



*Reluctant Press*

# The Transformation of Debbie

Debbie Lynn



*ILLUSTRATIONS BY MISTY MALVEAUX*

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**AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL**

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## *Reluctant Press TG Publishers*

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# ***The Transformation of Debbie***

**By Debbie Lynn**

## ***Introduction***

I anxiously prepared for the evening's festivities. My makeup was flawless. My breasts were bubbling forth from my tight maid's uniform. I ran my hands over my shapely stockinged legs which were encased in a pair of sweet black leather pumps with stiletto heels. I smiled into the mirror, anticipating what the evening might bring. Another sensitive soul will be placed into my care - to transform into the beautiful feminine creation he was meant to be. I could hear the crowd gathering on the floor below me. The air was filled with nervous anticipation. As I looked at my reflection in the mirror my mind wandered to my own humble beginnings.

## ***Punishment***

I grew up in the suburbs of Chicago - in a house full of girls I guess that's why I had mostly girl friends at school. The boys I did pal around with were kind of nerdish and weak. I wasn't very athletic - and was usually the last boy picked for teams in gym class. I was always wondering what the girls were doing and didn't really pay attention to what was happening on the field or on the court. Growing up with four sisters can be tough for a young guy - and I often became caught up in their many squabbles. My father was the disciplinarian in our house. He was a tall handsome man - an iron-worker - and I both loved and feared him. I was always trying to please him, and while he seemed proud of my scholastic record I could tell he was rather disappointed in my athletic accomplishments.

When I was younger I had gotten into trouble yet again for fighting with my sisters. It was a silly fight which started over musical groups and blew all out of proportion. I was grounded. For two weeks. A few days into my sentence I was left at home with Dad. Mom and the girls went to visit my grandmother for a day of shopping. I was in my room reading Tiger Beat when I heard Daddy calling me from his room. "Donnie - come in here". I did so and could tell from the tone of his voice I was in trouble. I entered the room and found him in a T shirt and white nylon boxer shorts. My dad always wore that kind.

He was sitting on the bed. "What am I going to do with you?" he asked as I stood before him. I said nothing as he continued.

"Why do you keep fighting with the girls?"

"I don't know," I responded meekly. I tried to defend myself but could tell I was getting nowhere.

"Take off your shirt and pants," he ordered. I knew I was in for a spanking - it certainly wasn't the first! I stripped down to my white BVDs and waited for my punishment.

"Take off the underpants, sissy," he said, breathing hard. I looked at him with shock and knew he wasn't fooling around. I took off the underwear - what else could I do? Standing naked before him I tried to cover up modestly with my hands. I was a skinny kid - I still hadn't grown much body hair. I couldn't help but notice the other boys in the shower after gym - all hairy and hormonal. Mom always said I was a "late bloomer."

I felt vulnerable and embarrassed naked before my Dad - and not sure what would happen next. Daddy had always spanked me before through my underpants. What was going on?

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He got up from the bed and walked behind me as I stood quietly. When he moved back into my sight I could tell he was holding something.

“Since you're acting like a girl I think it's time you dressed like one.” My eyes bulged out in surprise at the garment he was holding before me. It was a pair of pale pink satin panties - with ruffles around the leg openings and accents of pearls. I looked at him as he thrust the panties into my hands.

“Please don't make me wear these! I'll be good - I promise!”

“It's too late for that I think. Put them on,” he instructed. I'll never forget that fateful moment when I took my shaky arms and pulled the ultra feminine panties up my boyish legs, aware of every sensual moment as they crept closer and closer to my waist.. I was humiliated but at the same time incredibly excited at the silky feeling encasing my boyish bottom and crotch. I felt guilty - I'm a boy! I shouldn't be wearing these. As my hands roamed over the silky fabric I wondered whose panties they were. I had seen my mom's and sister's underwear in the laundry basket before but I only remembered them as rather plain cotton.

As I was pondering this I felt Daddy grab my arm and pull me down over his lap as he sat on the bed. I felt his hands spank me over and over again through the pretty pink panties. I felt so humiliated I started to cry softly which only seemed to encourage him. My Dad was from a different generation where spankings were commonplace. He pulled them down and continued my punishment. While my naked bottom was exposed and flush with his discipline the rest of my bottom was still surrounded by the pale pink silk. They felt so nice. Daddy must have sensed it as well. He stopped and made me stand. I stood before him with wet eyes, a sore bottom, and a damp bulge in front. The panties were part way down and I instinctively pulled them up and tried to hide my excitement. The panties felt so soothing as they covered up my still warm bottom.

He observed me with great interest and told me “Since your mother and sisters will be gone for the day I've decided you will spend the day as a girl. Follow me.”

He dragged me into my sister's room and he pulled a short nylon nightie from my sister Cassie's closet. The nightie was a floral pattern of pinks and purples. I shuddered as he slipped it over my head and shoulders, letting it fall to barely cover my waist.

