

# DANIELLE, TRANSVESTITE CO-ED

*By Simone Wentluke*



*ILLUSTRATED BY MISTY MALVEAX*

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A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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## DANIELLE, TRANSVESTITE CO-ED

By Simone Wentluke

When Danny Brill returned to his apartment that chilly March evening after a fruitless day of job-hunting, there was only one message on his answering machine.

It was, of course, not a job offer.

At least, not for a paying job. It was his cousin Amanda. For their entire lives they had looked just like one another. They referred to each other as “twin cousins”. True to character, her message was cryptic, brief and sweet.

“Danny, how's my favoritist identical cousin in the world? Have you found a job yet? I need your help desperately. The old switcheroo. Call ASAP. Love, Amanda, bye!”

“The old switcheroo” could mean only one thing. Amanda wanted him to “pass” for her, something made possible by the quirky accident of their genes. Children of twin brothers who married sisters, Danny and Amanda had always looked as much like identical twins as a boy and girl could. As children growing up in the same town, they had switched at Christmas and birthday parties to the amusement of friends and family, just as their dads had done in their youth.

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The last time they had pulled the “old switcheroo” had been more serious, a successful deception to enable Amanda to stay out overnight after senior prom against the wishes of her strict parents. Danny had agreed, without realizing what was involved. He had to return to his own home after the dance, then sneak out, dressed as his cousin, and “return” to her home. Early in the morning, she would sneak in the bedroom window and replace him. Her friends would then drive Danny home.

But as the time approached for the prom switch, he realized more was required of him than in their preteen stunts. This became apparent when he went for a rehearsal at the home of Amanda's friend, Faye Anne.

Oddly enough, duplicating Amanda's mannerisms was the easiest part: they were both good mimics and frequently in each other's company. Moreover, they behaved and spoke similarly anyway, proof, said Amanda, that “nature not nurture” was the true determinant of behavior.

Danny figured he'd be able to fool his aunt and uncle for the few seconds it took to go to his cousin's bedroom late at night.

Nor, at first, did it seem much of a problem matching Amanda's appearance. Facially and physically they were still very close. He was a year older but neither graceful nor well coordinated. He was barred from any more rugged sports than badminton by the delicacy of his bones. Amanda, on the other hand, was an excellent athlete, who

kept her body trim and her hips firm and narrow. Both cousins had thick and lustrous honey-blond hair. She kept hers short for sports.

Both had the same large, luminous blue eyes, generously fringed with lashes. Also slightly upturned noses and full, pouting lips set above firm little jaws.

They were, fortunately, the same height, with the same slender necks and delicate hands.

The hard part for Danny had come when Amanda, along with her girlfriends Denise and Faye Anne, had presented him with Amanda's formal gown. Danny's heart sunk. It was a strapless! And with a plunging neckline and a daring slit up the thigh.

All that smooth white flesh he saw exposed as his cousin preened and turned in her black formal would have to be *his* smooth white flesh. At least for the trip from the car to the doorstep of his aunt's house and into his cousin's bedroom.

"What?" Amanda said, her face mirroring the alarm Danny knew his own must be revealing. "Don't you love it?"

"Oh, it's great, Cuz. On you. But..."

Faye Anne stepped into the conversation: "I bet Danny is worried about all the skin, right? It means Danny will have to shave his chest hair and his legs."

"Well, yeah. That, and the bust," Danny mumbled.

His cousin and her friends were not to be put off. He had promised, after all. Strip-ping Danny, they quickly agreed he would have to shave all over. Luckily he was not too hairy, but still, the experience of being shaved by three attractive women was an unsettling one. So was how cool the air felt to his new bare skin. It was not entirely unpleasant to him.

Danny began to get aroused. As he did, he also got embarrassed, and began to blush furiously. Amanda noticed first and, reaching out, put her arms around him.

