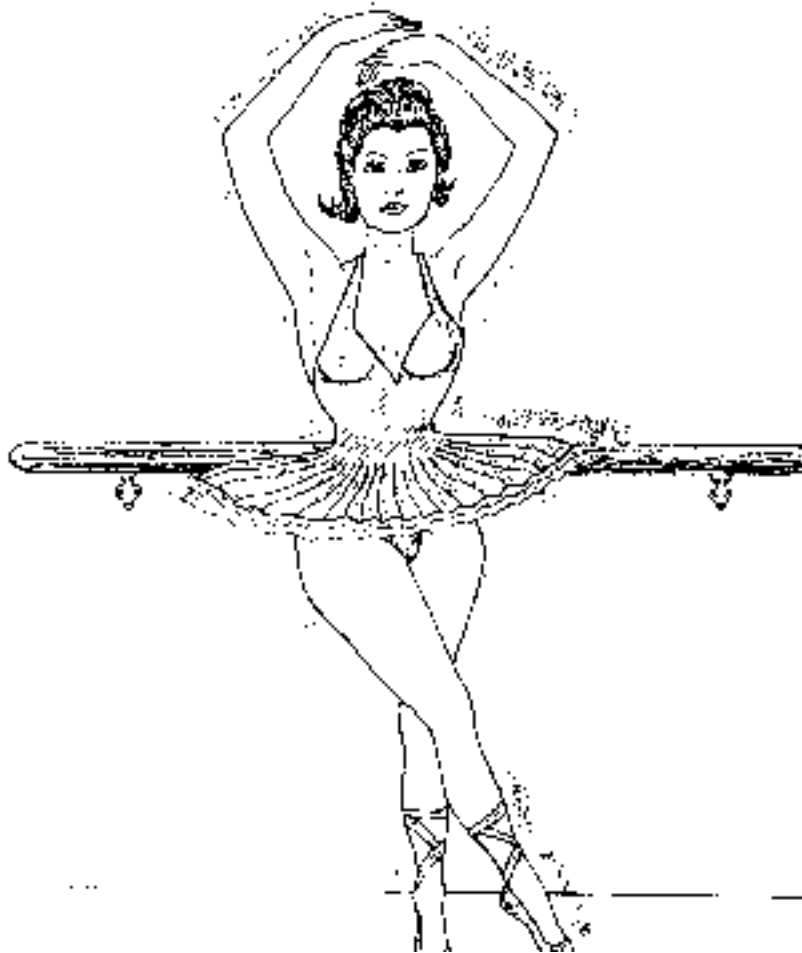


TAMMI

By April Green



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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Chapter 1: A NEPHEW IS COLLECTED

It had been a freak accident, rated at one in two million or so. Just after Congress had put the strangulation restrictions on internal combustion machines due to the development of the hypberbats with their 20 hour peak power life time, the Bakers had traded in their old '95 Ford MicroVan for the GM Golectric. Then, two months later the battery had arced over while they were on the freeway and the car literally blew up and fell to pieces killing all in it. The manufacturers said that they must have been going faster than 65, already 10 miles above the speed limit for that to even conceivably have happened. Nevertheless, there was a large settlement out of court and the incident evaporated from the screens of the new casts and even the home PCasts. There was, however, one house where it could not be forgotten.

The death of Tommy Baker's parents and the transfer of his guardianship to his aunt had taken the youth totally by surprise and had devastated him. Until then he had been a happy-go-lucky all-American type high-school youth of seventeen who was just coming to the verge of waking up to the potentials and charms of the opposite sex. He would soon learn all about the charms of the gentler sex in ways he would never have dreamed of.

He knew soon after the funeral that his life had taken a swift detour when his Aunt Veronica took him "in hand" the moment he returned home and gave him a flat two minutes to prepare to leave the home he had grown up in.

"You'll be living with me from now on, uh, boy. This house has already been sold. Now hurry!" It seemed strange to accept orders from a woman a bit over ten years older than himself. At 26, his mother's younger sister was a beautiful redhead with a hot, buxom look and an even hotter temperament.

"B-b-but my stuff! I have to pack it up and —" CRACK!

Her open hand caught him full across his face.

"Listen to me and listen hard. You'll do what I say when I say it! Unless you want to find yourself in an orphanage, you'll obey! Now get going!" With that, she strode angrily from the room.

He had been stung by the threat of the orphanage to say nothing of the slap in the face. From the hushed conversations his parents had held about her, Tommy didn't know a lot except that she was wild, traveled with a fast New York crowd, and had always been trouble for the family.

Since he was still wearing his suit from the funeral, his only suit, he knew what he wanted to get. First, he scrambled to find his back pack and then to pack it with his

toothbrush, some underwear, his football jersey, his most comfortable pair of jeans and, of course, his senior high textbooks. He had just put in a pair of white sports socks and his most comfortable running shoes when she returned and ordered him down to her sports car, immediately!

