

Michelle



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Michelle

By **Bébé Talons**

I

Mike O'Connor gazed out the train window at the rolling countryside with no joy in his heart. He sighed deeply and dug at his eye when a tear started to tickle his cheek.

"It's going to be all right, my dear Michelle," the fashionably dressed woman sitting beside him consoled. "Just wait and see if I'm not right!" She patted his nylon covered thigh gently and squeezed his limp, red tipped fingers reassuringly. "Now, don't cry else you will spoil your make-up and have to do it all over again!" she warned.

'Yeah, sure it will!' he thought defiantly. 'A lot you know! If the guys back at the Home could see me now,

they'd all die laughing!' he lamented silently, blushing at the thought.

Mike's dilemma had started some three years ago when he was almost fifteen years old upon the sudden death of his military parents in the Desert Storm Campaign and there had been no near relative to accept the responsibility for his care and up-bringing. The only solution, according to the Suffolk County Department of Child Protection Agency was to place him in a home until such time as he would be adopted. Except that a fifteen year old boy was not a prime candidate for adoption by anyone. Had he been five or six years old instead or a girl of any age, he would have been snapped up in a heartbeat what with his golden blonde hair, blue eyes and clear, peaches and cream complexion! Had Mike been born a girl, he would have been beautiful instead of merely overly handsome.

But, he wasn't five or six years old, and he hadn't been born a girl! He hadn't been adopted, and he for sure wasn't beautiful by a damn site! At least in his estimation, he wasn't.

Very handsome?

Now, that was a different kettle of fish altogether!

That he could live with!

He didn't like it, but he could live with it.

The fact that he stood just five feet and one inches tall while weighing one hundred and no pounds did not add to his desirability. As one couple had put it, "He was too heavy for light work and too light for heavy work!" And that had not added to his self-esteem at all!

To compound matters, Mike had been injured during an altercation at the home with an older bully when

the bully had shoved him bodily through a plate glass door and he had landed on a sharp shard of the plate glass that had severed his scrotum from his body while cutting his testicles to shreds, well beyond saving with the result that he had been totally, permanently emasculated. He would be speaking and singing as a "high" mezzo-soprano for the rest of his life! This was only one more reason people had not given him a second glance. Every one of them had wanted a "perfect" child, not some unsexed freak!

So, Mike had reconciled himself to staying in the home until he was eighteen when he would inherit his parents' estates plus their GI death benefits which would enable him to go to college and prepare for a better life. To that end, Mike had applied himself diligently to his studies and had earned the dislike of many of the other kids at the home with his straight-A grades, Boy Scout's Eagle rank and his bookish mannerisms. Mike didn't care what the others thought for the most part, and as a result, he was a lonely boy with an outward non-caring attitude that won him no friends either!

Then, long after he had given up any hope of being adopted and just weeks shy his eighteenth birthday, a lady had appeared at the home out of the blue one day and announced to Mrs. Gatesby, the matron in charge, that she had come to claim her grand nephew, Michelle O'Connor! She had produced papers that proved she was the sole surviving member of Mike's own O'Connor Grand-Parent's family. The woman was the widow of his own GrandFather's youngest brother, who had been completely unaware of Mike's orphaned state because of the lack of communication between the branches of their extended family, until very recently.

Mike had been introduced to the woman, and while she might have been his relation, there was no resemblance between her and the short, white-haired, roly-poly, always laughing woman who had baked cookies for him so often when she was alive.

Still, it was a Heaven sent chance to escape the dreary confines of the juvenile home and broaden his horizons. Besides, who was he to look a gift horse in the mouth?

And so it was, on a rather frigid day in late January, they had ridden the train to mid-town Manhattan where she had registered them at a posh hotel on Broadway and his whole world had been turned up-side down in the twinkling of an eye!

First of all, on the train ride into Manhattan, he had been told outright that even though he was no blood relationship to the woman except through marriage, he was still to call her "Mother" at all times. He didn't object because deep down inside, Mike missed his own Mother terribly and welcomed the chance to call someone Mother, even if it was only pretend!

Second, he learned that she had been looking for a certain type of boy, having hired detectives all over the United States and Canada to search for a boy of intelligence and beauty with a passive demeanor and the desire to change his life.

