



Reluctant Press presents:

Marty's Unbelievable Year 3



AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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Marty's Unbelievable Year Part III

By B C

Doug's mind was really a mess after leaving Mrs. Peterson's that afternoon. He didn't know what it was that she'd just shot into his butt, although he knew that it wasn't something he'd want. He'd asked her point blank what the pills were she was demanding that he take everyday.

She would only tell him that they were something to take the rough edges off of his macho behavior and attitude, something that would make him a gentler



soul. He tried to tell her that he didn't want to take them and if she continued to try and force him to, he'd go to his father and the police.

"You have no right to make me take any kind of pills, no matter what you say they will do to me," he told her trying to be brave and back her down.

“Hey, my little friend, here you are, you can use my phone, go ahead and call. It would just be your word against an adult’s and the minute they left here, I’d be wallpapering the whole side of your Dad’s store, the side by the roadway. Then I’d stand out front and give handouts to anyone coming in or going out, showing them these poses,” she told him, then handed him a couple of the pictures of him but with Mary Ellen’s face. They showed him in compromising positions, leaving no doubt about what was happening and whom it was happening to. The person looking at the picture would see this shapely body with a healthy set of breasts and a firm male penis and testicles. The penis was clearly in Doug’s mouth.

“Oh and don’t forget the emails I’ll be sending to anyone I have email addresses for. That should really help you to become a celebrity. You’ll have instant fame, and I’ll bet you’d get all kinds of requests for hot dates. So go ahead and test me, if you have the guts. If you were a real man, you wouldn’t have been blackmailing my poor little defenseless Mary Ellen, would you?” she said to the frightened youth.

Doug’s mind was racing trying to figure a way out of this mess that he himself had created with his jealousy of that do-gooder Alex Felters.

“Boy, do I wish that I’d never started all this. I could expose the two of them but that wouldn’t do me or my family any good. It would really screw up our family name in this town. She was right, people wouldn’t ever want to shop the family store again. Plus my Dad would absolutely throw my ass out on to the street from shame and disgust. I’d have nowhere to go, no money to get a place to stay or food to eat. I’d end up like those kids on TV that live in abandoned building

and eat out of dumpsters or end up selling their bodies just to get food. I'm going to have to do as she says until I can figure a way out of this mess,'" he said to himself.

She watched as his mind tormented him, trying to find a way out of this barrel she had him over.

"I'm telling you for your own good, honey, don't cross me or I'll have these pictures sent so fast it will make your head spin. I'm not playing around here. Either you do like I've said or your name will be mud. Or maybe you'll become very popular. You might get lots and lots of requests for dates," she warned. "Well what's it to be, you going to dial that phone or be smart and use your head for something other than a hat rack?" she asked

"Yes... I'll do it," he almost whispered in defeat.

"Not good enough, pansy boy, speak up so I can hear you," she ordered.

"Yes Ma'am, I'll do as you've ordered me to."

"And tell me, honey, what is it exactly that you are going to do?" she asked him and waited for an answer from the trembling young man.

"I'll meet Mary Ellen everyday at lunch time in the cafeteria and she'll give me a pill. I will take that pill in front of her so she can make sure I swallow it. Then I'll come and see you any time you call me," he said.

"That's right and if you screw up just once, I'll find out and it's a shame but your parents will be the ones to suffer. It would probably cost them their business," she warned him.

Doug walked away, regretting the day he thought up that stupid plan of his to get revenge on Mary Ellen

for choosing Alex over him. Then he had to laugh a little when after all the work on his part to impress and win her over, she turned out to be as much a male as he was. Why had he done it anyway? he asked himself for the 1000th time. After he went to Mary Ellen's home town and school and discovered the facts, why did he still want her?

"Because she is the most beautiful girl I've ever seen in my life," he said out loud to himself. Yes, even knowing that she was both genders, or maybe because she was both, he just had to see for himself. Then he looked down at his watch and saw what time it was. He had to hurry, because he was supposed to work at the store tonight, as Dad had a doctor's appointment or something.

Alex and Mary Ellen were still getting used to being a couple; now that all the facts were on the table, Mary couldn't get over the change in Alex. He was still the gentleman he'd always been, but now there was another side to him she'd never seen. He became insatiable in their petting and lovemaking. She couldn't get over the fact that he put her on a pedestal and made her feel like royalty. He awakened feelings in her that she didn't know existed. He could take her to highs she couldn't hardly stand. She'd have to make him stop so she could catch her breath. Now after weeks of this, Alex was making Mary Ellen forget that she was ever a male. Except for that one remaining reminder, that little piece of skin that made up the penis between her legs, she was beginning to love her new life and body.

