

# TITILLATING TV TALES

## "A WILLING WOMAN"



**HOW FAR WOULD YOU GO TO HELP A FRIEND?  
WOULD YOU PUT ON LINGERIE, MAKEUP AND A  
CUTE LITTLE DRESS?**

**SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS**

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**TITILLATING  
TV TALES**

**"A WILLING WOMAN"**

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**For lulu.com**

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## “A WILLING WOMAN”

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**"Don't Ask. Don't Tell. See You at the Parade!"**

## **"A WILLING WOMAN"**

**By Kelly Anne**

"Brad's changed, Tom," my sister Ellen told me one evening. "He's not the same person since he started hanging with those losers at school."

"I know," I glumly agreed. "I ran into him the last time I was in town. I could barely believe he was the same guy."

"It's worse now, Tom," she explained sadly. "He seems to have lost interest in school or work. He's turning into one of those losers. His mom's heartbroken."

Brad and I grew up together. We were so close that many people jokingly referred to us as twins. Unfortunately for Brad, it was only a joke. In reality, we were very different. Our families were as different as could be; his was poor, and mine had more money than we knew what to do with. Brad had to struggle in school while I got A's with minimal effort.

It was through school that we met. We were both in the fourth grade and were paired in a math contest. Brad was terrified at having to answer the math questions our teacher would throw out, but to me it was boring. He seemed like a nice guy and I felt bad for him, so I started to tutor him. Our group won the contest and we became close friends.

My family wasn't always rich. At one time we were every bit as poor as Brad's family. That was when dad was alive. He died when I was a baby and it wasn't until I was in the sixth grade that mom remarried. My stepdad, George Hutton, met mom in the men's shop where

she worked. He thought she was pretty, she thought he was the best-looking guy she had met since dad. One date led to another and the rest is history. It was only after he asked her to marry him that mom found out that her husband-to-be was worth several billion dollars.

I guess it was the engagement ring that tipped her off. After all, how many women get a two and a half-carat engagement ring? Mom thought it was a joke until dad insisted she have it appraised. Good looks, great personality, and rich too? Mom wasn't stupid. She accepted his proposal in a heartbeat!

Mom insisted on staying in the community I grew up in. She loved the house, had no need for a mansion or servants, and didn't want Ellen and I to grow up to be snobs. We stayed in the public school, wore nice clothes, and acted as though nothing had changed. As far as anyone knew, my new dad went to his office and shuffled papers all day. The fact that he controlled a multinational company and was filthy rich was never discussed outside our family.

Brad's dad deserted his family years ago. Sometimes it was all that his mom could do to put food on the table for the five of them. She was a hard worker, but her meager earnings just weren't cutting it until mom mentioned an opening for an office manager. Mrs. Winters was reluctant to apply, but mom told her that anyone who could manage a home and four kids could easily run an office. She applied and was thrilled to be offered a job making three times her old pay. To this day, she doesn't know that dad owns the company she works for and it was his secret recommendation that got her the job.

So, that's where we are. I'm a rich kid, living and going to school in Seattle while keeping an eye on some of my dad's investments. My best friend back east that I

haven't seen since starting college is throwing his life away and no one can help. I had to try something, anything, but since Brad didn't want to listen, I could talk forever and it wouldn't matter.

One thing my sister mentioned stuck in my head. She and mom had talked to Brad's mom, and they all felt that he needed a good woman to care about him and take him off his road to self-destruction. The only problem with their idea was finding a woman who would see the real Brad instead of the jerk he'd become, and take a chance on him.

If I learned anything from mom and dad, it was a sense of caring for others. They'd drummed it into Ellen and I for years that if we saw someone who needed help and didn't offer it, we were worse than the worst criminal, lower than the lowest dregs of society. It was our moral obligation to help those in need. It didn't have to be money, although with the family's money, we were able to open many doors. We could choose our method of helping, but we had to help.

I talked things over with my family for more than a week, but we couldn't find a way to implement our solution. He needed a woman to bring him back to the real world. We all agreed, but it had to be a woman who could see the real Brad, the guy who really cared about other people, a nice guy who was worth knowing. A woman who knew Brad the way I did.

Mom and Ellen had an idea, but they needed to do some research and make a few calls before deciding if it could be done. They said that it was farfetched, but it could be done, and I was the only one who could do it. I promised to do anything I could.

Two weeks later, they gave me the news. – Their idea was for me to become the woman who would save Brad.

Nothing quite as drastic as a sex change, just a little nip and tuck here and there to allow me to be convincing in my role. Everything would be put back to normal once I got Brad on the right track a few months down the road.

"You want me to do what?" I gasped after they laid out their plans.

"Have you thought this over completely?" Dad and I asked once we got over the shock of hearing them announce that I should temporarily switch my gender.

"There isn't anyone else who knows Brad the way you do," Ellen explained. "How is he going to find what you call a "Nice Girl" when he's being such an idiot? No decent girl is going to want to stick around long enough to find the real Brad. It has to be done, and you're the only one who can do it."

"Are you absolutely positive that what you're thinking can be done?" Dad asked thoughtfully. "I mean positively, without a doubt?"

"No doubt about it, dad. Mom and I have researched thoroughly and nothing will be done that can't be reversed." Ellen went over all of the details with us.

I shook my head. "But this is so drastic. Can't I just try talking to him again?"

"We've all tried that, Tom, and he won't listen," Mom sounded exasperated. "I thought I explained everything so that it would make perfect sense. Why don't you understand? We all agreed that something has to be done. Are you willing to take this chance for Brad?"

I was about to say something when dad spoke up. "They've done their homework, now it's up to you."



*Mom and I had two different visions of what I'd look like as a girl. I was sure I'd look like a guy in a dress, whereas, she assured me that I would look much different.*

"But, I'll look like a guy in drag! I'm not a swish," I moaned. "I'll never be able to convince Brad that I'm really a girl, let alone get him to fall for me."

"I assure you that you will make a very lovely girl, Tom," Mom smiled.

"I don't see how," I was starting to cave in. "I'm a guy and always will be."

Ellen giggled, "Come on, Tom. I'd love to see you in a short skirt."

"We're with you, Tom," Dad said as he held mom tight. "We'll help you with anything you need."

I thought the idea was bizarre, but I finally agreed that it had to be done. I would become Candace Lynn Hutton, my nineteen-year-old cousin, who just happened to be attending the same college as Brad. I would be given the features Brad found appealing in women, young, cute upturned nose, nicely developed chest, tight butt, and blonde hair. I would use my looks to get him interested in me and away from the losers he was loafing with.

A plastic surgeon that works with one of dad's foundations helping poor kids with birth defects would provide the changes. He thought the idea was daffy at first, but when we finished explaining everything, he shook his head and said that he'd never heard of such a selfless gesture. He still thought the idea was daffy, but he was impressed.

With the physical changes set, I sought help in passing myself off as a woman. A local cross dresser's group put me in touch with a company that promised to train me in the gestures and mannerisms of a woman until I could do them without thinking. They were also kind enough to refer me to a speech therapist who would

teach me how to make my voice more feminine sounding. I was getting deeper and deeper into a plan that scared the crap out of me. I wanted to turn and run, but I couldn't let my friend down.

Ellen promised to take me shopping and teach me about clothes. Mom would put out the word that her niece, Candy, was coming to stay with the family for a while, and dad would provide whatever financial assistance I needed. Brad would never know what hit him.

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I started the classes on voice and charm first. It would be easier coming back to school as Tom if I didn't have to explain why I wore dresses to class the previous semester. The lessons were tough. I had to learn how to pitch my voice just right, how to walk, stand, move, and everything in between as a girl. Only after I mastered them would I be confident enough to pass myself off as Candy, a tasty bit of bait for Bradley.

I worked hard and learned my lessons well enough that I was soon able to spend my non-class time as Candy, getting some practical experience living as a girl. Once I was done classes, I'd hurry home, take a nice hot bath, and then take some time picking out an outfit that would work well for what I planned that day.

If I weren't going anywhere, I'd lounge around in a pair of shorts and a top, but if I had shopping to do or needed to do some research at the library, I might choose a pair of jeans and a comfy top, or a casual skirt and top outfit. Whatever I wore, I made sure that I'd fit in. I wanted to blend in as a typical coed, the way I'd be when I met Brad.

