

Special
TV EROTICA
PART II

THE PETERSON'S BRIDE



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The Peterson's Bride: Part II

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Part II

Chapter VI

The End of the Beginning

The next day Sherry went to Sara's house on her way home from school. Sara gave her the yellow nightie she had used Saturday night. The redhead also administered another injection. Before sending her charge home Sara instructed Sherry to wear sweaters every day until they were all changed for girls.

"You mean you are going to start changing my outer clothes?" The teenager asked.

"Only a little at first. Nothing blatant," Sara reassured Sherry as she kissed the boy-girl on the cheek.

The next day Sara exchanged one of Sherry's old sweaters for a girls yellow cashmere with a deep V-neckline. The following day a white cotton crew neck replaced Patrick's old dark green. Sherry smilingly complained that she was out of sweaters.

"Oh Sherry! Be creative. You must have sweatshirts and over shirts and jackets left. I've seen you in them," the redhead prompted.

Sara knew exactly how many such garments the teenager had.

"Sara if I bring those in what will I wear after school?"

"Why your new clothes, of course. You won't be able to be as rough with them as you were with your old clothes, but really you are starting to be much too feminine for rough-housing anyway."

As Sara spook she cupped her hands around the teenagers budding breasts and caressed the sensitive flesh growing there. The redhead then gently led Sherry to the couch where she undressed the teenager down to the little brunette's underwear.

Sara could feel Sherry getting excited as their nylon clad legs rubbed together. The, up till then hidden, cock under the boy- girls panties was stiffening and starting to rub against the redheads milky thighs. Leaving only Sherry's garters and nylons on Sara forced the girlish figure to her back on the couch where, after slid her sex groove back and forth across the hard member until it was soaked in her love juice. Then, changing her angle, Sara let the fully erect tool slip between her vaginal lips and slide to the hilt into her wet cleft.

As she gently fucked the boy-girl Sara took special care to fondle and caress the budding breasts on her charges chest. The experienced prostitute knew

just how to keep a cock on the verge of orgasm as long as she liked. She now used this skill on Sherry's hairless tool to trigger her own long series of climaxes. When the redhead felt she had enough she stopped moving her hips and applied her tongue to Sherry's now fully erect and swollen nipples and her hands to the breast flesh surrounding them. Soon the skillful hands and tongue took the, now wild with desire, boy-girl over the edge into a long explosive orgasm. Time after time the cock shot its load into the redhead, emptying itself of its stored lust as Sara's tongue flicked another and another orgasm into Sherry's sensitive breasts.

When she felt she had drained her charge Sara gently kissed her on the lips and got up.

"For being a good girl and letting Aunt Sara cum bunches you get an extra gift dear," Sara smiled at Sherry.

Sherry started to smile but repressed it, "What kind of a gift?"

Undaunted by Sherry's frown, and actually very pleased at the effort the frown had taken, Sara decided the time was ripe to sweeten the pot.

"Well, two gifts really. First a new pair of high heels for you to wear home. Real pumps with an open toe and sling heel to show off your pretty painted toe nails and ankles."

The teenager continued to frown.

Sara continued, "And also I wanted you to know I've registered you to start drawing and painting classes at the Museum Art School this summer."

"Oh Sara! That soon! Oh thank you! Thank you so much!" the excited boy-girl cried throwing her arms around the redhead hugging her and kissing her.

For a moment Sara Devlin let the teenager cuddle her, then she lowered the boom.

"Yes, you're scheduled to start in just twelve weeks. I showed the admissions people some of your sketches and they were pleased to admit a young lady of such obvious talent," her words took a minute to sink in.

"Young lady? You mean you registered me as Sherry, as a girl, at the school?"

"Of course I did. By then it will be much harder for you to pass as a boy than as girl. With just a bit more work over the next few weeks I'm sure that even the most critical inspection will not raise a shadow of doubt about your femininity," the redhead quickly continued. "Just think, only a few more weeks and you can be done with your boy's clothes and life forever. Well, except for all the attention the mystery in your panties will receive. That cute tool of yours, hidden under skirts, dresses, slips, panties and other feminine finery will be in for

frequent use.”

Sherry sat and looked, barely hearing the words rolling out of Sara’s mouth. The idea was sinking in.

“Live as a girl, full time,” she mused to herself.

The boy-girl looked down at the swollen sensitive mounds growing on her chest.

“Yes I have breasts,” she thought.

Looking further Sherry observed her garter belt and smooth nylon clad legs. She remembered the thrill of Sara’s hands caressing them. The excitement she had felt as their legs rubbed together.

For the first time her personal bargain with the devil was real to her.

“I agreed to trade my masculinity for the chance to be an artist, ” the feminine figure thought.

“But did I give up too much? Will I get enough?” she mused aloud interrupting Sara’s monologue on how much fun being a girl-boy was going to be.

Anger crossed the redhead’s features. She pushed Sherry down onto the couch and began to explain things to the little brunette.

“Now listen to me my fine young lady! Yes I said young lady! That’s what you are going to be! A young attractive female person with lady-like manners! Your biological sex may not change but your role in life has. Notice I use the past tense. That is because the changes have gone too far to let you ever return to the life of a male.

