

RAE'S TALES

By Rae Johansen



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A HER TV NOVEL

Copyright © 2000, Friendly Applications, Inc. - All Rights Reserved

Reluctant Press TG Publishers

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Friendly Applications, Inc, DBA Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do YOUR part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

GETAWAY ISLAND

By Rae Johansen

CHAPTER I

Before I tell you about the Island, I would like to tell you how it all started. This story was told to me by Ann Jensen who was Mr. James Wilcox's personal secretary. She has been working with him for the past six years in Chicago.

Mr. Wilcox is only twenty-nine years old, but his constant drive and shrewd business deals made him a millionaire at the age of twenty-six. He is president and owner of Wilcox Industries, Inc., a multi-million dollar land developer. He didn't know when to slow down. This is a real concern to his wife, Jennifer.

These unusual events began nine months ago when Mr. Wilcox suffered a mild heart attack. One morning in January during a major real estate deal, Ann noticed that he was holding his chest and his face showed a great deal of pain, but it passed in a couple of minutes. When Ann asked him if he felt all right, he brushed it off. She felt obligated to call Mrs. Wilcox, however.

“Hello, Jennifer? This is Ann.” She mentioned the incident to her and Ann was told to make an appointment with his physician for that afternoon. The Doctor happened to be an old college chum of Jennifer's. Doctor Donna White owed James much appreciation for helping finance her last years in medical school.

A few hours later, Jennifer arrived in the office with a determined look on her face as she approached James's desk. She seldom interfered with his work, but today, when she entered, her only thought was caring for his health.

She told him quite sternly but lovingly, “Hang up that phone! We have an appointment for a physical checkup with Donna.”

First, they stopped by the hospital for an electrocardiogram as Donna had requested, and now James stood up on a scale dressed only in an examining gown. He was a little man, standing five foot eight and weighing 138 pounds. His long auburn locks (he had always liked the Bjorg look - being an avid tennis player) gave him a youthful appearance. He had, over the years, disregarded the comments his Maverick look garnered and had continued to keep his hair long. Jennifer even enjoyed stroking his long locks.

Donna entered with a serious look on her face and approached them. “Well, James, you've finally pushed yourself just too hard. Your heart and nerves are demanding a break. I must tell you that if you don't reduce the stress and fast pace, it could be much worse next time.” James looked at her with disbelief, and noted quickly that he had work to do. As he pondered her words, he didn't even notice Donna take Jennifer aside.

“Jennifer, we have to slow him down. First, I suggest estrogen therapy to reduce stress on his heart, and it may even slow down a little of his male assertiveness and drive, but there may be some other side effects...”

“Please, Donna, whatever it takes! I don't want to lose him!”

Donna filled her hypodermic needle with a month's supply of estrogen and approached James. She raised his gown and inserted the needle while telling him that this would help reduce the stress on his heart while not mentioning the other effect which would take place in his body.

Although James kept insisting that he was fine, Jennifer was handed a bottle of pills and told with a smile to make sure he took them daily till they ran out.

The next few days, James's stomach felt queasy, but he continued to drive his deals. Then, as he was thinking about Donna's comments, a piece of real estate came across his desk that caught his eye and interest. He had the option to buy a small Pacific Island. He thought about Jennifer's words of late to get away from work for awhile. A few seconds later, he shouted, “I'll do it!”

He pressed the intercom for Ann and instructed her to get his lawyer and banker on the line. In no time at all, he had the ball rolling to develop his Get Away Island.

The designs were made for a grand getaway home. There were to be tennis courts, a lagoon converted into swimming area, whirlpools, and so on. The Island was made totally self-sufficient. The local water falls that fed the lagoon produced electricity through a generator. Even a sophisticated radio room was built onto the end of the main building.

James made several trips to the Island to make sure all was right. Two months had passed quickly nearing the end of March. James noted to Jennifer one night as they prepared for bed that he felt flabby. He attributed it to the fact that he hadn't been playing as much tennis of late and had delegated a lot of his office work to his vice-president since taking off for his Island Project.

Jennifer looked at him and smiled, saying, “I suppose so, Hon.” She hadn't told him that she had noticed a swelling of his breasts and the softness of his skin for over a month. She didn't care that her husband had the budding breasts of a young teen-aged girl, for he had slowed down and even spent more time at home.

