



Reluctant Press presents:

Devon's Transformation

B.C.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. HAIGHT

AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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Devon's Transformation

By B.C.

Gil Davis walked into his favorite restaurant in the small town where he'd lived all his life. He'd been coming there for many years now. He sat down in his usual booth and Judy, the pretty blonde waitress, brought him his normal cup of coffee. Gil noticed a young person sitting a couple of booths away. Gil knew everyone within 50 miles of Coopersville, but he'd never seen this individual before. He wasn't sure if the kid was a boy or a girl. The person appeared dirty and the clothes were a mess, the kid's hair was matted and dirty. It even looked as though he or she had been in a fight and came out the loser. The kid reminded Gil of a beaten puppy, cowering down.

"Hey, Judy, what's up with the young stranger there?" Gil said, shrugging his shoulders and nodding in the direction of the poor tattered youth, sitting alone and looking lost and frightened.

"I'm not sure, Gil. Been here most of the night and all morning. Been sitting right there ever since I came on duty this morning at six. Hasn't said a word ... just sits and drinks coffee!" Judy said.

"Do you know if he's eaten anything? Poor kid, looks like he or she hasn't eaten, slept or washed in a week."

When Judy replied that she didn't believe the child had eaten, Gil walked over and slid into the booth with the young person. The kid started to get up.

"Hey, please, don't be frightened," Gil said. "Please wait a minute; I just wanted to ask if you needed any help. I know most everybody around these parts, and I don't believe that I've ever seen you before. My name is Gil Davis. I'd be happy to buy you some breakfast, if you'd let me."

The kid shook his head no and was obviously embarrassed and started to slide out of the booth to leave.

Gil said, "Please, don't go away hungry, whatever the problem is. I'd like to help you. It looks to me like you could use some help and maybe a friend right now. How about it? If you're too proud to take some help from a stranger, maybe we can work out something? I own a small farm up the road apiece, and I'm always looking for a good hand to help me out around the farm. Plus, my wife owns her own business and is always looking for help too. You see, we don't have a lot of people in a small town like this. So there aren't a lot of people needing jobs. Either way, if you're interested, we could work something out. Maybe room, board and a salary of some kind?"

The youngster looked up and paused as if surveying the situation. Then with great hesitance, the kid sat down again; there was a silent pause.

Gil continued, "Well, I know you must be hungry. You want to get something to eat while you think it over? Breakfast'll be on me. There's no obligation either way, but most folks think better on a full stomach than an empty one. You look as if it's been awhile since you've had a good meal."

The kid nodded.

Gil called Judy over. "Judy, bring our young friend here some eggs, bacon, potatoes, some toast and some juice please. Put it on my bill."

"How do you like your eggs, honey?" Judy asked. The kid just looked at her and didn't answer. "Over easy OK, dear?" she asked. The kid nodded approval and Judy disappeared.

"What's your name?" Gil asked, but again the kid didn't answer. "Look, if I'm going to help you, I've got to at least know what to call you. You *can* talk, can't you?"

Finally, in a low and timid voice just loud enough to hear, the child said "Devon ... sir, Devon Nichols. Did you mean what you said about the job? And a place to possibly stay for awhile?"

Devon asked with such a weak voice, Gil still wasn't sure if the kid was a boy or a girl.

"Yep, I sure did," Gil said. "We'll need to get you cleaned up and find out what you are best suited for, maybe farm work, or helping Bea around the house with chores and odd jobs, or maybe even helping out in Bea's shop? But, I'm sure that you'll fit in nice to one of the three." He waited for some sort of acknowledgement from Devon. Not receiving any, he continued, "Hey, one thing I've got to ask you though, and I promise it won't change anything I've told you, but, I like to know what I'm dealing with, right up front. You aren't in any trouble with the law, are you?"

"No... I mean no sir, Mr. Davis, I promise you that. I am not in trouble with the law. I haven't stolen or hurt anyone and I've never done anything to deserve this situation. I just needed to get away from home. I guess I do owe you some kind of an explanation, seeing as how you're going out of your way to be so kind and are trying to help me out here.

