. I’m actually starting to think you’re Chelsea myself,” Meg whispers, not wanting Leah to hear.

“Umm, thanks I guess. Though I can’t say I’m pleased with this AT ALL!”

CHAPTER FIVE

Eating Out

Chelsea walks nervously and awkwardly in her red heels between the two girls, her red high heels clicking on the cobbled pavement of the streets of Rome. She looks down at her feet so she can try and steady herself but also to hide her face from any onlookers.

Her red clutch is gripped tightly in her left hand as Meg and Leah notice her shy and anti-social behaviour.

“God Chelsea, lighten up. You’re on holiday!” Meg whispers into her ear.

“Easy for you to say. You’re not wearing these damn heels!”

“No, I’m wearing taller ones. I’ll be happy to swap!” Meg replies, pointing to her own black heels.

“No thanks. Don’t girls usually bring like flip-flops with them or something when wearing these out?”

“Sometimes,” says Meg.

Leah speaks up as the girls go around the corner on the street where their destination is. “Be a little quiet about stuff like that Chelsea. We don’t want anyone to get suspicious and get us in trouble!”

Chelsea remains quiet.

“This place should be right up here,” says Meg looking at her cell phone for directions to the restaurant they found on the Trip Counselor app.

“Great, I’ve been fucking starving all day,” says Chelsea still getting used to not only being dressed as a woman but speaking in a higher-pitched voice as well. She doesn’t think her speech patterns or mannerisms can be completely adjusted though.

Once inside of the restaurant, the three girls wait for the server to come and show them to a table, Meg takes the small moment to lecture Chelsea again.

“Enough talking like that, you look the part but if you don’t act the part, then someone will notice. We’ll see how embarrassed you get when that happens...” says Meg.

Blushing a little Chelsea looks down, “Ugh fine, I’ll act like my boring sister then, happy?”

“She isn’t boring, she can be pretty wild!” Leah adds in smiling.

Before she can ask how her sister is wild, the waiter strolls over greeting them all and then taking them to a small table at the back, holding their seats for them as they sit down. Something Chelsea isn’t used to.

They all take their seats. Chelsea’s dress is riding up a little awkwardly as the waiter places the menus in their hands. Once taking their drink orders, Meg turns to Chelsea.

“I think to help you get used to all of this and to avoid confusion, you should use the name Chris when talking about your brother back home.”

Chelsea makes a disgusting looking face, “That’s really sick, and there’s no way in hell I’m doing that.”

Leah takes a sip of water and replies, “It’s actually a really good idea.” She shakes her head up and down slightly. “It kind of makes sense also since like you know, you are here and not your brother...”

Chelsea understands the logic behind the girls’ decision but still can’t wrap her mind around referring to his real sister as his real self. She comes up with an alternative option. “Or how about we just not mention what’s happening back home at all for now and just focus on this trip?”

“Oh goodie!” Meg says clapping her hands lightly.

“What the hell makes you so excited about that?” Chelsea asks knowing she’s going to hate the answer.

“If we’re not mentioning anything outside of the trip, that means you can’t mention anything about the transformation. So welcome to full womanhood sister!” Meg says smiling over at her, while picking up her menu again.

Leah laughs a little before adding, “True, which means girls holiday can truly begin!”

Grimacing a little at the way they are calling her a girl, Chelsea sees no point in arguing. Especially considering how she looks. Taking her menu, she looks through it for something to eat. Thankfully, because the place is use to tourists, it has a side in English and she soon sees the food she wants.

“Everything on here looks so good!” says Leah.

Meg smiles, “I know, right? I tried learning a little Italian a few months ago and can recognize some things.”

Chelsea speaks up, “There’s English on there...”

Meg responds, “But that’s not as fun! I want the entire experience.”

“I see...”

“What do you think you are going to get Chelsea?” asks Leah.

“Probably the Braciolo. Haven’t had it before, but steak stuffed with bread crumbs and cheese sounds banging.”

Meg laughs, “Banging? What are you? A gypsy?”

“Oh, that does sound good. Much better than a burger or something,” says Leah.

“I’m surprised neither of you yelled at me saying I need to be ladylike and order just a salad or something.”

Meg laughs, “Ha, hell no sister. We like to eat as well! It’s kind of like that scene in that really funny movie *White Chicks* where one of those black

guys dressed as a white girl goes out on a date, and they ask ‘salad for the lady?’ but the bitch orders steak with a lot of onions and stuff.”

Leah pulls the menu closer to her face to hide the sign of laughter.

“A little too much like that film for my liking...” Chelsea murmurs, adjusting her dress again to try and getting it as low as possible.

“What about drinks other than water? Should we get a bottle of wine?” Leah asks.

“Ew no, I want a beer or cider,” Chelsea quickly argues.

“When in Rome Chelsea! Can’t just drink our usual drinks, I think wine is great!” Meg scolds. “Besides, you need to start getting used to drinking what we drink.”

“Oh yeah, and what is that...?”

“You’ll find out in the next following nights!” Meg says, shutting her menu and placing it down, smiling ever so sarcastically.

As the waiter comes back, they all place their orders. Chelsea and Meg get the same thing while Leah goes a little more conservative and orders Spaghetti Bolognese. The waiter leaves with their orders written down and Chelsea takes a moment to check what’s in the clutch she was given since Meg handed it to her just before they left.

“More maxi-pads?”

“You aren’t expecting to wear the same one all night, correct?” says Meg.

“It’s not like it’s BEING used...”

“This isn’t appropriate dinner discussion...” says Leah.

“Okay Mum,” Meg says in response to Leah.

Chelsea continues looking through the clutch. Her passport is in there along with a small billfold and a few debit and credit cards in the name of

Chelsea Henry. There's a small travel bottle of perfume and some band-aids.

"Nothing out of the ordinary, right?" asks Meg.

"Other than carrying this in the first place..."

"It's a good look for you. Matches your shoes perfectly," says Leah lightly tapping her pantyhose-clad leg against Chelsea's under the table.

Closing her clutch, she places it back down her lap before picking up her phone that she took out of it. Not being able to use any internet she instead just tries playing a mobile game. However with her new bright long red nails, she can barely do anything.

As time passed, and they sipped on the wine and ate some breadsticks that the waiter placed over, eventually Meg stands up. "Just going to the ladies' room, come with me Chelsea. Leah, can look after our stuff?"

Chelsea looks confused. "But I don't have to go..."

"COME," demands Meg.

"Fine..."

It is one thing being feminized in a hotel bathroom with two girls, but it's another to enter a public area when you are a guy posing as a girl.

The bathroom of the restaurant is dimly light with dark red and black décor. Meg immediately goes to the mirror and checks her face. Chelsea just stares at her without looking in the mirror herself.

"Ugh, I feel disgusting tonight."

"Why?"

"I don't know I just do," complains Meg.

As much time as Chelsea has spent with Meg, she is happy to see her finally acting a little more chill. She looks at this as a great opportunity to express

her real feelings. As Chris, he was always attracted to Meg thinking she was really hot. Especially with her red hair and how she puts her breasts on display constantly.

Chelsea smiles, “Well I think you are very pretty...”

Meg looks back at Chelsea, “Thanks sweetie. Just out of curiosity, why haven’t you looked in the mirror at yourself in here?”

Chelsea swallows hard, the less she sees of herself at the moment, the better. Though with Meg, she knows better than to refuse and leave. Turning to the large mirror she looks straight at the surprised looking reflection.

There was her sister, looking back with a puzzled face, matching every movement. “Ugh, this is so freaky...”

“I bet, though touch up your lipstick. Some of it smudged while you drank the wine!” Meg says while handing over a tube.

Looking down at the foreign object in her hand, Chelsea just looks back up at Meg, “What am I supposed to do with this?!”

“I told you already. Now hurry up. Don’t want to miss our food!”

With a shaky hand, Chelsea screws the bottom, watching the nude pink lipstick reveal itself. Taking a few deep breaths she does her best to imitate what Meg showed her earlier and finds it is not as difficult as she thought. Passing over a tissue, Meg laughs a little. “Lipstick is the easiest to apply. Though use a little less for touch-ups next time.”

“Thanks...” Using the tissue, Chelsea looks back in the mirror and forces a smile, blushing a little at just how feminine she looks.

“Right, now change your pad and let’s go eat!”

“Ugh, fine,” says Chelsea throwing her hands up in the air causing her bracelet to rattle as another woman walks into the restroom. Chelsea enters a stall and Meg joins her in the one adjacent to it.

The pink wrapper of the maxi-pad is a great reminder to Chelsea that she's in girl-mode. Not to mention the fact that she's about to put a maxi-pad over her boy pussy.

While she is in the stall, Chelsea decides to use the bathroom. She puts toilet paper down around the toilet and sits down since urinating while standing up is definitely out of the question in the current environment. If anyone saw her urinating while standing in high heels, they would most likely say something. Even if she were alone, her tuck job makes it impossible to have any control. So she sits down like a little bitch.

Being unable to shake like usual, Chelsea grabs some toilet paper and wipes herself, feeling the humiliation grow as she is behaving just like a real girl. Grabbing her new pad she slips it into her panties before pulling them and the tights back up, smoothing her dress out before trying to get her blushing face calm again.

Stepping out of the stall and putting the wrapper in the bin, she turns to a smiling Meg who simply says, "Good girl."

The ladies wash and dry their hands before heading back to their table. While Chelsea walks in front of her, Meg makes mental notes on how to get her friend to walk a little more feminine.

While eating Chelsea, manages to somewhat forget her current situation. The wine seems to help with that too. Relaxing a little and starting to enjoy herself a little more, the others notice it, and the mood is a lot more happy and tension free.

CHAPTER SIX

Shopping

The past two days have been extremely busy for the girls. They had a chance to visit the Colosseum, Pantheon, and go on various tours around the city. Visiting the Borghese Gallery was a highlight as well.

For Chelsea, she feels slightly more comfortable when she is allowed to wear casual clothes such as shorts and a T-shirt like the other girls since they have to do a lot of walking to do around the city. Walking around wearing a bra still feels a little unusual but after a few hours of wearing one each day, Chelsea is getting use to it.

Today, the girls are planning on visiting a shopping district to see what they can find. Chelsea doesn't want to go because she considers it a waste of time but Leah and Meg insist that she go for the experience of shopping in Rome, as a girl!

Wearing clothes that belong to her sister is one thing, but being forced to try on things and act like a girl who is excited to have a shopping experience is another.

After they pay the fare for the taxi, the three girls look around at the busy shopping district with high-class fashion stores all along the street. Chelsea's outfit for today is a pair of daisy dukes that are so short she thought them criminal and a basic tank top that is low cut enough to show the tops of her breast forms that create the illusion of God-given cleavage. Uncomfortable with showing this much skin, Chelsea returns to her embarrassed, shy state. She is wearing large white-framed sunglasses as well and a few bracelets with flat walking shoes.

Leah and Meg's attire isn't all that different; the hot weather demands it, and they have to keep it casual because of all the walking they are doing throughout the day.



“So what shops first? I’ll let you decide Chelsea!” Meg asks cheerfully, glad to be out of the boiling hot taxi.

“How about some shops with guy clothes?”

“Why’s that? Plan on buying your brother something? Or maybe a guy friend that you think is cute?” Meg teases him, causing Leah to giggle a little.

“Very funny...” Chelsea says crossing her arms.

The girls continue walking and look around Piazza di Spagna. Leah sees a mannequin dressed in trendy clothes with a large amount of jewelry on her. The store name is stylised in neon italics. “Save the Queen? That sounds British. Let’s stop in there!”

“So we come to Italy to shop at a British store?” replies Meg.

“Why not?!” says Chelsea.

“You are SO trying on a matching dress with me...” Meg says to taunt her friend.

Being dragged into the store is like a nightmare for Chelsea. Over the past few days, the clothes and everything else have been overwhelming but she is getting used to it. Hell, she’s even learning to enjoy a few things such as wearing casual dresses since it’s one piece of clothing that’s easy to put on and helps in high temperatures.

But now, it shopping is like throwing her in at the deep end. Surrounded by so many feminine things, she is unsure of herself.

“Oh, this is nice!” Leah says cheerfully, picking out a little red peplum dress. “What do you think about it Chelsea?” she asks holding out a piece of its material.

“It’s nice I guess,” Chelsea replies, still feeling flustered. Her friend’s attitudes are not helping the situation at all.

“Great, try it on then!” Meg announces behind her, grabbing the dress.

Chelsea walks with her dress to the fitting room with the help of an employee while Meg and Leah continue to browse the racks. Although they want to shop for themselves, there’s something about picking out outfits for their cross-dressed creation that they like. Leah holds up a very tight-fitted blue floral dress.

“She’ll look so cute in this!”

“Oh, that does look nice!” replies Meg.

Back in the fitting room, Chelsea is debating on whether to try the dress on or not. She could always lie and say she tried it on and didn’t like it but knows the girls will want to see what she looks like wearing it. The way the dress is cut proves how much cleavage she’ll be putting on display for the world to see.

