

# felix becomes felicity

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*bullied into becoming a girl!*

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FELIX becomes FELICITY

## Chapter 1

“Gynecomastia is the abnormally large development of mammary glands in males, resulting in breast enlargement..... In teenage boys this does not have to be linked to obesity..... The word Gynecomastia derives from the Greek for woman and breast” I logged off from my regular searches on the internet and felt sick as usual.

I am 16 and a normal schoolboy, except I have this condition of Gynecomastia, the “woman” and “breast” bit ringing in my ears! Basically I have what could be described as young girls breasts! Some of the girls at school who are late developers probably have similar. My sister reckons they are an A cup size, jokingly! I can only guess, as while my peers are dating girls now and finding out what lies under their flimsy clothes, I have had to become a loner. This isn't me as I am sure I would be outgoing and gregarious given the chance.

My name is Felix. Great name huh! I am about 5ft 6, and athletic, slim build with blue eyes and short blonde hair. I do have a fairly fine facial features, unfortunately! I wear glasses to read and wear I guess skater style clothes. My Mum helps me keep my hair short, I guess I try to be as boyish as I can be!

My mum, Carol, and my sister Jasmine, who is a year older than me, are great and supportive. My mother binds my chest, or breasts!, every morning to flatten my profile, and you cant tell I have these things! My mother also has me under a consultant at the local hospital, They are watching what happens they say!! Then there is a prospect of surgery to flatten my chest. I want this now but they wont do it. My mum is a single mum and not well off ,so I would never ask about the prospect of going private to do surgery.

I am allowed to skip school gym and sports, which I hate because I love sport and have found myself quite talented at tennis when playing on holiday, and I hit a ball against a wall in my back yard a lot and find it therapeutic. Instead I get to go to the library and read ,boring yes! So you can imagine with my apparent lack of interest in girls and my bookishness and glasses. I am bullied a lot and accused of being gay!

Home life isn't great, despite me, my sister and my mum being very close. My Mum has been living with this guy, David, for a year or so now. I try to keep out of his way. He is a monster of a man, a rugby player, about 6ft 4 tall. He drinks a lot and is abusive to my mum. He is racist and homophobic and enjoys spouting off when watching TV. Me and my sister try to tell her to kick him out but she wont and he seems to have some kind of hold over her. It started when he stopped her working and made her stay at home, always having to have dinner on the table for him etc. He made her always wear, what he said ,were sexy but I thought tarty clothes. I guess now my mum and us are dependent on his money! I've heard them having sex, which seems every night, and she sounds in pain. He often goes to the pub afterwards and I hear her crying.

Some months ago he started going into Jasmynes room when back from the pub, sitting on her bed and trying to kiss her. My sister has resisted so far! She wont tell my mum so as not to hurt her. I want to kill him!

He leaves me alone apart from adding to the insults I get at school , calling me gay boy and little poof and hitting me, supposedly jokingly in the arm. He doesn't know about my Gynecomastia thank god!

Things went from bad to worse at home recently when he announced we were all moving to a new area! David had got a new job as an Area Medical Sales Manager for a big drugs company. My sister was mortified having to leave all her friends. For me I guess I wasn't bothered one school is like any other when you're a loner.

We finished the school year and had the long summer holidays ahead! Usually great to get out of the house, but we had a week to pack everything up and move 300 miles to a city in the south.

One day I was in the bathroom lying in the bath soaking when David burst in, breaking the lock, and rushed to the toilet. He sighed as he urinated. He turned to look at me and his jaw dropped! I tried to cover my chest looking even more girly in the process. "well well well" he said "it seems Carols not been telling me everything about her second daughter", He chuckled. I was bright red at this point, "just go David", "No I don't think so little girl". "Fuck off" I said reaching for a towel. He grabbed my wrist and dragged me out of the bath. My breasts flopped around in front of him which felt awful I cursed under my breath. "Look here missy, I'm clearly the only man of this house and I wont have my bitches speaking to me like that". I don't know what came over me but I grabbed out and found a

pottery ornament that was on the window sill and brought it down hard onto his temple, he reeled back and fell to the floor. My Mum came in with a horrified face and helped him up, He was cursing me calling me a sissy girl and a slag etc! My Mum dragged him away and took him to get stitches at hospital.

Me and my sister sat at home waiting for them to return. We should have run away at that point, but couldn't leave my mum. They were away ages.

When they came back my mum looked ashen in the face and was close to tears. David was quite calm, and I chuckled inside at the stupid big bandage wrapped around his stupid head.

"Now listen to this Ladies" David said. I felt anger rise at his use of the word Ladies! "We are all going to carry on packing and tomorrow we move to a new city and can make a new start. There's going to be a lot of changes for us all to get used to. But we will get used to them. From now on what I say goes and your Mum is behind me on this. For now go to bed and rise early girls". Girls ! With that he left with my Mum to bed..