"Danny, this is really hard for you and I just want you to know I really appreciate this. However, your current 'state'," she said as she gestured at his upright manhood, "does point out we have challenges ahead."

"For which we came prepared," said Denise, brandishing a stiff, rubbery looking garment she explained was a pantygirdle.

They helped him slide into it but wisely let him accomplish the final maneuver, which was to tuck his penis between his legs. Then the girls pulled one last time on the girdle until it felt like his testicles were being pressed flat. This, he saw in the mirror, left his front as smooth and shapely as any woman's. It gave him a funny feeling in the pit of his stomach to see it. So did the next bit of camouflage, which was to give him a passable bosom. This was accomplished with water balloons, one of Faye Anne's brassieres- and a lot of jokes and laughter.

Soon they were daubing on powder, brushing out his hair, pressing on lipstick, clipping on earrings and helping him into panties, a slip and then his cousin's dress.

As Denise and his cousin supported him, Faye Anne bent and slipped onto his feet his cousin's high heels. The three squeezed into the bathroom with him to observe his reaction to their handiwork.

When he first looked in the mirror he did not see himself at all and moved to one side to bring himself into the image. But no, the girl he had taken for his cousin matched the move. Amanda was out of the frame of the mirror entirely, he realized with a shock. This beautiful creature, from the top of her gleaming blonde waves to the slender curves of her calves, was Danny.

He pirouetted to confirm this, making his dress and slip swirl ticklingly about his thighs and calves, while his new earrings did likewise on his cheeks.

She was he!

He saw her lovely blue eyes stare back, her pouty red lips agape in amazement. Her flawless, softly shadowed face was fringed with blond curls, her creamy white shoulders and inviting expanse of flesh led the eye downward to a ripe bosom clad in the deep red, strapless dress. Her narrow waistline rotated above gently curving hips, and long slender legs were poised on high heels.

“Wow,” was all Danny could say.

“Wow is right,” agreed Amanda, “I can't believe it. Do I look that good?”

“Yes, you do,” said Denise, putting a hand on Danny's bare shoulder, and another on Amanda's. “But seeing Danny this way, it kinda makes me appreciate your looks more.”

“Why, thank you, sweetie, ” said Amanda, giving Denise a peck on the cheek. “I'd given up hoping you'd notice.”

Everyone laughed. The erotic charge that had been building was dissipated. The girls helped Danny undress and clean up, then dropped him off at his home. That night was the formal.

It all went smooth as silk. Danny went to the dance dressed normally and had the time of his life. Normally shy, he was drawn into the social whirl that naturally surrounded Amanda and her friends, who had come as a group. He even danced with many of them.

When it was over, he returned to his home. He said goodnight to his folks and then crawled out his window to Faye Anne's waiting car. Then it was off to her house where his earlier transformation was repeated. Danny was outfitted with Amanda's formal purse and wrap. With Amanda hiding below the seat, the girls dropped Danny off on Amanda's doorstep. As a last word of advice Amanda told Danny to sleep in her nightgown and keep falsies in, just in case her Mom looked in on him.

“We'll pick you up at five a.m., so set the alarm,” she called.

“Believe me, I'll be ready,” he ruefully replied.

After all the buildup, getting to Amanda's bedroom proved easy. Amanda's mom had waited up. Having spent the whole evening with his cousin, he was able to answer

honestly all her questions about the formal: who had danced with whom, who had worn what, etc.

The hardest part came when his aunt sighed, "My oh my, Amanda, but you are so beautiful," and embraced him affectionately. Mrs. Brill was still a beauty herself and Danny felt his manhood stirring as she kissed him full on the lips and pressed her ample breasts against him. But disaster was avoided by the panty-girdle.

In the bedroom he carefully removed and hung up his cousin's clothes, retaining only the panty girdle and brassiere. Laying on the bed was a frilly transparent garment which he understood to be a teddy. He slipped into it, marveling at how the rippling trim tickled his hairless skin, and then donned the nightgown. He was expecting a restful sleep in these comfortable, luxurious clothes.