"You see, Mr. Davis, my mother died four years ago when I was 12 years old. My step dad started getting meaner and meaner all the time after that. He made me do all the housework, all the cleaning and cooking and just about everything my Mom used to do for him. Everything but sleep with him, that is. I started getting the idea that would be the

next thing he was going to start demanding. He'd come home drunk and feeling all down and out, and crying about how much he missed my Mom.

"Then he started hitting me and beating me up if everything wasn't done to his liking, or 'just the way your Mom would have done it.' Finally I couldn't take any more when he started telling me how much I looked like my Mother; he even started making me wear her clothes. If I didn't, he'd spank me good and hard until I put them on.

"He started laying out the outfit he wanted me to be wearing when he got home. It actually got to the point where he tried to get me into bed with him. At first he just said it made him feel closer to Mom, if I was there with him, and how we needed to stick together and help each other through all of this. But then he started making all sorts of demands. He started getting way too free with his hands on me, and wanting me to let him touch me... in my private places. That's when I ran away and I've been on the run for three weeks now," Devon said, with tears in his eyes.

Devon wiped his tears on the torn sleeve of his shirt. Very quickly he ate the breakfast that Judy sat before him. He hardly took a breath at he shoveled the food in. Between mouthfuls, he admitted it had been three full days since he'd had anything of substance to eat.

"Devon, I'd like to ask you. Do you think maybe you've over reacted about your step dad? Maybe you are just mad or upset with him, and you've stretched the truth just a little. He might be very worried about you right now."

Devon stared at Gil with hurt in his big blue eyes. He got up from the booth and slowly pulled his shirt off his shoulders, baring part of his back. Then he turned and showed Gil the welts on his back from a whip or belt. "No, Mr. Davis. I didn't make this up or overreact. This has been going on now for a couple of years." A tear formed in Devon's eye, began to dribble down his cheeks.

"Good God Almighty, son, he did that to you?" Gil said.

"Yes sir, he surely did and several times too. Most times, it would be for nothing at all; either the house was not cleaned right, his food not cooked to his liking, his clothes not washed or not ironed the way he likes them. If I pulled away from him or hid when he came home drunk. Or even if I wasn't wearing the dress or outfit he'd laid out before he left for work."

All this left Gil with an ugly mental picture of the poor boy's stepfather. Imagine that, taking out his pain on Devon.

"Put your shirt back on, son. By God, Devon, Bea and I will help you. I should go and kick his sorry ass for whooping a child like that and doing all those sick things to you, because he lost his wife. Didn't it ever dawn on him that she was YOUR mother, and that you'd suffered a huge loss too? It sounds like the poor lady was more a servant than a wife." Gil looked away for a moment, lost in thought. "That's what I ought to do, just go kick the you-know-what out of him!"

"Oh no... please, Mr. Davis, I don't want you to do that, it's just that... well, I just never want to go back there or ever see him again. He never really liked me when Mom

was here, so I'll be fine, as long as I don't have to ever be with him again." Devon said, wiping his eyes and not missing a beat with his fork.

"Okay son, I understand. Well, let's go out to my farm. Bea will get you cleaned up and get you some clean clothes. Like I said before, you can stay with us at the farm for as long as you like. No one will find you out there, so if that bastard is still looking for you, you'll be safe with us, I promise."

"Trust me, sir, he's still out there looking for me, you can count on that. I've ducked him twice already in the past week. He'll continue to hunt me down. He can't afford to just let me go. I'm like a bonded slave and servant to him, and he'll have no one to wait on him hand and foot, washing, cooking, cleaning and taking his anger out on!" Devon said with a bit of disgust in his soft voice.

"Come on, son, I promise you on my word that no one will hurt you again. You can stay with us as long as you want to. We'll work out something. You may have to earn your keep, but you won't be mistreated and you'll be paid for your work."