I turned to my sister Jasmine and said "Do you think that means changes for the better?" She shook her head "I doubt it".

I slept badly that night thinking about what had happened and David's apparent calmness on his return and my Mums look of defeat and inability to look at us in our eyes. It was as if she had changed sides!

We took the long drive behind the removal van to our new house. It was a cool house in a suburb outside the city.

When we arrived David and the removal guys started unloading. I went to help but my mum stopped me. "Felix dear I need to talk to you" we walked out into the back garden. "Ill come straight to it, Dave is a good man really and I love him, and I need you to cooperate with what I'm going to ask you to do for all of our sakes" she was struggling to speak and looked close to tears. I hugged her and said "Mum I love you and will do whatever you want", "Dave wants you to spend the rest of the summer dressed as a girl..." , "No way" I shouted, "Felix you have to for me love, plus he said he will press assault charges otherwise". I was totally confused and angry, what could I do, my Mum was now crying, I couldn't stand to see her like this. "Mum this is fucking crazy , ditch this bully boy". She looked me in the eyes and said "I cant honey we would be on the street without him plus he would probably kill me". "I don't mind sleeping on the streets" I said but it was clear I had little choice really. To endure humiliation just for a few weeks to keep my Mum happy. Whatever I thought I wont let this bully win! "whatever Mum, does Jasmine know", "Yes honey, she was angry too but says she will

help". Maybe in retrospect I gave in too easily on this one!

So there it was I had to spend the summer in girl's clothes!! I didn't know anyone here anyway so what the hell. I'd never contemplated women's things before. I guess the Gynecomastia made me the opposite pulling away from anything feminine.

It started quicker than I anticipated, that night my Mum asked me to come up to her room, my sister was with her. "Right honey we have to start this now" my jaw dropped. "This could be fun" Jasmine chipped in "no it won't" I said giving her an evil glance. "We have no choice honey" my Mum looked cross now.

"I have left all your boy clothes packed and David has taken them" . "Mum what the hell..." , "Stop Felix!" she barked "This isn't easy for any of us. Go to the bathroom and apply this cream all over your body and use this razor and foam to make sure all your body hair is removed", "What..." I blurted, "GO!" . I did as she said, dazed and confused.

I emerged half an hour later with a towel wrapped around me, around my breasts too which is a habit I didn't like but had got used to. I felt stupid! I had never been that hairy anyway having blonde hair so didn't feel too different.

"Where's the clothes I took off Mum!" I panicked. "There gone now honey. For now you will have to borrow some of my clothes, we are a similar height and I'm a size 10", I'd never thought about my mum's body but it was curvaceous and I guess guys would find her sexy. "But Mum your clothes are all tarty clothes thanks to Him!". "Thanks honey!" my Mum said, and my sister chuckled. "For now we will have to make do. You'll be glad to hear , HE, has made me wear "tarty" underwear too!" Jasmine chuckled again, I fired her a hard stare.

"I'll pick out the plainest stuff I have love, don't worry", oh but I was! She pulled out a white bra that looked as if it was slightly padded and was edged in lace with a silk bow at the front. "No way Mum!" I protested, but to no avail. She slipped the thin straps over my shoulders and did up the clasp at the back, she then adjusted my breasts to sit, dare I say comfortably in the cups. I couldn't believe it! The tightness of the bra wrapped around my chest and a kind of support I had never experienced for my wretched breasts. "Honey am a bra size 34B so I'll slip these silicone enhancers in so you fill the bra properly. I used to wear them when I wanted bigger cleavage". "Really Mum there's no....." , "Shhhh honey".

She adjusted my breasts and inserted these "chicken fillet" kind of things into the bra. The result was amazing. They suddenly looked full and feminine plumped up over the top of the bra. I felt sick, These really are female!! Next she produced some white lace shorts that she put on me. They were stretchy

and tight. My genitalia protruded and she asked me to push my penis and balls back between my legs. I felt stupid but I did it! Revelation two! I seemed to adopt a flat smooth feminine bottom half now. Oh God help me! I looked over her shoulder in the mirror and felt sick. I looked like a passable woman already, with short hair but certainly a passable woman!! “Mum I cant....” . “Shhhh” she said.

Jasmine chuckled but then smiled all this time but in a kind way, I rolled my eyes at her!

Could it get worse? Yes was the answer. Next my mum looked through her wardrobe, full of dresses! “Mum you must have a pair of jeans or something!!” , “Sorry honey David made me get rid of all that stuff, he insisted I wear dresses” A lump formed in my throat. She pulled out a dark blue short sleeve summer dress with matching lace trim and fabric covered buttons up the back. “This is the least “tarty” thing I have honey,”. I fumed “whatever” resigned now to this awful state! She made me step into it and put my arms through the sleeves. She started buttoning up the back. It was fitted and as she buttoned it up I felt it cling to my body, making me feel like I was becoming more female by the second! It was tight at the waist and flared slightly to finish just above the knee. The front of the neckline was scooped low, and as she reached the top of the buttons at the back of my neck the dress sat low over my breasts with the bulk of my breasts visible!! I looked down and saw a woman’s body from my neck down., I felt sick!