Thankfully, Ellen was a big help in choosing girl's clothes for me. We spent many an evening on our PC's,

e-mailing and chatting about the latest fashions and what I'd look good in. With her help, I was able to pick up a few basic outfits through mail order. I modeled everything and sent off pictures for Ellen to critique. She reviewed everything, and told me what looked good and what needed work before I soloed as Candy.

It only took me two hours to get ready; possibly a new world's record just to put on a simple skirt and blouse, but it was going to be my first time out and I was terrified. I brushed my still short hair into a semblance of a feminine hairdo, although I wished dearly that my hair were longer. I used a minimum of makeup to not draw attention to myself by being too garish.

What if someone recognized me? What if the police stopped me? Those and dozens of other fears raced through my mind as I drove to the local mall.

I spent a lot of time at the mall, sometimes window shopping, other times picking up a few outfits that I thought I looked good in, but mostly hoping and praying that no one could tell I was a boy.

I passed without a problem at the mall, which made me feel a little more secure and a little bolder. I needed a few groceries, so I decided to try my luck at a nearby supermarket.

I walked about the store and passed several people. Older women smiled, and girls my age checked me out as possible competition. Guys my age smiled and scanned me from head to toe. Come to think of it, so did the older guys. God help me, was I a delectable little morsel to their eyes? Or were they reading me as a guy in a dress? My hair was still short. Were my facial features still too masculine? What were the people thinking as they smiled at me?



*I was so scared! Were the people staring at me because I looked like a boy wearing a skirt and blouse? Or were they staring because they saw me as an attractive teenage girl? Nobody attacked me, so I decided that I passed as a girl.*

Nobody became belligerent, and they didn't seem to be snickering between themselves. Maybe I was passing as a girl. Maybe they were merely admiring me as a cute teenage girl.

It was tough getting used to guys staring at me, but I quickly remembered from my own experience that they wouldn't continue looking if they didn't like what they saw.

Once again I successfully passed as a girl. I would have felt more relieved in my success if I didn't feel like half the guys I ran into were undressing me with their eyes and wondering what it would take to get me out of my jeans!

I picked up a few items I needed, and just as an insurance policy, a box of Tampons. As it turned out, the insurance wasn't needed. The high school kid bagging my order was too busy checking out my butt to bother looking at what I'd bought.

Having passed every test so far, I felt a little daring. I flicked back my hair and shot the kid a smile that nearly made him wet his pants. Damn, how could I be that good? The kid made me feel that everything was going to work out. "Thank you," I smiled as he ever so gently handed me my small bag of groceries. "You're really sweet."

I walked away swishing my butt, knowing that I had made the kid's week. He would be the hit of his lunch table tomorrow as he described the hot babe that came on to him while he bagged her groceries.

I always knew that girls could wrap guys around their little fingers, but I was stunned to realize that now, as Candy, I too had that power. Guys held doors for me, gave up seats on the bus for me, and were thrilled to help me reach something on a high shelf. In return, all

they asked for in return was a smile. Even that was unnecessary when I got brave enough to wear short skirts. With my new skills and the way I looked, I was sure that I would wrap everything up with Brad in time to return for the fall semester.

When the day finally came for the plastic surgeon to do his work, he asked me again if I was certain about the surgery. Although it could be reversed, until then it would take a thorough gynecological exam to tell me apart from a real woman. I waited before answering because to be honest, the last thing I wanted was to be turned into a woman, even temporarily.

With great reluctance I explained, as best I could that this was the only way to help my friend. No one else could do it, but he must not know it was I.

The doctor shook his head. He wasn't sure he understood what I meant, but I signed the release form, and he nodded to the anesthesiologist standing beside me. She smiled, said good night, and the next thing I knew I was waking up in the recovery room.

It took several weeks for everything to heal properly, but it was worth the wait. I stood naked in front of my bedroom mirror and saw nothing but a shapely young lady who I was sure would throw Brad's sex drive into high gear. It made me want to cry!

Brad's sex drive was the one thing I would have to really worry about. He'd always had an eye for attractive girls and rumor was that he had become rather insistent with girls on dates lately. He was witty, charming, and good looking enough that many a girl would willingly do anything for him, but lately he was pushing the issue. I had to come across as a sweet, innocent, young girl who was strong enough to fend off his lustful advances.

I arrived at my family's home in an older model car that had seen better days. It hurt to leave my fully loaded, two-year-old Corvette behind, but it wouldn't mix well with my average coed image.

"I can handle it, Dad," I told him as he helped unload my suitcases.

"Ladies do not unload their own trunks while I'm around," he smiled and nodded towards Mom and Ellen. "Why don't you ladies show Candy her new room?"

"What happened to my room?" I was totally bewildered. My new room caused me to sharply suck in my breath. It was the same old room, but it was completely different. Blue walls were now pink, white shag replaced my brown carpet, and a four-poster bed with a ruffled, pink canopy stood in the place of my Captain's bed. There was no way I'd feel like Tom in this room. It simply had to be occupied by a girl.

"We redid it," Mom said proudly. "We wanted you to feel more like a girl." I shook my head. No point in arguing with them. I was stuck.

"This girl stuff has its advantages," I laughed, trying to look at the bright side as I followed Ellen and Mom inside. "I can get used to being pampered!"

"I'm sure you won't lack for pampering," Ellen laughed, as she looked me over. "Just make sure you stick with Brad. The other guys in town are mine. I don't need the competition."

I fluttered my eyebrows and placed my hand to my chest. "Don't worry, sister dear," I said in a southern drawl just dripping with sweetness. "My heart belongs to Bradley."

"Make sure that's all he gets," warned mom. "He's been known to be awfully charming with pretty girls."

"Don't let this pretty face fool you, mom," I laughed. "I can hold my own with boys like Brad."

"You won't be the first girl to fall for the charms of a good looking guy, Candy," Ellen reminded me. "It's too late when you wake up next to him."

"Your brother is not that kind of girl," Mom joked as she took a playful swat at Ellen. "Besides, Brad would be in for quite a shock if he got Candy into bed!"

"Actually, mom," I stammered and shifted my feet, "I don't think he'd be shocked at all."

Ellen was first to catch my meaning. "Do you mean?" she asked, staring at my crotch, "You could actually...?"

"Uh huh," I said shyly, "Short of children, everything you could do."

"Oh my God," Mom exclaimed, "Why did you go that far?"

"It's not something that I'm proud of, but everything has to be realistic, mom," I explained. "Brad enjoys hanging out at the pool, and checking out the girls. I have to convince him that I'm really a girl."

Dad whistled as he brought in my suitcases. "From your looks, that won't be a problem," he said softly. "Don't take me wrong, but you really are a beautiful young woman. If I were still single..."

That's as far as he got before mom poked him in the ribs. "You're not single, and you're lusting over your own son," she reminded him. "He may look like a girl and he certainly knows how to act like one, but he's still your son!"

I couldn't resist having a little fun. I displayed my sexiest walk over to where dad stood, put my arms

around him, and kissed his cheek. "You're such a sweetie, Uncle Paul, I'm going to love staying with you!"

"I don't think I've ever seen you blush before, Daddy," Ellen laughed as dad's face turned bright red.

"I'll get you for this, young lady," Dad laughed as he wiped my lipstick from his cheek. He smiled and kissed me on the head before leaving us girls to unpack.

Since I didn't have an extensive girl's wardrobe yet, Ellen decided that we girls should spend the rest of the day shopping. I'd get a few more outfits and it would give folks a chance to meet the new girl in town. Mom suggested that I change into short denim skirt.

"Why a skirt, Mom? I asked. "Don't I look good enough in jeans?"

"You look very nice, Candy, but you're supposed to be the bait in this little trap we're setting. You must look good enough to attract our prey."

"You're right. It's not easy getting used to dressing like this," I said as I stepped into my short, denim skirt.

Mom sighed, "I never expected to see my son in a miniskirt."

I self-consciously tugged at the hem of my skirt. "And I never thought I'd be wearing one. I have to admit though that they are comfortable."

"What size are your boobs?" Ellen asked. I saw Mom flinch.

"Thirty four C," I said quietly, hoping mom wouldn't hear.

"Tell me you're wearing breast forms," Mom asked, sounding like she was pleading.

"Uh, no, mom, sorry," I replied hesitantly, "Implants."

"You have breast implants, and you're capable of having sex as a woman?" she asked incredulously. "Are you sure you're still a boy?"

