



*Reluctant Press presents:*

# Triple Play



**Heather Berdrow**

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A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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# Triple Play

**By Heather Berdrow**

I guess this all began well before my brothers and I were even a twinkle in our mother's mind. Growing up she was an avid collector of dolls of all types. Her dream, even then, was to have a daughter to fuss over, and to show all of those secret girly things that can only be shared by a mother and daughter.

Fast forward to today. I look back and can see just how far I have come from the start. Of course there were good days as well as the not-so-good. I look at the image that staring back at from from my vanity mirror and wonder what may have been if not for my mother's deepest desires.

It all began with a headline in a local paper from some eighteen years ago. "Single mother gives birth to

triplets a month early.” My mother was in her mid-thirties, a dedicated career woman. She spent all of her time dealing with her job and becoming the best in her field. This was not something to take very lightly in a business dominated by men. But every night, she would dream of having children. On some advice from a close friend, Mom went to see a doctor who helped her get pregnant. She had four fertilized eggs implanted, hoping that at least one would take hold. Depending on one’s perspective, three made the trip safely.

At her initial ultrasound, all three embryos looked healthy and were growing as expected. The test was done too early to determine the sex of the babies; that would come when the next test was performed. She was in for a big surprise, and disappointment. One of the embryos had split, becoming identical twins. The second one was all alone, and the third was not to be found. It was guessed that it had been absorbed. Her disappointment came when she was told that all three were male. She was heartbroken, but still wanted to continue the pregnancy.

About a month before they were due to arrive, there was an unexpected complication and the children would have to be taken early. They all were healthy enough to survive, but problems might be encountered. Mom was taken in for surgery where the first to be delivered was a boy she named Adam. Even with him being born early, he weighed in at nearly seven and a half pounds. His twin was next, whom she named Bradley. He, too, was healthy at nearly seven pounds and followed Adam by just one minute. The last to be delivered was very underweight and went directly to the intensive care unit. It was touch and go in the beginning; Mom didn’t give this one a name just in

case it didn't survive. As soon as it was clear that all would be coming home, she named the third one Cori. He had fattened up a bit but not nearly at the same rate as the first two.

This may have been an indicator of things to come. Once all had come home, Mother didn't have time to fret over not having a girl child. The three took up all of her time, twenty-four seven. There were diapers, bottles, baths and the constant crying from one, two, or three, to keep her company for the first months. Not much changed over the course of that first year.

When Mom gave Number Three a name, she had an ulterior motive brewing in her mind. Cori was short for Corinne, a distinctively feminine name. But the name fit. The transformation started as soon as they all had passed through potty training, and were into regular undies. Adam and Bradley went right into tighty whities, whereas Cori went into pink silky panties. There was no resistance at this age so things just seemed to fall into place for Mom's plan to make Cori her surrogate little girl. It seems that Mom had seen a program on TV about boys that were made into girls and began to look to the internet for more information. Other changes soon were made. The two older boys stayed in their room but Mom moved Cori into his own, much more feminine room with pinks and yellows along with lots of ruffles.

Adam and Bradley were given jeans, T-shirts, and tennis shoes. The two older ones fiercely resisted anything that they thought was too formal such as slacks, sport coats, and dress shoes. Mom would take Cori alone to the Girls Department where dresses and skirts were all he was allowed.

Cori did get a couple of pairs of pants for colder days but even these were from the Girls Department and were clearly femininely-cut. Mom also changed how she addressed the children. The twins were called 'he' and Cori was called 'she'. From looking at the three kids, the handles seemed appropriate. Adam and Bradley were husky, tall and tended to roughhouse a lot. Cori, on the other hand, was small, thin and was prone to reading, playing with dolls, and spending time around adults. "She" was different from her brothers and much more mature for her age.

Before anyone knew it, it was time for the three to start school. By then, the family dynamics were well established. Adam and Bradley were the boys and Cori was the girl. Cori loved to dress up for school. Her hair had to be done just so. As yet, she hadn't been to a salon, so her long locks grew into a pretty blonde and curly do. The boys, on the other hand, just wanted crew cuts.

They all made friends easily. Cori had made many little girlfriends and was always being invited to parties and sleep-overs as the school years progressed. But this led to some majors problems for Mother. She knew that Cori identified as a girl, but her body parts were in conflict. Mother called a dear friend who was also a doctor. Mom risked a lot by doing this, but she was determined to raise at least one daughter. They reminisced for some time before Mom decided to broach the subject. She took a deep breath and plunged into the reason for the call after all these years.

Mom described, in detail, her lifelong desire, her pregnancy, and what she had done with Cori. The doctor just gave a hearty chuckle. Mom was really hurt by the doctor's reaction. It was now the doctor's turn to

make a confession. She, too, had transformed her youngest son into her daughter. Her new name was Erica and she was now in middle school. This opened up a whole new relationship between the two women.

The doctor gave Mom the name and address as well as the phone number of a company called 'Transhim' that she had used to provide the products and services needed. Out of curiosity, Mom asked her friend to send some photos of Erica so that she could share them with Cori, which the doctor readily agreed to do. They ended the conversation by making a date to meet. Of course, they both would bring the new girls with them.

