

# Dylan's Stepmother



**Jessica Matthews**



An "Adult TV" Novel



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# Dylan's Stepmother

By Jessica Matthews

"Look at these crowds." Dylan looked through the darkly tinted windows of their chauffeured limousine. "Have they really all come here to see you? I can't believe it."

"I told you that I was a well-kept secret." Rosalind smiled at his naivety. "I'm not really famous but among people who like the things I do, I have a big following."

"Then they're gullible idiots." Dylan shook his head. "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said that."

"No, you should never even think that, let alone say it. They're ordinary people who believe in spiritualism. They like watching me in communication with their lost loved ones; they like having their cards read and have faith in palmistry. Some come to get in touch with their former lives."

"I still think they're idiots."

"Well, keep that to yourself; remember they are the people who pay to keep up my lifestyle." Rosalind looked at him with an indulgent smile. "And of course, *your* lifestyle too."

"Do they know how well you live?"

"I'm sure they do." Rosalind patted his hand. "They like to think that it helps me to rest and meditate upon the things they most value."

"Is that why you let those journalists do a photo spread about your house and garden?"

"Of course, but you'll remember that I never said more than a half-dozen words to them, other than showing them round."

"I guess you'll say that all publicity is good publicity."

"That's why I have you as my assistant."

"I'd still be your assistant if you let me be a boy while I'm doing it."

"Nonsense; that would never do." Rosalind looked at him severely. "My assistant must be female, feminine, fey and ethereal. You've been created to give off all those qualities."

"Will you ever let me go back to being a boy?"

"Probably not," Rosalind replied. "I know you've only got small breasts but as you're so skinny, they reinforce the image of a raw and unconscious sexuality that I need in my female assistant."

"I wish you hadn't made me have these implants." Dylan ran a hand under his breasts and looked down the neck of his low-cut silk dress which hung voluminously over his tall and slender figure.

"They're only small ones," Rosalind replied. "I bet you don't even know that they're there most of the time."

"I think that's the only way I've been able to live with them," Dylan replied.

"That's a good girl," Rosalind chided him. "Remember your place. You have a comfortable life, and all these people provide it for you."

The limousine turned and came to halt at the private entrance to the rear of the venue.

"Now look at me, it's time for you to get into character."

Dylan's trigger made him turn and look into her eyes. She took his hand and stroked the back of it with her other hand. Dylan knew he couldn't resist and obediently closed his eyes. He didn't hear what she said. He didn't have to as he slipped into a trance.

Rosalind touched the red stone ring on the ring finger of his right hand and again, then the middle finger of his left. She'd programmed his mind carefully. She knew that each time he saw or felt a ring, it would reinforce his conditioning. He was her girl now and would stay that way until it suited her to release him.

She snapped her fingers, and he was awake again. This time his voice was softer, and his demeanour softened. His body language changed so subtly. No one would ever guess that Dylan wasn't exactly as he appeared.

He casually flicked back his long straight hair so that it hung down his back and untangled a long dangling earring from the hair on one side. The bangles on his left wrist jingled and jangled as he did so.

The car door was opened, and he stepped out, feeling the layers of black silk of his dress falling into place. He smiled at the doorman who held the door open and turned to offer his hand to Rosalind who made an elegant performance of smoothing her dark purple dress and adjusting the veil of the stylish hat so that her face was half concealed.

Arm in arm, they entered the hotel.

"Where do you think you're going?" Marcia's voice halted him in his tracks as he tried to sneak out of the house.

"Nowhere in particular," Dylan answered, turning back to face his stepmother.

I need you to stay here," she demanded. "Rosalind Meldrum's coming to see me, and I want you to be here."

"That silly cow." Dylan couldn't help himself.

"Don't you dare call her that; she's a good businesswoman. You're a layabout."

"She's still stupid." Dylan didn't hide his contempt.

"As it happens, she needs someone to assist her," Marcia replied. "She needs a driver and someone to host her evenings and when she offers private readings."

"That's a job for someone as stupid looking as she is."