"Positive, mom," I assured her with a big smile. "I may look like a girl and function like a girl, but I'm still Tom, trust me. When I'm done, everything will be reversed and I'll be your son again. Remember that this was your idea, okay?"

To my relief, Mom seemed satisfied and didn't press me further. I didn't bother to tell her about the warning from the woman who helped me with my department lessons. "You're an amazing person, Candy," she told me one day. "Your friend is incredibly lucky to have someone so concerned about him. Be careful though. You may decide he's more important to you than you ever realized."

When I asked what she meant, she explained that years ago she had a friend who needed a date for several important functions at work. He was very shy around women and several of his coworkers were saying that he was queer. Feeling sorry for him, she was nice enough to accompany him to several functions.

"That was very sweet of you," I told her, remembering to use my feminine vocabulary.

"Maybe a little too sweet," she sighed, thinking back to that time. "One thing led to another and we continued to date long after he needed me for work." Her expression seemed to change. I could see a smile creeping across her face, as she seemed to remember something pleasant.

"Whatever happened to him? Did he ever overcome his shyness?"

"Enough to ask me to marry him," her smile suddenly blossomed into a wide grin. "We just celebrated our fifth anniversary."

"I don't get it. Everything worked out for you. Why the warning?"

"I was a nineteen year old boy at the time of our first date," she laughed. "The only interest I had in women's clothes was the woman wearing them. He was my best friend at the time. Two years later, he was still my best friend, but he became my husband too."

"Oh, I see," I brushed off her warning. "I'm not worried. I have no plans to go that far. I'm just going to lure him away from his wild friends. Once they've forgotten each other, I'll move back to Seattle."

"I hope it works out right for you, Candy," she said while showing me the proper way to sit while wearing a tight skirt. "But take my word for it, being a beautiful woman can be very intoxicating and extremely addictive. The final decision will be up to you, of course, but there are worse things than having a man who loves and adores you."

"I'll keep that in mind," I told her, "But I'm not in the market for a husband."

"Neither was I," she laughed, "Neither was I."

I knew mom would worry needlessly if I mentioned that conversation, so it was best to forget about it. I was strong enough to bail out my best friend without falling in love with him.

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I had a great time shopping with mom and Ellen. Why had I laughed at them for being 'Shopaholics' before? We looked at dresses, skirts, slacks, and even a

few gowns, just in case something came up that I might need one. It amazed mom when I would breeze into a dressing room with an armload of outfits just like any other girl.

"Do you have guts enough to use the Ladies room?" Ellen teased while we were having lunch. "That ice tea you're drinking is going to be knocking on your bladder door pretty soon. Women can't hold off using the restroom like men can."

I gave her the best mysterious smile that I could. "I've been using them for the past two months, and I know all about not being able to hold it."

She thought about it for a second or two, and then began to blush. "Oh damn, I forgot about that. We've got pretty much the same plumbing now, don't we?"

"Pretty much," I agreed as mom nearly choked on her drink. "You have to get over it, mom. I'm Candy for a little while. Relax and think of me as your favorite niece, okay?"

"I'll try," she promised, gazing at my chest. "God knows you don't look like Tom any longer. I can't believe how good you look."

"Thanks, Aunt Mary," I kissed her cheek. "No wonder you're my favorite aunt."

"I guess it can't be mom anymore?" she asked sadly.

"Sorry, Aunt Mary, you're going to have to wait until your son returns. I'll try to be a good girl and make you proud though."

Mom took a deep breath and sighed, "I'm sure you will, Candace dear. I'm sure you will."

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Back home I carefully put away all of my new outfits and lingerie. At first, it took me several long weeks of wearing a bra to get totally accustomed to wearing one, but now I took it for granted when I reached into my drawer and pulled one out. I don't know how some women can go braless. Even with my relatively small breasts, I still enjoy the support and comfort my bras provide.

Thanks to my trusty PC and scanner, I was easily able to create a set of official records showing that Candace Lynn Hutton had graduated with honors from a local High School, and she worked for the last year as a secretary.

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One warm, sunny morning, I slid a pretty yellow sundress over my slip, bra, and panties, stepped into a pair of sandals that showed off my nicely polished toes and went to register at the college Brad was attending.

I finished my registration and spent some time looking around campus, hoping to run into Brad. I didn't see him, but managed to be asked out by the guy working at the bookstore. I don't know why I accepted.

“You've got a date?” Ellen joked when she noticed me primping later that afternoon.

“Yep, a guy at the bookstore thought I was cute. He's taking me to dinner later.”

“Aren't you going a bit overboard?” she asked as she zipped up the back of my dress. “This is supposed to be for Brad, remember?”

“I remember,” I told her as I admired myself in the mirror. I had to admit that I looked pretty good in pink. My dress was a light shade of pink, accented by tiny white flowers. I thought it gave me that “Demure but

Desirable" look that I always liked in girls. "But I need the practice and I thought it would look better if I were seen with other guys rather than just popping up in front of Brad one day."

"I'll bet your date is going to be doing a good bit of "popping up" himself tonight, Candy. You are one sexy lady!"

"You ain't seen nothin' yet, sis," I laughed and pulled up my dress and slip.

Ellen's eyes almost popped out of her head when she saw my wispy pink lace panties and matching garter belt. "Nylons, garter belt, matching panties?"

"Matching bra too. Sexy lingerie is a great contrast to the "Good Girl" dress." I bought the sexiest lingerie I could find, hoping it would make me feel more girlish. Believe me, it did.

"My brother's turning into a teenage tease right before my eyes," Ellen laughed. "I feel so sorry for Brad. He won't stand a chance. Hell, what guy would against a girl as hot looking as you?"

Thanking her, I lowered my skirt and smoothed the wrinkles before stepping into my high-heel sandals. I brushed out my wig, touched up my makeup, and then it was time for my first date.

It felt so strange having a guy open the car door for me, hold my chair at the restaurant, and be so concerned over my every desire. We laughed and talked about where I was from, college life, and pretty much anything else we could think of. Chuck was very easy to talk to and kept me laughing with his funny stories.

I realized that I was enjoying myself just as much with him as I had years before with Brad, only things seemed so different now. With Brad we laughed and

talked about diverse things, many considered off color or downright crude. Chuck never went near an off color subject during our entire date, yet I didn't miss it.

Suddenly I realized why everything was so familiar, yet so odd. I was experiencing a date from a girl's viewpoint! Somehow, Chuck had managed to make me forget that I was sitting all dolled up as a girl. Strange, but I didn't even need to think of how to act like a girl. Everything seemed to fall into place. It was very convenient, yet so very scary too.

Chuck walked me to the door after our date, and of course, I thanked him for his generosity with a kiss. "May I call you again sometime?" he asked after I gave him a thank you kiss. "I had a great time."

"I'd like that very much, Chuck," I said as I quickly scribbled my phone number on a piece of paper. "I had a wonderful time too."

Ellen was waiting for me when I got inside. "Looks like you found a friend."

"I think I got a little too caught up in things," I admitted. "It was so damned easy to do!"

Ellen followed me to my room and badgered me with questions while I changed. I had to tell her every last detail about dinner, what we talked about, how I felt, and of course the goodnight kiss.

"How did it feel to kiss another guy?" she asked, not bothering to mince words. "Did you enjoy it?"

"It was different," I admitted as I stepped out of my dress. "It wasn't a matter of enjoying it, it was just a way to say thanks. Haven't you ever kissed a guy before?"

"Lots of 'em," she giggled, "Never kissed another girl though."



*As my hair grew, Mom and Ellen taught me all the intricacies of being a girl. There was so much to learn...and unlearn. Mom was quite concerned when she first saw my breasts, but she was aghast when she learned that I could have sex as a girl.*

"If it's any consolation, I prefer kissing girls," I slid my slip down and undid my bra, letting my breasts hang free. "Shut your mouth, for heaven's sake," I said as her jaw dropped open. "You can't tell me it's the first time you've ever seen another girl's breasts."

"Not hardly," she said with a touch of envy. "I just can't get over my little brother having better boobs than I do."

"I didn't grow these, dummy," I said irritably. "I didn't want them either, remember? Get yourself a boob job and you can have great looking breasts too."

I sat down and removed my nylons, being careful not to snag them with my nails. "Can I ask you something, Candy?" Ellen asked as I undid my garter belt. "Would you take your panties off? I can't believe you're really a girl."

