

Felix becomes Felicity - Chapter 6

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FELIX becomes FELICITY

Chapter 6

..I put the gingham dress on that fit well and completed the ensemble with the shoes and cardigan. I looked like a fully grown woman in a school girl outfit. My breasts seemed to project and fill the dress with the buttons on the front tight. The fabric belt pinched in my already slim waste and the skirt part of the dress flared slightly emphasizing my hips and bottom. The cardigan was short and tight fitting. Umm I thought I look pretty hot, I giggled and changed back into my normal day clothes, a pink lace summer dress. Maybe the first day back at school as a girl wont be so bad after all!

The first day back at school I was so nervous, not only about what Bradley would say about my hair, which he actually loved!.

Bradley and Thomas walked us to school that morning and I was immediately accepted, and indeed was surrounded by the coolest girls who wanted me to be in their group! This was so weird having always been treated as an outcast at school.

My Mum had arranged me to skip sports to avoid communal showering and revealing my secret! This was on the premise that I had a Cello lesson, which I now started to work at.

I played tennis most evenings with Bradley. My Mum had let me get more sporty tennis skirt and top and with normal knickers and sports bra I felt more able to play well and he would walk me home, yes we did hold hands! And he would peck me on the cheek and say goodnight. We talked a lot and got very close. He was a perfect gentleman never trying to grope me apart from once where he gently felt my breasts through my blouse as he kissed me. I was very careful he never felt between my legs!

I was invited to go shopping with my girly school friends a lot, which I did and became quite fashion conscious. I hated to say it but my school life was so much better as a girl than as a boy! I was popular, I was playing tennis competitively, I was in the school orchestra and my studies were going

well. Despite all this I was still keen to get to the end of the term and revert back to being a boy! I liked Bradley a lot but it could never work.

There was now only a couple of weeks to go. And that night my Mum gave me some great news about a Hospital appointment she had made for the next day. At last I could get this gynecomastia dealt with! My breasts had grown a lot since we had moved. I had increased my bra size to a natural C cup now! My sister had my old bras as hand me downs. More concerning was that my hips and bum seemed bigger and wider and my waist narrower. I put this down to the proportional illusion of the larger breasts. How we were going to bind these flat again I didn't know!

The next day I awoke and asked my mum for my boy clothes back to go to the appointment in. She looked worried and said they had been taken to the charity shop all those weeks ago. I was fuming! "Just wear your jeans and a t shirt Felicity, these are medical people they understand."

I tried a vest t shirt on without my bra on and my nipples projected! So I put on a sports bra which flattened them a bit. This was the first time in many weeks I thought I needed to look like what I was, a boy! I didn't though. I had to put on one of my tight little black cardigans, fitted jeans too, and with the thick blonde "bob" haircut, boobs and sexy butt, and still permanent make up I looked all girl!

We were ushered in to see the consultant and my world came crashing down! "Well well miss Felicity," the consultant opened up with! "You look to be progressing well, positively blossoming and totally convincing,"

"What...." I said.

"Now go behind the screen and take your clothes off including your bra and panties, there's a good girl." How humiliating and condescending this guy was! Bastard. Anyway if he can help me Ill put up with it I thought.

He told me to lie on the couch. He then loomed over me and started feeling my breasts quite intently, whilst peering over his half rimmed glasses. "Amazing development," he muttered under his breath. "Even the nipple is very female in shape which is rare for male to female breast growth," he went on. "Your breasts appeared to have more than doubled in size since your last examination some months ago according to your records that have been forwarded."

I looked over at my mum who wouldn't catch my eyes and had her head down. Was she crying!? He then measured my breasts, hips and waist. "Yes further effective enhancement throughout the body," he muttered on. I was at a loss what to say and didn't understand where he was going with this. He then started feeling my penis and scrotum for some time.

“If you can put your clothes back on young lady and come and join me and your Mum.” I slipped my clothes back on and sat opposite him with my Mum.

“So how long has she been on Estradiol?” he asked.

My Mum responded “About three months or so now.”

What I thought, “Mum what are you talking about, what’s Estradiol.”

The consultant butted in “You should have known what you were taking Felicity? Estrsadiol is a Female growth hormone.” I was speechless for a moment. “Your advanced Gynocamastia gave it an incredibly good head start in the breast area, remarkable in fact as well as your other changes including a widening of the pelvis, narrowing of the waist etc. Your quite a sexy young woman now,” he said with a wink.

“What the hell.....!” I blurted out. “Stop it Felicity my Mum said sharply, Ill explain later honey.” She said under her breath.

I sat there tight mouthed unable to speak for rage! I listened on. “ It is rare for boys with Gynocamastia to want to transition, and how long has she been living full time as a girl?” My Mum carried on answering his questions as if it was all ok! “ Well lets see you again in about six months, I don’t envisage any issues with progressing to your next stage of the transition whenever you want Felicity.” Next Stage! I think I understood where this was going!

