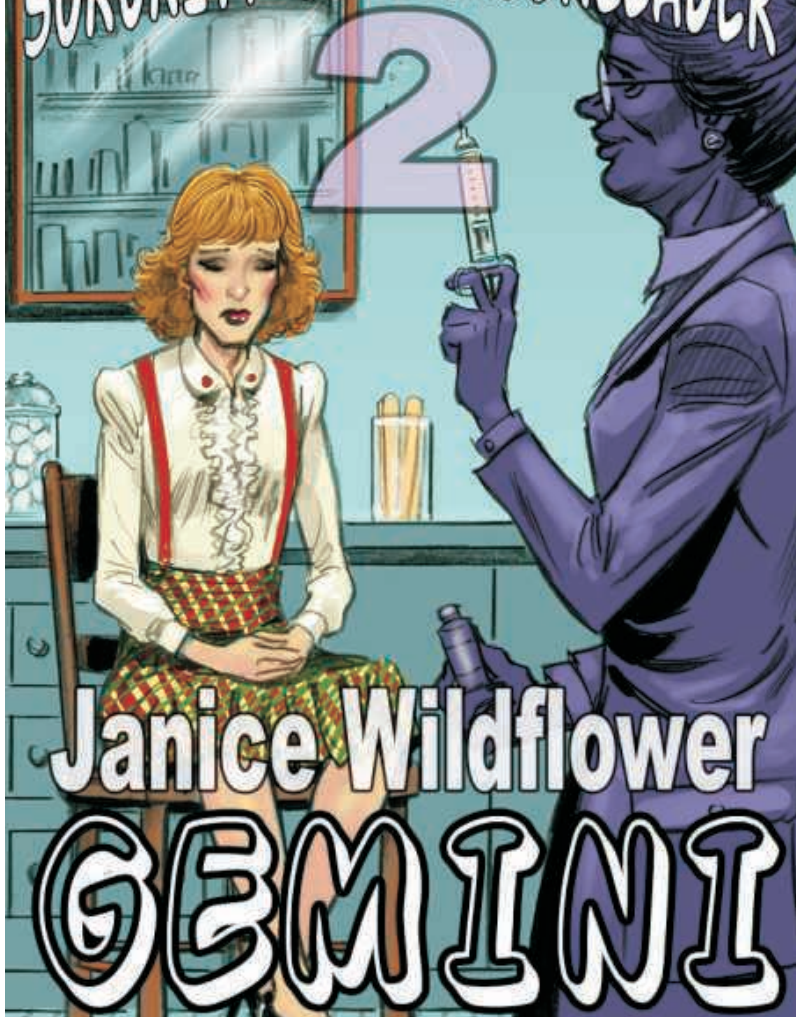


SHE MADE ME HER SHEMALE
SORORITY GIRL CHEERLEADER



Janice Wildflower

GEMINI

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SHE MADE ME HER SHEMALE SORORITY CO-ED & CHEERLEADER 2

By Janice Wildflower Gemini

Cast of Characters:

Chris Darling to Christina aka Chrissie

Cindy his girlfriend at College

Alice and Nancy cheerleader sorority Sisters

Coach Samantha/Sam Field – Cheerleader coach

Coach Carla/Carline Lawson – Tennis coach

Ms. Fine – College Counselor

Ms Frank – Sorority house mother

Introduction

As a boy dressed and living as a college co-ed, a girl, in a sorority house, after having become a cheerleader Chris found himself in a difficult situation, and didn't know how he was going to get out of it. Fortunately for him there were enjoyable, very enjoyable, aspects.

In book one, Chris, now Christina, and Chrissie to his/her friends had been labeled as a "transgender" boy to girl and finds him self living and passing as a college co-ed. As a frat initiation he had to go out for the cheerleader try outs with a few other frat pledges. His girl friend convinced him he would stay out of trouble and avoid detention by passing as a girl and then failing the try outs and walking away. However, after getting "girl-lessons" while dressed as a girl at the sorority he finds himself accepted as a cheerleader. Then the coach to help him avoid immediate detention actually enrolls him to the team as a "transgender". It was supposed to have been for the week only. But as the females in his life try to help him out he finds him self stuck becoming a full time girl. And as all the woman and girls around him try helping out this cute and sweet "transgender" Chrissie finds himself by the end of book one as an actual cheerleader and an assistant on the girl's tennis team and a member of his girl-friends sorority for all of which he needs to present himself as a girl. And his school counselor and his school nurse believe he is ready for hormone therapy.