"Rosalind has a distinctive mode of dress, but it's not stupid," Marcia defended her friend. "It's expected that she looks the part when she's giving a reading or a presentation."

"She sure does that. She looks like a representative of the living dead, holding séances for idiots trying to contact the recently dead."

"She offers a great deal of reassurance and comfort to lots of people." Marcia came to stand close to him. "She's not all as screwball as you think either. She does tarot card readings, palmistry, and some other kinds of fortune telling."

"Does she predict that idiots are going to cross her palm with silver?"

"Oh, it's a lot more than silver," Marcia said softly, but with a delivery that said she'd won the argument. "It can be hundreds or thousands if she gets the right clients."

"And she never resists the opportunity to relive a fool of their money. How admirable."

"She uses it wisely though," Marcia said. "She's the one with the big house, the nice clothes and that BMW you were ogling last time she called here."

"It's living off immoral earnings."

"So, tell me, Mister Morality, what have you done to relieve anyone of any money these last few months? What have you earned? You mope around here all the time, pick up any loose change I leave lying around, and waste all your days."

"My father left enough money for us both to live comfortably," Dylan snapped back.



"He left it to me," Marcia replied. "Don't you forget that."

"So, I should have a share too. It was in the will."

"I haven't forgotten." Marcia smiled. "He left your share in trust with me. You get some of it when you're twenty-five on condition that I'm satisfied that you're able to be responsible."

"I've not done anything irresponsible."

"You've not done anything since leaving school." Marcia walked back to the kitchen table. "I'd call that very irresponsible for a seventeen-year-old boy, wouldn't you?"

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Dylan heard the door opening and Marcia greeting Rosalind effusively. He could even smell her perfume from up the stairs, as he went quickly into his room.

"Get yourself down here," Marcia called sometime later.

"Hi," Dylan said grumpily as he came face to face with Rosalind.

"I thought you said Dylan?" She looked from him to Marcia.

"I did, this is Dylan."

"Oh, but I thought Dylan was a girl," Rosalind said. "I can't possibly use him. A boy would never do."

"He can change," Marcia said bluntly, looking at Dylan again. "He's skinny enough and not too tall. That long dusty looking hair of his might even be an advantage."

"I couldn't possibly..." Rosalind started, then hesitated. "Maybe you're right. It would be fun to have a boy fooling them all."

"Don't I get a say in this?" Dylan couldn't believe what he was hearing. "I don't want anyone to think I'm some dumb girl."

"I don't care if they think you're dumb or not," Marcia snapped back, her temper apparent as he



protested. "But you're going to make them think you're a girl, if Rosalind will have you."

"Marcia, you were always the most daring of us all." Rosalind's face glowed with excitement. "I've heard of boys being able to act like girls and I think it would be really exciting to have one working for me."

"I'm not working for you," Dylan interrupted.

"You're not working for anyone right now." Marcia's temper increased. "If I decide you're going to do this, then you're going to do it and like it."

"But..."

"But nothing; you're going to be the sweetest, most girlish of girls if it kills you."

Dylan grunted and turned away.

"Stay there," Marcia commanded, and he did so, fearing her temper, and remembering his inheritance too.

He came back and kept his eyes on the ground.

"Rosalind, he's not usually like this." Marcia shook her head and smiled again. "If I can get him to look presentable, would you give him a chance?"

"Of course, dear, but if he's going to be a liability, I daren't take the risk." Rosalind looked him up and down. "I must say that he looks like has potential. The girls I've interviewed were really the wrong sort."

"What's the right sort?" Dylan asked. "Is it some brainless bimbo who simpers all the way and pretends that she believes you're wonderful and wise?"

"No dear." Rosalind smiled a genuine smile at him. "She's someone who knows how to talk and carry herself well. She should like dressing up because different services require different costumes, and she should know her place."

"I think I know my place," Dylan sneered.

"If you don't, I certainly do," Marcia replied and turned to Rosalind. "Give me some time and I'll have him ready for you."