After all he'd been through, Devon was still a little mistrustful of everyone. He hadn't had anyone treat him with love and kindness since his Mom died. Gil really did have a kind face and nature, plus it wasn't like he had lots of options right now. He was just going to have to trust somebody to help him, as he had no money, no direction and no place to go. Maybe this would be his first break? He could save some money to get himself started. Gil did mention a salary they would put away for him.

Devon got up, thanked Gil for the food, hoping for the best and feeling somewhat secure with the big, kind-hearted man. They drove off.

Gil picked up his cell phone and called Bea. "Hey Bea. Hi honey, can you wait at the house for a bit? I got to talk to you. Yes, it's important. Let one of your girls open the shop this morning, I need your help." He listened a moment. "Great. Thanks. Yes, I'll be home in 15 minutes."

They pulled into the circle drive in front of the big farmhouse only minutes later. Gil and Devon walked in and Bea met them in the kitchen.

"Bea honey, this here is Devon. He's going to be staying with us for a while. We met in town this morning. Devon needs a job and a place to stay for a while. We both need help, so I figured we can work something out to help each other."

"Hello, Devon, is it?" Bea said. Devon nodded his head shyly. "Well, welcome to our home, Devon."

Bea shook his hand and noticed right away her grip was firmer than his. They all sat at the kitchen table and drank fresh lemonade. Gil filled Bea in on Devon's situation. She also felt an immediate affection for the poor sweet child; her heart went out to him as Gil told her of the terrible treatment that Devon had been subjected to since his mother passed. Gil asked Devon to remove his shirt to show Bea the proof of his abuse. She was horrified to think a grown man could do this to a child.

“Come sweetie, the first thing we’re going to do is get you into a hot bath and get you cleaned up, and out of those awful clothes you’ve been wearing for God-only-knows how long,” Bea said.

She led Devon into the large bathroom where she ran some hot water and added some fragrant oils to the water to help remove the smell ground into Devon’s skin. She left the room. Devon, who was still a bit uneasy in this unfamiliar place, was reluctant to undress. Finally the tub was full; he turned the water off, undressed and slipped into the wonderful soothing water.

He sat there ten minutes and was just about to fall asleep, when Bea knocked on the door and came in without waiting for an answer. Devon jumped to cover himself, but there wasn’t much to hide with, only his two hands.

“That’s cute, honey,” she said with a smile. Look, you don’t need to be shy or worried about me, I’ve seen it all. I’m just here to help you with your hair, honey. I’m not interested in naked young boys or girls. Just think of me as your mother or personal maid.”

Bea turned on the shower hose, and wet Devon’s long hair. “Goodness, what a tangled mess. Do you always wear your hair this long?”

“No, Ma’am, I usually keep it long but not *this* long. My step dad wouldn’t let me get it cut.” Devon blushed and looked away from Bea. “He said that it made me look like my Mom.”

Bea shampooed his hair, scrubbing it back and forth, rinsing it out with the spigot. Finally, she put conditioners in and repeated the process. Next, she carefully washed his back, being especially careful around the welts. She rinsed him off, helped pat him dry, then applied a cooling ointment to his sores. Devon forgot about his nakedness as Bea softly spread the crème over his back. He couldn’t remember ever feeling so good having someone touching him so gently and caringly. Bea put a towel around his hair and twisted it, then flipped it up on top of his head like a turban.

“Here honey, I know these are odd, but, there’s nothing in the whole house even close to fitting you, so until we can get you your own clothing they will have to do.” Bea said, as she handed him a pair of her own silk panties.

Then she gave him a matching cami. He hesitated as he held it up by his fingertips. “Don’t be silly, dear, no one is going to see you wearing these; it’s only temporary.” She pulled it down over his head.

As the silky material slid over his skin, goose bumps the size of marbles ran up and down his body. Bea sat him down, removed the towel from his head and started brushing and blow-drying his silky hair. When she finished, she brushed it all back, gathered it high on the back of his head and put a scrunchy in it to hold it back in a ponytail.