Chelsea takes off her tight shorts and sees her panties sans-maxi-pad in the mirror. She rubs her finger along her crotch line for a bit of relief and then proceeds to take off her shirt causing her breasts to jiggle a little. Something that still takes some getting used to, though feeling the constant weight of her boobs alarmingly is starting to feel natural. Holding out the dress she sighs before holding it down and stepping into it, wriggling the tight thing up her smooth freshly shaven body.

Looking at herself in the mirror, she does have to admit if another girl were wearing this she’d say it was hot. Though since it is her in the mirror, and her breasts are on show she feels like it is a bit too much.

Biting the bullet and figuring it is best to get it over and done with, she steps outside of the small changing room and sees her two friends, both smiling but one with a pile of clothes draped over her arms.

“Holy crap, you’re a knockout!” Meg jealously shouts out.

“Do you like it?” asks Leah.

“Actually, I didn’t want to admit this, but it is pretty.”

“It shows off the right parts of your body perfectly,” says Leah.

“That should be what I DO NOT like, but it’s actually pretty comfy.”

“We picked out a few other things for you,” Meg says smiling.

“Oh great...”

Meg holds up a white bodycon dress with only a few pieces of cloth on the back in a mini-halter style. Chelsea notices that the fabric is slightly see-through and will show a LOT of leg considering it’s going to come up about a foot from her knee.

“Are you insane?!”

“No, because I found another one in a different colour that I want to wear, so let’s go in the dressing room and try them on together!”

Before she can even protest, she’s practically dragged into the changing room by Meg. Turning around she see’s that Meg is already stripping and without even a thought, she obviously sees it as just two girls getting changed together. A thought that scares Chelsea a little but also strangely comforts her. This is getting way out of hand.

Chelsea gets a glance of Meg in her underwear. This has happened multiple times on the trip so far and Chelsea doesn’t complain either time. She hasn’t had the ability to get an erection since her glued penis tuck job, but feels a little excited anyway. She figures if there’s any positive attribute about being forced to become her sister, it’s that this may be the last chance she has to get up close and personal with Meg.

She is wearing a light blue bra right now with matching panties, and Chelsea can see some of her camel toe action happening down there. She has thought about fucking Meg for months now but knows there is zero opportunity for that at the moment. Plus, it may be really awkward for the real Chelsea after this trip.

There is no arguing about dressing with Meg and soon both of them are in the matching skimpy dresses, even Meg looks a little embarrassed by the length, or lack thereof, but she still smiles seeing Chelsea look even more

flustered.

“Let’s show Leah!” she announces, pushing Chelsea out and following behind her. Leah smiles in her usual sweet way but adds in, “Wow those are crazy short! Haha, if you move your legs everyone will see your knickers!”

Leah takes a few photos of the girls smiling and holding each other wearing their slutty dresses. Meg even gets Chelsea to make a duck face and make a picture with one leg in the air bent at the knee. Another photo is taken with the girls showing off their hot asses touching together with slight views of side boob.



Chelsea knows it's all in good fun, but has no intention of wearing anything like this again. Meg on the other hand has other ideas.

“I think that dress is for you more than me. Goes with your blonde hair really well. If you wear like bigger earrings and we fix your hair up nice,

you'll be the star of the show when we hit the clubs."

Chelsea nearly jumped up with shock, "What?! What clubs? I'm not wearing this dress anywhere!"

"Oh stop your complaining. We've held off on going to the beach and clubbing until you got more comfortable but it's about time we did. Besides, in that dress you'll be the most popular girl in Rome!" Meg reassures her, or at least tries to.

"Yeah popular with guys! I can't go to a club dressed up. Nevermind in this dress!"

"Oh don't worry Chelsea, I have some heels that might fit you that would go great with that!" Leah says, not understanding what she meant.

"Good, then it's decided. Trust me you'll enjoy it!" Meg says, playfully slapping Chelsea's butt as she turns to go into the changing room, utterly defeated.

"We are forgetting something," says Leah.

"What's that?"

"Didn't you agree to stay in girl-mode our first night here? We really shouldn't be having this conversation in public cause someone might overhear us..."

"This girl has a point. She's so smart!" Meg says wrapping her arms around her friend for a hug from the side.

Meg continues her way back to the dressing room as Leah continues her conversation with Chelsea. "I mean, I would never wear something like that, but Meg has a point in that it does suit you very well."

"Do you think I WOULD really wear this...?" Chelsea says while winking, indicating that she means would the real Chelsea wear such a thing.

"... Wouldn't before, but sometimes changes are good. Plus when in Rome, remember?"

“Ugh.”

“Sure you don’t want to try anything else on in here?” Meg asks Chelsea as they both stand in their underwear.

“Never been more sure of anything in my life!”

“Kill joy, oh well I’m sure you’ll be more up to party once the cocktails get going!” Meg says doing a little-excited jump.

After Chelsea is forced to pay for the dress herself, the three of them leave the store and continue their window shopping spree, with a quick break they grab a bite to eat.

Before they call a taxi and head back to the hotel, the three of them, or rather two, decide a quick look at a fancy shoe store is in order, and Chelsea is forced to tag along for more Girl’s Day Out shopping adventures.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Club Life

After hours of shopping, the girls had dinner and went back to their hotel room to relax before getting ready for the night out.

The entire evening, Chelsea couldn't get the thought of wearing the skimpy dress she just purchased out in public. She confirmed her biggest fear with the girls is that her tuck job would remain concealed, for fear of a malfunction while wearing it the short dress. This predicament is one of the few times she wishes she had a real vagina so there would be no issues.

She has also noticed that Meg has become increasingly nicer as the holiday is progressing and wonders if it can be attributed to the fact that she has conformed to all of her rules and completely submitted to feminization.

Chelsea had to admit that since Meg has acted nicer and more laid back, she actually has had fun being with the girls. Maybe this dress, as horrid as it is, can be worth it just so the holiday stays pleasant. The thought does comfort her a little though she isn't so sure if it will later on in the night.

"Ugh, my feet are killing me. All of that walking and then you two made me try on those sky-high heels in the store!" Chelsea complains, rubbing her feet with pedicured toes shining.

"Haha yeah. Those were super high! But you walked well in them which means you're getting better at it! I'm almost proud," Meg laughs as she lays out a few dresses on her bed.

"I am proud of her. She also did her hair and makeup alone today. Though use less eyeliner maybe," Leah laughs while hugging Chelsea softly.

Chelsea looks in the mirror. She does have a heavy amount of makeup on with pink lipstick, blush with some glitter showing, eyeliner, and dark eyeshadow. She tosses her blonde hair a little which has been volumized and curled at the end. Chelsea has been sleeping with her wig on every

night since according to the girls; it's difficult to remove and has grown accustomed to the feeling of having long flowy hair. Her earrings have small rubies held by three small silver hoops.

As Chris, he never saw his sister dress like this but thinks that she may have done something like this if she were the one in the room right now with her friends. It is a holiday after all. Chelsea takes a bottle of body mist and sprays her torso and thigh area with the scent of black vanilla, frozen pear, and blooming gardenia.

"Spraying your thighs in the hope of someone's head will be down there?" Meg questions teasingly.

Chelsea blushes, imagining a hot Italian woman seducing her. Though the dream is broken when she looks down and see' her long, smooth legs and pedicured feet.

"Maybe you'll meet a cute guy!" Leah cheerfully mentions while doing the finishing touches of her own makeup.

"What?! I'm not gay!" Chelsea yells out though in her female voice, it sounds a little ridiculous. Over the past few days, not only has she become better with speaking as a female but has also properly emulated the real Chelsea's voice.

"Good thing since we're sharing a bed tonight!" Meg says giggling to herself as she slips into her own black dress.

It is a simple black dress, the hem finishing just above her knees while it clings tightly to her body. The halter-neck style top allows for her ample chest to be displayed elegantly.

Chelsea admires Meg's breasts that are about the same size as hers, but completely natural. She likes the idea of sharing a bed with her as the room has only two beds, but Leah and Meg have shacked up the past few nights, but they agreed to take turns, so everyone gets a bed to themselves at some point during the trip. She remembers seeing all the girls passed out during a slumber party back at home in the past but never once did 'Chris' make a move.

Leah is currently wearing just a white bra with a matching thong. She is undecided on what to wear despite only having three outfits in front of her.

“Going out like that Leah?” asks Meg.

“Ha, I think I’m just going to do the blue skirt.”

Chelsea watches as Leah steps into a tight blue mini-skirt that makes her look like she has much more of an ass than she does. She’ll definitely have to cross her legs carefully each time she sits down unless she wants to give everyone a show. The outfit is completed by a white top with a sheer fabric. It shows off much of her stomach and proudly displayed naval piercing.

Meg notices Chelsea’s staring and places herself next to her on the bed, “Admiring her naval piercing? Maybe we can get you one too!”

“Ha, no way...”

“Aww why not, maybe even get you a lower back tattoo!”

“You mean a tramp stamp. Call it what it is. Having me get my ears pierced here is one thing but no tattoos for me!” Chelsea says, getting slightly annoyed.

“Well, in that dress...”

“You made me wear this?!” Chelsea objects, still not sure if she will even go out in this skimpy number.

“Oh, would you two stop your flirting haha,” Leah giggles, adding in a twirl to show off her completed outfit before grabbing a purse. “So are we set to go?”

The ladies have their eyes set on going to Dramadom, one of the hottest new nightclubs in town that they have heard about online. Since Chelsea is still bitching about walking in heels, the girls take a taxi that drops them off right in front of the club. Chelsea is extra careful to keep her legs close together as she gets out of the car. Although she’s only has a man-made vagina for a few days, she has sadly gotten used to the feeling of not having

a functional cock. A secret she's keeping from Meg and Leah out of the fear of humiliation.

The line is long outside of the club, and Chelsea start to head to the back of the line with Leah.

"Where are you going?" asks Meg.

"Getting in line?" says Chelsea with a confused expression.

Meg brings herself into the personal comfort zone of Chelsea to whisper into her ear., "We are way hotter than these bitches in line. Let's just talk to the door guy..."

Chelsea doesn't know how to feel about Meg's assertiveness but follows along. The three girls get death stares from others who have been standing in line for nearly an hour as they approach the heavy set bald guy who is in a black suit.

Meg puts on her best smile and says, "Ciao parli inglese?"

The bouncer looks at the three girls, one smiling seductively while the other two look down a little shy. His eyes roam over Meg's chest, Leah's naval, and then stop on the ridiculous amount of thigh Chelsea has on show before smiling himself and opening the door with one arm. "Godere."

Meg gives Chelsea a quick 'told you' so look before waltzing in full of confidence. Leah tags along closely behind. Not wanting to be alone for a second, Chelsea takes a deep breath before stepping inside while a few guys in line check out her ass. Meg quickly slaps her on the butt on the way in to be playful and knowing guys like that sort of thing.

The club is pretty similar to a few she had been to before in London; loud music, flashing lights, and girls that are barely dressed. Though Chelsea is now one of them.

House music is blaring, and everyone is very well-dressed. Chelsea can't keep her eyes off of the other women in the club but knows she shouldn't stare too much. She always remembers that attractive women seem to act differently in clubs and especially feels weird that she can feel guys staring

at her ass as she walks by.

The ladies head to the bar area, but Meg makes no attempt to get service from the bartender. Instead, she engages in small chat with the girls.

“This place looks so cool. Glad I got us in Chelsea?”

“You seem to know how to work your magic...”

“Wouldn’t be the first time I’ve gotten a guy to do something I’ve wanted.”

“I’ve noticed...”

Leah continues to stand there being shy and just having her hands in front of her with her clutch looking cute. She’s wearing more eye makeup than normal tonight and has the front of her hair curled. Some guys pass by and say a few words in Italian that they can’t understand, but the guys continue walking as they glare at the attractive English girls.

Before long, two tall Italian men approach the ladies.

“Ciao, English right? Or American?” the closest to Meg asks.

“Yeah we are English. We’re on holiday!” Meg answers eagerly, pulling Chelsea close to engage her in the conversation.

Looking at the two guys, Chelsea notices they’re dressed not too different to how she used to when she went clubbing as a boy. Smart shoes and trousers with a nice button-down shirt, clearly trying to impress the girls. Looking up at them even in his heels, they’re both taller and much more muscular looking; probably about 6’ 2” each.

“I thought so. Enjoying our country far?” The other one asks in a thick Italian accent, looking over at Chelsea this time.

A little awkward silence happens until Meg pinches her arm. Chelsea replies, “Yeah, Rome is pretty cool.”

Antonio is wearing a white designer button-down while his friend Giovanni is wearing a purple silk shirt. Antonio gets a little more personal, “And what

are your names?” he says smiling.

“Chelsea.”

“Leah,” she says with a small wave.

“Meg.”

The girls give very short answers but smile as they do so. Antonio and Giovanni extend their hands and let them know their names as well.

“What are you ladies drinking tonight?” Antonio says with a smile.

Leah starts, “Absolut Red Bull.”

Meg says, “Absolut Cranberry.”

Chelsea says, “Absolut and Coke!”

As the guys pay for their drinks, Meg takes the opportunity to whisper in Chelsea’s ear, “I think they like you, which is more your type?”