He couldn't help stepping over to the big mirror attached to Amanda's dresser and admiring the erotic quality of the sleepwear. He realized he should take off his makeup, but he didn't know how. He decided, if Amanda's mother mentioned anything about it, he would just say he had been too tired to remove it.

When he finally slipped into bed he was exhausted. As he drifted off that night he had been acutely aware of the tingling touch of Amanda's lingerie.

Danny recalled it all as if it were yesterday. It had been an intense experience which had left him doubtful of his own sexual orientation. Was he gay to enjoy his cousin's clothes so much? He didn't feel any great attraction to boys, but he felt even more shy around girls after that. Still, Amanda had continued to invite him into her circle of girl friends.

Some of them had shown an interest in Danny, inquiring with seeming innocence if he had a girl friend, and was he coming to this or that dance at Amanda's college.

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The shrill ring of the telephone jerked Danny from his daydream. Before he picked it up he knew it was his cousin.

"Hi, Amanda," he said before she could get a word out.

"Danny, as psychic as ever, I see," she laughed. "Well, if it matters, I knew you were home this time and would answer. So how's the job hunting?"

As always, Danny felt warmed by Amanda's obvious affection. She hardly had to argue to overcome his resistance to the plan she unfolded. Her sheer goodness reminded him of all the favors she had done for him through the years without her having to mention them aloud.

Reluctantly, he agreed to the scheme. It was only for one night, he told himself.

It seemed Amanda wanted to be by her fiancé's side when he tried out for the Olympic gymnastic team. Danny knew Chuck, her beau, and could readily accept that the high-strung athlete needed her emotional support for the final events.

The problem was that Amanda's college was old fashioned and required its students to be in their residences by eleven p.m. on weeknights. Amanda had flouted the rule enough times to have received her final warning, and was threatened with expul-

sion for the next infraction. With the Olympic tryouts a thousand miles away and on a Wednesday evening, she had naturally thought of the old switcheroo.

“Just one night, Danny. You can leave my room in the morning as Amanda and change downtown in a hotel room I'll rent. Will you do it?”

Of course he would. Amanda had worked everything out as usual. Her roommate would be away with the debating team that night, so Danny's ruse could end in the bedroom.

“Though you'd better stay made up and so on in case of a bedcheck.”

Danny didn't like that thought, but he went along with it anyway.

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And so a few weeks later, Danny found himself in a hotel room shaving himself all over as he awaited his cousin. The result left him feeling surprisingly vulnerable. And chilly.

It had been a while since the last time he did this, and the rush of feelings made the whole plan worth while. He couldn't help but run his hands up and down his smooth thighs, chest and armpits, thrilling to the silkiness of his own skin.

When Amanda arrived, they exchanged the customary hugs. She then forced him to submit to a second, even closer shave. He also had an eyebrow plucking, which left him feeling sure she had plucked every single hair. She refused to let him see himself in the mirror. “Not yet,” she smiled.

Then she gave him a pair of flimsy pink panties trimmed with white lace. These sent such an unwelcome tremor of pleasure through him as they slid up his hairless legs that his knees buckled under him. Amanda smiled but said nothing.

Noting that her waistline was slimmer than his own, she forced him into a corset that reached from his chest to his crotch. It took considerable effort on her part, pulling and jerking on the laces, to squeeze him into a satisfactory shape.

Amanda stood back to survey her handiwork. Eyeing his chest, she suddenly reached forward and pulled up at the fatty tissue below the heavily wired brassiere of the corset, ordering him to raise his arms as she did so. When he lowered them, the flesh sat plumply in the bra cups. They even shook when Danny moved. He had breasts! At least temporarily. He was understandably embarrassed that he no longer needed the water balloons to create that illusion.

Amanda then made up the dazed boy, helped him on with nylons, a party dress and dancing shoes to fit with his cover story.

