

# From Jeff To Jennifer

*The Pretty Secretary*



An "Adult Tv" Novel



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# **From Jeff to Jennifer the Pretty Secretary**

**By BC**

Jeff Johnson walked across the field towards his house. He was trying to think up an excuse for missing dinner and being late again. Hanging out with his buddies he'd lost track of time and now Mom would be on the warpath again. She'd warned him over and over again about hanging out with those thugs. They were part of a gang, always in trouble and more and more lately Jeff was showing signs of heading down the wrong path with these troubled youths. It seemed Jeff was constantly in trouble lately at home and school. He'd been an excellent student up until his mother and father separated. David, his Dad, now lived across town in his own apartment. It was three years now since they split. That's when Jan, his Mom, started noticing his attitude becoming worse and worse.

Jeff lived at home with his mother and his older sister Jill. At 19, she was a year and a half older than Jeff. Jeff had always been a sweet and rather shy young man growing up. He always helped out around the house and was a very good student. After the split Jan noticed how he picked on Jill and played mean tricks on her, causing her much embarrassment and pain. Then he fell in with these gang members; it seemed like he had to prove he was tough to fit in with them. He'd been pushing Jan's limits to the max lately and he was staying out later and later.

When he finally walked into the house, Mom stopped him cold. "Where have you been, young man? I was just about to call the police. It's 9:30! I've been worried sick, Jeffery Allen Johnson, I swear, what am I going to do with you? I've spanked you with a belt, I've grounded you and taken away your allowance, your TV and your video games. What do I have to do to get your attention before you ruin your life and end up in jail?" she said. "Please...just go to your room. I'll deal with you after I've had a chance to calm down a bit."

With his best (fake) sorry face, he said, "I'm sorry, Mom. We were just hanging out, just talking and stuff and I lost track of time. Come on, Mom, its summer time and there's no school or anything. Can I get something to eat? I'm starving," he said, thinking she'd give in like always.

"No, you may not. Go to your room this minute or so help me I'll whip you with a belt til you can't sit down. Go sit in your room and try to imagine what your put me through...again. At the very least you could have called me to let me know where you were," she barked at him.

"But Mom, if I'd have called you, then you wouldn't have let me stay out longer," Jeff replied.

“So you did stay out of your own free will, knowing I’d be upset with you hanging out with that gang? Well I guess we’ll never know now because you didn’t have the courtesy to phone home and give me the chance to approve,” she said, knowing in her own heart that he was right. What was she supposed to do? Encourage him to hang out with these thugs, hoodlums, and troublemakers?

“Go! Go to your room right now, I’ll be in soon,” Jan ordered. “I said go on now. It looks to me like we’re going to have to try something very different, a lot more drastic, and definitely a lot more unconventional. I want you to get in the shower and clean that dirt and grime off, and wash that dirty long hair of yours for God’s sake. I told you over and over that you were either to keep it clean and neatly cared-for or you’d be made to get it cut,” Mom told him.

Once there, Jeff looked at himself in the bathroom mirror before getting into the shower. His hair was longer than ever before. It now laid across his shoulders if he just brushed it and let it fall. Plus he now sported a hoop earring in his recently pierced left ear. It was the result of a dare from the gang.

“The Hell with everyone if they don’t like my hair. I don’t care what they think. I love my hair long like this and I like my new earring too,” he told himself. He thought it made him look cool and older too.

Jeff was tired of always being the smallest boy in his class. Even at 17 and a half he was barely 5’6” tall and only weighed 118 lb. soaking wet. His size was always a factor in his shyness. This was not the kind of body that got you noticed and invited to sit with the cool crowd. However since his hair had gotten longer and he’d gotten his ear pierced, he’d had several people come up and say something about his new look to him. Some of the comments were good, and some not so good. He also got a lot of teasing from some of the

jocks and so-called tough kids but, hey the same people teased him before so what the hell. At least someone—anyone—noticed him now.

As he stepped into the shower he thought he heard the door open, then close again. He washed his long hair a couple of times, then added a conditioning rinse. After finishing his hair he stood in the hot streaming water and stood, relaxing under the hard spray. Twenty minutes passed and he got out of the shower and grabbed his towel to dry off with. He was soon dry and began looking for his clean under wear.

“What the hell!” he exclaimed, then cracked the door just a bit. “Mother, can you come here?” he yelled down the hallway. When Jan came to the door, Jeff stuck his hand out holding a pair of what he thought must have been his sister’s panties. They were pink, very slippery and silky.