Chelsea rolls her eyes, getting a little more used to her constant teasing. “Those girls over there are a little more my type,” Chelsea replies, pointing subtly to a few girls ordering drinks.

Before she can reply, the guys return handing over their drinks and smile continuing the small talk. This time, more with Leah and Meg, who were much more interested in flirting with them. Chelsea just downs her drink and admires a few girls dancing.

Chelsea starts to debate her existence for a moment. Here she is standing in a nightclub full of attractive people, but is an attractive girl and is getting male attention. Yet, her personal sexual orientation is not changing, especially considering it has only been a few days since her makeshift sex change. She starts to debate what it would be like if she were to hit on another female here. As a guy, ‘Chris’ heard stories before from straight female friends about how they fantasized about just having a lesbian one-night stand with an attractive girl. Maybe luck can happen with one of these Italian girls tonight.

She scoops the room looking at who would be the most approachable. Meanwhile, Leah is getting quiet while Meg continues a conversation with the guys. They can tell she is easily the most outgoing and maybe Chelsea is there just to cockblock. That's when Giovanni gets the great idea to engage her more.

"Chelsea, what do you like about Rome the most so far?"

She pauses for a moment before answering, "Everyone seems so much more attractive here than back where we are from in Kent, England."

"Enjoying the Italian guys then?" he asks confidently, smiling.

Before Chelsea can reply with an obvious rejection, Meg jumps in and says, "Yeah she's a little shy but she's happy to look at the guys, haha!"

"That's great to hear, would love to see the three of you on the beach, I'm sure you'd all look beautiful."

Chelsea can't help but blush a little. It is her first time being complimented in a club; sadly it is from a guy though.

"Why don't we go for a dance?" Antonio asks, motioning for them to head away from the bar.

"Sounds great!" Meg replies for the three of them again, grabbing both Leah and Chelsea's hand.

"Actually, I don't think this is a good idea," says Chelsea.

Chelsea whispers, "Just one song and then we'll ditch them."

Two hours later, the girls are about six drinks in each thanks to various men they have met around the club. Leah is having a hard time keeping her eyes open but is still on the dance floor while Meg has made out with about two guys already.

Even though she claims to still be straight as a guy, that has been proven to be somewhat of a lie considering Chelsea is currently grinding her butt against a random guy who started touching her ass on the dance floor.

He is getting pretty hard seeing her white ass bounce on top of his dick. Luckily, there are no signs of Chelsea having a penis either and she prefers to keep it that way, at least for the moment.

In her current intoxicated state, Chelsea starts to enjoy herself, forgetting about being a boy and just concentrating on having fun. Bent over with her butt against him, she can feel his hands explore her body a little before she's spun around. Face to face with the stranger she was just rubbing against she blushes a little before and to her surprise, she feels contact on her lips.

His strong arms around her waist pull her in so she can't push back, not that she is trying too. Much to her own surprise, a mix of the clothing, situation, and alcohol are pushing her, urging her on.

She closes her eyes and goes with it, feeling his tongue push passed her lips. Suddenly though, she feels a tug on her arm before she's pulled away, blinking a few times until she sees Meg.

"We need to go!" says Meg as she pulls her friend away.

Chelsea looks behind her at the disappointed guy, but is a little tipsy and stumbling. Leah and Meg pull her out of the club where her ears are greeted by the lower volume of the streets of Rome.

"What was that about?" asks Chelsea.

"Some creepy guys kept bothering Leah and me," says Meg.

"Wait, so it wasn't about what just happened with me?"

"You looked like you were having fun! But there will be plenty of time for some play action later," says Meg.

"What do you mean by that?"

“We are going somewhere else, just not here...”

Walking down the street, the ladies stumble into a quiet wine bar that is dimly light.

“This is MUCH different than that last place!”

“Yeah, we can relax here and hopefully not get raped on the dance floor!”

CHAPTER EIGHT

Fun Fun

After they relax a little and drink some water to calm down, the girls call it a night and head back their hotel room. They stumble a little but thankfully for Chelsea, she is holding her heels and walking barefoot.

Getting back to their room, Leah immediately crashes on her single bed while the other two girls start stripping out of their clothes. This time, however, it is Meg who admires Chelsea taking off her dress and exposing her undies.

In her thong and matching bra, she looks every part the natural female, the breast forms and tuck job make sure of that.

Meg leans back on the other bed giving Chelsea a very clear view of her body.

“Leah passed out so quickly! Sure you don't want to share the bed with her again?”

“Come here...” Meg instructs patting down a part of the bed.

Chelsea follows her directions and lays next to her underwear-clad friend.

Meg sits up a bit, “I think did very well tonight. Like, everything felt natural, and you are such a good friend.”

“Aw, thanks Meg. You know, as much as this is a little ridiculous... I did have fun tonight!”

Meg lays back down on her side with her hand holding up her head and asks, “So what was it like making out with that guy?”

“Eh, I wouldn't have done it if I wasn't this drunk!”

"It's actually kind of hot that he had no idea about the truth."

"You think it's hot?..." Chelsea whispers out, a little flustered.

"Yeah, the fact he had no idea what was really down there, was exciting, like dangerous," Meg continues, not bashful in the slightest.

Chelsea blushes, "I guess. It's kind of a bit of a haze. Happened pretty quickly..."

"Don't worry, next time I'll leave you to it. Who knows how far it will go!" Meg teases, giving her a sly wink.

"Ha, thanks. Though we both know it can't go that far. It may pass for a vagina when I'm wearing panties but it's not functional."

"Can I see it?"

"You already saw it when you glued my dick!" Chelsea laughs.

"I just want to see how it's holding up."

Chelsea pulls down her panties quickly to give Meg a view of her freshly shaven boy pussy. It really does look like a vagina, and there is no hint of a penis being there.

"Still looks great," says Chelsea. "Now you know how we feel all the time."

"But you also aren't trying to hide from people and conceal the truth!"

"That's true," Meg laughs as her long hair tosses on part of her face.

Chelsea finds Meg to be extremely attractive in her cutish girl ways.

"Although you know that guy definitely wasn't the person I wanted to make out with tonight.

"So even with that tuck job. you still wanted to make out with girls at the club?" Meg asks, still able to see the perfectly smooth appearance down there.

"Of course, there were tons of hot girls there, including you and Leah." Chelsea blushes at the last part, calling her two friends hot.

"Oh really? You think I'm attractive?"

"Well yeah, of course. You know you are, haha," Chelsea jokes, trying to make light of the situation.

"I'm sorry you had to settle for that guy in the club. Though the night is still young..." she apologises.

Chelsea's heart skips a beat as she sweats a little. Was that an invitation? Did she read that correctly? She knows she can't do anything just in case she is kidding, but she wants desperately to kiss her.

In Meg's mind, she knows her little sissy creation lacks balls right now, but should have some confidence in herself to make a move. Then again, she realises she's been playing the dominant role and wonders if she should make the move.

Chelsea finally finds the courage to lean in and put her hand on the back of Meg's head to lay her back down and leans in for a kiss. She feels her lipstick-clad lips feel her friend's. Meg's arm finds Chelsea's bra strap and runs her finger along it.

The two girls continue kissing with Meg getting a little aggressive with her tongue. She must be wanting to give it proper warm-up exercise for what is probably coming later.

After a few more deep, passion-filled kisses, Meg moves around pushing Chelsea back, so she's fully on her back, lips still locked. Chelsea submissively goes along with Meg not wanting to break the moment, letting her do as she pleases.

Unclipping her bra with one swift pinch, Meg almost rips it off her, throwing it down beside the bed. Moving her head back breaking the kiss, she looks down at her feminine creation. Chelsea's breast forms move in sync with her breathing.

Smiling down at her, Meg slides herself up Chelsea's smooth body until

Chelsea's face is inches away from her now wet panties. "Let's see if you can use that tongue as good as a real girl..." she whispers seductively, not waiting for a response. They both move around and position themselves in the sheets of the bed.

Chelsea reaches behind Meg to grab her ass and then the back of her panties. She moves her hands to the sides and slowly pulls them down exposing Meg's pussy in her face. She grabs a scent of her natural juices in addition to the perfume she sprayed down there earlier in the evening. It also looks like Meg waxes instead of shaves as there are very few bumps around her vagina. Meg reaches up for Chelsea's face.

Pulling her hair into makeshift-pigtails, Meg guides Chelsea's face into her pussy. At first, Chelsea's nose hits her clit and starts massaging it before she leans down a little to lick from her vagina opening to her clit. Meg relaxes and tries to clear her mind, although can't help but think of this as a memorable experience but not sure to consider it as lesbian or transgendered sex; perhaps both. She's mostly into the domination aspect as she has put Chelsea into a very submissive state.

Although Chelsea has given girls oral before, being considered a girl during it is a new turn-on. She likes that she's considered to be a very attractive girl and that an equally hot girl wants to have her clit massaged by her. Meg lets go of her hair and wipes her own head a little of sweat. Chelsea brushes her long hair out of her face and touches Meg's inner thigh.

She really wishes her cock could come free, but knows it is unlikely due to the high-strength glue. Chelsea thinks that Meg probably wishes it could come free as well so she could fuck her. Oral will have to do for now.

As she kissed along each thigh, trying to make the moment last for as long as she can, Chelsea looks up and see's Meg panting, getting more and more worked up. Eventually, she can't take any more teasing and grabs Chelsea by the hair pulling her roughly towards her pussy again.

Only too eager to please, Chelsea continues her kissing and licking. Chelsea loves feeling the wetness on her lips each time and the taste of Meg's moisture on her tongue. Her hands rub the outside of her thighs as Meg keeps a strong grip on her hair. Even though it's a wig, it still hurts when she tugs because of the extension clips tightly attached to her real hair. But

she finds it only adds to the enjoyment and kinkiness of this girl on girl love session.

Soon Meg is rubbing herself up and down over Chelsea, wanting as much as she can get greedily, her thighs shaking a little as she whimpers.

Little does Chelsea know, Meg can orgasm pretty easily and has already done so twice. She keeps her little secret discreet though in hopes of getting more pleasure from her feminized friend. She thinks Chelsea is doing an amazing job and is glad she requires little to no instruction on how to eat pussy.

Both girls hear Leah make a noise and then turn over in her bed. She still seems passed out from the night of drinking and not aware of the lesbian action happening only a few feet from her. Chelsea continues licking Meg's clit but does so in a more rapid movement. This time, Meg can't control her emotions and makes a loud yelp while covering her eyes with her hands.

As her third orgasm washes over her, leaving her shaking a little in ecstasy, she moves back, no longer smothering her sissy lover. Sitting back down by Chelsea's stomach, she takes a few breaths before smiling down at the sight.

Chelsea's hair is a tousled mess, and her face is slick with juices. Leaning down, she again locks their lips in a heated embrace, their tongue's caressing each other.

Meg gets her second wind pretty soon and starts to slink her way down Chelsea's body kissing her on the way down. Even though they are not her real breasts, Chelsea could almost feel it as Meg kisses on them, hoping she is going where she thinks she is working her way to.

While accepting her breast kissing action, Chelsea places her right hand on Meg's left butt cheek and gives it a firm squeeze. Meg starts to roll her tongue around Chelsea's nipple, although it causes nothing other than an emotional sensation. Chelsea moves her hand around feeling more of Meg's plump butt and thinks about asking her for anal as well.

In Meg's mind, she is still enjoying the moment of doing sexual things with her submissive feminized creation. Although close friends, nothing sexual ever happened between the real Chelsea and Meg in the past other than

practicing making out with each other when they were a little younger and of course, seeing each other naked when changing. Meg just likes the idea of fucking someone who obeys her commands and has had lesbian thoughts involving other females lately. Now is the best time to experiment, especially while on holiday.

Meg moves her kisses down to Chelsea's belly and puts her hands on Chelsea's thighs to start spreading her. She makes her way down to where Chelsea's pubic hair used to be and starts planting kisses down there.

Chelsea is getting nervous and doesn't know what to expect. Of course, if her dick were in proper working condition right now, she would love a blow job but for now her boy pussy is going to have to do.

Meg enjoys her subject's embarrassment of not having her usual private parts down there, being sure to act as if it's all completely natural for Chelsea to have a pussy. She starts to place small kisses in between her vagina and belly button as well as around thighs.

After a little while, she turns her attention further down kissing passed her fake sissy pussy to tease her. She has done this a few times with ex-boyfriends but has to admit doing to a girl is much better.

Closing her eyes, Chelsea lets out a soft, passive moan from between her glossed lips, catching herself midway not to be too loud to wake up Leah.

Meg is careful as she spreads Chelsea's legs a bit farther apart so she can good look at her boy pussy. The glue is holding up well, and she can see her enlarged clit, which in reality is the head of her penis.

Chelsea puts her hand on top of Meg's head and pulls her hair a bit just as she normally does during oral sex. She's hoping her dick will burst loose, and Meg will get a real mouth full. Although Chelsea is turned on, an erection is almost physically impossible due to the restraints of her tuck job.

