



Reluctant Press presents:

Marty's Unbelievable Year



A 'YOUNG ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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Marty's Unbelievable Year

Part I

by BC

Martin Alan Willis (Marty) was about to enter the most bizarre summer of his life, one that would change his future in the most shocking way. Marty lived with his mother and older sister in the small rural community of Lakeview. Marty was 17 years old as our story begins. He was in good shape as he ran both track and cross country, plus he was training to make the gymnastics team this year. At five foot five and 130 lb. soaking wet, Marty couldn't compete in sports like football or basketball at this level. His friends and other boys his age had shot past him in size, four to five years earlier. Even his own sister, Michelle, a freshman at Hope

College, was five foot seven and weighed 133 lb.; his mother, Patti, was five foot eight and 140 lb. Marty hadn't seen his father in over seven years now but he remembered him as being quite big, like six feet tall and 200 lb.

His parents were divorced and his Dad moved to California, leaving Mom to raise him and Michelle as best as she could. Dad had married a very young girl. Mom found out that she was Cindy Smith, the girl who had always baby-sat for the Willis family. It turned out that Dad had been fooling around with her for two or three years before Mom caught them one night. Dad had even gotten Cindy a job as his secretary in his office.

When Mom caught them that night after the New Year's party, Dad just packed a few things, took Cindy and left everything behind. He didn't fight Mom for anything, however the house, the car, and most everything they owned was in deep debt. Mom worked two jobs to make ends meet and she saved the house and car from being lost to collection agencies. This left Mom tired and worn out before her time. Patti Willis was a very pretty lady; she was very feminine and attractive plus she had a good personality. Her down fall was she was too nice, too meek! She let other people take advantage of her in many different ways. Phil Willis, Marty's Dad, was one of those people. He wanted to have his cake and eat it too. He got away with this for five years. Patti had suspected him of cheating many times but didn't want to believe it, so she looked the other way and tried harder to please him and win him back to herself. A couple of her friends finally couldn't stand watching him make a fool out of such a sweet lady and told her several times that they saw him with their baby sitter in places where they should-

n't be. They meant well and were trying to help but Patti couldn't turn her head and look the other way as she was now both embarrassed and heartbroken. She'd given him her all.

This whole affair left her hurt, mad, mean and spiteful towards men in general. She would never trust another man ever again, she vowed. What hurt her deeply is the fact that she'd given into Phil and his sick sexual activities that were against every principle she'd believed in. She'd given in repeatedly to his kinky and depraved demands, thinking if she satisfied him, he would not run around. Many times he had her dress to satisfy a fetish, like dressing as a little schoolgirl, sometimes like a cheerleader or even a prostitute once in a while. He made her do oral and anal things that were against her morals. She drew the line one night when he wanted to bring another woman into their lovemaking. This she just wouldn't do. But even after all she'd given into, it wasn't long before she caught Phil and Cindy doing the nasty in their own garage. He ran off with Cindy a week later.

Having worked two jobs most of these past five years, she disliked men even more. Sometimes poor Marty got the brunt of her anger just because he was born a boy. Marty was often jealous of Michelle as they grew up. Michelle seemed to get far more privileges and much more attention from Mom. She got everything she wanted and Mom just seemed to love her more and be much more tolerant and accepting of Michelle. It hurt and he didn't understand, so he tried harder to please Patti but he seemed to have twice the responsibilities and chores, and he got more spankings and groundings. Plus lately, Mom's big kick seemed to be embarrassing him. He always had to do dumb girls' chores, like washing the clothes and ironing and putt-

ing away all of Mom's and Michelle's clothes. He was taught when he was very young to cook and clean and sew and do a hundred other mundane things he thought of as women's work. But, now she was scaring him.

Mom had been hiding some of his clean underclothes, a few items at a time. When he asked where they were going, she made him wear some of hers or Michelle's old panties and camis or even a nightgown to sleep in. She told him that he'd better get busy and do the laundry, or she'd send him to school wearing panties and camis. Whenever this happened, she made him spend the night in the panties and sleepwear. Some months back, his Mom stopped bugging him about getting a haircut like she used to. As a matter of fact, when Marty asked to get a haircut just recently, Mom said it could wait; it wasn't that long yet.

Then recently she started making a big deal about his fingernails. She yelled at him several times about biting them. She started checking them every couple of days. She told him if she found him biting them one more time, she was going to paint them bright red. A week later he was scared to death that she'd do just that. They were getting quite long for a boy and he broke one of them doing some yard work. Again, Mom threatened to paint them red. He finally was able to convince her that the nail broke from picking up stuff while working in the backyard. Mom did finally relent but then she worked on his nails, filling and shaping them and making them oval-shaped. Then she coated them with a clear hard coat sealer. Marty tried to pull back and resist but Mother was very stern when she wanted to be. "I'll feel stupid in school, Mom. The other kids will surely notice and really give it to me for this," he said, holding them up in the light.

"There is nothing stupid about good hygiene, young man. You can tell a lot about a person from their hands and their hygiene. Male or female, there's no excuse for bad habits or unkempt hand. You will keep them clean and cared-for or I'll do it for you and I will paint them the brightest red I can find to remind you," she told him.

Starting about this same time, every so often Marty had periods of feeling weird. It was really nothing specific, just some strange feelings that would come over him. There wasn't anything visible that he could find. It was little things like his voice cracking and sounding higher; his moods would sometimes change rapidly without warning. He also felt a lot more emotional lately. Not only had his facial hair, which was just beginning to show, stopped growing, but that which was there only weeks ago was now mysteriously gone. He had no idea what was going on inside of him. When he mentioned to his mother that his chest hurt when running at cross-country practice, Mom just looked at his chest and dismissed it as a bruise or something. "How long has this been bothering you?" Patti asked.