As they cuddled together to sleep, she fondled James's ever changing body. That night, as they shared a passionate love, she felt closer to him than she had for quite a while.

James seemed so much more sensitive to her needs now...

CHAPTER II

At breakfast, they started to discuss their upcoming getaway the following week. They planned to spend two to three months on the Island. Both of them had agreed that James needed time away from crowds for peace and solitude, so they had opted for a minimal staff of cook and keeper.

James decided to ask his secretary, Ann, to come along, for she had always been a loyal and hardworking employee. When James went to the office that morning, he buzzed Ann and made his offer. Ann was single with no ties to home and she jumped cheerfully at the offer to get away.

That entire morning, she sat at her desk, preoccupied with the thought of basking in the South Pacific sun. She started planning her wardrobe. She had to buy some formal wear to suit the mood, for Mr. Wilcox had mentioned that every Saturday night would be formal dining. She pictured a touch of elegance as they ate under moonlight. What else should she buy? Some sundresses, sandals, bikinis...

The week was going by quickly as boxes, trunks and supplies were flown daily to the Island for their extensive stay. Two days before the start of their getaway, Jennifer asked James if she could invite Traci, her younger sister, to come along for a month or two. Traci was a fashion designer and make-up consultant. She was in the midst of planning a summer line. Mr. Wilcox was told that the Island would be a great inspiration for her.

He agreed and welcomed her along.

Jennifer and Ann helped Traci prepare and pack. They were packing when Jennifer noted an unfamiliar machine in the apartment. Traci informed them that it was an electrolysis machine that she had been using on one of her models to remove unwanted hair around the bikini line. They had it crated and shipped, because Traci promised to give them hair-free bikini lines too.

The day finally came and everyone boarded the Wilcox Industries jet at O'Hare airport. Mr. Wilcox, Jennifer, Ann, Traci and Donna all ready to get away from the Windy City. All of them had dressed for a typical March, windy day, but as Mr. Wilcox took off his tie and jacket, they all knew that casual attire would be more appropriate for the balmy breezes of the South Pacific. It was also the first time that Ann had noticed the bulges in Mr. Wilcox's familiar tapered Arrow shirt.

The jet landed on the Island with no problems and Mr. Wilcox told the pilot that he wanted peace and solitude, so that any flights to the Island would only be made on his request by radio. He mentioned that they had supplies for six months. Till then, if he didn't call, he wanted privacy! Then Mr. Wilcox proudly took them on tour. The Island was picture perfect, with palm trees, white sand beaches and a lagoon with clear blue water and parrots in the palm trees. They met their two Polynesian helpers, Me-wauai, the cook, along with Leoni, their housekeeper. They both caught admiring glances as their long black hair, smooth complexions and hourglass figures left little to the imagination in their skintight sarongs.

A short while later, everyone was enjoying the smell and taste of a magnificent luau that had been prepared as a welcoming to the Island. As they were eating, the winds started to increase in velocity until the shutters were battering against the house.

Leoni said that she would close the shutters and prepare for the spring tropical storm. A short while later, the waves were crashing the sandy beaches and the trees were swaying dramatically from the fierce winds. The storm subsided, leaving not too much damage or debris to clean up.

However, a palm tree had fallen across the end of the house where the radio room was located (another unforeseen change in James's life). They all pitched in, moving broken pieces and other debris to get to the radio, and they found it inoperable because some wires and tubes had been broken.

Everyone went inside to change their wet and dirty clothes. James asked Jennifer if she had seen his two trunks of clothes that were supposed to be in their master bedroom suite. She commented that she had seen two trunks near the storage area marked, "Wilcox's gear." After finding the two trunks, James found that all they contained was the scuba gear that he had ordered shipped.

Then, a bellowing, "Oh, great!" echoed throughout the house.

Jennifer arrived first. "What's the matter? Anything wrong, James?"

Soon, everyone was listening to James's dilemma as he explained that his two trunks of clothes had not been delivered.

Ann looked at her boss, standing, despondent, in his wet clothes. Then Jennifer asked Ann if she had anything James could wear. Ann was about two inches taller but close in size to James' weight and stature.

She nodded and returned shortly with a pair of white panties, turquoise shorts, a floral-print, Hawaiian blouse and white sandals. Jennifer took them and James back to their room to change.

Soon, James had joined the rest of the ladies back on the verandah. He was surprised at how comfortable his new attire was as they all sat around and discussed the day's activities. When he was getting ready for bed, Jennifer handed him a yellow cotton nightgown.