In book II Chris to Chrissie gets the injection of estrogens. He didn't ask for them, but the nurse decided he needed estrogens and he was injected before he could stop it. The estrogens and that chemical feminization of his body and mind then locked him into a campus co-ed sorority life as a girl and a cheerleader. And as his situa-

tion as a girl spiraled down and he finds himself more and more locked into having to live a girl's life at school, Chris just got more and more stuck in life as a girl and his continued feminization.

His mom showed up to help but it was too late. He had already been injected with the estrogens and the counselors then convinced his mom that her son really did want to be a girl and that he needed to work out his situation and to do so he needed to remain a girl. And then financially there was no other way for Chris to continue in college except as a cheerleader and so his mom told me him that he was going to stay a girl at least till the end of that semester and probably the next. And she told him she expected him to take his new life in good spirits and participate actively as a co-ed, and on the cheerleader team and in the sorority, or she would leave him a girl until he was of age. So Chris was stuck as a girl and an active co-ed.

And with that his enforced feminization continued. To make passing easier he allowed the surgical tuck of his manhood and then came the breast implants and the cosmetic surgery and he really looked like a girl and felt even more like he was a girl. Nothing boyish about him, but one thing, and it was well hidden, though useable. And so he lived as a sorority girl, and did his cheer leading, and then made the girl's tennis team. And his curriculum was changed a bit to fit in with his new life as a girl. And he continued to become more and more of a girl.

And with his mom's second visit she was shocked at how much of a girl her son had become, but some how pleased, and decided she just could no longer even think of him as a boy, and that Chris should no longer think of himself as a boy but then had to also just think of himself as a girl.

And so let's continue as Chrissie tells his/her story

X: Student Health Services and Estrogens

So I had reached the point where though still a boy I was living as a girl at the sorority house after having been listed with the school as a transgender and thanks to all the training the girls had given me so I could pass as a cheerleader for my frat pledge I was looking and pretty much acting like a girl. And thanks to my recent sorority force make over at the beauty parlor I really looked like a girl, with pierced ears and a permanent and all. Then when I showed up for cheerleader practice the coach told me I had to report to student health services for an evaluation and warned me about letting them inject me with the estrogens. For if that happened then I was stuck as a girl and she couldn't help me out of the mess she had helped me get into. So it looked like I could no longer put things off and wait for my mom to show up to rescue me.

At student health services I meet with the nurse practitioner, a female, who just could not believe looking at me that I was a guy. At least she kept telling me that I didn't look like a guy. I guess my dress, makeup and deportment were pretty much on the money after the girl boot camp training I had undergone. And when dressed, the training had been such, it was difficult for me to be anything but feminine. She took some basic information and then started to talk to me about my situation and that the program I had entered allowed for the injections. So then and there I told her that I really did not want to be a girl, that the whole thing was a mistake, a fraternity prank and that there wasn't any need to inject me. And to ratchet it up a bit and get out of it right away, I just couldn't wait for mom; I told her I didn't think I could take the whole

thing much longer. I told her, "I just don't know what I may do if I am stuck like this much longer."

But it was apparent that she didn't believe me, thought she had to respond to my threat. She smiled with concern and told me, talking to me like I was a little girl, "Well honey we are getting a little ahead of ourselves here, now aren't we? Let's not take a long term solution to a short term problem. Don't like needles, is it? I promise I won't hurt you, and in any case the little pain will be worth it. I can see why you don't feel like a guy. You certainly don't look or act like a guy. You really make a cute enough girl. I ask you what fraternity guy getting hazed goes to the extreme of passing as a girl as well as you do, of getting both ears pierced, a complete beauty parlor make over, a girl's hairdo with highlights, and moves and talks just like a girl. And you sit like a girl. Your knees are together and your hands are in your lap. I've had frat boys here before and we nurses can tell a fake." And she sort of let that sink in, looking at me with one of those looks that just say don't try to get some thing over on me!