I decided to get the show over with. Knowing Ellen, she wouldn't stop bugging me until I did. "I'm not really a girl," I sighed as I slid out of my panties. "I still have my old equipment. It's just tucked away for now."

"Can you really have sex?" she asked. "Or were you just pulling mom's leg?"

"The doctor told me I can have sex, and yes, since I know you're going to ask, it would be enjoyable."

I reached for another pair of panties and my nightgown. "Would be? The doctor told you that?"

"Is," I smiled. "Yes, he told me that." I quickly slid the lock shut on my door. "Don't tell mom, but I have to use a little buddy for a while to keep my new equipment from closing up. That's how I know that sex would be enjoyable. I swear to God, it's not just possible and enjoyable, it's downright wonderful!"

"I know," she giggled, "but which way is better, as a guy or as a girl?"

"It feels great as a guy, but your partner has a lot to do with that. So far, as a girl, my partner is a very gentle and considerate lover, and I have no plans to cheat on him...it."

Having completely satisfied her curiosity, Ellen left me to get some sleep. I quietly locked the door behind her before reaching into the very back of my closet and pulling out the item I hid there when I first unpacked.

"Come on, big boy, do your stuff," I purred in a sexy voice as I slid down my panties. Lying back, I inserted the dildo I used to keep my new plumbing open, and began to gently move it around. Memories of my first times flooded my mind.

I had used my dilator for almost a month before that night. It hurt at first until that one night. After several minutes, I started to feel bored and was about to put it away when I suddenly realized that something had changed. The pain was gone, replaced by an intense, overwhelming, mind numbing pleasure!

I carefully worked it around the sides of my new vaginal canal, then gritted my teeth for the pain that I expected as I pushed it in as deep as it could go. There was no pain though, and before I knew it, I was bucking up and down on my bed, trying my best not to scream as wave after wave of pleasure washed over me.

Sweat beaded up on my forehead, and the springs of my bed creaked as I gave in to the carnal delights. I climaxed in a matter of minutes because of the intensity of my pleasure, but to my delight, I didn't have to stop! I could and did keep going, counting seven separate orgasms in three hours!

Before long, I started adding to my fantasy, imagining that I was a hot looking woman being screwed senseless by her man. “Yes, oh yes,” I whispered as I picked up rhythm. “Give it to me, you luscious manly hunk!”

To my surprise and delight, the fantasy made my orgasms even better. I couldn’t mention any of that to Ellen or mom, and I certainly couldn’t tell them about the recurring fantasy I kept having involving Brad.

One night, as I lay on the verge of exhaustion, I stuck my friend inside one last time and began to give it all I had. Just then, a silly thought popped into my head. I almost lost my edge as I began giggling thinking that I hoped Brad appreciated what I was doing for him. I almost lost my edge, but regained it and then some as my thoughts drifted to Brad. It was Brad between my legs, screwing my brains out, telling me that I was the most beautiful girl he’d ever met. As I concentrated on my dream of Brad making love to me, the intensity of my feelings increased dramatically, and soon I was screaming his name.

“Do me, Brad, please do me!” I screamed. “Make me your woman and you’ll never regret it! Please, Brad, go deeper, baby. I need to feel you inside of me!”

As time wore on, I added to the fantasy by wearing a sexy negligee or a babydoll nightie, and I always wore makeup, wanting to look my best for my man. It was a strange thing to fantasize about having my best friend make love to me, but it was my fantasy and I had to live with it.

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I still had a few weeks before the start of classes, but Brad was nowhere to be found. I looked in all of our old hangouts, but finally gave up. I figured that I’d run into him when school started and decided to relax and enjoy

myself. I grabbed Ellen and mom the next morning and set out to see how much of a girl I really was. What were my proving grounds? Why the nearest mall of course. You know, the legendary place that separates girls from the real women.

We proved ourselves women in the finest tradition that day, hitting three malls, ten dress shops, a Victoria's Secrets, and just to drive mom crazy, we stopped at a Frederick's of Hollywood.

"What are we doing here?" Mom whispered frantically as Ellen and I shopped. "You aren't really going to buy anything, are you?"

"I don't know, mom, what do you think of this?" I tried to keep a straight face as I held a sexy little French Maid dress up. "Maybe this would get Brad's attention?"

"You wouldn't dare!" Mom gasped in shock.

"Just having a little fun, mom," I laughed as I hung the outfit back up.

"You had me worried," Mom sighed as her blood pressure returned to normal. "I was beginning to worry about you."

"Why would you worry about me, Aunt Mary?" I asked innocently. "Everything's just fine. I'm having a great time staying with you and your family."

"Do you have to call me that?" Mom complained. "Isn't it bad enough that I lost my son?"

"But you gained a really sweet niece," I teased, "and your son will be back."

"Will he?" Mom asked.

Later that afternoon, I was doing some grocery shopping when I heard a familiar voice. "You must be Candace." I turned and looked into Brad's familiar grin.

I smiled innocently. “Excuse me, do we know each other?”

“I’m Brad Winters, your cousin Tom’s friend. I heard you were staying with his family.”

It was time for the charm. “Hi, Brad,” I said cheerfully. “Yes I am staying with my Aunt and Uncle. I’m going to State U. next term.”

“Maybe I’ll run into you. I’m going there too,” Brad smiled the same way I had seen him smile at girls in the past. It didn’t require a lot of imagination to see what interested them.

“That would be cool,” I laughed, trying to sound somewhat interested. “I’ve heard a lot about you from Tom.”

“Don’t believe a word of it,” he laughed. “He’s just jealous that girls liked me best.”

When Hell freezes over, I thought. I always had more girls than him. “Tom never went into detail about that,” I joked. “He mentioned something about a wolf in sheep’s clothing though. I don’t suppose you know anything about that, do you?”

“Not a thing,” he protested with a smile. “However, I would be happy to offer you my services as a guide if you’d care to track down that rascally wolf.”

It was working just like the woman who taught me about flirting said. We hadn’t known each other more than five minutes, yet he was on the verge of asking for a date. Time to set the hook and reel him in.

“Maybe that would be a good idea,” I said while tucking a strand of hair behind my ear. “Wolves can be awfully scary.”

"We could start tonight if you'd like," Brad offered. "I heard someone mention a wolf at the local theatre."

I smiled and nodded my head. "I wouldn't doubt that many a wolf has been spotted at the theatre. All those poor defenseless girls."

"I promise to protect you," Brad went straight to his closing argument. "Pick you up at six thirty?"

There it was, the famous Brad Winters date technique. I hadn't actually said yes to the idea of a date, yet he was already setting the time when he'd pick me up. He was smooth, very smooth.

"You'll protect me, won't you?" I asked coyly. "From those mean wolves, I mean?"

"You have my word that not a single one will get near you," he pledged as he walked me to my car.

What about the one I'll be dating, I wondered?

I drove home amazed at how different Brad's technique seemed when I was on the receiving end. I'd heard it many times before, of course, and it never failed to amaze me, but it was different this time. He looked at me with his deep blue eyes and seemed to be able to melt away any resistance I had. Looking at him from this perspective, he seemed so sweet, charming, and lovable. How could a girl go wrong with such a guy?

"I did it!" I proudly announced when I got home. "I finally met the famous Brad Winters."

"Great," Ellen yelled from another part of the house. "Now what?"

"Do you think he'll be interested in you?" Mom sounded like she wasn't sure she wanted an answer.

I fluffed my hair and smiled. "He's picking me up at six thirty."

"Be careful, honey, please," Mom pleaded. "I can't help but worry that you're getting in over your head."

That was a strange thing to say. I grew up with Brad, knew him better than anyone else, and there was no way he could pull anything on me. "I'll be careful, Aunt Mary," I promised.

I rushed to my room and ran a hot bath. As I slid beneath the bubbles, I let the warm, scented water flow over me and wash away my tension. I carefully shaved my legs and underarms making sure that I didn't miss a single spot. I wanted to look perfect for Brad on our first date. I knew that if he weren't impressed, there would be no second date and no chance for my plan to succeed.

I was wiggling into a pair of pantyhose when Ellen walked in. "No garter belt and nylons tonight?"

"Not this soon with Brad," I explained. "If he found out that I was wearing nylons, he'd pull out all the stops to get into my pants. No, garter belts and nylons can wait."

I buttoned up the light blue satin blouse I had selected and carefully tucked it into my slim black skirt. "Do you think he'll like me?" I asked as I stepped into a pair of moderate height shoes.