While they sat talking, Jennifer was stroking his hair, trying to relax him, and all of a sudden, she had an urge to do something with his hair. She reached for her comb and brush. Before long, James's hair was done in a neat French braid with a little yellow ribbon bow on the end to match his nightgown. He started to protest, but she put her fingers to his mouth and told him, "Sssh, less tangles."

They both fell asleep, listening only to the peaceful sounds of the getaway Island.

The days went on and James became accustomed somewhat to wearing Ann's shorts, blouses, tennis outfits and even her one piece swim suit.

One day, during the end of their second week, as he approached the lagoon for a swim, he commented to the ladies as they were all applying a white lotion on their legs about the Bathing Beauties of Getaway. He asked about the lotion and Traci told him

it was for a better tan. The ladies clamored and soon had him lying under the sun with his legs, back and arms covered.

About fifteen or twenty minutes later, everyone went to the lagoon to cool down and wash off. It was then that James realized what they had done, for his skin felt exhilarated by the water with its new smoothness. His fingers ran up and down his legs, and he couldn't get over how much more sensitive his skin felt.

Jennifer chuckled as she ran her fingers over his thighs, saying, "Nice legs, Jamie!"

She had never called him "Jamie" before, but it now seemed more appropriate with his long hair, smooth body and budding breasts in a woman's bathing suit. From that day on, everyone started calling him, "Jamie." Not only that, but Jamie was included in their female activities.

Traci was reminded about the electrolysis offer and soon, all the ladies were having work done on their bikini lines. Traci started on James, just shaping his beard for an hour or two the first day. However, the treatments seemed to stretch on and on, for Traci was really enjoying the further development of Jamie. After an hour a day for a week, Jamie showed very little facial hair. Traci figured that in a few more weeks or a couple of months, he would have no beard at all.

One lazy, balmy afternoon as everyone was lounging around the lagoon, it was decided that they would all indulge in a manicure and pedicure. Traci instructed everyone on proper techniques. Traci worked on Donna's nails while Ann worked on Jennifer's. Then they changed places.

Oh, it was quite a treat to be pampered!

Jamie was lying half-asleep when Jennifer gently took his hand and said, "Your turn, Hon!"

A short while later, Jamie had shapely, oval, coral painted fingernails with matching toenails.

James was confused at how dainty his hands looked now. When they all agreed to head for dinner, Donna told Jamie it was time for his shot since it was now the end of April. She told him that she would give it to him after dinner. He started to protest, but then just smiled and said, "Oh, if you must!"

The next day as they were about to head for the lagoon, Ann handed Jamie a bikini and asked for her one-piece because she had burned her stomach the day before. Jamie put on the bottoms and noted that his hips looked fuller. He wasn't going to wear the top, but a glance in the mirror told him to cover his breasts. Yes, his breasts! He couldn't believe how much he filled out the suit (it had been four months now since Donna had started him on estrogen therapy). There was no doubt that his figure was softer and curvier.

The following day as Jamie was about to dress for the day, he couldn't find any shorts or blouses.

"Jennifer?"

"I know, Hon, but today is washday. Try this!" and she handed him a sundress made of an almost sheer material with a scooped back to the waist and a skirt that fell to two inches above the knee.

Jennifer told him, "That should be very cool and comfortable."

He couldn't get over how delicate it felt on his skin and the open feeling around his thighs as opposed to the comforting enclosure of the shorts.

The week went by with Jamie feeling less and less embarrassed wearing a sundress now and then.

On Friday, a discussion came about their planned formal Saturday dinners. Jamie quickly mentioned that he had nothing to wear. Traci smiled and interjected, "Oh, we'll come up with something, right, Ann?"

The excitement rose Friday night as they thought up decorations and also ideas about Jamie's formal debut.

Saturday morning everyone once again started thinking about the elegance of moonlit dining formally under the palm trees. Traci took Jamie for his electrolysis treatment. This time though, she spent some time shaping his eyebrows and removing a few unsightly hairs from his chest area. Ann gave Jennifer a pink chiffon formal, low cut with a scooped back. The white accessories included a shell necklace, bracelet and earrings. Jennifer noted that the earrings were for pierced ears. She would ask Donna to pierce his lobes later. That evening, Jamie came to dinner elegantly dressed and feeling a sense of femininity that seemed quite natural as he dined and chatted with the rest of the Beauties of Getaway Island.