Then she continued; "Now I've already seen all of your records that your mother sent so we already know you've been uncomfortable being a boy for the longest time and have always thought of yourself as a girl, and have had those suicidal ideations. And by the look of you I can see why. You not only look like a girl, but you move and talk like a girl. I'm still not sure this isn't some sort of sorority joke; but I can do a physical, and we can talk some more. Let me get a look at you, so please strip down and put on the exam robe and give me a urine sample and I'll be back in a moment. And don't feel alone in this. I am here to help you. And I understand how frightening all this can be. I mean you finally seem to have your wish to be a girl granted and it can be frightening. At some point there will be no going back. But that is not yet. And we

are here to walk you through this, all the changes that is. You aren't going to face this alone."

The nurse was really convinced that I wanted to be a girl, and was just getting cold feet. And I didn't know what more I could have done at the time to have convinced her that I did not want to be a girl!

So I had no choice... no where to go...not the way I was dressed and the way I looked, a bit on the boyish side, but still passing as a girl. It wasn't really safe for a sweet looking co-ed that I appeared to be, with out money, to be on the road. So I wasn't going any where and I had to go on with my examination and I got examined. Well the nurse finally believed I was a guy when she examined my chest. And she was really impressed with my flat groin and hidden male attributes. She asked me if it was painful and I told her a bit, and added that the whole thing wasn't my idea, it was my girlfriends. She didn't look, like she believed me and I really didn't want to go through the whole story again, no one believed me any way. Well she had me release it and she examined me. Gosh it was embarrassing having her handle me down there. I was a bit afraid I would get hard and tried not too, which as it turned out was the wrong thing to do. Yea I was getting real good at doing the wrong thing, and because of it just getting deeper and deeper.

She told me, "Well they're okay despite the binding. But I can't believe any guy who wants to be a guy would let himself get taped up like that. I mean you really do look like a girl that way. And to tell you the truth, in this job I have handled other guy's packages and they typically show their appreciation. You didn't even stiffen. No you definitely have some gender problems." Gosh how was I supposed to know I was suppose to show her my appreciation, and by not doing so had to make her think it was me and of course not her.

Then she turns me over and has me on my knees and does a rectal with a prostate check and of course I get all hard. At that point she adds insult to injury, and with a giggle tells me, "And yes now with the rectal you can show appreciation. Yep, typical of boys who think they are girls trapped in a boy's body. So let's not hear any more of your denials sweet thing. You need to know that I understand and sympathize with you. And professionally I can tell you that you need to continue exploring this new side of yourself. This is the perfect excepting environment for you for this, let's say experience. You really need to push your envelope here, while you can. And you do make a sweet girl. Believe me I've seen lots in your situation and you are just a perfect fit. You'll make a lovely girl. And don't be ashamed of admitting it in front of me. I really enjoy helping feminine boys find themselves and transition. I mean to tell you the truth I find it most rewarding to help turn sweet boys like you into even sweeter young girls."

Now I wanted to deny all of it but I was concentrating on getting soft, as hard under the circumstances wasn't convincing the nurse I really wanted out.

Any way, she then lets me stand, still hard and really red faced and stuttering, not knowing what to say to her or how to deny the embarrassment which she takes as an obvious indication of my real desires to be a girl. Then she hands me a cup and tells me that as long as I was in such a state she needs a sample, and it wasn't urine, and leaves the room again. I thought at the time it made sense; I was almost nude in that examination gown so why send me to another room if she was leaving the room, and so I went to work to try to get it over with as soon as I could. I spurted into the cup and I of course was distracted when I felt that sharp sting in my butt and a prolonged injection and knew she had come back into the room and had in-

jected me, while she had me occupied. And as she injected me she cautioned me not to move or it would break the needle and I so was stuck being stuck.



