

Part 2

Becoming My Twin Sister



Deena Gomersall



A "New Woman" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Becoming My Twin Sister Part 2

by Deena Gomersall

Chapter Seven - Losing old friends

Putting on a pair of jogging bottoms, a hooded top and his favourite pair of worn sneakers, Andy had felt compelled to take out the ear studs from his lobes before going out—but by now the guys had all seen him wearing them. If he took them out, it would send out a message that they had got to him and that TJ had been right. So, he left the studs in.

Andy was eager to go meet some of his friends at the bowling alley. They didn't always participate in a game of bowls when they met up there, but it was a good hangout and a place to chat up the babes.

Andy turned up a little later than the meeting time so that he could see who was there. He didn't want to be anywhere near TJ in case he lost it with him and got arrested for assault. If that happened, it would surely be brought up in his court appearance in three weeks' time.

Luckily TJ wasn't there. Craig, Rick, Kyle and Joe all were, along with Affy, TJ's younger brother. "Yo, good ta see you again, bro." Craig greeted with a high five, followed by the rest of the crowd.

"You shouldn't have just upped and left on Wednesday, man," Kyle spoke up. "TJ meant nothin' by what he said."

"He didn't mean anything by it?" Andy quizzed angrily. "He suggested I shouldn't hang with you guys in case I give you a bad rep because I let my sister get my ears pierced."

"He was gonna come along tonight but didn't wanna stir up no bad feelings, he asked me to pass his apologies," Affy then informed Andy.

As they spoke together, Andy caught Craig giving him a puzzled, frowning look.

The matter was soon forgotten about as they managed to get hold of some beers and Craig suggested they have a game, forming two teams competing against each other. The teams were Craig, Andy and Joe against Rick, Kyle and Affy.

Andy's team were in the lead, but Andy thought he was letting the team down as he wasn't scoring very well and had sent his ball into the gutter several times. Their lead was all down to Craig who had scored three strikes.

The problem with Andy's game was his fingernails. Kept long by Judith, and shaped, he could sense them each time he put his fingers into the finger holes, and it put him off on release.

Joe, who was used to Andy being one of the better players, quizzed him about it: What's wrong dude? You're throwing like a chick."

"Sorry guys, I just can't grip the ball properly today."

Joe automatically looked at Andy's hands and for the first time caught sight of the long elliptical nails. "I'm not surprised—what's with the fuckin' talons, man?"

All the rest were now taking note, including Craig.

"Yeah. What gives, Andy, Bro? First you turn up with your ears double pierced and today you got long girly nails. And—I noticed you had your eyebrows like all narrowed and all. You goin' queer on us?"

Andy felt his cheeks burning. "It's nothin' like that, guys. Andrea is stuck at home recuperating; she has nothing to do all day. She just wanted to do a few things with me, and I couldn't say no to her and hurt her feelings. That's all."

"Things like what?" Kyle asked. "I've heard of some poncy dudes letting their sisters put makeup on them and stuff." He said with a shudder.

"Yeah. Like you see that crazy shit on YouTube all the time. You haven't allowed her to do that to you, have you bro? No matter what happened to her and how she is feelin', that's just plain wrong," Joe joined in again. "No real dude would ever allow himself to be emasculated like that."

Andy was feeling more and more exasperated and ashamed as they carried on.

"You said she is stuck at home but I seen it on TV man, she is goin' out meeting with her friends and boyfriend again. And you must have gone out with her to get your ears pierced." Craig accused.

Finally Andy could take no more of the quizzing. “Fuck sake! Just lay off guys. I don’t have to answer to any of you, you can stick your fuckin’ game, I’m out of here.” And for the second time in succession, Andy turned tail on his friends and walked away from them.

Andy was in a quiet, sombre mood the following day. Part of it was because he felt ashamed. He wasn’t happy about the baiting from his friends, their constant questionings, but they had been correct—he had pierced ears! He did have plucked and shaped eyebrows, and, he had long, shaped fingernails. Hell—although nobody had pursued it—yes, he was also having makeup put on his face—and lord knows how they would have reacted if they knew he was actually going out wearing girls clothing or meeting a guy on a ‘date’!

He loved his sister, and he wanted nothing more than the man who had done this to her to be caught and slammed in jail. But pretending to be her—on what he suspected could only be a pointless cause, a major waste of time and money—was ruining his own life into the bargain.

He had another ‘date’ with Ian the following day and several times he was close to picking up the phone and cancelling. Just what stopped him from doing so, he really wasn’t sure.

He’d been made to feel humiliated by his friends. He felt like he could never look any of them in the eye again through shame—but then again, why would he even want to? Who were they to point a finger at him and question him?

The more he dwelt on things, the more angry he got. He wanted to wrap the whole stupid thing up, and perhaps he would have done had he not seen a news report of a woman found raped and murdered

not too far away. The police were not linking the crime to the one he was involved in—but seeing pictures of the woman made him feel guilty. That could have been his sister; if the rapist wasn't caught, it could be some other poor innocent woman. He didn't believe being dressed as his sister was any use at all, but if others did, then he couldn't just bail out. And that just made him feel even more angry and frustrated.

It was Tuesday. Andy looked at his phone. He had enjoyed being in his own clothes, sans makeup, for the last couple of days—but that was set to change that evening. He was reading Ian's text message saying how much he was looking forward to their 'date.'