THE STORY COULD GO ON FROM HERE?

or...

The next three months passed as Jamie more and more became adjusted to his feminine clothes and curvaceous body. He looked forward to the Saturday formal dinners. In the middle of July, a plane landed on the Island to bring them back. James (Jamie) had an important business meeting with the Vice-President and Associates of Wilcox Industries. Jamie and Jennifer spoke on the plane about his future. Can you imagine what he wore as he entered the meeting?

THE END

JUSTINE ON COURT

By Rae Johansen

It was a bright sunny morning in the month of June. Justin was on the driveway practicing his shots at our basketball hoop on the garage. His enthusiasm for the game kept him out there for many hours. He hadn't made the high school team as a sophomore, but was determined to make it in his junior year.

I'm Lisa Restagno, his older sister.

I had just graduated from high school with a full athletic scholarship for basketball to Bradley University. I suppose I'm part of Justin's determination, for I had received a lot of attention from our family for being an All-State player. I watched Justin through the kitchen window as he dribbled and drove to the hoop.

'Hmmm, not bad,' I thought, 'but his size is a major factor against him.'

Justin would be sixteen in a few months and still he was an inch shorter than me, being just five foot six inches tall. He had the speed but not the size for the boys' team.

I was ready to go out and play with Justin when the doorbell chimed. It was two of my fellow teammates, Julie and Cindi. I let them in, but as I walked with them towards the kitchen, I sensed that something was wrong.

When we sat down, Julie told me that our summer league team had just hit a major snag. Laurie, our strong forward's right knee was just diagnosed in need of surgery and she would be going into the hospital next week. Pam, our fast point guard, had just tested positive for "Mono."

The three of us sat for minutes with despondent faces. We had put out six hundred dollars each just to play in this National A League. Julie said she could take Laurie's place at strong forward, but without a point guard, we were out of luck.

I spent over an hour on the phone trying to find a replacement for our first game which was to be played in two days, but every girl I called had made other commitments for the summer. It seemed hopeless that our team would even get to play our first game in the upcoming tournament.

We all sat gloomily at the kitchen table when my little brother came in with his basketball for a glass of juice. As he poured his juice, Julie spoke out sarcastically, "Too bad Justin's not a girl, then he could fill in for Pam."

All three of us chuckled as Justin just stood there with a glare. Justin came back with, "What are you talking about, Julie?"

I informed him that it was nothing but girl talk.

It wasn't much later before a sparkle returned to my eyes as it finally hit me what Julie had said. I was sure Justin could pass as a girl for one game, or at least until I could find a new point guard.

I called the tournament director and had "Justine's" name added to the roster. Now I had to convince my little brother to help us out.

We all went out to practice a little basketball. Justin passed the ball around as we took shots from the perimeter. All the while I kept pondering how to ask him to help us out.

An hour later we all went in for a drink and it was then that I told Justin about our predicament. He responded very sympathetically. Then I asked him, "Do you want to help us out?"

To which, he replied, "How? I suppose you want me to play?"

And we all replied, in unison, "YES!"

Justin looked at us with a blank, questioning stare. I told him that it was for just the one game, until I could find a replacement. He didn't think he could ever pass as a girl. I looked at my teammates and then back at Justin.

"Shall we see, Justin? It would be great court experience for you."

Once again we all looked at him with pleading eyes.

Then, a weak, unsure voice said, "OK, but, Lisa, you will owe me one... a BIG one!"

Justin followed me hand in hand to the bathroom while Cindi and Julie waited in the kitchen.

I had him strip down to his underwear. Then I applied a depilatory to his legs. As we waited for the cream to work, I tweezed his eyebrows until they were passable. Justin's hair was longer than Cindi's, coming just short of his shoulders. I gave him feathered bangs and ushered him into the shower.

I went into my room for his first feminine outfit. Soon, in my arms, were a yellow mini skirt, blouse, panties, bra, pantyhose and a pair of tan sandals.

When Justin came out of the shower, I dressed him, curled his bangs with the iron and applied light make-up.

I stared with amazement. I could not believe that THIS was my little brother! He, no, SHE, was adorable!

The yellow outfit contrasted his black hair well while the miniskirt showed off his great, nylon encased legs. Together, we walked back to the kitchen. As we came through the doorway, Cindi and Julie gasped with awe.