Finally she let him see himself in the mirror. It was an unsettling sight, for before him was the slender, shapely and thoroughly attractive young blonde he remembered from his dreams. She looked like she was ready for anything, whatever everything might be.

Before he had time to reflect, Amanda was dragging him off to the hairdresser's to cut his hair to match hers. As they took the hotel elevator and walked through the

lobby she coached him on using her voice, fearing that they had not seen each other enough recently for him to do it well.

For the first time he was out in public, trying to fool strangers. It made Danny very uncomfortable.

He felt more self-conscious at that moment than any other time he could remember. It was a feeling which was enhanced by all the male stares he encountered at Amanda's side, as they strode together. Their high heels clicked on the sidewalk all the way to a nearby salon.

"Amanda," he whimpered, "they are all staring. They know!"

"Nonsense, dear," she replied, clutching his arm reassuringly. "What they're staring at are gorgeous twin sisters. Even the women are staring."

She was right. Danny could finally relax a little, with his cousin's reassuring words. Now Danny could read admiration and desire in the men's eyes, and perhaps jealousy in the women's. He tried not to think about how he would soon be doing this charade without Amanda by his side.

At the salon the hairdresser kept up an incessant chatter, forcing Danny to converse in his newly practiced voice. She gave no sign of suspecting anything awry. The hairdresser kept pushing her disquietingly ample breasts against Danny's neck and face. This was a novel experience for him. Within its silken prison, Danny felt his manhood tingling and stirring.

He felt dizzy with all the femininity, between his own appearance and his hairdresser's perfumed bosom. The tickle of his slip on his nyloned legs, the pinch of the high heels on his feet was intoxicating. He stared at his reflection in the mirror: the expanse of pale flesh exposed by his low cut dress, tapering like an arrow to the faint shadow of cleavage. The soft and sexy face of his cousin- his for a day!

The resemblance only increased as the hairdresser's snipping continued.

Once his hair was cut and waved like Amanda's, she insisted on extending his fingernails and painting them along with his toenails.

"That's all right," he said, "I don't need that. No one's going to see them."

"Oh, you never know sweetie," said the hairdresser.

At last it was over and the cousins returned to the hotel. Danny couldn't help glancing in the storefront windows at their reflection. Again he felt a giddiness in the pit of his stomach at the sight of the two attractive women striding by. Danny had forgotten just how exciting the old switcheroo could be, and the mixture of nerves and excitement made him feel drunk.

At the hotel Amanda bade him farewell with a kiss and a promise to see him the next day, if possible, back in the hotel. "Headquarters" she called it. After she was gone he watched TV for a while and ordered room service. He wanted to delay his arrival at the residence until just before curfew to minimize the risk of discovery.

Danny was getting restless just lying around in the hotel room. He let the feeling linger, hoping it would go away, but it only got worse as time slowly passed. At nine,



an hour before curfew, he grew too bored to take any more. He decided to go out. The impulse came suddenly, but Danny knew it had been smoldering away in the back of his brain for hours.

He told himself he just wanted to be sure he could pass, before he went into the residence hall where it really mattered to him and to his cousin.

He stepped into the bathroom, where he touched up his makeup and gave his hair a few passes with a hairbrush. As he observed the gleam in his now lush and sensuous eyes, a part of him stood back from the scene and took stock of the situation. Danny, regardless of gender, was nearly frantic with anticipation.

Dressed in party garb, he realized only one of the college town's finer clubs would be suitable. In as musical and feminine a voice as he could muster, he asked his taxi driver if he "could suggest a classy nightclub for a girl to go alone to." The driver showed no suspicion while he thought about it for a moment. He suggested Le Club D.

Danny felt himself glowing with nervous excitement as he swiveled out of the taxi, the way Amanda had shown him. He stepped quickly to the door of the club, clicking his heels on the pavement. His hoop earrings brushing his cheeks, his heart racing like an express train, he let himself into a darkened vestibule where a glamorously garbed redhead gave him directions to the coatcheck and the ladies' room. Again, she didn't suspect a thing about Danny.

