



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# Stepmother 2

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AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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# STEPMOTHER 2

**His Stepmother Forced Him To Be Feminine**

**By B C**

Grant and Ben had taken Christine to a movie and then out to eat at their favorite burger joint. Christine literally ran into John Foster, Super Jock and high school hero, as he came out of the men's room at the restaurant. John was blown away by this beautiful young lady that he didn't know existed until tonight. Grant threatened to expose Chris if she didn't go along with what ever he said. He advised her he could be a friend and ally or he could become her worst enemy. Grant dropped Ben off at his house and Chris thought they were finally heading home where he'd find the safety of his room.

Suddenly, Chris realized that they were turning down an old lane that ran down to the lake. "Grant, where are we going?" Chris asked.

"Let's just sit here for a minute or two, I want to check out the lake. We still have a couple of hours until Mom and Dad get back," Grant said, turning off the lights. He stopped the big black Cadillac, facing the moonlit water over the lake. There were no houses on this side of the lake. It was land Dad had just picked up that month. Way off in the distance, on the opposite side of the lake, you could make out the lights of 5 or 6 houses.

"Grant, why are we here? I want to go home now!" Chris had a bad feeling about this place and being here with Grant, who Chris didn't trust right now.

"Remember, Sweetie Pie, I told you that you needed to be good to me, if you expected me to watch out for you and keep your secret a secret. I know that you wouldn't want Ben or John to get a phone call from an anonymous caller about Chris Green who is now Christine Green, now would you?" Grant asked.

"Just what do you want from me, Grant? This isn't funny. If you don't take me home right now, I'm going to tell my father!" Chris threatened.

"That's a laugh and a half. You go right ahead and tell your Daddy, Little Lady. However, if I were you, I'd just stay away from your father as much as possible for the time being. Just this afternoon, I heard him tell Mom that if it were not for her, he would have sent you off to an all-girl boarding school for the year. One of those fancy finishing schools for rich little girls to go to and become all prim and proper. It seems that your father was pretty heartbroken when he found out that his only blood son, whom he'd always dreamed would come into his business with him and eventually take it over someday, was now a pretty little princess who prefers dresses and heels to suits and ties.

"As a matter of fact, Dad was so distressed over this whole matter that he actually asked me to work with you, show you the ropes, teach you how to become a real girl and show you how to please your man. He thought that you might just as well learn these things so that you will be able to land yourself a good man and husband some day, so you'll have someone to take care of your cute little sissy ass," Grant said. He took great pleasure in the look on Chris' face.

"You're lying, Grant, I know my own father and Dad would never allow such sick behavior. It was your mother who made me wear these clothes and go out with you dressed like this. I'm not going to do it ever again!" Chris said with conviction.

"Are you really that dense, Christine? As of yesterday, you are not even in Dad's will any longer. He was so mad not even Mother could defend you. You would be very smart to do everything Mother tells you to do for the time being. She is your lifeline at this time, Sweetie.

"If you make her happy, she'll eventually get you back in good graces with Dad. But if you're crazy enough to ignore this advice and piss Mother off, not only will you not get back in line for your inheritance, but you just might find your cute little ass out in the streets, turning tricks for food and a place to sleep. Trust me, Honey, once your cute little behind is out on the streets, it will be just a matter of time before you're hooked on drugs, doing things you can't even imagine," Grant went on, seeing the look in Chris' eyes; he could tell Chris was close to crying and peeing in his pretty panties.

In his current state of mind, Chris believed every word. Everything in his life had been changing so fast, he couldn't even think rationally. He couldn't deny that his father had backed up Kate and told him to do what she said or he'd be the one to spank him. Chris was shaking with fear, and didn't trust his own instincts right now.

"If you think I'm lying, Sis, think about it. How do you think that all your college prep classes got changed and no one could get them changed back?

You'd better not mess with Kate; you're no match for her." Grant said, adding to the pain and fear in Chris' fragile mind.

"OK, so what is it you want from me, Grant? It seems that you and your mother have had this planned from the start. You've taken my father's love from me, you've stripped me of my manhood, my college education, my inheritance, my whole life really. You and Kate have my father, his money, his business and his home. What else do you think I have left to give?" Chris asked.

"There's that damned pride popping up again. I think we need to work on that a little and get you used to your new station in life. No man wants a girl friend or a wife with an

attitude. We want our women to be subservient, submissive, meek and quiet, as well as beautiful, all of the time. At least you have a head start on the beautiful part. You can run to Daddy like a spoiled little girl, but I warned you about how upset he is. No telling what he might do until he's had time to cool off and get used to you being his daughter.

"It helps that I've been there to fill that void for you. He told me that he loved having at least one real son anyway. To help out though, 'cause I'm a nice guy, I told Mom about this organization which trains and sells boy girls like you to the higher bidder. It seems that there's a demand for them all over the world. There seems to be a large demand in the Arab nations for girls just like you with small bodies, fair skin, and very pretty faces. I can't imagine, though, that being one of 50 wives would be that wonderful," Grant laughed, painting a horrific picture in Chris' over-stressed mind.