Meanwhile, down at Chelsea's vagina, Meg is moving her lips around the outskirts of the opening. She then slowly slides her tongue in where it meets Chelsea's clit, which is in reality, the tip of her dick. Meg assumes Chelsea should have a very pleasurable experience with her.

As she feels her legs spread even further, Chelsea goes with it hoping against all odds, Meg is removing the tuck job and freeing her currently tiny member. To her surprise and anger however, she soon finds out the real reason.

A cold, wet finger is pushing against her, probing and trying to force its way in. Being just a finger, it isn't too painful. Just more unexpected and unaccustomed. Trying to crawl away a little, Chelsea goes to complain but is met with a strong grip on one of her legs and strict look that says 'don't move, you might just like it' somehow at the same time.

Biting her lip quite literally, she lays her head back on the pillow. Her long, blonde hair flows in all directions as she accidentally looks down and gives a demure and sexy look down towards her currently lesbian lover.

As her longest finger pushes its way inside, Meg continues her kissing down at Chelsea's man-made vagina, letting her grow accustomed to her finger before. Again much to Chelsea's protests, she adds a second finger.

This one goes in much more smoothly and comfortably. Before long, Meg can't help but get a little carried away as she pushes the fingers in and out at a steady but growing pace. Before long Chelsea is inadvertently pushing back against it, her hands above her head placed on the head rest for grip.

Abruptly, the now exciting feeling left all at once; her now accustomed body feeling a little empty as she opens her eyes to see a smiling Meg waving her very own hairbrush in front of her. Frighteningly for Chelsea, Meg is holding the hairbrush upside down.

“What is that for?” asks Chelsea.

“As much as I wish I could take a strap-on to you, this will be the next best thing!”

There is a fear in the eyes of Chelsea as she tries to imagine where that thing will go. Meg lightly brushes the side of Chelsea's face with the handle in an attempt to tease her a little before bringing the handle back to her mouth and moving it back and forth for some lubrication. Forcing the hairbrush handle into Chelsea also makes Chelsea think about giving oral

sex to a guy, so she closes her mouth for a moment to imagine sucking dick.

Shortly afterwards, Meg gives Chelsea a moment to breath. "We can't do this!" says Chelsea, still trying not to wake up Leah.

Meg places her hand over Chelsea's mouth, "We are going to do what I want..."

Falling deeper into her submissive sissy role, Chelsea just murmurs a little but offers zero resistance as Meg moves between her legs placing the hairbrush at her waiting entrance. Mentally, she doesn't resist but her body still does a little as Meg forces it in just a bit so she can get used to the size and shape of having a hard object inside of her.

Chelsea thinks about complaining but has to admit to herself there is a huge part of her that wants it as well. She has flashbacks spiral through her head of the guys she grinded on in the club and the man she kissed as she feels the penetration push deeper and deeper.

"Someone's enjoying themselves. Imagining something else?" Meg teases, seeing her eyes closed and lips quivering.

Due to Meg's power over her and her own personal intoxication, Chelsea starts to imagine the end of the hairbrush handle as being a hard cock of a guy going into her. Thoughts of a guy ramming into her come to mind but Chelsea also imagines the possibility of Meg having a penis. Her eyes remain closed as Meg continues to thrust the object into her causing the hard end of the brush to hit Chelsea's boy clit with no problem. Unfortunately due to the nature of the tuck job, the handle can only go so far in. Meg considers putting the hairbrush in Chelsea's asshole, but decides to keep it where it is.

Meg smiles as she watches Chelsea moan like a girl. She balances herself with her knees and uses her free hand to play with Chelsea's breasts as well. She wonders if Chelsea has the ability to orgasm like this or not and figures there is only one way to find out.

Moving herself so she can get as much force and penetration as possible, Meg starts twist the hairbrush while pushing it against Chelsea's clit. Moving it like a piston in and out, she uses the index finger of her left hand

to find the top of Chelsea's little sissy clit.

As Meg rubs the head just as fast, Chelsea starts to see stars as her legs get goosebumps and does her best to keep her pretty little mouth shut. Chelsea spasms a little as she lies still on the bed, panting unsure of what happened but covered in sweat.

Leaving the hairbrush in place, Meg crawls back to Chelsea's face and gets beside her feminized lover, "I thought the male g-spot was back there, but I was surprised how easy that was. Sure you're not a real girl?"

CHAPTER NINE

Beach It

Meg takes yet another photo of Chelsea smiling next to the window with her sunglasses on during the train ride by the window. Since it is the second to last day of their holiday, the girls have decided to go on a little day trip to the beach that is only a 30-minute train ride away from Rome. It should be a relaxing journey. Chelsea is noticeably more perky and relaxed today. Meg credits this to the amazing sex they had together last night.

Although she wants to fuck her friend again before the holiday ends, it may be difficult to keep it secret from Leah unless there is some hot lesbian threesome action. Meg knows Leah isn't like that though and is usually very conservative around men. Boyfriends have appeared here and there, but it has been a while since Leah has been with a guy. She's a little too shy to approach her crush, but maybe it will happen once they return. For now, Meg will focus her efforts on her own personal wish list of sexual adventures.

"That picture is so cute. Too bad I can't post any of this myself," says Chelsea.

Meg smiles at Chelsea, "Luckily Leah and I have been posting. Got like 120 likes on that photo of us in the bathroom together last night."

Leah turns, "I'm going to make a special art collage of some photos when I get back!"

Chelsea replies, "That sounds cool. Would be a little weird if I made something like that for my room. Haha."

Meg says, "It's okay sweetie," as she taps Chelsea's knee, "since you know someone knew about this whole thing, they won't think anything of it. That or you can give it to you know who as a pressie!"

"That's not a bad idea..."

"Though, if you want, I know all her passwords since she uses my laptop all the time, I could sign you in on her stuff then you can post pics?" Meg mentions, taking Chelsea's phone.

"I don't know, isn't that a little personal? I'll see all her messages and stuff..."

"Well for a few more days you are Chelsea, so it's YOUR messages. Think of it as payback for her making you do this!" Meg announces gleefully, typing away on her phone before passing it back to Chelsea.

True to her word, all of her social media sites have changed to her sister's, noticing that she seems a lot more popular than Chris is on most. Moving between the other two girls, she holds up her phone to take a selfie with the two of them, pushing her lips together to make a duck face, captioning it: 'Heading to the beach with these two bitches!'

Since it has been a few days since Chelsea's makeshift sex change operation, she has become more adapt to playing the part. Although she has gotten a used to living as a girl; talking like one, and acting like one, she is getting a little homesick in the fact that there are some things she does miss as living as a male. For now, she figures she only has a few more days in this once in a lifetime chance to live as a young girl and will exploit it to its potential, especially after what happened last night. As Chris, he didn't have a chance at all to fuck Meg but when he was in hot girl mode, it brought out all of Meg's girl crush tendencies.

Chelsea brings her feet up onto her seat and places her freshly shaved legs together. Since a beach trip was planned, she spent a lot of time this morning making sure there was no hair on any part of her legs or vagina area. She also shaved part of her arms and arm pits just to make sure. Luckily, no facial hair has come in in the last few days because that would be really weird.

She is wearing a hot pink bikini bottom under her denim shorts and has a pull over shirt over top of her bikini top. She knows there is no way in hell she'll be able to go into the water due to glued body parts and although her wig has held up under a lot of circumstances, she doesn't want to take any chances with any waves.

Meg looks at Chelsea, "You know, it may not be a bad idea to give your sibling your social media account stuff as well. Just in case anyone raises suspicion about why you haven't been posting."

"You think I should give her all my passwords? I guess I could, but it's a little weird..."

"Yeah and it will be even weirder if someone sees all these posts, and then notices you haven't posted anything in nearly a week. Someone could find out..." Leah warns her, making sure to panic her a little.

"Crap, you're right. I'll email them to her or something," she says, not keen on the idea of all her friends finding out she's been cross-dressing as her sister.

"I'm sure they'll happily cover for you. Maybe post some pics too, who knows," Leah, as ever, reassures her with a warm smile.

"Yeah, then no one can find out about this..." says Chelsea, thankful the situation is averted. Though a little unsure of how her sister back home could post pics. Maybe she could post pictures of what she was eating for dinner or something.

"Don't some of your friends know you went to Italy?" asks Leah.

"Yeah, but they also know that sometimes I just wait until I get back from trips to post all the photos at once."

Leah replies, "It's probably a good idea then to ask you know who to post stuff you regularly do. Like what T.V. shows and sports you are watching."

The train comes to a stop at the station and the girls gather their belongings that include a few bags full of beach supplies. When exiting the train, they see a map conveniently located that gives walking directions to the beach area.

Their short walk is rather uneventful with the exception of a stop at a small shop to buy drinks and snacks and the usual stares and catcalls they receive on a daily basis as they walk down the street. Eventually, they came to the

sandy beach. It isn't too busy, but there are still a fair few people scattered about the resort. A few families with children running around and a few people close to the girls age are patronising the beach.

Usually going to the beach would involve kicking a ball about with friends before relaxing and checking out the girls in bikinis, but this time will be different since Chelsea is wearing one herself.

Once marking their spot on the beach with their blankets and place their bags down. Chelsea starts unzipping and stepping out of her denim shorts. She blushes at being on display in public. Even though with her tuck job, she looks completely feminine. Add that with the effect her forms give as she slips her top off, she is sure no one will be mistaking her for a guy.

Chelsea's bikini is a hot pink halter-style swimsuit that really isn't made for swimming. There are several small straps along the hip line in lieu of a solid design with only small coverage for her vagina and butt. The lower half of her ass is on display in the back. She's okay with how the bikini fits but is still getting used to the looks of guys passing by. As Chris, he doesn't even remember seeing his sister wear this which makes Chelsea think that the real Chelsea bought this just for this trip.

The top of the bikini provides full coverage for her breasts but shows a little skin in between with a few straps crisscrossing. The two thin straps go around her neck where they are tied together. There is also a tie around the bust area that required Leah and Meg's head. Chelsea's look is completed by a little sun-glitter lotion that she put on her face earlier in the day and large white-rimmed sunglasses. Her hair is tied in a side ponytail that hangs over her left shoulder, but she may let it loose later on. Chelsea does find the bikinis of Leah and Meg very attractive. Although she saw them in bikinis before when she was a boy, their swimsuits today seem more attention-getting, which implies the fact even more that the girls planned special stuff for this holiday.

Meg is wearing a halter-style bikini top as well, but the design is much different. There is only one strap in between her breasts, and the cup lining shows a little more of the sides of her boobs. The colouring of the bikini is yellow, but there is pink lace over the top of the material that is an attention-grabber. Although Chelsea and Meg are about the same cup size, Meg's breasts look a little bigger because of the design. The bottom also

only has one strap that is tied in a very intricate manner but shows a little less butt. Chelsea does admire Meg's thigh gap however and figures she is lucky she doesn't have a penis while wearing something like this.

Leah decided to play it a little conservative, but her outfit is still on the sexy side. She is wearing a cyan-coloured bathing suit that is still a two-piece, but gives more coverage to her bubble butt. Leah has an ass with full thighs, and it's always noticeable even without the need to show more skin. She also prefers for guys to look at her breasts rather than down there at times. Her hair is like Chelsea's, in a side ponytail, while Meg decided to let her hair run free without any ties today. Meg's hair has slightly more volume because of a special beach spray she used for salty air.

"Chelsea, can you help me put lotion on?" asks Leah.

A little too eager, Chelsea agrees and jumps up grabbing the bottle before letting Leah lay down. Squirting a little lotion onto her hands, Chelsea starts at Leah's shoulders carefully rubbing it in, enjoying the fact that she's doing this task to a pretty girl.

Who knows, maybe tonight will end with her and Leah getting together, though knowing her a little better thanks to the trip, she doubts it. Thankful she can no longer get a boner with the tuck job, she blushes a little as she finishes the job rubbing lotion around Leah's thighs and butt.

Turning to Meg, she asks rather innocently, "Want me to do yours as well?"

Lowering her sunglasses a little on the tip of her nose, she gives Chelsea a knowing look, "And you're just helping out of kindness hmmm? Haha, no thanks. I think we should both get ours done. Maybe those guys over there could lend us a hand?"

"What you mean them?! Not going to have some random guy rubbing up on me," Chelsea stammers out, glancing over at group of guys who are looking over before blushing.

"Yeah, I mean you didn't seem to mind contact with them last night. Hell, I had to drag you off that guys lips remember?..." she continues her teasing by pretending to kiss someone.

"I was way too fucked up last night! You know I don't... you know..."
Chelsea whispers out blushing bright red.

"Oh shush. I'm not asking you to do anything sexual; it's just a massage!"

"Things did get a little out of hand with those guys," says Chelsea.

"You seemed to like it! You know, it's never a bad thing to experiment!"
says Meg with a wink.

Chelsea can't stop blushing while Leah tries to change the subject, "It's so pretty out here! I wish beaches were this nice in England."

"I wonder how many English people come here during this time of the year," asks Leah.

"Quite a few probably," says Chelsea.

"Here or Spain," says Meg.

The girls hear a catcall from someone whistling behind them and turn their heads. There are two guys who are slightly overweight and look to be in the mid-20's.