"About a week and a half now but it appears to be getting worse, not better," he replied

"Well, there does seem to be just a hint of swelling here," she said, poking and feeling all over his breast area. "Let's keep an eye on it. If it continues, then we will get it checked out at the doctor's," she told him, smiling to herself at seeing the changes beginning.

What Patti didn't tell him or anyone else was that a couple of months earlier, she'd gotten really upset with Marty. She saw a slight resemblance to her former husband in the way Marty was acting. That night while watching TV, a program caught her eye. The show was

about children and behavioral modifications. It talked of children and their gender behavior and identification. It went on about why some girls acted boyish and why some boys acted girlish. She got caught up in the show and was surprised to see many different varieties of treatments, some using hormones. It told of boys who became very feminine when female hormones were administered on a controlled and consistent pattern. It also told of girls who became very masculine when getting testosterone on a regular basis.

She was still upset with Marty and swore to herself that he wouldn't grow up to be like his no-good, lying, two-timing father. She was thinking about the TV show she'd just watched and unfortunately for Marty, something happened right then to tip the scales against him. The phone rang. Low and behold, it was Marty's Dad. Phil wanted Marty to come and live with him in California for a while. "A boy should be with his Dad. He needs a male role model. Hell, Patti, he's turning into a momma's boy. He even sounds like a sissy girl on the phone anymore. You are turning him into a girl," Phil told Patti.

This really pissed her off and sent her over the top. She'd sworn that she would never use the kids to get back at their ass of a father, but, this really set her off. "Let me tell you something, Phil Willis. You don't have the right to tell me anything about raising my kids, or anything else for that matter. You walked out on us six years ago and didn't give a damn whether we lived or died. I have had to struggle, working two jobs just to keep a roof over our head and food in our bellies. We had to fend for ourselves with no help from you, so you don't get a say in anything. Hell, you are probably still raising the babysitter you ran off with, or did she get too old for you? You did us a favor by leaving, now

leave us alone," she spewed at him with venom in her voice.

The very next day, she began giving her son daily hormone treatments. Marty never suspected that he was getting them every day in one form or another. Mom put them in his drinks or food. Sometimes she just gave them to him as a 'vitamin'. She didn't want to hurt Marty, she did love her only male child. She thought she'd just give him the hormones until they took some of the rough edges off him to make sure he didn't follow in his father's footsteps. She thought it would soften his behavior and also make him think a little more femininely. Perhaps he'd see things from her perspective a little more clearly. If after a while, she noticed his body changing too much, she'd simply stop the hormones. If Phil saw Marty looking a little girlish, he'd be embarrassed to have him come and live with him and his new little girl wife. Patti never told anyone she was doing this. Day-by-day the hormones began to change Marty a little more with each dose, both mentally and physically. The changes were so gradual that no one was aware that they were happening to Marty.

Then one night at a cross-country meet, Marty had to stop and drop out. After running about two miles, his chest began to hurt so much that he couldn't take it. Each stride he took caused pain and it continued to get more intense. When he finally returned to the track, the coach asked him what had happened. Too embarrassed to show him the swelling, he simply told the coach that he was sick. Later at home, as he told his Mom, a tear formed in his eye. "I love running and it was the one thing I was good at, Mom, but it hurts so bad, I'm going to have to quit the team. I can't run with the pain it's causing me," he told her.

“Don’t be so hasty, Marty honey, we’re not even sure yet what’s wrong I’ve got an idea for something we might try to help you be able to run without pain,” Mom told him.

“Wait here,” she told him and got up and went to the bathroom. She returned a few minutes later with a big wide Ace bandage. “Take your shirt off, honey,” she ordered. Then she began to wrap his chest tightly with the stretchy Ace bandage. She made it pretty tight. When she finished, she told him to go and try to run.

He wasn’t very anxious to feel the pain again but he slowly got up and went outside. As he went down the porch steps, he noticed that it didn’t hurt at all. when he reached the road, he began to jog. This, too, proved to be painless. Next, Marty broke into a full run. “Yes, thank you, Mother, it doesn’t hurt,” he said to himself, feeling relief. He ran about a mile before turning around and heading back home.

When he returned, his Mom asked, “Well, did it still hurt when you ran?”

“No. I can’t believe it, Mom but it didn’t hurt at all. That bandage really seemed to help a lot. I still don’t understand what made it swell up and start hurting to begin with,” Marty replied.

Two more weeks passed and each morning, Patti wrapped Marty’s chest tightly with the wide Ace bandage. It relieved the pain completely and flattened out the ever-swelling mounds continuing to grow on his formerly flat chest. Patti began to notice other slight physical changes in Marty’s body too. She thought that his hips were getting wider and more rounded and his already flat stomach was getting smaller as were his shoulders and arms.

Marty ran two cross-country meets that next week and placed third in one and fourth in the other. He was relieved to run pain-free but he realized he didn't have quite the strength or stamina he'd had only weeks ago. He just didn't have the energy for that final kick to finish the race strong and was beaten by guys he'd been finishing far ahead of up to now.

Then towards the middle of October, Mother got called away on business. She'd been promoted and was asked to take a special assignment that would keep her away for at least a month, if not longer. It meant a nice pay raise and a couple of steps up the ladder with the company. She called her daughter Michelle and told her what was happening and wanted to know if Marty could stay with her while she was gone.

