

PLEASANT PUNISHMENT

By Charlie



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'SPECTRUM' NOVEL

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“PLEASANT PUNISHMENT”

by Charlie.

My name is Patrick Stewart, and I have a twin sister who is named Pamela. Also three more in order of age, Anne Barbara, and the youngest before me Joanne.

My father passed away when I was ten years old, leaving my mother Frances well fixed as far as money goes. They had been partners in a large real estate firm, and we lived on a ranch of one thousand acres some fifty miles out of the nearest town. Mom flew her own plane to town for business purposes several times a month, and we all went to town for clothes, shoes, and other necessities.

Our house was two stories, and we each had our own bedroom with bath on the second floor. The attic had several guest rooms, and downstairs was a large living room, dining room, commercial style kitchen, which also prepared food for the ranch hands who had their own cook an old trail hand named Dusty.

Our housekeeper and cook Mary had a daughter Maude who was the maid and had lived in our home since birth. She was a little slow mentally and I was always taking advantage of her as she believed almost everything I told her. Mary and Maude lived in a fairly large house about a hundred and fifty feet behind ours, with Old Bill, the ranch foreman, who everyone believed was Maude's father.

When the two houses were built there was a large trench bulldozed between them and a tunnel built so that in rainy or snowy weather passage between the houses was effortless. Leading off the tunnel were several store rooms and a large walk in freezer and refrigerator.

I mention the store rooms, because I later had cause to become familiar with one of them.

We had a large pool between the houses, and beyond the housekeeper's home there was a bunkhouse for the ranch hands, that had a small airplane hangar attached with a grass runway alongside.

My four sisters and I went to the same doctor in town when it was necessary. Dr. Walters was my mother's sister and specialized in OBGYN, but took care of me too since I was the only boy in the family, and she was the only doctor within fifty miles.

Our house had a small beauty parlor fixed up off the breakfast room, after all with seven women in the house we needed a place where they could do what had to be done to look pretty.

There was a beautician in town who would fly out with Mom on occasion and give the girls perms and hair cuts. She would stay the weekend, and even trimmed my

hair as I wore it rather long, and it was a source of annoyance to my mother when it got too sloppy looking.

Since Dad had died I was the only male in the house and you can believe I was pretty well spoiled and was accustomed to getting my own way most of the time.

I was pretty obnoxious a good part of the time and when I was sixteen things came to a head when I did my usual number on poor slow Maude. I had teased her to tears, and was making smart remarks about how she was only good to be a mindless servant.

Unknown to me my mother and Mary had heard most of it, and they were both determined to fix me good for my miserable attitude.

We had a family meeting every Friday night where things were discussed and any grievances settled.

Both Mom and Mary brought up my behavior with Maude and vote was taken on what should be done to me. The vote was seven to one to have me take Maude's place as the maid so I could see what she had to put up with without my smart remarks.

I refused to do it and was told I had no choice.

Not being very big I couldn't do very much when seven females ganged up on me, I only stand five feet six inches tall, and weighed about one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Before I knew what had happened I was stripped of my clothes and Mom and Mary had spread some vile smelling lotion all over my body.

I was dragged into the bathroom where about fifteen minutes later I was pushed under the shower where the lotion, and all the hair on my body went down the drain. I was as smooth as a new born baby, without even any pubic or underarm hair.

Beth Anne the beautician had come out that weekend and she got the job of making me look as feminine as possible.

My eyebrows were plucked to high thin arches after They had to tie me in the chair as I was kicking and screaming that they couldn't do this to me.

My Mother solved the problem of me throwing my head around by simply grabbing my ear and holding me still.

The girls had all spread out around the house finding clothes for me to wear.

In the meantime I sat in the chair in the beauty parlor with only my skin between me and the seat.

It was decided that I was to look as much like Maude as possible, and since I was blonde and she was brunette my hair first was cut and styled like hers, and then dyed a rich brown color. What was left of my eyebrows was also dyed to match, and my lashes dyed a coal black color.

Beth Anne next wound my hair on large plastic roller and gave me a perm.

Like it or not I now looked a lot more like a girl than a boy. I dreaded what was to come when the girls got back with the clothes I was to wear to complete my transformation. By this time I was resigned to whatever they wanted to do to me.