As she powered them away into the traffic, he glanced back at his old home, the only place he ever remembered living in, and wondered if he would ever again see it or any of the rest of the treasures he was being forced to abandon there.

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Her apartment was on the top floor of a new luxury high-rise in the Upper East side. At the entrance, she introduced him to Deke, the huge uniformed black doorman. "Deke, this is Tammi. She has just turned fourteen. Isn't she going to be something?"

Deke smiled. "Yes Madam. She'll be hot stuff, all right! Only 14 you say? They can be trouble at that age, you know, Madam. If you ever need any help with this little vixen, you know I'm at your service." He gave the 'girl' a leering, evil grin causing Tommy to look down, cowed by the big man.

In the elevator, he tried to correct his aunt. "My name's Tommy, not Tammi. And I am seventeen, almost eighteen."

She laughed mirthlessly and patted him lightly on his butt. When the elevator stopped, she pulled a key out of her purse and opened the door to her huge sky-lit apartment. He was so awed that she had to push him in gently. Then she turned, sent the elevator back down and locked the elevator access door behind her.

Immediately, Tommy felt uneasy. If the elevator was locked, how could he get out?

Fixing him with a stare, she pointed to a low stool and said, "Sit down, T a m m i!", stressing the name to emphasize there had been no mistake on her part earlier.

He sat down on the stool while she sat in what to him looked like a large, well stuffed master chair, crossing her high heeled, booted legs to one side in the process.

"As you know, your parents and I didn't get along. In fact your mother was quite a bitch. Did you know that? And your father? What a simp!

"Anyway, it would seem that I'm now your only family, despite the fact that I didn't even know I had a nephew. But, as you can see, I have a very different lifestyle from what you were used to, and I see no reason to change my way of living just because of you. Imagine me having to bother with a teenage boy when I have so many more important things to do...

"So, when I learned that you would have to be here, I started thinking. If I had to accept this responsibility, I should be able to arrange it so that it would be convenient, as well as amusing to me. Then I looked at the photo the estate lawyer sent me of you, and I knew what I would do. You're quite fetching; did you know that?"

He blushed and looked deep into the oriental rug.

“Brunette true, but brunettes can be dyed, if it pleases me. Your little upturned nose — quite cute, you know! And, your creamy complexion — never shaved have you?”

He shook his head “no” without looking up.

She smiled, pleased. “Good. There are hormones that can derail the whole puberty thing onto an entirely different track — if, that is, it is caught early enough. That pretty bow-shaped mouth is just begging to be kissed! And your figure is petite - dare I say 'girlish'? A mere five foot two, is hardly man sized.” She giggled, more to herself, but relished the uneasiness it was causing in him. “Anyway, I think you can see where I'm going with this. But in case you don't, read these.” She handed me a bunch of papers with official stamps and seals on them.

He looked at one marked “BIRTH CERTIFICATE” that had all of the information about when he was born, the time, date (except that he was now three years younger), hospital and all, but under the 'name' section, Tommy saw that it was not his name but someone else's name, the same name that was marked on all the other papers. When he saw what the certificate had for sex, he started to cry in earnest.

“Read the name, child.” she commanded sternly.

“Tammi Lynn Sweetdrops. But that's not my name!! I'm Tommy Andrew Baker!” he cried desperately looking up at her through tear blurred eyes for the first time since sitting down.

“Not any more. You can change anything with enough money and the right connections.” She arose took two steps towards him, reached down and literally tore his knapsack away from him and threw it over against a wall. Facing him again she said in a menacing tone, “You will now get undressed. Out of those ugly boy clothes, Tammi!”

The terrified boy ran to the elevator door, but it wouldn't budge without the key.

She almost sauntered up behind the panic stricken boy. “You're not going anywhere, Tammi!” She yanked him back into the center of the room by his long hair and there pushed him down to his knees. “And if you don't start obeying me, I'll invite Deke up here to give you a good thrashing! Understand?”

“Now take off those clothes and do it quickly!” Her voice was sharp and full of menace.

He nodded and tried to stop his futile crying. He pulled off his suit jacket, it had been his only suit, and handed it to her. In quick succession he pulled off his tie, shirt and tee shirt, exposing the top half of his hairless body. As she took these too, she nodded her approval and he continued to strip, pulling off his black socks and dress shoes. He was glad to take them off and looked forward to putting on his Nikes. Less eagerly he un-notched his belt and pulled down his suit pants, leaving him nearly nude, wearing only his briefs.

“Off with them Tammi.” When he still hesitated, she added ominously. “You will obey me!”