Ellen gave me a very thorough review. "You look totally hot, Candy. He'll never be able to resist you."

"I hope not," I laughed while fixing my hair. "I'd hate to go through all of this trouble for nothing. This skirt is so tight that I have to take very small steps in it. Of course, it does make my butt look nice, so it's worth it."

"I could really get used to having a sister, Candy," Ellen admitted. "You are so pretty and sweet. It's a shame you were a boy. We could have had so much fun together."



*After all the hard work becoming feminine, I was embarrassed when Brad picked me up for our first date. I was experiencing his famous charm from a completely different perspective...and it was working!*

I was overcome with an irresistible urge to give her a hug. “I’ll be your sister until I get Brad straightened out. We can have fun until then. Deal?”

“Deal!” Ellen started to cry as we hugged. I was so caught up in the emotions that I began crying too. I felt closer to my sister than I ever had before, but I couldn’t figure out why. I wasn’t really a girl, so why in the world was I acting so much like one, and enjoying it so much?

Brad wasted no time showering me with compliments, telling me how nice I looked, and what good taste I had in clothes. He was the perfect gentleman. What was everyone worried about? Then I remembered how he was curt and somewhat nasty the last time I talked to him on the phone. Obviously he could turn his charm on and off at will. When it was his old friend on the phone, he was himself. On a date with what he thought was my cute cousin, he was kind, caring, and so attentive.

We stopped for a quick bite to eat before the show and I found it so easy to talk to Brad. It was almost like old times. We talked about the town, the college, the classes he was taking, and what he liked to do in his spare time. He seemed amazed, and although he tried to cover it up, seemed sort of thrilled, that he and I had so much in common. We enjoyed the same type of music, liked many the same movies, and even shared similar political views. Before long, I was relaxed and having a wonderful time with him. It seemed so easy to laugh at his jokes and sympathize with him over his tough classes at college.

The movie was very funny and we had a great time laughing all the way home. Brad kept up his gentleman routine, walking me to the door and telling me that he hoped I had as much fun as he did.

"I really did, Brad," I said as I stared into what seemed like beautiful blue eyes that could almost be described as hypnotic. "You were everything my cousin said you'd be, a perfect gentleman and fun to be with."

"Tom told you that I was a perfect gentleman?" he joked. "Wait until I talk to him. He's going to have to answer for ruining my reputation."

I moved closer and stood on tiptoe to kiss his cheek. "You did a very good job of protecting me from wolves tonight, Brad," I whispered softly. "Thank you very much."

Brad looked at me and grinned. "Any time you feel scared, just call me and I'll chase those wolves away for you."

I took his hand in mine and kissed him on the lips. "I'd like that very much, Brad. Would you mind if I called you often?"

Brad pulled me close and kissed me. "Any time you want, Candace, any time at all." I wanted to tell him to call me Candy, but somehow it just sounded so nice when he called me Candace.

Later in bed, I found that I couldn't get Brad's kiss out of my mind. It didn't feel strange that he had kissed me. He was very gentle and I almost didn't know that our lips were pressed together. I knew that I should have reacted differently, at the least I shouldn't have enjoyed being held and kissed, but I did. I honestly did.

I gave my family a complete rundown on my date the next day, and confidently predicted that I would have no trouble at all in getting Brad straightened out. "He's really a sweet guy. I don't know why he acts like such a jerk sometimes."

"Sweet?" Dad's eyebrow shot up. "Did I just hear you call him sweet?"

"Well, of course, Uncle Paul. I can't very well use words that Tom would have used, can I?"

"She's right, dad," Ellen rushed to my defense. "Brad might get suspicious if she doesn't look and sound just like a girl."

"I'm sorry, Candy, I guess I'm having a little trouble with this. Forgive me?"

I leaned over and kissed his cheek. I seem to do that a lot lately. "Certainly, Uncle Paul. I understand."

I didn't hear from Brad for several weeks after that first date. I did hear from Chuck and another guy, George, though, and had several dates with them.

"Why are you dating these guys, Candy?" Mom asked one day as I was changing for a date. "I thought this was just about Brad?"

"It is, Aunt Mary," I said as I was fastening a pair of nylons to my garter belt, "but I have to wait for Brad to call me again. Didn't you always tell Ellen that nice girls don't chase boys?"

Mom rolled her eyes. "Do you have to call me that when we're alone? I miss having you call me mom."

"Sorry, Aunt Mary, I have to keep it up, so that I don't accidentally slip when Brad's around. Zip me up, please?" I asked turning my back to her.

"A dress, bra, slip, garters, nylons, and panties," Mom grumbled. "I used to coax you to get dressed up when you were little. This wasn't what I had in mind."

"They come with the territory, Aunt Mary," I said while doing my face. "I'm a girl and I have to dress like one. Besides, it's kinda fun wearing these things."

Mom almost choked. "You can't be serious! No boy in his right mind would ever like wearing women's clothing."

"Sorry, but you're wrong." I explained all about the woman who had taught me how to act and some of the on-line sites I had found while researching my plan. "There are actually lots of guys who love wearing pretty outfits and they're perfectly normal. Many are married with families of their own."

"You're joking! Why would any man want to wear women's clothes? Pantyhose are a pain, bras can dig into you, and girdles are a form of torture second only to high heels!"

"I don't know," I said meekly. "I've gotten used to wearing heels. I think nylons are sexier than pantyhose, and you're right about girdles though."

"You really are enjoying yourself, aren't you, Candy?" she asked bluntly.

"It is a lot of fun, but it will be over soon." I hoped she couldn't detect the disappointment in my voice. How could I break it to her that I wanted to keep wearing pretty clothes and being the object of men's desires when I couldn't explain it myself?

"I love you, sweetheart," Mom replied after a brief bit of silence. "What you're doing reminds me of that passage in the bible that says, "No greater love has a man than he lay down his life for a friend."

"I'm not in any danger, mom." I emphasized "Mom" to make her feel better. She kissed me and left me to finish dressing.

George loved my leather dress. He made such a fuss over me and kept telling me that I should open a fashion

consulting business. "You're so well turned out. You could make a million in no time at all."

I of course thanked him with a kiss and a big smile. I wasn't going to bother telling him that I was already worth about a hundred million thanks to the trust accounts dad set up for Ellen and me when he adopted us.

It was a lot of fun being with George. We caught a movie, dinner, and then did a little window-shopping at the mall. I had heard all kinds of horror stories of guys forcing themselves on poor girls, but my dates weren't anything like that. Every guy I dated, Brad included, was a perfect gentleman, content to be rewarded with a kiss. Never once had they expected anything else from me. Maybe the stories I heard were exaggerations. Being a girl wasn't bad at all from my point of view.

Several more weeks went by without any word from Brad. Had I done something wrong? He seemed happy enough on our date. Finally, the week before classes were to begin, he called and invited me to a nearby water park.

"Will there be any wolves there?" I asked in a shy, little girl voice. "You promised to protect me, remember?"

"It will be my pleasure to protect you, Candace," he promised. "No wolf will get close to you while I'm around."

I wore my little blue bikini with a white lace cover up dress to see what Brad's reaction would be. Dad nearly had a seizure when he saw me without my dress, but he calmed down and told me that I would be the prettiest girl on the beach.

"I just hope that Brad appreciates you," he said as the doorbell rang. "You could get another guy in a second."

I decided to turn the flirting up level a notch or two, so after we spread our towels out, I asked Brad to put lotion on my back. His touch was as gentle as a feather, yet he was driving me crazy. The instant he touched me my thoughts jumped to lying in bed with him, and holding each other. We were both naked, having just made love, and Brad was making himself busy sucking on my breasts as I ran my fingers through his curly brown hair. As I ran my fingers through his curly hair, his curly brown pubic hair, I should say, I teased him into another erection. He moved away from my breast and positioned himself between my legs.

"Are you ready, baby?" he asked lovingly.

"I'm always ready for you, honey," I said softly. There was a slight pressure, then the bells, whistles, and sirens went off as he entered me and began pumping away.

"That feels so good," I moaned. "Don't stop."

"I never thought I was that great with suntan lotion," Brad laughed. "But I'd be happy to keep rubbing you, anytime, anywhere."

I suddenly realized what had happened and began to blush. "A girl that can still blush," he teased. "You're going to be fun!"

"You wouldn't dare make me blush," I teased, wanting to see how he'd react.