As she looked into the mirror, she thought, "Well, if I had to become a female, at least I'm feminine and convincing as a young lady. I'm not so bad to look at

either." The fact was, she still got a little turned-on whenever she looked at herself in the mirror.

One Saturday morning, Alex got up to find a list of chores that he was to attend to. He did his morning toilet and went down to the kitchen to get something to eat. As he walked in, he found his Mom having coffee and reading the morning paper.

"Good morning, honey, did you and Mary Ellen have a good time last night? You were out quite late. I'm sure her Aunt Peg was a little concerned. Where did you end up going anyway?" she asked

"We went to an early movie, then to the Burger Barn with some kids and got something to eat. After that, we went for a ride, then back to her house. We mostly just sat out on their porch and talked. Both of her cousins were there part of the time," he said, leaving out the part about parking down by the lake for about an hour and a half.

Alex got himself a bowl of cereal and some toast for his breakfast, then sat down to eat. He noticed that his Mom kept staring at him from time to time, and he wondered if she knew about him liking boys better than girls or the fact that Mary Ellen wasn't all girl. He finally blushed, catching her looking at him out of the corner of his eye. He sat up and looked at her eye-to-eye.

"What? Why are you looking at me like that? Did I do something wrong?" he asked, suddenly feeling very guilty.

"No, not that I'm aware of. Why, *did* you do something wrong?" she asked "Should I be worried?" she asked him. "What, a mother can't look at her very handsome young son and be proud of him and ask

where he went and what he was doing with his new steady girl friend, when every girl in this town has been knocking on his door for years only to be turned away? Then suddenly one day, wham. A new girl comes to town, a very beautiful one at that, and suddenly you two are an item and can't stand to be apart."

Alex almost panicked and spilled the beans, thinking, "She knows, she knows everything, that's why she has been looking at me. What the hell can I say? What can I say? I wonder if she's told Dad." The longer he sat there, the worse he felt.

"You look pale, Alex honey, are you alright? Is there something you want to tell me? You know that I'm always here for you. You didn't get Mary Ellen pregnant, now did you?"

"No Mom, nothing like that at all," he said and paused. "Mom, do you think that I'm different than most boys my age?" he asked hesitantly, not quite sure of how to broach this subject.

"Everyone is different from everyone else. Sure you are different, you are better looking and smarter than most, and we've managed to bring you up with better manners than most young people today," she said

"No, not like that, Mom. Oh, I don't know what I mean," he said.

"I guess you mean, did I already know that you are gay?" She shocked the you-know-what out of him. "Of course I did, honey, I've known that for years. It's not a disease, it's who you are. It would be hard for a mother not to know her son is gay when she sees him turn down girl after girl and sees the way he looks at other guys and hides his feeling and hurts inside. Understand me, Alex, I don't judge you and I'll love you ev-

ery minute of your life. I actually kind of admire the way you've always been able to hide your feeling and deal with it," she said.

"Oh my God, does Dad know too?" he asked in shame.

"I don't think that he does, Alex. Your father is a workaholic and although he's proud of you and loves to hear about your sporting prowess, he sometimes misses the obvious things right under his nose," she said gently.

"Wait a minute, do you know about me and Mary Ellen then?" Alex asked.

"Oh, you mean do I know that she's a special girl?" Mom said

"No, not just that. Do you know that she's... she's..." Alex paused looking for the right word.

"Oh, you mean do I know that she's a beautiful girl with a little something extra between her legs?" she smiled. "Is that what you meant to ask me. Well, yes, I knew that before she ever arrived here. Who do you think helped put this whole thing together so my son could have a little fun before his high school years were over? I knew you weren't going to be dating anyone from around here. Peggy Peterson and I talked at length when she got a call from her sister asking if she could keep Mary Ellen while she was away for work for a couple of months or so.

"Seems they talked about her beginning to act like her father and Patti was going to have none of that. She and Patti and I cooked up this little scheme to help him not be more like his father. Seeing how I was well aware of your needs, everything just fit together perfectly. I love you Alex and that's all that matters to me.

You will always be my son. It is turning out better than we expected because you two found each other and were not forced into a relationship. You grew to love each other on your own. So being with Mary Ellen gives you credibility in your every day life; at night she can be anything that you want her to be, and no one has to be the wiser," she told her still shocked son.

"Alex, I don't want you to feel awkward or embarrassed around me. Nothing has changed

I love you just the way you are and I always will. I wasn't sure what to expect when she arrived, but the moment I saw her, I had a feeling things were going to work out just fine," Mom said

"The more important question is, how do you feel about her?"