He pulled them down and kicked them off quickly, then tried to cover himself. Knocking his protecting hands away from his crotch, she made a quick examination of his penis. "Small and never used, no doubt. Too bad, you'll never be able to use it now!"

She then took all of his discarded clothes in one hand and walked over to the door of the incinerator chute which she opened with the other. With a smirk on her lips she dropped them all down into the irretrievable, fiery darkness. Almost as if an after-thought, she picked up his knapsack and opened it up. Holding the incinerator door open with the hand holding the knapsack, she then threw in his other pair of briefs, his jeans, football jersey, socks and shoes, and his knapsack. She then stood there with his books and his tooth brush in her hands, like she was weighing them. As a final act, as he watched in horror, she opened the door one more time and threw in his high school books away. All he had left in the world now to call his own was his tooth brush, and he was not even fond of it! He also became suddenly aware of the fact that he now had nothing to wear. Everything else he had ever had he had been forced to abandon in the sold home that was miles and hours away.

"Now off to the powder room, little Tammi. A few changes are called for immediately!" She slapped his smooth, bare bottom sharply. Tommy winced and headed toward the door she pointed to, the bathroom of her apartment. He entered it with her right behind him.

"Now stand still, girl. I'm going to make you even prettier than you already are as a boy!" She seemed highly amused, even ecstatic at the prospect of 'prettifying' Tommy, now her little Tammi, slapping his arms flat against his sides.

Chapter 2: The Wonders of Alphagen

She reached into a cabinet and pulled out a syringe. He was terrified of the needle, but even more frightened of his Aunt. She sensed his fear and smiled.

"You're afraid of me, as well you should be. Now extend your arm," she demanded inserting the syringe into the lid of a clear vial. "This will replace the growth hormone that your doctor has been giving you to turn you into a young man."

He hesitated, then did as he was told, because he knew that the hormone he had been taking had helped to make him taller. The needle smoothly pierced the skin, and he felt the slight sting of the rush of chemicals being pumped into him. He swayed a little, but Aunt Veronica held him steady.

"You'll feel a little sleepy now. I've just injected you with Alphagen, an extremely interesting drug I've managed to obtain from an 'friend', a brilliant chemist I know."

Tommy felt funny. His aunt gripped him tightly, her nails digging into his forearm demanding he stand steady.

She continued. "She developed Alphagen for her own pleasure; in fact, the dolts she works for at the Pentagon have no idea she's developed it, even though it's been submitted to the FDA. The effects should prove quite amusing!"

Tommy stiffened in fear. Now what had his aunt done to him? Injected him with strange drugs? He was overwhelmed. His parents' death, the false birth certificate

showing his new name, age and sex, his clothes burned, and now this. Maybe he had gone crazy or something. Maybe this was a bad dream. Yes, he would wake up soon.

She pondered only a moment that it might all be too much for the youth. She must be careful now not to push him over the edge, but push hard enough to destroy any image of his old way of living. That life was over, and she must make that clear to him no matter what. So, she continued calmly.

“Alphagen is essentially a synthesized form of an estrogen derivative. Do you know what that is sweetie?”

Tommy shook his head dully.

“It's a hormone that develops certain traits in females: smooth, clear skin; wide, inviting hips; a plump, pleasing bottom; and of course, pert, firm breasts. Your voice hasn't changed yet and it won't. You will keep that sweet soprano that you now have. You'll notice all these changes starting to take place at once over a relatively short period of time.”

She mused a bit, “Alphagen is interesting in that it develops the subject at the body's own development rate unless high doses are given like you just got. Anyway, you'll develop exactly as a fourteen year old girl would. How exciting for you!” She prodded gently. “Just think of all the things you'll have to look forward to! I know when I was your age, I looked so forward to developing great big breasts to attract lots of boyfriends! And to wearing pretty micro-mini skirts! Wearing luscious, tall high heeled shoes! Getting my ears pierced! Going to dances! Now you too can look forward to all of those things too.”

Tommy broke and began to cry. “B-b-but I'm a male! I just made second string varsity and everything! And, and I have a, a, a, you know...”

Veronica reached between his legs forcing them apart, and clenched his penis and testicles tightly in her hand.

“This little thing? I told you, you'll never use this thing again, silly! That's what this is for!” She held up a delicately wired, apparently skin covered silver apparatus, which popped open in her hand. It consisted of a small cup-like device supported with metal cords which looped into a kind of encircling, thin metal belt. She held the penis roughly, twisting it as he squirmed. “Stay still or I'll rip it right off!”

Her savage tone convinced him she was thoroughly capable and willing to do as she threatened.

He obeyed and she forced him to step into the metal loops, the thin flexible metal bonds riding between his cheeks and up from between his legs.