“What is it, Jeff honey?” Mom said, pretending not to know already what he wanted.

Jeff shook his hand vigorously and then whispered so no one else might hear him. “You gave me the wrong underwear, Mom.”

“I did what, dear? I can’t hear you, why are you whispering? Speak up, honey.” she said, smiling.

“Mother, please. You gave me Jill’s underpants by mistake,” Jeff said plaintively.

Jan just stood there and watched, but, didn’t take the proffered panties from his now shaking hand.

Jeff shook them again. “Mom, are you going to take these skanky things and get me some of my own underwear?” Jeff asked.

“Actually no. No honey, I don’t think so. First of all they are called panties and all of your nasty under-

pants are either missing or dirty, so I brought those in for you to wear for now,” Mom told him.

“Mother, no way am I going to wear these stinking girls’ underpants or panties or whatever the hell they’re called. Just get me some shorts or jeans then. Please,” he added the last as an afterthought.

“No Jeffery, I will not. I meant for you to wear these panties and you will start wearing them until I tell you otherwise. You’ll do so or I’ll be forced to physically put them on you myself. You’re going to start changing your roughneck ways or you’re going to have a very life changing experience this summer. I’ve had it with all your back talk, lies and mischievous ways, plus your getting into trouble constantly. If something doesn’t change, you are headed for a juvenile detention home, jail, or worse.

“I’ve warned you that we were going to try some rather unconventional methods of punishment. You have not responded to anything that I’ve tried for months now. I had a feeling that this just might get your attention. Now you put those panties on right now or you’re going to find out if you can take your mother physically and I’m not joking, even a little bit. I’m warning you though, each and every time that I have to fight with you over what I tell you to do or what to wear, even the slightest bit, I’m going to add one more item or step to your punishment. Now move, right now,” she said and pushed the door open and walked right in.

Jeff was so taken by surprise that he froze. He’d never seen his mom like this, and it scared the hell out of him. He suddenly realized that he had to find out if she was bluffing or not.

He tried to run past her to the door. Jan reached out and grabbed a handful of his shoulder-length hair and pulled hard. It jerked Jeff right off of his feet

and his bare ass slapped the cold tile floor loudly as he landed flat on his butt. She pulled him up immediately before he knew what hit him and she flung him over her knee and started spanking his bare ass. She held his left arm firmly behind his back and pressed up hard. She began spanking away with a hard bristle hairbrush in her right hand. Jan kept this up until he broke down crying like a baby. She did not stop until she knew he'd had more than enough to get her message loud and clear.

"Now stand up and put these nice soft panties on," Jan ordered and this time Jeff did not hesitate. He quickly pulled them up and into place. Mom took his chin in her hand and looked straight into his eyes. "Now I have your attention. You are to wear these new panties ALL the time until I tell you otherwise. If I catch you without them on, you'll get an added punishment and each time it will get much more severe. Do I make myself perfectly clear?" she asked with more authority than he'd ever seen his mother possess.

"Yes Ma'am," Jeff said weakly.

"Pardon me?" she said raising her voice.

"Yes," he said a little louder.

"Yes what, Jeffery?" she demanded.

"Yes Mother, I understand and will do as you say," he replied.

"Good, then maybe we are finally getting somewhere. In addition I think that from now on you will address me as Mom or Mother. No more just looking at me and grunting or disrespecting me," she said, surprising even herself. For the first time in months she was taking control of her home and her son. She



then handed him a matching cami with thin spaghetti straps to put on with the panties.

Next Jan pulled the shaken youth by his hand into her bedroom. She made him sit on her vanity stool and to his complete shock, began to file and shape, then paint his toenails a bright shiny red. She did two coats. "Maybe this will keep you away from those hooligans you call your friends, because if I see you with them again, I'll pull down your pants and show them your pretty unmentionables. Then I'll pull off your shoes and socks right in front of those big tough boys and show them your pretty painted toenails. I can't imagine that they would want to have a sissy boy hanging around their tough gang after seeing that? What do you think, think they'd still want you in their gang?" she said, causing a picture to form in his mind of what they might do to him if they saw that sight.