"It's hard to explain completely, Mom. When I first met her that night of the Halloween dance, it actually made me wonder if I was really gay after all, because she rocked my world. She was like no other girl I'd ever known. Dancing with her just felt right and I felt so different with her. I wanted to keep her and protect her from everyone else. Then finally last week when we were parked and making out, I made, or tried to make, the big speech and be totally honest with her. I was trying to tell her I liked her more than any girl I've ever known but I was gay. She took my hand and pulled it up under her dress. When I felt that bulge in her panties, I almost shit. She tried to apologize to me and I to her. Finally as it all sank in we both started laughing hysterically. It suddenly all made sense to me then. I knew that she was someone special, and we really hit it off.

"She told me all about how she became Mary Ellen, and how she wasn't given a choice, she was started on

hormones by her mother and her Aunt Peg took it from there. You know the story probably better than me. All I know is that I do love her and hate being away from her," he said feeling good for the first time in a long while, being able to talk about his feelings.

Just then, the phone rang and Anna picked it up. "Yes, this is she," she answered "Oh my God, yes, we'll be right there." she said. "It's your father. There's been an accident. He's being taken to Parker Hospital. Let's go," she said.

They got there and were greeted by a Doctor in the E.R. "I'm very sorry, Mrs. Felters. We did everything we could but he was in very bad shape. Even if we could have saved him, he wouldn't have much quality of life." The doctor went on to explain the accident and about the big piece of machinery that fell on Mr. Felters. Alex and Anna hugged and cried and tried to console each other.

The next several days were hard as they had to make all of the final arrangements. Mary was there for support of Alex and his mother, and friends and extended family came to lend support as well. Aunt Peg helped with food and drinks. She realized that Mary Ellen wouldn't be in school to take care of her chore, making sure Doug took his pill as ordered so Mary gave him a call and told Doug to come see her each morning before school so she could make sure he got his medicine on time. She thought she would have to try something her friend Kathy Graf told her about.

The next morning when Doug showed up as ordered, she told him she wanted him there every morning about 7:00, an hour and a half before school started. She had him sit down in a comfortable chair and had

him put on a head set. Peg told him that it was music to calm his nerves and relax while he took his medicine

This wasn't just any music, though, as it was crammed full of subliminal messages. Doug wasn't aware of the fact that he was being programmed with subliminal messages which were making him softer and more feminine in his thinking and behavior. Peg had her friend Kathy program the messages which entered Doug's sub-consciousness and began altering his state of mind, actions, likes and dislikes. Doug found himself behaving differently and wondering why he'd do something so out of character for him.

Months passed and Doug was changing dramatically. Kids at school began to notice a big change in Doug. Most of them thought it was really weird that he appeared more and more feminine as time went on. Peg had him painting his toes at least once a week. In the shower at home, Doug would notice the bright red toe nails and wonder how they got painted and why. Deep down, though, he liked them that way. Next, Peg got Kathy to fix up the music CD's with subliminals intended to foster a desire to dress more unisex, something really out of Doug's character. Now everyone saw him in a different light. They began to realize that something had really changed and they weren't sure it was for the better as he began wearing silk shirts and tight jeans with designs on the pockets.

He had not gotten a haircut in months now and his parents were beginning to get on his case, telling him that they expected him to look more grown-up, and not like a rock star or a hippy.

"You represent our family name when you work at the store, our customers don't want to deal with any

freak-looking half-boy, half-girl," his dad told him several times.

Doug didn't even now why he wanted to dress so femininely, all he knew was that he suddenly craved the soft silky underclothes and clothes; he loved the feel of them on his skin. For some unknown reason, he now hated the rough scratchy clothes he'd always worn in the past. Then something else weird began to happen. The more he loved the soft silky clothes which were becoming more girlish and feminine-looking all the time, the more he wanted to lose weight so they would fit better and look more stylish. He began dieting seriously, because the styles and materials that he was wanting so badly looked much better in the smaller sizes.

Then the unthinkable happened. Doug's father had a stroke and almost died. He would not be able to work again. He lost the ability to speak and the left side of his body was paralyzed. He lost all his ability to speak. He was hospitalized for several weeks. They had to hire a sitter to tend to Harold's needs during the day until someone came home in the afternoon to take over.

Doug, his mom and sister Denise alternated working at the store and taking care of Dad.

Alex and Mary Ellen were now inseparable. Alex was truly at peace with himself for the first time in many years. His grades got better and his basketball talents really began to shine. Mary Ellen didn't miss a game. She always sat right where Alex could find her. On the away games Mary Ellen, rode with Mrs. Felters. Anna had grown to love Mary Ellen as her own.