“You will begin your female duties by cleaning the kitchen - dressed just this way.”

As I went about my duties in the kitchen he sat at the table smoking and drinking coffee, which he made me serve him. I worked very hard doing the dishes, the counters and washed the floor on my hands and knees, taking care not to get my borrowed outfit wet.

“You seem to be enjoying yourself,” he commented.

I must admit I did. The panties felt so nice - why couldn't boys underpants feel like this? As usual the girls got all the good stuff, I thought.

“I don't mind helping out,” I cheerfully replied.

“This is between you and me, son. I felt it was an important lesson for you.”

I was disappointed as he took the nightie from me. I felt a little empty as I slipped the panties down and handed them to him. He told me to change into my pajamas and I was dressed as a boy again when my mom and sisters got home. I was sure to stay clear of their entanglements for the rest of the evening. As I laid in bed that night I couldn't stop thinking about the day and what had happened.

## ***The Laundry Basket***

Several months later I was going through the laundry basket looking for some sweat pants. As I felt my way through the clean laundry my hand froze as I felt the pink panties I had been forced to wear at my last spanking. I held them in my hand and felt strange feelings of excitement and nervousness. I wadded up the panties and stuffed them down the front of my pants. I nervously made my way to my bedroom. As soon as I got into the room and closed the door I pulled out and examined the pretty panties. I closed my eyes and held them up to my face, caressing my cheeks with their silkiness. I dropped my pants and boring boys underpants and was left only in my Aerosmith T shirt.

I couldn't wait to feel the panties once again surrounding me, possessing me. I posed before my dresser mirror. I was surprised at how good my boy butt looked - all smooth and round in the reflection. I ran my hands over my butt, enjoying the moment. I realized my young cock was hardening in the silky prison containing it. I started to dance before the mirror, humming my favorite song.

"Hey bozo - mom says you have to..." Cassie stopped in mid sentence as she discovered me posing in a pair of girl's panties.

Why hadn't I locked my door? Doesn't anybody respect a guy's privacy? Cassie was as surprised as I was. I tried to cover myself and pushed her out of the room, locking the door. I panicked! I quickly got dressed - not taking the time to change out of the troublesome panties and left my room in search of Cassie and to do some damage control.

I found Cassie alone in her room. Cassie was fifteen now. She was very popular and pretty. She was a pain but I really loved her very much. Cassie's room was very prissy - she shared it with our younger sister and it was decorated with lavender walls and white shag carpeting. The twin beds were covered with old dolls and tons of stuffed animals. I sat next to her on the bed and looked at her nervously.

"Are you going to tell?" I asked.

"I don't know," she responded. "What were you doing in there anyway?"

"I was just playing," I replied.

"More like playing with yourself, I'd say," she responded with a laugh.

I was blushing all shades of pink over our conversation. Never in a million years did I think I would be in this predicament - and at Cassie's mercy! She got up and locked her bedroom door.

"Where are the panties, you little freak?"

I gasped and admitted I was still wearing them. She laughed and told me to show her. I had no choice but to obey her. I took off my pants and let her see me in this embarrassing predicament. She giggled as she inspected me.

“You know Donnie you don't look like much of a boy in front - and your butt looks so cute in those panties.”

“Please Cassie - don't be mean!” was all I could add.

“Those panties are sooo pretty - where did you get them?”

“I found them in the laundry basket, Cassie.”

“Well I don't recognize them - but I do have something to show you!” She rifled through her dresser and produced a training bra she had outgrown. It was pretty and lacy and was of a color that almost matched the panties I was wearing. “Put it on, freakozoid!”

“Cassie- please! This is so embarrassing!”

“Stop complaining and do as I say - I would say I'm in charge now don't you think? I don't think you want Mom and Dad knowing that your dancing around in girls underwear do you?”

I put on the bra. it was such a weird sensation - the tightness on my chest - the silk and lace moving over my nipples. I was so confused. Despite my predicament I liked the way the lingerie felt on my skin, and the power she had over me.

“From now on this will be our little secret,” Cassie said. “But don't forget you owe me. and I'll be watching you. I can tell you enjoy this - just look at your panties”.

I was very excited and the outline of my shaft was visible through the silky fabric. “You look so sweet in them - with such a small package you are just made to wear panties!”

I couldn't take any more. I ripped off the bra and threw it at her. I pulled my jeans on over the panties, unlocked the door and ran down the hall to my room, listening to her laughter all the way. When I back in my room I stripped down and went to remove the panties. I realized that I had leaked in them - I was just too excited by all of this activity. Not knowing what to do with the soiled panties I went down to the basement. I folded up the panties and standing on a stool I hid them in a secluded place under the floor joists above me.