Julie blurted out, "Welcome to the team, Justine."

About an hour later, while we discussed the team, it was decided that Justine was about the same size as Pam. Julie offered to drive over to Pam's to pick up her uniform for Justin.

Justin balked at going along, but I told him that in two days he would have to go to the game like this and that he needed practice to pass as one of the "Girls."

And Cindi spoke to him about sitting with his knees together and about the wriggle in his walk.

An unexpected surprise came when we returned. I saw Mom's car in the driveway. She had taken Dad to the airport to catch a plane for an extended business trip in Europe which would last about two months.

As I tried to lead the way to the back door, Mom came around the corner from the backyard.

“Hi, Mom!”

As she hugged me, she started to ask... Her mouth dropped as she said, in total confusion and disbelief, “Justin?”

We all went inside and I explained the whole story to her.

Mom and I talked later as we sat on her bed before bedtime. She spoke about how pretty Justin looked this way, and she said she might have some thoughts of seeing how she could further his development as a girl. As I passed Justin's room, I saw him rubbing on the lotion I had given him to put on his smooth legs.

Mom and Justin both went to sleep with their minds spinning with confusion over the day's events.

The next morning, the Restagnos' awoke with much to talk about at the kitchen table. I handed Justin some underwear, pantyhose, a pair of my cutoff shorts and a halter top.

He started to balk again, but Mom spoke up, saying that no one else was around and that he must get in the right frame of mind to “pass” for the game.

We ate breakfast and went out to practice some plays together for the game on Saturday.

After a couple hours, we both went back in the house, exhausted. We sat together, eating lunch and discussing tomorrow's strategy for getting him on and off the court without any perception as to who our point guard really was.

In the afternoon, Cindi called, asking if I'd like to join the team for pizza and to jabber about the game, then take in a movie afterwards?

I told her, “Sure.”

Then, Justin came to mind, for he should be in on team talk. I asked him, “Justin, would you like to join the team for pizza?”

“NO!” he exclaimed.

But, with some gentle coaxing, I soon had him dressing for a night out with the girls. He put on fresh panties, nude pantyhose, my padded bra, a pink, floral sun dress and my sandals.

I curled his bangs and applied a little more make-up to his eyes than I had the day before. This made his beautiful brown eyes seem enticing.

I handed him one of my old watches and a bracelet. I was disappointed that I didn't have any earrings for him. All mine were for pierced ears.

But, he definitely looked like a part of the team as he walked out the door to Cindi's car.

However, as we drove, he sat quietly and was fully embarrassed at being out with the girls, dressed as one of them. When we arrived at the pizza parlor, Julie and Denise were waiting at the table for us. Julie giggled as she said she was glad to see that our whole team could make it.

Justin's face flamed as he sat down.

We ordered our pizzas, but as we waited, Cindi noted that Justin was the only one of us without polished nails. She took Justin's hand, but he pulled it back.

I said, "Oh, come on, Justin, it's not permanent!"

A few minutes later, Cindi had his nails filed and polished a pale pink, just like hers. While we were eating, I would watch Justin glancing at his nails.

Justin relaxed more and more as the evening went on, and he came to accept my reassurance that no one would ever picture him as anything but one of the girls out for a fun night together. It was true that he seemed to pass remarkably well.

We arrived home and as we were getting ready for bed, I went to give Justin a hug and to thank him for being such a good sport. I told him he was great for keeping my team from forfeiting.

I awoke eager to play in this Class A tournament. Of course, we weren't favored to win, and in all probability would be eliminated in the consolation bracket our second game.

Justin, or should I say, "Justine," was still an unknown.

Could my Little Brother pull off the deception?