“There, that will do for tonight,” Bea said. “I know that that just has to feel better. I want you to rest for a while now. I’ve made up the guest room for you and that is going to be your room while you’re here with us. You get yourself a little rest now and we’ll all sit down and figure out where we go from here. Like Gil, I want you to know that you’re welcome here in our home, for as long as you care to stay with us.”

"Thank you so much, Mrs. Davis. You're right, it's been awhile since I've felt so clean and comfortable," Devon said.

"Please honey, call me Bea, that's what everyone calls me. 'Mrs. Davis' makes me sound like an old lady," she smiled.

Devon entered what was to become his bedroom. It looked like a storybook room of a sweet little princess. Way too feminine for his taste, but much better than the cardboard box he tried to sleep under last night in the old half-fallen-down building outside of town. The bed was one of those canopy beds with ruffles and pillows all over the place. The sheets were so cool and slippery they must be pure silk or something; he thought he would slip right off of them. Devon had never seen anything like it. He crawled in between the sheets and soon his head was spinning with all that had happened. But he was so tired that he was out as soon as his head hit the pillow.

Bea took all of his old clothes and burned them in the trash after writing down his shoe size and the waist size in his tattered pants. She carefully checked on Devon. He was sleeping very soundly, so she drove into town and picked up a few things. Bea and Gil had talked about some of the potential problems that might come up if they tried to keep Devon with them. They both agreed they wanted to help him, and would do whatever it took to save him from the terrible life he had just escaped from.

"We can't let that S.O.B. get his hands back on Devon ever again, no matter what the cost or what we have to do," Bea said. "If we go to the law, then he'll most likely end up in a foster home or something like. Maybe the safest thing would be to disguise him so no one would know who he was? It sure wouldn't be that hard, because the poor dear looks more like a girl than a boy anyway. Why, with just a little help and coaching, he could pass for a teenaged daughter without any problem at all. I honestly thought that he was a girl when you first brought him into the house today? You should see him right now. The only thing in the house that would fit him was a pair of my panties and a cami.

"When I washed and dried his hair and pulled it up, to get it out of his face, I put a scrunchy in it to hold it back in a pony tail, then fanned it out some. My goodness, he looks just like the daughter I've always wanted. I'm not fooling Gil, without any work or makeup or fussing at all, he looks more like a girl than any young lady I've seen coming in my salon. We just *have* to do something. It would be a sin to let that beast of a step dad get his hands on the poor dear again."

Devon slept almost all day. About 5 PM, he finally woke up. He wasn't sure where he was or how he'd got into girls' undies. He sat up to clear the cobwebs out of his head. His mind started to focus; he remembered where he was at, and how Gil had been so kind and caring and brought him home to his and his wife's home. He literally slid out of the bed. He looked down at his silky cami and panties. *Oh God, I can't go anywhere looking like this*, he said to himself. He started looking around the room to see if he could find something to put on. At the end of the bed, on a foot chest, was a small stack of clothes and a note:

Devon,

Here is something you can wear for now. If you need any help at all, call down and I'll be up to help you. Dinner will be ready around 6:00."

Bea

No way, he thought as he held up the items to look them over. He put them back down on the footlocker and started looking in the dresser and closet. He couldn't find anything to put on, except what Bea had left laying here for him. Finally he opened the door and yelled. "BEA!"

A few minutes later Bea came bounding down the hallway. She knocked. Again not waiting for a reply, she walked in.

"Yes, what is it, honey?" she asked.

"I can't wear these things," he said, holding up the feminine items. "Where are my old clothes?"

"Honey, they were so dirty and torn and smelly that I had to burn them in the trash. You can wear these clothes until we get the chance to shop for you. Would you like me to lend you a hand and help you get them on, seeing as how they must seem awkward to you?"

"No, no thank you, Mrs.... I mean Bea. I don't feel very good about wearing these things. Boy, these are pretty embarrassing things for a guy to have to put on."

"Nonsense, nobody but Gil and I will be seeing you, Honey, and we both fully understand the situation. Besides, at this time, I don't see any other choices. We don't have any clothes your size lying around, and you'd swim in any of Gil's clothes as he is about three times your size."