Michelle begged Mom to let him stay with Aunt Peggy as she had a really crazy busy schedule over the next several weeks. So Mom called her sister Peggy who agreed right away to help out and keep Marty with her. When Marty heard the news, he was not pleased, to say the least. He hated going to Aunt Peggy's. She had two girls, Teri 16 and Tami 14; they lived just outside of town and their was hardly anything to do there for a young boy without any friends locally. Uncle Paul was a sissy of a man and Aunt Peg had him doing as much of the house work and chores as a hired maid. Plus the girls loved and took great pride in teasing Marty at every opportunity. They made him play Dolls and Dress-up and House and every other dumb thing young girls like to do. Mom always told him that he should just make the best of it, they didn't come that often and rarely stayed more than a couple of days. "It won't kill you or turn you into a girl to just play along and make them happy," she always told him. So against his will, he'd play with

his dear sweet cousins and they'd get off on humiliating and embarrassing him.

Mom called Marty's school to inform them that he would be out and asked to have his teachers assign homework he could do under his Aunt's supervision over the next month so he wouldn't fall too far behind. This taken care of, they spent the evening packing for the extended vacation. Mother put some play clothes dress clothes and even some sleepwear in his suitcase. She also put Marty's Batman costume in for the Halloween party Aunt Peg had mentioned to her on the phone. The party was to be costume-only and it would be held at the school gymnasium on the Saturday after next .

Early Monday morning, Patti drove Marty to Aunt Peg's. The girls were in school already when they arrived. Mom and Aunt Peg hugged and kissed hello. "Marty, where are your manners? Can't you give your Aunt Peg a nice hug and a kiss?" Patti said.

"Sorry, Hi, Aunt Peggy. Thanks for letting me stay with you while Mom is away," he said. He stepped forward and gave her a hug and a kiss. Mom and Aunt Peg went into the house and Marty went out to bring in his suitcase.

As he came into the house, Aunt Peg said, "First room on the right, Marty honey. We'll put Tami in Teri's room while you're here. They can bunk together and you'll use Tami's room."

As he walked into the room, he froze on the spot. "Oh. My. God. It's a Fairy Princess's dream come true," he said out loud. It was super sweet and feminine with soft colors and lace and silk everywhere. The big four-poster bed was the center of attention with its soft white comforter, pink pillows, and a big stuffed dog at

the head of the bed. Lace dripped off of everything in the room. The carpeting was pink and soft and thick. "How am I supposed to stay in this room for the next several weeks?" he said under his breath.

His Mom called him so he put the suit case down at the foot of the big bed and went to find her in the kitchen. Mom and Aunt Peg were still sitting there, talking and drinking coffee.

"Marty, I've told Aunt Peg that she is not to treat you any different than her own girls. I'm telling you right now that you'd better mind her and do everything that Aunt Peg asks of you. And I do mean ANYTHING. If I return to find out you've misbehaved or didn't mind Aunt Peg, you will pay dearly. So you'd best be on your very best behavior. Do I make myself perfectly clear? I expect you to pitch in and help with the chores and no fighting with your cousins. I have told Aunt Peg that if she needs to spank you or punish you, she has my permission and full support," Mom told him.

"Oh Patti, Marty's a sweet young child and we are going to get along just fine. There won't be any need for spankings. I'm raising two daughters now and I know Marty will fit right in. Besides, I have my ways to handle young teens and they are even better than spanking," Aunt Peg said, smiling a big smile that Marty didn't like the looks of.

"Tami and Teri will be at school all day, so I want you to help your Aunt with the housework each day as needed and be sure to keep up with your studies. You don't want to fall behind and not be able to catch up. The time will pass quickly and you'll be able to look back on this visit with fond memories some day," Mom said.

"Come give me a hug and a kiss. I'll call you several nights from my motel. I'd better be going now as I have a two-hour drive to the airport and I sure don't want to miss my flight," Patti said.

They hugged and kissed and said their goodbyes, then Patti drove off waving back at them. It was now late morning. Aunt Peg wasted no time in assigning chores to her new ward. She had Marty finish the laundry she'd already started. She shocked him a little when she told him that both hers and the girls' underclothes had to be hand-washed and hung out to dry. Marty blushed deep red as she showed him how they needed to be washed. When he picked up the silk and nylon lingerie in his hands, he got a little shiver from the touch. He felt as if he was doing something bad, something forbidden, something boys were not supposed to do.

"You must be gentle, Marty. As you can see, they are very delicate and must be handled with care but you don't have to be afraid of them, honey," Peg said, seeing him blush.

Marty took his time and made sure that he did a good job on the feminine dainties. It took him about an hour and a half. When he finished, he found Aunt Peg in the kitchen, getting some things out of the cupboard.

"I thought we'd start by making a cake. After that, we can start getting dinner ready for later," She told him. "The first rule I always insist on when working around food is no hair hanging down," Peg said. She made Marty stand there as she brushed his hair straight back and put it in a ponytail high on the back of his head. Next she offered him a full apron to cover his clothes. Marty pleaded that he didn't want or need

the long lacy apron. Aunt Peg grinned like she knew something that Marty didn't and said, "OK."

As they added the ingredients for the cake mix, Marty picked up the hand mixer and turned it on. Being unfamiliar with Aunt Peg's mixer, he lowered the spinning blades into the bowl. It was on high speed and as it contacted the powder, eggs, oil and water, it flung globs all over his face, shirt, pants and the counter. He fumbled to shut it off but it was too late. Aunt Peg looked at him and couldn't hold back the laughter. Marty felt like an idiot but Aunt Peg didn't seem mad.

