



Reluctant Press presents:

Forced To Date The Boss' Son 2



B C

AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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Forced To Date The Boss' Son Part 2

By B C

We pick up Part II of the story of Marty Morris who by a fluke of bad timing came from the shower wearing his Mom's robe, his long wet hair wrapped in a towel on top of his head and his face covered in a facial mask to treat some pimples on his cheeks and chin. He thought that he and his mother were alone, so he walked in the middle of his mom explaining to her boss that the girl she'd set his son up for a date at a theater play and dinner at a top restaurant had gotten called away to a family emergency and wouldn't be

able to make the date. His Mother Anna's boss, Eric Sommers, had asked Anna for the big favor of fixing up a date for his son coming home for the weekend from his private military school.

He'd told her that it was very important to him to get a date for Frederick, as Frederick didn't know any girls around home, and he wanted to make this a special weekend for his son. When Marty came out and Eric saw him, he mistook him for a young lady based on how Marty was dressed. Anna panicked and when Eric asked if this was her daughter, she quickly and nodded yes out of embarrassment because of how her son was dressed. Anna had just recently been promoted and had become one of the top salespersons in Eric's company; she didn't want to let her boss down. Then he kind of shamed her into accepting on behalf of Marty before she realized what was happening. The date that night that Marty was forced to go on turned out to not be so bad after all...until the end of the night, that is. Eric invited them to go with he and Freddy to their cabin up north for a four-day weekend. Much to Marty's chagrin, he couldn't come up with a convincing way to get out of it. We pick up the story with him still preparing for the weekend date.

They drove home in their beach clothes. Mom told him to change, come into the bathroom and take a bath to get the oil and sand off of him. As he entered the room, Anna had already drawn a bubble bath for him. By now Marty knew that it was no use to argue with his Mom; he realized that whatever she wanted him to do was going to happen. Arguing only delayed it and made it take more time. The hot soapy water actually did feel very nice on his hairless body. As he looked down, he suddenly became aware of the milky white triangles over each breast, and also on his groin. The

contrast was very noticeable and really stood out, with his whole body tanned except for the very white triangles. Because of this stark contrast, the white made his breasts appear to be bigger than they actually were.

Anna walked back into the bathroom after Marty had been soaking for a good while. He was laying back and seemed really relaxed for the first time that day. Anna then helped him shave his legs and groin and his underarms. Marty actually had very little hair on his body so it wasn't much of a task to remove what little there was. For some reason, Marty was blessed, perhaps thanks to one of his mother's genes, and had no facial hair whatsoever, not even any peach fuzz. To Marty, having his mother help bathe him was beyond weird. Anna hadn't done this since Marty was a little boy.

First she pulled his long hair up on the back of his head and put a big butterfly clip on it to hold it out of the water. Then she washed his back with a moisturizing body wash. Then she took the soft soapy sponge, moved it over his shoulders, then slowly moved down and across his new budding breasts.

Marty started to pull away from embarrassment, but Anna said, "Marty, don't be so silly I'm not getting fresh with you, for goodness sakes. I'm your mother and I'm only checking out the swelling to see if there is any change." She continued to feel and cup each of them in turn. Marty's nipples became hard and erect as she brushed softly across them. Marty finally just laid back in the tub and closed his eyes. Anna's continued manipulation made him let out the softest little moan.

Anna stopped then. She had no intention of getting her only child stimulated that way, although she had to admit to herself that she was happy to see that Marty

was beginning to react like a normal young woman. She was also pleased to see that Marty's breasts were continuing to grow. She excused herself and stepped out into the hall outside the bathroom.

After a few minutes she heard him stirring as he got out of the tub. She walked back in and Marty said, "Mother, I'm old enough to dry myself off."

"Oh shh. Marty, I know that but I want you to start patting yourself dry and don't just rub," and she showed him what she meant. She helped apply a new moisturizing cream all over his body and then gave him a new pair of panties and a soft blue nightie.

They walked out into the family room and Anna brushed out Marty's thick, long, and softly curled hair for about fifteen minutes. She loved how it shined.