“It may not be fair, what is happening to you. You didn’t ask for it and were never even consulted. But listen sweet thing, life isn’t fair, not ever. Do you think I’m a whore because that’s what I wanted most in life? When I was eighteen my father started raping me. A few months later he started to pay off gambling debts by letting the men he owed money have me.

On my nineteenth birthday he had a poker party at our apartment. He made me strip naked in front of a half-dozen of his pals and stand in the middle of the table. He made me stay there while they decided how much my ass was worth. They decided on a sliding scale, want to hear more? Well you’re going to! Fifty bucks for the guy who was first, then five bucks less for each guy after until it was down to five, after that it stayed at five until they were done. They staked my father to two hundred to start—that covered the first five guys.

The card game went on for two days, men left and new men came and replaced them. My old man lost heavily. Every half hour or so some jerk was

climbing into my bed to get my dad's losses out of my body. I lost count of how many times they fucked me. So many that my body felt raw and my insides ached.

“First chance I had after that I ran away. But I found out quick that no one wants a nineteen year old girl without a high school degree for anything but sex. It was starve or whore so I whored. By the time I turned twenty-one I had been a whore so long that I couldn't imagine doing anything else. I'd been arrested five times for prostitution, a record I knew that would follow me for the rest of my life. But I was smarter than most. I decided to make the best of things. Looking around I saw that call-girls did better than street walkers, they got better tips, charged more, got beat up less often, and were hardly ever arrested. I saved my money, bought good clothes, read up on fashion, took classes in diction, and started to take time to keep in shape. In time I was able to build up a whole new clientele, make connections with rich people, and build a reputation for discretion.

“It's taken ten years of hard work to get where I am now. Sure I'm still a whore but look closer. I'm a whore that owns her own home, a whore with a fat bank account. I don't have to fuck to eat or pay the rent. I get the best medical care. There is no chance I'll be arrested or go to jail. I can fuck or not fuck as I chose. Not having to fuck every guy with twenty bucks who wanted it has put the fun back in sex for me.

“Now let's look at your case young lady! A year ago Glen, your father, called me up and told me you were available for anything! Your name was on file with half a dozen pimps and whore houses in town. If you weren't becoming a young lady for me within a few months you would have stated life as a male whore. It could have been Max, remember Max? Sometimes he gets his kicks watching boys get gang raped. It could have been that or worse, and it would have happened over and over.

Boy whores aren't as well off as call girls, they age fast, get beat-up more, and when arrested get gang rapped in jail. At twenty you would look thirty and at twenty-five you would have trouble finding someone willing to buy your ass. Most male whores die before they're thirty. You aren't very manly—even without the hormones and other changes we have made—you never would have passed for much of a man.

“But you do make a startlingly attractive girl. The hormones make you look younger than you are and always will. With what you are learning about skin care and make-up you will still be passing for a teenager at twenty-five. You will probably be able to pass for thirty at forty-five. Growing old will be a very slow process for you. You're attractive, sexy, in a few months you will have a nice set of breasts, skin like cream and a feminine look that will have men, and

many women, lusting after you.

“What’s more, you’re going to live with a family, a closed circle who will accept you, cherish you, and treat you well. You won’t have to worry about food, shelter, clothes, or medical attention. At least not if you make a small effort to make the most of the situation. You won’t be beat-up or gang rapped, and you will get all the sex you want. The people you are going to live with are attractive and committed to giving you a good home. They will see to it that you get to take art classes as long as you want, that you have supplies and time to practice and will probably help you in any way they can think of. They will ask you to help out with housework—as a member of the family - not as a servant or slave.

“And finally if you find you don’t like the situation you can leave in a few years. Without ever having been a whore, without a criminal record, with your health, nice clothes, an education. You will be able to live independently as an artist, secretary, or anything becoming an attractive, well brought up young lady.

“I’m not saying that you should leap for joy or that the life you will have is the best I can imagine. But it will be much better than what would have happened to you otherwise. You would have been a whole lot worse off if this chance hadn’t come along.”

As she finished the redhead’s voice calmed. Sherry, who out of surprise at this outburst, had both watched and listened to her closely, could see that Sara was speaking out of concern, concern for the teenager. A single tear slide down Ms. Devlin’s cheek.

“Oh! Don’t cry! Don’t cry Aunt Sara, I do love you so. You have been wonderful to me. You are right, I’m a fool if I don’t make the best of these changes. Why now that I think about it my life is much better now than it was even a few weeks ago when this all began. But nine weeks isn’t much time to change my whole outlook in. I feel so strange most of the time. I like how these clothes feel—even my growing breasts feel good, sometimes. But I didn’t have any desire to be a girl before, and I still feel uneasy about it all.”

“Of course it’s strange and difficult dear,” the redhead replied. “But I’m here to help you and make this change as easy and fun as possible.”

The two female forms fell together weeping tears of friendship. When Sherry went home she proudly wore the new heels.