Still in shock, he could only look down at his shiny red toes and stare with tears running down his cheeks. "Oh God, if only I'd seen this coming somehow. She'd have never been able to do this to me. Hell I'm stronger than her, she's just a woman!" he thought

"You didn't answer me, Jeffery. Do you think those big tough boys would still want you in their gang when they find out you wear cute little feminine panties and paint your pretty toenails nice and red?" she asked rather mockingly.

Jeff then could see the mental picture of the scene Mom was describing to him. Dear God, he'd rather die than let the fellas know about any of this. He suddenly felt smaller and weaker than he ever had. How was he going to hide any of this from them? There would be no way he could change clothes in the presence of anyone ever again. Then he thought. "Oh shit, the swimming hole!" He wouldn't be able to go swim-

ming all summer. He couldn't go near the water without his shoes and heavy dark socks on. This whole rotten deal was really screwing up his life. He was just starting to feel like he was getting somewhere with Sandy, one of the girls in the gang. That would be over now for sure. "Hell, she'd probably kick the shit out of me herself if she found out what I had on," he thought. Then it would be all over town about the boy who wore panties and painted his nails. He'd be labeled a real loser then, some Gay kid who dressed like a girl.

Mom once again interrupted his tortured thoughts. "Jeffery, did you hear me? Do you think the gang will accept the new you?" she asked.

"No, Mother," he mumbled softly

"Well then, you'd better start bending over backwards to please me and do your best to behave like a polite and courteous young man or before long you'll be a sweet young lady to anyone who sees you. Are you starting to get the picture?" she said with a mischievous grin.

"Yes Mother, I'm sorry I never meant to upset you like this," he answered.

"Oh darling, how sweet but I'm not upset. As a matter of fact, I'm very happy because I'm finally going to have my sweet courteous son back in my life again, or else I'm going to have two very beautiful and sweet daughters, before summer is over. That would be OK too, as that would make shopping for clothes fun and simple as you and Jill are pretty much the same size and would be able to share a lot of outfits," she said, smiling.

"OK now, sit down right here so I can brush out that beautiful long hair that you've insisted on keeping. It looks like it's going to fit right in with your new

image. The only crime here is how you've kept it in such a mess. Well that's going to change right now and until you change your attitude and behavior I intend to help you with that situation. Yes, I think that we're going to make it look cute and feminine. That should also guarantee that you stay away from those hoodlums."

Next, Jan picked up a pair of barber scissors and began to snip and trim the loose and dead ends off, continually evening it up on all sides and the back, getting it somewhat to the same length. "I noticed your lips, honey, they really look dry and chapped. Have you been biting them again? Here, let me put some of this new balm for badly chapped lips on them," Jan ordered more than asked. (With the spanking still fresh on his mind, he didn't dare resist his Mom at this point).

Jan then put her small pinky finger into the small jar and began to rub the waxy context of the jar onto Jeff's lips. This special concoction was mixed with a collagen pigment and pinkish dye. The cream began to cool his lips right away. They began to feel better in just minutes. What Jeff didn't know was that this special formula penetrated deep into the lips and was already beginning to cause them to pull up until they were much fuller looking. This completely changed the look of his face. His new pouty lips looked very kissable. Also, the longer it was on, the more it began to turn his lips a light pink in color. It was almost as if he were wearing makeup.

Finally Jan pulled and brushed his long hair back and divided it into three sections and began braiding it in the back. "There, that should keep it out of your way while you get going on your chores and housework that you have so handily avoided over the past several months. You will go to your room and you have exactly one hour to clean it from top to bottom. I

want you to put everything away in its place. Anything left out will be thrown in the trash. At least for the time being or until further notice, you can put all of your sports equipment in this box to be stored in the garage as you will not be needing any bats, balls or gloves. No footballs, skateboards or rollerblades and that includes your motor scooter. In other words you won't be needing any of your boy toys. I intend to keep you very busy over the coming months with soft feminine activities until I feel that your attitude and actions have changed for the better," she told him

Next she instructed, "I want you to take all of your dirty clothes, including your bedding, to the laundry. I'll come and teach you how to run the washer and drier, then I'll have you fold and return the clean items to their proper place."

"Mother, are you telling me that you want me to wash everyone's stuff? Even your and Jill's panties and bras and whatever these other flimsy things are?" Jeff said.

"Jeffery, of course I do, silly. Do I wash only my own dirty clothes when I do the laundry? No, of course not. it will not hurt you one little bit to learn how to care for our clothing. As a matter of fact, if your attitude and behavior do not drastically improve very soon, you'll find yourself becoming very familiar with all of these very feminine items as you'll be wearing them yourself on a daily basis.