Why she had chosen him, Mike did not know.

Nor did he care.

Third, he was now Miss Michelle Louise O'Connor, and she produced a birth certificate that showed his given name as Michelle Louise and his birth sex as female. Everything else was the same, birth date, parents, place of birth, doctor of record, date of certificate filing,

it was all the same. It was a genuine birth certificate, duly stamped and certified by the state, and had been issued back when he was born. Mike vaguely recalled having been told of a twin sister who had died shortly before her first birthday and he surmised that this woman had gotten hold of his sister's birth certificate instead. How she had managed to change things around to make him his own sister, Michelle Louise, and female to boot, Mike did not understand and he took her at her word that it had been a bureaucratic screw-up and beyond their ability to change without more hassle than it was worth. After all, what did he know?

Fourth, what bothered him the most was her insistence that he become a girl for real now. And to that end, she told him that once they arrived at their eventual destination, he would be wearing dresses and blouses and skirts and corsets and dainty lingerie and nylons and high heels only, and he had been struck dumb with fear!

Of course, Mike had objected loudly, but he soon found himself without his trousers and underpants, up-ended over the woman's ready knee and spanked soundly until he had given in reluctantly. She informed him that her manner of dealing with any rebellious child was to spank its bare bottom until it had agreed to her requests, no matter how much it might cry and sob and carry on. After she had spanked him, she taught him how to curtsy and to thank her for correcting him. She made him practice curtsying for almost an hour until he could do it expertly and without thinking. Mike was a fast learner and it only took three sound spankings (the second that very afternoon when he refused to wear the clothing she gave him, and the third much later that same afternoon in a woman's

dress shop in front of the owner and her two shop girls, after which he had had to curtsy to the Modiste and her girls and ask them to forgive his offensive behavior!) to teach him the futility of disobedience.

That had been two days ago and he now accepted his feminine appearance without a whimper and if he was ever in doubt as to whether he should curtsy or not, he curtsied without thought. Not only was he wearing nylon panty-hose, but around his waist was a very snug corset! Mother and the shop lady had fitted him and when they were done, he had small, perky, rudimentary breasts in his stretchy bra and a waist so constricted that he had trouble breathing. The most embarrassing thing about the corset was the soft leather cupped piece that went between his legs and fastened to the bottom of the thing in back, giving him a slight rounded mound in his panties! The shop girls had just laughed at him, saying, "Wait until you really get down to size! Then see what happens!" which only increased his dread of the future.

But his new clothing was only the first of the many surprises to come his way. Not only was he dressed in feminine clothing, but he was paraded out in public where everyone could see his humiliation! She had begun immediately to teach him to be girlish in every way, and to his surprise, it seemed to work because no one gave any sign of knowing the truth about him!

Even Madame la Modiste in the dress shop had not known until Mother had stripped him to the buff so that the woman could take very careful, minute measurements of every square inch of his blushing body! How humiliating and embarrassing that had been!

His trousers had been exchanged for very short, tight, white, micro-mini skirts with back zips and no

kick pleat. His polo shirts were now white blouses with long sleeves and wide French cuffs, high necks, back snaps and made of a semi-sheer silk that showed plainly that he was wearing a black or red or pink training bra and the restrictive corset beneath! His shoes had been exchanged for white opera pumps with three inch high heels that had the added humiliation of ankle straps so that he couldn't "lose" them accidentally.

He had been subjected to the expertise of a beautician that left him with a short, boyish, crew-cut hair-do, brightly painted nails. The eye-shadow she used made his eyes look round and innocent, much to his utter chagrin. His ears had been pierced so that now huge golden hoops brushed his neck at every movement! He had cringed internally when she painted his lips with a deep shade of red and he had about died when she then spritzed him with a dainty perfumery fragrance that excited his senses in spite of himself!

"Pay close attention to what is being done because you must learn how to apply your own make-up and do it correctly every time in future!" Mother warned.

When he saw himself in the mirror that the lady held in front of his face, he could not believe that the beautiful boy staring out at him was him!

When he stood, tottering on the unfamiliar heels, the woman told him, "You are going to be a heart breaker, my sweet! With beauty like yours, the men are going to fight over you at every turn! There's not a man alive who wouldn't give his eye teeth to get into your panties!"