She gently forced his testicles into the small, filigreed cups and his penis into a small tube that pointed downwards towards a hole in the base. She clicked the cup shut, turning a key in the finely-wrought heart-shaped lock that held the apparatus snugly on him. She held the key in front of him.

“This is the key to my little Tammi. I'll keep it safe for my honey-child. Maybe a day will come when I'll give it to someone else who'll appreciate it and you, when you've grown a bit. In any case, this chastity belt will keep your, thing safely hidden between

those sweet, tender thighs of yours. You'll also find that it will force you to sit down to pee — just like a girl should.

She giggled. "Football?" She laughed as if she had just uttered the funniest thing she'd heard in a while.

Veronica stood up. "Follow me, Tammi. Your instruction continues."

She walked briskly into a doorless, pink room, with Tammi dutifully following.

"This is your new room. Take a good look, honey. This is your own private place, in which you can keep all your dolls and stuffed animals and pretty outfits."

Tommy looked around the small room. It was done completely in pink, pink wallpaper with deep pink hearts, wall-to-wall pink shag rug, a body-length pink framed mirror with a matching set of pink furniture; a delicate pink vanity, a big fluffy pink bed with a stuffed pink smiling teddy bear. Next to the bed was a pink lamp stand. Tommy noticed at once there was no door on the hinges.

Veronica noticed his eyes turning to the hinges.

"No door, honey-child. Fourteen is when young girls start to go wild. I'll be keeping an eye on you all the time, Tammi!" She led the naked boy over to the bed. "Sleep now. You need your beauty sleep. Just wait to see what effect one night's sleep will have on you Tammi. You'll want to get as much beauty rest as you can!"

She was softly laughing to herself as she left.

He slumped onto the soft, caressing pink satin sheets. He was so tired, so sleepy, so confused. The satin sheets seemed so sensual to his naked skin, yet the tight little chastity belt kept him quite sexless despite the urges that tried to spring to life only to be firmly suppressed.. He drifted into a deep, chemical induced trance almost immediately.

Chapter 3: Symptoms

He was awakened by his aunt's insistent shaking. "Get up young lady! It is time to start your new life and we have a lot to be done to get you ready for it!"

He came awake, unsure where he was until he saw the room's pink on pink decor and remembered. At first he shied away but then, with no alternative, got out of bed. He felt tired and weak. But had no time to think on it as he was ushered into the bathroom where he was humiliated by having to urinate sitting down with her watching. Of course, his chastity device gave him no option.

Once done, he stood up and had to remain still while she smeared a goo all over his body. He stood scare-crow fashion while she started a shower. Something was wrong, above and beyond being in his aunt's apartment, something that was internal. He looked over at a mirror, but still could not see any difference for the goo all over. He was then pushed into the shower and told to wash the goo off, something that he did not really have to be told. At his chest, however, he found his nipples incredibly sensitive, almost causing him to faint as his hands passed over them. On top of that they protruded until touched, something that they had not done before. He washed thoroughly and then stepped out to his aunt waiting with a big fluffy towel and a box of sweet smelling powder that she doused him with when dry.

"It's a little cold in here, isn't it Tammi?" she asked coyly after leading him back into the bedroom. "Time to get dressed, wouldn't you say?"

He noticed that his nipples were oddly erect from the air conditioned cool in the open room. His sensitive skin told him of the cold but there were other more subtle messages that he could not understand. Then he thought of his clothes. She had destroyed what he had brought; yet, he wanted to get warmer and to cover his nakedness.

"Yes, Aunt Veronica. May I put some clothes on please?" he asked, hoping that she had some other pants and maybe a tee shirt he could wear, but knowing that would not likely be possible.

She nodded vigorously, thrilled with the seemingly innocent request.

"Of course, Precious. Why don't you pick out a pretty outfit to put on?" She directed him to the dresser and closet in the small room.

He shyly opened the top drawer of the dresser. Since she had burned his other clothes, he was no longer naive enough to think she had any boy's clothes for him to wear here in her apartment, but hope does spring eternal. He was nevertheless appalled at the collection of girl's undies that awaited him. Without hope, he swept his hand through the collection of bright white panties in the drawer searching in vain for a pair of plain white boys' briefs. Of course, he found none.

"Go on, Tammi. Pick out a pair and slip them on." Aunt Veronica slapped her thigh sharply, promising quick retribution if he failed to obey.

He pulled out a pair of white nylon panties, slipping into them quickly. The nylon rode up between his legs tightly, giving his bottom a slight rise. He was appalled at the flatness of his loins where the panties covered his chastity device, making it look slightly rounded, like a girls?

"And now, for your new chest development! You could hardly think of wearing a real bra, but your growing chest does need training." She laughed as he looked down at his chest, growing? "You'll find your training bras in the second drawer."

