

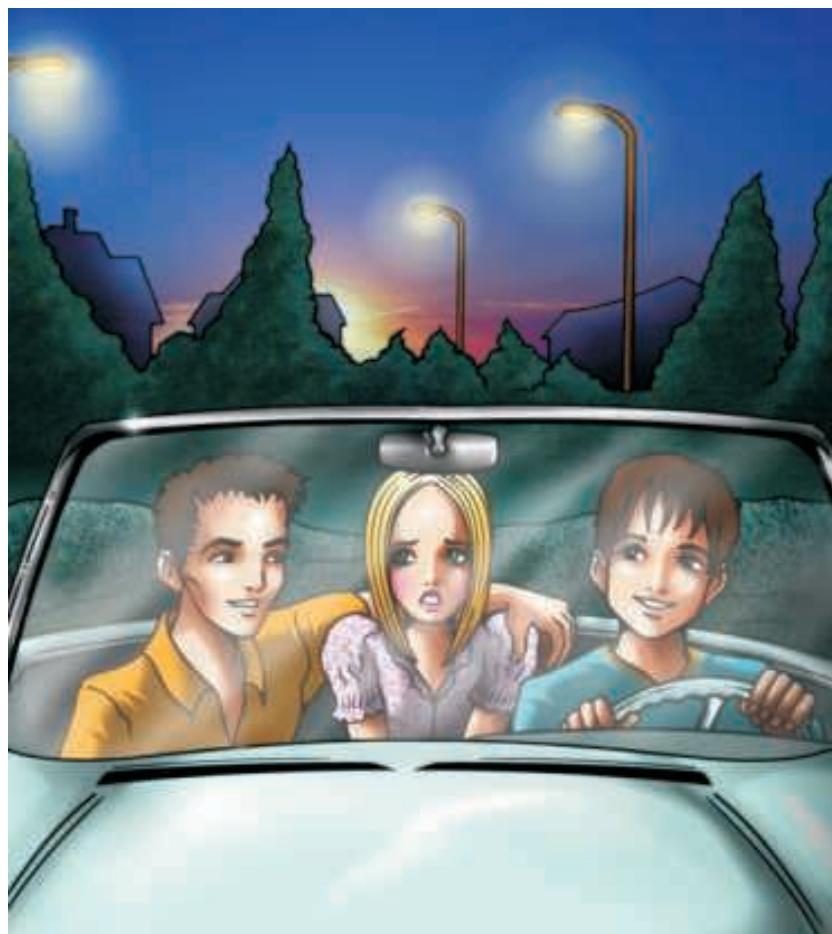


*Reluctant Press* presents:

# STEPSISTER

*His Stepsister Forced Him to be Feminine*

BC



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A 'YOUNG ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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***Reluctant Press TG Publishers***

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# **STEPSISTER: His Stepsister Forced Him To Be Feminine**

**By BC**

Christine Foster sat at her kitchen table looking out at her back yard, watching her two little girls Kelly and Shelly, six-year-old twins, playing on their swing set. Two of the neighbor boys from next-door, Billy and Jonathan, had joined them. She sipped her coffee and smiled as she watched the children argue and tease, as children often do when little boys and little girls play together. She couldn't quite make out what they were arguing about, but knew it was probably something silly. The girls were clearly giving as good as they were getting from the two bigger boys. This game has been going on between little boys and girls since the beginning of time.

It made Christy, as her loving husband John called her, look back at her own childhood. Those were good times, fun times, with no worries and not a problem in the world. She'd almost always come out on top in all of the games and situations she'd get into. Christy had the rare opportunity to experience these little children's from both sides of the fence so to speak. You see Christy wasn't always as she appears today. She was born Christopher Norman Green. Yes, Christy was a boy right up to her teen years. Her life began to change just a few years after her mother's accidental death.

Chris was 16 when a car accident took his Mother and 17-year-old sister from him. Chris and Dad were at a baseball game. They had only been home 20 minutes when a police officer came to their home and told Dad about the accident. They rushed to the hospital, but didn't get the chance to say goodbye; Mom was dead at the scene of the wreck and Kelly, Chris' older sister, didn't make it through surgery.