Bea handed him a pair of shorts. They looked more like a skirt to Devon, with a flap of fabric hanging down the front and rear. They zipped and buttoned on the side. Bea helped him pull them up and zip and button the catches. She noticed that Devon was a little big around the waist. She told him to keep the cami on as it was like a T-shirt to a guy. She then handed him a short, three-quarter sleeved blouse with a rounded collar. The buttons seemed backwards to him; it slid on easily over the silk cami. Next, she gave him some ankle socks with a lace border around the top and a pair of what looked like brand new ladies walking shoes; white leather Etonics.

Devon's feet were already small for a guy, but these shoes were a half-size smaller, a lady's 7. He put the socks on, squeezed his feet into the shoes and tied the laces. The clothes felt very strange, as they felt tight in some places and loose in others. The bottom of the shorts rubbed on his legs both front and back when he walked and it kind of tickled. He liked the way the air would rush up the legs of the loose shorts and cool his crotch. It actually felt kind of exciting, causing a stirring in his panties.

"There you go." She stood back to look him over from head to foot. "You look very sweet now. Come on and admit it, this wasn't really so bad now, was it?" she asked, with a knowing smile.

"Well, I guess not, but I wouldn't want to go out in public dressed this way I can only imagine what I would think of some boy I saw dressed like this." Devon looked down at his shorts and feet before returning his gaze to her. "Bea, these are really girlish clothes.

My God, if I didn't know me, I'd sure think that I was a girl if I happened to see me on the street someplace."

Bea pulled him over in front of the mirror on the closet door. He examined himself, his hair, his blouse, and thought, *I not only look like a girl, but actually a really cute girl.* It was worse than he originally thought, it even caused him to take a double take, as he quickly realized that, with just a dab of makeup, he could pass as a teenage girl just about anywhere.

He suddenly felt ashamed of himself for even thinking like this. He'd never thought of himself as a macho, he-man type, but he couldn't believe that he could now very easily pass as a girl in his class at school, as a pretty teenage young lady. Even worse, he might be one of the best looking girls. Without even realizing it, he was picturing himself with a little makeup, his ears pierced, with a necklace and breasts. *Oh dear God, what am I thinking about?* He snapped back to the here and now.

His face turned red; Bea didn't say anything but she noticed his embarrassed look and had a pretty good idea what was going on in his mind. She finally shook him from his daydream. "Well, dinner is just about ready, Honey. If you'll help me set the table and bring it in, we'll go have supper. I know that I'm starving, so you must be hungry too, right?" she asked.

"Yes, Bea. I'm suddenly very hungry as well," he said, looking away, hoping his embarrassment wasn't that obvious.

When Gil saw them bringing dinner to the table, he couldn't believe his eyes. Devon really did look very pretty, now that he was cleaned up and had his tangled and dirty hair washed and combed. The girlish clothes he was wearing left no doubt. If he didn't know any better, Gil would never have thought that the child had ever been a boy at all. Even the soft way he carried himself and moved about with grace, looked very feminine.

They gathered at the table for their first meal together. Devon again found himself eating everything in front of him. Bea broke the silence that was punctuated by Devon's munching,

"Devon honey, Gil and I have been talking almost all day about you and your future here with us. Several things must happen fast if we are going to keep you safe from your step dad and the fate you've managed to escape from just recently. As we see it you have a few choices.

"One, you can always go back home to your step dad. Honey, please know that Gil and I do believe your story completely, and neither of us feel that this choice would be in your best interest. It's even possible that the abuse and inhumane treatment could get worse as time goes by.

"Two, we could go to the law for help. But, unless you have a close blood relative willing to take you in. they would most likely put you in a foster home or a juvenile home until you turn eighteen. And nobody can guarantee that this situation would be any better than the first option. We've known people who have taken in foster children and it's very sad that some of them only do it for the money the state pays them to keep the child. They are mean and nasty to the child and use them as free labor. Once again, I wouldn't recommend this course of action to anyone.