"Whoa there. Take it easy, honey. Oh my goodness, it's everywhere. It's OK, try not to feel too badly. It's happened to all of us at one time or another," she said. They cleaned up the mess, finished the cake mix and then put it into the oven to bake. As Marty cleaned up the mess on the floor, he picked up the pitcher of water. Just as he turned to dump it into the sink, Aunt Peg turned and they collided with the pitcher of water between them. It splashed all over both of them, soaking them both through to the bone.

"Marty, are you generally this awkward in the kitchen, dear? My goodness we've really got a mess to clean up now. OK, you wipe up the floor with this towel, then go get in the shower. We've still got a couple of hours until we need to start dinner," she ordered. Marty apologized over and over again. Aunt Peg just gave him a hug and pointed to the bathroom.

Marty got into the shower and heard the door open. "It's just me, honey. I want to get these wet and doughy clothes into the laundry room. I'm leaving you a clean towel," she said.

The hot shower felt like heaven to Marty. He took his time standing under the spray which was directly

over his head. As he stepped back a little, he became instantly stimulated and aroused as the needle-like hot spray came in contact with his swollen breasts. He raised his hand to the source of this intense pleasure and was shocked to feel the size and hardness of his enlarged nipple which was poking out firmly. He stood there for several minutes, letting the hot spray stimulate him as the water danced on his swollen chest.

The door opened again and made him almost jump out of his skin. "Marty honey, what is this big Ace Bandage for?" Peg asked. Marty jumped and tried to cover his breasts. Mom had told Peg all about what was happening so she really already knew but was playing dumb. "I pulled a muscle in my chest and I've been wrapping it up in that bandage to help stop the pain," he said.

"Well, you'll just have to get by the best you can until it's washed and dried. Are you almost done in there? I'd be happy to check it for you and see if I have something to help," she said, smiling at his discomfort and embarrassment.

"No, that's OK, thanks. Mom took me to the doctor and he just told me to keep it wrapped for now," Marty said. He turned off the water and stepped out of the tub when he was sure that Peg had left. As he dried himself off, he once again felt the pleasure as he rubbed the soft towel across his sensitive chest. Then it suddenly dawned on him. Aunt Peg had taken all of his wet clothes away and put them into the dirty laundry. Without a thought, Marty wrapped the towel around his waist and headed for his temporary room. He looked down the hall and didn't see anyone so he covered his chest with his arms as best as he could and dashed into his room.

Patti had told Peg about Marty and the changes happening to his body but as she watched him dash across the hall, she was shocked at what she saw. She could see that his breasts were puffed and swollen and she could only see the left breast but it looked rather pointed and full. She was sure that the dark circle around the left nipple was at least as big as a silver dollar.

Marty disappeared into the room, relieved, thinking he was safe from prying eyes and let out a long sigh. His relief was short-lived though as he picked up the suitcase off the floor and lifted it up onto the bed. He opened it up and Aunt Peg heard, "Oh SHIT!" come from the room. Marty came running out of the room, forgetting about his little problem and modesty, yelling, "Aunt Peggy, is there any way we can catch my Mom before she leaves? Maybe call her cell phone at the airport?"

"No honey, that's not possible. Her flight left over an hour ago. What is it, honey? Is something wrong?" she asked, already knowing what had him so upset.

"I grabbed the wrong suitcase out of the car. I have Mom's and she has mine. The one I have here has nothing but girls clothing. I don't have a single thing to wear for the next month. What am I going to do?" he said with panic in his voice.

Actually, Patti had planned this carefully. After Marty went to bed the night before they left for Peg's house, she packed two suitcases of her clothes and several items that Michelle had left behind and didn't wear any more. Once she had the two suitcases packed, she took the one intended for Marty and put a red ribbon on the handle just like Marty had done to his for easy identification. She'd quietly snuck into Marty's

room after she was sure that he was asleep and switched the two suitcases. She'd made sure that Marty had the clothes he was going to wear for traveling to Aunt Peg's all laid out so he wouldn't need to get back into the case before leaving. Then she hid Marty's case deep in her closet. She told Peggy all about the switch and also about the 'vitamins' she wanted Marty to continue to take daily until her return. She explained that she thought Marty was just beginning to act a little like his father. She'd rather see him dead than turn out anything like Phil Willis.

"Calm down, honey. It's not the end of the world. We will manage to get by somehow. Besides, like I said, your Mom is already in the air to Chicago. There is nothing we can do about that now. We have plenty of things around here that will get you by for a couple of weeks," Peg told the almost sobbing boy.

"Do you think that we could drive back to my house so I could pick up some other clothes of mine?" he asked hopefully.

"I don't see how that will be possible just now. Paul needs our only car for work and it's too far to go over and back at night after work. We'll figure out something," she informed the bewildered boy. "The clothes you had on are in the wash and your cousins will be home from school anytime now so we have to find you something you can put on temporarily. Come, let me see what I can find," she said, walking into the room he'd be staying in.

Peg looked in the dresser drawer and the walk-in closet. She grabbed several items and turned to Marty who was sitting on the bed with the towel wrapped around him. "I know you probably don't want to hear this, Marty but Teri is just about the same size as you

so I'm afraid that we are just going to have to make due until we can get you clothes of your own," she said, handing him a pair of silky brief panties in pink.

"Please, Aunt Peg! I can't wear those. I'm a boy and they won't fit anyway," he pleaded

"I'm sorry, honey, I really am but we don't have a choice for the time being and we are running out of time. There's no sense arguing, just put them on. Don't be so silly, they are just underwear and the rest is just clothes. They won't change who you are," she said, handing them to him.