I spent about an hour under the dryer, by which time the girls were back from their scavenger hunt for lingerie and other clothing items to complete my change.

The first thing Mom gave me to put on was a rather small set of lycra bikini panties, they were to help hide my manhood. Mother instructed me to push my member back between my legs, and my testicles up into their body cavity. The tight bikini held everything in place, and almost gave me a perfect female shape between my legs. Mom told me she would get me something better in a few days, something called a gaffe or dancers belt.

Next came a lovely white satin and lace cover-up corset that Pam had worn with a floor length evening gown for her junior prom. They had me hold my weight off the floor by pulling down on the door jam, and both Mom and Mary worked on tightening the laces until I could hardly breath.

Dropping down off the door I lowered my arms only to have Mom place her hands down into the top of the corset and lift all the loose flesh on my chest forming realistic looking breasts above the top of the corset.

Anne produced a white satin and lace bra that had underwire cups that lifted and separated my new boobs, The bra was a 34A in size, and according to Barbara I filled it better than Anne ever did.

This brought a lot of laughter, except from me.

The next thing on the clothing list was a white satin pair of high cut panties worn over the garters hanging down from the bottom of the corset. Lastly they rolled smoky gray nylons up my hairless legs attaching them to three garters on each side. They finished with a pair of three inch high heeled patent leather pumps.

I wobbled around the room almost falling.

Mom watched my efforts with amused delight observing, Don't worry, dear, those are the only shoes you are going to be wearing for quite awhile so you'll get used to them soon enough.

I didn't say anything but the feeling of the tight garters holding up my taunt nylons was really a wonderful feeling. This being turned into a girl might not be all bad.

Mary brought out one of Maude's evening uniforms which was black satin, had a short skirt showing my knees and a tight bodice that showed my breasts to good advantage. There were two net and lace petticoats to be worn under the skirt, and a small maids cap that sat on the top of my now combed out and styled brown hair.

Next came the make-up, done by Beth Anne, and when I was allowed to look in the mirror I saw a very attractive young maid with bright red lips, black curled lashes and gorgeous eye make-up. My nails which had been done by Joanne were about one quarter of an inch past the ends of my fingers, painted a bright red to match my lips.

Everyone thought I looked delightful, and were all anxious to have me go to work.

Mom put her foot down, saying no, not in that uniform, Patricia must wear her work uniform and her first job is to move all her new clothing into one of the tunnel store rooms where she is to live for the duration of her punishment. Maude is to move into Patricia's old room, and will be treated like family from now on.

The next few hours were spent setting up a bed room in the store room, setting up a bed, and packing all my new goodies into an old dresser. There was no bathroom in my new room, the closest one being just off the stairs to the tunnel and up one flight.

I was instructed on some of my duties, and then told to go to bed.

The next day would be busy.

In the bathroom before going to bed in my storeroom bed, I removed all the make on my face with a facial cream that Mom had given me and then went back down the stairs to my room. Wearing the corset to bed was uncomfortable, but I had been told that I must wear it constantly unless in the shower. Over the tight corset I wore a pink baby doll set with my hair neatly rolled under a matching pink baby bonnet.

Then my Mother warned me, Patricia, you are not to appear upstairs unless I was completely dressed and with my make-up done perfectly.

Tomorrow I was to take over the duties that Maude normally did, starting with the serving of breakfast to the whole family.

“Like Maude did, you will take orders from everyone, especially Maude, who shall be your mistress, so to speak. You will curtsy at the drop of a hat, and you will address your superiors as, Miss, Mrs. or Mister. I am Mrs. Stewart, said with a sweet smile and a dutiful curtsy.” She demonstrated a curtsy for me, and watched as I followed her lead.

“In the morning Mary will help you with your make-up the first day, but after that I must do it all by yourself.

“Now, Patricia, you are dismissed. So you will thank me with a curtsy and go to bed.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Stewart,” I dutifully replied with a curtsy that made her nod her head with an approving smile before she left me to my thoughts.

Sleep came slowly, and with my manhood tucked away as it had been when I first was dressed the night passed slowly.