He followed her command, pulling out a new bleach-white training bra. The shoulder straps were so new they arched stiffly over his shoulders as he pulled it on. Clumsily, with her help, he fastened the back-clips, though she assured him that it would be "second-nature" for him to do it himself in a matter of days, especially since he was going to be required to wear a training bra every day. Then, to his ever-lasting shame she had him bend forward to place his hand into the AAA cups of his training bra to lift and center his 'breast' into each little cup, causing him to shiver in growing fear over the dainty little girl mounds the bra created!

He no longer needed direction to dress. For the remainder of his outfit, he chose a simple, pleated, white, button-up jersey blouse, under which the outline and girlish mounds caught up by his training bra were clearly visible. He had wanted to chose a pair of pants to wear, but there were only skirts, so he picked out a pale yellow cotton skirt that hung to just above his knees. Aunt Veronica directed him to some embroidered white knee-socks and some shiny black patent leather Maryjanes, which he slipped into obediently.

Handing him a bright yellow ribbon, she instructed him on how to tie it around his long, brunette hair in a pony tail. She then drew the fully dressed boy in front of the mirror, and, satisfied with his appearance, she smiled at the image of the young girl thrown back at them and said over his shoulder, "That's my pretty little Tammi!"

Poor Tammi was reeling under the 'newness' that had been forced on him, but she was not done with him. That morning he was drilled on how to curtsy and how to sit being careful of his skirt. Then, to his utter shame, she almost dragged the boy into the elevator and down to the car. At the door he had to almost pass an inspection by the big black doorman as Veronica merely looked on. The most humiliating was when Deke raised his skirt and checked out his sleek panties. Well, he had to try twice and his Aunt had to admonish him to let the man do what he wanted and see what he wanted when the poor lad tried to resist.

At lunch in a very exclusive restaurant they sat alone in a secluded booth much to his ease of mind, but it still bothered him that all of the waiters and attendants all called him "miss". He knew better than to snap a reply as he almost wanted to. He did not understand his reluctance to snap back, nor his increasing feeling of being subservient to almost everybody.

But the most humiliating time of that first day, if what had gone on before was not, was a visit to a very posh and again exclusive beauty parlor. Here he was treated to a teenage make over. His hair was washed and then permed into soft waves. What he had once had for eyebrows were plucked to feminine arches and a full, albeit light, make-up was applied. His fingernails were 'treated' to an acrylic lengthening and then painting a frosted but bright pink. Even his toe nails got the treatment.

All these he reasoned could be erased, but the last action had him in tears. Both of his ear lobes were summarily pierced and into those raw holes were inserted small but painfully obvious (well, to him at least) studs. There was more pain of humiliation than physical pain.

The attendants must have known what was going on with him as they merely smiled and did not ask why a pretty young girl would cry so to have her lovely lobes double pierced, right in the height of fashion like her lovely aunt.

That night it was a thoroughly subdued boy that returned to his new home. All traces of the boy that had left that morning in girls clothes had been erased. Deke, of course, was effusive with his compliments, reiterating with more zeal his availability to help with the young tart should she need any discipline.

Tammi, of course, was at his most obedient!

Chapter 4: Enter Ms. Alexis

Over the next two weeks, he discovered how much she completely controlled his life, even to the extent of taking it, if she so desired. She said as much and, in the course of a long discourse on his new role in life, outlined what would happen to him if he crossed her.

Any failure to properly obey meant corporal punishment. She was a great believer in the unflinching use of it in varying degrees. From the start she lay down the rules!

For an honest failure to carry out her instructions, a slap or an old fashioned, bare-handed, panties-pulled-down spanking. This might be earned by less than attentive hygiene or dressing. For less than innocent infractions, a paddling or cropping, especially for unladylike behavior. For attempted escape, castration. And for ever attempting to alert anyone to his prior life, immediate execution.

Tammi knew she was capable of carrying out her threats, one and all, as he had already experienced the lesser ones several times. Incapable of breaking away, he had dully obeyed and begun the painful acceptance of his new, humiliating lifestyle. More oddly, after each of the shots she gave him periodically, his chest reacted and his mind seem to lose its powers to resist her dominance over him. He even ceased to wonder what it was she was injecting into him.

It seemed odd to him that his aunt would take such an interest in him yet state that she didn't really want to have him there. It was puzzling to him as she never told the real reason she had taken him in. Thus, it was a surprise when she mentioned his going to school after she had him subjected to the embarrassment of submitting as "Tammi" to a physical exam by a female gynecologist and a lengthily interview by a female psychologist after taking a battery of tests.

"Ms. Alexis' Finishing School for Girls' was an elite Manhattan school for very special young ladies," Aunt Veronica explained. "You're quite a lucky girl, Tammi, to be admitted to such a fine school," she added as she drove through the heavy traffic.