When I slept that night I dreamed that I had woken up to find I was a girl. I stretched and then went to scratch my chest. I found I my flat chest was replaced with two pert full breasts. As I massaged my erect nipples I ran one hand down my stomach to my crotch to find my male equipment was gone! I awoke with a shudder and was relieved to find my maleness was indeed intact. Weeks went by before I returned to my secret hiding place to retrieve the pretty panties. I would wear them for a few blissful hours and return them for safekeeping. I didn't understand why but I felt incredible while wearing them, I loved to pose in front of a mirror in them admiring they way I looked in them. I often wondered whose underwear they were and if they were missed. It didn't really matter - they were mine now!



## ***She Made Me Do It***

That damn Cassie! She broke one of my mom's favorite lamps - an ugly old thing that used to belong to one of our relatives - and told my mother right in front of me that I had broken it. With a knowing smile she stood there while I accepted the responsibility. I just took my lumps and planned to confront Cassie about the incident at an appropriate time.

A few weeks later the entire family went to visit relatives for the weekend. Cassie remained at home since she had plans with her boyfriend Mike and I had to complete a science project which I had kept putting off. A few hours after they all left I heard loud music from Cassie's room and decided it was time to confront her about the lamp incident. I confronted her in her bedroom. She was wearing a pale yellow sports bra which barely contained her pert young breasts, and a pair of floral ruffled panties which had tones of yellow, pink and green.

“That sucked Cassie! - How could you blame me for breaking that ugly old lamp?”

She laughed at me. “Do you have a problem with that, panty boy?”

“No,” I sheepishly replied knowing I was powerless to stop her.

“Take off you clothes - now!” she ordered. I resigned myself to do as she wished. I stood naked before her trying to cover myself. “Well I see you're still not much of a man,” she laughed. “You should see how big Mike is!”

Actually I had seen her boyfriend Mike naked in the shower at school. He was a football player and was very handsome. I had been in the shower for a few minutes when his class came in to clean up. I soaped up and turned around to see Mike showering, washing his dark wavy hair. He had a strong physique. Big arms, a firm young chest, and a trail of dark hair that run from his chest all the way down to his crotch where he was a mass of dense hair. Cassie was right - Mike was a hunk of a guy. He caught me looking at him once. With a big grin he just groped himself and turned away to talk to one of his buddies.

Cassie's voice brought me back to reality. “I've decided it's time for my secret sister to come out and play - it's time for dress up!”

I swallowed hard - I was nervous and excited and didn't know what to say or do. Cassie started digging in her dresser drawers pulling out feminine underthings, making selections for my humiliation. “I think you should fit into this!” as she held up a pretty pink training bra she had outgrown, a pair of flowered satin high cut panties which matched the bra, and an item I'd never seen before which was white lace with straps. She held stockings in her hand a a white lacy slip.

“I will teach you how a young lady dresses, sweet sister,” she cooed. I stood there motionless - frozen at what was happening to me. She moved behind me and as I smelled her perfume I felt her secure the brassiere behind me. The straps felt so funny on my shoulders. And I loved the way the smooth fabric rubbed against my nipples. The next item to dress me in was called a garter belt. I looked down to see how odd I

looked with this contraption with the straps hanging down. Thankfully the next item to try on were the panties. I put first one foot, then the other into the leg openings and Cassie pulled them up. I was relieved to finally have my maleness covered up. Cassie took care to make sure the straps passed through under the panties and that they were in the appropriate positions - to hold up my stockings! I was weak from excitement when she took my hand and led me to her dressing room table.

“Sit down, sissy,” she ordered, pushing me down on to her chair before the dressing table. She sat a few feet away on the edge of her bed and demonstrated the way a lady puts on her stockings. I watched her with fascination, and she tossed me a pair of stockings to see if I had learned what she had shown me. The first feeling of nylon on my bare skin was electrifying. I took the stockings and accordion style rolled them up each leg. Cassie showed me how to clasp them and they were in place. I stood before Cassie's dressing table mirror and examined how I looked. Cassie didn't give me much chance to admire myself - she wasn't through.

“Here - put on this slip.” She helped to drop the full white slip over my body. It fell over me surrounding me with it's silkiness. She led me by the hand to her closet and she pulled out some of the dresses she had outgrown. I had no choice in the matter but I was secretly delighted when she pulled out a short cotton floral print dress I had always liked her in. It had lace on the chest, with a ruffled collar and short puffy sleeves. The flowers were all purple and pink with a cream colored background. I shivered as she helped me into it and zipped up the back. I looked down and tried to pull the dress down a little to cover up the lace peeking out from my slip underneath. Cassie was rifling through the shoes at the bottom of her closet.

“There they are! The perfect shoes for my secret sister”. I looked with surprise at the white patent leather high heeled shoes she had selected for me. They had a strap around the ankle and open toes and I wondered how on earth I could walk in those heels! She had me lift one foot and then the other as she strapped the shoes to my wobbly legs. I was so tall! and shaky as I tried to walk a few steps in the heels.