“Or three, you could stay here with Gil and me. We’d have to come up with a disguise, so that no one would have a clue as to your identity, because if they found out they would take you away in a heartbeat. Plus, they might also come after us for not turning you in, because you are a minor. Do you understand completely what we’re saying?”

“Yes, I think so Bea, but please don’t turn me in. I don’t ever want to go back to that awful man. I’ll do anything to keep from going back to the beatings and abuse, and I don’t want to go to a juvenile home.” He shivered for a moment.

“I’ve heard terrible things can happen to you there. The same with foster homes. I’ve had a couple of friends at school who lived in foster homes and they told horror stories about how they were treated. But, how can we hide me so that no one will be able to identify me?” Devon asked, very alarmed at the thought of leaving here.

Again, Bea pulled him to his feet; she led him over to the mirror on the dining room wall. She just pointed at the reflection in the mirror. “Please meet our daughter... Debra Ann Davis.”

Devon looked into the mirror and again was completely amazed at how girlish he looked. He’d never thought of himself as anything but a guy. And yet here he was, looking like a sixteen-year-old girl. Plus, he thought he was really pretty.

Bea interrupted his thoughts. “We know some people who could, for a price that is, get us the legal papers we would need to validate the new you, so that no one would be able to find you out. Like a new birth certificate, a Social Security number, I.D., etc. We’d have all summer to coach you and teach you to act like a girl, but believe me honey, it will not be a difficult change. I’m not trying to be mean, Devon, but surely, in your heart and mind, you must have known that many of your habits and mannerisms are already quite feminine.

“I realize that you are in fact a boy, and that you don’t want to become a girl, but once again the choices are limited. Pretend you’re my daughter for awhile, or... I guess that you could just keep on running, hoping that your step dad never catches up to you? But, with no money, no clothes and no place to go or hide, I really think that your best option is staying here with us. I’ll help you change your looks so that not even your best friend would ever recognize you. Then after all of this cools down, and your step dad gives you up for good, if you want to, you’ll be able to resume your old identity and life.

“Here, you won’t be a slave, you can work around the farm or you could work at my beauty salon, whichever you are more suited to. Either way, we will pay you for your work and put the money in an account in your own name so that you can save up for your own future and get a fresh start some day when you’re ready. If you stay though, we’ll both start treating you like you really were our own daughter. Which means that you will have certain responsibilities around the house, in particular, your own room. The difference will be that we’ll treat you with love and respect, you’ll never be beaten in the manner that, that, SOB did to you.” She paused, watching Devon’s reaction.

“Well, I realize this is a lot to think about all at once, so if you’d like to think about all this overnight, you go ahead, but the sooner we get started, the safer and better off you’ll be. The sooner we start, the less likely anyone will come around asking questions and possibly figure things out on their own.”

"You're right, Bea, I'm not sure I could be a girl. Or that I'd ever want to be one, even pretending. On the other hand, you also made it pretty clear that I don't have that many options. You and Gil have shown me nothing but kindness and I trust you both. So if acting like a girl for a while is all you're asking me to do, then I believe that that's what's best for me right now.

"I don't need to wait until tomorrow morning. Like you said, the sooner the better. So, I'm ready to start whenever you are. Besides, maybe it won't be so bad pretending? It will be like Dustin Hoffman or one of those other movie stars, playing a role as a girl or a woman."

"At least for awhile, honey, it will seem like more than acting as you'll really become a girl in every way but one. Once you get into your new life on an everyday basis though, you won't even be aware of the changes you've made; it will seem like the most natural thing in the world and you'll feel as though you were born to be Debbie!" Bea told him with a new thrill in her heart about what was going to happen. She looked over at Gil who nodded back.

"Okay, then as of right this minute, you are Debra Ann. In order for you to get into character, so you don't get found out or exposed, we must all think of you and refer to you only as Debra or Debbie. You must think like a girl, talk like a girl, walk and act like a girl at all times from this minute on. Because if anyone finds out or thinks that you are not a girl, we could all be in some real trouble, and I mean even legal trouble. Agreed?" Bea asked.