“Ok Sweet, you look kinda believable almost. That’s what David wants”. “Mum I don’t give a.....”, “Felicity!” what had she called me!!! “Mum not the name too?/?” . “You have to play the part honey” So Felicity it was!

Unfortunately for me my Mum was a UK size 8 shoe so her shoes fit me perfectly!. In fairness to her she picked out a blue pair of sandals with just a 3 inch narrow heel! My arms were thin but had a bit of muscle definition so she gave me a thin white crochet cardigan to wear. “Thanks Mum!!!” I said sarcastically.

“Now Sweet Felicity makeup” , “Stop calling me sweet Mum!!” Id noticed she had just started saying this! . She started with foundation all over my face then blusher then eyes and lips. I didn’t look, and just felt bad inside. When she passed me the mirror I didn’t believe the pretty almost elfin face looking back. No way I thought! I’m pretty, and a woman! But it kinda got more weird when my mum produced a long blonde wig. Id seen her wear this before at a fancy dress she went to as Marilyn Monroe. Consequently it was wavy and sexy ! When I was handed the mirror again after the wig was fitted I didn’t believe what I saw. It wasn’t me looking back but a blonde bombe shell! My sister looked kinda sheepish saying I didn’t look bad. Was she jealous? No!. I stood up and looked in the long mirror. I have to say I looked all woman!! I was about the same height as my mum who was wearing slightly higher heels and a similar dress in black but tighter. Jasmine sat there smirking in her jeans trainers and tee shirt!

“Take this handbag and I’ve put in the basic make up for touching up when we are out”. She handed me a small blue across the body bag “Out Mum ....NO WAY!”. “Honey we have no choice! David said something about a restaurant” I tottered downstairs but as I walked to the living room it got easier. My mum showed me how to walk and carry my posture better, it helped make easier progress at least. Pushing my breasts out though was such an alien concept!!

We sat down and it transpired that David was due back. I cringed at the prospect of him seeing me in this state. But I thought I have to let him know I’m not bothered by this or he would be worse. I learnt this from years of bullying.

I heard the door and David came in with loads of shopping bags. “Hello my princesses” he said with a smirk looking right at me. I felt my blood boil but smiled and said “Hello David honey”, my mum gave me a frightened glare, but David chuckled. “ I must say you look nearly as beautiful as your mother Felicity. You have competition now Jasmine from your sister”. Stupid man I thought but smiled! Jasmine just glared.

David brought out a small box and bent down on one knee in front of my Mum. She looked totally surprised. He then asked her to marry him and opened a gorgeous diamond ring and slipped it onto her finger. She looked the happiest I’ve ever seen her and said she would!! My heart missed a beat.

“Well ladies I think we should celebrate. I went to the store and got the sales assistant to pick out three beautiful dresses for you, I’ve booked a restaurant up town, you have one hour to be ready” with this he kissed my mum and left the room.

We were all gob smacked. All for different reasons!! For me the prospect of leaving the house in another dress was foremost in my mind. “Mum no way am I .....” “Please honey I’m so happy now you must be there to celebrate this perfect day with us!”

Mum’s dress was gorgeous I have to say, it was gold, backless and tight, finishing mid thigh. She put on some gold 5inch heeled sling back sandals and was ready. The sales assistant obviously picked something out for the first daughter, me!, which I guess was appropriate, it was a pink! Broderie anglais dress, again little buttons up the back, sleeveless, low cut V front , and pleated from the waist to just above the knee. It seemed to have little daisies all over it as part of the lace broderie material .Of course my mum had the perfect pair of pink court shoes for me, but 4 inches high this time! I left the same bra and panties on and slipped the dress on. It looked so totally girly I felt sick! My mum made me put on some sheer flesh coloured stocking hold ups with lace around the top !! When I was changing into these I must say I felt a slight stirring between my legs!! Was I enjoying this! My sister had a very similar dress but in a blue design. Why she hadn’t had pink and frilly was easy to guess!

As we all stood there ready to go my Mum looked radiant! I'd never seen her so happy! I looked at my sister with her dark brown curly hair tumbling around her shoulders she looked beautiful, she was about 3 inches shorter than me and my Mum, and I looked like the older sister.

So here I was dressed as a girl or woman more realistically, my breasts celebrated and visible protruding out in front of me, instead of bound up and hidden"! I felt strange, I had a tingle between my legs constricted by my lace panties.

My Mum and Sister went downstairs and I had a moment to myself looking in the mirror. I didn't recognise me in the reflection I saw a buxom teenage girl, a very attractive teenage girl!