"I think you and I are really going to get along fine," Rosalind said to Dylan as she stood to leave. "I really love a girl with a bit of spirit."

"Right, you useless waster." Marcia turned on him with venom that he'd never seen before. "Your girl lessons begin in the morning."

"You think..."

"I know. We're going to get all your clothes together right now. Go and start now. I want everything out of your wardrobes, your drawers, and all that disgusting pile from your bedroom floor. I'll follow you with some rubbish bags."

"We're not really doing this, are we?" Dylan said as Marcia stood in front of him, holding a bag for him to fill.

"What didn't you understand?" she said. "I want shoes and boots as well."

"You can't mean to take everything."

"I can, and I do. Now start filling this bag."

Grudgingly, Dylan started to fill the bag. When it was getting full, Marcia tied the top and unrolled another bag. Again, Dylan filled it and watched as she tied the top again.

"I'm not going to have anything to wear of you take all these."

"I can fix that," Marcia replied. "And if I don't have anything suitable, you'll have to wear a towel until I can get you something from the internet."

"Like that's going to happen," he replied.

"Don't try me. There's only going to be one winner if you do." Marcia shook the bag for him to carry on. "Think which one of us has the money."

"Some of it's mine."

"In another eight years when you're twenty-five maybe. Remember I have discretion here."

"I get it whether or not in the end."

"You do, but that's when you're thirty. What do you plan on doing until then?" Marcia stated the obvious, and shook the bag again.

When Dylan had filled five bags, she had him take them down to the garage. She checked everywhere to make sure that he'd left nothing.

"You forgot these jeans." She held them up for him to see.

"But they're new. They cost a fortune."

"Put them in the bag." Marcia stood as he obeyed. "Now show me that you've cleared everything."

Grudgingly, Dylan held open the wardrobe doors, then, one by one, opened the drawers. Marcia pointed and he reached under the bed to pull out a couple of T-shirts and his Speedos, which followed into the bag.

"Now strip," she commanded.

"In front of you?"

"You don't have anything that I've not seen before," Marcia replied. "Remember, I was married to your father for eight years and I'm sure his was more impressive."

"That's gross." Dylan stood. "It's too much information."

"So, stop thinking and strip." Marcia shook the bag again and held her position until a naked Dylan stood in front of her with his hands covering his genitals.

"What do I do now?" he asked.

"You can wear a towel or wait while I look if I have something for you to wear."

"I'll get a towel," he replied sullenly.

"As you wish." Marcia took the last bag out with her, put it into the garage, and locked the door behind her.

She looked round, then took another bag. In it, she placed Dylan's washing from the utility, a couple of his jackets from the hooks near the door, and a pair

of cowboy boots he'd been excessively fond of recently.

The bag went into the garage with the rest.

"I wondered if you'd like to wear these." Marcia threw a bundle of clothes across Dylan's bedroom as he sat at his computer, still wrapped in his towel.

Dylan stood and picked up something from the bundle. It was all soft fabrics in feminine colours with lace and bows. There was one black item. He unfolded it and held it out.

"You're kidding. You're not serious," he said.

His nose crinkled in distaste as he held out a black baby doll nightdress.

"Your father thought I looked wonderful in it," Marcia said.

"Ugh." Dylan's towel fell away as he looked at other things. "These are all your things."

"Yes, what did you expect?" Marcia asked. "You can't have a whole wardrobe full after a couple of hours."

"A couple of hours? What do you mean?"

"I mean that you can't expect everything within a couple of hours of deciding to change from being a boy to being a girl."

"I never said I'd do that."

"I know you didn't. You were simply being foolish. I decided for you," Marcia said.

"How do I get you to understand that this isn't going to happen?" Dylan's eyes filled with tears of frustration.

"Get real; it's happening."

"You can't expect me to go along with this."

"Of course, you're going to go along with it. I think it's going to be good for you," Marcia said, unperturbed by his display of temper. "You'll make a wonderfully attractive girl."

"I want to get into a girl's panties, not to wear them."