It was very hard on both Chris and his dad. Cal Green, Chris' father, almost had a nervous breakdown over the double loss. If it had not been for

Mabel, the family housekeeper, Chris would have had to fend for himself, as Dad was too broken up to do much of anything.

As fast as Chris' life had changed because of the accident, two years later, it changed even more! That's when Kate—Katherine Jones—entered his life. Catherine and her 18-year-old son Grant became regular fixtures around the Greens' home. Aunt Beth, feeling that Chris needed a mother's hand in his young life, introduced Catherine to Cal. They started dating right away. As a result, Grant and Chris started spending a lot of time together. It was kind of cool in the beginning, but signs of competition between them started to show.

Six months after Catherine and Dad started dating, they announced their engagement. It had been two years since the death of Chris' mother and sister and even Aunt Beth agreed it was time for Dad to move on.

They set a date for the wedding in the next month; Kate and young Grant moved in right away. Initially, Chris having someone around to spend time with, but Chris began to see it also meant he not the only fish in his private sea any longer. He now had to wait for the bathroom, he had to share his father's time with another child, and he noticed that Grant liked to take the credit for things that went well while passing off the blame for anything that went wrong. Grant would take every opportunity to make Chris look bad in their parents' eyes.

Chris caught Grant several times coming out of his bedroom and asked him politely not to go into his room when he wasn't there. Grant said "I won't go in there again," only to get caught over and over again doing the same thing. Then one day, Dad asked, "Who's been in my bedroom? Have either of you boys been taking money out of my wallet or dresser drawer?"

"No Sir," Grant piped in. "I never go in anyone else's bedroom when they are not home. Weren't you in there yesterday looking for a dictionary, Chris?"

"Grant, you rat. What are you trying to pull, man? I never go in Dad's room and I surely wouldn't steal from my own father, or anyone else for that matter," Chris said defensively.

"Well, it's getting pretty bad when a man has to lock up his own bedroom," Dad said, disgusted. At least \$100.00 had come up missing twice in the past month.

Kate jumped in. "Darling, are you sure it was missing? I can't believe our boys would do such a thing. I've been here everyday and I know that Grant didn't go in our room. Chris only went in a couple of times to use our bathroom, when the other bathroom was in use," she said.

She didn't tell him that she locked the door of the hall bathroom so that Chris would have to go into his Dad's room, or that she took the money herself to cause doubt in Cal's mind.

Time passed and other little episodes like these continued to occur from time to time. Kate started building up Grant in Cal's eyes. Chris was very aware of this and began to re-

ally resent Grant. He could see that Grant was playing up to his father. Worse, it looked like Dad was actually falling for it.

Grant kept up his efforts to get closer to Cal. Chris didn't like it when he overheard Kate talking Dad into adopting Grant after they married. There was no doubt in his mind now that Grant wanted to steal Chris' father and take Chris' place in the pecking order around here, as well as getting his hands on Dad's money and his business. Chris was going to have to watch these two. Dad might not see through their schemes, but Chris could see that these two were after something more than becoming part of his family.

The day of the wedding was a couple of weeks away. Most everything was ready to go. Kate took the two boys to get fitted for tuxedos, shoes and the other accessories that they would need. Chris mentioned that he was overdue for a haircut. Kate said it looked good long and that she wished he'd let it grow more, just for her. "I love your pretty hair. You can get it cut after the wedding," she said.

It was one of the first nice things Kate had said to him in weeks. Chris longed to hear a compliment or receive some kindness these days. He felt maybe he could get on Kate's good side by acceding to her request, so he overlooked that she might have some motive for this request. Kate knew exactly what she was doing. Her plan was clearly laid out in her mind. She had worked out the details and would stick to her plan. Step-by-step, she would edge Grant into favor and drive Chris away from Cal.

She could see just how starved for love and attention Chris was. She'd be hard on him at times, then overwhelm him with tenderness. "Men are so predictable," she said to herself on more than one occasion. Any woman with half a brain could bring a man to his knees. She had learned early on that she was what every male wants and spends most of his life seeking. A

woman who takes good care of her body, knows how to use makeup and has the right clothes and attitude could bring any man to his knees, even revert him to a little baby if she wanted.