"Ew... no..." says Meg as she turns her head back to her friends.

Leah puts her hands in her face. The guys can't read this body language so keep walking towards them.

One of them speaks up, "Hey girls, how old are you all?"

"Sorry, guys. We are under 18 and we're lesbians..." Meg says calmly as if it was the most normal statement ever, not even looking up from the book she picked up.

"Oh yeah? Haha, prove it..." one of them replies, laughing to his mate.

Chelsea can't help but think back about last night with Meg and laughs a little at how close it is to the truth.

"We don't have to prove anything... bye!" Meg says losing her patience a little at the creepers.

It is her first time being on this side of the rejection and Chelsea is surprised that she doesn't feel guilty or mean, just more empowered and in control.

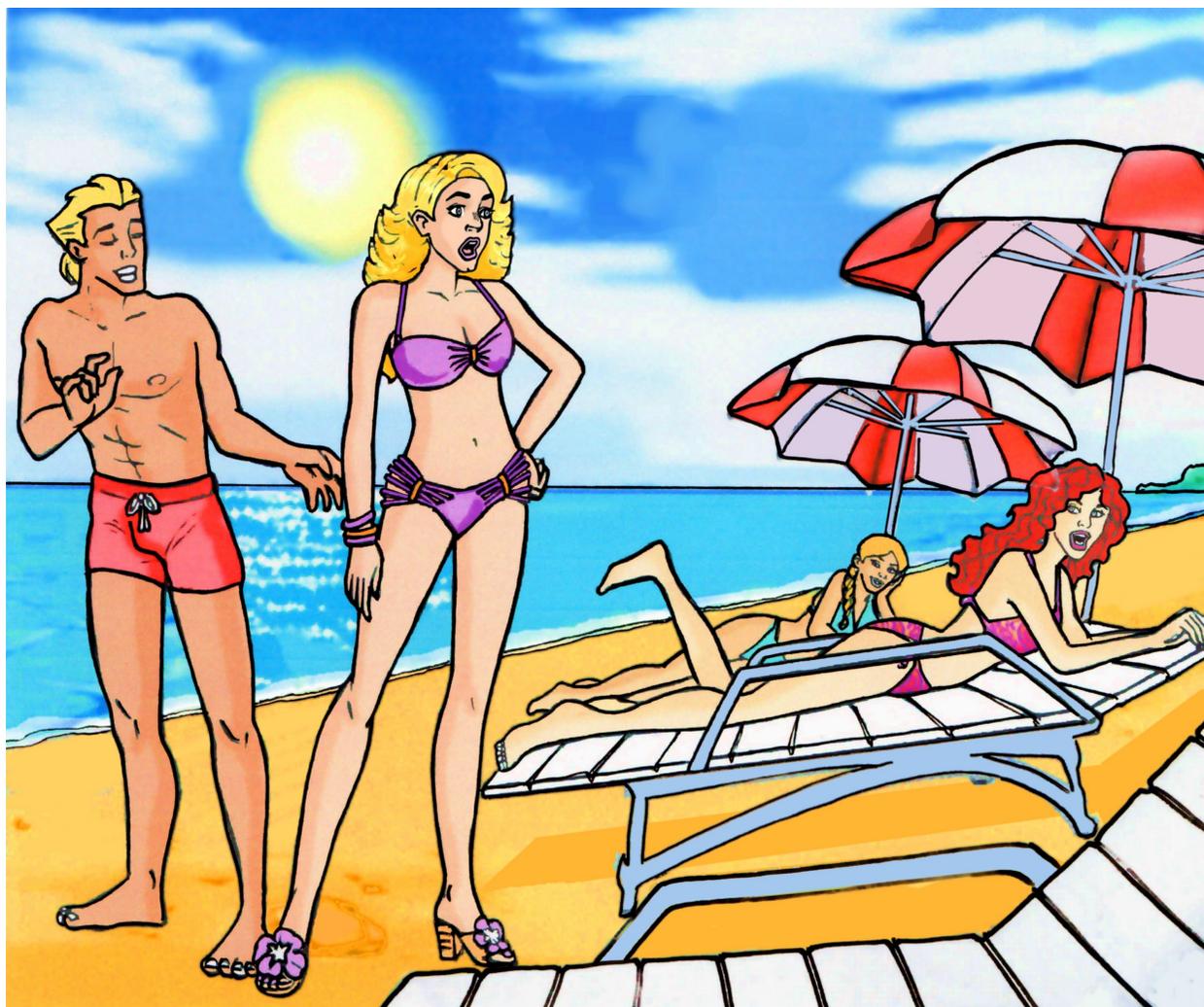
The guys shake their heads and walk away, one even muttering the words 'fucking bitch' as he moves on to the next group of girls.

"Leah, that answers your question if there are any English people here... They didn't even try speaking Italian," says Meg.

Chelsea says, "They actually sound like they are American."

Meg replies, "That explains why they are overweight!"

After they share a laugh, a different group of guys intersects into their own trio.



"Hey, were those guys giving you trouble? We would be happy to sit with you for a bit to keep any more at bay."

The girls notice that these three guys are much more attractive. They seem to be closer to their age as well. Two of them are built as seen by their tan abs on their shirtless bodies. The other has slight arm muscles but is a little skinnier and has shaggier hair. He is wearing a long Volcom tank top with horizontal stripes.

Meg, the gatekeeper, starts the conversation, "Those guys were super annoying and creepy! Sit!" She packs the spot next to her towel, hoping one of the shirtless guys will sit by her which he does. The other shirtless guy is wearing white board shorts and has slightly longer black hair than the other. Leah starts to think that they may be related considering their similar facial features and body type. The guy who looks like a skateboarder

sits by Chelsea and gives her a smile.

“Funny enough, the last group spoke to us in English as well,” says Leah. “Are you English or from somewhere else?”

“We are from California in America,” says the guy sitting next to her.

“Oh cool! I’ve always wanted to go there!” says Leah as she smiles.

“What brought you all to Italy?” asks Chelsea pretending to show interest.

The guy who looks like a skateboarder replies, “You know, just wanted to check out the place and chill you know. It’s really badass here.”

“We haven’t been properly introduced,” says the guy sitting by Meg. “I’m Ryan and this here is my bro Alex,” he says putting his hand on the skateboarder guy’s shoulder, “and this here is my blood bro Rex.”

Chelsea couldn't help but cringe from the way they are talking; stereotypical American dudes and bros. She just hopes that's not how she sounds while in regular mode. More alarming however was a few new urges she was noticing.

Thanks to the clothing, makeup, and everything the other two girls have done to her mentally, she can't help but notice and judge guys, something that she'd never even contemplated before. Though now, for every guy that checked her out in the bikini, she was checking them out right back and this group is no different.

"Oh cool, well I'm Meg and these two are Leah and Chelsea. We're from England," she replies keeping the conversation moving along.

"Yeah, we could tell you were British from the accent," says Ryan.

Rex says, “It’s surprising how many people here speak English even if they are from Italy.”

Leah smiles, “Yeah, it’s really convenient!”

Alex asks, “What brought you all here?”

“We just wanted a nice getaway before the end of the season. We are staying at a place in Rome and are leaving in two days, so wanted a nice beach getaway before leaving.”

Ryan smiles, “Really? We are too! We got a place in Rome for a few days but stayed here last night just to check out the area. Have been trying to see as much of the country as possible in three days.”

“Wow small world, this must be a popular summer getaway area,” says Chelsea trying to not seem like an outcast.

Alex turns his attention to the striking blonde in the pink bikini, “What do you do back in England?”

The group spends the next 30 minutes rapping about their lives. Chelsea recites the story of her real sister’s life to add credibility to herself while the other two girls do the same with the guys who hold their attention. Chelsea learns that Alex is a sophomore at the University of Central California and is studying Business. The two brothers Ryan and Rex attend the same university but are planning on being Physical Education teachers upon graduating.

In Chelsea’s opinion, Alex seems to be very chill yet has ambition. Although his speech patterns and syntax seem uneducated at times, he is at least fun to talk to and would probably be a cool guy to hang around if she were a guy again. Chelsea is still thinking about the types of guys the real Chelsea dates and knows that although he isn’t physically her type, she does prefer guys who are easy going.

Chelsea notices that Meg keeps touching Ryan in a playful way that is an indicator of her interest for him. Leah isn’t touching Rex, but he is putting his arm around her and she isn’t saying anything or pulling away. She just continues to smile. It’s a little weird seeing Meg get touched by a guy when Chelsea just had sex with her last night, but she knows there will be no lesbian beach action today in front of Leah.

“Do you play Frisbee?” asks Alex.

“Frisbee? Umm no, haven't since I was like 10,” Meg replies a little

hesitantly.

"Oh, well it's awesome, really popular back home. Can I show you?"

"How hard can it be?" Chelsea replies, laughing a little as she stands up, brushing the sand off her smooth legs and ass.

After a brief training session alone with Chelsea, the rest of the group gets up and spreads out a little on the beach. Leah has serious trouble catching it, thanks to zero time doing sports in school, but Meg is capable enough to play.

Chelsea of course is just as good as the guys, something that surprises them since she looks the most feminine of the three with blonde hair and the hot pink bikini. Her only problem is getting used to her breasts, every time she jumps or runs a little they will bounce up and down causing her to curse the damn things. She did notice the guys didn't seem to mind watching them bounce slightly. Alex throws the Frisbee disc long to Chelsea so she will have to run and he can watch them jiggle even more.

After about 15 minutes, the girls got bored with what they saw as children's game of catch and decide to stop playing.

"So what sports do you do over in England? Hockey? Cheering?" Alex asks Chelsea as they both sit down and take a drink.

"Well, I'm pretty good at football. Used to play for a team, " Chelsea admits, though just remembered that the real Chelsea hates football.

"Wait, you play football? Isn't that a bit rough?" Ryan overhears and asks perplexed.

Chelsea quickly thinks of a lie to cover up her mistake. "Yeah, my brother is big into it and kind of forced me into it. Kind of grew on me from there."

Alex smiles, "That's cool. I'm really big into the 49ers but also watch the Raiders occasionally. What teams are big in England?"

Chelsea looks confused, "I've never even heard of those teams."

“Really? They are some of the most popular NFL teams in California.”

“NFL? You mean American football? I’m talking about REAL football! Not that sport with helmets and really long commercial breaks.”

“Oh soccer? Yeah, we play that as well. I used to play on a team in middle school for that,” says Alex.

Chelsea shakes her head. Although Alex is cute, he doesn’t seem to be the brightest character. “So you know, it’s not too rough and it’s a popular sport with girls and guys here!”

Alex smiles, “Yeah, I’m down what can we use for goal nets out here and where is a ball?”

"It's Italy, every shop along the beach sells footballs!" Chelsea states, happy to finally be doing something she enjoys.

Grabbing her handbag, a fairly large light pink basic design, she heads off the beach. Alex comes along with her though she's not sure why. Just as she said, the first shop is of course filled with footballs. Picking up a softer one since they are barefoot, she notices while she pays that the hands of Alex have found their way around her waist.

A week back, she would have freaked but with how the holiday has gone so far, and with how feminine she's been acting, she kind of likes it. The warm feeling of them lightly holding her made her feel a little more safe and secure.

Heading back to the others, the two notice the rest of the group have already made a little improvised goal just by putting bags down and using their feet to make lines in the sand. Dropping the ball, Chelsea puts her foot on top of it testing the feel. Her bright pink glittery nails contrasting with its colour make her smile a little.

Chelsea feels a bit more at ease after doing an activity she feels completely comfortable with and her friends notice that she is really enjoying herself even if she may be a little out of character right now. It could be part of her personality development though since this trip has been life-changing for Chelsea.

For the first time on the trip, Chelsea seems to be more aggressive and dominating than Meg as she is able to run circles around her with the ball. It kind of turns Alex on that Chelsea is athletic and in-charge. Leah is still being somewhat shy, although is asking Rex a lot of questions about himself.

Although it hasn't been discussed between the girls, they all know that this is the best group of guys they have met so far on the holiday. Maybe it's because they are around the same age, or maybe it's the fact that they are Americans. But one thing is for sure; they definitely wouldn't mind spending more time with these guys tonight.

CHAPTER TEN

Club Life Part 2

Later in the evening, with Ellie Goulding Radio on Pandora blasting, the girls are getting ready for their big night out back at their hotel room in Rome. The beach wore them out. Especially Leah, who took a nap during the train ride back.

Chelsea just got out of the shower where she made sure to shave in some places again and do some specific cleaning in some areas. Luckily, since her wig is made of human hair, she was able to wash it with some shampoo of Japanese cherry blossom scent.

She was able to do her makeup this time without the guidance of Meg or Leah, although they were standing right next to her doing their own as well. The topic of discussion mostly went from meeting the guys today to their plans for tonight. Before they parted ways at the beach, the girls agreed to go to a club with them in Rome tonight and Meg gave Ryan her number for contact.

Alex has been on Chelsea's mind all day. If there were ever a moment to question her sexuality on this trip, it would be that she actually feels attracted to him and liked when he touched her. Although as 'Chris' would never do any homosexual act with another male; something about living the life of Chelsea makes her think it's okay to be sexually attracted to a boy.