"Yes, Ma'am," he answered with a falsely sweet smile. He knew enough not to gain-say his aunt, contenting himself with looking out the window while playing with one of the little flowers that dangled beneath one of his pierced earlobes.

Veronica drove through the school gates, which automatically shut silently behind her car. "You look very pretty, Tammi. I'm sure Ms. Alexis will be very impressed!"

Tammi straightened his frock as he'd been taught. For the last two weeks he'd been taught such feminine niceties as this. His short white taffeta little-girl's dress didn't cooperate, however, and pulled up as Tammi rose out of his seat. His white lacy gloved hands shot behind him to smooth down his dress. Aunt Veronica had taught him the importance of keeping himself covered like a proper little lady, while at the same time only providing him with the shortest dresses and frilliest lingerie to match. He followed obediently behind his aunt, his shiny patent shoes clicking softly on the pathway to the imposing Victorian structure.

Ms. Alexis was an impressive woman of forty, erotically dark and sophisticated. Her jet black hair was tied tightly into a bun which accentuated her flashing, dark eyes. Tammi couldn't help but admire her taut, yet full figured form. She had the swift, imperative grace of a seasoned equestrian, an impression underscored by the riding crop she slapped menacingly by her side.

She gave Aunt Veronica a polite, but warm kiss. "My dear Ronnie, I'm delighted you're finally able to take advantage of my unique services! How ironic you should have to, after all!"

Aunt Veronica smiled wanely. "Indeed, Alexi! Who would have thought my idiot sister would have named me guardian! I mean, she hated me! Me, placed in charge of a fourteen year old child; it's too ridiculous!"

The two women were still giggling as they settled into the chairs in Ms. Alexis' inner office.

Tammi stood properly, in a basic model stance with his hands neatly placed palm to palm at the center of his back, outside in the outer office as he had been told. As the door closed, he wondered why his parents had done such a thing to him. How could they not know what she was?

Chapter 5: A Blueprint for Tammi

"So Ronnie, what shall we do with your pretty little ward? I can see you already have her dressing properly."

Veronica smiled guiltily. "Alexi, you may as well know, he's not legally my ward." She withdrew two documents from her purse and slid them across the desk.

After poring over the legalese, Alexis grinned conspiratorially. "So your sister and her husband didn't name you as guardian! They named the husband's third cousin or something! But this will ...", her voice trailed off as Veronica jumped in.

"Gives me custodial guardianship. The lawyer was well paid to make the arrangements. That third cousin doesn't even know the boy, or anything about the will."

Alexis handed the papers back. "Whatever you paid the lawyer, it was worth it. The will gives you complete access to the estate, all five million of it — until he's eighteen of course."

"That's why I need your help, Alexi. I want to erase the person who was Tommy Baker." She handed Alexi the false birth certificate and other documents.

"Why not just kill him?" Alexi asked with casual curiosity.

Veronica shook her head. "I have a year to plan that, if I wanted to. For now, it may be too obvious. It would bring attention I don't want. The family lawyer has arranged it so that the school authorities believe that Tommy is in Europe attending an exclusive private school. He can die there, once I have the estate.. Besides, with my plans for Tammi, there will be a bonus of sweet revenge in addition to that five million."

"Well, it does appear that you are telling the truth. Dear little Tammy is going to attend a very special exclusive private school, even if it isn't in Europe." Alexis smiled. "I've done things like this before you know. I can see where you're going."

"I imagined you had. Care to share some?"

Alexis poured them both a cocktail from the bar, recounting several of her triumphs as she mixed the two drinks and brought them back to sip as she spoke.

"Well, there was the older sister who put her younger brother in my care. Seems the majority of the family trust was to go to him, what with the death of their parents. She was just beginning to enter her senior year in college when she had to take care of the little brat, who was only thirteen, a year younger than Tommy. So, she remanded him to me. That little brat is now eighteen, has signed over his share of the fortune and

serves his sister as a very pretty and curvaceous upstairs maid, completely feminized up to the point of an operation that she is still contemplating.

“Or there's the stepmother who was suspiciously widowed when her wealthy new husband was killed on their honeymoon in a boating accident. She was left with a controlling share in the husband's communications conglomerate and a very naughty seventeen year old stepson. You should see that former high school jock now. I think she arranged for him to work as her personal secretary in her new job of CEO at the communications company. I understand he is an efficient worker even though he has ultra long nails (harder to type with) and constantly wears spike heels and tight miniskirts. I understand he has to lean a bit forward to see what he's typing as his sexy big bra-less tits keep getting in the way.”

They both laughed at this image.

“Then there was the stepfather who had taken a, uh, exceptional fancy to his new stepson. The mother is completely submissive to him and has agreed to have her own son turned into a girl for her new husband's use; can you believe it? He sent the little cupcake here. He came as a son, but will leave as a very pretty, well-mannered young princess. Talk about a Daddy's Girl!