“Take smaller steps - and keep your legs closer together,” she barked at me. I practiced walking back and forth - taking slow deliberate steps, placing one foot in front of the other. Cassie was pleased with my walk and my “wiggle” as she put it was very feminine. As I walked by the mirror I couldn't help but notice how pretty my legs were, and how feminine I appeared. I started to freak out, realizing what we were doing was wrong.

“Are we done now?” I asked.

“Honey we're barely getting started. Sit at the table.” She sat next to me and I was shocked when she held my chin in her hand and began applying makeup. I was fascinated at her talent and in not time at all she had completed her work. “Just wait here,” she instructed and ran out of the room.

In her absence I looked into the mirror, amazed at the transformation. I barely recognized myself. Cassie burst back into the room with one of Mom's wigs. It was blonde and shoulder length. She brushed my hair back and put the wig on my head. With a few strokes of her hairbrush she announce I was ready. I looked up to see a face I did not recognize. Cassie had done a wonderful job on my makeup. I looked like a different

person. I felt special and glamorous As Cassie giggled I primped and posed before the mirror until I tripped on the heels and fell onto her bed.

“Be careful stupid! Act like a lady.” We spent hours together laughing and talking as she prepared for her date with Mike.

### ***Party Time***

I lost all track of time until I heard the doorbell ringing. I froze!

“Who's here?” I asked Cassie frantically. As she peeked out her bedroom window she saw Mike's red Mustang GT in the driveway.

“It's Mike, silly!” she answered me.

“I can't let Mike see me like this!”

“Sure you can - we'll say you're our cousin Cindy from Minneapolis, here for a visit. Just relax - he'll never recognize you. It'll be fun!” She ran downstairs and opened the door before I could stop her. Mike came in and they kissed as soon as the door was closed. I watched them from the top of the stairs. Mike was all over her and she laughed as she pried his hands from around her waist.

“Easy Big Boy - we've got all night, remember. The folks are away. It's just us and my cousin Cindy here tonight.”

”Cindy - you never mentioned her,” Mike said.

“Didn't I? Oh, well. Cindy!” she yelled up the stairs. My heart sank at the sound of her calling me by this girls name. “Come on down honey and meet Mike.”

I ran into the bathroom and checked the mirror. I really didn't look like myself. I swallowed hard and walked to the top of the stairs.

“There you are Cindy - come on downstairs.” I walked as slowly as I could not wanting to trip in the heels. I was painfully aware of each step and the sound of my patent



leather heels clicking on the oak stairs, one by one. I made it to the bottom, very pleased with myself. I looked up with a smile right into Mike's face.

"Hi there!" Mike said and he grabbed my hand. I nodded to him and tried to speak very softly.

"Hello Mike - it's very nice to meet you," I managed to get it out.

"Wow Cassie - are all your cousins this cute?"

Cassie laughed and I felt my cheeks burning with embarrassment. Cassie explained I was from Minneapolis and would be spending the night with her. She grabbed Mike and they went into the kitchen. I retired to my room. As I sat there thinking about my predicament Cassie burst in.

"This is great. He totally bought it," she exclaimed. "Just relax and stay this way."

"But Cassie this isn't right. What if Mike recognizes me?"

"Well," she said, "I guess you'd better be convincing Sissy."

She left the room obviously delighted with herself. I tried to relax in my room listening to music. I had to admit I liked the way I looked and felt. Somehow free, I thought as I danced around my room. I wondered what Cassie and Mike were doing and I crept down the stairs and walking as quietly as I could in my stocking clad feet I stopped outside the kitchen door and peeked in. They were drinking. They must have gotten into my parents liquor cabinet. There was a half empty bottle of whiskey on the table and they were laughing.

Cassie heard me and called out. "Cindy is that you?"

*Oh God*, I thought, *she's smashed*. I entered the room. Mike was sitting back slouched in his chair. He had a silly grin on his face and was rubbing the large bulge in his tight threadbare jeans.

"Hey Cindy - come have a drink," Mike said.

"Yes Cindy - join us," Cassie added and winked at me. She must be looped. She never winked at me. They poured me a drink and as we drank together I tried to stay as quiet as I could. I wasn't used to drinking like this - while the drinks were sweet they packed a powerful punch. I kept noticing Mike giving me funny looks.. I choked down the cocktail and Mike quickly made us all another round. Cassie began to drink it and set it down.

"I can't drink anymore - I've got to lay down."

Mike and I both laughed at the way she slurred the words and looked. Cassie left the table and staggered down the hall and up the stairs. Mike followed her and returned a few minutes later.

### ***Cindy's Torment***

"Your cousin is passed out, Cindy, I guess it's just you and me."