The club was as dark as the entrance, but its layout was fairly typical. There was a spotlight stage in one corner where a gorgeous black woman was singing the blues, backed by a small band. In front of the stage were tables where a dozen patrons sat in groups of twos or fours. Around the other walls were booths whose occupants were concealed by shadows. Danny began to feel awkward, seeing that he was the only person there alone.

He felt many eyes on him, including the singer's. He found himself crossing the deserted dance floor to an empty table. His hip-swaying gait felt entirely natural, and sexy.

"Wow!" he marveled at himself, "Where did that come from?" In an involuntary display of self-consciousness, he brought his left hand up to shield his exposed cleavage.

He arrived at the booth and was immediately offered a drink by a passing waiter. Though Danny felt his voice creaking with nervousness, the waiter appeared to be quite taken with his new patron. And not in the least suspicious.

Danny settled in to enjoy the singer, who was quite talented. When she took breaks, the band kept playing so that people could dance. Several men approached Danny and asked for a dance, but he refused them all with a polite shake of his head and a smile. But as he observed the couples swaying in time to the music, he couldn't help wondering how it would feel to be spun around the floor in the arms of a man, with his skirt and slip swishing against his hairless thighs and calves.

His musings were interrupted by the waiter, who brought a drink.

"From the gentleman at table four," he said.

Danny sipped at the drink and glanced around the club. He tried not to grimace noticeably at the fruity cocktail's overpowering sweetness. A distinguished looking man in expensive but subdued garb nodded at him and smiled. Danny felt himself smiling back before he looked away.

After the singer's next set was over, the waiter returned.

"The gentleman at table four wondered if you would honor him with a dance,"

"Yes, certainly," Danny said impulsively. His heart raced even faster. "Please ask him to join me."

The gentleman in question proved to be about 45, graying at the temples, and with an athletic build. His name was Armand de la Courte, he told Danny.

"Mine's Amanda," Danny replied.

The rest of the evening was passed either in Armand's muscular arms or at his table, gazing into his deep blue eyes.

It was clear that Armand was quite enchanted with Danny, and also that he found something mysterious or intriguing about him he couldn't place.

Danny had immediately regretted the spur-of-the-moment acceptance of the stranger's invitation. He allowed himself to be led out onto the dance floor that first time intending to make his departure as soon as it was completed.

Once it became clear that even at close range his deception was succeeding, Danny discovered comfort and a pleasing security in the handsome man's gentle but powerful grip. He was conscious, too, of the midnight curfew approaching and told Armand firmly he would make his own way home by taxi, thank you very much.

They parted at the door of the club. Armand kissed Danny's hand and opened the door of the cab for him. "Au revoir, ma belle jeune fille," he said through the window.

"Bye, Armand, and thank you for the lovely evening," breathed Danny in reply, meaning every word. As the cab drove him away, Danny sat back in his seat and asked himself how he could have done such a thing. It was incautious, but fun. And he was finally feeling more comfortable in his role as Amanda.

Entering the residence hall proved an easy task. Most of the girls had already gone to bed. Of the few who hadn't, only one made any kind of remark to Danny. Once in his room, he quickly slipped out of his dress, corset, shoes and hose.

Remembering Amanda's advice about late night visitors, he left on his panty girdle and bra and quickly donned one of Amanda's nightgowns. Danny couldn't believe the good fortune of having Amanda's roommate out of town for the night. Not only could he have the room to himself, but Lisa, Amanda had told him, had a crush on her. Danny didn't need any more amorous attention that night. He was worn out from being on edge for so long.

The whole thing was going too easily, he thought, as he set the alarm for early the next morning. He drifted off quickly to sleep.

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The ringing wouldn't stop no matter how hard he hit the alarm clock. Finally he realized it was the telephone.