"Don't be crude," Marcia said. "Boys don't like their girls to be crude; playful is okay, but never crude."

They looked at each other, staring hard and daring the other to look away. Dylan blinked first as Marcia knew he would.

"You look ridiculous trying to hold that towel around you. Why don't you slip into your new baby-doll, and I'll go and find the matching robe and panties? They'll protect your modesty better."

She turned and left him standing, one hand on the towel and another holding the lingerie.

"Heck, if she thinks she's going to outdo me, she's another thought coming," he said to the closing door. Marcia wasn't there to listen

Dylan dropped the towel, slipped the nightie over his head, and promptly fell to his ankles. He picked it up, pulling it to where he thought it should be. It shouldn't be complicated, he thought; he'd seen enough pictures. He struggled until he realised that it had spaghetti straps which were supposed to hold it on his shoulders.

He flicked his long hair away from the straps. As he bent down to untangle the hem, some of his light red hair fell over his shoulders. He'd always liked to keep his hair long and cared for it obsessively. Now he wondered if it was going to place him at a disadvantage as he felt it sway down his back between his shoulder blades.

He turned to look at himself in the mirror. He knew he shouldn't do it. He knew he shouldn't want to know what he looked like but there was something about the feel of the silky material, the way it moved against his body, that made a glance irresistible. He felt something stirring; an excitement that he didn't really want.

"Someone must be happy with their new nightie." Marcia returned and noticed immediately.

Dylan stood as she walked round him, appraising his predicament sticking rigidly in front of him. It



pushed the short hem of the nightie out and tightened it against his bum.

Marcia smiled and held out a matching robe for him to put his arms into. It slipped over his skin, all frills and lace, delicate patterns within the silky black material.

"You'd better wait before you put these on." Marcia smiled again as she handed him the matching panties. "I thought you'd like the shoes as well. I used to wear them for your father too. Be careful, they're backless slip-ons and the heel may catch you off-guard when you're not used to them."

Dylan looked at them with a look of disgust. Backless and wedge-heeled pumps, with black marabou feathers across the foot. He picked them up, then defiantly slipped them onto his feet. He took a step and almost overbalanced. He wasn't prepared for the height of the heels.

"You're joking. I'm never going to get used to girls' shoes."

"Never say never to me." Marcia's smile was cold and threatening. "When you're ready, you can come down and we'll talk about getting you ready to work for Rosalind."

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A couple of hours later, Dylan appeared downstairs. Marcia was watching television, a glass of wine on the table beside her chair.

"I think you look really lovely," she said as Dylan sat opposite her, pulling down the baby doll and robe.

"I don't know how you walk comfortably in these shoes," he said, moving awkwardly towards a chair.

"You'll learn," she replied. "Elegance comes with a price. Imagine yourself walking seductively dressed like that. It's a powerful feeling."

"It's for girls and I'm not one if you can remember that far back."

"That was then, this is now, and now you're learning to be a girl." She smiled wickedly. "Imagine if your



toenails were painted dark red to match your fingers and the toes were peeping through those mules. I defy any red-blooded man not to look twice."

She got her cell phone and took a few pictures as he tried to arrange his clothing and sit comfortably. The robe flapped open, exposing his shoulders and the spaghetti straps.

They almost covered the tops of the legs where the fabulously frilled panties protected his modesty. He saw her look and turned in the chair with his legs closed tightly.

"You're learning," Marcia noticed. "Girls have to keep their legs closed, otherwise men look up where they shouldn't see."

"They'll see a lot more than they expect if I ever get to that position," Dylan retorted. "But it's not going to happen."

"Of course, it isn't. Rosalind will expect you to dress very differently when you're her assistant."

"What happened to her last assistant?" Dylan didn't want to think about what might be forced on him in the future.

"I think she went to college, or perhaps that was the one before," Marcia tried to remember. "One of them went on to perform as a spiritualist in her own right."

"I bet that didn't go down well with Rosalind."

"Oh no, I think she was pleased and helped her to get established. There's a regular scene going on if you're interested in that sort of thing."