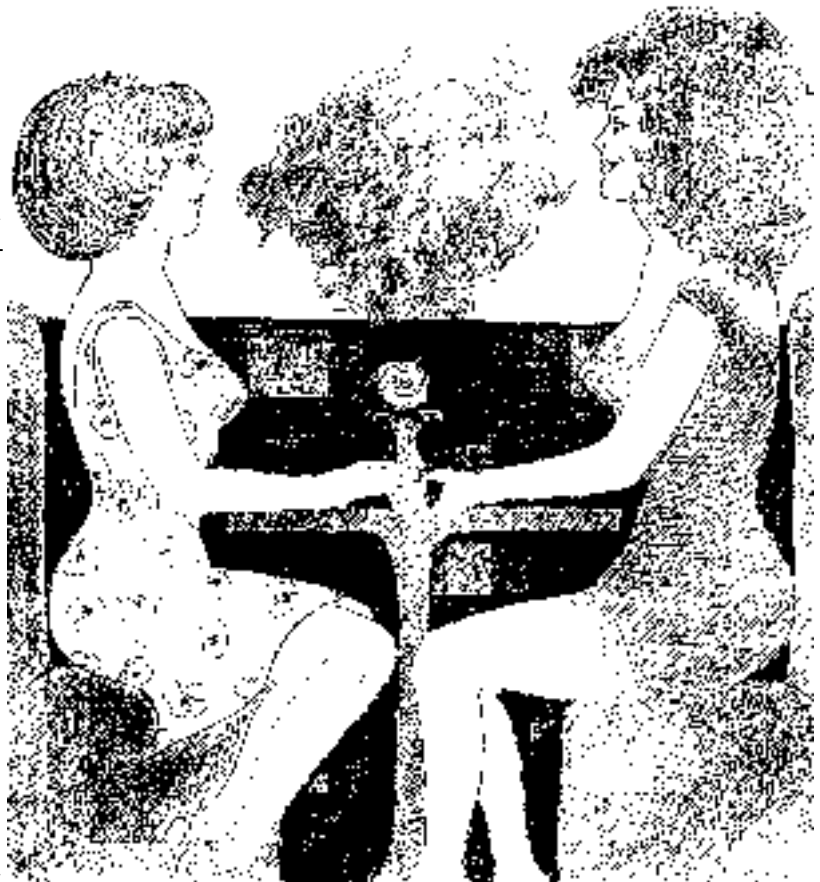
And, how well could he play?

And could he play by "girls" rules"?

And who would I replace him with?

All questions that I hoped would be resolved soon...

The time came to get ready for the game. I dressed Justine in my blue denim skirt, pink blouse and



sandals. I applied his make-up and took a little longer than usual to style his hair. Then we were off for the game.

When we arrived at the local University where our first round games were scheduled, I took Justine into one of the ladies washrooms away from the locker room. I handed him his uniform and waited for him to change in a stall. I had forgot all about "Justin" in the midst of the girls' locker room while we'd be in various stages of dress.

As I brought him out onto the gym floor, we met Cindi. Justine relaxed a little and even jovially stated, "I guess that means showers are out for me?"

"You can always shower with me, Justine!" Cindi teased, and he blushed to his roots.

We warmed up taking shots and scanning our opponents as we passed the ball around. They were a tall team. Even their point guard was five feet ten inches, making Justine the shortest player on the court!

The referee tossed the ball in the air and the game started. We struggled to stay within three points, and at half time the scoreboard read 31-28. We all decided that a running game was what we needed to break loose.

"Justine" came alive in the second half by moving the ball down the court quickly and setting up assist after assist on offense, while our defense as a team sparked turnovers. We went on to win 74-63.

We all began hugging each other wildly and in our excitement, we all forgot that Justine, in reality, was still my little brother, Justin!

Ecstatic feelings filled us all until the tournament director came over to congratulate us on our first game win. Then he asked us how we planned on making it in the finals with no subs on the bench.

That was when I found out that no roster changes were allowed after the first game had been played.

While Justine went to the car to wait, Cindi, Julie, Denise and I had a long talk about him. Could we convince him to stay Justine awhile longer?

In the car, we all praised him about his playing and how important he had been to our win. I told him about the roster rule.

His eyes looked back at me in a queasy stare, followed by, "Lisa! Not again?"

In unison, our voices declared, "For the team!"

I asked him, "Just until we lose one and get eliminated, 'cause I don't think we could win more than two. Then, we play one consolation game and you're done." With tears in my eyes, I pleaded, "Just two weeks, Justin. I need the court practice and so do you. Think about it, Justin, please? Our next game is Wednesday, so you still have a few days..."

Monday morning, Justin awoke and dressed in his borrowed panties, bra, pantyhose, halter top, and cutoffs. He pulled his ten speed bicycle out of the garage and headed down the driveway.

I didn't see him again until the late afternoon.

He put his bike away and sprawled out in another lounge next to mine on the patio. While I looked at him, I couldn't help but think that with his shaven, hairless legs, plucked eyebrows and shaped bangs, he looked rather tomboyish for a girl...