"Sis, I will not physically force you," Grant said. He pushed the door open and got in the big Cadillac's back seat, after pulling the keys out of the ignition.

Chris was frozen to his seat. He looked at Grant, not believing that this was really happening; he couldn't make himself move. "Well, are you going to do as Daddy wants you to do? If you intend to stay in Mom's good graces, then you'd better get back here with me. If not, you might just find yourselves out on the streets or involved in the white slave trade business. It's really your choice," Grant said.

"Are you asking me to do what I think you're asking?" Chris asked. "Do you actually want to make out with me?" he asked in shock. "Grant, I may be forced to dress like a girl, but we are both boys. That's sick."

"Sweetie, I am the only boy here. You are no longer a boy. Secondly, I guess we could kiss and pet a little if you really want to, if you feel that will get you more in the mood, but, I just really want you to get down here and suck my cock. You know, give me a blow job." Grant said.

"You really are sick! I won't do that to you, or anyone else for that matter," Chris promised.

Grant picked up the car phone. "OK, as you wish. Now, let me see. Who do I call first, John Foster or Ben Stout, to clue them in on your little secret? I'm sure that both of them would like to take you out after you made complete fools of them. Or should I start calling every classmate you ever had? You'll surely get lots of love and support from your old school mates. I've already downloaded all of your internet contacts onto my computer. One push of a button and pictures of you go everywhere. It's all I can do to keep from pushing the enter key.

"Remember that company I told you about? I wrote to them and they replied almost immediately. They've offered me \$250,000.00 for you just the way you are. It would be a double win for me. I'd get a quarter of a million in cash. I'd get rid of you forever because they'd send you away never to be heard or seen again, and I'd have Mom and Dad all to myself! I must be nuts for not doing this already," Grant said, grinning.

"Honey, unless you're back here in 60 seconds, I will push this key on my laptop and both of our lives will be changed forever," he said.

Chris was so scared he couldn't think straight.

"45 seconds," Grant announced.

Chris tried to think. Could any of this be true. Could this really be happening?

"30 seconds," Grant said.

Chris just simply couldn't reason or think under this much pressure; this wasn't just a embarrassing date in the burger joint.

"20 seconds," Grant told him, opening his laptop.

There was no time; Chris couldn't risk all to find out if Grant was lying, not with these stakes. Chris bolted from the passenger seat, opened the back door and got in next to Grant. "OK, what now? What do I have to do?" Chris asked, unable to look Grant in the eye.

"I already told you, I won't force you physically. You know exactly what I want and you are going to have to ask me nicely for the privilege of doing it. You have 90 seconds starting now, or I push the send key."

Tears filled Chris' eyes instantly. He wasn't sure he could make himself do this. He'd never even really had sex with a girl yet, unless you counted kissing and very mild petting.

"60 seconds," Grant said.

Chris didn't even know where to start. He slipped down to his knees on the floor. "What do I do now, because I really don't know?" he asked.

"You ask me nicely if you can suck my cock, and ask if I'll teach you to be a good sissy cocksucker. 30 seconds," Grant told him.

Sick to his stomach and more scared than he'd ever been, Chris whispered, "Can I...suck your...your thing?"

"I can't hear you, Honey. My name is Grant, my 'thing' is a cock and you are out of..."

"Grant, please can I suck your cock?" Chris almost shouted, knowing his time was up.

"Why yes, Baby, you can. How nice of you to ask if you can take good care of your big brother. Sure you can. Go ahead but don't you lose even a drop."

When Chris didn't move, Grant said, "First, unbuckle my pants. Good, now pull down the zipper carefully. Remember, you used to wear boys pants when you were a little girl. That's it, Honey. Now pull my pants and undies down," he ordered and lifted his butt off the seat to help.

Slowly, Chris reached up. He was mad but too afraid of Grant's threats to not do as ordered. Slowly, he pulled the clothing off of his stepbrother's hips and pulled them down his legs.

Grant's big erect cock sprang out, inches from Chris' face. "There you go, Sweetie, it's all yours. Now start licking it real good to get it wet and slippery," Grant told the nearly paralyzed Chris. "Go on, it won't bite you. Get moving, my little honey, or I'll push the send key. I'm not going to keep warning you, Christine. You'd better start making me feel

like you love what you're doing or you'll be getting calls for dates that never end. I hear it stays over 100 degrees almost every day in Iraq and Iran."

Chris swallowed his pride and moved forward, licking Grant's thighs. Then he ran his red fingernailed hand lightly up his thigh and along the edge of Grant's hard cock.

"Now you're catching on. That's a good girl. Now play with my balls a little. That's it. OK, now lick them all over. Baby, I know you're just learning but try to keep eye contact. That really turns a guy on."

Chris thought he was going to be very sick before too long. Finally, he made up his mind to get this over with. He moved his tongue around several times in his mouth to get it wet. Then, holding Grant's huge cock in one hand, he licked the length of it from base to head on all four sides of the hard flesh pole. "It's not so bad," he found himself saying in his head. "It's just skin, like licking your finger."

