



Reluctant Press

Two Times A Lady

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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Two Times A Lady

By C. J. Ward

This is the story of two young men, at the end of their high school years, about to embark on new beginnings...as young women. We do not ever know what fate has in store for us, but we can all hope that we face our futures as bravely, and as avidly as these two young ladies.

SIBLING STAND-IN

Donna was my twin sister. We had always been close. Maybe that was why I stopped back at the house. Our school band, with Donna as co-Captain, had just won the state finals.

Next Friday was the big game, and at half-time, they would announce Donna's scholarship to State. She should be floating on air. I saw her little compact in the driveway. Maybe she decided to change. Such a big night; knowing my sis, she probably was on her third outfit, at least.

In the living room, her clarinet sat, in its case, on the couch. I stopped. In the seven years she studied clarinet, never, truly never had my sister thrown her case on the couch. She had this whole superstitious ritual. She cleaned it and waxed the cork, checked her reed, then the clarinet went into a special stand she had made our mom buy her back when we both played. I threw my clarinet in the closet and left it there. That's why she is the co-captain and I am in the stands. I never had her talent or her drive. I started up the stairs, picking up pieces of her uniform along the way. Mom's door was closed. This was looking worse and worse. Then Carla came out of Donna's room, closing the door, quietly, behind her.

"Sorry," she said, taking the boot and hat from my hand. "I tried to get it together, but"

"Carla, what's up? I thought you guys would be out partying, and tearing up the town."

"That was the plan. I forgot my...something. We were coming back to pick up some things, then..."

Carla looked like the survivor of a train wreck.

"Will you just tell me what happened?"

"Sorry, Chuck. We just got back from Dr. Phillips' office. I guess we are all just in shock."

"So, what exactly happened?"

"Donna tripped over something in the yard. A neighbor's cat, I think. She was trying so hard not to hurt it that she twisted her knee. Dr. P. put a special splint on it. He said he was sure she would be as good as new in a few weeks."

I looked at my sister's best friend.

"If she is going to be fine, why is this some tragic scene? Am I missing something?"

Carla looked at me as if I were a particularly slow person.

"Chuck, Donna has to perform Wednesday, in the solos. She doesn't have to even play that well. She is so ahead on points. But the performance requires a set of music, performed while marching in a standardized formation. It's the same stuff we did at camp, remember?"

I did remember. I was one of the few guys who actually enjoyed the formation drills. Donna would have to sit to perform. A major deduction. I could see her state scholarship going right out the window. Now, I understood.

Since Dad died, Mom had done a great job of raising us. I had decided to take a job for the summer, then either enlist or start night classes. Donna wanted to go to State. She was the one who always knew what she wanted. Now, without the scholarship...

"Poor kid. She must be devastated."

"Yeah, she is. So far no one else even knows. Bruce called and she said she had to help Mom with a little problem that came up. She sent him on ahead to the party. Now, she's in there, just crying her heart out."

Carla went downstairs. I could hear her crying, too. I opened my sister's door very quietly.

Donna must have dozed off. Her eyes were puffy and her makeup was a mess. I had never seen her look that bad. I really felt sorry for her. Like most siblings, we

had our disagreements, but I do love her and looking at her with her leg up on a pillow all wrapped in a weird metal and canvas splint, I wished I could take her place.

Unconsciously, I unclasped the rubber band that held my own hair back. I brushed out my hair. Now we looked more like the twins we are. I pulled out my T-shirt so it hung loose like her top did. I was looking down at her and wishing it were me lying there, when I heard Carla scream.

I looked up. She was standing in the doorway, a look on her face of embarrassment and shock.

"Chuck! I thought...oh my God, you scared me. I saw you standing there, and..."

"You thought he was me."

"Hi, Sis. Sorry about your leg. Does it hurt much?"

"No, Bro. The leg hardly hurts at all."

Donna moved over. I sat facing her. I took her hand.

"I was wishing it was me that got hurt. I would take your place in a minute."

"I know you would, hon. Thanks."

We were just sitting there, holding hands, when Carla said, "I bet it would work."

"What, Brat?" I asked. I had always called her Brat.

"You could take her place."

I looked at my sister. We both shrugged.

"I guess she has this magic gem that lets her change time. She is going to go back and push me in front of you so I step on the stupid cat."

At least Donna smiled.

"Go ahead and laugh, Shit-head." (Yeah, that's what she usually called me)

"I think it would be cool if Chuck had the splint and Donna stayed home tonight to help her sweet twin brother."