"Mother, what am I supposed to do about school? I know that there are only nine days left before community college lets out for the summer but surely you can't expect me to attend school looking like this. At least I hope not anyway," he said.

"Why Marty darling, why ever not? You will probably be the cutest one in your class," she teased. After a little pause, she said, "No honey, I don't expect you to go like this. That's the reason that we went shopping, remember? That's why I bought you that wig that will cover up your long beautiful curls and hide your eyebrows and pierced ears that you were so worried about. Plus I purchased a wide Ace bandage to wrap your chest and control these new and unexplainable little mounds. So you see, you should be able to go and take your finals and finish up the school year without any trouble," Anna told him.

"Mom, I just don't know if I can pull this off or not. School is one thing but I'm already dreading that whole weekend with Freddy and his father up close and in broad daylight. It's also so darned difficult going back and forth, acting as a guy one minute and then a young lady the next. I really have to be on my toes and try to remember which one I am at all times," Marty told her.

"Marty, I'm not being mean honey, but, I really have to tell you that you are actually more natural as Martha. There is a lot more of Martha in you than there ever was of Marty," she told him. "If you just continue to be yourself, I promise that somehow everything is going to work out just fine. Now we'd better get to bed, honey," Anna said. She then took him into her bathroom and helped him remove all of his makeup and apply a facial moisturizer. "I want you to do this every night from now on. It's important for your skin and your complexion."

Morning was there before Marty knew it. He slid out of bed (literally because of the silk night gown) and noted his bright red fingernails immediately as he bent down and reached for his slippers. Then as he put them on, he could see his bright red toenails as well. He got up and his long bouncy curls cascaded down over his shoulder. Then he stood and walked into the bathroom for his daily morning routine. He became aware of many new feelings. His now hairless legs tickled as the silk material of his nightgown rubbed against them. His hairless underarms felt odd but most noticeably Marty was completely aroused as the silk night gown rubbed against his swollen and very sensitive nipples. The sensation was sending wave after wave of body-shaking pleasure throughout his chest and all the way down to his hairless groin.

He stood facing the mirror as he pulled the night gown off. As his eyes focused on the reflection staring back, he gasped out loud. "Oh God!" he exclaimed. It was worse than he thought. There was clearly no mistake now, he wasn't just imagining things; it wasn't just swelling like Mother and the doctor kept telling him. Marty was growing his very own breasts and they seemed to be expanding at a fast pace. Plus now, thanks to the sunbathing the other day, they really stood out. His body was darkly tanned except for the totally white triangle patches over each tit and nipple. He turned sideways to see his profile.

The sight was unbelievable to him. Slowly he reached up and cupped his left breast with his right hand. It wasn't huge but it was firm and pointed right under the nipple. The touch sent a wave of pleasure through him. He noticed that his red fingernails sparkled in the light of the vanity.

"Oh my God, I've got to get this off before I can go to school," he said looking at the pretty red, perfectly shaped nails. Against his better judgment, he thought that they actually looked really nice. Just then, Anna came in. As if reading Marty's mind she had a bottle of nail polish remover. She helped Marty remove the bright red polish and let his nails dry for a while, then coated them with a clear polish, telling him that this would protect his nails from breaking or chipping.

Anna then wrapped his chest tight with the Ace bandage. She checked his penis gaff and found it was still nicely in place and doing its job. She handed him a pair of silk French-cut panties and a matching cami. Next came a pair of silk, thigh-high nylons. Then she had him put on a pair of boys socks to hide them. These were followed by a rather loose fitting button-up

shirt and a pair of baggy and soft dress pants, all designed to hide what was underneath. As Marty pulled on the pants, they slid on easily over the nylons and gave him goose bumps.

Next Mom had him sit at the vanity and she brushed and pulled his long hair back and pinned it tight in the back and on top. Then she placed the short wig over his own hair and combed it into place. She made sure that it covered his ears, hiding the earrings that were now part of him. The wig had bangs that covered his now thin and arched eyebrows.