"Wait until school starts," he laughed as he rubbed lotion on my stomach. "You never know what might happen."

I raised my eyebrows and smiled back. "That is just so true!" I laughed.

I had to wait several more weeks for Brad to call me again. The interval between calls was getting shorter, but this time I was going to play hard to get.

"Gee, I'm sorry, Brad," I told him in a sad tone, "but I'm kind of tied up this weekend. Could we get together some other time?"

He jumped at the chance and asked if the next weekend would be okay. I could almost hear a sigh of relief when I said yes.

I wasn't lying to Brad. I really did have plans for that weekend, a double date with Ellen. Her boyfriend had a cute friend, and she thought it would be so cool if we doubled as sisters. The idea really interested me so I accepted. I let her borrow one of my leather skirts and she let me wear this short black dress that I thought was just so dreamy looking. We had a blast dressing together just like sisters. We were standing in just our panties and bras when she reached for her pantyhose.

"Take a chance, sis," I told her. "Live a little."

I handed her my frilliest garter belt, nothing but black, stretch lace, including the straps. "You'll feel so much sexier in these."

Ellen quickly put on the belt and fastened the garters. "Damn, you are so right!" she gushed. "I can't believe how sexy these things make me feel. Who would ever have thought that I'd get advice on how to feel hot and sexy from my little brother?"

"It's more important for me to feel like a sexy lady," I shrugged, "but there's no reason you can't feel that way too."

Ellen rushed over and gave me a big hug. "You are such a doll, but you still have the trashiest lingerie I've ever seen. I blush just looking at some of your stuff."

"Help yourself," I smiled and swept my hand over my open lingerie drawer. "You will just love how sexy and feminine you feel when you're wearing this stuff. Your boyfriend will appreciate it too!" Lord knows I came to love how sexy and feminine it made me feel. I dearly hoped Brad would appreciate it too.

She wasted no time in getting out of her bra and panties and changing into the matching lace panties and bra that went with the garter belt. "I feel like such a slut," she giggled, "and I love it!"

Her boyfriend had no complaints. Ellen was all over him that night, kissing and cuddling as though he was a long lost love. Of course, with her and her boyfriend going at it, my date and I felt left out. The next thing I knew, he slid his arm around me and pulled me close. Our tongues passed on their way into each other's mouths, pausing for a second or two to say hello, then moving along. It felt so good to have this guy hold me and kiss me that by the end of the evening, my lips were chapped and my boobs were sore from being tweaked through my dress. He probably didn't fare much better, going home with a sore, sticky crotch from my rubbing, but neither of us complained.

The next weekend, Brad picked me up, and whistled in appreciation when he saw my short leather skirt and lace top. "A little racy, aren't we?" he teased.

"I can always change," I offered, "if you don't like the way I'm dressed."

"No!" he quickly responded. "Please don't do that. I love the way you're dressed. You look fabulous."

If that didn't deserve a kiss on the lips, I don't know what did, so I rewarded him with a kiss that lasted a little longer than usual.

“Would you like to see the city from Nash Hill?” he asked breathlessly. “It's quite a view.”

It sure was, I knew for a fact, having taken several young ladies there at various times. It was also a great place to sit and make out as the sunset.

“Nash Hill?” I asked innocently. “That sounds familiar. I think Tom might have mentioned some place like that. It must be nice, since he felt sure you might want to take me there.”

“Oh, you know about Nash Hill,” he sounded so dejected. “Remind me to thank Tom for telling you about it.”

I'll thank him myself,“ I giggled. “I'd love to go there, but why don't we eat first?”

Nash Hill sure looked different than I remembered. Of course, I'd never seen it with my head on a guy's chest while I toyed with his zipper. Yes, I was about to do something I never thought I'd do. It had to be done. I had to make sure he would stay interested in me. A pretty lame argument you might say, but I didn't really need much convincing. I just needed Brad.

“Why did you wait so long to call me, Brad?” I pouted. “I thought you liked me? You do like me, don't you?” I asked as I reached inside his pants.

“I...I'm sorry, Candace, really I am,” he groaned as I squeezed him. “I got involved with some guys I hang out with and...”

“Can they make you feel this good?” I asked as I traced the tip of his shaft with my pink fingernail.

"No, God no," Brad stammered as I ran my finger along his shaft.

"Then why spend so much time with them when you could be with me?" I giggled shamelessly.

"I promise I'll spend more time with you," he stammered. "All the time you want, Candace, all the time you want."

"That's what I like to hear," I whispered as I thrust my tongue into his mouth and my hand into his shorts. I tried telling myself that I was just acting, but I realized that I was enjoying it every bit as much as he was! His hands found my breasts and started to tweak them, then suddenly one hand moved away from my breasts.

Now where did that little guy go? I wondered for only a second until I felt a hand slide between my legs. An instant later, I was bucking up and down as Brad massaged me through my thin panties. Nothing I had ever felt, with absolutely no exception, had ever felt that wonderful. Just as I thought it could get no better, he deftly slid aside my panties and stuck a finger right inside of me!

Five glorious minutes later, I had an orgasm that I'll never forget. I didn't want Brad to feel left out, and I did owe him a big favor, so I pulled some tissue from my purse and brought him to a climax that I hoped he'd always remember too.

When Brad calmed down, he pulled me close. "I think I'm falling in love," he told me.

"Me too," I whispered and snuggled to his chest. At that point I was sure I had him. I was also sure I didn't want to give him up.

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Brad and I became very close after that evening. We shared a few classes, and spent increasing amounts of free time together. I didn't want to scare him off by demanding that he break away from all of his loser buddies, instead I just took my time and strung him along. I was sure that once he cared enough, he'd drop them in favor of me. In the meantime, I just sat there, enjoying the fruits of my plan, being a temporary girlfriend to my best friend.

Brad's grades had taken quite a beating because of his attitude. It would be tough for him to land a good paying job with a C- average, so I stepped in and offered to help tutor him. It was fourth grade all over again, with just a little twist. In fourth grade, I never had to contend with Brad kissing my neck or rubbing my butt as I tried to help him. I also didn't have to contend with an increasingly strong desire to go to bed with him!

I can't figure out how it happened, but one day we were studying for an Economics test and Brad began feeling me up. First, it was a hand on my breasts, then under my top, then rolling my nipples around between his fingertips. I couldn't take it anymore. We were at his house, alone, so I closed the book and led him to the living room couch.

"We're not going to get anything done with you all hot and bothered," I told him as I took his shaft in my hand. "I'm just going to have to do something about this little problem."

It turned out that his "little problem" was anything but little. Still, a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do, right? Even if the man was wearing a skintight skirt over pink lace panties. I got a good grip on him and leaned back against his chest as I began tugging on him.



*Our study session was turning into a make out session, as Brad and I felt each other in our most intimate places. I was succeeding at my plan, but at what a cost?*

Moments later, a panting Brad had my top up, my bra undone and was alternating sucking on my nipples. I was on fire! All I could think about was that my dreams were coming true, and how could I get all of Brad's shaft into me?

He was about to roll on top of me and answer my question when I finally worked up enough willpower to stop him. "Not now, Brad," I pleaded. "It's just not right."

To my surprise, Brad immediately backed off, apologizing for getting too carried away. I continued pleasing him though and even let him put his hand inside of my panties. It was just too good to pass up.

We finally managed to get back to Economics, but it wasn't easy. All I could think about was how good it would feel to have Brad take me.

Time was passing and I was making progress. The summer term ended and fall was well under way when his mother hit me with a shot between the eyes.

Brad and I were at his place studying when his mom asked if he would mind getting something from the store. I was reaching for my purse when she asked me to stay and keep her company. I had always liked his mom, so I agreed, asking Brad to hurry back.

His mom made small talk with me for a few minutes, and then suddenly stopped. "That's long enough for him to be safely away. Now tell me, Tom, what's going on here?"

"Tom?" I tried to weasel out of it. "Who's Tom?"

"You are, of course," his mom looked me right in the eyes and never wavered her gaze.

"You're Tom Hutton, Paul and Mary Hutton's boy, although I must admit you don't look much like a boy right now."

There wasn't any use in denying it. Mrs. Winters was certain in her opinion. In any case, I had to find out how she knew and try to keep Brad from finding out.

"How could you tell?"

"A few gestures here and there," she shrugged. "Things I remembered from all the times you used to spend over here with Brad. Now, what's going on and why are you dressed like that?"

