

All Part of the Plan: Another innocent lad falls victim to a female relative...

Amanda Hawkins

ALL PART OF THE PLAN

Oh my god... She did it, she actually did it... She made me look exactly like she used to. How is this possible? Sure, I'm not exactly the most manly guy, and she is my big sister, but still... I look like a real girl. I really look like she did, before the baby and all. Hmm... I'm starting to think letting my hair get this long might've been a wee error in judgement.

OMG... Jeffie, you look abso-fucking-lutely fantastic... I knew you'd make a really convincing woman, but *this*? It's more than I hoped for. It totally is like looking back in time... hard to believe I was once that girl, back when Derrick and I first met. My gawd, the way that gown fits; I'm seriously jealous. You're *so* gonna be the belle of the ball tonight at the Harvest Dance. Hopefully no one will remember the dress. Practice time, bro. Lemme hear your voice again, and this time put some *serious girl* into it...

Errr, okay... Hihi, my name is Vanessa. How's about we hit the mall for some bigly retail therapy? This girl needs a new, uhm... bra? High heels? But... gee whiz, you aren't really gonna make me go to that dance, are you? I wouldn't know what to do, especially if he uh... you know... touches me. These breasts aren't real and neither is that silicone thing you glued between my legs. What if somebody figures out who I really am? He's a linebacker for god's sake!

Oh, that's *solid*... didn't I always say you sound like a girl? This is *so* gonna work. And no, Derrick is *not* going to grab your boobs in the middle of the dance. He's a gentleman. More to the point... he already knows who you are. Duh, where else was I gonna get a clone of my younger self? Fear not, bro. It's all part of the plan.

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He knows? Oh crap. This was only supposed to be a bit of fun, with me dressing up as her little sister, like I did when we were kids. But going out with her husband sure as heck wasn't part of the deal.

C'mon, Jeffie. It's no biggie... Just dance with him a few times. It's easy, he'll lead. Just let yourself *meeelt* into his arms. And don't forget to smile. The whole idea is to show everyone how happy we are, Derrick and I. Screw all those mouthy bitches who said my girlish figure was gone for good!

Jeez, Van... is that why you got me to do this? What are you gonna do after the dance, when you and Derrick go out? You can't stay inside forever. No offense, but you sure don't look like you're gonna fit this dress anytime soon.

No problem. I look like Aunt Betty now, so with extra makeup and some dumpy clothes I can pretend to be her. As for you, well... my loser brother who lived with Derrick and I, and couldn't keep a job to save his life? He just up and left. I have no idea where he went or when he's coming back. If ever, that is.

Uh-uh. Nope. No way. I'm not gonna be you for the next god-knows-how-long. Nothing you say can convince--

Kamiokandel! Actually, you are... I just triggered the hypnotic conditioning that'll force you to act as though you really are Vanessa. By the way, your new job will be to keep my husband happy in the bedroom. He sorta lost interest in me as a woman after the baby arrived, but we agreed you could pinch-hit for me until my figure comes back. Hopefully by the time my little boo-bear is in kindergarten.....

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