"Yes Ma'am, agreed," Debbie said. He didn't want to become a girl, but all of the other alternatives scared the hell out of him even more. Besides, this didn't seem to be so bad so far, and Gil and Bea really did seem to like him and treated him very kindly.

"Then let's get started tonight, before anyone comes along and sees you. Come with me, Debra Ann." Bea said. She took Debbie into the master bath. "Please remove your clothing, Debbie."

"Are you going to step out first?" Debbie asked.

"Debra honey, listen. I'm not interested in what you do or do not have in those little shorts of yours, I assure you. You're going to have to get used to my seeing you naked. We have a lot of work to do, if we're going to make this work. I'm going to have to help you learn a lot about being a girl. Also, because you have so much to learn and are also a little undeveloped, you are going to have to start over again as a 14-year-old girl. I will get all the paper work to verify that fact legally. For now though, just get those clothes off and let's get started."

Bea rubbed a depilatory cream all over Debbie, from head to toe. Fifteen minutes later, she told him to step into the tub, adjusted the water, and rinsed off the smelly cream. Deb watched as all of his body hair washed down the drain. Bea then ran the tub full of hot water, added some fragrant bath oil and had Debbie get in and soak.

After soaking for quite a while, Bea came back in and helped Debbie out of the tub and then showed him how to pat himself dry, rather than just rub himself dry. She dusted him with a fragrant powder and then brought out an odd strap-looking thing which she helped

Deb slide his penis into. She pulled on it and it got tighter and tighter. Now, he looked flat in the front.

In the bedroom, she helped him into a figure-training corset. He yelped a couple of times as Bea pulled tighter and tighter on the drawstrings. She did it over and over until she pulled his waist in four full inches.

"This will feel strange for awhile, honey, until you get used to it. But you're going to love what it does for your figure and how your clothes are going to fit. You'll have to wear this at all times for awhile, except for bathing," Bea said.

Bea had Debbie step into a new pair of new panties and Debbie noticed right away that they fit a whole lot differently this time. They really fit nicely now. Next, Bea helped Deb into a short nightie and had him sit at the make-up table.

She brushed out Deb's long hair, combed the front straight down and with a pair of scissors, cut straight across, forming perfect bangs that lay gently down his forehead. She then started rolling a strand of his long hair in big round roller, added a setting gel and pinned it together. It took a while for all the rollers to be put in place. She took Debbie's hand in her palm and started filing and shaping her fingernails. Then she trimmed and filed his toenails. After Bea was happy with the shape, she applied a bright red nail polish. She told Deb not to move and smear the polish. After it dried, Bea applied a coat of clear hard sealer. Debbie was somewhere in a dream by this time.

Bea then came around in front of Debbie and started plucking his eyebrows.

Devon started to pull away. "Do we really have to go to these lengths, Bea?"

"If we don't, we might just as well stop right here, honey. Remember, I told you that we can't take any chances, you must be 100% believable or it won't work and sure as shootin' someone with recognize your disguise and they'll take you away!"

The plucking and pulling stung like heck and brought tears to his eyes. Bea kept it up until there were just two narrow arched lines over each eye starting thicker near the nose and tapered to a very thin line towards his temples. Bea added a little eyebrow pencil to darken them just a little. It was getting late so she didn't do a complete makeover at this time. She did add just a little eyeliner on his upper and lower eyelids, and then she coated Debbie's full pouty lips with a lip cream with a red dye in it that would remain for several days.

"One more thing for tonight and then we'll stop," Bea said. "All 14-year-old girls today have their ears pierced. You'd be a dead give away without them.

"This is a lot all at one time, Bea. Do we have to do this tonight?" Debbie asked.

"Absolutely. Everyone has them done, most when they are little girls. Even many of the boys I see today have their ears pierced at least once, if not double."

Bea rubbed a little cream on Deb's ear lobes. After a few minutes, she reached up and pinched his ear lobe. "Does that hurt?" she asked.