Normally, Cal Green was nobody's fool. The minute that he looked into Kate's eyes, though, he was as good as gone. He was so ripe for the picking. It was two years now since the accident and he was horny and desperate for female companionship. Like a rodeo cowboy with a steer, she reeled him in and tied the rope around his legs before his ass hit the ground.

It had only been three months since they first met and they were getting married in two weeks. They had no prenuptial agreement, nothing in place to protect Cal financially. Men of Cal Greens' wealth and position don't normally do those kinds of things. You might say it was a case of the little head doing the thinking for the big head. Kate had the body and looks and she knew how to use them to her advantage.

Chris not only didn't get his hair cut, but, he was manipulated into going into a salon and getting his long hair lightly shaped and styled. Kate kept telling him how good he could look and how the girls would just adore him with a little trim and style. Despite his apprehension, he walked in and had his first shampoo, rinse and condition, then submitted to a mildly feminine trim and style. Kate had Dee, the stylist, trim the split ends, even

out the length and start forming a long bob style. After seeing it was just what she had in mind, she had Dee pull it back into a ponytail before they left the salon.

A couple of days later, Cal called home from work. Kate picked up the phone in the den. "Hello?"

"Kate honey, is Chris home? My partner just came up with some really great seats for the baseball game tonight, and he and his son asked Chris and me to join them. The Yankees are in town and Chris and I would love to see them get their asses kicked," Cal laughed.

Kate thought quickly. "I'm sorry, Sweetie. Chris isn't here right now. How much time do you have before you have to leave for the ball park?" she asked him.

"Damn it. We're on our way home right now, I'll be there in 15 minutes. We'd have to leave right away; the game starts in less than an hour!" Cal said, disappointed.

"Well, Grant is here. He loves baseball and he'd be thrilled to fill in for Chris. After all, he will be your son soon too!" she said, grinning. This opportunity couldn't have fit in with her plan better if she'd planned it herself.

"OK. Can he be ready in 15 minutes?" Cal asked.

"Yes, Darling. Grant will be waiting at the door for you. He'll be so excited when I tell him. See you in a few minutes, Honey. I Love you," Kate said.

Kate hung up the phone and rushed to Grant's room. She knocked and entered without waiting. "Hurry, get into the shower and don't take any longer than necessary. Your new daddy is coming to pick you up in 15 minutes to go to the ball game. Go!" She laid out clean clothes for him while he went to the shower.

Next she found Chris in his room. "Sweetheart, would you do me a giant favor? It would really mean a lot to me! I need you to take your bike and ride into town and get me the things on this list. I'd go myself, but I'm in the middle of doing my hair nails."

"Sure, Kate. I'm not really doing anything right now anyway. Which store do I need to go to?" he asked.

"Here is the list, I need you to go to Marshall Fields in the mall. They have everything on the list. If you have any trouble finding these things, just show the list to any of the ladies at the makeup counter and she'll get them for you," Kate told him, smiling.

Chris looked at the list. Oo his dismay; it was all things for Kate's hair and makeup. Lipstick, mascara, eyeliner, eyeshadow, lip pencil, a base something or another, a hair highlight kit, hairspray, setting gel. There was even a few items he had no idea what they were or what they were for.

Before he could balk, Kate said, "Sweetheart, I must have them before 3:00. That's only an hour and a half from now, but, if you leave right away, you'll make it with time to spare. Here's the money. Anything left over, you can keep for yourself. Hurry, Honey, I'm counting on you," she said. She pushed him out the door and watched to make sure that he headed towards the mall. Chris had no sooner turned the corner than Kate saw Cal coming down the road from the other direction. Cal and Ted and Ted's boy Tim pulled up the drive.

"Grant, are you ready, Honey?" Kate yelled up the stairs.

"Yes, Mom, I'm coming right now," he hollered back as he came bounding down the stairs, dressed and ready to go.

The front door opened and Cal came in. "Are you ready, Son?" he said, looking at Grant.

"Yes sir. Is Chris coming too?" Grant asked.

