

# Sweet Sixteen: Meet the debutante from hell...

Amanda Hawkins

## Sweet Sixteen

Man, she's really serious. Two days ago I was just one of the guys.

Now I'm a girl. Or the next best thing. Shaved all over, just enough makeup to look real. Mom's underbust corset and black stockings, my sister's old bra and kitten heels, and Grandma's cotillion dress with these weird sleeves...

All this, just so my sister and her dorky husband can take over the business, now that Dad's gone. No male heir my ass. Not for long, anyway. Next week I'll be in Bangkok for the big snip-n-tuck.

In a couple months the hormones will kick in big-time, I'll have real breasts, and my hair will be long enough for extensions.

By the time I turn sixteen... I'll be female.

They're upstairs now, clearing all the boy stuff out of my bedroom. By the time I get back, it'll look like a girl's been living there the whole time. Nothing but skirts and dresses, heels, makeup and jewelry. Not to mention dolls and stuffed animals.

I should just leave, but I can't. Every time I even think about escaping, my legs go all weak and I have to sit down. Hypnosis works after all... Who knew?

The therapist promised Mom: by the time he gets through with me, I'll believe that being a trophy wife was my idea. As if...

I'll show them. They're gonna wind up with the biggest bitch who ever lived. I'll be a stuck-up little princess when they're around, and the biggest cock tease on the planet when they aren't.

And my future husband better watch out, because I'm gonna eat him alive.

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