The season grew to a close and baseball season started. They only had a couple of more weeks until graduation. Alex got letters from at seven schools with

scholarship offers for football and basketball. Then he heard from two more big colleges for a full ride on a baseball scholarship. He took the full ride at Hillsdale, which was only 25 miles from home and Mary Ellen.

Mary Ellen was now totally into her new self and life. Thanks to much practice and help from her cousins, aunt and Home Ec., she could now dress herself, matching colors and styles and accessories. She was now an expert on makeup and hair and just kept getting hotter and hotter.

Alex drove her home one day just before school got out for the summer. As they walked into the house, Mary Ellen got a surprise. Just inside the door stood her Mom and her sister Jennifer. They each did a double-take.

“Oh my God! My little girl, all grown up. Honey, you look so beautiful. I can hardly believe my eyes!” Patti hugged her like there was no tomorrow.

“Oh honey, just look at you! Aunt Peg sent me pictures on the internet but they do not do you justice. You are breathtakingly beautiful,” she said and hugged Mary Ellen until she could hardly breathe.

Jennifer just stood there with her eyes wide and mouth open unable to speak. Mom had

broken the news to Jennifer on the ride over. Jenny thought of her little brother and couldn't picture him in a dress, looking as a normal sister would look. At first she thought her mind was playing tricks on her but the more she watched him/her and heard her speak, it registered in her brain that this beautiful girl before her was her sister now. Almost as mind-blowing as that was that she looked a lot like Jennifer in many ways. It was like looking at a younger version of herself.

“Oh. My. God! Marty, is that really you? Dear God, you look so much better than I’ve ever seen you look before.” Jenny then gave Mary a bear hug.

“God, you have to be kidding me,” she exclaimed, putting her hand on Mary Ellen’s breast. “These are real! How? I mean God, Marty, they are actually bigger than mine.”

“Jenny, stop! You’re embarrassing her in front of her boy friend and yes, they are real,” Patti said, then took Mary Ellen in her arms again and squeezed her tight.

“ Mom, you’re killing me,” Mary Ellen said, backing up out of the hug. “I was starting to wonder if you’d forgotten all about me. I’ve wondered if you were ever coming back again. You have no idea how much I’ve missed you. Once you get settled, you and I have some serious talking to do. There’s this little matter of how I mysteriously transformed from Marty Wills into Mary Ellen Wills, which I now know wasn’t an accident. Although I was really pissed off and bewildered at first, I’ve come to like myself as I am now. If I hadn’t changed, I wouldn’t have met Alex. Oh, I’m sorry. Alex, this is my Mother, Patti Wills, the master mind of the creation that you now call your girlfriend,” Mary said.

“Hello Ma’am, I’m pleased to meet you. Mary Ellen has talked about you so much over the past 6 months that I feel like I’ve known you for a long time,” Alex said, sticking out his hand to shake with Mary’s mom.

“Thank you, it’s nice to finally put a face to the name I’ve heard so much about. My sister Peg speaks highly of you, Alex. I can see why Mary Ellen loves you the way she does. It’s nice to see that there are still young men around with values and manners, the

world could use a lot more of young men like yourself."

"Thank you, Mrs. Wills but, it's so very easy to have manners around your daughter. She is the most wonderful person I've ever known and she always sets a good example. She's the reason I try to be a gentleman," Alex said.

"Wait a minute," Jenny said. "You mean to tell me that you know all about Mary Ellen and it doesn't bother you that she is technically still a boy? That would make you"

"That's enough, Jenny. You are embarrassing both Alex and your sister. You would do well to follow their example and be polite and show a little more kindness," Patti said.

"I'm sorry Mom, I really am but, this is so over-the-top to me. You could have told me a long time ago what you were doing and I wouldn't have been so shocked. I mean it's not every

day a girl comes in to see her little brother, and finds out that he's now her little sister. I half-expected to see Marty in a dress and some badly made-up face, not someone who could easily be a candidate for Miss Michigan, or even Miss America," Jenny said, still in shock at the beautiful young lady standing before her.

"Mary, I'm going to get going home and let you get reacquainted with your Mom and your sister. It's been a long time and I'm sure you all have a lot of catching-up to do. I'll call you later, alright?" Alex said

"You don't have to hurry off on our account, Alex. You're welcome to stay for supper if you'd like to. We have all night and all weekend, and it would be nice to get to know you a little bit better too," Patti said.

“Yes, don’t leave, I’d really like for you to stay,” Mary said. She put her arm through Alex’s arm and rested her head on his shoulder, surprising Jenny even more. She just couldn’t get over Marty/Mary’s behavior, every move was so feminine and girlish. It was as if Mary had been a girl all of her life. She looked so natural and dainty.