His mom jumped in quickly before Cal could say anything else. "No, Chris went to the mall a couple of hours ago and hasn't returned yet. The game starts soon and Daddy can't wait, so you guys go have a great time. Chris can go next time!" Kate smiled and gave both a kiss.

There wasn't any time for discussion; the two looked at each other, shrugged their shoulders and walked out. The four guys got to see a great game as the Yankees lost 8-6. They went out afterwards and had dinner. Cal got to know Grant a little better. He began to like the boy more because of this little outing and the time they spent bonding.

Meanwhile, Chris was having an awful time. He was confused and embarrassed looking for the items on the list Kate had given him. A beautiful young lady, who'd been watching him go up and down the aisles over and over, asked if she might help him. "Yes, thank you so much. My mom gave me this list of items to get for her. I don't even know what most of these things are, let alone how to find them," he told her and handed her the list.

"My name is Sandy. Are these items for your girlfriend, your mother, or are they for you?" she asked, looking at the long list of very feminine items. Chris turned beet red.

"Hell no, they're not for me, I'm a guy. My stepmom sent me to get these things for her," he replied, somewhat offended.

"Sorry. I had to ask. We get requests from every kind of person in the world. You wouldn't be the first boy to want makeup. Everything on this list is ultra-feminine. Usually, things like these are pretty personal. Most women like to see the shades and colors personally. I didn't mean to offend you, but you do have long hair for a guy and with the way it's cut, I really wasn't sure, you know?" Sandy said, smiling.

Now Chris was embarrassed. She thought he might be a girl? "That's it," he thought, "I'm going to get my hair cut first chance I get. I know I look a lot younger than 18, with this hair."

Sandy walked up and down the aisles with him, putting things into a carry basket. She'd ask, "Is this the color your Mom wanted?" Taking the cap off, she'd rub a little on the back of his hand. "Or this maybe..." she'd say, putting another color next to the first. Chris couldn't tell one from the other and couldn't have cared less. He just wanted this over with and to get out of there and get home.

Sandy said, "What skin tone is your mother? Is her skin like yours, because if it is, this cranberry would look great on her. Look," she said and dabbed a little on his other hand.

Chris blushed again, harder this time. "Please don't do that. I just want to get what's on her list and get out of here. I don't know or care anything about color or skin tone and she's not my mother. She's about to become my stepmom."

"Sorry, I didn't mean to upset you. I just really meant that you have wonderful skin and color. If your stepmom is the same as you, I think this color would look fantastic on her, because it looks really great on you!" Sandy told the bewildered youth.

"Look, could you just help me get the things on this list so that I can get out of here and go home?" Chris almost pleaded.

"Sure, Honey," she said and walked away to find the requested items. Chris felt very foolish just standing there as several other ladies were now in the department, looking around. Chris tried to act like he was searching for someone, so he wouldn't have to look anyone in the eye, but he was standing right in front of a display of Revlon Lipstick with "New long-lasting color" and it appeared he was looking right at it. Suddenly, he heard from behind him, "Aren't some of these new colors simply delicious, Honey? That Strictly Strawberry would really look yummy on your full lips. Your skin tone really complements that shade of red," an older lady said to Chris.

Chris turned and looked up, embarrassed. At first he couldn't even fathom she was talking to him, but her look right into his eyes told him otherwise. He blushed deeply. "I'm sorry, Honey, I didn't mean to startle you. Now that I see you, you have such a pretty face and such wonderful full lips that any of these colors would look very flattering on you. You're a very lucky young lady; you are very pretty without any lip color at all," the lady told him.

Just in time to hear most of the exchange, Sandy returned with a basket full of items. "Right this way, Miss, I think I have everything on your list. If you'll step to the register, I'll ring your purchases up for you and get you on your way," she said, winking at Chris.

When they were alone, Sandy said, "See, didn't I tell you that you were a natural? You are already very pretty. With just a little help from makeup, you could really be a beautiful young lady." She smiled and winked again.

Chris had had all of this he wanted and was becoming frustrated with the whole experience. "I don't mean to be rude and I thank you for your help, but, could you just hurry? I told you before; these things are for my mom. I have no desire to ever wear makeup or any girly stuff...ever. I am all boy, so please don't say anything else about me using any of these items," Chris said sternly.