Marty stepped back and looked himself over. Although he didn't look overly masculine, he did think that he'd be able pass as a boy, if no one got too close to check him out. He could tell Mother was not about to let him skip school so he would just have to do the best he could to get on with it. Then it hit him! How bizarre that Marty Morris who was born and raised as a boy would be working this hard to disguise himself to look like a boy at school now. Even he had to admit that this was kind of ironic and funny. He'd probably laugh his ass off if it was happening to one of his friends and not to him.

He said to himself, "I mean think about it, Marty, here you are, a boy who lately is more girl then guy, and you're trying to fool people and pass yourself off as a guy. Now just how crazy is that?"

School turned out to be much easier that he thought it was going to be. Marty didn't really have a lot of close friends, so people pretty much ignored him and passed him right by with hardly a second look. The few kids that he did know and had been friends with, either didn't seem to recognize him or notice that anything was different about him. One girl did ask him if

he'd gotten his hair cut and commented that it wasn't as long as he normally wore it.

By the afternoon of that first day, he actually began to relax. He did think that it was very sad that, as Martha, almost every head in the room noticed him as she entered or left the room but as Marty, the boy, no one seemed to care about or notice him. It was as if he didn't count or didn't exist. He had to admit to himself that it was kind of a kick and gave him a warm feeling to know that he could be someone pretty and sexy enough to turn heads and have people think he was hot. "Oh God Marty, there you go again. You're losing it. Even your thinking is becoming vain and feminine," he said to himself.

After school, no sooner had Marty walked in the door at home then Anna had him get out of his boy clothing and into something sweet and soft and feminine. She supervised as she watched Marty remove the wig she'd worn to school. This was a real relief to Marty as the wig over the top of all of his own hair was hot. It felt wonderful to let his hair down and shake his head from side to side, then brush out his long soft curls. Next he did his own makeup. Anna gave him only a couple of tips as he continued to learn the art of makeup that most girls his age begin learning even before they are teens.

Marty changed her panties and unwrapped that awful Ace bandage from around his chest. He reached up with both hands and very lightly rubbed his budding mounds that had been flattened and squished up all day under the Ace wrap. He replaced the bandage with a soft supporting bra. He almost sighed, it felt so good to free them from that pressure and lift and support them with that smooth silk bra. Anna handed

Marty a small cotton top with round neck and a short miniskirt. She gave him the white flat strap sandals which showed off Marty's pretty, shiny, red toenails. Finally, Anna help Marty slightly touch up her makeup. Marty had been getting better with each application he did.

"I thought we'd go out for dinner tonight, honey. Then you have a eye exam at 6:45 with Doctor Waters in the mall," Anna told him.

"Mother, please say you're kidding me. This is all going too much too fast. Now I've been doing everything that you've asked of me and what you've asked of me is some pretty heavy stuff. I mean it's not like you're saying, 'Marty take out the garbage,' or 'Marty do the dishes.' I really can't believe that my own mother is trying to turn me into her daughter just to please her boss and her boss' son. Now you're going to make me go to the eye doctor. looking like this!?"

"Come on, Mom. It's too much. I'm a nervous wreck over all of this. No more. I want out! I quit. I don't want to be a girl and I'm not going out looking like this," Marty said with as much conviction as he could muster up.

"Marty, now we've been over this...over and over again. I'm just as sorry as I can be that you got trapped into this situation but I'm going to spell this out for you for the last time. I'm not talking about just disappointing my boss here, honey. I'm talking about making a complete fool of him and lying to him not once but several times over this damned date thing for his son. I don't see how he could help but fire me for making a fool of him and breaking our trust. He'd have to remove me because you can't have lies in a business relationship.

“Now if you don’t think I’m just sick over doing this to my own flesh and blood, you have another think coming. Plus it’s not just the fact that I’d lose the best job I’d ever dreamed I would get. The company would see to it that I didn’t get another job anywhere else in this state. How long do you think that we’d be able to keep our home or car. And we’d have no medical insurance or dental insurance. And trust me darling, there wouldn’t be anyone we could go to, to take us in. Believe me, I’ve thought of every single person we know, and we don’t have anyone else to turn too. It’s just you and me, kid-o. So you may not like what you’ve had to do, but, you *are* going to see this through.