"That's it baby, only a little slower. Now take it into your mouth. You really learn fast, Sis. You're a natural; this practice is going to make you a really great wife to some lucky guy some day. No, don't stop, Christine. I want you to keep it up, just like you're doing now, but I want you to look into my eyes and keep eye contact while you're doing it. That's a good girl.

"Damn, Christine, I still can't get over how really beautiful you are. I gotta tell you, Honey, you are really turning me on right now," Grant said. "Chrissy, let me hear you moan a little to show how much you love that big cock of mine," he ordered.

Chris, wanting this over with, complied. "Ummm," he moaned.

"Louder, Baby," Grant ordered.

"UMMMM," Chris moaned louder. He closed his eyes and continued moaning and sucking and licking.

Grant picked up the pace of thrusting forward and back, faster and deeper. "Chrissy Honey, open your eyes and keep eye contact. It makes it much more sensual." Grant said. Chris opened his eyes to look up at Grant. A blindingly bright light went off in his face. Once... twice... then a third time, as Grant snapped picture after picture of Christine with her mouth completely full of penis.

"Oh God, Honey, you are so freaking beautiful," Grant moaned. "You are hotter than any girl in our whole school. I can totally see why Big John fell all over himself tonight trying to get you to talk to him. Yes, no doubt about it, he'll be coming around on a regular basis now. If you are really sweet and good to Big Brother, I'll teach you how to please your man so that he will never want to leave you, no matter what extra parts you have," Grant told Chris.

Grant kept up the pace. He really meant it when he said that she was beautiful. He looked at her big wide eyes, those highly arched brows and those red lips. He wasn't sure if he was feeling passion or love for this beautiful girl kneeling before him with her big red lips around his thrusting penis. Suddenly he was lost in the throws of the biggest orgasm he'd ever experienced. It completely caught Chris off-guard. The hot jet of salty cum hit the back of Chris' throat and he was forced to swallow in order to get more air into his

lungs. Spurt after hot spurt of thick salty man seed slid down Chris' throat. Grant was now holding the back of her head so that she couldn't pull away. He thrust forward several times, draining the last of his seed into Chris' throat and down into her belly.

Finally, completely spent, Grant pulled out of her mouth and completely surprised her as he held her head, then leaned down and kissed her on the mouth. "WOW, thank you, Sis. You were unbelievable, that was really fantastic. I really do love you as a sister now and I promise you that we are going to be really close from now on, if you know what I mean! You must have loved that too, because nobody could fake doing what you just did. No one could be that good on their first try.

"Don't worry, Honey your big brother is going to look out for you and see that you get enough cock to keep you happy and content. I know you are going to keep your brother happy whenever I ask you or you can be sure that I'll sell your beautiful little white ass to those slave traders so fast you won't know what hit you. I've heard that once they sell you into a harem, you are there for life unless your new husband gives you as a present to someone else. So we understand each other, right?" Grant looked into her eyes as he lifted her chin with his hand.

The tears were again forming in Chris' eyes. He had never been so ashamed of himself in all of his life. This just couldn't be happening to him. He felt dirty all over and just wanted to go home to bathe. He was so messed-up, confused right now and frightened to death that Grant might be able to do what he had threatened to do. Chris wasn't sure if it were fiction or fact about the slave trade still being alive in this day and age. He'd seen a movie about it once. He recalled the bondage and chains, the piercings and brandings, the permanent tattooing of makeup. He saw how women were made to please the owner or whoever he told them to please. Fear filled his clouded mind. He had no choice; he'd have to do what ever Grant and Kate wanted him to do. He had to come up with a plan to make Dad see that Grant and Kate were doing all of this to him, for some reason.

"Are you ready to go home now, Christine?" Grant said, breaking into her thoughts.

"Yes, please, I really want to go home now," she answered quickly.

"OK, give me a kiss and tell me that you love me, and we'll be on our way home," Grant ordered.

Chris just wanted to go, and he knew that arguing was only going to delay leaving. He sensed that Grant would not give in, even a little, so he did as Grant asked. Chris kissed him on the mouth, then said, "I love you."

"That was really weak, Chrissy, You can do better than that. You'd better put more effort than that into it or you'll be saying that to some Sheik with a turban on his head. Also I have a name, so try again," Grant warned.

Chris kissed, him harder this time, then said, "I love you, Grant. Thanks for the movie and the sandwich afterwards," he said in a more cheery tone.

"Yes...and what else?" Grant teased, putting his hand on his penis and balls, and moving his hand up and down.



Knowing that he had no choice, and seeing he was defeated, Chris said, "And...and...thank you for letting me suck your cock and swallow your cum," with tears of humiliation and shame running down her cheeks.

"Good. You do understand that whenever, wherever I choose, that you'll do this for me again just like tonight, without arguing or delay. Because ..." He waited.

"Because I'm now your sister and I love you and I love to suck your cock," she said.

"Yes, very good. Christine honey, we are going to get along very well from now on. Nobody in the whole world has to know about any of this, as long as you do what I tell you to do. Tell you what, Sweetie, I promise you, that if you'll do what I tell you without a fuss or argument and make me think your enjoying it, I'll keep trying to get you back into Dad's good graces. What do you say? Would you like that?" Grant asked.