"Well, aren't we the defensive one? All of these things on your list are usually purchased by teens or very young women. Is there really even a mother at home waiting for this stuff or are you just embarrassed about buying it for yourself?" Sandy teased him.

"YES, there really is a stepmom at home! Never mind, I give up. Think what ever you want, just finish the order so I can get out of here and go home," Chris said.

"OK, take it easy. Can't you take a little kidding? It's no big deal to me. I don't make anymore money if you wear this stuff or your mother wears it. I was just having a little fun. Although that woman there sure thought you were a young lady. You'll have to go

home and deal with that thought on your own. There you go. Have a nice day, Miss!" Sandy said with a big grin.

Chris paid her for the items, then put everything into his backpack and left for home. He couldn't get out of there fast enough. He actually ran out of the Mall, then rode straight home as fast as he could pedal, swearing to get his hair cut the first chance he got.

He entered the house. Kate met him at the door to his bedroom. "Whoa there, Chris. Were you able to get me everything on the list?" she asked him.

"I believe so. It's all out on the kitchen table. Kate, please don't ever ask me to do that again. And I want my hair cut. Now! Today! I've never been so embarrassed in my life," he said

"Why, what happened, Honey?" she asked, smiling to herself

"That was totally embarrassing. The lady that worked there kept making remarks about all this junk being for me. Then some old lady came up and called me a young lady. She actually thought I was a girl and was buying all that makeup and hair stuff for myself. She thought the Simply Strawberry would look good on me! That's the last time I get embarrassed like that. I mean it, Kate, I want my hair cut short, NOW. I don't want people thinking I'm a girl," He demanded.

"Don't be upset. I think you are overreacting. Chris, many men down through history have had long hair. Even Hercules, the strongest man in the world, had long hair. Short hair doesn't make you a man. It's all about confidence in yourself. No one can make you feel bad about yourself, without your consent.

"Besides, I told you I love your hair long, I love how you look when it's clean and shiny and fixed nicely. Doesn't that count? Honey, I'm sorry that your shopping trip for me made you feel uncomfortable," Kate said, pulling him to her breasts in a motherly hug.

Chris tried to resist, but, Kate's strength easily won out. She bent down and kissed him on the lips for the first time ever, surprising the hell out of him. Then before he could move, she began combing her fingers through his long locks. He couldn't help himself. He wanted to remain firm and strong and not give in to her, but, it felt wonderful to feel her stroke his head and shoulders and hair like this. Chris began to melt under Kate's experienced fingers. It felt like heaven, being touched by human hands.

Chris had gone for so long without a loving mother's touch that he craved this kind of attention in his life. He wanted to pull away and tell her he was getting his hair cut today. But Kate knew just how to work him. Soon Chris closed his eyes and relaxed, almost falling asleep. Kate rubbed and combed and massaged Chris over and over, bending down and kissing him on the forehead, then his cheek and his ear.

"Please, Honey, for me, won't you keep your beautiful long hair? Mother will reward you with love if you will," Kate said.

"Do you want Momma to keep doing this?" she asked.

"Yes Momma, please," he answered.

"OK then, tell Momma that you will keep your hair long for me, and I'll hug you any time you want," she told him.

"I won't cut it now, but right after the wedding, I want to cut it for the summer. Just don't ask me to go shopping for those kinds of things again, please, because that was really embarrassing," he told her.

As Chris was talking, Kate continued brushing his hair. She skillfully turned the brush upside down and used it to curl the ends of his hair under and in. She liked how Dee had purposely left it slightly longer on each side in front so it curled under his chin. Chris constantly tried to push it back with his hand which did no good as it fell back into place as soon as he let go. Since it wasn't held back by a bobby pin, barrette or scrunchie, it automatically fell back into place under his chin because of the way it was cut and styled.

Chris had even tried to part it on one side or the other, but his hair just wouldn't stay. It just naturally returned to the part in the middle of his head. Kate kept brushing and touching his face, neck and ears softly with her fingers. This kept the boy in a dreamlike state of being. When Chris appeared to be asleep, Kate said, "Chris, let's you and me go out to eat. I have to make one or two stops to pick up a couple of things. I promise you won't have to pick up anything but a knife and fork to eat with."