As usual, Ian referred to him as "Cupcake." Andy had noted from reading past text messages in Andrea's phone, as instructed to do by Judith, that he had always done that—and she, in turn, called him Nutkins!

He wasn't looking forward to getting dolled up again as he was still was on a downer after Sunday, but he knew he should make the effort and not let Ian down; after all, it wasn't *his* fault.

By 7.00 p.m. Andy was again transformed into Andrea. As least this time he had played down what he was wearing: a pale blue short-sleeved top with a jewel neckline, a pair of black leggings, and a pair of pale blue shoes with straw-coloured wedge heel and closed toe. He wore a silver crucifix necklace and a pair of small dangly earrings fitted to his lobes, which felt strange but feminine to him as they swung at the slightest movement of his head. His eyes had been made up a little heavier than the last time he'd met up with Ian, with pale blended to medium blue eye shadow, eye liner winged out at the edges, mascara, and fuchsia-coloured lipstick. Judith had also put a decorative clip into his hair on both sides of his head.

While he was waiting for his fuchsia-coloured nail enamel to dry he received a text from Ian: “Hi Cupcake. Hope u r looking as 4ward to 2nite as I am?. Wondered if u fancied grabbing a coffee then going to see a movie? Let me kno. See you at r usual. Love you. Ian xx.”

Andy typed a reply as well as he could with the extension tips on his already long nails: “Hi Nutkins. Sounds good 2 me. Wots on? See u soon. Love u too. Bye. xx

He thought to himself that a movie could be a life-saver: he would be out of the public eye, and wouldn't have to make too much conversation with Ian. He also thought a movie would be good for him after the way he had been feeling for the last two days. A good action movie would be ideal.

Andy didn't feel as nervous about meeting Ian on this occasion as he had done on their last one. Again Ian was already there when Judith dropped Andy off and he came to the café door to meet ‘her’.

“Hi. You're a little early, but that's good,” Ian said as he leaned in and put his arms around his date, kissing Andy's cheek. Andy flinched a little but shrugged it off.

“I thought I'd get here in good time if we are going to see a film. Do you have a movie in mind?”

“Yeah, there's a film showing at the Roxy at eight, *It Happened in Paris*,” Ian stated as they sat down at a table.

Andy felt disappointed but tried not to show it. *It Happened in Paris* was a new romance chick flick. Andy had a notion that Ian probably would have chosen a film more to his own liking, such as *Mission, Middle East*, but was going for the romance film to please ‘Andrea.’

But what could he do? The chick flick would have been the film Andrea would have chosen for herself,

so he could hardly go suggesting the alternative. "That sounds great, Nutkins—I've heard a lot of good comments about that film," he replied, not actually having heard anything about it.

They both had mocha before walking the couple of blocks to the cinema. Ian reached for and took Andy's hand to hold, which weirded him out, but he fought against pulling away. "Keep thinking—this is Andrea's boyfriend," he told himself as they walked along.

Soon they reached the cinema, Ian paid, and they went to their seats at the rear of the stalls. It wasn't until the lights dimmed and the trailers started to come on that Andy began to realise that this may have been a mistake.

By the middle of the film, several young couples around them were already making out. A group of three boys and three girls were all heavily snogging, and girls were being groped by their dates. Andy feared the worst when Ian placed an arm across his shoulder, but he did no more than that and, although Andy felt uncomfortable, he was grateful that Ian wasn't trying anything.

Towards the end of the film one of the leading females was killed quite tragically. Andy was surprised by how much the incident got to him, unaware that *Estrigene 5000* was playing a part. He felt a tear trickle down his cheek and he brushed it away with his hand. Another tear followed and he repeated the process.

Ian had noted Andy wiping away tears and looked at him. He placed a hand on Andy's leg and rubbed consolingly; Andy was just pleased he was not wearing a skirt. Ian then used the arm that was over Andy's shoulder to pull him in as a comfort.

Andy neither needed nor wanted to be cuddled, but again he knew that it was something Andrea or any girl would allow, so he allowed it and found him-

self leaning in close to Ian's body as Ian stroked his arm.

'Please don't try to kiss me—*please* don't try to kiss me!' Andy thought to himself, as he knew he was now in a compromising and vulnerable position. But Ian was remembering his promise made to 'Andrea' on their last date and, as much as he would have liked to snog with his girlfriend, he had promised and he would keep his word.

Leaving the cinema at the end, Ian suggested they go for a burger before Andy's lift came to pick him up. Andy was hungry, so he easily agreed, and he even allowed Ian to put his arm around his waist as they walked together.

They were on the street where the burger bar was, and only maybe a dozen units away, when Andy felt the blood suddenly drain from his face. Approaching were Rick, Luke, Affy and TJ.

The first thing in Andy's mind was that they would know who he was; they would see him wearing girl's clothes and makeup, with a boy's arm around him. That would really be the end of him and his gang. He looked around to see if there was somewhere to hide. He was even preparing to pull Ian into a shop doorway and start necking with him until they passed so they didn't see him—but he hesitated, and then it was too late.

"Hey! Andrea. Wha'sup?" Luke called out as they got nearer.

"How you feelin?' Real sorry to hear what happened to you by that louse." Rick added.

Andy sighed in silent relief. They were buying that he was Andrea—but then, why not? Even Andrea's own friends failed to realize. "I'm good, thanks. I'm starting to get over it," Andy answered in his much-practiced sister's voice.