"I bet there is," Dylan said sarcastically.

"Come on; show a bit of interest," Marcia replied. "You may not want to do it right now but there's a lot out there. Rosalind does a lot of individual readings, fortune telling and cards, but she's absolutely fascinating when she does past lives regression."

"You'll have to explain why that's interesting."

"It pays good money, for one thing," Marcia replied. "You've seen Rosalind's car, just wait until you see where she lives."

"Does she live in a past life where it's all so much cheaper?"

"Now you're being silly," Marcia humoured him. "People think that they've lived before. You know how you can think you've seen somewhere before or heard something before, even though you know that can't be real."

"I read about *deja-vu* in my psychology class; it's everywhere."

"It may be, but Rosalind helps people to get in touch with their past lives and helps bring those memories forward so that if there's a lingering trauma, they can understand it and deal with it."

"What does she do if they've been Hitler or Caligula?" Dylan scoffed. "What about Lucretia Borgia?"

"I don't think she's come up against any famous figures from the past."

"That's probably because it's not real," Dylan scoffed again. "People must be stupid."

"I think the chances of finding someone as infamous as those, or any other, would be remote. Most people live ordinary lives," Marcia replied. "And whatever you may think about it, people pay."

"And Rosalind lets them."

"Of course, she does." Marcia smiled. "It's a way of making a living and it beats stacking shelves in a supermarket."

"Is that what she used to do?"

"Actually, she's a qualified behavioural psychologist but she left that behind a few years ago when she realised that this was much more enjoyable and far less stressful."

"Okay, I get that she's a success, but I still don't get why I have to dress up and work for her."

"You can stop thinking about it." Marcia took his picture again with her mobile. "I've made the decision for you."

"I've nothing to wear." Dylan sat in the negligee at the breakfast bar and smirked as he looked at Marcia next morning. "I can't possibly wear this all day."

"That's true," Marcia smirked back. "There's a dress and shoes by the door. They've only just been delivered. It's a pity that you need a smaller size than I do."

"Can't I have some of your jeans?"

"Maybe when you've learned how girls walk in a dress and heels."

"You're not going to insist that I wear heels as well."

"Of course, I am. What sort of mother wouldn't make sure her girl had the best training to prepare her for being a woman?"

"I'm not your daughter," Dylan said emphatically. "And I'm not going to be a woman anyway."

"While you're living here, you're going to learn how to be my daughter, then how to be a woman," Marcia replied. "And as a special treat, there's some lovely lingerie for you to wear under the dress. That should make you feel feminine."

"It's going to make me feel stupid."

"That's something you'll have to get over," Marcia said. "You can't expect to present yourself as a cool and confident assistant to Rosalind if all you're doing is thinking how stupid you feel."

"Can't we stop this charade?"

"It isn't a charade," Marcia replied. "Get used to it; go and get dressed."

Dylan looked at her but there was no mercy in her eyes. She looked grim and determined as she stared at him, daring him to disobey. He got up and looked away, then he walked to the door and picked up the package. He came back and, under her gaze, he opened the flap.

"It's a dress," he said with distaste.

He opened it to see a white dress with a poppy red flower pattern boldly across the fabric. It had a flared

hem and a back zip to a rounded neckline. Dylan wanted to screw it up and fling it away, but his stepmother's unwavering gaze told him that it might not be a good idea.

He reached into the package again and pulled out several items of pure white lingerie, then a packet of stockings. At the bottom of the package, he found a pair of white court shoes with impossibly thin heels about four inches high.

"Would you like me to help you dress?" Marcia was watching him intently. "Or can you manage? I'm sure you know how it all fits together; I've seen those magazines under your mattress."

"How did you..." Dylan thought better of completing the sentence. "I don't want to dress like this."

"Okay, you can sit around in that nightie all day if you want to." She smiled as if sharing a secret. "You're not going to get anything else to wear until I see you in those."

"But I can't go anywhere," Dylan protested.

"When you're dressed properly, you can go anywhere you want."