Marty started to say something but Peg gave him that same look that his Mom did when she reached the end of her patience. He knew he'd better just make the best of it. He took the panties, slipped them on and pulled them up into place. They felt and looked really weird on him.

"You will need to pull your little guy there back between your legs, honey, as they are made to fit girls."

Next she handed him a little cotton pullover top with no sleeves. He pulled it over his head and down to cover himself, realizing for the first time that he had been exposed for the last several minutes, being so upset about his missing clothes. Then Peg handed him some blue shorts, or at least he thought they were shorts at first. He stepped into them and pulled them up. As he was struggling with the zip and button, Aunt Peg snickered and said, "I'm sorry, honey, I should have told you. The zip and button go in the back. Here, let me help you.

She had him step out of them, turned them around and had him step back into them. She pulled them up, fastened the button and pulled the zipper up. They felt

pretty tight at his waist but were very loose and big on his thighs. It almost looked to him like it could pass for a skirt.

When he looked up at Aunt Peg with those sad puppy dog eyes, he was just about to cry.

"Please, Aunt Peg, don't make me wear these things," he pleaded

"Sorry honey, I've already explained there isn't anything else in the house you could fit into. Remember, it was you who grabbed the wrong suitcase. Your poor Mother will have a fit when she opens hers in Chicago and finds that she will have to start her trip by spending money to buy clothes to go to work in."

That wasn't the worst of it from Marty's point of view. As the slippery soft material of the top he had on moved across his unprotected nipples, they got hard as rocks and were very clearly noticeable to anyone looking at him. He could have just died when Aunt Peg said, "Oh my, I now see why you were wearing that Ace bandage. What on earth is going on with your chest? It's quite swollen." Marty tried to explain as best as he could what had been going on and that Mom felt that the Ace wrap would help hide it and keep him from hurting.

"That's another problem then as I put the bandage in the washer and somehow it tore it up pretty bad and we don't have another. But unless you want to go around with those pointing out at everyone, we'll need to do something about it." She walked back to the dresser and came back with a pink training bra in his size.

"Honey, this will do the exact same thing the Ace bandage was doing for you." She made him pull the

top off and helped him into the training bra. When it was adjusted, sure enough, it did the same thing. Without the soft top rubbing directly on his nipples, they stayed somewhat relaxed. "Your Mom told me that you love to run to stay in shape. I'm sure that with that on, you will be able to run without pain," Peg assured him. She handed him a pair of flip flops.

Peg then turned him around, blow-dried his hair and brushed it out and back. She pulled it back into a high pony tail and put a blue scrunchie that just happened to match the shorts perfectly around it to hold it in place. "Hold still just a moment, honey. You have several stray hairs on your brows." She took a pair of tweezers and did some clean-up on them, creating a slight arch.

"Alright honey, let's go see if we can get dinner started. This time, you will wear the apron to protect your clothes," she said.

As he started out of the room, he noted his reflection in the mirror on the closet door. He could swear that the shorts looked more like a skirt but he also noted that the bottom of the shorts tickled his legs and thighs as he walked. Also, even though the training bra did stop the pain and also helped keep the top from stimulating his nipples to sticking out, as he walked and moved his arms, it rubbed the sides of the swollen breasts and sent a strange feeling throughout his body. The bra didn't hide the fact that his breasts were continuing to get larger. He couldn't get over the reflection in the mirror; he felt suddenly emotional and weird. Could this feminine-looking person in the mirror really be him?

"Dear God, this is me I'm looking at! How can I suddenly look so much like a girl with only a change of



clothes?" he wondered. He slowly turned from side to side and the girl in the mirror did the same. There wasn't any doubt, this person had breasts and the outline of the bra showed through the material of the top she was wearing. They weren't huge breasts but all the

same, they were budding mounds of flesh that couldn't be mistaken for muscles that a boy would have from pumping iron, say.

They were only in the kitchen for a little while when Marty heard the school bus stopping out in front of the house. Teri and Tami came running in. "We're home, Mom. Did cousin Marty get here yet," Tami hollered out as she walked into the kitchen. She stopped dead in her tracks as she noticed the pretty girl standing there next to Mom. She didn't recognize Marty at first and wondered what was going on.

Just then Marty turned to see who was coming in. Tami looked him right in the eyes and suddenly the light went on in her head. "MARTY! Oh. My. God. It's you. What's going on, Mom? Is Marty in trouble and getting punished already?" Tami asked.

"No dear, not at all. Get your sister and come back in here. Let's get this over with right now." Tami and Teri entered the room and Mom told them both to sit at the table.

"Well girls, Marty got here this morning and his and Aunt Patti's suitcases got mixed up and poor Marty somehow ended up with Aunt Patti's suitcase. We didn't notice the mistake until Aunt Patti was on the plane and gone. So Marty doesn't have boy clothes to wear at all. On top of that, Marty was helping me in the kitchen this morning. We were making a cake and he had an accident and cake mix, eggs, oil and water completely covered him from head to toe. After that, the poor dear had nothing to wear. So I tried to find some things from you girls closets that he could borrow for the time being. Now that you've both been told the reason he's dressed this way, I will not tolerate you making fun of him. You are to include him in your ac-

tivities and make him feel like part of our family over the next several weeks," she told her two daughters.

"If you two have any homework, please get it done now. Marty can help me in the kitchen with dinner while you get it done," Peg told them.

Marty was still red-faced as they both gave him a quick welcome hug and ran out of the room and went to do their home work. Marty and Peg went back to work on dinner. Peg could see that Marty knew his way around a kitchen well and was impressed with his skills. Peg told him what to do and he did most everything effortlessly and well.