By Tuesday afternoon, I was wondering if we were even going to have a chance to suit up for our next game. That's when Justin came to me and told me that he would play if I promised never to blab about it to his friends.

On Wednesday, I laid out fresh underwear in pastel yellow, a skirt and tank-top for Justine. As he pulled the top on, I noticed his underarms were in dire need of a quick shave. A few appropriate rollers in his hair while I had him put on a fresh coat of nail enamel and off to the game we went!

Everyone else on the team was suited up and eager to play. We gathered by the benches for a pep talk. That's when Cindi handed us our vitamins.

I smiled when I noticed one of her birth control pills in Justine's hand. She smiled back at me and chuckled, saying, "He's just one of the girls now, Lisa!"

On the court, we played well together. By the fourth quarter, there was no doubt we would be back again.

After the game, we decided to stop for a bite to eat on the way home.

Justine just wanted to get home and was fussing about going out.

We all told him he looked just fine.

I was starting to enjoy having Justine with us! I mentioned it to Mom later and she also noted how much more at ease and calmer she was with "Justine" than with "Justin."

Two days later, we were dressing for our third game. I chose for Justine a pink flowered sun dress to wear over his underwear and pantyhose, for it would be easier to change out of at the stadium than a skirt and blouse.

Then I handed him the curling iron and told him to work on his hair. Before we left, I applied a little make-up to both of us.

"Justine" was in the back seat of Cindi's car as we headed towards the University. Cindi and I were raving on how great it would be to make it to the Nationals.

Hell, it was a pure miracle that we had played this far into the tournament!

The local newspapers had given us the nickname of "The Cinderella Team." Little did they know that one of our players truly was a "Cinderella!"

A couple hours later, we all sat in awe that we had won again! Justine was a sparkling influence on all of us.

We were discussing our future games when Julie came up with the idea of playing up the Cinderella nickname. Her Dad owned a sporting goods store and had made the offer. She thought pink uniforms would be classy and we all agreed, except for Justine.

The next morning, we all picked up our white and pink uniforms, our pink socks, and our white and pink high top sneakers.

They looked fantastic on all of us!

Even Justin!

No, especially on Justine!

My hair had grown out after my last perm and I had an appointment at the beauty parlor later in the morning. While I was getting some cash from Mom, I teasingly said that maybe Justine should join me.

Mom smiled and said, "His hair is touching his shoulders now and it's becoming straggly. We could always have it cut off when he's done playing in your tournament."

When I left for the beauty parlor, I had Justine with me. He was told that he was just going to get a little curl to make his hair somewhat more manageable.

He hesitated briefly at entering this new territory of femininity until I told him that Mom had suggested it.

Once we were inside, I instructed the beautician to give Justine a "spiral." Justine sat in silence as she worked on him. He sat nervously next to me, leafing through magazines as we waited for the solutions to take effect.

I wasn't sure what his eyes were saying as they turned him to look into the mirror at the finished results. His hands reached for his head, to grasp a handful of ringlets. He lifted them only to let them fall in tight waves to his shoulders.

As we left, he asked how long the curls would last.

I told him, "Until they grow out or get cut off, for you just had a permanent. Welcome to the world of beauty, little brother. They look fabulous on you!"

That afternoon, I caught Justin in his room brushing his hair. He placed two of my combs in his hair to hold it back off his face. His hands were playing with the ringlets as I walked away.

The next day, we had no game, so Justine put on a pair of his cutoffs and a T-shirt. With his smooth legs and new hair style, they looked quite inappropriate.

I also noticed that his nipples seemed to be protruding. This startled me until I remembered that he had been taking Cindi's special vitamins for about five weeks now.

I offered him another pair of my shorts and a halter top, politely telling him that he wouldn't look so scruffy in them.

To my utter surprise, he meekly accepted them. When he changed tops, I couldn't help but notice his elongated nipples.

We went out to the backyard to lay down in the lounge chairs. I had my new "Seventeen" magazine and offered Justine last month's issue. We both spent the morning reading and relaxing in the warm sun.

Early in the afternoon, Cindi stopped by to ask if I wanted to go shopping at the Mall. She couldn't stop talking about how "pretty" Justine looked with his new hairdo. She even asked to brush and play with his hair to try various styles.

I could tell that "Justine" was embarrassed with the situation.