Mary woke me at five in the morning.

Remembering Mom's instructions, and not wanting to be spanked, I dutifully crawled from bed and executed a little curtsy. “Good morning, Miss Mary.”

“Well, well, I think you will do nicely,” Mary noted with approval before she handed me a plastic bonnet to cover my hair and ordered me to remove my corset.

After the shower she applied a rose scented bath powder to my body and allowed me to put on my tight panty brief to assure smooth feminine lines before she helped me back into corset. She measured my figure.

“Hmm, 34, 24, 34. Very good, Patricia,” Mary noted, “but after a few weeks of lots of hard house work, and a strict diet, we'll get you down to a twenty inch waist before too long.

She then helped me put on white elastic cotton nylon stockings that attached tautly to the garters on my corset. No frilly silks and satins for me. Next, she handed me a plain cotton slip followed by a pink maids uniform complete with a Dutch style white cotton apron.

Once I had stepped into my high heeled pumps she seated me by my little vanity and applied my make-up before she removed my hair bonnet to show me how to brush out my hair in the morning. With this task completed she showed me how to pin my little white maids cap securely in place.

I now was the family maid...

To emphasize Mary's promise, after serving breakfast to the girls, I was given a small bowl of cereal with skimmed milk and a half of a grapefruit, and told my target weight was one hundred and ten pounds, and I was cautioned not to eat anything that wasn't on my diet.

Mom and my twin sister Pam had flown off to town early in the morning to buy some more clothing for me, and to see Doctor Anne for some medication that would help me adjust to living as a girl.

By this time I was doing pretty well on my high heeled shoes, although my ankles were a little sore from the unaccustomed angle of my feet. I ran my first pair of nylons on the edge of a chair.

During my first free time that morning I was taken into the beauty salon where the girls gave me lessons on doing my own make-up, and was shown how to brush my now curly hair into different styles. Barbara thinned my eyebrows even more, and guiding my hand taught me to put on eye liner and mascara.

About four that afternoon Mom returned with shopping bags full of new lingerie for me and some pills that she had me take tow of right away. I also was given a new article of clothing called a gaffe which I was to wear at all times. It consisted of a waist belt and a strap that ran back between my legs. Mom put it on me the first time, and after tucking me up she pulled the strap up and my crotch was now smooth as any girls.

It hurt a bit at first, but after a half hour or so I hardly knew I had it on. In order to go to the bathroom I had to loosen the strap and allow my member to hang down to urinate.

Mom also brought me some new underwire bras with a small amount of padding in the cups to increase my bust size to 34B.

Weeks went by with no change in my routine, and I realized how rotten I had actually been to Maude. Hers was not an easy life, and I put in the same hours as she had done. I had not thought of the thousands of polite curtsies I had seen her do, or of her

demure politeness towards her 'betters' until I found myself constantly in the same curtsying position murmuring dutifully before the amused girls my acceptance of their slightest whim.

Mom faithfully gave me my pills every morning and evening, and without even noticing my body slowly started to change. My hips seemed to be getting wider, my waist smaller, and my breasts has started to overflow my new bras. Because of the constant indoor maids work and the application of beauty creams and lotions my once tan skin was creamy white and smoothly.

Then after three months Mom told me that I had an appointment with Dr. Anne the following Monday, and I would be able to leave the ranch for the first time.

That evening the girls took turns in lacing me into my corset and figure trainer, each trying to get my waist as small as possible.

I loved it when it was my twin Pam's turn, as she not only laced me tightly but she also massaged my budding breasts to stimulate the blood flow so they would grow even faster. I now had small firm lumps under my nipples which Mom said was the start of my milk glands which would build up fatty tissue around them as protection.

Pam sat on my stomach as she rubbed my breasts and rolled my nipples in between her fingers. My tucked back member tried it's best to arise due to the closeness of such a fine female body, but was so cramped that it just couldn't. Pam whispered in my ear that she liked me much more as a girl, and only wished that we were not brother and sister so she could release my manhood from it's restraint. She finished with my breasts by rubbing in a sweet smelling body lotion and ended by planting a kiss on each of my erect nipples. After my sister left with a smile over her shoulder I had to go to the bathroom and remove the gaffe and relieve my tension. There was still a lot of boy under all the cosmetics, and soft satin and lace lingerie.