They sat in the living room and everyone wanted to know everything that had been going on. Mary Ellen raised a fuss about school and the ridiculous courses she’d been made to take. Mom explained that this was all done for her own good to help her adjust to her new life. Mom also said that next year she could resume her college prep courses. She would go to the school and take care of the mix-up and provide the proper documents to switch her back. Alex would be away at college and Mary could get caught up and prepare for college.

The five girls went on and on about how funny it was to everyone except Mary Ellen these past many months. Poor Alex was surrounded by females and only spoke when asked a question. Jenny had to bite her tongue several times, as she just could not get over the fact that this gorgeous man was not only gay, but in love and doing God only knows what with her former brother, who now looked like anything BUT a brother. He was better looking than most real girls that grew up learning to make their selves look beautiful. Now she was to believe that Mary had learned all this in a matter of months? It just wasn’t fair that she looked this way with little effort.

Tami and Terri told Jenny and Aunt Patti all about the dance the first week Mary was there, how every eye in the place was on her, and how the judges said

Mary didn't win the 1st prize in the costume contest because they thought that she was a real woman and dressing as a beautiful bride wasn't a real stretch for her. They said if she'd been a boy dressed like that she'd have won 1st prize hands down. She'd fooled everyone. They told how everyone in the place wanted to dance with her and kept her on the dance floor almost all night.

They spent the next several hours talking about everything and Alex only got a few words in. He just sat and listened but Mary Ellen never let go of his arm and continued to rest her head on his shoulder. She was very thankful for his support. Finally it was time to call it a night. Mary Ellen walked to the door with Alex, put her arms around his neck, pulled herself up on her tip toes and brought her lips to meet his.

She held the kiss for quite a while until they were aware that they were being watching. They turned and saw everyone standing there, watching. Alex turned beet red, said good night and left.

Over at the Welman's home, Doug's father Harold was sitting up in his wheelchair, staring at the TV. He couldn't speak or move his arms or hands, he just sat there. Mrs. Welman, Anna, and Doug came in after closing up the store. Doug's sister Denise had been watching after Dad. When Doug came in, he looked at his dad and he thought he saw disgust in his eyes.

Doug's Auburn hair was parted in the middle and hung down on both sides, touching his shoulders. Dad could swear he saw gloss on Doug's lips and light eye shadow on his eyelids. When Doug turned his head, Dad saw the hoop earrings in Doug's ears.

Anna Welman came in and leaned down and hugged her husband. "How are we tonight, honey?"

Anna thought he was trying to say something to her. She put her ear right by his mouth and Harold whispered so softly she wasn't sure what he was trying to say. She thought he was asking about the store or something, and finally figured out.

"Oh, you wanted to know if Doug worked in the store looking like that?" she said, pointing in Doug's direction. Harold blinked once, which they had agreed would mean yes.

"Yes, that's what he wore. It's no big deal honey, that's the way most boys dress today. I thought he looked rather nice. I know the hair is getting a little too long. Remember, we both agreed if he was going to let his hair grow, we wouldn't fuss as long as he kept it clean and neat.

Harold blinked twice.

"Oh, you don't like the shirt? I know it looks more like a blouse. It's no big deal, Harold. Doug has been keeping himself very clean and well-kept. Several people in the store even commented on how nice he looked," she said and leaned down by his lips again.

"What's that? No, he is not a sissy, he is just taking pride in his personal appearance," she told him.

Just then, Denise walked by and said, "Hey, little bro. I think I'm going to have to start calling you little sister soon. Looks like you are going to be needing a bra too. If you want to borrow one of mine, it looks like we are pretty close to the same size, since you've been losing so much weight lately." She pinched his nipple that was poking out of the silk blouse he was wearing.

"Ouch! he yelled, and covered himself with his hand. That really hurt as his nipples had become very sensitive lately.

“Denise, stop teasing your brother all the time,” Mom told her daughter.

“I don’t know, mom, I’m not so sure that he is my little brother anymore. He looks a lot more like my sister lately. Have you taken a really good look at him lately, Mother? I’ll bet he has lost 15 lb. or more over the past couple of months. Mom, I know what you just told Daddy in there but even you have to admit the clothes that he has on right now, can in no way be considered male clothing.

“Maybe we need to start calling her Donna instead of Doug?” Denise said, looking at Doug and smiling. Then she said, “Donna, would you like me to set your hair for you tonight, or do you already know how to do that yourself?”

Doug didn’t answer at all, he just turned red in the face and wanted the floor to swallow him up so they couldn’t see him.

“OK Denise, that’s quite enough now, you’ve had your fun. Go and find something to do or I’ll find something for you,” Anna said.