"M-men?" he gasped. "Oh, no!"

“Oh, yes, men!” she teased. “I can see right now that you’re going to be a cock-teaser of the first order, and you will love it!”

“I don’t doubt that,” Mother interjected with a soft laugh. “But I have special plans for Michelle!” But what those special plans were, she did not say. . . then.

Back to the woman’s dress shop where Mother bought him a sort of picture hat with a veil that completely disguised his boyish hair, and a white faux-fur jacket with a high collar and huge, white buttons for closure, some white fur sno-boots and several pairs of lacey-white, fingerless gloves.

Then she took him to a Broadway play and to dinner after, and Mike was surprised at the admiring glances he garnered from the male half of the population, and quite a few of the distaff side too. He found himself smiling encouragingly but coyly at these glances with never a thought that he was a mere boy garbed as a beautiful girl! Of course, the wide brimmed, short crowned picture hat and veil disguised completely his boyish hair style.

At the hotel room they shared, she introduced him to a polished cotton granny gown and his dreams were full of strange thoughts. Several times during the night, he awoke crying, and finally, Mother took him into her bed and held him close to her breasts until morning. She was not surprised that he slept soundly when she held him. Instinctively, she had recognized his loneliness and was using it to her advantage!

Then, she dressed him in his traveling suit; the corset, the panty-hose, the red training bra, the tight, white micro-mini skirt, a semi-sheer, white silk blouse that fastened in back, the opera pumps and a stretchy belt

around his middle that only added to his breathing problem!

A make-up session soon followed in which he showed his progressive expertise, then the huge hoop earrings, a dazzling bracelet for his right wrist, a dainty wrist watch for his left, a spritz of the light perfume, the furry, fuzzy white faux-fur coat, the half-gloves that showed his painted nails and the flat brimmed hat with its veil stretched around his face and tied beneath his chin. A last look around the room by Mother to make sure they were leaving nothing of import behind, and it was down to a taxi for the short ride to Grand Central Station where the train waited to carry them wherever it was they were going.

And so it was that Mike (dressed in his mini skirt, sheer blouse, panty hose and the high heeled opera pumps and all in white!) and Mother were seated in a private compartment of a passenger car that was soon making its way across New Jersey, then Pennsylvania and into Ohio. The walk across the train station to the departure platform had been pure torture for Mike as he envisioned every other person seeing right through his skirted disguise and know instinctively that he was just another boy, but dressed as a girl!

Shortly after the train started, Mike had become bored with looking out the window. He had fidgeted and Mother had warned him to sit still else his skirt ride up to show the tiny bulge in the front of his snug white pantie-hose! He had been slightly insulted when Mother gave him the latest copies of *Modern Girl* and *Modern Miss* and then ordered him to read every article in both magazines, paying close attention to all the ads, and especially those he found the most interesting

or the most puzzling because of their unfamiliar feminine content and/or reference.

At first, Mike had been less than enthused with the magazines with their ads for girls' clothing and girls' intimate products and the articles that were all aimed at a girl's search for a long term male companionship, marriage, a home, children and a life as a happy housewife with a new recipe to try out on her unsuspecting, but loving, husband! Mike found some of the things that were advised totally hilarious and even ludicrous!

'Boy,' he thought, 'girls are sure gullible!' And then he blushed deeply because he was supposed to be a girl himself now!

He blushed even harder some time later when Mother began to discuss some of the more intimate aspects of what he had read and seen. She spared him no modesty, saying, "Girls and women often discuss their most personal thoughts and needs with one another, and so it must be between you and me. You see, for all practical purposes, I am now your Mother and you are my young Daughter, to be taught the ways of females and femininity. And as you will learn, those ways include everything discussed in your magazines, plus a lot more!"

"But, Mother," Mike protested mildly, "I am not a girl, I am a boy! No matter what my clothes try to say about me, I am still a boy!"

"Oh, Michelle, my dear girl," Mother crooned, "don't you know? When you had that accident with the plate glass door a few years ago and spent so much time in hospital, you ceased being a boy at that point?"

Mike stared at her. "What are you talking about?" he demanded, horror struck.