Did I want to really be a girl, or was there a way to be both?

Dressing for my evening stint serving dinner to the family in my black satin uniform I stood looking at my reflection in the full length mirror. My legs in their black nylon pantyhose and three inch high heeled pumps looked like they were a mile long, shapely calves, trim ankles, and hairless legs all said girl. Underneath I was still a boy, but found it hard to remember how to act as one, it had been so long.

Friday evening I was invited to the family meeting for the first time since my punishment had begun.

The subject was whether I had served enough time in my role as maid, to make up for my behavior with Maude.

The vote was eight to nothing in my favor, Maude had voted in my place, and I was welcomed back into the family with open arms. Maude would return to her job as she was lost with having nothing to do all day.

I could return to being a boy if that was what I wished. By this time I really enjoyed wearing female clothing and cosmetics, and felt for the first time that I was truly a member of the family.

Mother saw the worried look on my face and said, "You shouldn't worry about what has happened to you. Nothing is permanent. If you want to be a boy, you can, or you can become a girl."

"We can have a long talk with Dr. Anne on Monday and she could explain all my options at that time. It will be entirely up to you, Patricia."

Leaving my uniforms and such for Maude and moving all my new lingerie and "off-duty" clothes back to my old room was a pleasure instead of a job, and that I now had a bathroom all to myself added to my delight.

That night I drew a bath for myself, having done it many times for the girls and my mother. As I lay soaking in the hot bubble bath for the first time I noticed the size and shape of my breasts above the water, they were as big as any of my sisters. The only difference was my nipples were not as developed as theirs. This was true since in the last month or so the girls had treated me more as a girl than as a brother, and I had seen them in their baths many times with no embarrassment on my part or theirs. I truly felt like I was a girl, and wanted to remain one.

My own bed felt wonderful, and for the first time in months I slept without my ever present corset, for now I taped in at twenty two inches without any help from cinches or corsets.

Saturday I spent mostly lounging around the pool and soaking up the sun's rays that I had been missing for the

last three months, Had to borrow a swim suit from Barbara since she was the closest in size to me.

My breasts were now larger than Pam's who had been lending me clothes until I could get my own when we went to town on Monday. The bikini she lent me was very skimpy, barely hiding my gaffe, and the bra top barely contained my firm white boobs. It was gold metallic material and set off my recently dyed brown hair. I had the unique problem that my roots came out blonde and I promised myself that the first chance I got I would return to my former blonde hair color.

Sunday morning was spent mostly in trying to assemble a decent outfit to wear to town the next day, I truly wanted to make a good appearance when Dr. Anne first saw me as a girl.

Mother woke me at six the next morning, and by seven we were in the air headed for town for a day of shopping and a visit to the Dr.. As we got close to town the left hand engine started to act up and Mom decided that instead of spending just one day in town we would take time for an engine change which would take three days.

"Goody," I exclaimed, "more time for me to go and spend some of my allowance for clothes and I want to visit Beth Anne's salon and get my hair done."

Our visit to the Dr. was first appointment in the morning, and Dr. Anne had reserved a full hour for me. She was quite surprised at my development, and wanted to know how many pills I had been taking as the dosage she had prescribed should not have caused such a change in such a short length of time.

Mom told her I had been getting two estrogen tablets a day, and two prolactin a day also.

“No wonder,” Dr. Anne exclaimed, “you should have stopped prolactin at the first sign of breast development. Those are pill containing the hormones that govern the mother to be's production of milk. Your breasts are just

about ready to feed a newborn baby, and you must stop them immediately.”

Mom was all flustered saying she had misunderstood and was sorry if she had caused a problem.

“No big problem,” Doctor Anne observed with a shrug, “Pattie will just take longer to revert to her male form if she decides to go that way.”

We spoke about what options I had, and it came down to a choice of three.

One was to stop all medications and gradually go back to being a male with a little surgical help.

Two, was to stop the prolactin, keep on with the estrogen in a smaller dose, and keep wearing the gaffe as a part girl, part boy.