“But Mom, everyone in this whole town knows us. It’s embarrassing when my friends come in the store and my formerly big jock brother is looking more and more every day like a teeny bopper or worse yet, a half-boy and half-girl,” Denise said.

“Alright Denise, I get your point. Go sit with your dad for a while and keep him company, I’ll deal with Doug,” Anna replied.

Denise left and joined her dad in the family room.

“Alright Douglas, what’s this all about? I have been watching you the past month and I was trying to give you some space to be yourself and experiment with

your identity but you need to tone it down while you are working in the store. Your sister has a point you. That store is our livelihood; it's the only thing keeping a roof over our head and food on the table. A couple of customers have said something to me as well about your choice in clothing. Oh. My. Goodness. When did you get your ears pierced and when did you start wearing lip gloss? And your eyebrows! They've been plucked and arched. What in the world is going on with you?" his mom said.

"It's no big deal, Mom, everyone is doing things like this. Just look at all the entertainers and rock stars and even the athletes, it's nothing permanent and it's not hurting anyone," he said but he wished badly that he could tell her that none of this was his doing, that he was being forced by Mrs. Peterson. If he didn't do as she ordered him to do, then their family would really learn about embarrassment and humiliation, and it would all be his fault. Mrs. Peterson really had him afraid.

The combination of her threats to expose him as a homosexual to the entire community, the female hormones racing through his body, plus the tapes with the subliminal messages, had all reduced him to a very withdrawn and submissive being. He no longer had the belief in that he could fight back against this woman who was now very much in control of him and his life. Plus the tapes and the hormones were altering his thinking and feelings. He was suddenly very emotional and easily cried over the smallest things. He also had become very fond of soft silky clothes and liked how they felt and looked on him.

Mrs. Welman had been watching his facial expressions and could see he was in thought but she startled

him by saying, "Well, you are no rock star or entertainer or pro athlete. Hell, you couldn't even make the high school team now. Just look at you, I'll bet you've lost 20 lb. from just a few months ago. So I'm telling you now, either you snap out of it and return to looking and acting like my son, or you'll really start dressing like the total female you've been trying to emulate.

"I'll take you to get your hair done at the salon. I see your nails are quite long and filed into ovals. We'll get them done also, and you'll learn all about applying full makeup. If you really want to be a beautiful woman, by God, your sister and I will help you but you are not going to remain as you are, this half-guy half-girl," she warned.

Doug was so messed up in his head right now. He wanted to scream, "Help me, Momma, I don't want to be a girl in any way, shape or form" but Peggy Peterson's threats and warnings were stuck in his brain. He couldn't say anything at all for the fear within him.

"Well, Douglas...or is it going to be Donna? Make up your mind. I've said my piece on this matter. You know that we have to have your help at the store, especially now that Dad is unable to help. Are you going to step up get that hair cut and be the man of the family or do I make you an appointment at the beauty salon, so you can be another daughter? You'd better think about it hard, because there will be no turning back."

Right in the middle of Alice's ultimatum, her eyes caught sight of the nipples on his breasts almost poking through the blouse he was wearing. She pulled him to her and unbuttoned the blouse he was wearing. As her eyes focused on what she hoped she was only imagining, she gasped. "Oh my God! Child, what have you done to yourself?"

She reached out and cupped his full firm breast and squeezed. "Holy shit, they're real. I thought you were only wearing a stuffed bra. Well, that does it, the decision has been made for me. As far as I'm concerned, I now have two daughters," she said, shaking her head.

"But Mom, please!" he started to say but he knew that he still couldn't come clean and tell her everything.

"Don't you 'Mom' me, Donna Gail Welman. I don't know how or why but you've made it very clear what you want for your life. If your father hadn't had a stroke, this would have given him one, I can only imagine his disappointment. I guess the only good thing is that there is only a few more days of school. So you will stay home and take care of your father and sister and I will try and run the store alone. I'll have to hire one or two people to help out. Then this weekend, Donna will make her debut at the store as a cashier. Tomorrow you'll stay home and practice putting on your makeup and caring for your dad. That should be fun for him to see you all dolled up. Take that scrunchie out of your pony tail, I want to see just how long your hair really is," she told him.

Doug reached up and pulled the scrunchie loose and his long hair fell down to his shoulders.

Anna looked and shaking her head, said, "I simply can not believe it. How has your hair grown so long so fast." She took a brush and brushed it out, then parted it in the middle and brushed his hair to either side. Then she brushed the front straight down and took a pair of scissors and cut straight across from left to right. His new bangs fell right to his eyebrows.

"But Mom... school. I can't go in bangs," he cried out.

"I guess you'll just have to get used to it and deal with the embarrassment. This is, after all, the life you've chosen. Now go to your room and do your homework," Anna said.