A spark of hope ran through Chris' heart. Could she trust him though? Did she really have any choice at this time? "Would you really do that, Grant? Will you try really hard if I'm good?" she heard herself saying.

"You heard me. If you are a good girl, I promised I'll help you and I don't think I've ever broken a promise in my life," he said.

She kissed him again with a slight hope in her heart. "Alright, I will be good, so can we go home now?" Chrissy asked.

"Yes, as soon as you fix your makeup. Mom and Dad are probably home by now. You don't want them to see you looking a mess with your lipstick smeared across your face. What would they think?" he grinned.

He turned on the overhead light in the big car as they both moved back up front. Then he reached over and pulled down the visor with its lighted vanity mirror. Grant watched in fascination as Chris fixed his hair and redid his lip stick and gloss, after wiping the smeared lipstick off with a Kleenex. Chris' lips once again looked creamy and red and very kissable.

"How do you do it, Chrissy? I can't get over how feminine and beautiful you look with so little effort. Either you were meant to be a girl or Mom is a miracle worker," Grant said. With that, they started for home. All the way there, Grant couldn't help himself from looking at Chris every time they passed under a street light.

As they pulled into the driveway, they could see that Mom and Dad were home. They walked in and Chris started for his room right away. "Is that you, Christine honey?" he heard Kate call out from the family room, where she'd been waiting for them.

Chris stopped with a sigh. "Yes Mother, we just got home. I'm tired and going up to my room," she said, hoping to just be alone.

"Come in here, both of you, please. I want to hear all about your first night out. Did you have fun?" Kate asked.

As they walked into the room together, Kate motioned for them to sit on the couch. "Well, did you, Honey? I mean, did you have fun out with the boys?" she asked. Chris just shook his head yes, but Grant jumped right in.

"Yes, we had fun, Mom. I think that Christine and I have finally hit it off. We kind of broke down the barriers and we are a lot closer after tonight," he grinned. "I think I kind of like having a little sister to watch out for.

"We really bonded and we feel very different about one another now. We went to a movie, then out to the burger joint, where a lot of the kids from school hang out. I can't believe how popular Christine is already. Everyone wanted to know who the new hot chick was. Even John Foster made sure that he got an introduction. When I told him that Chrissy was my little sister, he couldn't believe it. I'll bet anything that before the week is out, John

will be knocking on our door for Christine. He wouldn't give up until she finally talked to him. After that, we drove over to the lake where we really got to know each other better. I feel really close to her now," Grant said, smiling.

"I'm so happy to hear that, Honey. Nothing makes a parent happier than to hear that her children are getting along. What about you, Christine? Do you think spending some time alone with Grant allowed you to get closer to him?" Kate asked.

Chris saw Grant looking hard at her. "Yes, Mother, Grant was really good to me all night. He really treated me like a lady," Chris said.

"That's so sweet. It looks like we just might just turn into that happy family I've always dreamed about after all. Did you thank your brother for taking you out with him tonight, Christine? If not, I think you should give him a big hug and a kiss and tell him thank you," Kate told the poor shaken youth.



Chris walked over to Grant, stood on her toes and hugged him. Then, as she went to kiss him on the cheek, Grant turned his head quickly to the side and down. Their lips met. Grant pulled her close and kissed Chris long and hard, making Chris' legs feel weak. "Good night, little sister."

Chris turned on wobbly legs to go to his room. To his great discomfort, he felt something inside stir from the kiss Grant had just laid on him. To make it worse, she heard, "Whoa there, Little Lady, what about your Daddy and me? Don't we get a good night kiss and hug?" Kate asked all sweet in faux innocence, knowing it would embarrass Chris even more.

Chris walked over to Kate who had to bend down as she too kissed Chris right on the lips. "Good night, Sweetie. I'll be up in a minute to show you how you'll remove your makeup and prepare for bed each night from now on," she said loud enough for the others to hear.

Next, Chris awkwardly walked over to her father. "Good night, Father," Chris said.

Cal bent down kissed Chris on the forehead. "Good night, Christine," he said. "You really do make a beautiful young woman, Honey. Are you happier now? I mean in your heart and mind. I guess I just never realized just how strongly you felt about your, um, well, your gender. I guess I just couldn't understand how much you wanted to be a girl," Cal said, giving her a hug.

Chris wanted desperately to scream out to his dad, to tell him that this was not what he wanted and certainly had not asked for, that this was being forced on him by Kate and Grant. Just before he opened his mouth to spill it all out to him, though, he heard Grant clear his throat behind him. Chris stopped and turned to see a look of warning on Grant's and Kate's faces. Grant moved his finger like he was pushing the send key on the computer and winked at Chris. Chris caught Grant's meaning right away.

Chris looked up at his father with puppy dog eyes and said, "Yes, Daddy, I'm really happy. Thank you for trying to understand. I know that this has not been easy for you to accept. I will try to be a good daughter and not cause you any embarrassment or trouble. This is who I was really meant to be," Chris said as he started for his room.