Third, was a simple office procedure to tuck away my equipment and outwardly appear as a real female. This would not remove anything so that if I decided later to return to manhood the procedure would be reversed and all would still be functional.

Dr. Anne called in her office nurse Susan and asked her to please show us her body, since she had originally been a man and now was almost entirely a woman.

Susan was not embarrassed, she wanted me to see what I would look like if I went with option three.

What we saw was exactly the same as a real woman with no sign of any male organs.

“You don't have to make up your mind today Dr. Anne told me, sleep on it a few days and have Mom call me with your decision in a couple of days. Then we can schedule it for next week if you wish, or whenever. Meanwhile stop the prolactin and cut down on the estrogen to only one a day.”

Mom and I left the doctor's office and headed for Beth Anne's salon where we both had our hair done, mine with a trim, perm, and return to my original blonde color, though I will admit to having Beth Anne make it a little more golden in color. My nails were manicured to a nice oval shape, with two coats of base polish, two coats of a rich red color, and two top coats of clear polish. I had long since outgrown the acrylic nails I first wore as a girl, and now my own nails glittered like diamonds in the lights.

Mom had a perm also, and a rinse of gold in her blonde hair.

We looked like two chorus girls on the loose as we headed down main street to the dress shop where I spent almost a thousand dollars on all the lingerie, dresses, sport clothes, and a delectable red satin bikini swim suit.

The next two days we pampered ourselves with restaurant meals, and being waited on hand and foot in some of the better dress shops and boutiques in town where I spent my next two months allowance.

The plane was ready that afternoon, and the following morning we headed home laden with all sorts of goodies. I must be a true girl I thought, because I truly love to shop.

Our arrival at the home ranch caused quite a stir everyone admiring my golden blonde hair.

My twin Pam to ask Mom to take her to into town the next time as she wanted the same color.

Mom and I had talked it all over on the flight home, and the decision was that I would go with option three, have all my male equipment tucked away, with the option of going back to being a male if I decided to do it. Mom called Dr. Anne and an appointment was made for the following Monday morning to turn me into a real girl outwardly at least.

We had agreed not to tell my sisters about the upcoming surgery because we felt that the fewer people that knew about it the better.

All the girls wanted to go to town and since the plane held eight Monday morning we all were airborne at seven in the morning.

The girls all had appointments with Beth Anne at the beauty salon, and Mom and I headed to the hospital where we met Dr. Anne.

Dr. Anne had changed the plan slightly, it had been supposedly an out patient procedure, and I was to leave that same afternoon. The change came about because Dr. Anne had a surgeon friend to use a new procedure that would allow all female functions except pregnancy to be available to me after the operation. It was still reversible as before, but required a little longer time on the table.

I would be released the following morning, while the girls would be told that I was being observed for what might be an overdose of estrogen hormones. They all knew I had taken too many, and wouldn't be suspicious when Mom flew them home without me. She would return the same evening to be with me when I woke up from the anesthesia.

Susan, Dr. Anne's nurse came in to shave my lower body before surgery, thinking that I wouldn't be as embarrassed having her do it for me.

Preparation completed, I was wheeled off to the operating room where a mask was placed over my nose and mouth, and suddenly all the lights went out.

What seemed like ten minutes later I awoke in my own room with a funny feeling between my legs, but very little pain. I tried to feel myself under the covers of the bed,

but Susan was there and said I was to wait for Mom and Dr. Anne for the grand unveiling.

Mother and the doctor arrived together, and Dr. Anne put on a pair of rubber gloves and removed the sheet covering my body. I had a Kotex pad covering the area where my manhood had been for the first sixteen years of my life. Removing this she held a hand mirror so I could see my new equipment.

It looked exactly the same as any other girls, only it had a small string hanging out from between my new feminine lower lips.

Dr. Anne told us here is where this procedure is a little different than I had planned.

“Your penis is tucked up out of sight, and your testicles held up in the pocket they had first come in. The big change is that now you have a very feminine vagina that will accept all but the very largest male member.”

Pulling on the string she drew a large tampax out of my body, saying that I would have to wear one for at least two weeks to keep my new tunnel of love open. I was not in any event to try to use it for anything other than peeing without a complete exam by her first.