Well I figured that was that, I had been injected with the anti-androgen, which I understood was to have been injected first, but at least I would not let her do the estrogen. She gave me a tissue to clean myself off while she massaged the injection site and told me, "Now that didn't hurt as much as you thought it would, now did it?" And now that it is over with I am sure you will be happier that you got it. Psychologically it will give you a nice warm feeling and you won't be so on edge and so unhappy with yourself. We can't have you hurting yourself, now can we, now that we know your situation." And I was just too much in shock to answer and she continued, "I am sorry that I had to resort to trickery, but with you indicating you might hurt yourself I had to get you injected. And now that it is over with you can relax and don't need to be afraid. The medication will relax you and you will not feel any need to be drastic. It should calm you immediately. And if you are still uncomfortable you need to let me know now. And if you get uncomfortable you are to call me at any time. Based on your paperwork and look, you absolutely are ready for medication and it should prevent these episodes of depression."

I told her ok, what was done was done, but I didn't want the estrogen injection, assuming she had just injected me with the anti-androgen medications; I'll told her that I would get the estrogens from my own doctor. In shock I heard, "Honey that was the estrogen injection. I'm sorry, but the medical papers we got from your mom gave us the authority to inject you with estrogens if you had suicidal ideations. And as you brought that up, I just had to inject you, despite your fear of injections. The medical papers indicated that you are a candidate for estrogen injection and that you were depressed about not having been on female hormones already, but the doctors had held off as you were not yet trying to live as a girl, and so there was thoughts of hospitalizing you just in case. So as

you obviously are now trying to live as a girl and as you were talking about suicide and seemed afraid of injections and that is the most painful one, I gave it to you first. The next one is the anti-androgen injection, which is the one you have to take if you are going to stay at the sorority house." And that being said there was nothing more to be said and I got the second injection. I couldn't believe it I had been given an injection of female hormones that would last for months, at least the length of the semester and there was nothing to be done about it. I was terrified. I just kept getting deeper and deeper with less and less of a chance of getting out.

After that she let me get dressed and provided me with an ice pack and with tape to tuck and re-tape myself which wasn't a problem as I had emptied out which made the insertions much easier. So I got back into my tucking girdle, bra and falsies, panties, garter belt and stockings, and slip, pleated skirt, blouse and pumps. Every thing still felt nice, except maybe for the shoes. But the slip and panties and stockings were still delightful to me, they all felt so wonderful against my shaved skin. And I even liked the tight support I was getting from my girdle. I didn't know what was happening to me, the emotions I was feeling about my new clothes and it appeared I couldn't stop those emotions and feelings.

Then once dressed we had another talk, the nurse and I. And when she saw me dressed she again smiled at me, a warm smile. She sort of shook her head in a nice way and told me, "Sweet heart, you just look so natural in that pleated skirt, just like my daughter. You really look just so sweet." Well what was I to say, but thank her. That was all I could do. It was said as a compliment, though it was making me crazy. Then she continued. She again explained that she was there for me to help me through transition and the school was very supportive, and that I

did not have to pretend I was having second thoughts about being a girl; after all the painful and scary injection part was over and the school was not going to make me remove any thing. If I really found I had made a mistake wanting to be a girl, I could always transition back. However, it would really be silly of me not to take this opportunity to live the life I wanted, or thought that I wanted to live. I would never get an opportunity like this again. And every one in this gender transition program at the school was there to help me. And she reminded me that nothing permanent would be done until I had decided to fully transition to a female.

But she told me, "But looking at you after having read your medical history it is best that you are at least giving living your dream to be a girl a try, no matter how nervous you may have become about the whole thing now that your dream is coming true. And with the estrogens and anti-androgens injected, you are going to transition and feminize and there is little to be done to prevent that feminization. So as you are obviously comfortable as a girl, and make a pretty enough female and as the actions that the medications are going to have on your body will make for the marked feminization of your body and appearance, which are already fairly feminine and sufficient to pass as a girl, it would not be a good idea for you to try to go back to appearing as a male for the time being. You are going to start feeling even more and more like a girl and it may be very difficult for you to think and pass as a boy once the medications take hold. For all practical purposes for the time being you are going to become a girl." And she let that sink in. Again I wanted to scream, but I was afraid it would be taken for something that would keep me locked up in the infirmary on a suicide watch. So I just calmly nodded taking in the horror of my situation. I was to become even more of a girl, a real girl. My body was going to feminize and my mind was going to

feminize. I did not know what I could do to prevent it. I could only wait for my mom to get there and hopefully rescue me from the situation.