As he passed by him, Grant whispered into Chris' ear, "Be in my room in twenty minutes. Get into one of your new nighties and come in, but touch up your makeup a bit."

Chris slowly went to his room and did as he'd been told to do. It still took him time to figure out all of the snaps, hooks and catches on all of the still unfamiliar clothes and lingerie. Laying on his bed, he found a very skimpy nightie and matching panties, both in black silk and lace with bows in several places. Chris shivered as he pulled the top over his head and let it fall over his body. There was an almost indescribable feeling as the silky material slid across his growing breasts. His nipples became instantly hard and pushed the material out. He couldn't help himself from reaching up and cupping his breasts with his hands. He realized immediately that the two swollen mounds were becoming more conical each day; they seemed more pointed and fuller. They no longer felt like just fatty flesh on his chest. To his great surprise, they were becoming womanly breasts.

Next he began to pull up the matching panties. He realized that his small penis was rock hard from the feel of the soft silk material touching his sensitive skin. This angered

him as he didn't want to enjoy any part of this. "They may have me in a position where they can make me do what they want for now, but, they can't make me like it," he said to himself. His own body was betraying him. The hem of the nightie top barely touched the top of his thighs and the soft silky material tickled something awful.

He walked over to the new vanity table that Kate had put in his remodeled room. He turned on the lighted mirror and looked into the face of a strange but very pretty young lady. "I've looked into this same face for 17 years now, so how could I have never seen what I'm seeing now? How could they change me in such a short time to the point where I don't even see a resemblance to the me I grew up with?"

He raised his right hand, pushed his auburn hair back from his face and tucked it behind his ear. Then he just looked at the reflection in total amazement. The big gold hoop earrings, the new highly arched and thin eyebrows, the dark liner that made his green eyes look bigger, the soft blended blue/green shadow and white highlights just under the brow. Then he noted the higher-looking cheek bones dusted in a reddish blush and finally, those full pouty lips. He never remembered his lips being this full before. How could they have gotten like this? Their bright red color matched the perfectly shaped nails on his right hand as it played with the large gold hoop in his ear.

As he looked at the small feminine watch Kate had bought him, Chris suddenly remembered that it was time to go to Grant's room. He quickly took the brush and applied some shiny gloss to his luscious lips. He shook his head, causing his shiny dark auburn hair to fall back in place; the longer sides turned in under his chin. He brushed the long bangs so they hung over his left eye a little. Chris then slipped into the black 3" mules and minced off down the hall to Grant's room, where his brother was waiting.

Chris knocked. "Come in," Grant said, grinning with anticipation. There was only a small table lamp on in the room. Grant had draped a red scarf over it, to set the mood. "Christine, come in! You are an absolute stone fox, Baby! If John could only see you now, he'd wet himself. Honest to goodness, Chrissy, you are one beautiful girl," Grant smiled.

"I want to show you something I know will interest you," Grant said. Chris minced over to the desk where Grant was sitting. "God, you already walk just like a real woman. That's really sexy too. You smell so good, you're getting me way too excited already," Grant told her.

"Have you ever tried walking in 3-inch heels, Grant? You'd walk like this too," Chris said defensively.

"No, I never have, Baby. I have always known that high heels were only meant for women so I'll leave that up to you...and you do it so very well, I might add. You just scream SEXY."

Grant then clicked the mouse and opened up a screen on the monitor of his computer. Chris froze in his tracks as he saw 10 or 12 very pretty, almost naked women standing on a large raised platform. Their hands were chained to a belt around their waists and their ankles were chained together also. Each had their hair fixed up and their makeup was fresh and perfect. Each of these beautiful women had a necklace with a round tag with a number on it hanging between their bare breasts.

Chris couldn't believe his eyes. Just like himself, these beautiful naked ladies all had good-sized cocks. A voice was heard as the scene stayed on the naked ladies.

"Trader Dave helps people with unusual desires find special ladies to fulfill your wildest dreams. White. Black. Yellow. Red. Just tell me what you want. If we don't have her, we'll get her for you within seven working days, and we take special requests. E-mail us at TraderDave.com. We pick up and deliver. No questions asked and we leave no paper trail. I guarantee your satisfaction or we will take her back and retrain her or give you a replacement at no charge. Our success rate is 99%," the voice rambled on.

"Pretty frightening, huh? This Trader Dave says he has ways to change your race, creed, color, your gender, your attitude, even your language," Grant said, looking over to the visibly shaken Christine.

"Maybe now that you've seen this with you own beautiful eyes, you'll see I wasn't just making this all up, and you'll be motivated to be a little nicer, totally obedient and thankful to your big brother. Chrissy Honey, look here. I have your personal resume typed and ready to go. It's really hard not to push the button when I think of the pile of cash I could have if I sold you to Dave. I honestly have started to love you as my sister, though. So if you don't please me, I swear I'll push the key and your life will change forever," Grant told her in as serious a voice as he could manage.

"So, what's it going to be, Honey? You going to be nice to Big Brother, or are you going on a trip into the unknown?" he asked.