The next morning as Doug arrived at the Peterson's house, Tami greeted him at the door. "Wow. Doug, look at your hair! What were you thinking?" she said.

His hair was pulled back into a high ponytail and his bangs fell across his whole forehead and were even with his arched eye brows. He had 2" gold hoops in his pierced ears, he was wearing lip gloss and just a hint of eyeliner on his upper and lower eyelids. He was wearing a pair of tight jeans and Mom had used an Ace bandage to try to conceal his breasts. Over that, he wore a blouse and a large baggy sweatshirt to further hide them.

"Look at you, Donna Welman, what's got into you? You look very prim and proper this morning, and very sweet too. Come on in, honey, right over here," Peg said. She loosened his belt, pulled his jeans down and gave him a powerful booster shot of hormones, then handed him his morning pills.

He rode the bus to school that day with Tami and Terri and Mary Ellen. Doug/Donna sat with Mary, leaned over and asked, "How can you stand this? I'm so embarrassed, I just want to die. You make it look like you enjoy being a girl but I just don't believe that I will ever get used to it. I'm a freak. Everyone is looking at me. I don't think that I'm going to last the day. I'd run away right now if I had any money or a place to go," Doug said to Mary.

"Trust me, my friend, I didn't want any of this either. I was tricked and physically forced into the person you see before you right now. But I wasn't

prepared for the fact that I'm starting to like being all feminine, soft and pretty. God help me, I never thought I'd hear myself say that I like who I've become. Believe it or not, I'm happier than I have ever been.

"Donna, do yourself a favor. Stop fighting it and just go with it. You won't win if you do try and fight Auntie Peg. She is a very determined and resourceful woman and she seems to have many connections to get things done as she wants them to be. Sure we are going to be kidded and joked about around school but they will grow tired of making fun of us if we just act like it doesn't bother us at all. Besides, we only have two more days and we'll be out for the summer. Then we will be on our own and can relax and enjoy the summer, swimming, sunbathing and learning how to live in these new bodies," Mary said.

"Come on, Donna, you can tell me, I won't say a word to anyone else. Don't these soft silky clothes feel so light and comfy? And the choices are unlimited. You have so many more choices than we did in boys clothes," Mary told Donna

"Mary Ellen, that's easy for you to say because you are stone cold beautiful and have the body for these girly clothes. This is totally new to me and I don't fill out the clothes like you or any of the other girls do. I don't know what your Auntie Peg is giving me or doing to me but I have to admit, I'm finding it harder and harder to fight disliking these clothes. It's like there is a voice in my head saying that I love the soft silky clothes and hate the scratchy old boring boys clothes. It's like my mind won't let me dislike my new look and style. I just hope I can get through the next day and a half," Donna said.

They entered the school together and at first no one seemed to notice them. Donna held his books close to his chest and walked head down all the way to his first class. He felt a few people starring at him but managed to get through the day without any major confrontations.

Denise caught him just as he was about to leave school to catch the bus. She handed him a note from his mother. She wanted him to come straight to the store, as she hadn't been able to find any one to work there yet.

"Come on, sis, I'll drive you to the store." his sister told him. "Well, my pretty little sister, how did your first day go?" she asked.

"Besides the fact that I was on the verge of a stroke all day, lets just say that I'm very happy that it's over. Thank goodness we were finishing up finals, so that helped keep people's minds on their work. I got lots and lots of weird stares and looks but most of the kids were concentrating on the finals. In between classes was a nightmare, though. I got verbally abused and embarrassed 'til I thought I'd pass out. I was never so happy to hear the final bell ring as I was today. I got plenty of disgusted looks and called names I won't repeat. So other than that, the day was quite delightful," Donna told Denise.

"I still don't believe my eyes. If you'd have told me that my macho jock brother was to become my gorgeous little sister, I would have bet the farm against that happening. But here you are, and you really are quite hot, girl. I'll help you try to adjust anyway that I can, Donna. All you have to do is ask and I'll be there for you," Denise said sincerely.

“Great. You don’t happen to have a couple a thousand dollars I could borrow so that I can run away from home and get lost somewhere where no one knows me, do you?”

“Very funny. No, I surely don’t, besides I like you better already as Donna than I ever did as Doug. I wouldn’t miss seeing you working in the store as a young lady for anything in the world. I can’t wait to see the faces of some of our steady customers if they recognize you.”

“I don’t get it, who’s watching over Dad? I thought that was going to be my job for awhile?” Donna asked.

“Apparently, Mom changed her mind after the first couple of people came into the store to apply for the job. She said they were not the type of people we want working in our family store. That and the fact that she still wasn’t sure that you wouldn’t give Dad a real heart attack watching you traipse around the house in skirts and dresses like a ‘little fairy.’ Her words, not mine, sis,” Denise said as they pulled into the store.