On the bus, for the first time, she felt good about the way men’s heads turned to follow her movements. The way they stole glances at her out of the corners of their eyes. As she sat down she opened her purse and selecting a bright red lipstick she had never even opened before, she colored her lips. As she finished blotting them she looked at the Kleenex with its bright red lip marks and smiled.

The very next day Sara found that Sherry had a fresh attitude. The teenager smiled and didn't hesitate to strip when Sara showed her the syringe filled with female hormones. After the shots Sherry, without prompting, did her make-up and redressed to completely create Sherry, obliterating Patrick. The two laughed and talked for several hours as Sara taught the teenager more about make-up and feminine behavior. The following days were the same. Each day the teenager transformed herself from Patrick into Sherry quickly and cheerfully.

In two weeks Sara started giving Sherry additional padded bras to wear with her female underthings. The extra padding pushed Sherry's small mounds together and up to create a fetching cleavage and distinctly feminine shape. By the end of another week Sherry had several complete sets of feminine underwear, in a variety of colors. Sara instructed her to start carrying a bra with her in her book bag so that she could change right after school.

The redhead had feared some re-emergence of rebellion at this point and was happy to find that Sherry was finding the elastic band that hid her breasts at school so uncomfortable that she welcomed the change to the more comfortable bras. At school Patrick, for that's still who he was there, wore panties, garters, nylons and a camisole under jeans and heavy boy's shirts and sweaters.

When Sherry had bras to complete all her sets of underwear Sara started to replace the boys pajamas with frilly nighties, baby dolls, slinky night gowns and heeled mule slippers. At home Sherry's mother and sister were quick to notice Sherry's change in attitude. They made a fuss over the teenager's new clothes and stopped using the name Patrick all together. It took a while but even Glen finally noticed.

One night as Sherry was walking through the living room she noticed her father was staring at her. She was wearing two inch heels, tight jeans, a V-necked pink lacy T-shirt and full make-up. Her budding breasts, with the help of a Wonderbra, formed a distinct cleavage and her hair was flipped into a feminine style. Quickly she went to her room. The teenager was frightened by what she had seen in her father's eyes. Lust, lust for her—he had wanted her. She gave a sigh of relief for Aunt Sara's rules. Sherry knew that it was only the thought of all the money he might lose that kept her father from raping her.

When only one month was left till the end of school Sara started exchanging Sherry's outer clothes for girls. The weather had turned warm and after a day of wearing heavy clothes and the hot elastic bandolier that restrained and concealed her growing breasts Sherry welcomed changing into the cool and light feminine outfits Sara presented her with each day. The redhead started her charges outer wear changes with simple women's shirts, other than the darts and the side they buttoned on there was really no difference from the men's shirts that Patrick had been used to wearing. Next Sara exchanged two more of Patrick's

shirts for a couple of short sleeve rayon pull-over tops with V- necks.

Dressed in these with make-up and her hair flipped, tight jeans, nylons and heels Sherry seemed a young and very attractive teenage girl. On Friday Sara replaced one of Patrick's last shirts with a skimpy pink halter top. When Sherry put it on Sara was surprised and pleased at the appearance of her breasts.

"Let's get a tape and measure you," the redhead suggested.

They did and found that Sherry's chest had grown an inch in the last two weeks. The delicate pointed cones were more pronounced and were starting to take on the crescent shape of beginning maturity. Their nipples stood out distinctly and the aureoles had nearly doubled in diameter.

"Why if they keep up like this dear we will have to take the padding out of your brand new bras."

"Oh Sara, there still so small. I'll just be glad when I can stop wearing that elastic band. They are very tender lately – the band squishes them and makes them hurt!"

"Well, you can throw that thing away in just four weeks. I know you can put up with it that long. But I'm not kidding about taking the padding out of your bras. You will need less padding or a bigger cup size soon. All your bras are designed to have some padding removed. I knew that you would be developing and didn't want to have to get you a new set every month. Come over tomorrow and bring them all. I'll show you how to remove the padding and give you a few more pointers on make-up. We can also review using make-up to make your chest look bigger," Sara laughed.

Wearing her new pink tank top Sherry felt very exposed going home. The halter top revealed her arms, midriff, shoulders, and a fair amount of back and cleavage.

"Why it's almost like just wearing a bra in public," she thought to herself as she walked from the bus stop to her parents' house.

She hoped that her father was not around. The pretty teenager didn't want him to see as much of her new feminine body as her clothes revealed. Sherry was relieved to find that he was out playing golf. However both her mother and her sister were home and that proved bad enough.

"My God! They're real!" Anne gasped when Sherry came in wearing the skimpy top.

"I didn't realize it had gone that far," Debbie murmured with a deep sigh.

Both women openly looked at the budding breasts only slightly hidden by the teenager's thin pink top. Sherry felt like a freak and almost cried. Then she

remembered Sara's advice about making the best of things.

She thought to herself, "Well making the best of things means being proud that I'm starting to have such nicely developed breasts. After all, the sooner I look fully feminine the sooner I can get out of this half-life I live; part girl at home, a boy at school, all girl at Sara's. I will be proud of my nice breasts."