I laid everything out for her and made her promise not to mention anything if Brad was near. I was close to bringing everything to a successful conclusion and couldn't risk fouling it up.

"Tell me one thing," Mrs. Winters asked. "How are you going to be able to walk away from all of this? What will Brad think?"

"Soon, I'll have to go back to Seattle," I explained. "Something unavoidable will come up. By then Brad's friends will have given up on him. He'll get over me and find another girl. "

"That simple, huh?" she asked with a smile. "Good luck, and thank you. I could never repay you for what you've done for Brad. He's really starting to shape up again," she hugged me tight and it was back to small talk in time for Brad to return.

After dinner, his mom winked at me, said that she was going to see a movie, and would probably be gone for several hours. I wondered why she felt that she had to let us know.

A few minutes after she left, Brad closed the book we were studying from and began to seduce me. He was very skillful in the art of seduction, telling me how beautiful I was while kissing me and undoing my blouse.

I returned the favor by undoing his belt and pants as he helped me out of the denim skirt I was wearing. Once he started sucking on my breasts, I knew I'd let him do anything he wanted to me. There was just no way on earth that I could resist him.

Brad brought me to several wonderful orgasms through skillful use of his fingers in my crotch and his mouth on my breasts before positioning himself between my legs.

This is it, I thought as I closed my eyes and waited for the pressure of his shaft against me. I'll be a woman before the nights over.

The pressure never came though. Instead I was hit with the most incredible sensation of something gliding over my sensitive slit and driving me mad with excitement. I reached down and found Brad licking at my crotch!

"What a guy!" I thought. "He never fails to come up with great new ways to make me glad that I'm a girl. There must be some way I could repay him."

In a flash, I turned so that my face was buried in Brad's crotch. I eased his shorts down and out popped that magnificent shaft of his. I grasped it very carefully in my hand and began to run my tongue up and down its length before I opened my mouth and took it inside.

I couldn't believe it. Here I was a twenty three-year-old guy, wearing a skirt and panties, sucking on my best friend's shaft as if it was a tasty treat. "It was tasty too,"

I thought as I licked and sucked, "just a little on the salty side, which was exactly the way I liked my food."

Well, why not repay him like that? He was after licking me to erotic heights; the likes of which I never imagined existed. The least I could do was to return the favor.

That night, I realized that something was going horribly wrong. I wasn't just doing this to help straighten Brad out anymore. I was falling in love with him.

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The next day I talked over my problems with Ellen who seemed to completely understand what I was going through. "You're not really in love with him," she explained. "You're just in love with the sensations he's providing you. Your body is built like a girl's, you have female hormones, and you're responding the way any girl would under the circumstances. The best thing to do would be to satisfy your urges, then you can get back to fixing Brad's problem and return to Seattle."

"Female hormones?" That caught my attention pretty quickly.

"Uh huh, didn't you hear the doctor tell you he was implanting a time release hormone capsule in your thigh? He thought it would help you respond better if he upped your normal level of female hormones," Ellen explained.

I knew I should have paid closer attention when the doctor talked about the implants, but honestly, I thought he was talking about my breasts. No wonder I was acting like a horny young babe. I was one! Now that I had dug my own grave through inattention, there was only one thing left to do.

“How exactly would I satisfy these urges?” I asked hesitantly, unsure that I really wanted to be told what I thought I was going to hear.

“You let him screw your little brains out, how else?” she looked at me as if I was stupid. “You want it, he wants it, so do it and get it over with.”

“But we’re both guys!” I protested. “I can’t go to bed with another guy.”

“You just admitted that you gave him the ultimate blowjob the other night when you had his face buried in your furry little crotch. Did you think of yourself as a guy then?”

“No, I guess I thought I was the luckiest girl who ever lived.”

“Well, you can’t possibly get pregnant. He wants you as much as you want him so knock yourselves out. Mom and dad are going away for the weekend. Why not bring him over. I am staying with my boyfriend, so you two lovebirds will have the place to yourselves.”

It sounded reasonable, so I brought the idea up to Brad who loved it. “I’m going to make you my girl for good this weekend, Candace, so be prepared,” he teased all week long when we were alone.

I shocked the crap out of him with my response. “And I’m going to screw you until your eyeballs roll back in your head, so you’d better be prepared.”

-----

That Friday, mom and dad took off for a weekend getaway package, Ellen left to spend time with her boyfriend, and I got ready to lose my virginity. Okay, so I had lost it years ago, but now I had it back as a girl and I couldn’t wait to lose it again!

I soaked for over an hour in a tub of hot water liberally mixed with bath oil. I shaved carefully, and made sure that every inch of my body was squeaky clean and ready for my lover. I slipped on a sensuous black satin nightgown with spaghetti straps and a lace bodice cut low enough to allow Brad a tempting, clear view of the valley between my breasts. I dabbed some of my favorite perfume behind my ears and legs, and added a drop or two more between my breasts.

I planned on making Brad forget all of his old friends, all of his worries, and all of his cares. Tonight the only thing he'd need to worry about would be pleasing me. I felt certain that he'd rise to the challenge in more ways than one.

Strangely, if I wasn't really in love with Brad, why was I so excited? I'm sure I could find a dozen guys on campus that'd be more than happy to go to bed with me, so why did it have to be Brad?

"No time to worry about that," I thought as the doorbell rang. I slipped my feet into a pair of very sexy heels and rushed to greet my lover. I opened the door just wide enough to let Brad in, not wanting to give the neighbors a show.

"Candace, you are so beautiful," he said as he swept me into his arms and kissed me. "Have I ever mentioned what a gorgeous, sexy woman you are?"

"I wouldn't mind hearing it again," I cooed as I nuzzled his neck. "It sounds so nice coming from your lips." I took him by the hand and led him to my room.

"I've been here many times before," he chuckled, "but I never thought I'd see it looking like this."

"Aunt Mary and Uncle Paul had it redecorated just for me. Wasn't that sweet of them?" I sounded like a

little girl, but I didn't care. It felt so nice just being with Brad.

We kissed while I took off his pants and shirt, our hands roaming over each other's bodies, seeking new pleasure centers. Finally, I had him completely undressed. I reached down and took his massive erection in my small soft hand and led him to the bed.

I gently lay down and arranged my nightgown around my waist, leaving my naked crotch exposed. “Come on, Brad, I'm all yours. You promised to make me your girl tonight.”

Suddenly a look of anguish crossed his face. His erection deflated like a balloon that had been stuck with a pin. “I can't do this, Tom. I'm sorry. I just can't,” he groaned. “It was a terrible thing for me to do. I'm sorry, but this is not something I can go through with.”

Tom? Good God, had I heard him right? Was he having some kind of weird flashback?

“Tom's not here, baby,” I tried to console him. “No one's here but me and my guy.”

“You're here, Tom,” he shook his head. “You shouldn't be and it's my fault that you are. I don't know if you can ever forgive me, but believe me, I really am sorry.”

“What's wrong, Brad? Why do you keep calling for Tom?”

“I'm not calling for anyone,” he moaned. “I'm talking to you, Tom Hutton, the guy who used to be my best friend. Don't you get it, Tom? This was my fault. I set you up!”

“You know it's me?”



*Gawd, he knew! How?*

*"I made you fall for me with those tapes," he confessed.*

*"I never listened to them," I smiled. "I fell in love with you because I've become a girl for real."*

“For a month or so,” he nodded. “I overheard my mother on the phone with your mom, thanking her for what you were trying to do. I put two and two together. The way you drove, the things you liked all added up to one thing and I was determined to take revenge on you.”

“I’m sorry, Brad. I was only trying to help. You were in trouble and I was sure you’d never listen to Tom. Our families agreed that you needed a girl who would get you out of the mess you were in, but where would we find a girl who would want to bother with you. That’s when my parents got this crazy idea for me to become Candy.”

“I appreciate what you tried to do, Tom, really I do. That makes me hate myself much more for what I did.”

“I still don’t understand, Brad,” I said as I discreetly pulled on a pair of panties and lowered my nightgown. “What terrible thing do you think you did?”

I turned you into a slut, a cheap whore!” Brad screamed. “Don’t you get it, Tom? You’re never going to be anything but some air headed bimbo who only lives to screw.”

“I don’t get it,” I told him. “I desperately wanted it, but I didn’t get it then, and I’m not getting it now. What makes you think you could have done such a thing?”