“That glass that pierced your groin severed your scrotum from your body and tore your undeveloped testicles to pieces, so much so that the doctors could not repair nor save either of them. That is why you still have a girlish skin and why your voice is still a high operatic mezzo-soprano and why you have not developed any of the common secondary physical traits of the maturing male. In fact, unless something is done, you will always remain arrested at age thirteen!”

“But, I’m almost eighteen!” Mike protested weakly. “I will be of age a few days before Valentine’s and then I could have left the home under my own power and have control of my life and go to college and get a degree so that I can earn a decent salary and get married and support myself and my wife and not be a burden to anyone!”

“With the underdeveloped body of a twelve or thirteen year old girl!” she declared.

“But . . . but . . .”

“It’s OK, my darling!” Mother soothed. “You’re going to be all right! Don’t you worry your pretty little head about a thing! Mother will see to all your needs, and where you are going eventually, you will be some years shy of your majority!”

“But . . . how?”

“Michelle, I probably should not tell you this, but I feel that we should have no secrets between us. You see, what I told Mrs. Gates back at the home was the truth as far as I went. I have been looking for a special boy for a long time. I don’t know how many thousands of dollars I have spent searching for you, but, since I am a millionairess many times over, the monetary expense was never of any real concern to me.

“You see, Michelle, I had need of a genetic boy who is passively female and utterly feminine in the extreme, and you, dear one, were the answer to my prayers!”

“I don’t understand,” Mike murmured. “Why a feminine boy, and why me in particular?”

“It’s Maurice Morse, my nephew, the only issue of my late, beloved brother, Maurice, and his late wife, Gloria.”

“But what does your nephew have to do with me?” Mike asked, puzzled.

“Maurice is a homosexual,” she admitted slowly.

“So what? That’s no big deal! I knew lots of guys back at the home who’re gay!”

“I have to make absolutely sure of the boy I give to Maurice as his wife,” she whispered.

“So? What does that. . . that. . . have. . . to do. . . with. . .” he stammered. Then, “You want me to be his wife! I could never do that! I’m a boy! I can’t be a wife! Besides, I like girls!” he protested vehemently.

“Of course you do, my sweet! And that is exactly why you will be the perfect wife for my Maurice!” she enthused.

“But, why? How?”

“Just leave it up to Mother, Michelle, and everything will work out just the way I have planned it. Just wait and see.”

With that, she had launched into a long discussion about one of the articles and in spite of himself, he found that he was interested in the whole concept of femininity and becoming a girlish girl. He was getting used to the seductive feel of the nylon and silk on his

body and even his breathing had become easier and more natural with extended wear.

He soon found himself answering even the most intimate questions regarding females and femininity fully and without embarrassment, enjoying the friendly give-and-take intimacy of their burgeoning relationship as Mother and Daughter. Somehow, being her daughter was no longer a repugnant thought as his loneliness dissipated, to eventually disappear altogether as his admiration and love for the woman grew.

Mother smiled to herself, 'Yes, my little androgyne, you will make a perfect wife for my Maurice, even though you may think otherwise right now!'

Somewhere in Ohio, Mother and Mike went forward to the dining car, and once more, his swaying hips atop the high heels and the long stemmed legs encased in shimmery nylon and the micro-mini skirt garnered more than their share of approving glances from the other, mostly male, diners. Mike, was totally unconscious of the impact he had on others, but Mother took notice of every glance with her own approval! 'Oh, yes, he will do admirably!' she thought. "Maurice will be so pleased!"

By the time they had made their way through two cars back to their compartment, Mike was getting quite used to the added height beneath his heels and his unconsciously swaying walk became easier and easier to manage. Mother nodded and thought, 'Soon I'll have to get you into higher heels, my pet!'

Back in their compartment, they found that the porter had made up their bed and since it was rather late (after 10:00P.M.), they got ready for bed. Mother helped Mike out of his blouse, bra and corset, then watched closely as he creamed his face to remove his

make-up before disrobing completely, preparing to get into his pink, polished cotton, old-fashioned granny gown. He felt a momentary shyness at being nude before Mother and slipped into his gown quickly, turning so she could snap it closed in back.

Then he helped her remove her blouse, bra and corset, and watched as she creamed her face too before disrobing for bed. Mike stared unashamedly at the nude woman, marveling at her firm, up-standing breasts, the trim waist and the lyre shaped hips with the patch of curls at their juncture. She turned slowly, letting him get a good look at her shapely bottom and long, model-like legs before slipping a rather skimpy baby doll nightie over her head and gliding in beside Mike. She gathered him close in her arms, pressing his face tightly against her breasts.