In the next room, Teri and Tami hugged and jumped around, giggling. "God, Tami, did you see him? I'll bet his tits are bigger than yours, if those are real. Momma told me that they were real because Aunt Patti got really mad at him for starting to act like that creep Uncle Phil. She's been giving him hormones now for two or three months but no one is supposed to know that," Teri said. "Can you believe that he looks so cute? I'm not sure if I met him on the street, I would have guessed that she was a he? He's adorable looking and that's without any help from makeup or hairstyle or nice clothes," she said.

"I know one thing for sure. I like Marty a lot better as Mary then as Marty," Tami said.

"Yah, me too," Teri added.

They all sat down to dinner as Uncle Paul came in the door from work. He looked at Marty, smiled weakly and said, "How are you, Marty? It's been a while since you've been here. It's nice to see you again." He really wanted to ask why Marty was dressed that way but could not for he also was wearing

panties and a cami under his work clothes. His toenails were painted bright red and his legs were clean-shaven. Under his work slacks, he wore thigh-high nylons. He'd been wearing them now for almost a year, ever since Aunt Peg caught him messing around with another woman at the company Christmas party. He actually hadn't done anything at all but she thought he was about to and now she controlled everything in his life.

They were eating, talking and catching up on each others lives when the phone began ringing. "Pauly, go and get the phone, dear," Peg ordered.

"Yes dear," he answered and went for the phone. Moments later, Paul returned with the phone and handed it to Marty, saying, "It's your mom."

"Mom, you've got my suitcase by mistake and I have yours. I've got nothing to wear. Aunt Peggy has loaned me some things to get by from the girls for today but I really need you to ship my suitcase here as soon as possible. What do you mean it was lost on the flight there? Then could you please send me some money so Aunt Peggy can take me shopping for some boys clothes. I really need some boys clothes badly, as I'm very embarrassed.

"No Ma'am, I didn't give Aunt Peg a hard time. Yes, I've done whatever she has asked of me, Mom. It's just that I don't want to go around looking like a girl for the next couple of weeks," he told her. "Yes, I'll do whatever she asks," he said bobbing his head.

"Yes Mother, I'm taking care of my hands and nails and taking my vitamins," he said closing his hand into a fist to hide it. He'd gotten nervous and bitten one of his nails. He didn't bite off much but it did leave the

edge rough and jagged. "Alright Mom. Yes, I love you too," he said and he handed the phone to Aunt Peg.

"Hello. Yes honey, everything is just fine. He's adorable and we'll be fine. We had a great first day. Don't worry about a thing. Yes, Marty's been helping out all day. What's that? Yes, they look like he's taking care of them but I see that one is broken or maybe bitten. OK, whatever you say. You take care and call again when you can. You're welcome. I love you too, Sis." With that, she hung up the phone.

Uncle Paul helped clear the table and went in the living room to read the paper while Marty did the dishes (still wearing his big apron.) Tami and Teri dried; after Mom inspected their work, she told the girls to go bathe in the main bathroom. She then lead Marty into her bath in the master bedroom. She helped him undress; he attempted to be modest and cover his privates. Peg pulled his hands down and told him to hold still. She pulled his hair up on top of his head and put a big clip there to keep it out of the way as she rubbed a smelly cream all over his body. Marty was hoping that this stuff wasn't what he thought it might be. After several minutes, Peg ordered him into the tub. She sprayed the hot water all over him with the shower hose. He watched all of his body hair go down the drain along with the pasty cream. Only the hair on his head remained.

Next she filled the tub and helped him wash his hair and all over his body. She was somewhat shocked to put her hand on his rapidly growing pair of breasts. As she cupped the right one, it filled her hand to capacity. Peg continued to massage and tease the sensitive mounds. Marty just laid back and basked in the pleasure she was causing. Suddenly his eyes rolled back

and his body stiffened and he climaxed both externally and internally. The greater of the two was within and it shook his entire body. Wave after wave racked his chest and stomach.

As he returned to the outside world, he blushed as he opened his eyes and looked right into Aunt Peg's eyes. She just smiled knowingly, then helped him out of the tub. She patted him dry and put some antiperspirant under his now hairless armpits. Next she dusted his body with a fragrant talcum powder. She handed him a pair of silk panties which were high-cut briefs, then gave him a matching blue baby doll top. It was sleeveless and fell to just about mid-thigh.

"OK, now let's go out to the family room," she said pulling him by the hand.

Marty pulled back. "Please Aunt Peg, don't make me go out there looking like this. This is indecent. Can't I just wear my own clothes? Even if they are dirty, I'd rather wear them," he pleaded.

"No honey, that's not possible. I didn't want to tell you but they were in such bad shape that I threw them out this morning before I knew about your missing suitcase. Today was Trash Day. They are in the landfill by now, buried under tons of garbage. However, I will give you this matching little robe with the drawstrings to close it up top, as I see that your nightie is almost transparent. This should help with that," she said.

"But Aunt Peg..." he started in and stopped as Peggy slowly turned and gave him one of those looks only a mother knows how to use.

"I just told your mother that you have been very cooperative and no trouble at all, I don't put up with backtalk or sass from my girls and I won't put up with

it from you either. So if you'd like to see my mean side, just keep it up. I won't hesitate to give you a spanking if that becomes necessary. Your mother just told me an hour ago that if you bit your fingernails, she promised to paint them bright red," Aunt Peg said, picking up his right hand and looking at it. "I noticed this at supper tonight as you were talking to your Mom. You told her that you were taking good care of your nails and not biting them. I also won't have a liar in my house. So your punishment will be to paint your own nails tonight. Now any more backtalk and you will get your hair permed and colored. I'll be inspecting your nails when you are finished painting them," she threatened him.