After the call was over, Mom thought about the conversation and wondered just how far she could take the transformation. She quickly called the company that had been recommended by her friend and requested a catalog of all their products. She then went to her computer and scanned the website for the products they offered and how they were to be used. She was excited by the results she saw. She started to make plans to take this change as far as possible. She knew Cori would be just as excited to make the adjustments.

After the catalog arrived, Mom spent hours looking over the products and placing orders. She just wished she could make the change faster. Cori's mind was already mostly female, she just needed some assistance to complete the process. One of the first products Mom ordered was a flattening device called a 'Fauxgina.' This would effectively disguise the male genitals. With it came a cream that would paralyze the nerve endings in that area so there would be little or no pain. The device came in different sizes so it could be used as the child grew, and would always fit perfectly. Mom looked over the instructions, trying to figure out how

to get Cori to wear it and use it as it was designed. Mom would get help from Cori herself just a few days later.

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After coming home from school, Cori ran past her mother and into her room, where she threw herself onto her bed and began to sob. Mom rushed to Cori's side, hoping she wasn't hurt in some way. Once she was able to control the tears, Cori bawled, then asked why she couldn't be like other girls. It seemed that Cori saw some of her friends in a restroom comparing body parts. Cori knew that what she carried in her panties didn't look like what they had.

Mom took Cori to her room and sat her down on the bed. She then removed the device from its box and showed it to Cori. Mom explained that most girls are born looking this way, but a few weren't and needed some help. That was what the device was used for. Cori looked at the device and was confused, but she trusted her mom.

Mom asked Cori to remove her panties. Mom then applied the cream/adhesive, and applied the device perfectly in place. Mom arranged Cori's equipment, then held it in place until it was securely attached. Cori stared at the finished product, and began to sob again. "Now what's wrong?" her mother asked.

"I am just so happy is all. I never thought I could look so real down there. Now I don't have to hide when I am around the other girls." Cori wiped her eyes, stood up, and pulled her panties back into place. She then beamed a huge smile. It was at that very moment that Mom realized that Cori had become her



daughter. She knew that she had carte blanche to change Cori, to mold her into the girl she had always wanted.

Not long after that, Mom once again consulted her friend, the doctor. She knew that Cori was too young to start on female hormones, but could she start her on some nutritional supplements to inhibit the testosterone and enhance the estrogen in her system? The doctor gave a prescription for the aids that she had used on Erica. The effects of those supplements began to show up very quickly. Cori's hair grew faster and stronger, her skin softened, and she developed a glow that she worked hard to maintain. Her body began to change as well without the influence of the testosterone. Her waist narrowed a bit, her bottom was more pronounced and fattened up some, as did her hips. The hair on her body never really grew in, other than a little peach fuzz in all the right places. These were the perks of starting transition at such an early age.

It was not long after this that Mom and her doctor friend made a date to meet and allow their children to get to know one another. A mall about halfway in between the two was chosen, and they agreed on a day and time. By this time, Cori was 10 and Erica was 13. The morning of the meeting, Mom and Cori got up early and began to dress for their trip. Mom wanted to impress her friend. Mom wanted Cori to wear a ruffled dress that was way too short for Cori's taste. But when Mom suggested she wear tights, ruffled panties, and flat Mary Jane's, Cori really put her foot down. "Mom, I may be only 10, but I am not going to dress like a five-year-old," Cori said defiantly. Mom smiled and agreed.

Cori went to her closet, chose a pair of athletic shoes that she had hand decorated herself, colorful socks, a short, scooter-type denim skirt, and a feminine pink top. She then did her long blonde locks into double ponytails decorated with ribbons and barrettes. Mom loved the look Cori had put together. She was very cute and quite feminine.

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The drive didn't seem as long as it really was, as mother and daughter talked the entire way. Mom had asked a simple question, "What do you want to be when you grow up?" This started a non-stop conversation. She wanted to be a reporter, a school teacher, or maybe a nurse. But most of all, she wanted to be a mother first. It was as if she had never been born a boy at all. Mom could hardly get a word in edgewise. Both were terribly excited to meet Mom's friend and her daughter.

Mom recognized her friend, the doctor, right away. But she was really quite surprised by the young girl with her. She was the epitome of femininity. Erica was dressed in all pink and white, satin and silk, and lots of delicate lace. Cori thought that Erica dressed a little too young for her age and figure; both were well on their way to full womanhood.

The adults hugged warmly, as did the faux girls. The four walked slowly through the mall, stopping at stores they found something interesting in. Mom and the doctor walked together and the girls walked just in front of them. Both moms were amazed at the level of transformation achieved. No one would ever be able to tell that they both had been born males.



It didn't take long for the girls to begin being quite friendly with each other. Soon they were talking as if they had been lifelong friends. They exchanged phone numbers and email addresses. They realized just how

much alike they were which brought them even closer together as they experiences with each other.