"Should we close our eyes and wish real hard, or click our heels?"

"You two are supposed to be so quick. Carla was always the slow one. Think about it."

I admit. I had no idea what she was talking about. Suddenly, Donna started laughing.

"Carla, you are nuts."

"Tell me it wouldn't work."

"It wouldn't work. Chuck hasn't played the clarinet in over a year."

"Everybody has an off night, even the great Donna Browne, especially if she is worried about her dear twin brother hobbling around in a knee splint."

No doubt you have figured this all out. I thought maybe the shock of the evening had gotten to both of them. I was all set to suggest a good night sleep, for everyone.

"Okay. Easy test. Clean up your face, Cuz."

Carla threw Donna some wipes, and held up a mirror.

"Yikes! Thanks, guys, don't tell me I look like Dracula's wife."

"I thought it was a new look for you."

"Asshole."

"Nice mouth."

"Hey, guys talk like that."

I let that one go.

Carla grabbed a brush and started fixing my hair.

"Are you gonna do my nails, next?"

"Maybe." Carla laughed. Donna joined in. I really felt dumb.

When they were satisfied, Donna handed me a matching night gown to the short shirt one she had on. I still looked confused, but as Carla was stripping me, I pulled away and changed. Looking in the mirror, I saw two Donnas. One had a splint. When I looked closer, I could see that one of us was a little underdeveloped, but, otherwise, I could see little difference.

"Shit!" said Carla, ever the lady. She dug a bandeau out of my sister's drawer and put it around my chest under the T-shirt, and stuffed it with some sweat socks. Now the splint was the only difference.

"Mom! Can you come here, please?"

I was mortified. I thought the girls had truly lost it. I looked up at my mother. She stood in the doorway, staring. Then she got this really weird look on her face.

"I always loved dressing them alike when they were little. They were both so pretty. Then your dad got upset, so I stopped. You two look so pretty together."

I was glad to see Mom happy, but this was all a little weird.

"Okay, Mrs. Brown. Which one is Donna?"

She looked from one to the other and back. After a long pause, she started to cry.

"I know. But I'll bet no one else would. Chuck's socks don't have nipples."

We looked. My bra-less sister was showing!

Suddenly, Mom's face lit up.

"You're not thinking what I think you are?"

"Yes, we are."

"Carla Owens. What would your mother say?"

"She'd probably say don't you wish you had a brother like that."

Mom looked at me, frowning.

"It would take some work. Are you sure you want to do this?"

So there I was, hair combed out, fake boobs, and in a nightgown, a slightly imperfect replica of my sister. I looked at Donna. Her eyes were shining. Carla was almost praying. I couldn't think of a single reason to back out.

"It will take a lot of work, but if you think I can do it, I will."

"Honey. I don't know what to say. It would only be until graduation. But you would have to be Donna 24/7. No one must have the slightest excuse to question. And Donna, you will have to be Chuck. "

"I get to check out the boy's room." She laughed.

"Donna Anne!" said Mom, and we all laughed.

"Okay, Mrs. B., you go down stairs. Call Doctor Phillips, see if he can go along with our little game or at least not give us up."

"Don't worry. Professional ethics. He isn't allowed to discuss his patients, but I will call and give him a heads up."

"Of course, the fact that he's cute and single has nothing to do with it."

They all turned. That was me.

"Just getting in character." I said, blushing.

After Mom left, Carla got this really odd look.

"Well, first I guess we better get rid of the extra hair. Okay, D2, strip."

I figured out I was D2, but the strip part threw me.

"D2, in the next couple of weeks, I am gonna see more of your body than your momma ever did, so you'd better get used to it now. We have to get rid of any body hair that doesn't belong. Would you rather I call your mom to do it?"

Oh shit. What a strange position to be in. The truth is, I always kind of dug Carla, and the idea of being naked with her had crossed my mind a few times, but not like this. Donna must have known some of this, so she threw me a short silky robe, and said,

"You two have fun. I'm goin' in 'my' room to check out my stuff."

"If you find my porn collection, leave it."

"Third drawer in the dresser? Already seen it. It's not bad. Of course, I never told Carla about the pics of her in there."

"Porn Pics! Of me? I don't think so."

"Nah, remember last summer, that tiny red bikini you had?"

"The one I never got the nerve to wear?"

"Except in our back yard...to sun bathe...while some pervert with a close up lens took some pictures. Very cute."

"Chuck Browne, you pig."