Then she again explained that the anti-androgens, would nullify the actions of my endogenous testosterone and in terms of the schools purposes would eliminate my male drives, including my sex drive and also prevent erections. As I was being allowed to live in a sorority house, the school required that safe guard. But also, my testicles would shrink which would make insertion easier for me and more comfortable, and my male pattern hair would slowly diminish. Then the estrogen effects would be absolutely wonderful for me. It would turn me into the woman I so desired to be.

She told me that, "The estrogens will feminize your figure so that you won't need padding or at least you will be able to get by with less. You will definitely get breast development, which should be a delight for you, how much only time will tell. And your hips and fanny will expand so you can fill out your new female clothes so much better. And after a while you won't want to and you won't be able to wear your old boy clothes any way. You just won't be able to fit them any more. You'll really be so happy. And your hair should thicken a bit, and your complexion softens and your voice softens a bit. Not that you don't already sound like a girl, but it should take less effort on your part and sound more natural. And I think you'll really be quite pretty and won't look masculine at all. That is a problem that some guys have which you should not as you already have the look; though some minor facial surgery is typically needed."

And she continued, "And you will love your new body and should be quite happy. There shouldn't be any more thoughts of suicide. And you know when the estrogens start taking effect you will just feel so relaxed

and the thoughts and any of the left over desires to be a man or doubts about becoming the girl of your dreams will just float away. You will really be happy being a girl. And you should want to be a total girl, if I am not mistaken. Estrogen therapy does that to a fellow. I mean some guys who didn't really want to be girls, once on estrogen therapy find themselves wanting to be total girls. It is amazing what estrogens can do to a guy. That's why we have to be so careful about administering estrogens to a male. But in your case all your medical papers indicate that estrogens are right for you."

I couldn't even think after that. And with that she gave me a hug and told me not to worry and that she wanted to see me in a couple of days, or sooner if I was having problems. I wanted to die. Then she gave me some pills for morning sickness and explained that problem, just in case. But she didn't think it would be a problem for me. What had I gotten into? Even if it was all reversible and I got out of it, now I had been injected with estrogens and was really on my way to becoming a girl! And there was no getting out of it for months!

Chapter XI Mom can't and won't Rescue Me – It's At Least Two Weeks as a Girl.

I walked back to my sorority house really depressed. As arranged because of my new transgender status and living in the sorority house my things were being transferred from my dorm room to my room at the sorority house. By the time I got back to my sorority house my things had already arrived. There were my books and personal stuff, and some clothes. But not of my boy clothes just my lingerie, that the girls had supplied to me; without any of my boy outer clothes...nothing. It had been decided by my counselor that I no longer had any need for male clothing. And it had already been decided I

would room with my girl friend, as we had most likely seen each other sans clothes, college life being what college life was, and more importantly she of course wanted to room with me, despite the theoretical problems associated in rooming with a girl who is a boy. I figured though that might change once she found out how useless I was going to be, but as it turned out I wasn't useless at all, just different. And her roommate was willing to make a move under the circumstances, going back to the college thing that lovers take precedence over roomies and sleep, though again, how much of a lover I was going to be or not to be remained to be seen.

I got a hug from Cindy, hadn't seen over the break and who had to know just looking at me that things must have gone from bad to worse, but how much worse her finding out would have to wait. I was tearing and couldn't talk just yet, afraid that I would break down and go all weepy. I found my stash of orange brandy in my things and took a swig, which if not making every thing all right, gave me that courage emanating from alcohol to deal with things; at least deal with things till that brandy fire wore off.

My girl friend Cindy, seeing me for the first time with my new look, what the beauticians had done with me, like all the others, couldn't get over the way I looked, just like a girl and even more like a girl than when she had left me, and in such a short time. She also told me, which was getting to be a bore, "Why Chris I can't get over it. What a job the girls at the beauty parlor did for you. You look darling, so sweet and innocent in all that pink makeup and shades of pink; and that China Girl haircut with those highlights is you. The girls really did a great job, bringing out the girl in you. But what's going on here? When I got called away this was a frat hazing and was supposed to have ended with the cheerleader tryouts, and now I am told you are considered a girl and have actually joined the

cheerleaders and this sorority. Aside from the fact that I love the fact that we are going to be roommates, this is crazy and what is going on?"