With a towel still wrapped around her chest after putting on makeup, she walks out of the bathroom with the other girls and towards the closet, still unsure of what she will be wearing tonight.

"What dress do you think I should go with?" Chelsea asks the both of them as she flicks through the hangers.

"Hmm, well depends how much you like this Alex guy," Meg teases from beside her, looking over her shoulder wearing nothing but her expensive looking black lace bra and knickers.

“What? What’s that got to do with anything?!” Chelsea responds defensively, although she is happy to admit to herself she think he is hot. Saying it to Meg or Leah is completely another thing.

“Touchy? Strike a nerve? Here, I’ll leave you with this choice then... You can wear these black jeans and a top. Though I imagine, he would be disappointed... Or you can wear this risqué dress that’s sure to grab his attention,” she mentions taking it off the hanger and holding it up to her.

The dress looks like it will barely cover any part of her body. It’s a chic silver dress that is made out of rayon and nylon. Chelsea knows it will hug her body extremely tight much like the white dress did the other night. It’s strapless, and Chelsea wonders if she’ll even need to wear a bra underneath.

Despite it looking like something a complete slut would wear, Chelsea is a little curious and says, “I guess I’ll try it on...”

Meg smiles, “I think it will be a great look for you. Just be careful when you bend over!”

Leah laughs a little at Meg’s comment as she puts on a different bra.

Chelsea goes to the dresser to pick out her underwear. A tight thong or g-string is probably in order for tonight, so she picks a white lace one that should go with anything. She takes off her towel, exposing her feminized naked body to the other girls who are used to seeing her like this by now, especially Meg.

“I actually want to try on that red one first,” says Chelsea pointing her pink nail to the halterneck-style red bodycon dress that lays by the other options.

Meg hands the red dress to her. It looks a little classier than the silver dress but is still just as short. Nervously, she puts the dress over her head and pulls it down her completely naked body. With some struggle and adjusting, she is finally able to get the dress in position and looks at herself in the mirror.

The dress is so tight she can feel her breast forms hugging her chest more, making it feel like they are real. Although this is only a few days into having

boobs, she has started to consider them a part of her body. She turns to the side and checks out how her butt looks. In order to bend over, she is going to have to kneel down at first unless she wants to give everyone a view of her ass. She places her hands on her butt and rubs it a little to smooth out the lines. This dress makes her ass look bigger, and she's not sure about how she feels about that.

Slipping each foot into the holes and pulling the thong up, she pauses and takes a look in the mirror. Wiggling her butt from side to side, she giggles a little.

I can't wait to be back in guy mode but I'm going to make the most of this, she thinks to herself.

She is shocked this dress is tighter and skimpier than what she wore to the club last time. Looking once again in the mirror she blushes and decides to change.

Meg hands her the silver dress after she strips again. This dress is just as difficult to get into, but accents her hair a little better. Although, Chelsea thinks the red dress went better with her skin tone, so she decides to wear it again.

Before she can get out of it however, Meg moves next to her looking at her reflection in the mirror while whispering, "You know Alex wouldn't be able to keep his hands off you in that. Besides you wore less on the beach..."

With her little pep talk, Chelsea gains a little bit of confidence back and figures *what the hell* since it's one of her last nights in Italy.

Hiking up her barely legal dress in a rather unladylike fashion, Chelsea sits down on the bed and bends her leg so she can work on a quick pedicure. Of all the makeup and hygiene rituals she has had to do for almost a week, this was one of the few she actually enjoyed, since it was basically just painting.

Going for a sparkly silver colour to match her dress, she watches as the other two zoom about the hotel room, picking up, then dropping seemingly every sexy outfit in the room. Eventually they find their way into classy little black dresses, though Meg's, like Chelsea's dress, is more on the slutty side.

Leah is in a rather basic sleeveless dress with a mesh design that plunges and frames her breasts from the top and sides. Meg's outfit an extremely low-cut number that Chelsea is shocked can even contain her boobs. Each side has a few slits to bare even more skin as a design. Both dresses finish well above the knee. Seems they have the same idea as Chelsea.

As the three of them all slip on their heels, Meg borrowing Chelsea's black pumps while Chelsea did the same with her silver-strap heels. Before they grab their clutches and leave, they all take one last look in the mirror before heading out into the busy streets of Rome for the night.



The club they chose for the night is called La Mela Rossa. It's a club with red lighting and posh yellow seating. They heard it is great as a chill style club that is more upscale and isn't wall to wall with people. There is no line as they arrive, and only a few dozen people are inside since it is still somewhat early in the evening. They want a place that is more calm in order to talk with the guys more without screaming over loud volume music. Shortly after arriving at the club they are immediately hit on by a few random guys but wait patiently until Alex, Rex, and Ryan join them, all smiling ear to ear.

Rex and Ryan are dressed similarly in black trousers and light blue button-down shirts. Alex is wearing slacks with a blue button down long sleeve shirt that looks like it is a little big on him. In Chelsea's mind, at least his hair looks neat. Alex definitely has the American surfer look down to a T.

"Hi everyone. You all look amazing!" says Ryan smiling the entire time showcasing his pearly whites.

Meg gets up, flattens her dress, and gives him a hug while Leah hugs Rex and says, "Good to see you again."

Chelsea is apprehensive to hug Alex but allows him to make the first move. As he hugs her, part of his hand touches her lower back. Although in reality, he wants to see her turn around to get a look at that hot ass.

Sitting down in the small booth, her bare legs rub up against his as Meg and Ryan get the drinks, she lays her hands down on the clutch in her lap. Chelsea smiles innocently towards Alex. He notices she is wearing much more lip and eye makeup than at the beach.

"You look amazing in that dress, even better than at the beach!" he compliments her while putting his arm over her shoulder.

"Thanks, it takes a lot of work trust me...You look pretty good too," She says over the music that is getting louder but is manageable.

As Meg and Ryan bring over the drinks, beers for the guys and cocktails for the girls. Chelsea took the opportunity to practice her flirting, though even if it is from the female point of view.

Chelsea says, “I’m so glad we got to see each other again. Meeting someone really fun in a foreign country at the beach and just so happens to be staying in same city as well is a little rare!”

“Yeah, I got lucky I guess,” Alex says as he smiles and plays with her hair.

Meg and Ryan return. The other girls are in their own world with their dates. Leah is still playing the shy act, although her date keeps her engaged.

Chelsea takes another sip of her drink that is very strong. She is careful to place the glass against her lips since she has lipstick on, a new ladylike habit she has since adapted just like crossing her legs when she sits and keeping good posture.

She hasn’t noticed the slight erection that Alex possesses. Mostly from seeing her curves in her dress and thinking about putting his dick in a few places.

“It would be really cool if you made a trip out to America next summer,” says Alex.

“And why is that?” Chelsea says with a smile.

“There’s a lot of great things to see and do back there,” says Alex.
“Especially in California.”

“Oh really?...” she says raising the pitch of her voice slightly.

“Yes, just something to keep in mind,” says Alex as he takes a sip of his drink.

Chelsea shakes her head in agreement.

After two hours, the club is getting busier, but the group maintains their position in the sofa area. They aren’t getting bottle service but at least have that section for now. After a few rounds of drinks, Chelsea is leaning her head on Alex’s shoulder and playing with his chest with her finger.

“Dance floor... now...” she demands.

Before he knows it, Alex is dragged up by the hand. Witnessing this act, the other girls grab their guys too and join them on the dance floor. The girls dance together at first side to side though Meg makes sure to rub against Chelsea a little, hiking her skirt up a bit.

Lost in her own little tipsy world, Chelsea doesn't mind and just laughs it off, enjoying the music and attention, moving closer to Alex as Meg and Leah put on a show for the other two.

Turning her back on him, Chelsea caresses her body as she moves to the beat, trying her best to copy how she's seen girls dance in clubs. She pushes her butt back into him on occasion, until he pulls her in closer and keeps her there.



Grinding up and down a little, she can now feel his growing erection, rubbing against her. If this happened last week when she was a boy, she would have puked but now, but now she finds her body moving for it as if it has a mind of its own.

While twerking against his dick, Alex, along with other people on the dance floor, can see Chelsea ass cheeks when she bends over. He considers himself the luckiest guy on the dance floor, even though he is unaware that the girl he is with secretly has a cock that is just as big as his.

After a few more minutes, Leah and Rex head back to the sofa while the rest of the group stays on the floor. Alex turns Chelsea around to face him and she puts her arms around his shoulders. His hands at first accidentally touch the sides of her breasts, but she doesn't say anything. After a few moments of silence, Alex leans forward and tilts his head.

She finds herself engaged in her first kiss with her crush. His lips are warm and she finds comfort in knowing he finds her to be the hottest girl in the world right now. She opens her mouth slightly and loses a little balance causing her to catch her feet in her heels and spill her drink a little on the floor. Still, she locks with him engaged with her eyes closed and allowing him to do most of the work.



As they find themselves locked in the passionate kiss, the rest of world is

blocked out. A thousand thoughts run through Chelsea's mind, but she pushes them off. Right there, in the arms of this guy, she is all woman. No thoughts of Chris even attempt to fill her mind.

Breaking off the kiss, he takes her drink calmly before winking and taking her by the hand. Playing the submissive girl is something she loves and it's a different change of pace from her previous life.

Passing the cocktail to his mate, Alex leads her away from the dance floor and through a door into an empty looking corridor. Pushing her up against the wall, gently but with enough force to excite her, he locks his lips onto hers again invading her mouth with his tongue, which she happily allows.

Her hands starting above his shoulders find their way to his hips and then lower, now resting comfortably right next to his groin. For whatever reason, her body is reacting like that of a horny club girl, and there is nothing she can do about it, nor would she want it any other way.

She notices his erection now through his slacks but doesn't touch it just yet. Alex starts to feel her breasts, and she fakes an emotion since she can't feel anything there, at least not physically. She is afraid with too much force they may come off, although they have held up extremely well for sports, water, and sexual activities with Meg.

He is allowed to touch the side of her breasts however as well as her ass. She actually prefers him to feel her hips and butt since those are all natural. Alex pulls her closer which causes her leg to grab around his. Her white thong was spotted earlier and he can't wait to rip that shit off of her.

Alex kisses her neck roughly and gets a strong whiff of her perfume. She sprayed some on her neck, in her hair, and down by her pubic region earlier in the night.

After a few more moments of feeling each other up, Alex starts to pull down the top part of her dress in an effort to see her breasts. While this is happening, multiple people are walking by but luckily the couple is slightly out of view.

To stop him from seeing any more of her top, she starts to unbuckle his belt and pulls down his zipper. She puts her fingers on the side of his pants and

pulls them down, exposing his plaid boxers and thick erection. Once his pants are at his ankles, she pulls down his boxers letting his dick free. She finally fully submits by getting on her knees and looks up at him in an anxious position.

With his dick only inches away from her lips this, is her last chance to back out. Yes, she had dressed as a girl, wore a bikini, and more than once happily made out with a guy, but this is the point of no return. The last step off the diving board into femininity. With her eyes closed, she takes the leap.

Pushing her soft red lips against the warm head of cock causes a slight flutter in her stomach and even bigger reaction from Alex. Opening her mouth, she moves forwards, wrapping her lips around his now fully grown penis. She moves her tongue around with his cock in her mouth. Tasting it for the first time, she is happy to learn she's not disgusted.

Opening up her big mascara-laced eyes, she looks up at him as she swirls her tongue around, knowing all the tricks to turn him on.

Using her hands to steady herself she pushes further, thankfully he's shaved down there so she doesn't get any pesky hairs in her nose or mouth. Hearing him moan gives her all the encouragement she needs as she attempts to take it all in her willing mouth.

Chelsea rocks her head back and forth accepting most of his seven-inch penis in her mouth. Since she has had her dick sucked before as well, she knows exactly what he wants and starts getting slightly more aggressive by squeezing his dick in her hand and rapidly moving her tongue on the tip of his penis. She knows if they were laying down, she would spit on his testicles and lick it up, but it may be a little difficult to do in this position especially in public.

Alex moans a little more and plays with a little of Chelsea's hair in his hand. She keeps her motions in sync and keeps looking up at him in her submissive nature. He has a strong feeling that she's the type who swallows and can feel himself about to cum in her mouth.

He takes handfuls of her hair from each side, making impromptu pigtails. A woman turns around the corner getting a glimpse of them in the act and

makes a loud gasp, breaking their moment. Alex turns so his back is on her shielding Chelsea from the embarrassment though he's pretty sure the woman saw everything.

As they all seemingly apologise at once, the girl who they can't identify heads back around the corner while Alex looks sheepishly down at the blushing and now flustered Chelsea.

"Can you keep going?" Alex asks his date.

Still excited, Chelsea can't bring herself to say yes but instead gives his dick a quick kiss before heading to the bathroom with a sly wink. Almost in shock, he can't believe how lucky he is. Pulling up his boxers and trousers, he rushes along after her.

Meanwhile back in the lounge section, Meg can't help but smile as if she had won some battle around the corner.