"I can't let people see me wearing a dress."

"Yes, you can." Marcia stood and leaned over him. "You're not going anywhere unless you're wearing a dress for the foreseeable future."

"But I'll look stupid."

"Then you'd better learn how not to look stupid then," Marcia said. "And part of not looking stupid would be to learn how to use makeup too."

"I'm never doing that."

"I think you will be doing that very soon," Marcia replied. "I know that Rosalind has a specific look she wants her assistants to have and that includes makeup."

"I don't want to, and you can't make me."

"I don't care if you want to or not, but I can make you quite easily," Marcia replied. "Don't worry, I'm not going to tie you up and force makeup onto you."

You're going to learn all about it yourself and learn how to do it all properly."

"How do you think that's going to happen?"

"I could send these photographs to everyone you know."

"You wouldn't."

"You've no alternatives. If you want to go out of this house ever, it's going to be as a girl. You're going to be believable, undetectable, and fashionable. Remember which one of us has the money and which one of us would be in a mess if he was thrown out with only a dress to his name."

"I could take you to court."

"Maybe you could if you could pay an attorney," She smiled. "Now be a good boy and go and get dressed."

"It's too bright," Dylan resorted to complaining about her choice of colours. "I'll be instantly noticeable."

"That's the idea. The bodice is meant to be tight to show off your shape. The flared hem is designed to move when you walk and give an attractive profile in motion."

"I don't have a shape."

"We'll have to do something about that."

Dylan saw that he was losing the argument. He stood and took his new clothes back to his room. He returned a couple of hours later.

"That's better." Marcia eyed up his appearance in the dress, stockings and heels. "I think you need something in your bra. I assume you're wearing it like I told you, but you need something on your chest. The dress is meant to show off a girl's figure."

"And girls have the biology," Dylan sneered. "They get the breasts to put there."

"So, use your imagination," Marcia replied. "Put something into the cups to make the dress fit. Don't let me see you walking around with the dress hanging loosely."

"Oh great." Dylan looked disgusted. "What do you suggest, balled-up panties?"

"That will have to do," Marcia said. "I'll order a better solution today."

"Thank goodness. I thought for a moment you'd be sending me for implants."

"Not a bad idea; maybe later when we find out if Rosalind's going to use you." Marcia smiled sweetly. "And it's time you started wearing makeup too. I can't think of any girls your age who don't use makeup."

"I'm getting fed up with telling you that I'm not a girl."

"And I'm telling you that you're going to be one so get that into your thick head," Marcia replied. "I'm ordering some makeup for you, and I expect you to learn how to use it properly."

"And who's going to teach me?"

"You can learn all about it on the internet."

"How long are you going to keep me like this?" Dylan asked two days later. "I usually have a clean shirt every day and you've left me with this one dress to wear. I think it needs a wash."

"You could be right," Marcia agreed. "White isn't your colour really," you never learned how to keep your clothes clean."

"Why can't I have my own clothes?"

"You're *wearing* your own clothes," Marcia said bluntly. "That dress and the lingerie is what you're expected to wear now. There's no going back. How did you get your dress so dirty anyway?"

"I don't know how those stains appeared. It's not as if I've been out anywhere." Dylan's voice was subdued, and he sounded resigned to his fate.

"It's probably as well. You don't look anything like a normal girl yet. Your body language is lumpy, even with whatever you stuffed in your bra. Your hair's a mess and you've no makeup or jewellery," Marcia pounced. "I can't think of a girl of your age who'd be seen dead like that."

"I keep telling you that I'm not a girl and I don't want to be one," he tried again; the despair in his voice was palpable.

"Those decisions have been made and you know the answer." Marcia's look told him that argument was futile. "You're going to be the best girl I can make of you."

"Okay, so no girl would be seen dead in the same grubby dress for day after day."

"Can I count that as your first thought as a girl?" Marcia asked sarcastically. "Well done if it is."

"Come on; it's not fair." Dylan was subdued now. "I can't keep wearing the same clothes day after day."