At Cindi's insistence, the three of us headed off to the Mall to shop around. We were in and out of stores all afternoon.

Cindi was enjoying herself teasing Justine. She even had him trying on several different outfits. He had changed from evening gowns, skirts, dresses and lingerie, as he went from one changing room to another.

We were sitting in a snack shop resting when Cindi caught sight of an earring shop kitty-corner from us. When we finished eating, we headed into "Earrings Plus."

We were handling all different sizes and shapes when Cindi decided to have her lobes double-pierced. When she arose from the seat, now with two hoops hanging from her lobes, she handed the sales girl a pair of diamond starter studs. She then told her that they were a present for her friend, and she pointed to Justine.

It was then that she reached for Justine's arm and led him to the chair. As she sat him down, she said, "Your turn, Justine, Dear."

Justine tried to get up, but Cindi held his arm tightly. Little tears came from Justine's eyes as first one lobe was done and then the second.

Justine left the store with Cindi's present secured snugly in his ear lobes. He asked her, "Why?"

I heard her calm reply, "Because, lots of boys have one, and when you're all done playing as one of us 'girls' (if ever!), you can just wear just the one.

"Besides, I like you better with them."

And that was that. I have never heard Justine utter one word against anything Cindi liked..."

The next day, we were discussing our final tournament game. We were facing another undefeated team. If we won, we would be going into the finals for the Nationals.

That would mean that "Justine" would be around another four weeks — in fact, one week into the school year! The thought came to mind, "How do we pass "Justine" as "Justin" with his new look?"

Another problem would be that Dad would be home by then. These would have to be faced as they came up.

One o'clock came and we headed for Cindi's car to go to the stadium. Justine looked perfectly natural in the new white with turquoise seashell sun dress, off-white pantyhose and white ballerinas that Cindi had bought for him the day before.

He walked with much more confidence now than that first day I had led him out into the world as Justine.

In fact, before we had left, I noticed that he was primping his hair and make-up at the mirror like any other young lady would, even me.

The ball went up in the air for the jump, all five of us full of nervousness. But, as Justine grabbed the tip and dribbled to the foul line for a jump shot that zipped the net, we immediately lost our nervousness and got all keyed up with renewed hope.

The game battled on until the horn blew at the end of the fourth quarter. Then our eyes looked at the scoreboard in astonishment for we had won by one point. This meant that Justine would be part of the team for another four weeks.

As we were leaving the stadium, the tournament director handed us a packet of papers to be filled out for the Nationals. I started looking them over as Cindi drove us home.

Another snag hit home. I told Cindi that we needed new physicals and that included Justine.

Mom called her gynecologist that afternoon and set up an appointment for us the next day. She was on the phone for over an hour, discussing her “daughter,” “Justine,” with her doctor.

We arrived at the doctor's office early the next morning. I noticed that Justine's hands were fiddling with papers and his legs were twitching.

I tried to calm him down by telling him that the doctor was only going to check his heart and pulse, thump his chest once or twice, peer into his ears and nose, “hmmm” a few times, and then he would be on his way home again.

Little did I know what Mom had discussed with the doctor...

I took my turn in the examination room first. My heart was tested, blood pressure taken, blood sample drawn, urine sample completed, my chest and back thumped, the doctor mumbled “ah-ha!” twice, and I was done.

Justine rose and went into the examination room with Mom and the doctor. Justine asked, “Could Lisa join us, please?” He must have felt that I was his security blanket in this brand new (for him) feminine surrounding.

Permission was readily granted and I followed along.

The doctor spoke to Justine politely while revealing that she knew all about “his” dressing for the team and that she would only take a short while to give the physical. His face was all blushed as she examined his chest, cupping his swellings gently and tweaking his nipples lightly. They hardened noticeably, but whether from her gentle touch or the excitement, I wasn't sure.

When she was all done with the basic physical, she asked him to lower his panties and expose his hip. She stepped towards him with a hypodermic needle filled with an amber liquid. A moment later, the contents were being emptied into the fleshy part of his fat rounded cheek.

I looked at Mom questioningly.

She read my thoughts and said, “It's just a few hormones to help him be even more a part of the team. It's reversible when he stops taking them.”

I walked out of the doctor's office, wondering what I had gotten my little brother into.

'But,' I told myself, 'it's all for the good of the team.'

Besides, I liked the way he's fitted into his new role as our point guard.