She would see me in two weeks, telling me that I must first insert a new tampon and then check out and go home.

Mom showed me how and I was soon in my clothes and headed for the door after a session of hugging and kissing my Aunt the Dr., thanking her for my lovely new girl toy.

Mom explained to me that the surgeon had created a vagina like opening that paralleled my hidden penis, and if I ever had a male member inserted into my body it would be felt by my own penis' nerve endings. I would have to sit to do all other bodily functions, but that was no big deal as I was used to acting as a girl already. Mom said I might want to rest in bed for a day or so if I wished, but there was little pain and I wanted to keep active.

The next two weeks went by slowly.

I spent most of the time out by the pool getting a beautiful golden tan that set off my gold blonde hair beautifully.

Pam had her hair done in exactly the same shade, and now we really looked like twin girls. She had teased me saying that I might look like a girl but there was something missing.

Little did she know that I was now built the same as she was right down to the pubic area.

Mom and I were the only ones at home who knew, and planned to tell all as soon as my doctor's checkup. We were planning a party for that evening, really a big barbecue with all the nearest neighbors invited to come. Mom would fly Aunt Anne in the evening before, and she promised to examine me at that time.

All invited were to wear western style clothes, and I had a pair of new jeans that I had shrunk to fit my now rounded bottom and shapely legs. All I did was put them on and wet them with warm water while wearing them and laying in the sun until they dried and shrunk on my body. I had always loved cowboy boots and had a new pair that had a heel a little higher than usual which made my bottom stick out a bit more, also a new underwire push up bra that did the same for my breasts. All the girls had similar plans to outshine each other, but I felt I could hold my own with any of them.

The day before the party Mom went to pick up her sister the doctor. while we all stayed home to set up for the party.

People came by car, truck, horseback, and by plane and my sisters and I were busy getting everyone settled in. The women and girls doubled up in the guest rooms and we girls gave up two of our rooms, while men were sent off to the bunkhouse or slept under the stars.

My twin Pam and I shared a bed that night, and dressed in pink baby dolls with panties to match we brushed each others golden blonde hair. Mine was only a little shorter than hers, perhaps an inch.

She looked at my figure. "I can hardly believe that you are my brother."

We slept like spoons, with her snuggled up to my rounded bottom, and her soft breasts pressed to my back. It was a good thing I no longer had my male equipment or I sure would have gotten into trouble.

Several times during the night Pam cupped my breasts in her hand, and I knew she was awake as she let her fingers play with my nipples. It felt delightful, I had never had anyone touch my breasts before outside of mother when she fitted a bra on me, or the doctor.

Pretending sleep I enjoyed her touch, until with a groan of pleasure I felt something like an orgasm deep within my body. My nipples were as hard as pencil erasers and about as long when finally I fell asleep.

In the morning I found that when I went to the bathroom there was a semen discharge coming out of my vagina, I had come from Pam's manipulations without my buried penis being touched. This was one to relate to Dr. Anne for her case history of my new way of life.

Finding a douche in the medicine chest I proceeded to clean myself internally, and returning to the bedroom gave Pam a big smile and a kiss, and refused to tell her why.

The party was to start at seven in the evening, and in the meantime both Mary and Dusty the bunk house cook served hundreds of eggs, pounds of bacon and a ton of toast for all the early arrivals breakfasts.

Dr. Anne examined me in my bedroom later in the morning, and pronounced me fit and ready for anything.

I told the Dr. what had happened to me the night before and she asked me to please keep track of anything like that that happened to me in the future as she had never heard of that before. She planned to write a paper on my case, of course she wouldn't mention any names, of course.

It was time to dress for the party, and my jeans were so tight I had to lay on the bed in order to get them on. Pam said they were so tight that she could read the label on my satin bikini panties. My satin and lace uplift bra did it's job, and my silk shirt I had to tie at the waist since there was no room in the jeans to tuck it in. A blue silk neckerchief and my high heeled cowboy boots completed my outfit.

We had decided that if anyone asked what had happened to Patrick, we would say that I was always a girl, and only dressed as a boy for a while. Nobody knew us well enough to argue with that story, and I did certainly look like a girl now, in fact I was as much girl in manner, walk, talk, and shape as any of my sisters.