"After this, maybe you'll learn to appreciate all the little things I've had to do around here myself on top of working a full time job. You've taken all I do for granted for way too long now. I'm going to show you how to run the washer and drier plus you'll learn to care for Jill's and my lingerie. It must be done by hand as they are so delicate, Oh, I almost forgot, you already have some lingerie of your own now. Like I

said, if you're not careful, by the end of summer that's all you'll be wearing full-time.

"After you're done in the laundry, I want you to vacuum your room, dust and wash your windows. By then it should be lunch and you may join me in the kitchen for a snack. We'll have a light lunch, then I'll have your afternoon chores lined up for you," she told him.

Then she kissed him on the cheek and said, "Now get moving, honey. You only have one hour to complete your room or I'll add something else to your punishment. Oh, just in case you thought of doing any of the items haphazardly, if any chore is not done properly and to my full satisfaction, I'll add something for each infraction. Now you know what to expect if you mess up, so you'd better apply yourself to your tasks," Jan told the bewildered youth.

Jeff quickly got to work on his bedroom. He'd never seen Mom act this way. She'd always been so laid back and calm about things, but now she actually looked as if she was getting off on being some kind of dominant control freak or something. She'd really scared him with the threats of the things to come if he continued to behave badly as he knew he surely had been. She got his attention, that was for sure, and he now believed that she meant business.

He worked not only hard but fast and did his very best to complete the tasks. He even went over some of the tasks twice. He didn't even want to think about what Mom might have dreamed up for him next if he failed. Feeling the strange sensations of the slippery, silky cami and panties now rubbing against his skin with each movement was enough to think about for now. It was also quite unnerving as he moved about. But the worst of all was seeing his own bright red toenails showing through the flip flops that she made him wear. That almost was enough to bring tears to

his eyes and it shook his fragile psyche as there was no way to miss their presence in the bright sunlight streaming through the window.

Yes, he told himself,,he'd do as he was told and try to get Mom to back down. He'd do anything to get this over with and keep his friends from seeing him like this. Surprisingly, he finished with time to spare. Jeff called his mom in and stood nervously by as she inspected the room. He was quite proud of the job he'd done.

Mom only found two small demerits. To her surprise, he'd done a very good job.

"Well well, it seems that you are indeed capable of doing things right when given the proper motivation. Perhaps I should have started this type of punishment years ago. I plan to see that you continue to have that proper motivation at least for the foreseeable future. The only errors you made were stuffing your clothes into your dresser without regard to folding them neatly and organizing the drawers. Clothes are always to be hung up in your closet or folded neatly in your drawers. Each drawer is to only house similar items, such as T-shirts and camis in the second drawer, bras and slips in the third drawer, panties, hankies, and garter belts in the top drawer, leaving socks and shorts in the fourth drawer. We'll keep that bottom drawer open for a while and see how things go."

"But Mom, I don't wear bras and panties, and garters. Please don't tell me you're going to make me wear those things. You just said that I did a good job. You aren't going to punish me for just one little mistake...are you?" he asked.

"Yes, Jeff honey, I am. I'm convinced now more than ever that your behavior over the past couple of years is the result of me letting many little things go

unchecked or unpunished. Those little things all add up and turn into bigger things and you start thinking you can do or say anything that you want. The results are a young man with no respect for others or himself, someone who offers nothing to society and I simply will no longer allow that to happen. You were almost certainly headed for big trouble. So the way I see it, the only way to make sure you know that I mean business is to be consistent. You'll come to learn I mean EXACTLY what I say, and the sooner the better for your sake. If you mess up, then you'll pay the price. Period," she said.

"But Mom, I'm not a little baby, I'm 17 years old. Can't I make my own decisions about my life?" he asked. "I'll be driving as soon as I pass the test and I don't need my Mommy holding my hand."

"You'd better watch your step there, mister. This all started because of your actions and behavior and that mouth of yours going off before you think about what you're saying. I gave you all kinds of rope and a chance to make up your own mind about your life and your activities and you blew it. You were becoming an embarrassment to me and were headed straight to jail...or worse.

"Based on those facts, it appears that you do need your mommy's direction and help, and now you're going to get it. You'll continue to get it until I feel that you can behave in a civilized manner. I warned you, if you fight me on this, you'll return to school in the fall as Jennifer. Even your best friends won't know you are not the young lady that you'll appear to be by then," She warned.