"Grant, what more can you want from me? You've already taken everything I hold dear away. What's left?" Chris asked.

"That attitude is not going to cut it, Christine. What I want is for you to be nice to me and treat me as if making me happy was your greatest pleasure. Like your life depended on it, because Honey...it does.

"Now come over here and start showing me how much you'd like to remain part of our family. I now know you are very good at orally pleasing a real man. You're going to be an expert at it when I'm through with you. You'll be able to take care of your future husband and keep him satisfied all the time. You will become the best, either here in the safety of our home, or somewhere in Africa or the deserts of the Middle East. So get on over here and start making Big Brother happy and satisfied," Grant said, unbuckling his pants.

He dropped them to the floor, put his hands on her shoulders and guided her down onto her knees. Once again, he coached Chris step-by-step until he had a major orgasm and filled her stomach with his seed. Grant made Chris swallow every drop, then lick him clean.

"Wow, that was really great, Honey. Thank you. Now get your robe on and run down and get me a soda like a good girl," Grant said.

Chris got up to do as she'd been told. "Just a minute there, Honey. First, come and give your bro a kiss," Grant ordered. He knew that this act of submission would take even more of the fight and spirit out of Chris and help make her realize her place.

Chris minced over and stood tall on the high-heeled shoes. The height of the heels almost had him standing on his toes. Chris reached up and put his hands around Grant's neck and kissed him quickly.

"Wait a minute, you call that a kiss? I didn't feel any warmth or passion in that little peck at all. You do love your brother, don't you?" Grant said.

Chris swallowed the last of his pride. He reached up again with both arms around Grant's neck and kissed him full on the mouth, long and hard, with all the feeling and passion he could muster.

"Now that's a lot better. Now tell me, who does my little sister love?" Grant asked.

Chris paused several seconds. Then with eyes down, feeling totally humiliated, he said, "You."

"I want to hear you say it. And make me believe you really mean it," Grant said grinning, in love with his newfound power.

On the very brink of tearing into Grant in a fit of rage, the fear of Trader Dave took over Chris' mind. He swallowed hard, then kissed Grant affectionately and said, "I love you, Grant. Thank you for helping me and looking out for me." Then she hugged him tight.

"Thank you for that, I love you too, Sis. Now you may go and get me that soda," Grant said, slapping Chris on the behind.

Chris started down the hall, still searching for his balance on the unfamiliar heels. The harder he tried to walk quietly, the louder it was. At least it seemed that way to him. Just as Chris walked into the kitchen, he heard the phone ring, then he heard Kate call out. "Christine Honey, it's the telephone for you, dear."

Chris walked over and picked up the phone. "Hello?"

"Christine? This is John, John Foster. We met earlier this evening at the burger joint. I've been thinking about you all night long, ever since we ran into each other. Anyway, I still can't believe that I haven't seen you around school. We don't have any classes together, do we?" John asked.

Chris stood still, not believing that he called her...or the person he thought was a girl he had run into at the burger joint.

Chris just said, "No, I'm sure that we don't, John."

Grant was listening in on the extension phone to their conversation. He purposely made a noise as if he were picking up the phone to make a call.

"Whoops, I'm sorry, Sis, I didn't know that you were on the phone. I was just going to call a friend and tell him that we're not going away this weekend after all. Something came up at work that Dad has to take care of. So we are both free now for the whole weekend," he said and hung up the phone.

"Hey, that's great, Christine. Now we can go out this weekend. How about it, would you like to go and catch a movie with me? John asked.

“Please don’t take this the wrong way John, but I really have a lot of work to catch up on before school starts. I’m going to have to pass, but, thank you for asking. It was very kind of you to think of me, especially when we both know that you could have your pick of any girl in this state, let alone our school. Perhaps another time,” Chris said.

Grant had picked the phone back up very quietly and had listened to the whole conversation.

“Christine, you sure are one stubborn woman,” John said. “But I’m stubborn too. Now that we’ve met, I won’t give up that easily, so you can count on my persistence! Please think it over and reconsider, won’t you? I’ll call you again soon. Just give me a chance, I’ve been told that I’m a pretty nice guy.” He said goodnight and hung up.

Chris was embarrassed and bewildered. “What in God’s name am I supposed to do now? That’s all I need to top off everything going on in my new and bizarre life. I have no idea about how to deal with this turn of events. Dear God, if things weren’t bad enough, now I have the hottest guy in the state wanting to date me,” Chris mumbled to himself.

The next day on the way to the field for football practice, John found Grant and called out to him to wait up. Grant thought, “If I play this right, I’ll not only end up with a date with one of the girls from the inner circle, but I’ll get myself into the in crowd here at Grossbeck. John has a huge crush on Christine, so I just need to play it cool and don’t be too over anxious.”

“Hey Grant, what’s up with your sister? Is she involved with anyone at this time?” John asked.

“No, she’s just a little shy, that’s all,” Grant replied.

“Well I guess that I don’t need to tell you that she really got my attention the other night. I would really like to get the chance to know her a little better. I don’t know what it is about her, but she’s just different from the rest of the girls in our school. I just can’t get her out of my head,” John said.