I screamed at my Mum when we were in the car. “What the hell have you done Mum.”

She broke down in tears. “It was David! He has been administering female hormones to you every morning in your breakfast for all these months now. He smuggled them out of his work as samples, he only told me about a month ago, I was angry of course but you know how wilful David can be! I thought you’d started enjoying being a girl, with having a boyfriend and shopping with your girl friends etc? “ I was gobsmacked and angry. I had gone to the Consultant thinking I could soon revert back to being a boy to find out I had been manipulated further into becoming a real girl! My emotional state recently was all part of the side effects of the drugs I realised!

When we got back I stormed up to my room and slammed the door and burst into tears. I was never going to go back to being a boy, it had gone too far now! They had always intended this to happen, or that bastard David had. I cried for three days and wouldn’t leave my room. Jasmine came in with food and hugged me a lot. Bradley called daily but I didn’t take his calls.

On the fourth day I went down stairs. David was sitting watching the television with my Mum and I launched myself at him grabbing his throat, I wanted him dead. He swung me around grabbing my wrists hard and pinned me to the wall. My mum shouted, "Don't David."

I spat at him in the face and he just grinned with my saliva dripping off his chin, his face just inches from mine. "Now missy you don't attack me, I made you into what you are, you will be grateful." I tried to struggle free, he threw me to the floor, I started crying again! My Mum rushed to comfort me. "Now the doctor has prescribed you your own girly drugs so you can become even more girly, if that's possible." he chuckled. "You were never a real boy anyway with your tits dangling in front of you." He roared with laughter. My Mum looked on stony faced.

I had to go back to school the next day. Bradley was keen to see me and we ran into each others arms and embraced with a long passionate kiss. I hugged him tighter than I ever had and returned his probing kisses. "I love you Felicity," he said .

Maybe I was always meant to be a girl I thought to myself. I've had a great few months why not stay like this, forever. I kind of love Bradley too?

Over the next few weeks we broke up from school, I started to accept my situation, and indeed maybe even relish it! I had my seventeenth birthday, a great party and lots of girly presents. Bradley gave me a lovely silver and pearl necklace and bracelet. My mum bought me some new lingerie as well as assorted dresses and cardigans. I started to really enjoy getting dressed up for Bradley even more than I had.. I borrowed a lot of my mums little dresses, and I think Bradley liked me in them.

I got a part time waitressing job which allowed me to pay for my own clothes and makeup without having to rely on David! The uniform was a short and figure hugging pin striped dress, worn with black fishnets and red stiletto high heels, and I consequently got a lot of tips as well as propositions. I actually started to enjoy the attention!

I didn't speak to David, and he didn't bother me. Since I had accepted being a girl he seemed to have lost interest.

Me and my sister were bridesmaids for my Mums wedding. We wore coral pink long, straight fitted silk dresses with little pearl tiaras on top of my now longer blonde hair that was curled and tied up. I felt like a princess. Bradley looked proudly on as we walked up the aisle behind my Mum. I give him a smile and a wink as we passed him. My mum had also bought us wedding lingerie and I was wearing a matching pink basque, knickers and suspender belt with white lace top stockings and matching coral court shoes.

My Mum and David left the reception and flew off straight away on their honeymoon. I was left with Bradley and asked if he wanted to come back for a coffee. He did. As soon as we were in the house he chased me upstairs into my bedroom I was giggling he was laughing, we collapsed in laughter on the bed and started kissing passionately.

He stood me up and slowly unzipped my dress, I let it fall to the floor around my ankles. I undid his trousers and shirt and took them off him. We stood there in the half light just looking at each other. The basque emphasized my womanly curves. My penis was pulled back tightly underneath my lacy knickers. I gently kissed his hairy chest he groaned slightly. I sank to my knees and placed my mouth around his throbbing penis and slowly sucked and moved it inside and deep into my mouth, he moaned slightly and I clasped my hand hard around the base of it as I sucked him hard.

He pulled me up gently and started undoing my basque my ample breasts flopped out and he stroked and sucked on them. I stopped him. "Bradley stop now I cant do this" He carried on reluctant to stop. I kneeled down again and put his penis in my mouth and sucked harder until he ejaculated in my mouth. I swallowed deep. He sighed, I kissed him and he seemed ok to lie on the bed at that point with me entwined around him.

We both fell asleep almost immediately. I got up whilst he was still asleep in the morning and put on his shirt loosely over my naked body. I woke him up with breakfast , we kissed and he left late morning. I had been lucky to escape him discovering my penis! I had to think hard about what to do about this.

I would have to tell him my secret, that I was really a guy!