“Remember that movies I gave you on DVD? The CD’s I gave you? They were spiked with subliminal messages to make you want to have sex with me, and once you did, you’d only live to screw. It would be your life’s passion to screw as many men as possible, anywhere, anytime, any guy. It would be all that you lived for. You’d never go back to being a guy. You’d stay a mindless slut the rest of your life.”

I broke into nearly uncontrollable laughter that drove Brad nuts. “Didn’t you hear me?” he screamed again and

again until I stopped laughing. "Even if we don't do it tonight, you'll find a guy who will screw you. From then on it's all over."

I bit down on my lip to keep from laughing again. I opened a drawer in my nightstand and handed him the movie and CD's, all unopened. "Just how stupid do you think I am, Bradley Winters? This movie isn't available on DVD yet. It's my favorite movie, so believe me, I checked. That made me suspicious, so I went to a few Internet sites I noticed while I was setting up this whole plan. What do you think I found?"

Brad seemed totally confused. "Then why are we here? I mean if you knew what I was up to and never watched or listened..."

"We're here because I screwed up," I told him as I moved closer. "I was supposed to get you away from those losers, and then return to Seattle. I can't do that now because I have fallen in love with you."

"You...you're serious?" Brad stammered. "In love, with me?"

I nodded and reached out to him. "Completely, totally, head over heels, in love with you, Brad. I hope you don't mind."

I knew that it was all or nothing. Would he accept my love for him or would he walk away, possibly back to his old friends? Brad pulled me close and held me tight. "I love you too, Candace. Please stay with me forever!"

I didn't want to spoil the mood with a verbal answer, so I simply let myself fall onto the bed and pulled him on top of me. Bright boy that he was, he knew just what to do. Soon I felt the pressure, and then I was his. The orgasms were tremendous. I counted seventeen in all

that night, along with six more before we got out of bed the next morning.

“What will our parents think, Candace?” he asked softly. “How will they take our falling in love?”

“They’ll just have to get used to it, my precious lover, ‘cause I’m never giving you up!”

We talked about everything over a delicious breakfast that I cooked for my husband-to-be. I told him all that I had done and that it could be easily reversed.

“No you don’t, my love,” he laughed. “It’s going to be tough enough to explain how I fell in love with the guy I grew up with while you look like this!”

“Guy you grew up with?” I pouted and twirled around in my negligee. “Does this look like a guy’s body to you? I guarantee that I don’t have a guy’s mind. I’m a girl, your girl, and that’s how it’s always going to be!”

“I love you, Candace,” he said as he pulled me onto his lap. “I just hope I can find a good job and take care of you the way you deserve. I’ll probably have to repeat many of my classes, which is going to set us behind financially.”

“I can spare a few bucks,” I offered with a smile. “We’ll be okay.”

“I figured it would take close to twenty thousand for me to start all over,” he said sadly. “Who could spare that kind of money? It’s going to be tough, but if you’ll stick with me, I promise never to disappoint you.”

I gave the dear boy a kiss to show just how much I loved him. “I can get you twenty thousand dollars with one quick phone call, sweetie.”

“You can come up with twenty thousand dollars?” his eyes opened almost as wide as his mouth.

"Let me tell you about the girl you're going to marry, my love." I kissed him again and refilled his coffee cup. "Have you ever heard of PH industries? Care to guess what the PH stands for? How about a hint? Maybe you've met my dad, well step-dad actually. But that doesn't matter, he adopted Ellen and me when he married mom and we all love each other very much. You remember my last name, don't you? Hutton? Well dad's first name is Paul, as in Paul Hutton, as in CEO and owner of PH Industries."

"You're the son of the CEO of PH industries? Then you're also..."

"I'm his daughter now, and I'm also filthy rich, my love," I finished his sentence for him. "At last count, worth over a hundred million dollars."

"Can I get a job with your dad's company?"

"Companies," I corrected. "About thirty of them, I think, and no, you can't. Not with your grades."

"But I'm marrying the CEO's daughter," he laughed. "That's gotta count for something."

"Come back to the bedroom and I'll show you what it counts for, my sweet. But Daddy won't hire people who won't try."

-----

Brad did follow me back to the bedroom and I did show him what marrying the CEO's daughter was worth, many times over. He also went back to school, retook the classes he failed, and graduated with a degree in Business Administration. Yes, it took quite a bit of explaining to our parents, but they understood and were very supportive. I went back to my friendly surgeon who removed a few parts that I wouldn't need anymore.

I recruited my husband to help me manage daddy's charitable foundations. Yes, I call him daddy now and he calls me his little girl. It drives Ellen crazy, but she puts up with it now that she has the sister she always wanted.

On my wedding day, mom explained to me how I had fulfilled the bible passage she quoted. I had willingly risked and ultimately laid down my life, my life as a man that is, to help a friend. "There could be no greater love," she said, "than ours."

She's right!

THE END

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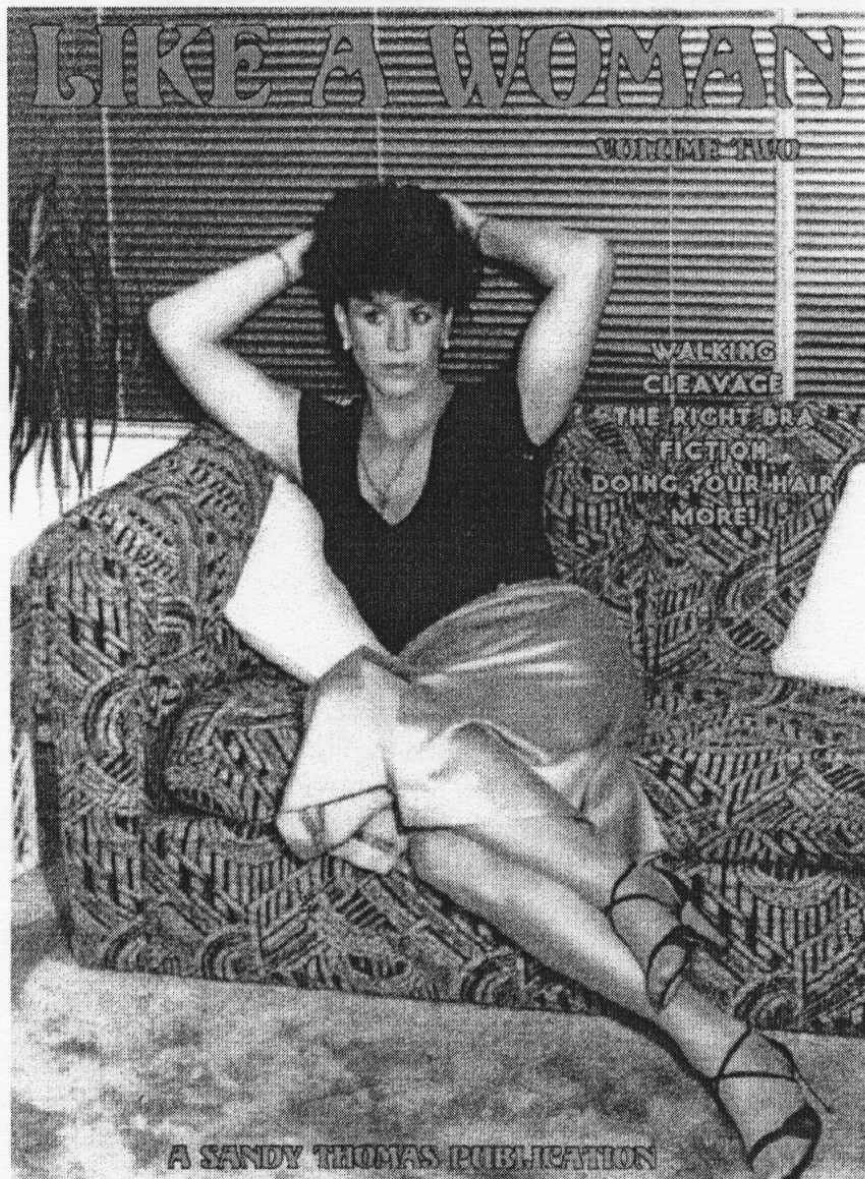
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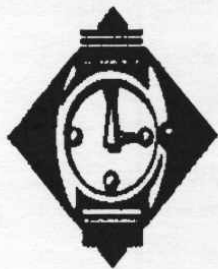
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