“We will try hard to find a way to let Freddy down easy and get out of this but we can’t just stop cold, not after we’ve gotten in this deep and Eric is counting on this big weekend. You are just going to have to tell Frederickk that you broke up with your boyfriend, you’re trying to work things out with him and you are not available romantically, or something like that. We’ll work on some story to tell him. Then the weekend will be over and that will be the end of this whole sorry mess,” Anna told him.

“So I hope that you are mature enough to see the magnitude of this situation. That’s also why I must have you practice and get comfortable in this role of Martha, so you don’t go into the weekend all stiff and frightened. You need the exposure to get into character and be relaxed around others. I’m proud of you that you could do as good as you have up to now with only just the couple of weeks that you’ve been doing this. We are only just a couple of days away—hopefully—from being done with this whole masquerade. One day we’ll look back at this time and laugh our

heads off. But that day hasn't come just yet. I'm sorry but I need you and you are not going to quit on me now. If you force me to, I'll take you someplace where they will remove your male parts and replace them with actual womanly plumbing. That's how serious I am, Martha. Do I make myself clear?" she said, leaving no room for doubt in Marty's mind that she was dead serious.

"Dear God. Why...why *me*? Yes Mother, you've made yourself very clear and I'll try. I just hope that I don't have a nervous breakdown before this whole mess is over with. I just wish I'd have had more time as it isn't easy unlearning everything you've learned as a boy your whole life and replacing it with things women learn from the time they are little, in just a couple of weeks," he said

"Yes, I know that this is true. Again, I'm not trying to hurt your feelings, honey, but from watching you these past few weeks, it's really not as big of a stretch as you might think. You were already somewhat feminine in many of your behavioral traits. The others you have picked up with out even trying. To me as your mother who's spent a lifetime observing you, you've always had a female persona hiding within you.

"Now if we have everything settled, let's get going or we're going to be late for your eye appointment," Mom said.

They had never been to this eye doctor before. Anna felt going to one Marty had never been to would be best. The doctor, having no record of Marty's past, there would be no suspicion in regard to his gender. When Martha Morris was called, Marty, still a little nervous, got up and went in. During the exam, Marty was almost sure that the doctor was trying to look

down his top. Without thinking, Marty raised his hand up to cover his small but very real cleavage. With the examination complete, Anna helped him pick out the cutest little feminine wire frames she could find . Marty's prescription wasn't too difficult and they were told they could pick her new glasses up in about two hours.

As long as it would only take a couple of hours, Anna decided they might as well make use of the time and do some shopping, so that's what they did. As they walked through the mall, Anna slowed down just a little. Marty was a couple of paces ahead of her, and she watched the way he carried himself as he walked. When Marty became aware of the fact he'd gotten ahead of his mother, he turned to see her smiling. "What? Why are you smiling now?" he asked

"Oh nothing. I just wish I had a video camera right now so you could see the way you walk. Honey, everything about you just screams WOMAN. I mean the way you wiggle your behind with each step, the way you're holding your purse, the way you hold your other arm, bent at the elbow with a limp wrist, even how when you stopped and turned around, you shifted your weight to one side and stuck your other hip out, just the way any other teenaged girl would do."

Marty just made a little 'tss' sound with his mouth and said "Whatever." They continued on and and visited several shops Marty once again tried to tell his mother that he already had enough outfits to get him through not just the upcoming big special weekend but probably enough to wear all the way to his honeymoon after Freddy asked him to marry. "I can't wait to hear what you'll have to tell your boss then," he said.

“Very clever, Martha. If we end up sleeping in the streets, then maybe you won’t think it’s a joke. Who really knows? Just maybe your Prince Frederickk is partial to your kind of woman. Wouldn’t that be something?” Anna teased.