I told Cindy I would explain every thing but had to get in touch with my mom first or as soon as possible, as I was on a down hill slide into living as a co-ed and only my mom's presence could stop it; other wise I would shortly be in a position of living as a co-ed for the rest of the term or leaving college. So Cindy gave me another hug and whispered in my ear, "You look adorable, I'm going to eat you up tonight." It made me feel better, but not that much better, and I still needed to and made the telephone call.

Well I discussed that telephone call and conversation with my mom earlier, so I won't get into the whole thing again. Just to summarize: My mom told me that she had not spoken with the school or sent out any medical forms, but would get to the bottom of the situation. However, since this whole thing was my own fault and she had warned me about getting into trouble joining a fraternity, she wanted me to stew in my own trouble for a while so she wasn't going to change her business trip to bail me out; but would be there in two weeks on the way home from the trip.

She understood about the injections and every thing, but that was already a done deal. She understood about me having to live, dress and act as a girl, in the open, but I had already been doing that, and a little more time of it might teach me the lesson I needed. Yes she understood my ears had been pierced, my body waxed, my genitals pushed in so I looked like a girl; but again, it was all already a done deal. She told me unless they go to cut something off I should not bother her again about this again, and she would be there soon enough. She told me, "You need to deal with being a girl at least for the next

two weeks, and I will be there to hopefully get this straightened out. But in any case while you are stuck, be the best girl you can be and try to learn some thing from your experience.” And to really rub it in she told me, “And I am sure you are making just a wonderful girl! And you had better behave and be good or I will keep you that way!”

Then we found out that it had been my sister, and she had done it thinking I had gotten my self into some sort of trouble and taken it on her own to handle it and try to get me out of that trouble, as mom was away on business and she didn't want to bother mom, and while at it she thought to have some fun with me at my expense. She thought I got caught in a dress and the whole thing had to do with housing. And what was the worse that could happen to her little sissy brother any way. The worst she thought would have been I would have been moved to some housing floor for gays and my mom could straighten out the problem when ever she got back. So she had the medical papers filled out to ensure that would happen. Which she thought would have suited me fine. Little did she even know the consequences of her little joke! She always resented that after making me learn to do cheers, I really did a better job then she did, and when she had fixed it so mom caught me in the cheerleader outfit, that my sister had made me wear, mom actually thought I did a wonderful job that she just took the thing in the spirit of fun and took us all out to lunch instead of blowing her top.

Mom's had another good laugh over that and her last words to me were; “Now you take your punishment and you make sure that you are a good girl! No bad reports from the housemother or your coaches. And I want to see a convincing girl when I get down there or I'll sign the papers for them to do even worse. You brought this on

yourself, and I expect you to deal with it, and again, you had better be a good girl; in all senses of that word, both convincing and well behaved, or else. Now give me a kiss and tell me you love me and I have to get going."

Well the last bit was the test, if I was going to go along with the program or hi-tail it out of there. But under the circumstances as I have explained I had no place to go, unless my girlfriend would help me out. But we hadn't discussed that yet and so I couldn't take a chance. After all Cindy had just gotten back from home where there had been some problems and I didn't know how that would impinge on my or our situations. So I told mom, in my new girlish voice, "Yes, mom I love you too," and sent her a kiss. She told me, "Okay sweetheart, you just need to be a good girl, the best girl you can be and I'll be down there in two weeks and we'll get the whole thing straightened out. And so it was clear that mom was going to let me stew for a while and not only wanted me to learn a lesson but also wanted me to learn to be, or be a good girl! I didn't know what to do, but I knew mom didn't fool around when she gave an order and I knew that I was stuck in my situation and had better be, as mom told me to be, a good girl.

So Cindy was the only one I had left to turn to. I shared my tale of woe which had her in stitches. She told me she still loved me, but couldn't believe the mess I had gotten myself into. She wasn't too happy when I got to the part about the estrogen, which gave her pause, but then started her off on laughing again. Afterwards I told her she had to get me out of there, some male clothes and some cash to make a get away, so I could go home and wait out for the hormones to wear off. I mean I had been injected with three or even six months of anti-androgens and injected with three or six months of estrogen/proges-

terone, so before things got better for me, I'd be feeling and looking more like a girl than a guy.