“There's also a wealthy teenage heiress who kidnaped one of her male classmates, a boy who had snubbed her over some dance or something; I forget for the moment. Anyway, I'm sure he regrets having snubbed her now. I transformed him into a perky little cheer leader. 'She' is a decidedly submissive college roommate of the heiress, and he, when he isn't gyrating in his spandex outfits at various college games, is helping his mistress satisfy her many lovers.

“There are many more success stories, Ronnie,” Alexis concluded, knowing damn well she would be entrusted with the transformation. “So let's stop wasting time. What do you want me to do with the little dear?”

She sat down before a computer to pull up a file with “Tommy's” actual school records, a complete medical report on the youth, a psychological evaluation along with detailed psychological inventories and profiles, and standard application papers for “Tammy” to attend 'Ms. Alexis' Finishing School for Girls'.

Veronica sighed.

“OK., okay. Alexi! There is a lot of money involved, you know!,” she said peevishly.

Alexis ignored her pique and focused upon the PC screen. “He's on Alphagen, I see.”

“Yes, standard dosage. Began with a double strength injection. He's also been ingesting it for the last two weeks, though he doesn't know about it, thinks the first shot did all of the changes he's undergoing.”

“How's he doing?”

“His body hair has been arrested and the hair on his head has started accelerated growth. He may even think the training bras are causing his AA cup tits, now almost A cup, to grow. There is a definite shifting of fatty tissue to the female pattern. He's right on schedule if not a bit slow. You couldn't get that much change in almost a year of regular hormones, as I understand it.”

Alexis made notations in the medical record file.

“Marvelous stuff. I wish we could get more of it. The Colonel could make a fortune if she could ever get FDA approval for it; they are slow to act, you know; she's had it in for over a year. It's in as a 'morning after' pill for the ladies. They weren't told about the so-called 'side effects' with the men... I wish I could get more of it for our work here. Tommy seems to be taking to it rather well. Do you intend to let the hormones run their course naturally or do you want him 'pumped up'? How big was his mother?”

This one Veronica hadn't thought about. “She was like I used to be before I got expanded, sort of on the small side.” She mused a bit on the first question. “I don't know really know how big he should be. Do you have any thoughts on the matter?”

Alexis shrugged. “It depends entirely on what you intend to do with her after she hits eighteen, or so. Once she is enrolled here, she will be fourteen and the state will no doubt expect her to remain as a school-girl, until she graduates. Four years to decide, unless something else comes up.” She jotted something into the computer. “You'll have him transfer the entire estate over to your accounts by then?”

Veronica smiled. “Every last cent of it! I've already put a cool million of it into a very secure account in the Bahamas. As far as Tammi goes, I don't have any set program, though your stories have given me some ideas.”

Alexis nodded.

“Well, why not keep him go on the small side? You can always pump him up later, if you like, but I find the smaller size is enough to emphasize their new feminine status while not large enough to give them undue attention. To these boys, as they put it, 'tits is tits'. If you like, I can keep him on the program by administering the alphagen here.”

Veronica nodded agreeably.

Alexis continued. “Were you thinking boarder or day student?”

“I had thought of boarding, but I'm actually enjoying training Tammi myself! Every time I look at her, I see that miserable bitch, my sister.” Veronica's face twisted into an almost snake-like grimace. “I love just thinking about how she's paying for treating me the way she and my parents did. Now her little boy's all tricked out in those femme outfits, growing tits and even has his ears pierced, twice, no less. No, I'll keep Tammi at home and watch her continue to femme out. She'll be a day student.”

“That's probably best in this case. Tammi doesn't seem to need the hard core physical correction some of our others need. However, we do have a very interesting set of Night School courses... You're sure that she won't cause any trouble for you at home, Ronnie?”

There was almost a look of hope in Alexis' eyes.

Veronica looked at her in mock disbelief. “Are you kidding? If that little bastard so much as looks at me crookedly, I'll have him castrated and he knows it! Even worse than that, he knows I could give him to Deke for the night. My doorman is dying to get his hands on the little sweetie! Yes, that would be an education and a half!”

Both women laughed at the prospect.

“Fine, my dear! Sounds like you've got him quite in hand. Now, on to curriculum. You've come into possession at a critical age for education. Tammi as a fourteen year old could be: in the eighth grade, held back a year as a slow learner; or, enter the first year of high school. Tommy's high school records are quite good. With the right training he could probably have gone on to become a nuclear physicist, or maybe a brain surgeon. But that's not what you've got in mind, is it, Dear?” Alexis guessed perceptively.