I was embarrassed to be caught but she really did look hot.

"So, now, we get to get even." said my sweet sister, strolling out the door.

"Okay, hon, time to strip. Or do you want some help?"

I got undressed and into the sheer robe as quick as I could. Carla was rooting around in the bathroom and setting out what she felt she needed. I was nervous, but I thought about what I was getting myself into, and realized the time to be scared was tomorrow when I had to go to school as Donna. I would need my 'best friend' Carla nearby.

"Carla. Are you really mad?"

"Not really. I think it's cool. Did you show them to anyone else?"

"You mean like Brad?" I teased, and saw her turn red.

"I never did, but I guess Chuck² could have one in his wallet, and kind of let it slip out...if you want."

"We'll see." She laughed. "Now, come here."

Carla had me stand in the tub, while she lathered my legs, and very carefully shaved off the little hair I had. When she got near the tops of my thighs, I felt my cock twitch.

"Nice to see you remember," she said, speaking to my crotch.

"Sorry," I said.

"Oh, I don't mind. I always wanted to see it, now I will."

I had no idea what to say to that, but the idea had me at full staff. Ignoring my obvious discomfort, Carla finished shaving my thighs, and pushed the robe up. She had me hold it up while she spread lather on my ass!

"Is that necessary?"

"I've seen D1's ass. It is smoother and softer and almost as cute."

"Thanks, I think."

Carla shaved my ass, even making me bend over and spread my cheeks. I have never felt so embarrassed, or so turned-on in my life. She stood up and shook her head and took off the robe entirely. I guess it didn't matter any more. I had nothing left to hide. I did notice that her nipples were standing out straight.

"Glad to see I'm not the only one," I said, pointedly.

Carla looked up at me and said, "I guess it's only fair, besides your gonna see more of me over the next couple of weeks than that bikini showed."

She peeled off her shirt, and the thin sheer bra. Her breasts were really cute. For a moment, I felt a touch of jealousy. I knew I wouldn't look that good. Weird.

In a few more minutes, Carla had shaved under my arms and across my chest and back and down my stomach. Now, she was working on my pubic hair, and my penis was really up.

"Mind if we take care of this?" Carla asked.

For a moment, I had a horrified image of her cutting it off! That was almost enough to "take care of this" all by itself, but Carla's soft hand held me.

"How?" I asked.

She shook her head and took me in her mouth. I almost squealed. The sensation was so unbelievable. I guess it was because I was already so excited. I moaned and she caressed my balls as she sucked and I felt myself getting ready.

"I'm gonna cum."

"Ummm..." she moaned and the vibra-



tion set me off. Carla sucked and took it all. It was so fantastic. I almost collapsed from the sheer relief. Then she stood and pressing her hard-nippled breasts against my chest, she kissed me, and I felt her pushing some of my own cum into my mouth. I didn't know what else to do so, I sucked her tongue and swallowed my own jism.

"Very good, Donna. D1 is a better kisser, but you do swallow. Bruce will be glad."

I looked at Carla. She was checking out my neck and using the razor to clean hair from where it shouldn't be. I was stunned. I hadn't even thought of Bruce, Donna's boyfriend. I had no idea how intimate they were.

"Donna!" called Carla.

"Yeah. Right here."

We looked up. Carla was standing in the doorway. If the sight of my hairless, naked body and Carla's bare breasts surprised her, she sure didn't show it. She had her hair pulled back the way I usually wore mine, and she had my jeans and sneakers on, with one of my sport shirts. Her chest looked a little flat.

Then Carla said, "Hey, that looks good. About the right size."

I looked at where she was looking. A very convincing bulge snaked down my sister's leg!

"What the hell is that?" I asked.

Donna laughed and pulled out a double headed dildo!

"Wow. I forgot about that. From camp. You kept it."

I was totally, but not really totally, confused.

"Anyway. Drop trou, babe. Gotta get your bush right."

Almost indifferently, Donna pushed down my pants and my jockeys to show her bush and the dildo, that hung almost convincingly, but obviously half-buried, from between her legs. Carla reached over and stroked it, and said, "The original tastes and feels even better."

I felt myself blush, as my sister laughed, and said; "My, have you two been busy?"

Looking at my sister's pubic hairs, Carla trimmed my hair. She had me squat, and with a very painful little pop, she pushed each testicle up into my abdomen. Then she tucked my now flaccid penis back between my thighs.

"Well. what do you think?" she asked.

D1 looked at me very critically, motioning for me to turn around.