"I'd really rather not go out in public like this, Kate. I promise to not cut my hair until after the wedding, but I'm not very comfortable being around other people looking like this," he said, pointing to his hair. "Especially if you're going into the ladies departments again. Besides, Dad should be home soon. Won't he and Grant have to eat also?" Chris asked.

"Oh dear, I completely forgot to tell you this. While you were at the mall for me, your father called. Something about a ball game or something. It came up all of a sudden; some friend at work and his son got tickets at the last minute. He called for you but you weren't here.

"I told him you'd gone to the mall for me and would be back by 2:30 or 3:00. He said they couldn't wait, and asked if maybe Grant would like to go. Grant said he'd be happy to fill in for you, even though he isn't a big baseball fan. Dad said you'd go the next time," Kate said

Chris couldn't believe his ears. The Yankees were in town. Grant, that little rat, took his place?

Kate saw the hurt on his face. "I'm really sorry, Sweetie. This was all my fault, as I'm the one that asked you to run that errand. I had no idea that this ball thingie with your Dad was going to come up. Like I said, it was one of those spur-of-the-moment things. He couldn't wait because they were going to be just in time for the start of the game," she said.

"I know you're disappointed but, there will be plenty of other ball games. Please let me try and make it up to you. Let's you and I do something really special, anything you like. Let's let our hair down and do something crazy," she said.

"That's OK, Kate, you don't have to do that. It's just my bad luck, I guess. It's just that I get to do so little with Dad anymore. Oh well, there's no sense in crying about it, it won't change anything," he said.

"That really shows a lot of maturity on your part. You are really growing up," she said, pulling him to her breasts once again. "It's time we started getting to know each other better; I don't even really know what you like to do. Think of something wild. Would you like to buy some new clothes, get a tattoo, or get something pierced? Hey, that's it! Have you ever thought of getting your ears pierced? I hardly ever see any young people today who don't have one or both ears pierced, even multiple times. What do you say? If you decide you don't like it, they grow over in about a week or two if you don't keep the studs in. You can't even tell they were there once they heal over," Kate said, grinning enthusiastically

"I don't know, Kate. I thought about it once but, I don't think my Dad is real big on that kind of stuff. I probably will someday when I'm older, maybe," Chris said.

"Nonsense. I'll handle your father. When you're young is the best time to do it. Half the kids in your school already have at least one ear pierced, I'll bet, and most probably have both of them done," she told him

Before Chris knew what hit him, they were in the car, heading towards the city. Kate had a friend with a shop near the outskirts of town. As they walked towards the door, Chris said, "Kate, I don't think we should do this. Maybe another time?" He stopped right where he was.

"Chris, don't tell me that you are afraid. I thought boys were brave and tough. It doesn't hurt a bit and like I said, if you don't like them, just pull the studs out and the holes will grow over in no time at all. Besides, your hair is long enough that no one but you and I will even know that they are there! It will be our little secret, something we will share just between a mother and her child. I mean Mother and son," Kate said, taking his hand and pulling him into the shop before he could object.

Chris was looking at all the different designs of the tattoos and piercings that were available while Kate talked to her friend, the owner of the shop in the white lab coat. Chris was on the verge of walking out when Kate came over and introduced Pam.

"Hi there. Come with me, Honey. Your mother has told me what you want, but she said that you were a little worried. Trust me, I do this every single day. I get little babies, girls and boys, men in their 30's right up to people in their 70's. There's nothing to it. You won't feel a thing," Pam said as she pulled him over to a large chair. "Here we go, please sit here." She almost pushed him down into the chair.

"Look at all the pictures on the wall and see if there is something you'd like to have tattooed on yourself someday," Pam told him. He felt her touching his left ear and before he could think twice, he heard SNAP SNAP. Before he could give it a thought, he heard SNAP SNAP" on the other ear and it was all over.