The ranch hands had built a dance floor of plywood out by the pool, and we had a small country band playing for dancing.

Hardly had I gotten to the pool when I was snatched up by a six foot cowboy and whirled around the floor like I was a feather. The girls had taught me to dance like a girl in their training, and it sure came in handy. I don't think I missed a dance all night, and was I thought the most popular girl there. I had to be as I sure got a lot of dirty looks from my sisters and a lot of other women. The slow dances had me being held close, and I had a lot of male equipment rubbed up against my mound during the night. It felt rather nice, but caused no problems.

About ten o'clock in the evening after all were filled with food the dancing got real serious, couples were pairing off. There were more slow dances, and I found myself dancing with the same boy many times.

His name was Timothy and his father was a well to do rancher who lived about seventy five miles north of our home ranch. He had several brothers, three I think and was about twenty, some three years older than I. His strong arms around my tiny waist felt great, and his hand on my body steered me around the floor like we were glued together.

My thoughts turned to what it might feel like to be kissed by a boy, and I almost wished that he would walk me out behind the bunkhouse and try.

Unfortunately he was either too shy or too much of a gentleman to try. When at last the band played good night ladies Tim asked me to attend a formal dance at their home in two weeks. His brothers had each asked one of my sisters, and they would fly down the day of the dance and pick us up.

I had to ask my Mothers permission, but I felt that wouldn't be a big problem as Mom had done any number of dances with Tim's father that night.

All agreed to go, and the night ended on a happy note.

People were leaving by air, car, truck and even by horseback as it was a lovely warm night.

“See you in two weeks,” Tim said aiming a kiss at my cheek, but I quickly turned my head and got him right on the lips. So much for being shy.

Retiring to my own bedroom I was soon joined by all my sisters who wanted to know what had happened to make me so popular with the boys.

“If you really want to know I'll show you.”

Standing on the bed I slid my panties down and posed showing them everything I now didn't have between my legs.

With squeals of delight everyone had to examine me close up to see what looked like a real girls vagina.

I explained that all my male parts were still there at present, though with the pills I was taking I would soon be chemically a female. Saying that I loved my life as a girl made my former punishment a pleasure and the best thing that ever happened to me.

The next two weeks were spent in gathering up all the necessary items needed to transform five females into raving beauties for the big dance.

The plane worked overtime carrying us to the nearest big city where we each bought our gowns and lingerie, and the shoes and accessories to match.

Beth Anne was flown out to the ranch the day before the dance to do all the blonde and brunette heads in lovely curls and waves. We were going to do it up right, and we would knock them all dead.

My gown would not be put on me until we got to the dance, but everything else would be in place. I wore a black satin, lace and lycra lace up corset which squeezed my waist down to twenty two inches, a lovely black satin underwire bra, and two black lace and net petticoats. Smoke black nylons attached to my corset garters and four inch spike heeled evening sandals with an ankle strap completed my ensemble.

My gown was an off the shoulder black satin with a tight scooped bodice, and an overskirt of lovely black lace that showed off my gold blonde hair to perfection. I wore large gold hoop earrings and a heavy gold necklace as my only jewelry. A rain coat covered me for the trip and the gown traveled in a long garment bag.

Pam whispered into my ear as we dressed, if you don't get your man tonight it won't be because of the way you look

She was dressed in a similar gown of light blue, blue sandals to match, and silver earrings and necklace.

On arrival we all were taken to our bedrooms where we would dress, and touch up our make-up and be ready for the party.

I added another coat to my already glistening lips and a light spritz of perfume.

“All set?” was my question to Pam who shared my room.

“Yes,” was her reply, “But, I wish that Tim was twins too as I really like him.”

This came as a surprise to me, since I had no idea Pam had any feeling toward the boy who had invited me.

Off to the party we went, all the girls looking like princesses, and I the former boy holding my own with the best of them.

The boys met us downstairs, and escorted us to the big living room where the furniture had been pushed back against the walls and rugs removed for dancing. There was a small band in the area leading to the porch, already playing for the thirty or so people gathered.