"Now I thought about this and decided that you look off balance running around here with your pretty French braid and only one ear pierced so today's punishment is to even you up and pierce your other ear. This isn't really much of a punishment as

you obviously like having your ears pierced since you've done that one on your own," Mom said.

She quickly warned him not to fight her or make any sudden moves. Jan went and got an ice cube and held it firmly to his right ear lobe. When she felt it was numbed enough she pushed one of her sterilized sewing needles right through the earlobe. She left it in while she dabbed some alcohol around the hole. She then pulled it out and replaced the needle with one of her own gold ball studs. She then removed the little gold hoop earring from his left ear and put in the matching gold stud.

They walked out into the kitchen where Mom had lunch ready. A small green salad and a fruit cup and a glass of some sort of pink looking concoction Mom had made up. It looked like a milkshake but it was a special one with a diet supplement mixed with a little dose of estrogen from Mom's personal prescription. Jan had decided that this would further change her son's wild behavior and calm him down. Maybe it would take the rough edges off and soften his attitude and mindset. Plus if he was just a tiny bit smaller and weaker, she thought he wouldn't be able to fit into a gang.

Jan told Jeff to eat up and not complain or this would be his dinner that night. After lunch she applied more lip cream to his lips. She applied it generously and showed him how to mash his lips together and spread it around evenly. Like before, it cooled and relieved his chapped lips as he felt the waxy substance soothe the burning feeling. He noted that it felt quite nice and he enjoyed the strawberry taste as well. The creamy substance penetrated the skin and slowly began to enlarge the membranes of his lips, creating fuller pouty-looking lips. Also, the pink color became a little more ingrained and just a little more colorful.





Jeff was busy folding Mom and Jill's lingerie when Jill come home from work. She worked as a waitress at one of the more fancy restaurants in the wealthiest area of town. Jill walked into laundry to deposit her uniform to be washed when she saw what she believed to be a young lady doing laundry. Jeff had his back to her, folding the lingerie, and all Jill saw was the French braided hair and the backs of the two pierced ears and the white top with the cami straps showing underneath.

She looked down and saw the bright red toenails shiny from the light and she naturally drew the conclusion that this was a young shapely girl Mom must have hired. It caused her to wonder, though, because Mom had always been against hiring outside help when she felt they could do their own laundry, clean their home, and cook their own meals.

"Um, pardon me. Who..." Just then Jeff turned around as he was startled by the voice. He had not heard anyone come in. "Oh. My. God. Jeffery Johnson, is that really you?" Jill said in total disbelief and shock.

Jeff's face turned scarlet red. He wanted to run and hide but his feet wouldn't move. He tried to speak but nothing came out.

"Does Mom know that you're dressed up like a maid? Plus, what the hell are you doing messing with my panties and bras and lingerie? Are you suddenly turning gay on us?" she asked.

Jan walked in just then, catching the end of the conversation. "No Jill, your little brother is most assuredly not gay. He is being punished and I have decided to try something different to punish him since nothing else seems to work. I believe I've stumbled onto something that has actually gotten his attention. This seems to have broken his wild spirit and

knocked the wind out of his sails, so to speak.” Mom said

“Yes, I can see that, Mother but I don’t believe my eyes. I can’t believe that he let you do this to him. I mean I know that the little pipsqueak isn’t all that tough but, my gosh, I thought he was so proud and cocky that he’d go down fighting before he’d let anyone do THIS to him!” Jill said, walking around him and grinning.

“Well, little Jen...I mean Jeffery...and I have a new mother and child understanding. He did let his male macho pride make one last stand to fight his old Mom but it seems Mom’s no pushover after all, right Jeffery? Let’s just say I convinced him it would be in his best interest to do as I told him to do. He tried to put up some token resistance but quickly changed his mind after a good old-fashioned spanking on the bare bottom with a hair brush,” Mom said. “One he won’t soon forget!”

“Good for you. You go, Mother. The little dear looks so cute and natural, can we keep him like this all summer? Maybe he won’t be so fast to pull his little pranks on me if he has to worry about his friends finding out his little secret. Plus you know that I’ve always wanted to have a little sister. You have to admit as a brother he has been a royal pain in the proverbial ass to me since Dad left,” Jill said

“Jill, I do not need your help with this. I am his mother and I do not want you teasing him or making fun of him. It is completely up to Jeff how long his punishment is to last. If he starts acting like a polite young teenaged boy with manners and respect for others once again, I’ll end his punishment. If he does not straighten up to my liking, then you might just have yourself a new little sister by fall. But I’ll determine that. If I need your help, I’ll ask for it,” Mom stated.