Chelsea comes out of the women's bathroom after a brief inspection to wave Alex in, "It's empty right now, hurry!"

They both make their way into the largest stall they can find and start making out again. Both of them hear the bathroom door open again with a bunch of girls bantering about something and consider themselves fortunate to get in there in time. Chelsea wishes she had extra clothes to throw on the floor so that no one will see two sets of feet down there but opts just to make a mess with toilet paper all over the place to block the view.

She starts kissing him again even after having her mouth on his dick. He's not used to a girl being this aggressive, but figures Chelsea is somewhat slutty based on her actions today. Alex hikes Chelsea's skirt up and firmly grabs her ass while placing part of her thong on his fingertips. He unbuttons his pants once again with one hand and pulls his penis out to rub it against her thigh as he places one leg on top of the toilet.



Seeing this, Chelsea begins to panic a little. Surely her secret is about to get found out unless she does some quick thinking.

Taking his hand away and kissing him lightly, she whispers in his ear a little nervously but riled up, "I want you to fuck me in the ass..."

Alex practically rips his own head off by nodding with so much force. This really is the luckiest night of his life. Chelsea just hopes she will be lucky, and he won't find out about her tiny secret. Although her current private area looks like a vagina, and she had part of a hairbrush placed in there before, she knows his big dick will have a hard time managing getting in there.

Turning around and pushing her butt up, Chelsea closes her eyes and waits for him to make the next move. Caressing her butt with one hand, he pulls her thong to one side before forcibly sliding a finger inside of her asshole.

His finger is lubricated with his saliva since it was just in his mouth to provide a little wetness for this special occasion. Chelsea has never had anything enter her butt like this, but can feel him massaging her prostate a little which provides great sensation.

"How does that feel?" he asks in a whisper.

"I like it..." she says while her face is pressed up against the wall of the stall. It hurts a little, but provides enough pleasure to overcome.

They can still hear other people moving around the bathroom and try to remain quiet.

Alex relaxes Chelsea a little more by kissing parts of her neck and smelling her hair. His finger is slowly removed from her asshole. He teases her a little by putting his dick against her butt but not putting it in.

"You have a condom right?" she asks.

She then hears the ripping sound of a condom package as Alex slips on a lubricated Trojan condom. She turns to see the very hot image of him sliding the condom over his hard dick.

He pulls down her thong all the way that makes her feel like a complete slut since he's going to fuck her with her short, tight dress still on. She is still wearing heels as well and feels like this should be filmed for some reason. She spreads her legs a little more to give Alex a little easier access.

Slowly, Alex puts the tip of his dick to her anus and puts just the head in her to see what reaction she gives. Chelsea makes a small jerk and yelp as she covers her mouth with her manicured hand.

"It doesn't hurt too much does it?" asks Alex, having his first anal sex experience as well.

It hurts a fair amount but in her aroused state Chelsea just wants more so she shakes her head turning back around a little. "No, keep going..."

Not needing a second invitation, Alex pushes in more until it's just over halfway in, letting her breath a little before pushing it all the way in. His places his right hand on her back and the other on her a fake breast, again he lets her get accustomed to the feeling of having a penis inside of her.

"OUCH! Not the whole thing!" Chelsea begs.

"Okay baby..." Alex says panting and pulling a back a little.

His dick is a lot bigger than the hairbrush that was in it last night, but thanks to the session with Meg she is a little more used to being filled. It still has a sharp pain, but it is mixed with the pleasure of having his hot dick.

Soon, he pulls back a little, then slides a little more back in, trying to get a rhythm. Backwards and forwards, her whole body moves with it, doing her best not to lose her footing in the heels.

Eventually, she is loose enough that he can really start going. Noticing that he needs something else to hold on to so he could go faster, Chelsea can't believe what she is doing. Taking his hand and letting it grip onto the wig, she has seen enough porn to know she is acting like a complete slut.

Apprehensive at first, he barely grips but figuring it's what she wants. He

takes a proper grip soon enough as he starts to slam into her. Her hair is really being pulled since the wig is attached to her natural hair although she's really afraid of him pulling too hard. But most of her focus is spent biting her lip and making sure she doesn't moan out like a sissy bitch.

Chelsea starts to wiggle her butt a bit in the same motion that she was using to twerk which makes jiggling it a lot. She is going down a little further in this motion which causes more of Alex's penis to go deeper inside of her.

Alex takes his right hand and places it on the inner thigh of her pubic area. He can tell she's freshly shaven and likes that she did that for a special occasion. Something special is on his mind as he starts to bring the same finger that was just in her asshole and goes to massage where her clit should be.

She grabs his hand and puts it back on her thigh. He then tries to do it again which he manages to get to quicker. His finger lightly brushes the inside of where Chelsea's penis really is, but she manages to grab his hand out of the way in time for him not to notice anything unusual, such as a lack of wetness.

"I can't have anything in there right now. Long story..." she says.

Alex assumes it's a medical issue and is just glad this bitch is willing to give head and do anal without receiving a tongue massage down there or a good fucking in her pussy.

He picks up his speed as he pulls back on her hair a little causing her to arch her back and move her head up. Getting more and more used to this side, the pain starts to disappear. The familiar feeling of feeling sexy like last night returns, although this time with a dick rubbing right against her prostate.

She forgets where she is a bit, moaning out a little before panting and begging, "Mmmm, yes... more!"

Happy to make her dreams come true he keeps pumping, slapping her butt a little figuring she will like it.

She does enjoy it, as well as this new submissive role she had found for

herself in bedroom... or bathroom rather.

After a while, his pace slows down a little as he loses stamina and gets closer and closer to cumming. He can usually cum very easily when fucking a girl in missionary position, but standing up while having sex is a different story. Meanwhile, Chelsea has her head low as she pushes back into each thrust, lost in the heat of the moment.

Chelsea starts getting really hot in certain places and is sweating on her forehead. The feeling of being a slutty sissy princess is a major turn-on and she never realised how much she would like receiving anal sex dressed like this. The other attractive part is the fact that Alex has no idea she is really a boy, and she plans to keep it that way.

She finally allows Alex to squeeze her breasts hard through her silver dress. They feel real to him, but she still feels nothing other than the emotional connection of being felt up.

Alex is going harder inside of her and has managed to at times, fit his entire cock in her butt without any complaints. He smacks her butt a little even though they can hear other people talking in the bathroom.

“Oh keep fucking me...” Chelsea whispers.

Alex does as instructed with no argument. Chelsea has always loved dirty talk, and this seems to be the proper setting.

“I want it... Please cum in my ass...”

Hearing her sultry voice ask for something like a slut makes him thrust harder as he looks down at her tight ass that has his dick inside.

“Please, I need it so bad. Cum in me,” she calls out, this time at normal volume causing him to lose control. Ramming himself in her all the way, he grips her hair as he cums harder than he ever has before.

Feeling his dick twitch and spasm inside her causes her to cum powerfully as well, her tiny limp clit shooting out a tiny load in comparison straight to the ground.

As the two of them pant and calm down from their high, he pulls out and gives her butt one last playful slap, “God damn that was great!”

“Yeah...” is all she can stammer out in reply, her body still shaking from the climax. The womanly orgasm reaches every part of her body. Alex presses against her for a hug, calming her down a little.

After a moment, Alex turns her around as they share a kiss. He holds her tightly against the wall and massages her tongue with his. She smiles at him, opening her mascaraed eyes very slowly.

Chelsea looks down at Alex’s cum-filled condom and takes it off for him, placing it in the toilet. Caught in the moment of acting like the sexiest girl on Earth. Without hesitation, she gets back on her knees and starts sucking him off again. This time, his penis tastes a little different, but it won’t stop her from her goal of making him cum in her mouth.

Alex is still very hard, which pleases Chelsea. She starts to touch his testicles and grabs them a bit.

“You are really fucking hot... Holy shit!” says Alex out of breath.

Chelsea takes his cock out of her mouth and says, “Thank you,” before returning to sucking him off.

Alex places his hand on her chin and brings her face up to look at him with his cock still in her mouth, “Though don’t talk with your mouth full little girl...”

Pretty soon, Alex can’t hold back anymore and can’t help but cum a little easier this time. A second, albeit less powerful orgasm from Alex fills Chelsea’s mouth up with cum as she moves back seemingly testing the taste.

All of sudden she makes an odd face before flipping the toilet seat up and spitting out what’s left in her mouth before starting to gag. Thanks to the foreign juice in her mouth and the amount of alcohol in her system, she starts to throw up.

Watching in surprise, he pats her back and moves the hair out of her face

before helping her back to her feet.

“Maybe next time, end with anal...”

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Eating Again!

The next afternoon for their last day in Rome, the girls sit on the patio of a bistro for brunch. The wind softly blows on Chelsea's bare legs. She is wearing a blue sundress that shows an ample amount of cleavage and has her signature sunglasses on with hair tossed to one side. The other girls are wearing similar attire, and Meg decided to wear a hat today. Chelsea is a little sore from last night which is another reason she is happy to be relaxing in a comfortable dress.



Chelsea takes a sip of her orange juice, “And it was completely unexpected

but to be honest, I'm glad I did it."

Meg is smiling while Leah keeps looking down at her food. "It's really great that you were honest about your feelings and followed up on it!"

Chelsea tells her friends about her oral sex experience last night but has decided not to tell them about Alex giving her anal. It's something she wants to keep to herself and is a secret she'll probably take to the grave.

"You see... I knew you'd enjoy this trip. Once you started to play along of course," Meg says, with her signature sly smile.

"Yeah I guess you're right. It all felt pretty natural. Though I'm ready to go back to normal. I mean it's been a lot of fun, but I don't think I could do it every day," Chelsea admits.

"Oh, there are some things that just take getting used to, right Leah" asks Meg.

"Um...Yeah, I mean it wouldn't be so bad?" she asks as if being forced by Meg.

Chelsea smiles, "It wouldn't be the end of the world I guess, but no. I prefer being a guy a lot. Would hate this if this was permanent."

"Good thing we're heading home soon then..." Meg mentions, taking a large sip of her drink.

Leah puts her fork down and brings her hands up to her mouth as she starts crying.

"Leah! What's wrong?!" Chelsea asks with concern.

"Everything..." she says after whimpering for a moment.

"What's the matter? You seemed fine until a minute ago," says Chelsea as she places her hand on Leah's.

"It's just that... We did this to you, and you hated it at first but then you liked it, and it's just all confusing and everything!"

“Why cry over that?” asks Chelsea.

Meg stares at Chelsea, “You still have a lot of things to understand about being a woman...”

Chelsea doesn't even understand that sentence but blames part of it on Leah being overly emotional and just tries her best to comfort her. “No kidding...”

“So have you thought about what's going to happen when you get home?” Meg asks Chelsea to break the awkward silence.

“What do you mean?”

“Well, you have nothing to change into until you get home right? We threw away the boy clothes you had on at the airport.”

“Shit, that's right,” says Chelsea. “Who is coming to pick us up again? It's going to be really weird if it's my sister...”

Meg smiles, “No honey, we wouldn't do that to you. Although identical twin Chelseas could be VERY interesting... My brother is going to pick us up tomorrow as soon as we get back to England. Didn't you say your parents should still be out of town?”

“Yeah thank God. Chelsea obviously knew about this whole thing, so I'm not nervous about seeing her. It's just going to be really awkward...”

“Maybe she'll be out and about when we get there,” says Leah with a smile, her first in some time.

“And please for the love of God, DON'T ever tell her about me giving Alex a blowjob last night.”

Meg smiles, “But you are Chelsea and are our friend. We tell each other everything and will probably bring it up again.”

“MEG! Please don't! Seriously, over the last few days I've gotten to know you too a lot more and felt comfortable telling you what happened. It would

just be a really awkward family situation so let's just keep it between the three of us who are REALLY here."

Chelsea's statement hits Meg hard as she realises that she does consider her a friend. Meg doesn't cry often but has to hold back some emotions.

"I understand..."

"Your secret is safe with us," Leah reinsures.

Chelsea takes another drink, "You know, this really has been an amazing trip..."

Leah asks, "Do you think you'll ever, you know... dress again...?"

"I'm not decided. It's one thing dressing and another dressing while pretending to be my sibling. I may wear stuff again just for comfort but don't think things will ever get as crazy as they did this week. I mean the slutty dresses, bikinis, sexual encounters... I could never do that stuff normally. But as they say: When in Rome."

CHAPTER TWELVE

Final Chapter

Getting up the next morning at four a.m. is a hassle for all three of the girls since they had the habit of sleeping in over the last few days. Luckily, they already packed most things the night before so all they had to do now is get changed.

No fancy makeup or heels today thankfully as Chelsea slips out of the pink satin baby doll, something that she had to admit grew on her. She learned that girls certainly get the better fabric materials and styles when it comes to clothing options for all situations. Maybe she would have to get herself one once she gets back home, secretly of course.

After putting on basic makeup and tying her hair back, she puts on her travel clothes that consist of a pair of dark blue skinny jeans and a basic white low-cut top. Finishing the outfit is a pair of white ballet flats. The other two have similarly comfortable outfits since the flight will be a few hours.