Amanda was on the other end. Her words rushed out almost faster than Danny could understand them in his stupor.

"Danny dearest, I'm in a real jam here. I know I'm asking an awful lot and I'll understand if you just tell me to jump in a lake. But we've been totally snowed in here. It's a disaster, literally. The governor has declared this a disaster area. There's no way out. The roads, the airport, everything is snowed in. Can you cover for me another day or two? Just go to my classes, sit at the back and act dumb."

Danny was certainly struck dumb. But groggy with sleep and as always enthralled with his cousin's sweetness, he agreed. While he took notes she instructed him on the routine for the next two days, what he should wear, who he should pal around with. With a "God bless you, Danny" she was gone.

So now Danny found himself putting on makeup again. "Not so dramatic as the stuff we put on for the other night," she had said. "Hardly any blush or eyeshadow."

Danny squirmed into a tight pair of jeans and a floppy sweater.

As Danny stood before the mirror in the bathroom brushing out his hair, the door opened. It was Amanda's roommate, Lisa.

"Hi Amanda," she said cheerily, putting her arms around Danny from behind and hugging tightly. "I'm back early! They canceled half the debate because of the weather. Glad to see me?"

"Hey, Lisa, sorry about the debate. Glad you're back," improvised Danny. As he spoke he wriggled around to face Lisa, who would not release her grip. Thus Danny found himself "breast" to breast with Lisa, a very buxom brunette with full lips and elfin eyes. He'd forgotten Amanda had suspected her of having at least mildly lesbian tendencies.

Danny realized he had made a mistake as soon as he saw Lisa's beautiful eyes widen with pleasant surprise. Amanda would have shrugged herself out of Lisa's embrace. He, on the other hand, was tacitly welcoming it. Or so she would think. Just as he started to pull away Lisa pulled him to her, kissing him passionately. Danny didn't know what to do.

It went on for what seemed like a long time. At first Danny resisted, but Lisa was strong and her body soft and inviting. So he closed his eyes and surrendered. Their fevered kissing turned to caresses, at first only Lisa's. But she drew his hand to her breasts and he reciprocated. Then her hands were unfastening his brassiere.

"What the hell?!" Lisa cried, pushing the stunned boy away. "My God! You- you're not Amanda!"

Then Lisa's shocked expression turned to a knowing grin. "Oooh, I get it. It's the old switcheroo she told me about. What, did she want to stay overnight with that hunky boyfriend of hers?"

Relieved, Danny confessed the details of the plot, and about how the plan had run into a snag because of the snowstorm.

“So I guess Amanda's in a bit of a jam and I've got to try to carry this on till tomorrow. Do you think you could help?”

Lisa gave him a long look, her eyes seeming to penetrate deep into his soul. Slowly she smiled.

“If you're game enough to try it, I guess the least I can do is play along. Actually, I think it's kind of sweet of you. Tell me, do you like wearing girl's clothing?”

Danny assured her he did not. “I've never done it except for the switches with Amanda. And I'm really scared of being found out.”

“Don't you worry about that,” she said, “we'll get you through it.”

She put her arms around Danny and planted a long kiss on his lips. “Now where were we?”

She drew the amazed boy to her bed where they kissed for a long time before taking off each other's clothes and making slow, languorous love. Lisa set the pace and instructed him as they went in the arts of cunnilingus. They fell asleep in each other's arms.

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Danny awoke the next morning to the aroma of fresh coffee. Residence was never like this at Syracuse, his own university where he had graduated only the year before.

“Coffee, Danny?” said Lisa, leaning towards him and holding a steaming mug. Danny took it with a murmured thanks.

“Now don't be turning into a wallflower on me, sweetums,” said the lovely girl cheerily. “We know each other too well for that, after last night,” she leered. She sat on the edge of the bed and sipped at her own mug.

“So, while you were sleeping in I took the liberty to recruit some allies.”