“If you only knew just how different she is, Mr. Super Jock,” Grant thought to himself.

“I know that feeling, John. It always seems that the girl you really like is either tied up with someone else or just won’t give you the time of day and you just know if she’d give you a chance, you could be great together. I’ve felt that way for four years now about Janet Smith,” Grant told him.

“I know Janet really well, she’s been a friend since grade school. If you’d like, I could try and set you up on a date with her. That is, if you’d like my help with her,” John said.

“Sure, if you really think you could. Tell you what, I can see that you’re kind of interested in my sister. Maybe we can help each other out here. You fix me up with Janet and I’ll get Christine to go out with you. What do you think?” Grant said, trying to act nonchalant about it.

“Sure, that would be great. There’s a party after the game Friday night. Maybe we could double date. That way, both girls might feel a little more at ease,” John suggested.

"Are you really that sure that you can get her to go out with me that soon?" Grant asked, imagining himself a part of the in crowd among the high school elite.

"Yes I'm sure of it. She'll do anything for me. I'll tell her that you're a really cool guy. What about your sister though? She seems like she can be pretty strong-willed," John said.

"Don't worry about Chrissy, dude. You fix me up with Janet for the game and the party and I promise you Christine will be there for you. I'm pretty sure she likes you anyway. It's just that she is very shy, but I know that she'll go out with you if I double date with you two," Grant said confidently.

"Alright then, you have a deal, my friend. I'll get a hold of Janet tonight and let you know as soon as I talk to her. Maybe we can all go out for a pop and burger tomorrow night and kind of get to know each other first, kind of break the ice. Are you up for that?" John asked him.

"That's a great idea. We'd get those awkward 'get to know you' moments out of the way, so everyone would be more relaxed on Friday night," Grant replied.

"OK then. I'll call you later tonight when I get home. I'm sorry that we never really got to know each other before, Grant. I can see that you're an alright guy," John said.

"Same here, John. You're OK too," Grant said. Then he walked away, unable to suppress his ear-to-ear grin.

As soon as Grant got home, he called Christine into his bedroom. Chris knocked on his door. "Come in," he said. When she walked in, she was wearing a short black miniskirt and a short-sleeved sweater that was very tight and left nothing to the imagination. Her feminine charms were very clearly visible. Kate had put the outfit out for her to wear that day, along with thigh-high nylons with rubbery grip tops to hold them up, and 3" black pumps. Kate knew that wearing them all day around the house would help her learn to walk in a more feminine way.

"Come Chrissy, I need some relief. Get over here and take care of your big brother," he told her. When she didn't move right away. he said, "I'm not going to tell you again, Chrissy. I won't plead with you every time I want a BJ. Please know this. I will not hesitate to email Trader Dave. From now on, you'd better move immediately or I'll send your sweet little ass packing and then you'll learn to move instantly when spoken to. Do you understand me?" Grant said, putting his hand under her chin and lifting her face to look into his eyes.

"Yes Grant, I'm sorry and I understand completely," she said, boiling inside but afraid to piss him off.

Christine sank to her knees, unbuckled his pants and pulled them down. She started slowly to please him orally as he'd taught her to do. When she had all of Grant's hard cock in her mouth that she could get in, he told her, "Good girl, you are getting better at this every time. Your future husband or boyfriend should really thank me for helping you perfect your fantastic oral skills. Yes... that's so good.

"By the way, the first football game is next week on Friday. You are going with me and Janet Smith. After the game, you'll be John Foster's date for the party and dance. The four



of us are double dating. Can you believe it, you and me and the elite of Grossbeck High! Who would have dreamed this just a few months ago?" Grant said, looking down into Christine's wide eyes that were now filled with shock.

"OK Baby, now lick and tease my balls a little. Thatta girl," he moaned. "Oh, we are also going out for a burger and a pop with John and Janet tomorrow night so we can all get to know each other better before the game and party Friday night," Grant said.

Chris' eyes got wide and her eye brows arched up even higher, but she couldn't say a word with her mouth completely filled with Grant's penis.

"It's OK, you can thank me later, don't try to talk with your mouth full. You are welcome, Sis. I know that you really like John a lot; I've fixed it up so you can be with him. You can thank me by being very nice and sweet to him. Oh and another thing. You don't have to worry about how you'll look in school now. Mother went in today and changed all your I.D. and personal information to Christine Kay Green. So when school starts on Monday, you will fit in perfectly.

"The school was told that Chris went to live with his grandmother in California, and that you came here to live with your mom and dad. Mom paid the superintendent enough money to build a new school. He will back you 100%; he is the only one who knows your true identity. So as you can see, everything is going to work out very well for you. Oh yesss," he moaned and erupted into Chris' mouth.

The next day, Chris' nerves were stretched to the max. He couldn't see how he could possibly pull this off, without being exposed to the whole school. "Oh well," he thought to himself, "if I'm exposed at school, at least I won't have to



go out with John and risk getting beat to a pulp, when he finally discovers my secret.”