Pam sprayed a little disinfectant on both ears and dabbed them with a cotton ball soaked in alcohol before handing Chris a mirror to see what she'd done. He couldn't believe his eyes. It looked like small little pearl balls in his ears. He could not believe that she just pierced his ears, each one twice in fact. Then he heard Pam saying, "You only have to

leave them in for about a week while the holes heal. I know they aren't what you wanted, but your mother said it would be OK, because I was out of the starter studs. Even though these cost quite a bit more, she said it was her gift to you.

"She also said you'll probably want to exchange these for small hoops after your break-in period in a couple of weeks or so. Don't forget to clean them daily and turn them a couple of times a day so you don't get an infection," Pam told him. "And keep this coupon. I give all my customers 50% off their next earrings after I pierce their ears and 60% off any new piercings," she smiled.

Kate said, "It's going to be just fine, Honey. Remember, no one but you and I will know anyway. Your hair covers them well. So as long as your hair is long like it is now, nobody will be able to tell that you have your ears pierced."

After leaving the piercing salon, they went to a nice restaurant for dinner. Kate continued to reinforce how nice his newly pierced ears looked. "They really look fantastic on you, Chris, even better than I hoped they would. What do you think about them, Honey. You haven't said much since we left the parlor."

"I feel really weird, Kate. No boy would wear pearl ear rings. My dad will disown me if he sees these in my ears. There is no way I'm going to be able to cut my hair now. How long before I can take them out and change them?" he asked.

"Pam said at least two weeks. We don't want any infections. I think you look very hip now. The earrings look darling on you," Kate told him. After leaving the restaurant, Kate made another stop. "Come, Honey, I want your opinion on something," Kate said, getting out of the car.

Chris reluctantly followed Kate back into the mall. She went into one of the stores, the most popular ladies boutiques in the state. "Kate, can I wait out here for you? I'm not comfortable going in there the way I look right now," Chris said.

"Chrissie, are you uncomfortable calling me Mom or Mother? In just a week or so, that's what I'll be. As for the store, I really do want your opinion on a couple of dresses. I want to try them on and have you tell me what you think about them," Kate said.

"Kate...I mean Mom...I don't know anything about girls clothes. I wouldn't know dress one from another," he replied.

"Thanks Honey but, I hardly qualify as a girl any longer. I'm pretty much all woman now, Sweetie. I'm full grown." She opened both hands with fingers pointing towards her breasts as a model might do in a new car showroom, presenting a new model.

"As for your fashion knowledge, you are a guy. Surely you must have an opinion of what looks good. I think I still have the body to wear some of the younger styles. That's what I want you to tell me, and I want you to be very honest about whether I look Ok or not in some of my selections." She noticed he was beet red with embarrassment. "I trust your judgment, Honey,. I believe you have a very good eye for clothing and fashion," she told Chris.

Kate's plan was to continue to expose Chris publicly and privately to as much femininity as humanly possible. She knew that Chris had a very suggestive personality, and she intended to use that fact to her advantage. She intended to expose him at every opportu-

nity to everything feminine. If she was right, without even realizing it, he'd pick up feminine traits and mannerisms. She was going to keep his mind off his old male activities and thoughts as much as she could.

"Keep in mind that I want these clothes to wear on my honeymoon. So I'm looking for a sexy look to spice things up a bit, and get Daddy's juices flowing, hopefully," She teased as he blushed.

"Kate, I mean Mom, will they even allow me back by the women's dressing rooms?" he asked nervously, looking all around him.

"Absolutely. You are with your mother shopping and helping her pick out clothing. There's certainly nothing wrong with that," Kate said, stroking his cheek softly with her hand with its long, red, oval nails.

Kate stepped in front of the mirror. "What do you think?" she asked, turning to face Chris. He'd never seen Kate as "sexy" before this very minute, but Good God, she really was a sexy woman! She had a body that could drive a guy right out of his mind.

"No wonder Dad wants to marry this woman. She's going to really rock his world," he thought.

"Well, do you like?" she asked. "If I were your girlfriend, would you like to be seen with me wearing something like this?" she asked.

"Yes, I would. You really look hot. Oh, I'm sorry, Kate, I meant that it really looks great on you," he said, blushing bright red.