“Far from it, Alexi! Tammi knows how to read, write and do basic sums, but that's all she's to receive as far as schooling goes, at least formal “public” schooling. My intent is to teach Tammi how to behave properly as a fully feminized wimp. I want her trained psychologically to fit the new body and mind the alphas are creating. Make sure she becomes a pretty, demure, obedient and air-headed girl. Make her vulnerable, docile and dainty, yearning to please and always aware that she'll never be more than a faux girl. At the very most, a second rate toy for the amusement of her betters.”

Alexis shifted comfortably back into her chair. “I see. Interesting idea. Mostly I'm asked to turn these boys into whores or personal maids. You don't want that?”

“Not at first. I want her to grow into her role. When he realizes that what she looks like has more to do with how pleasant her life is, rather than what she says or thinks, she'll be more than willing to find other ways to attract favorable attention.”

“And that's when he'll transform from an awkward, romantic school girl into an empty-headed, teasing sex toy! I love it, Ronnie! I know just the study course for your new niece!” And the two women spent the rest of the afternoon planning the next four years of 'academics' over drinks. Four years is normally enough to get through high school for a fourteen year old. But that was not their plan, not hardly!

Meanwhile, Tammi waited patiently outside, totally unaware that the women inside were plotting and planning a future that would be all but mind rotting to the dreams he may have had at one time.

Chapter 6: The School Days Begin

In one sense he didn't mind his new curriculum.

After all, attending freshman high school at Ms. Alexis' Finishing School for Girls was so easy compared to what he used to study.

In “real school” he had just begun the studies of higher algebra, French, grammar, chemistry, and even Latin when the accident cut it all short.

His new subjects didn't require much if any work at all. And there was little, if any, homework to complete, which left him with his nights free, though with 7:00 as a bed-time hour, he went to sleep early. Anyway, that left him refreshed to face each 'big day' at school. Which went something like this:

After washing himself up, Tammi dressed in the required school uniform: a blue mid-thigh length skirt, white button-up blouse, white nylon knee socks, black patent leather two inch heels and a pink ribbon which held his longish brunette hair in a pony tail. All the girls at the school wore this uniform. When ready, he would present himself to his Aunt and give her a kiss.

He would then be driven by either his aunt or Deke to the private estate with its huge old fortress like mansion which was Ms. Alexis' school.

The school day began at 8:30, when the boarders and day students would report to their home rooms, organized according to school year. Here they were required to 'sign-in' and take their assigned seats, as required at each class.

Tammi's first class was Basic Etiquette Ms. Wanda, his instructor, was his sternest teacher, a youngish woman who took her duties seriously enough to punish her less than intuitive charges and punish them often. He felt that he was a preferred target for punishment at her hands. He was never ladylike or feminine enough for Ms. Wanda's tastes. He constantly curtsied clumsily, failed to charm imaginary guests, or met his teacher's eyes directly, a much too masculine act. Inevitably when any of these or other infringements were made, he would be made an example. The class knew the color or every pair of cotton panties he wore because he always had to pull up his skirt for the almost always inevitable paddling by Ms. Wanda in front of all of them.

Next came Basic Homemaking with focus upon home decorating by such skills as flower arranging which, if Tammi didn't excel, he didn't fail at too miserably.

Charm Class with its emphasis upon posture and carriage was a difficult class for every one, but he tried so hard that his instructor, Ms. Delia, had to admit he really was trying his best.

She found it trying work to turn so many normal boys into gamins. She did so with relish, however, enjoying watching her teens learn to mince in practice high heels. These were the really high, stiletto heels, five or more inches high. She could always tell the new girls who had not been wearing the uniform heels very long, as they had more wobble and unbalance than the more practiced, older students.

"Swivel those hips, my beauties, or you'll get a smart cropping," she demand angrily, though secretly delighted with the sight of so many taut, round backsides wiggling from side to side. Often she would let loose with her crop on a blue, short-skirted rear and snicker at the ensuing yelp and usual loss of balance.

"I want you ladies to learn to use your bodies. It's natural for you to attract attention with your figures, so stick your chests out, keep your wrists above and away from your hips and always, and I mean always, smile!" she would instruct day after day after day.

Next came Aerobics. Although Tammi couldn't fathom why, it was considered one of the most important courses. The girls would hustle off to a locker room and hurriedly change into brightly colored spandex leotards, leg warmers and headbands to keep stray tresses secure. Then Ms. Olga would slip in an exercise tape and the workout would begin. There was a different tape each day, with subjects like "Tummy trimming", "Bust building", or "Bottom Firming". Long talks were also given on the importance of a shapely body.

"You girls must realize your bodies are your identity," Ms. Olga would stridently repeat. "If you aren't pretty, healthy and shapely, you are worth nothing!" The 'girls' would then work all the harder, since Ms. Olga's bad reports to Ms. Alexis could earn them stiff demerits.