Chris slowly and carefully bathed and dressed. Kate came in and did his makeup, being careful not to overdo it. She tried her best to make him look as feminine as possible to avoid anyone recognizing him. Kate had him check himself out in the big mirror. “Makeup: perfect, hair: perfect, nails: freshly painted and perfect,” Kate said.

Chris was wearing a black miniskirt with flared hem with a light blue angora sweater that fit very tight and hugged her curves. Kate had set out a pair of two-inch heels and thigh-high nylons. Lying on the table was a gold chain and locket and a new gold feminine watch, along with a pair of double gold hoop earrings. Chris hooked the earrings through the pierced holes in her ears with Kate’s help.

Grant called up the stairs and told Chris to hurry or they would be late. “I’ll see you out in the car. You have 5 minutes!” Grant yelled up the stairs.

Once in the car, Grant said, “You look really great, Christine. You are going to be one hot babe around school. It will be a tough job beating all the boys off, until they find out that you’re about to become the property of one John Foster. That news will back them down some. Give me a little kiss and we’ll get going.” He leaned towards Chris and she reluctantly leaned over and kissed Grant on the lips.

“Thank you for driving me to school, Grant, and not making me take the bus. I appreciate it” Chris told him.

“You’re welcome. See, I’m not all bad. It’s kind of nice to have a big brother looking after you, isn’t it? You just keep up your end of our deal and you’ll become a happy, worry-free young lady,” Grant said.

At school, Chris didn’t think he would make it through the day. Each class was a new adventure. She was the new student asked to stand and introduce her self as Christine in every class. She feared her legs would give out on her in each of the first couple of classes. Many of the same girls were in several of her classes so it did get a little bit easier by the last two classes. Chris walked out of his shorthand/typing class at the end of the day and found Grant waiting by her locker. “Hey Sis, how was your first day? I have to stay for football practice so catch the bus and get ready for tonight. John is picking us up at 7:00 so be ready. I know you’ll look your feminine best,” Grant told her.

As she’d feared, riding the bus was another embarrassing new experience. She only just begun to feel slightly at ease, seeing many of the same faces in each class. Now she’d have to pass before a mix of girls and guys.

She actually handled herself well and made it home unscathed. Kate was waiting for her. She knew all about the date and was ready to help her get ready, after embarrassing her by making her kiss her new stepmom.

At 7:00 PM sharp, John Foster pulled up and knocked on the door. Kate answered and asked him to come in. “Hello Ma’am, I’m John Foster. I’m here to pick up Christine,” he said politely.

“Nice to meet you, John. She’ll be right down. I want you to take very good care of my little girl, John. She is very special. She’s the only daughter I have,” Kate said smiling.

"I promise you I will, Mrs. Green," John said just as Grant entered the room.

"Chrissy should be right down, John. What time are we supposed to pick up Janet?" Grant asked.

"I told her we would be there around 7:15 or so. It's not far so we'll be fine," John replied.

Both of the guys turned as Christine entered the room. Kate had done her hair and makeup. The fragrance of her perfume could be noticed as soon as she entered. Both boys were awed by her beauty; John felt almost giddy inside. He was the luckiest guy in the world to be going out with Christine Green on his arm. She was wearing a new black sweater and a Red miniskirt and Kate had her in 3" heels again. She was blushing as she minced across the floor, her heels clicking with each step she took. Kate had worked with her a little more, teaching Christine to walk heel to toe, one foot in front of the other, which made it impossible for her hips not to swivel and roll, making her behind move sexy.

"Hello Christine, you look fantastic. I'm going to feel very plain compared to how beautiful you'll look beside me," John said, blushing.

"Thank you, John. That's very kind of you to say," Chris said. Then as she'd been ordered by Kate earlier, she walked up and gave him a soft kiss on the mouth. "Shall we go?" Christine said, as she put her hand through John's extended arm. They headed out to his car.

"Christine honey, don't forget your jacket, it's getting cold out. Come give me a kiss before you leave," Kate said.

Chris walked back and gave Kate a hug and a kiss. She immediately felt embarrassed as John was watching her. She grabbed the jacket that Kate offered. John once again offered his arm and they walked out to his car. Grant got in the back seat of the big black Cadillac while John opened the passenger door for Christine. She got into the car as gracefully as she could, remembering the lessons Kate had given her. John closed the door and walked around to the driver's side. unable to wipe the smile from his face. "Good God, this little angel is beautiful!" he said to himself.

Off they drove to pick up Janet at her house. When they arrived, Grant got out of the car and went up to her door to get her. The two exchanged awkward greetings and walked back to the car. Everyone (except Chris) relaxed a little as they drove and exchanged the normal talk about what classes and teachers each of them had for the new school year.

They pulled into a nice restaurant that appeared to be very upscale. "I thought we were just going to go to the hamburger shack, John?" Grant said.

"I thought it would be a little quieter here, so we could talk and get to know each other better. It's OK, I'll pick up the tab, so don't worry about the cost," John said.

"Sorry John, I wasn't worried about that. As a matter of fact, I insist that you let me get the tab tonight. After all, you drove. It's just that I told a couple of people that we might see them at the shack," Grant said as they walked in the door.