Despite Marty’s little protest, Martha got two more dresses and a couple of skirts and tops, plus two pairs of fancy low-rider jeans. By the time they were done shopping, his new glasses were ready so they picked them up and started for home. Just as they unlocked the door, they heard the phone ringing, but, couldn’t get to it in time. The light was blinking on the answering machine. Marty pushed the button to hear, “Hey Marty, Fred here. I just wanted to say hello and tell you how excited I am for the weekend up at the lake. Sorry I missed you, I’ll try again later. Bye.”

Wednesday of the second week since their first date and only two days before they were to leave for the cottage, Anna picked Marty up from school. They hadn’t driven far when she pulled into a gas station and took him into the restroom. Once inside, Anna helped him remove his clothes and unwrapped the Ace bandage from around his chest. She replaced it with a bra. (Marty now wore a 34 B) With the aerobics Marty had been forced to do each night after school these past couple of weeks and the figure training corset he now wore daily, plus the daily hormones and the shots he’d gotten, Martha was materializing right before Anna’s eyes. Marty was now just a touch over five feet six inches tall and weighed about 114 soaking wet. Her

34-26-33 measurements were something to behold, and nothing short of amazing for having developed in such a short time.

Anna gave him a blouse and a shirt along with a pair of sandals, then she gave him the purse with his new makeup bag and told him to do his make up while she got ready. Marty was getting better and better each day and was actually taking to this art of makeup. He was applying it now just as naturally and easily as if he'd been born doing this. Marty made up his face almost to perfection. It would take a professional makeup artist to do much better. Anna helped brush out Marty's own long hair, then put in his two-inch gold hoop earrings and said, "Well, there's my sweet girl. Let's go honey. We've got a 4:30 appointment."

"Where are we going now, Mother?" Marty asked.

"You've got an appointment for a check up with Doctor Angela. She just wants to see how you're doing and she wants to make sure she didn't miss something on the first visit," Anna said

Marty really didn't like the sound of that. He wasn't sure if this so called 'doctor' was helping his problem or causing it. At the moment, he was leaning towards the latter.

They pulled into the small clinic only minutes later. Just as before, Marty sat alone in the waiting room amongst several other young ladies, while Anna went into the doctor's inner office.

It wasn't too long before the nurse called out, "Martha Morris! Please come with me, honey. Let's get your weight, dear. That's it, step right on here," she said, pointing to the scale.

"108. Looks like you've lost about 5 pounds since your last visit. OK honey, go right in this room. You can remove your clothes and put on this gown, the same as last time," she told him

The visit was much the same as his first visit there. The doctor checked him over from head to toe, stopping to make notes after measuring his bust, then his waist, finally his hips. Then she had Marty lay on his back. Just like the first time he was here, she/he felt a shape little prick right in the center of the nipple of his left breast.

The doctor slowly pushed the plunger down, injecting the milky-looking liquid into his growing tit. She had big hopes for this new formula and Marty was her first guinea pig. She pulled the needle out slowly. Then she grasped the breast with both hands and kneaded it like a potter does clay, distributing the substance equally to all areas, finally creating a cone shape. She then repeated this process on the other breast. This whole procedure took about 40 minutes. When the doctor was finished, she helped Marty sit up.

There was no doubt about it now, no question about what was happening to Marty. His breasts were bigger, fuller and as firm as rocks. The doctor lightly cupped them and moved over them with skilled fingers. "Are you sensitive in this area now, Martha?" she asked.

"Yes Ma'am, very much so" he replied.

"Well good, then I think that things are coming along nicely," Doctor Angela told him. As she helped him back into his bra, Marty was not surprised to see that his breasts now filled the B cups all the way up. Then as he stood to put his blouse back on, he felt the additional weight upon his chest immediately.

These now larger breasts pulled on his muscles and the skin more. He was getting used to surprises and changes in his life and body, so the shock factor wasn't as great as it had been. A tear did form in his eye though as he realized that these new mounds were here to stay and weren't fake. As he reached down to pick up his skirt, he also realized right away how odd it was going to be for him to try to adjust to these new mammaries constantly being in his way. His arms were bumping or rubbing against them with almost every move he made. He didn't want to admit it to himself but even though it confused and bewildered him and he told himself that he didn't want breasts, it did feel really good when his arm touched them or brushed against them lightly. His mind drifted off.