“Good night, daughter mine,” she whispered.

“Good night. . . Mo. . . Mother,” he stammered.

She tipped his head back and kissed his wide open mouth lingeringly. “Oh, Michelle,” she whispered after a bit, “you taste so sweet! Almost good enough to eat!”

“I think I love you, Mother,” he responded.

“Yes, Michelle, Mother! Remember, we’re Mother and Daughter now! I no longer am a stranger to you, I am your Mother and you should love me!”

“Oh, yes, Mother!” Mike cried. “And I do want to be your daughter!”

“And you want to learn how to be the best woman ever, don’t you, Sweetheart?” she prompted.

In spite of himself, Mike nodded, his tenuous masculinity dissolving completely to the overpowering need to be loved. “Oh, yes, Mother! Please, teach me to

be a good girl! Teach me to be a good wife to Maurice! Teach me to be the woman that he can be proud of, one in whose company he can hold his head high! Teach me how to please him! Teach me to be his wife! Oh, God! I don't even know him yet, and I want to do anything to please him, and I do mean, anything!"

"Slow down, Michelle," Mother laughed. "There are things that Maurice likes that you may find distasteful, even abhorrent!" she cautioned.

"I don't care!" Mike blurted. "I just want to do what you want me to do!"

She pulled her nightie aside and poked a turgid nipple at his trembling lips.

Surprised, he started sucking instinctively while she cooed her approval. "Oh, yes, my little Michelle, nurse me gently," she whispered.

After a long time, she smoothed the hair from his sleepy eyes and whispered in his ear, "Do you remember when Madame Modiste told you that you would be a perfect cock-teaser?"

He nodded, not letting go of her nipple.

"With lips like yours, my pet, you will be a perfect cock-sucker too!" she teased.

Mike shivered involuntarily. He no longer cared about anything more except pleasing his new Mother in any way she desired, and if she wanted him to suck on Maurice's cock, he would suck on Maurice's cock. . .

Whatever Mother wanted him to do. . .

He would do!

Willingly. . .

Eagerly!



||

The next afternoon, the train arrived in Chicago and Mother announced that they were going to spend a few days there. She had some friends she wanted to visit and there were some special shops she wanted to introduce Mike to.

It was quite windy when they got to Chicago and Mike was a bit sorry that he had let Mother talk him into wearing a full circle skirt like hers because the cool breeze off Lake Michigan kept blowing up under it, sending it flying up around his torso and showing everything underneath to the world! Their pantie-hose had been exchanged for nylons clipped to garters attached to their corsets and their snug panties had been traded for filmy pairs of pink silk thong panties.

When he had complained about his bare bottom being on full view when the wind blew, Mother just laughed. "Oh, Michelle, you'd be surprised by how many girls like to show their bare bottoms accidentally! Be proud of your luscious curves and share them with others! In time, you will become quite daring in your dressing habits and will begin to enjoy your flirty exhibitions! I know that I did when I was your age!" She giggled fondly at the memory.

"Mother! You didn't!" Mike gasped in astonishment. The mere thought of this severely dressed Matron with her long skirt, high necked and long-sleeved blouses and high heeled button boots could ever been dressed in such blatantly sexy clothing, much less show her assets to the world!

"Michelle! I surely did!" she affirmed with a giggle. "And quite often too!" she bragged.

The next time the wind blew his skirts up around his torso, Mike smoothed them down in front but conveniently forgot his back where his bare bottom was on full display. He found it very exciting to be so daring and innocent, especially since he had Mother's full approval!

In front of the hotel, the wind caught them again, and again they felt the delicious thrill of having their

bare bottoms seen by so many strangers. Two men walked right into one another because they were paying more attention to Mike's and Mother's bare bottoms than they were in where they were going! He found that greatly amusing.

That evening, he and Mother wore very short, tight, matching, strapless sheathe dresses that scarcely covered their nipples on top and barely came to the edges of their ripe bottom cheeks on the bottom. With nothing but panty-hose and opera pumps with three inch heels, the only covering either had was that sheathe dress! She had even dispatched with the picture hat so that his boyish crew cut showed plainly!