“Y- you told other girls?” he stammered.

She looked theatrically around the room and said, “I don't see any guys hereabouts. So it must have been other girls. Don't fret, Danny, I only told Tina, Janet and Annie. They're just Amanda's three best friends in the whole wide world. With the exception of yourself, I suppose. You never could have fooled them anyhow. They all agreed to help. Thought it was a hoot, in fact. C'mon, finish your coffee and let's get you dressed.”

So began Danny's first full day as Amanda. It began with a shower which Lisa joined, with highly stimulating results for both of them. As the soap-covered, steamy pair were pounding into each other one more time, Lisa breathed out: “I can't- aaaugh- believe it- ooohh- I finally- uggh- get to fuck- Aaaaaaamandaaaaaaaagggh!”

“But I'm not Amanda,” he thought, before his mind exploded with pleasure.

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Later, under Lisa's close watch, Danny shaved very, very closely.

"It doesn't look like you have a very heavy growth on your face- that's lucky, isn't it?" she said.

"I guess so," he replied, meaning he agreed that his beard was light, not that he had ever thought this lucky. In fact, it had always been a source of secret shame how seldom he needed to shave.

Lisa helped him put on foundation, some blush, and a little mascara.

"You know, your lips are even fuller and riper than Amanda's, you don't deserve to be a boy," she said, kissing him and tickling him lightly between his hairless thighs. Danny felt weak with pleasure at her touch.

"Anyway," she said after a pause, "I think that with your mouth, you fortunate girl, you can get away without lipstick."

Danny cringed inwardly to be called a girl this way, but outwardly he blushed prettily and heard himself answer softly, "Thank you, Lisa, do you really think so?"

Next she helped him into the panty girdle. Then she selected a red brassiere from Amanda's chest of drawers and made Danny put in on himself.

"You might as well find out how hard this is to get on," she said, "since you guys are always so quick to want to get this off a girl."

She inserted the two breast forms and adjusted them against his chest until she was satisfied.

She watched as Danny picked out and put on fresh pantyhose that matched his bra in color.

"I see you share Amanda's taste for primary colors," she grinned. "I can't wait to see what you wear with those."

Danny figured if Amanda had red hose, she had something to go with them. He found a gray skirt and a pink sweater and got into them.

"Hmmm, it works," approved Lisa, "but I'm afraid you're showing in front even with that panty girdle."

Danny looked down and saw she was right. There was a gentle but definite bulge. He found it reassuring to see it still there.

The feminized boy stripped back down to his foundation garment at Lisa's instruction, just as there was a knock at the door. Danny headed for the bathroom as Lisa answered. He heard giggles and whispers from the bedroom. Then Lisa's head poked around the bathroom door.

"C'mon, Danny, meet your friends."

She reached out and gently took Danny's hand in hers, leading the furiously blushing boy back into the bedroom. There he was introduced to Tina, Janet and Annie, who did their best to put him at ease with compliments about how sweet he was to help his cousin, how pretty he looked, how much like Amanda he looked and how easily he would fool the rest of the college.

As Danny stood mutely before them, the four girls discussed the problem of the tell-tale bulge.

Then Janet said, "I think I have an idea my lover told me about. Danny, lower your girdle please."

Danny did as he was told. Janet, a willowy ash blonde with piercing green eyes, bent over and reached suddenly between his legs with both hands and grabbed his genitals. As Danny gasped in surprise she pushed his testicles up into a space behind them he hadn't known existed. Then she held them in place by pressing up through the girdle's gusset from outside. She pushed his penis back between his legs and told him to pull up the girdle as high and tight as he could.

He did as he was told. His balls ached like any thing but there was no denying the results. His belly was a smooth and unbroken curve from his solar plexus to the slot between his thighs. He knew the pain was going to get better, but he was already wishing to see the reassuring bulge. Of course he knew in his mind that he was Danny, but all of the confusion and character switching recently had unsettled him. He just kept telling himself over and over, "This will be fine. Everything's going to be fine."