Check-in goes without a hitch even though she is nervous using her sister's passport again, but just like last time, she passes well and the girls are soon mid-flight, catching up on the sleep they missed.

Landing back down in England, they have somewhat forgotten how cold it can be and put on their unused jackets out of the hand luggage and head into the airport. Getting their other luggage is simple, if a little boring since they are standing on their feet for at least half an hour. Eventually, the three of them are sitting down in Meg's brother's car heading back home. Chelsea is happy that this is her last moment of passing before she can return to her normal life.

"Thanks so much for picking us up Andrew," Meg says to her older brother. He wears glasses and has his hair neatly groomed.

"No problem Meg, but I need to be swift cause I have a meeting in about 45

minutes. Who should I drop off first?”

Leah is half passed out in the back seat, and Meg thinks of a plan. Since Chelsea will need help removing her breast forms and tuck job, she should probably go to her house to help her.

“Drop Leah off first, she’s really worn out. Just drop me off at Chelsea’s house cause we have some stuff to do.”

“Got it,” says Andrew.

He keeps small talk with the girls, asking about their trip. Chelsea remains quiet since she’s tired but knows that Andrew has seen the real Chelsea plenty of times. She occasionally throws in some of the regular sayings and manners that her sister does to play the game one last time.

Leah is dropped off shortly afterwards and even gives Chelsea a tearful goodbye, thanking her for an amazing trip. The ride to Chelsea’s house is only 10 minutes away and is somewhat peaceful until arriving at the house.

Something does not sit right in Chelsea’s stomach as she gets her first glimpse of her house for the first time in about a week. Chelsea notices that her parent’s car is in the driveway. Panicking she tries to tell Andrew to head to Meg’s house instead, “Oh crap, we should actually go to your house first. Right Meg?”

“What? No, we’re here now, let’s go in!” Meg says as Andrew pulls into the driveway ignoring her protest, stepping out of Andrew’s car.

Before she can continue her protest, her Dad walks out of the front door waving towards them. “Hello, welcome back!”

“Hey Mr. Henry! Good to see you! Chelsea is just getting some things out from inside the car,” Meg calls back, much to Chelsea’s shock and anger.

“What the fuck are you doing Meg?!” she whispers out the window angrily, much to Andrew’s surprise this time.

“Just shut up and smile, I’ll explain in a bit...” Meg says abruptly with zero emotion.

Mr. Henry comes out smiling as Chelsea gets out of the car. He gives Chelsea a hug and says, "Welcome home Princess," while also giving her a kiss on the cheek. As a boy, she never had this happen, and it just feels weird.

Andrew pops the boot and Mr. Henry goes to get his daughter's luggage with no questions asked.

"Thank you for driving the girls," says Mr. Henry to Andrew.

"No problem sir. I am running a little late to a meeting I must attend. Is everyone out of the car?"

"Looks like it!" says Meg.

"Great! See everyone later."

"Thanks Andrew!" Meg says as she waves goodbye to her brother.

Mr. Henry walks in with most of Chelsea's luggage, as she is only carrying two small bags. "I can't wait to hear all about your holiday," he says.

"Oh, it was exciting," Meg interrupts.

Chelsea stays silent, which is a little out of character for her since the REAL Chelsea is usually a chatterbox after doing something exciting. There is a look in Mr. Henry's eyes that senses something is wrong.

"Everything was fine, yes?" he asks.

Meg speaks up, "We are all just really tired. It was a great trip, but we are a little worn out from getting up early and everything."

"I'll stick the kettle on while you relax a little then," Mr. Henry says as he opens the front door.

Stepping into the house Chelsea just follows Meg, utterly confused but still fuming. She has never felt this embarrassed and mad before. The last thing she ever wanted was for any close friends or family members to see her like

this. Changing at the airport like how this transformation first started should have been the only option. Paying for a cab from the airport to the house would have been worth it if she didn't have to go through this ridiculous ordeal.

She wants to know the hell is going on and where the hell the real Chelsea is. Soon, as she walks by the front room, she sees on the sofa, watching T.V. and smiling at her, is **CHRIS!**

“Hey Meg. Hey SIS!” **he** calls out a little hoarsely in the original Chris's voice, but still smiling.

“What the fuck?!” Chelsea yells out, still accustomed to her female voice.

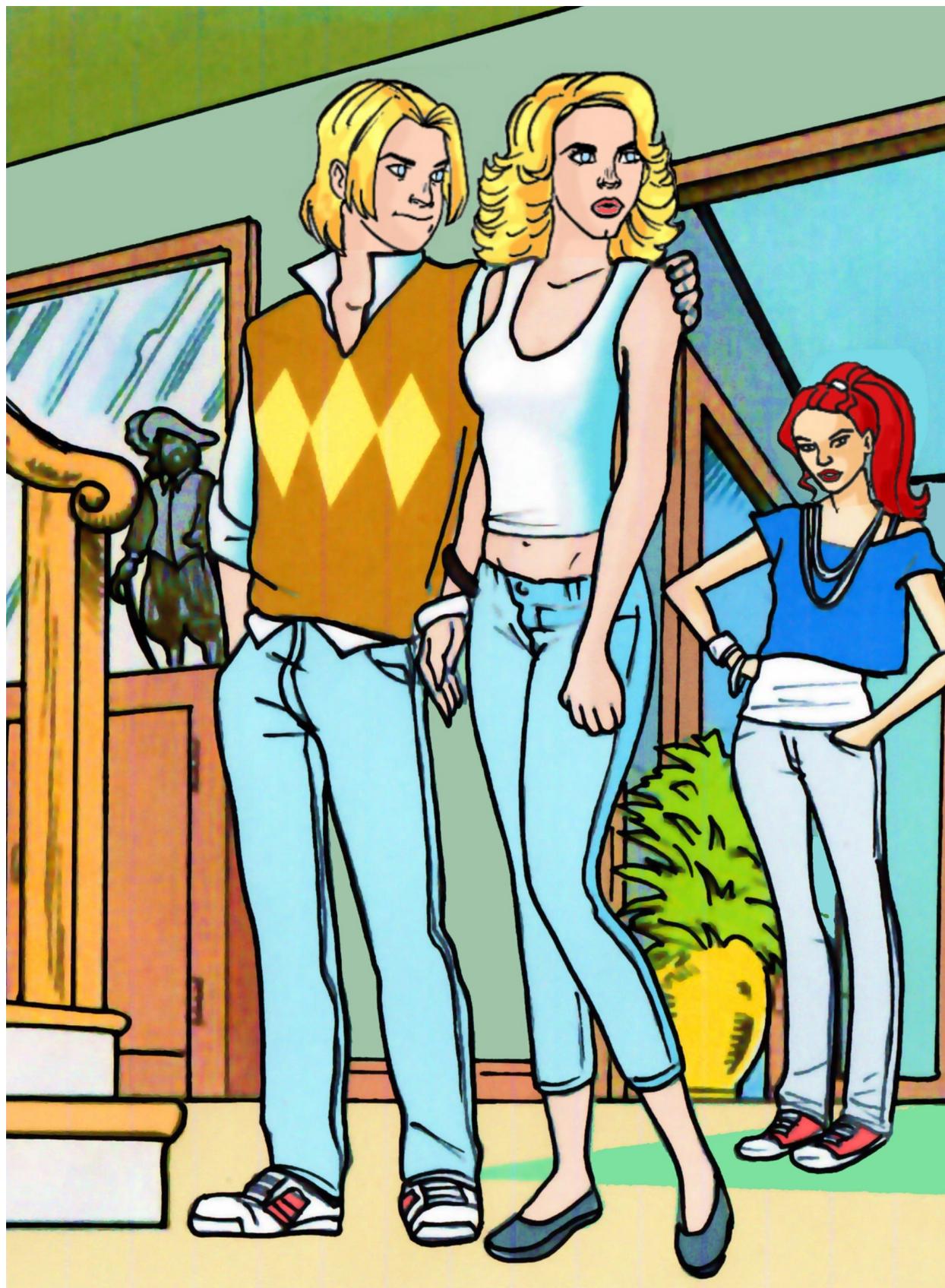
“What's the matter, dear?” her Mother calls out worriedly as she comes from the kitchen, not used to hearing her daughter use profanity.

“What do you mean what's the matter? This can't be happening!!!” she says still speaking in her female voice.

“Oh right, yeah I'm using your phone. Yeah, we should swap back...” Chris says to play it off, trying to make it seem as if that's what she is upset about.

“You kids and your phones... I swear you're never live without them...” says Mrs. Henry.

Chris looks exactly like HIS sister did when SHE was a boy. The same haircut, the same clothes (because they ARE from his room), and same speech patterns and mannerisms. Chelsea is in a state of shock and can't manage to find any more words to say. She stands there just staring at him with wide eyes and an extremely worried expression.



“What’s the matter Chelsea?” says Chris. “Upset you are back home?”

Meg stands next to her friend with a serious look on her face. “We had a long day...”

“All my poor baby,” says Mrs. Henry as she gives her daughter a tight hug and a kiss on the forehead. As the original Chris, he only got hugs from his Mum because he brushed anything else off but knows the original Chelsea is much more affectionate.

To keep things at ease, Chelsea continues to speak in her female voice. Even if she attempted to speak in her normal male voice, but would be painful since she has been speaking in her upper-register this entire trip.

“Can someone PLEASE explain what is going on here...?” she asks.

Brushing over what she said, Meg speaks up, “We should probably put your bags upstairs before having a drink. Can you help us out Chris?”

“Ugh, yeah sure why not,” he says seemingly annoyed but still smiling.

Following the two of them, Chelsea stomps her way upstairs into her, or rather the real Chelsea’s room, chucking the bags down and slamming the door shut, “Now you can tell me what they fuck you think you’re doing Chelsea?!”

“Well, that’s some way to greet your brother! Besides you’re Chelsea... The breasts are a giveaway.”

Meg tries to hold back a laugh at the last comment as Chelsea looks down at her ample chest, still red-faced and angry.

“Very funny, but why are you dressed like me and acting like me?!”

“Well, you’re one to talk...” Meg deflects the question, making light of it. Meg then turns her attention to Chris where she gives him a hug. “You look amazing! I’m so proud of you for being so brave.”

Chris gets a serious look on his face and then turns to Chelsea, “You may

want to sit down for this...”

Chelsea takes a moment to sit down with the other two as she waits for Chris to give an explanation. She hopes this is a big practical joke that has obviously gone way too far.

Chris starts his speech, “This entire thing is months in the making with a lot of planning involved, and this isn’t a joke Chelsea. You know how feminine I acted? In reality, I got sick of it and started wondering what it would have been like if I were born a boy. I started looking at some things online and then it struck me. I’m transgendered.”

His sister continues looking at him with a concerned look as Meg starts to hold her hand.

Chris continues, “I didn’t want to tell Mum and Dad, you know how they are. Dad loves me as his little princess and Mum expects me to live in her footsteps. If I came out, it would crush them. The only people I told are my two closest friends...”

“You mean this entire trip...” Chelsea says as she shakes her head sideways.

“Yes, it was to make this transition possible. The first thing I did after dropping you off was cut my hair and got a hormone prescription. Even got a double mastectomy this week. I did have to tell my doctor about the situation, so it’s only the doctor, you, me, Leah, and Meg who know. The doctor also offered to see you and find the best route to take so we can get you the proper treatment.”

“But I am NOT transgendered!” Chelsea at this point sees no need to tell him any details about the adventure and definitely doesn’t want to admit she enjoyed some of her girly encounters. “What’s stopping me from ripping off this wig right now and taking off these stupid breast forms.”

“That’s the thing, Chelsea. This IS the perfect solution. I get to live as a boy, still have my family, and my friends still get to have their best female friend. And since we are twins who have very similar facial features and are about the same size, passing for each other would be ridiculously easy as you have seen.”

“This is the most bloody ridiculous thing I have ever heard. Everyone wins EXCEPT FOR ME! That’s it; I’m done with this,” says Chelsea in an angry feminine tone using hand gestures as she stands up.

“I was really hoping I wouldn’t have to do this, but you leave me no choice Chelsea. How would you like your friends to know about Alex?....” Meg threatens.

“Who’s Alex?...” Chris asks confused.

“Never you mind!” Chelsea says to Chris. She then turns to Meg, “You wouldn’t...”

“I wouldn’t? For my best friend... I think I would, and Alex is the guy she was totally crushing on in Rome!” Meg replies, smiling menacingly.

“Haha, I knew you’d enjoy it! I can’t believe you kissed some guy,” Chris laughs out loud along with Meg.

“Oh, she kissed a few. Alex she was the guy she was really into though, isn’t that right Chelsea?”

“I don’t know what you are talking about?!”

Meg shows her dominance yet again by blackmailing her, “I have video proof... Want me to show your brother and then post with the rest of our photos and videos from the trip so everyone can see?!”

“NO! Please don’t!”

“We only did this because we love you,” says Meg.

“Who?! Chelsea or me?” asks Chelsea.

“YOU ARE CHELSEA!”

The End... or is it?

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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