"Oh God, if I were alone right now, I would rub them and play with them until I got myself off in a major orgasm." Then, quickly, his conscience kicked in. "Marty, what the hell are you thinking, man. What's happening to you? You're not supposed to have tits, let alone be thinking about playing with them," he thought.

Marty jumped as he became aware that the doctor was speaking to him. "Martha honey, are you feeling alright, dear?" she asked, holding his hand in hers.

"Yes...yes. Oh my. I'm sorry, Dr. Kent, I guess I kind of drifted off and was daydreaming. Yes, thank you, I feel fine but, it does look like you made them bigger, not smaller. Please be honest with me. These (he cupped them in his hand) are not going away, are they?" he asked.

"That's OK honey, you were probably dreaming about the big romantic weekend coming up with your boyfriend and his father. What's his name? Frederickk,

is that it? And no honey, they aren't going to go away but your mother told me that's what you wanted. She said you were embarrassed around the other girls in your class and ashamed that you hadn't begun to develop like the other girls. Now you won't have to worry, you will be as sexy or even better than many of them. Not to mention what Frederickk is going to think when he sees you now," she smiled.

Marty could only blush now, thinking the exact same thing. "Yes, I have no doubt that Freddy will like them. I would too, if they were on someone else," he thought to himself.

"Now, Anna tells me that you're going up to their cabin at the lake? That does sound like fun. Very romantic too," the doctor said. "Moonlight walks on the beach, swimming and boating in your new bikini, which by the way, you'll be able to do justice to now with your new assets. Then there will be dancing and dining. Makes me kind of wish I was going along," the doctor continued.

"Well young lady, you are fit as a fiddle, as they say, and all ready to go. I just hope young Frederickk appreciates a special girl like yourself. Because honey, you are going to be turning the boys heads for a long time. Now I want to see you again in about four weeks, Martha. You and your boyfriend have a great weekend for me," she said as she walked out of the room to let Marty finish dressing himself.

The doctor never said anything about his very distinctive tan lines. The two triangles on his breasts and the small triangle patch on his private area. It was becoming quite a contrast, those three creamy white patches against his very golden brown skin. Even Marty was getting used to it. As much as he tried to

deny it to himself, it was a turn-on to look down and see that blossoming female body in the mirror.

The next day at school was a tough one for Marty. He'd forgotten to change his watch. He was wearing his small gold feminine watch and he wasn't even aware of it until a boy in his history class asked.

"Marty, what's up with wearing your mom's watch? And good God man, I didn't know that you got your ears pierced. Don't you think that those big gold hoops you're wearing are just a little too girlish?" Dan said.

Marty reached up and felt the big hoops now showing right through the short hair of his wig. He turned scarlet in color and didn't know what to say.

"Hey, it's no big deal. Lots of guys are getting one ear done these days but dude, you got both sides done. Some people might think that you're crossing over to the other side or something," Dan said kiddingly, not having a clue that he just hit the nail right on the head. Marty *was* 'crossing to the other side,' try as he might to deny it, even to himself.

As Marty lifted his hand to reach his ear to check it out, he dropped his book on the floor. While trying to catch it, he jerked his hand quickly in that direction. His finger caught in the ring and it pulled the wig right off his head. His long hair, ultra-feminine curls and all, fell free. Embarrassed all to hell, he ran into the bathroom as fast as he could. However, in his moment of panic from being so upset, and because lately he had been using both the ladies or the mens room depending on what he was wearing at the time, he ran right into the girls bathroom. Dan was shocked to see the long curly hair fall free and he got just the briefest sight of Marty's thin, arched eyebrows but it happened so fast that he wasn't exactly sure what he'd seen. Surely,

Marty, his old school friend, didn't have thin, shaped, eyebrows like a girl.