Cindy told me I was over reacting even if it was a pretty horrific situation for me as a male. She told me that it wouldn't kill me, and would give me some nice insight into the female mentality and world, which would help me in my career choice in psychology. The only thing to do was to get on with the program that had been set up by psych and student services, and live the next two weeks as a girl, completely, and wait for my mother to get here and take the corrective actions to get me back into pants. Mean while she was not and no one else was going to help me or let me leave. It did not make sense under the circumstances. Every one liked me, and liked me as a boy or a girl. I needed to know, to remember, that it was temporary, the major harm had already been done, and if I waited and mom corrected the record, perhaps there were things they could give me to reverse the anti-male medications I had been given. In any case there was no getting out of it and she wouldn't let me throw aside my college career over it. I would have to hang tough and just be one of the girls, and a pretty enough one at that. In short, she told me that leaving was not going to change anything or help the situation. All my support was at the college, and at home I only had my sister who would probably just make things worse for me. And there was really no place else to go.

And then she told me that perhaps she could find some advantages for me in being the gentler softer sex. And with that she wrapped her arms around me and kissed me long and hard on my lips, taking my breath away. When she released me I started to say something and she put her finger over my mouth and shushed me, telling me, "Not a word or I'll have the older sisters give you a nice paddling! And I mean it!" So that quieted me

right up. Then she told me, "Now just relax and enjoy yourself, we might not be able to do this much longer." And with that she undressed me down to my slip, taking off my skirt and blouse. Then she lifted my slip and told me to hold up the skirt part of it. I hesitated and she gave me a whack on my butt and then I did as I was told, as she told me, "You had better be obedient girlie, as my younger sorority sister and as my sissy boyfriend I expect you to obey!" Gosh things were changing for me fast.

Now I was wearing garters and stocking and panties over my support garment, and she simply slipped my panties down and unclipped the bottom piece of my gir-dle and folded it up exposing me. Then she freed me and keeping me standing and having me holding up the skirt part of my slip she began to lick and tease me till I was as hard as I had ever been. Once up she pushed me down on the bed and continued to play with me with her hands while she once again forcefully kissed me. This went on for quite a while. For what ever reason, the feeling of submission, the estrogens, the anti-androgens, I don't know, but I was able to maintain longer than I had ever done so. And when she opened her blouse I mouthed her and when she drew open her trousers I played with her longer than I ever could before without having to release. And then for the first time in my life a woman mounted me and rode me till I let go so forcefully that it literally took my breath away and I released more than I had ever done so before. As the expression goes, the earth moved for both of us. When she rolled off of me we were both exhausted, and all my tensions were gone and Cindy seemed quite exhilarated and happy. And I was strangely happy.

We rested a moment lying in each others arms and Cindy rolled over on me and gave me another dominating kiss. And looking in my eyes she told me, "Now that was-

n't so bad, now was it?" And I had to tell her, like the submissive partner I had been, "No honey...you were absolutely wonderful and that was literally the best I have ever had. But I am exhausted." She just smiled and told me, "We'd better clean up and get downstairs and let Ms Frank and the sisters know what's happening. And listen to me... for the next two weeks, don't rock the boat. I really like this with us living together. You can expect the best love making of your life until those drugs take effect. But you need to play the game until your mom gets here or they will separate us and you will go through it all without the desert. So for the next two weeks you need to pretend the drugs are taking affect and you are feeling girly and you need to go along with the program. I expect you to stay and act girlish and to cooperate with whatever additional training you get from Alice and Nancy and probably Ms. Frank. And I want you for the next two weeks. And when your mom gets here you'll do what you have to do! Okay? But remember you aren't going anywhere. You are going to play along and stay a girl and pretend it is okay with you. And you are all mine for the next two weeks."

Well I didn't have much of a choice so of course I told her okay. And so we cleaned ourselves up and I reinserted, and we got dressed, and I resigned myself to my situation, that of being a girl for the next two weeks and hopefully having the best love making of my life over the same two weeks.

Ms Frank already knew what was happening. My things had arrived, sans my boy clothing, and Ms Frank had been contacted and told of my injections and the program that I was now on, and that she could consider me a girl as far as my current anatomy and modesty would allow.