"Hey, that's great, Janet!" said Lisa.

The girls escorted the pretty boy to breakfast, chatting at first only about the challenges facing him. But as the meal wore on, the girls' conversations turned to their own lives and they included Danny in this as if he were one of them. They treated him as if he were Amanda, or at least Amanda's sister. Then he went back for his books with Lisa and Tina, who would take his first class of the day with him: Mathematics.

"How are you at math, Dan- I mean, Amanda?" said Tina, as they settled into their seats.

"Oh, it's my favorite subject."

"So did you take this already, advanced calculus?"

"Sure, it's a snap."

Tina sighed. Her smiling hazel eyes watched Danny as much as the teacher. She twirled her long brown hair absent-mindedly around her finger. The pair sat together through class and Danny was very much aware of an intensity, an energy, between himself and Tina. She nudged him occasionally and winked at him a couple of times. Once she put her hand on his to get his attention for a whispered comment and then left it there for a long moment. Basically she just made sure Danny was always aware of her friendly presence. She had no idea what a soothing presence she was to Danny, who was finally beginning to be able to relax, with her kind, personal attention.

After class both of them had some spare time, so Tina took him to a snack booth to get coffee and then to some tables in a common area. There Lisa appeared.

"Oh, hi girls," she said. "Can I join you?"

"Hi, Lisa," Tina and Danny replied simultaneously. "Sure you can."

The meeting was tense for Danny. Always a sensitive person, he was acutely aware of the tension between the two girls, but was only vaguely aware that it was jealousy.

Danny went off to his next class, this time with Lisa. She treated him with proprietorial respect that he found sweet. The day passed quickly. His teachers were completely fooled.

That night, however, Amanda called to say the roads and airport were still impassable and he must keep up his role for a bit longer. Danny told her that Lisa knew and so did three other girls.

Amanda was delighted that they were so helpful. She promised Danny that he was in good hands. Danny agreed with her. She apologized again and promised to get back as soon as she could. Danny was relieved to hear that.

After the call, Tina and the two other girls showed up at Lisa's and Danny's room.

They all wanted to help. Danny told them he would only have to keep up the ruse for a day or two more, but they insisted he practice feminine gestures and speech. They had a riotous time demonstrating different walks and gestures.

Tina kept making eye contact with Danny. He tried to avoid her glance after a while, acutely conscious of Lisa's presence. He was far too confused to sort out his feelings at the time. He still had to get used to the idea of spending two more days in Amanda's life. On top of this, he had feelings for Tina, though he was not exactly sure what they were. Perhaps, he wondered, I'm just thankful for a helping hand during this circus. He was even more confused about Lisa. She was certainly more forward in her affections for Danny, and he was not putting up any fight.

Tina gave Danny a black corset she said she had purchased once for a costume party. The girls insisted he put it on then and there.

Despite the constriction already caused by the girdle, the corset drew his waist in even tighter, making his hips and ass appear large by contrast.

Annie, a tall, statuesque blonde, had brought a dark red dress she wanted Danny to try on. He did and it fit perfectly.

"Oh, great," she squealed. "It's too small for me but I thought it might do for you."

But Tina thought that the pantyhose Danny had one were the wrong color, so Danny had to go hunting through Amanda's drawers for a better match: a pair of sheer pink nylons.

Danny had to sit back on the bed while Tina and Annie rolled the stockings up his legs. Then he had to stand, holding the dress up, while they fastened the nylons to his corset.

"Wow, that corset does wonders for your figure, Danny," said Annie. Danny was too disconcerted by all the attention to notice the envy in her voice.

Lisa took this as her cue to usher Danny off to their rooms to prepare for bed.

"They're right, you know," she said to him. "You really come across as a beautiful girl. No, make that a beautiful woman." She took him in her arms and kissed him softly.