Marty lowered his eyes to the floor and just sighed. He knew it was no use to argue; it would only make things worse.

When they got to the family room, Aunt Peg asked Marty to sit on the stool by the little table. Then she told Teri that she wanted her to file and shape Marty's ragged looking nails, make them look pretty, then paint them for him. "Use that nice Cherry Red," Peg ordered.

Teri jumped into action with a huge smile on her face. "This is going to be *so* much fun," she thought to herself. Teri took her time and did a very professional job on Marty's nails, filing and shaping them into a nice oval shape. She coated them with the bright red nail polish and they sparkled and shone in the light. Next she had him put his feet up and did the same to Marty's toes. Teri was pretty good at this as Peggy had made her do her own Dad's toenails many times.

Marty watched in total disbelief as the bright red color dried onto his fingernails, causing him much em-

barrassment in front of his cousins. Not long after that, Aunt Peggy told them all "Girls, it's bed time. Brush your teeth and get to bed. You have school tomorrow. Marty thought he would slip right out of the bed and onto the floor as the bed had satin sheets. With the soft nylon baby doll he was wearing, it was like sliding on ice.

Aunt Peggy came in shortly after as he finally got settled in the bed. "Goodnight honey, I'll see you in the morning," she said and leaned over and kissed him gently, then turned and left. It was a while before he could finally fall asleep.

In the morning, he was immediately reminded of the bizarre events of the day before. As he went to rub the sleep from his eyes, the bright red fingernails shined and sparkled. Then as he swung his feet over the edge of the bed, his bright red toenails caught his attention. He slipped on his robe from last night and tied the strings at the neck to keep it closed and went off to the bath room to do his morning duties. He washed his hands and went off to the kitchen. Aunt Peg was already there working on breakfast.

"Good morning, Marty. You may get yourself some juice or coffee if you drink it, then you can start some scrambled eggs and toast. I already have the potatoes and bacon on," she told him. "Uncle Paul and your cousins must get off to work and school soon. You may eat with them, then clean up the kitchen. After they leave and the kitchen is cleaned up, you are to take a bath. I'll find you something to wear for the day."

Everyone was soon off to start their normal day at work or at school, everyone except Marty that is. He was soaking in the hot fragrant bubbly water of the bath Aunt Peg had prepared for him. Just as he finally

relaxed and laid back closing his eyes and enjoying the hot soapy water, he was startled out of his dream. He realized Aunt Peg was sitting on the edge of the tub and was about to start washing his hair. She washed and rinsed it twice with the flowery smelling shampoo and the shower hose before applying a matching conditioner. She picked up a washcloth and began on his back, shoulders and arms. Then she slowly passed the soapy washcloth across his sensitive new budding breasts. She watched his reaction and smiled as he shivered from the hot flash that coursed throughout his whole being. "OK honey, get out, dry yourself off and I'll find you something to wear," she ordered. Marty blushed, realizing that his Aunt had to know that he'd really enjoyed having his chest manipulated as she'd just done.

He didn't have long to dwell on the subject; as he was just finishing up drying himself off when Peg returned with clean lingerie and an outfit for him to put on. She helped him with the pink panties and matching bra with a little bow right in the middle where the cups met in front. Then she helped pull on the top, which was a striped boat-necked tee with long sleeves. Next she gave him a pair of Teri's jeans.

His first thought was that they wouldn't be too bad but he quickly realized that they were girls jeans; the fit was very different from the ones he was used to wearing. These were tight and stretchy with some sort of tummy control. She had him sit and slip on some nylon footies and then put on a pair of short leather boots with a 2 1/2-inch block heel. Marty wanted badly to yell out at his Aunt that he wasn't going to wear these girlish clothes but before he opened his mouth, he looked into her eyes and it was as if she was reading his mind. "Don't EVEN start, Marty! It's the best we

can do for now," she said and handed him a soft velour blue hoodie with full zip-up front.

She had him follow her into the girls' room and told him to sit at the vanity. Peg brushed his hair out, pulled it high in back into a pony tail, put a hair band on it tightly and added a blue scrunchie that matched the hoodie. She told him to look up as she attempted to clean up his scruffy looking eye brows. "Ouch," he hol-lered and jumped back as she tweezed the first couple of hairs.

"Oh quit, Marty. It's not that bad. We girls have to do this and we don't fuss like this," she said. "Besides, I'm only cleaning them up a bit so it doesn't look as though you have one big single brow," Aunt Peg continued, bringing tears to his eyes with each hair removed. She didn't stop until they were thinned out and shaped into an arch over each eye.

"There now, that looks *so* much better. You know, Marty, you really do have a very pretty face, almost what could be considered beautiful. With just a little makeup to add color, you would definitely be model material," she said, causing his face to color on its own. "Oh relax, you big baby. I'm not going to put any make up on you, I was just making an observation. You really must learn to not be so uptight all the time, honey. Now here is a pocketbook to carry your ID and a couple of essentials in. We're going out for a bit," she said

"No. Please Aunt Peg, I can't. There's no way I can go out in public looking like this," he said, holding up his very shiny red talons.

Very calmly, Peg took Marty by the arm and turned him to face the vanity mirror behind him. "Why not, honey? What do you see when you look in the mirror? Because I see a very pretty young woman, from head to

toe. The only thing wrong with this picture is that no self-respecting young lady would go out without at least a touch of lipstick and maybe a little eyeliner and mascara. Otherwise, you look exactly like any one of thousands of other normal teenaged girls. So get used to it. We *are* going shopping," she said

"I thought you said we didn't have a car to go and get me any clothes.?" he said to Peg.