Mike complained that everyone could see that he was just a boy in a very revealing dress and Mother reassured him that, "No one will ever guess you're a boy! Lots of teen-aged girls cut their hair short like a boy's. Remember Annie Lennox or Sinead O'Connor? They both cut their hair close to their skulls!"

"I had forgotten," Mike admitted, but he still felt almost naked in such revealing garb, until Mother assured him that they would be the hit of the dining room.

And he was!

Their dinner was interrupted several times by men and women asking them to dance, and with Mother's blessing, he had enjoyed each experience greatly, although it was the first time he had ever danced with men, much less another women! With his natural grace and elegance, he had adapted to each person's style of dance with an ease that usually comes only with years of experience. He noticed that Mother was equally being asked to dance and that made him feel better about the whole experience.

He was glowing with excitement when he at last had a chance to eat something. "Oh, Mother," he gushed excitedly, "it was such fun! And not a one of them guessed a thing about me! They all thought I am a real girl!"

"You will find, Michelle," she commented wryly, "that people see what they want to see. In your case, they see a beautiful young girl in a provocative dress and fuck-me heels, and all at once, you are an object of desire to them. There is nothing male about you, and after you learn how to be a woman in all ways, no one will ever question your right to wear a skirt, nor even give it a second thought!"

"And they all kept looking down the front of my bodice!" he giggled. "The women too!"

"Imagine the thrill when you have real tits to show them and go braless!" she giggled.

"Mother!" he gasped with delight. "Dare I?"

"Why not? I do and they were looking down my front too!" she retorted gaily.

"You are a real trip, Mother!" he giggled.

"Yep, that too," she agreed.

"I love you so much!" Mike affirmed, leaning across the table to kiss her gently.

That night, they slept in each other's arms, both naked as the day they were born, her nipple in his mouth as he sucked, contented and happy.

Mike's dreams were confusing. In one of them, he was sucking something and it was not Mother's nipple! But when he tried to see what it was, he shifted to another scene where he was dancing with some faceless man and both of them were nude and the man's erec-

tion kept poking him in the belly and making him laugh and the more he tried to avoid contact with it, the more aware he became of it. And the more aware he became of it, the more he wanted to hold it and squeeze it and caress it, and yes, even to suck on it, and yet, his arms seemed to be too short to grasp it!

How far he had progressed to femininity in such a short time!

In the morning, they awoke, refreshed and happy and eager to get going. Still, Mother felt a little lazy this morning and she dawdled, teasing and kissing Mike to distraction until he finally stopped trying to get dressed and turned his attentions to Mother's waiting mouth and breasts, much to her delight and encouragement. It was almost noon before they got up and dressed for the day.

Mother had made an appointment to see one of her female friends, a gynecologist who was also a specialist in obstetrics. Mike was surprised when he was taken into an examination room by Mother, disrobed to his skin and poked and prodded by the doctor who seemed not to notice the vestigial penis and lack of other male appendages.

"Yes, Juney, an excellent specimen, ideal for your work."

"Then you approve my selection?" Mother asked anxiously.

The doctor nodded. "You couldn't have done better if you had planned it!"

"About the computer and the other things?" Mother asked shyly.

"Of course." The doctor turned to Mike and held out a glass of a milky liquid. "Here, girl, drink this!"

“What is it?” Mike asked timidly.

“Just something to help you relax while I run some tests,” she answered calmly.

“It won’t hurt you, Sweetheart,” Mother cooed. “Go on, drink up!”

Obediently, Mike drank and in a short while, he was sound asleep.

Moving swiftly and efficiently, they had him on an obstetrics table with his feet in the stirrups and his legs spread wide and back as far as they would go, opening him fully to whatever they were about to do.

The doctor sprayed his crotch with a deadening agent, then explained to Mother what she was doing.

“First, we make a little incision right about here,” and she touched his skin with her scalpel, making a deep cut. There was very little blood and it was easily controlled with a sponge. “Now we place the computer inside the incision and connect it like so, then we close the incision and glue it shut.”

“Glue it?” Mother asked, shocked.