"I agree," Marcia said. "You can go online and choose a new dress and shoes to match."

"Can't I get some jeans?"

"No, you can't. Definitely no jeans, slacks, or joggers. And before you ask, no flat shoes either," Marcia replied. "I want to approve your choices first."

"You'll probably have to," Dylan said bitterly. "You're the one with the credit card."

"Yes, I am, aren't I?" Marcia smiled at him. "If you're good and I like your choices, you can order some more lingerie as well."

Dylan looked at her and she saw something in his eyes. It could have been resignation or realisation. Dylan would have said that he felt defeated as he slouched towards the table to pick up his laptop.

As he switched it on, Marcia handed him a list of girls' clothing sites to browse.

"And before you start looking, go and put some makeup on," she shouted. "I want to see a real effort from you."

"That's much better." Marcia ran her fingers gently through Dylan's head as he sat in front of his laptop. "Simple eyeliner and mascara can make such a difference. I really like the way you've drawn under your eyes too."

"I thought it was getting messy," Dylan grumbled.



"It's not at all messy; it simply looks casual and lived in," said Marcia. "I like the effect and I like that you've made an effort."

"If you're going to keep me in this sham, I thought I might as well experiment a bit." Dylan didn't want to sound too enthusiastic although he could feel the seductive power of makeup starting to fascinate him.

"Are you going to show me the dresses you've picked out?"

"I've kept the tabs open," Dylan replied. "I'm not sure about sizes and I wondered if I could have a denim miniskirt with a couple of tops as well."

"I think that's a good idea." Marcia wanted to emphasise praise for thing that were going her way. "I think showing off your legs would be a great idea."

"I'm not sure that I thought about showing off." Dylan suddenly felt a bit of panic in case he'd made a silly choice. "It's only that I know girls I used to go to school with looked good in them."

"Of course, they always look good. It's a fashion that never seems to date too much. You could wear it with pink trainer boots or maybe matching blue wedges. I think we'll have to get those as well and maybe some blue shiny heels to dress it up, with a purse to match."

Marcia looked at Dylan, sensing that his silence meant that she'd taken things too far and too fast, even though she was determined to have him as a fully functioning girl as soon as she possibly could.

"I guess," Dylan mumbled none too enthusiastically.

"What about lingerie?" Marcia asked. "I've seen those magazines under your bed. Some of those girls are wearing the most impractical things."

"I don't think they were meant to be practical." Dylan turned to look at her. Then, when he saw her face, he understood that she was teasing him and couldn't help but smile.

"Why don't I help you find lingerie that's near your fantasy but something that could actually be worn?" Marcia asked.

"If I have to wear that stuff, then that's a good idea." Dylan tried not to sound at all keen.

"And of course, you'll need some breasts," she announced, pressing home her advantage.

"You're joking," Dylan gasped.

"Not at all," Marcia replied. "You know why you look at those magazines and it isn't because the girls are flat-chested."

"That's not the point." Dylan blushed. "I'm a boy and I don't have breasts."

"I know but we can remedy that. For now, we'll have to buy some prosthetics."

"Prosthetics are what go into horror movies."

"And they also go into brassieres when a girl thinks her breasts are too small or when a lady has been ill and has to have something removed."

"That doesn't mean that *I* have to have them."

"Either you have proper breast-shaped prosthetics that are easy to wear, or you'll have to be stuffing rolled up panties in the bra cups forever, and that would be silly." Marcia opened another page on the laptop. "Of course, you could always opt for implants."

"You're joking." Dylan turned to her in shock.

"No; some small implants might be good. With a push-up bra, you could look like you had far more than you have."

"Like Becky Milligan at school," Dylan laughed. "Everyone knew they were fake."

"Knowing that they're fake is one thing but I'm not having you going to work with Rosalind with anything that looks obviously fake." Marcia pointed to a page of breast forms on the screen. "You can even decide what size you want to be."

"How about letting me have tiny ones?" Dylan asked, wishing he hadn't said that as soon as the words were out of his mouth.