They all did their very best to improve the economy, as they made purchases at nearly every store they visited. The girls went to a jewelry store, hand in hand, and had their ears pierced. Cori went with three piercings in each ear; Erica was done after two. They stopped midway through the mall and had a light lunch at an Italian restaurant. Cori noticed that Erica ate quite sparingly. She found out that Erica had started on female hormones and was nauseated most of the time, especially after a meal. Once that was explained, Cori and her mother understood.

After the meal was done, they all agreed that it was time to head home. They kissed and hugged at the mall exit, all promising to stay in touch, before heading their own way. Cori was very quiet for the first part of the trip home. When Mom asked if there was a problem, Cori explained her worry about taking hormones. Mom explained that it would be several more years before she was ready and she told Cori about all of the benefits they would supply to her body. Cori listened intently as Mom explained about breast growth, reduction of body hair, and redistribution of body fat. By the time they got home, Cori was ready to start hormones right away. This made Mom more than just a little happy.

As they got older, the differences between the other two boys began to show. Adam was studious and really enjoyed school and learning. Bradley was much more physical in nature, bordering on bullying. He was rebellious and wanted things always to be his way. If it wasn't given to him, he simply took what he wanted. This would become a big problem in the family.

One day Cori was in her room, laying on her tummy, and reading homework. She was wearing a short skirt, T-shirt, and tennis shoes. She was listening to her iPod through headphones and didn't hear Bradley standing at her doorway. Mom had taken Adam for a much-needed haircut, leaving the other two at home alone. Bradley had invited a couple of his friends to come over and look at some girly magazines they had found. By this time, they were all more than just curious about girls. For some time now, Bradley had been watching Cori very closely, dreaming about what she looked like without her clothes on.

Today as he stood in her doorway, he was looking at her young body. He was looking up her short skirt, seeing her tight panties. Bradley had left his buddies, and his better judgement, in the other room. Cori began to move to the music she was listening to and her skirt rode up even higher, exposing even more of her silky panties as they clung tightly to the two white globes of her bottom. This became too much for Bradley. Physically, he was at full attention. As quietly as he could, he took off his T-shirt and shorts and moved slowly towards an unsuspecting Cori. All Bradley could see was something he wanted. And he was going to take it.

Before Cori could react, Bradley had grabbed her and was beginning to try to pull her skirt down. Just then, the two siblings heard Mom's car pulling into the driveway. Bradley quickly got off Cori. "If you tell anyone what happened, I will tell the whole school that you're not really a girl," he threatened. "I'll be back whenever I want, and you'll give me what I want. Understand?" Cori shook her head through reddened eyes. Bradley made her go and wash her face so it

wouldn't look as if she had been crying. Cori was terrified and kept quiet. This would last for several months.

Cori became very clingy with her Mom, always wanting to go with her anytime she left, but a few weeks after that terrifying encounter, Cori was left alone with Bradley.

As she feared, Bradley tried to come into her room. Anticipating something like that, Cori had pushed her large dresser in front of the door to her room, which took all her strength to accomplish. She was leaning against it, adding her weight to the mass holding her brother at bay as she tried to catch her breath. She thought she was safe but her larger, stronger, brother pushed against the door from the outside and was able to shove the obstruction aside.

Bradley stormed into her room, a wild look in his eyes. Testosterone was surging through his adolescent body, driving all rationality out of his mind. Cori backed away from him in terror and fell backwards onto her bed. Her skirt flew back, exposing her pink panties. The sight made Bradley even more intent on his target.

Cori was beyond panic; she was sure she was about to be assaulted by her brother. Bradley advanced toward her. At that exact moment, they both heard the front door of their house open. "Mom!" Cori screamed. "Help, Mom!" Bradley backed away from her, pointing his finger at her in warning as he exited the room.

Mom came running up the stairs, passing Bradley as she made her way to Cori's room. Mom went into Cori's room where she saw a sobbing Cori. She held her daughter as Cori told her the whole story from the start. Through the tears, Cori kept apologizing for what she had done.

“I am so sorry Cori, this isn’t your fault. You should have come to me the first time. I promise that it will never happen again,” Mom swore. Mom knew that Bradley would have to be punished severely for what he had done to Cori. She just wasn’t quite sure what that punishment would entail.

Mom had to make some difficult decisions quickly. She decided that she would have to transfer Cori to a different school so she could have a fresh start. Mom called her friend the doctor who had some connections in the community and understood her concerns about her special daughter. The doctor called in a few favors and arranged for Cori to start in a school across town as a freshman. It helped that Cori looked a few years younger than her true age, helping her to fit in with the other freshmen.

Later that night, Mom remembered hearing that Transhim had started a school for the most difficult of children. After a quick phone call, she knew that his punishment would fit the crime once he was enrolled. The next day, Mom spoke directly with the dean explained what had occurred, and that she wanted Bradley to be taught a very serious lesson. The Dean agreed, and Bradley would be enrolled immediately.

During the time Mom was on the phone, Bradley was left alone on the couch to fret about what lay ahead because of what he had done. Mom came into the living room where she called a family meeting. She shared with her children that Bradley would be going away for a while as punishment for taking advantage of his own sister in such a horrible way. She wouldn’t say exactly where, though, when Bradley asked. She told him to go to his room and pack a small overnight bag, as they would be leaving in just a few minutes.