I spotted my Mother and Aunt Anne already on the floor with Tim's Father, and Aunt Anne with a tall gray haired gentleman who turned out to be the Dr. who had done my surgery. I wondered whether he would recognize me as I now looked, all done up in satin and lace and impeccable make-up.

Tim and I danced several dances, and then the other boys cut in.

I didn't get back to him for almost a half hour, by which time he had several dances with Pam. Tim claimed me and I could tell by the shape of the front of his trousers that Pam had quite an effect on him.

We sat out a few numbers on the porch where he tried kissing me several times, and for me at least there was not much there.

Excusing myself I entered the dance floor and got Pam, Barbara, and Joanne to go upstairs with me.

Entering the room I quickly shut the door and starting to take off my gown I told Pam, "Quick switch clothes with me as I have a wonderful idea."

As we took off everything with Barb and Jo's help I explained that since we looked so much alike we'd pull a switch on Tim.

Pam had a little trouble with my corset, but we pulled her in enough to zipper the gown. I had little trouble with Pam's waist cinch and soon we were done. Make-up colors were just about the same so that was no problem, only as we got set to go downstairs Jo hollered, "Hold it!"

We had forgotten to swap jewelry, and when that was done I had no doubt Mom would have some trouble telling us apart.

As we went down I said to Pam, "Go get him, and by the time he manages to get your gown off he'll be a goner anyway"

Tim collected Pam thinking it was me, and I found myself dancing with a boy who had been introduced as the youngest of the clan, Robin.

Robin wore the same white dinner jacket and black tux trousers as all the rest of the men in the family, but seemed more on the effeminate side than the other.

We did dance well together, and I truly felt more comfortable with Robin than I had done with Tim.

Meanwhile Tim and Pam had disappeared and I suspected that it was not all Tim's idea.

Robin and I walked outside to get some fresh air, and as we strolled he held me by the waist talking all sorts of nonsense. I found out that Robin was the same age as I was, and had just finished high school too. When we got in the shadow of the big tree

in the yard I found myself being held closely and kissed soundly. It was much different than when Tim had kissed me earlier, the thrill seemed to go down from my lips right to the crotch of my body.

My arms went up and around Robins neck like they had a mind of their own, and my belly was pressed tightly up to a pair of black tuxedo pants. I was roundly and soundly kissed several more times, and enjoyed every minute of it, even sort of inserting a bit of tongue between Robins lips.

Being held tightly I sort of wondered why there was no response from his manhood, since I was starting to get the feeling I had felt when Pam had done a number on my nipples. Thinking that the feeling was one sided, I pulled away with my breasts heaving, breathing hard.

I ran back into the house, found a bathroom and repaired the damage to my lipstick. When returning to the dance floor I found Mother, Robin, and Robins Father deep in conversation, while I was ready to cry.

The party soon broke up, and as I went up the stairs to my room Mom stopped me and said that I was to go out to the kitchen with her for some coffee and some serious talk.

There sat Robin and his father, while Robin having a look on his face like he had lost his last friend. It seems that we were two of a kind, he was really a girl living as a boy, liking all the male things in life, and I was a boy living as a girl loving all the feminine. Robins Father knew about me, and it was his idea that we should meet, perhaps hitting it off.

Looking at each other we both started to laugh, and the evening ended on a happy note now that we both understood each other. I promised Robin I would try to arrange a surprise for the next time we met.

Mom probably knew what I meant, though Robin didn't.

As we left the kitchen we met Pam coming in from outside with a real goofy look on her face, and when I said, "Did you," she just smiled and giggled.

Next morning I asked Aunt Anne to sit along side me in the back of the plane as I wished to speak to her.

"You don't have to say anything as we all know what happened last night. I had hopes this would happen ever since you started to enjoy your self as a total girl. Your Mother and Robins Father had helped the plan along too in hopes you two would hit it off. Now I think you want to ask me about putting your male equipment back the way it was, is that right?"

"Yes was my answer but I would like to know what will happen to my body when I stop taking the female hormones?"

"Your breasts would probably lose some size, most likely dropping down to a B cup from my almost C cup now, and there might be a little hair growth on my body, though most of my pubic hair was already removed during the earlier surgery so it wouldn't cause internal complications.