As they walked in, they could see that the store was pretty busy.

“Oh good, you two finally got here. It’s been crazy all day long today. Donna, I need you to get on the other check-out line. Denise, I want you to take over here. I’m going back and check on the new guy that I hired to do the meat department. Looks as if he is going to work out OK but I still haven’t had even a minute to show him around and find everything he’ll need back there. He has done a good job so far for just being thrown into the back on his own.”

Denise and Donna stayed very busy over the next couple of hours with no no breaks to sit down and rest

their tired feet. Around 6:30 PM, things finally did slow up. Mom had been standing off out of sight watching Donna; she was amazed at the poise and ease with which she conducted herself. Donna was the picture of femininity. Finally, Mom told Donna to take a break and go back in the lounge and touch up her makeup.

“That’s not funny, Mom. You know that I don’t want to be out in public looking as I do, and I don’t want to even wear make up,” Donna said.

“It wasn’t meant to be funny, Donna. You chose your path and now you’ll have to walk that path. s long as you’re working here in the store where our customers are going to see you, then you’ll look good and that includes wearing tasteful makeup and clothes befitting a young lady your age. I surely didn’t lead you down this path but as long as you are on it, you are going to look attractive. Lord knows you have the body and face for it now,” she said.

As Donna walked back through the store to the lounge, she walked past the meat counter. The guy working there, Bill, looked up and couldn’t pull his eyes away from her. This caused Donna to blush and look away but she could feel his eyes all over her.

Bill finally found his voice. “Hi there, can I help you, Miss? I’m at your service,” Bill said, not knowing who the great-looking young lady was. “If not, could I please get your phone number?” He grinned from ear to ear, showing his perfect white teeth.

“My name is Do.... Donna Welman, my family owns the place. I’m just taking a break and it doesn’t require any assistance. Thank you just the same,” she said.

Now it was Bill's turn to blush. "Oh, I'm really sorry. I didn't have a clue that you were working here or who you might be. Forgive me, I just couldn't help myself the minute that I saw you. I just had to talk to you. I surely meant no disrespect," he offered and smiled at her.

"Do you make it a habit of just jumping right in when you see a young lady that you think is available?" she said, suddenly realizing that she was talking to him as if this conversation was the most natural thing in the world. She quickly turned and walked into the lounge.

Bill put a sign on the counter which said, 'Please ring bell for service.' It was the only way he could take a break all day as there wasn't anyone to relieve him.

He walked in and found Donna had already touched up her lips and powdered her nose. She was drinking a Pepsi.

"Hello," he offered. "I hope you'll forgive me. I was just being friendly. After all, you really are a very pretty young lady, and any healthy red-blooded American young man like myself would want to meet you and ask you out. Oh, I'm sorry, my name is Bill Miller. I guess it was your Mom then that hired me this morning. It's a nice store and I'm very happy to have the job. I've been out of work for several months now. At the risk of being pushy, I'd still love to ask you out and get to know you. What did you say your name is? I thought you said Donna," he offered.

"Yes, my name is Donna. I don't really date much as we are so short-handed here at the store," she said as an excuse, and got up and started back out to work.

Bill stood and said, "It's nice to meet you, Donna Welman. Hopefully you will reconsider one of these nights when the store closes early and we can go to dinner or a show. I'm really a very nice guy and I'll vouch for me anytime," he said, chuckled and stuck out his hand in an offer to shake.

Donna not knowing what else to do, took his hand and shook. "Nice to meet you, Bill. I have to get back to work. Maybe we'll talk again later," Donna said and left.

Bill watched her hips sway as Donna walked back up the Aisle to the front of the store. "There is a young lady I'm going to be dating before the month is over. I don't know what it is about her but she's got something that makes my motor race," he said.

Donna and Denise stayed busy for just another half-hour and things finally slowed down. Anna asked Donna to go back and help Bill put up new stock until closing time. Donna walked back and began tagging items with prices and putting them on the shelf.

Bill smiled as he watched Donna work. "Do you still go to school Donna?" he asked and when she told him yes, he asked, "Do you have a steady boy friend?" to which she said no, she didn't. "I'm not tied down either, so maybe we'll become good friends and keep each other company after you get to know me a little bit. I'm really not a bad guy," he said, smiling at her.

"I guess anything is possible. Believe me, I would not have believed that just a few weeks ago. I do have to tell you though, I have very little free time anymore. It takes all our effort to keep the store going, since Daddy's stroke. There's almost no time for dating," Donna said, hoping to end the conversation.