The doctor smiled. “Yep, this super glue works just fine and it speeds healing by a considerable amount. The computer is good for a full year or more. It will deliver a steady, measured stream of female hormones into his system that will be unnoticeable on a day to day basis, but its cumulative effect will be quite dramatic. Be prepared for an onslaught of feminine reaction to the hormones. He will go through all the symptoms of having a period or becoming pregnant with its accompanying need to urinate frequently, strange requests for food or drink, moodiness, backaches, morning sickness, tiredness, the whole nine yards. With the shots of intensified hormones in each

of his breasts, he may begin lactation which will cause further enlargement of the breasts. The shots of the growth inducer in each of his bottom cheeks will cause his buttocks to swell so that he will develop a curvaceous, feminine body before the computer needs to be recharged. At that point, you will have to decide the extent to which you wish to go with him. It is my considered recommendation that you have S.R.S. performed as soon as possible, to finish the job you started," she continued.

"Oh, but, Doreen!, no! I am doing this for Maurice. You know he is homosexual, and if I had Michelle done, he would no longer be acceptable to Maurice. Besides, Michelle, the sweet little darling, has confessed to me that he wants to be a boy for Maurice and still be the perfect wife for him. I have already got him started on exhibitionistic tendencies and have encouraged him to show his naked self off whenever possible and to revel in doing so! I have also begun to teach him the ways of females and femininity and girlish behavior, and I must say, he is taking to it like a duck to water!"

"Or a baby to a nipple!" the doctor teased.

"Yes, that too," Mother admitted, giggling. "I just love his lips sucking on my nipples!"

"I can fix you so that you can lactate and nurse him for real," Doctor smiled at Mother encouragingly.

Mother colored prettily. "Oh! I was wondering about that!" she admitted.

"Yes, it's called Lactaid and it takes about a week to start milk production. As long as you take the medication, you will produce milk, but I warn you, you must be milked regularly as not to be milked will cause you extreme discomfort. With the size of your firm C-Cups,

I would imagine that you will need at least three or four or more milkings a day, every day, seven days a week! Do you still want to produce milk?"

"Oh, yes, Doreen! I have always wanted to be able to nurse a daughter, but until now, I never had a daughter to hold to my breast, and it feels so wonderful to have Michelle sucking on me. I know he loves sucking on me even though he gets nothing from it except the serene feeling of belonging, which I do believe is more than acceptable to him!"

"Just remember, milk in and of itself can not be used in place of a regular diet in mature persons. Drinking only milk has a tendency to soften the human body and reduce strength in certain muscles."

"Like?"

"His arms and legs. His muscles will become soft and cushiony like a harem denizen and because soft femininity is your eventual goal, I should suppose that would be the route you would choose for him to follow!"

"Would that be so bad?" Mother asked, laughing softly.

Doreen laughed. "No, I suppose not," she admitted. "How does he feel about sucking a man's erection?"

"He claims that he wants to do just that for Maurice, but I sense that he is only saying it to make me feel better," she confessed reluctantly.

"I'll give you some pills that will allay his fears and make him much more receptive to anything having to do with going against his former male conceptions of normalcy, which as you know, do not include entering a homosexual relationship willingly unless the inclination is there to start. The effect of this medication is to

dull the negative while enhancing the positive so that what was abnormal becomes the right thing to do, if you get my drift."

"You mean that he will want to be what Maurice wants in spite of his preconceived notions of what is right sexually, eventually becomes right and what was right becomes wrong."

"Well, not entirely, but you get the picture."

"So if I give him these pills, is the effect permanent?"

The doctor shook her head. "No. As long as he takes them regularly, they will have the desired effect."

"So if I stop them, his willingness to be Maurice's wife will diminish?"

"Possibly," the doctor admitted. "On the other hand, he may accept these alterations of his attitudes and sexual proclivities and enter into the marriage of his own free will!"

"That would be best, wouldn't it?"

"Well, it's your project, Dear Heart, so have at it! And speaking of sucking, we can reshape his jaw to make it easier for him to suck."

"Really? Tell me more!"

"His jaw is still supple enough to force into a less prominent spread by the judicious use of dental braces to force the desired new shape. This can be augmented by having him suck a pacifier of some sort constantly, and since you want him to suck cocks at some point, what better item than an erect penis pacifier?"

"Indeed!" Mother laughed.