"And we don't, my Little Miss Smarty. I called a friend who will be here shortly. She happened to be going to town and is picking us up," she replied.

"Oh good. Does this mean I will be able to get some new boys clothing?" he asked. "I have my own money so it won't cost you or Uncle Paul anything."

"I'm afraid not at this time, honey, as we aren't going to the Mall. We are only going over to the country market for groceries. I need you to help me with them. As far as you saying that you can't go out dressed like you are, there isn't a soul in four counties around here that would know you from a stick. If you behave according to how you look, no one on earth would suspect that you were anything but what you look like, a very pretty young lady. We've already been over why and you find yourself in this odd predicament so let's not go over all that again. I'm afraid, my dear nephew, that you might just have to become my niece for the time being.

"You can see that we aren't exactly rolling in the dough so let's all just make the best of it. Pretend that you are playing a part in a major film and go with the flow. Not every young person, male or female, gets the chance to see how the other half lives. Have a little fun with it and it will go by a lot faster than you think. At any rate, like it or not, I'm afraid that you are just going

to have to live with it for now, honey. Whining and crying and stomping your foot will only make it worse and probably make me upset. If that happens, I could and would make it harder on you.

"So, are you going to be my Mary Ellen Willis today and try and have a good time, or are we going to be grumpy and make it unpleasant for all?"

"But Aunt Peggy, I just don't know how to be a girl. I'm a boy and always have been," he pleaded.

"I don't mean to hurt your pride or your feelings, honey but just be yourself and you'll find everyone will think of you and treat you like a fifteen-year-old girl. Because no matter how you dress, you DO come off as being a gentle and feminine person," she told him and watched the hurt look on his face. Marty was only too aware of that but struggled constantly to overcome it.

A horn blew just outside the side door of the house and Peg said, "Here's our ride. Let's go and no tantrums or complaining, Mary Ellen. Alice is an old friend of mine and she is already expecting to see my niece Mary Ellen come along with us today. It's pretty nice out today so I don't think you need a jacket with your hoodie on."

They walked out the door with Marty feeling like he was living in a dream as someone else. Nothing in his life at the moment felt familiar or normal. Certainly every stitch of clothing he had on felt odd and unfamiliar although if he were honest with himself, not completely uncomfortable. It dawned on him the minute they walked out and got in Alice's car, that he'd now be known to someone else as Mary and would not be able to suddenly become Marty. He was so innocent and naïve, it hadn't dawned on him until it was too

late. He was kind of stuck now as Mary. "Was this her plan all along?" he thought.

"Good to see you Alice and thank you so much for the ride into town," Peg said as they got in the car.

"You don't have to thank me, Peg. For goodness sakes, all the things you've done for me over the years, it's the very least I can do. Hi honey, I'm Alice and you must be Mary Ellen" Alice said. "Wow, you really are a beautiful young lady. Your Aunt Peg is going to have to keep an eye on you while you're here or the boys are going to be banging on her door for you. Speaking of that, what time is the Halloween party Saturday, Peg? I know Alex told me he could pick up your girls and drive them to and from the party.

Marty had completely forgotten about the Halloween party; his Batman costume was with every other piece of male clothing he owned, out there somewhere lost in the world. Surely he wouldn't be going now.

"That's sure nice of Alex, hon. It's Saturday evening from 6:00 p.m. until 11:00 p.m. at the school gym. All three of my girls will be very thankful for the ride. I keep telling Paul that we just have to get the van fixed so we can drive it again. It's just too difficult with kids today to only have one vehicle. It seems that there is always something going on," Peg said

Marty froze for a minute. "DAMN!" he thought to himself "I should have known this was coming. I can't believe it, Aunt Peg just volunteered me to go to the party as a girl."

"What are you going to go to the party as, Mary Ellen?" Alice asked, looking back at Marty in the rear-view mirror. "I...I...I'm not sure," Marty said.

Before he even finished, Peg said, "Mary Ellen's suitcase got lost traveling here from home. Her costume was in it so I'm going to have to help her improvise. I'm thinking maybe a Genie or a Princess, something like that. She has such a tiny frame and pretty face, she'd be wonderful as either one."

"After seeing her, I'd sure have to agree with you Peg, she really is the Princess type. I'm going to have to warn Alex to be on his guard or he'll be falling head over heels for you, Mary Ellen. Maybe He'll be your protector at the dance because I can see you are going to have to fight the boys off with a stick when they get a look at you," Alice said, causing Marty to want to open the car door and jump out into the oncoming traffic. He couldn't get any redder in the face than he was, hearing all of this.

"What have I done to deserve all this? I know that I haven't been a bad person. Have I upset someone up above or something?" he wondered to himself.

The day was worse than anything he could have imagined in his wildest dreams. Nothing in life up to now could have prepared him for any of this. First, Alice told Peg that she was in fact going to the mall to pick up a couple of things before they went to the country market for food. When they got there, Alice stayed right with them so Marty had no chance to go and buy any boy clothes. It was beginning to look to him as though this wasn't going to change and he was going to be stuck for the next several weeks as Mary Ellen. Moments later, it was confirmed when Alice pulled them into a little jewelry shop and told Mary Ellen to pick out some earrings. Also, as a welcome gift to her on her visit, she wanted to pay to get Mary Ellen's ears pierced. Marty attempted to decline to no avail.