The next several weeks followed in this same manner. Each day Mom gave him a list of things that had to be done before she got home. He was told that another day and another item would be added for every single item on the list that was not completed to her satisfaction. Jeff was to have Mom's coffee and breakfast ready every morning before she left for work. She personally saw to it that he got his daily mixture of hormones and diet supplements.

Nothing major happened in the way of physical changes those first few weeks but then Jan thought she was beginning to see small subtle changes in his attitude after four weeks and minor changes in body by week 7. He had only given her a reason twice to add days or items to his punishment. In Week Four she found it necessary to give him a little reminder spanking to get him back in line. Jeff was still very surprised at his mother's strength and she instilled a healthy fear in him. He thought, "I'm getting weaker and she's getting stronger."

The punishment she added was that he now had to use a hair depilatory all over his body and also she painted his fingernails to match his toes. Now that they were Bright Cherry Red she knew that he wouldn't leave the house for love nor money.

It was at this point that Jill took full advantage of the whole situation. She would tell Jeff if he didn't do exactly like she ordered him to do that she would go to his so-called buddies and invite them over to their home. She'd also managed to get a couple of good pictures of him while he wasn't looking. They clearly revealed his finger and toenails and some of him were of him while he was dressing in the morning. He was wearing powder blue panties and a cami, under a blue blouse and shorts.

Starting that fourth week, after Mom left for work Jill would begin to test her control over her helpless

brother, after doing a little homework on his friends. She called him into her room. Not ,knowing what to expect. Jeff went to her bedroom thinking she needed something washed or wanted him to clean up something in her room.

“I thought you’d like to wear something a little more comfortable today while you do your housework, honey. I was watching you at breakfast and it looks like you’re starting to outgrow most of your old clothes. Seeing it’s just you and me and I’m not expecting any visitors, I thought you’d look so much better wearing something, shall we say a little more in tune with your feminine side. Something that maybe matches the job a little more,” Jill said pointing at the clothes laid out on the bed.

“Are you nuts? Those are your damned clothes. I’m no girl and I’m not wearing any stinking girl’s clothes, and you’d better start laying off of me. Mom never told you that you could boss me around or make fun of me. You’re crazy as hell if you think I’m wearing any of this crap. It’s bad enough having to wear this damned sissy underwear and undershirt. After this week Mom’s going to get me new ones of my own and she’s going to remove this stupid polish from my finger and toenails,” Jeff told Jill with his voice near the boiling point.

“Well well, my baby brother does have some backbone left after all. I was starting to wonder. I always thought you were so mean and tough and totally macho. Well that’s too bad because it’s wasted on me anyway. So I guess if you are not going to do as I tell you to do, you just might like to see these little gems before I send them out to your so-called friends?” she said, handing him several pictures of him in panties, camis, bright red toenails and fingernails, with his pretty hair pulled back and either braided or pulled

into a high ponytail. In every shot you could see his face and pink lips and know it was him.

"In the meantime I'm going to just go ahead and make a few calls while you're looking at the pictures. I did a little homework and got phone numbers for Ace, Hawk, Slick and Animal. I think I'll ask them to stop on over today and visit their old pal Jenny. Oops, I mean Jeff," She threatened him

Jeff's eyes got big as saucers. He couldn't believe his own ears. How in the world did she even know their names, let alone who they were or how to reach them? Could she just be bluffing? He had to test her and find out for sure before doing anything he might regret. "Yeah sure you're just bluffing. You don't know their real names or how to reach them," he challenged.

"Well, let me see, Ace is Tom Weller; 628-7812. Hawk is John West; 628-5566. Slick is Bill Tosh; 628-4356 and Animal is Corky Grady; 628-6872. Do any of those names or numbers ring a bell to you?" she asked, smiling and picking up the phone.

"No, wait!" Jeff said, grabbing her arm and pulling the phone from her hand.

"Don't you EVER grab me or touch me that way again or so help me you'll regret it until your dying day. Now, if you're done testing me about your so-called friends. I assume that's what you were doing, trying hard to save your last bit of Macho psyche. Well, get over it, little sister, and get those clothes off right now!" Jill ordered.

Jeff just stood there, his head hung down with shame and he began to slowly undress. Finally he stood in just his pink panties and cami.

“Oh Jennifer, don’t you just love those soft silky panties and camis? I just *love* the way that they look so cute on you, sugar. I especially love the lace panel on the front and around the leg openings,” she said. “OK, now pull off the cami for a minute,” Jill ordered, then handed him a soft pink silky underwire bra that matched the panties and cami as if they were made for each other.

“Jill, why...why are you doing this to me?” Jeff asked.

“Because you’ve been a mean little shit ever since Dad left. You’re not the only one who lost a father. I was hurting too. You’ve been mean and spiteful to me for years now. You’ve hurt me mentally and physically at times and I’ve dreamed of a little revenge on you for a long while now. I just never had a good enough bargaining tool before. That is until good old Mom came up with this punishment. This was the most wonderful thing that I could have ever thought of because I know you like a book. You’d rather die than let any of those stupid Macho creeps you call friends see you this way. Well, your loss is my very fortunate gain. You’ll do whatever I say or so help me, every one of them will know, in full detail, about your latest fetish. So will the entire school and everyone in town. Anyone around here who has internet access will hear about you and see plenty of pretty pictures. Like I warned you, I’ll bring your precious friends here personally. So.....don’t test me on this.

“I’m loving this no matter how it turns out. I’m completely in control and fully in charge over your dumb ass for the foreseeable future. If you want to challenge me, bring it on. I’ll get to watch those dumb apes you call friends kick the shit out of your sissy ass when they see you as you are now,” She told him menacingly.

“Now let’s put a little padding in those cups. My goodness, you’re quite underdeveloped for a 17-year-old girl. Gosh, most girls your age have quite a figure by now,” Jill teased, then fitted the false breast forms into each cup of the pink silky bra. She adjusted them until they looked natural. “There you go! That looks so much better. Honey, now you look even more believable.”

Next she slipped a cute little dress over his head and pulled it down into place. The dress was pale pink, had a rounded neck and was sleeveless with wide shoulder straps that covered his bra straps. The hem of the skirt ended at mid-thigh. It actually fit him very well.

Next Jill made Jeff sit down at her own vanity. He tried to get up once he realized what she was going to do. She grabbed his hair and held him on the little bench. “Not so fast there. You’d better hold still or I’ll be sending your pictures out in a flash,” she warned.

He turned to her. “Please, I’m doing what you want but not all that gook you girls wear. I don’t want to see my face in all that war paint.”

“War paint!? Why, you silly thing you. We girls wear makeup to enhance the natural beauty God blessed us with. You’re going to be joining me whenever I want or you know what will happen. I’m going to be teaching you how to apply your makeup by yourself as we go along,” she said and began applying a flesh tone base all over his face, dabbing spots on his forehead, cheeks and chin, then blending it in evenly with a sponge. Next came a dark eyeliner on his top and bottom eyelids, making his eyes look instantly more alive and bigger, and completely changing the way his overall face looked.

She added color to the newly shaped eyebrows which she’d just plucked into thin arches with a dark



eyebrow pencil, then applied a little brown and white eyeshadow. To finish the eyes she coated his eyelashes with a long-lasting mascara. She then outlined his lips with a dark red lip pencil and filled them in with a strawberry lip cream. She couldn't help but notice that his lips looked very full and pouty. She'd never really noticed that before now. The color seemed to really bring this out. Finally she set the makeup with a powder and handed him a pair of white leather strap sandals with two and a half-inch heels.

"You aren't planning on making me go out of this house, are you? Because if that's what you're planning, then you might just as well get a gun and shoot me, Jill. I WON'T go out looking like this," he warned her.

"First of all, if I wanted to take you outside like this, trust me, you'd go. I wouldn't have to shoot you. All I'd have to do is let enough of the right people know about the New You. I think by the time they got done with you, you'd be begging me to shoot you," she told him. "But to answer your question, no, I'm not making you go out just yet. We have a way to go before you're ready for that. If you learn your lessons well, by the time we do go out, no one, not even your own Mom would recognize you. Maybe we'll do that in a few more days after you get used to the new clothes and learn to walk in your new high heels. You know, get used to being Jennifer," she told him

"And what about Mom? What do you think she's going to say about all of this? You don't think she's going to like this, do you?"

"That's easy. You are going to tell Mother that you asked to borrow a dress and have me help you with a little make up so you could see what it's like to feel pretty. You'll tell her that if you have to do girls work around the house that you might as well look like a

girl,” Jill told him, trying to hold back the laughter at her plan.

“No way am I telling Mom that! She’ll think that I want to dress like a sissy fag girl. I’m going to tell her that you made me,” he said, the anger rising in his voice.

“Wrong! Do you still not get the seriousness of your situation, Jenny honey? You do that and I promise your buddies will all be over here tomorrow as soon as Mom leaves for work. Hell, who knows, maybe they’ll want to take you out on a date or to the movies. I’ll just tell them to go ahead and take you right there and then,” she warned Jeff whose face was full of fear and anger.

“Jill, this isn’t fair! Are you going to use this on me forever?” he asked.

“I don’t know yet. Maybe. At least you’re starting to get the picture. You have to admit I’m really holding a loaded deck here now. It’s so cool and I’m really just beginning to understand the power I now hold in my little hand. If you screw up or cross me, this could probably mess up your whole life for a very long time if not forever, anywhere around here anyway.” Jill smiled.

“Plus there is nothing you can do so you’d better do exactly as I tell you or you’ll have to face the consequences. It’s really up to you. Become my sweet little sister and I’ll look out for you or you can become a sweet little butt buddy for the gang. Then maybe someday we’ll find you a nice boy of your own to take care of you and protect you. Now you’d better get to work or you’ll be in big trouble with Mom when she gets home and finds that your chores are unfinished,” she said, patting his behind. “If you’re a good girl, maybe I’ll fix you up with a date and we can double date to a movie or dancing,” she grinned

Jeff couldn't think of anything to say that would change Jill's mind at this time; he could tell by her voice and attitude that she was not only serious but very much so, enjoying this power she possessed over him. He knew it would do no good to argue or plead with her so he resigned himself to his fate and began to do his housework for the day.

He found the clothes he was wearing were very different from his own. Actually they were light and airy and were not at all uncomfortable. The only big difference he was aware of, besides the heels which were a real pain, were the strange mounds on his chest. It seemed they were always in the way. When he reached for something or tried to use his arms, he was always bumping into them. It took most of that day to relearn how to use his arms, his reach, and movement, without getting caught up on his BREASTS. Man, that sure sounded weird, he'd never once thought about the possibility of possessing breasts of his own, and it was very unnerving.

Jeff stayed right after his chores with only a few breaks to sit and rest his aching feet and ankles from the high heels. He was just finishing up the last of the laundry when he heard:

"Well, what do we have here? Jeffery, is that you, honey?" His mother's voice surprised him from behind him. He turned to see Mom and Jill standing in the doorway. He immediately turned beet red. "What's the meaning of this Jeffery? Are you making fun of the punishment I've given you? Or are you just making fun of me and women in general? It sure looks to me as though you're not taking me serious. Perhaps we'll just make it a permanent arrangement and you can just become my sweet little Daughter Number Two. I know that Jill has always wanted a little sister, so I guess you've just earned that job,"

Mom said, thinking he'd done this on his own to make a fool of her.

Jeff immediately started to protest and tell her that this was all Jill's fault but just as he was about to open his mouth, he caught the look of warning on Jill's face. He changed his words in mid-sentence. "I'm sorry, Mother. I know I should have asked you first. I do take this seriously. It's just that with the hair, painted nails, panties and bra, I was afraid someone would come and see me this way. I asked Jill for her help in making me look like a girl so if someone did come by, they wouldn't recognize me as Jeff half-dressed like a girl, which would ruin my life completely. I'd be known all over school and town as a freak or queer," he told her.

"You know what, honey? I didn't think of that. Maybe you're right. I just can't get over how feminine and pretty you look. Had I not known that you were here, I would never have guessed that you were not a beautiful young lady...and I'm your own mother. Either Jill is very skilled or you are just a natural as a young female," Mom told him.

"Come here, let me take a better look," she ordered. "Oh my goodness! You really are quite feminine looking and very convincing, I might add. You look so much like Jill now. I don't know why I didn't see this in you before now. Do you like the way the clothes feel on your body? They certainly fit you well enough. I can't believe what I'm seeing right before my own eyes," she said.

"Well, at first they felt really weird and strange but as the day went on I got busy doing my house work and forgot about them. I guess I have to admit they are actually pretty comfortable, except for these dumb things," he said, pointing at the breasts with a finger on each one.