

Growing Up Kitty

By Paul Calhoun

It was a clear and sunny day shining down with nothing occluding the deep blue stretching from horizon to horizon. If there had been, the weather control board of Sector 8B of Arcology Tiger-Meridian would have been sent a very sharp note by the Mothers for Healthy Teens of 8B, who had scheduled a pool party that day. The waist high wrought iron fence painted a cheery white was wholly unnecessary but leant a suburban atmosphere that helped set the mood along with the oldies blaring from the speakers and the knots of teens sunbathing, eating snacks, and most importantly getting their daily recommended quantity of healthful exercise swimming and playing – but not in an unwholesome way – in the water. It was a little silly since the oldest of the ‘teens’ were thirty and almost ready to get their degrees and housing allocation, but the Burb Arcologies took life slow. They might as well; the kids’ great-great grandparents, geezers of one hundred and seventy plus were scheduled for the next day and by the looks of things they’d live another century or more.

None of this was on Carter’s mind, however. It was a comfortable background awareness that was a fact of life. What he was focused on was the slender girl emerging from the pool. Water streamed from Kitty’s sun bleached hair and down her body, beading in interesting places and flying in sparkling droplets as she turned her head suddenly and the long hair sent a shower in Carter’s direction. She was smiling white teeth against lightly tanned skin, and walked with a confidence that belied her slender frame. It was the summer before her junior year in primary college, so she was twenty and in a bizarre bit of legal confusion an adult despite being nowhere near her housing allocation age or even primary college diploma. It was Carter’s first summer out of high school, eighteen and just grown into his technical adulthood and effective late teenage phase. He’d had a crush on his cousin Kitty since before his ‘little accident’ as his family put it. Her family and his were very close, and he’d seen her regularly growing up. They weren’t first cousins, but some relation that was part blood, part marriage, and very much a feature of living in such a tight knit community. Everyone was related somehow, and though there was a bit of a social awkwardness to *knowing* that the person you fancied was closely enough related to still be able to trace the connection without a map, it wasn’t a huge roadblock. In fact, Carter wondered if the fact that he was so attracted to his cousin wasn’t partly *because* they were so close, both in relation and upbringing.

It also helped that he commiserated with her own ‘little mistake’ that had left her slender and him small. It was an irony that they looked closer to how their great-grandparents must have when they were in the same effective school grade than their peers. Years of pre-K and then pre-pre-K and then finally a throwing up of hands and admission that with lifespans reaching into the third century nobody was in a hurry to do anything had caused the first four years of college just being post-high school to finally become an established fact, meaning that a degree was only awarded after four years of *secondary* college. Of course they could do most of the things their ancestors could at that age; it was just that there was *so much* to learn these days. It also was decided that it helped even things out if the serious learning began well after

puberty, so the kids would actually focus. Junior high school was just marking time until their hormones subsided and they could get back to paying attention to the teacher instead of their developing classmates anyway, so a lot of communities skipped that in favor of 'socialization school' where the worst of the budding teens' antisocial behavior could be monitored and eliminated.

His 'accident' was a clerical error at the pharmacy that swapped his HOA approved Supplement for Eleven Year Olds of a Specific Weight for his father's first few Gentle Rejuve for Middle Age capsules. Of course his father was nowhere near the real middle age. He was barely seventy. By the time the error had been detected, Carter had been on Rejuve for two months. Luckily the side effects were comparatively mild; rather than being de-aged into oblivion, the chemicals had merely soaked into his tissues to release very slowly but for a very long time. Even now most of his classmates towered over him and he'd only *just* started growing facial hair. His voice hadn't even begun to break, and he was far too embarrassed to compare his ... other ... development with his classmates though from what he'd seen online he was actually pretty normal down there. They'd teased him at first until Mitchell accidentally took an entire six-month regimen of his mother's Menopause Solution treatments. After a lot of thought and consultation with the Sector's doctors and psychologists, she'd eventually returned to the school as one of the most athletically gifted cheerleaders ever. The gender balance had even been maintained after Darci juiced up on illegal performance enhancers for track and ended up becoming Michelle's boyfriend and quite the beefy third-baseman for the baseball team. Their families had been bemused, but ultimately supportive. Gender fluidity was a common thing though it usually began later in life, and after a great deal of investigation, the Sector's Friendly Family Physician Franchise had lost their license. Unfortunately not before Kitty was misdiagnosed with early onset puberty and given a retardant that had set her back three to five years. Consequently she looked like an athletically slim sixteen if people were generous - most mistook her for fourteen- Carter looked fourteen but sounded twelve, Mitchell was a confident brunette, and Darci usually reacted to criticism of his weight by smashing the nearest brick wall. Mitchell looked good in a bikini, though, Carter thought as his former dodgeball teammate walked by. It was funny how he was so voluptuous when Kitty was two years older and might possess a curved hip in the right light, and whose yellow full-vest bathing suit top was filled out by almost B-cup breasts.

Kitty's yellow and blue bikini bottom showed off a just-starting-to fill out rear, which kept Carter mesmerized until she waved to her friends and jogged into the changing room. Carter jumped out of the pool to follow - not into the girls' room but to his own since if her family was leaving soon so would his. His parents would leave the pool whether he was in the car or not - freerange parenting was a big fad these days, but a false one since the most dangerous thing in the Sector was Mrs. McCreedy's slightly deranged Scotch terrier. Even the UV rays were strained out by an invisible aerosol spray that also chased off the clouds for the duration. The only thing that hurt the precious flower buds of Sector 8B was the rampant negligence, including the occasional misaimed microwave laser meant for the power plant. In an age where humans controlled everything, human error was the top cause of deaths, maiming, psychological harm, violent discorporation, exsanguination, chemical mutation, and rashes. It was a far more interesting way to grow up than the perfect lawns, smiling suburbanites, and ice cream socials first suggested.

Kitty ran out past him before he even got to the entrance, flashing him that smile and sending a fragrant breeze over his wet, shivering body. Her hair was dry and perfectly styled as if she'd never gotten it wet, and her clothes – a long loose skirt and a tight T-shirt that she hadn't been wearing when she arrived – were also completely dry. Carter was amazed by how quickly she'd gotten changed and freshened up. The mysteries of women just got more mysterious. Rather than go to her family, she joined a knot of girls who'd also gotten themselves ready to leave in advance and the ring of young female conversation took on a greater harmony. Her voice was actually pretty normal for a twenty-year-old, perhaps a little more youthful than she ought to be. Carter thought that the medications they'd been given had definitely not worked uniformly – not that it was any surprise since neither of them had taken something meant for them. Thankfully it seemed to have skipped their brains entirely, and as the girls put it, Carter's second brain. This was nice since it meant neither had been required to be held back until their mental ages started advancing again, though of course it meant being advanced along with kids who looked older. While his accident had frozen his voice, hers seemed to have been spared, which probably helped her image a lot when she was trying to seem older. A late blooming body could be overlooked a lot more easily with a confident and assured mature soprano coming out of the adorable, girl-next-door face. He also thought that she might shave – unlike him – but he had also grown a bit faster than her but not at the normal rate either, leaving them the same height.

Carter gulped, fighting a compulsion he knew he'd give in to. He remembered years ago when he and Kitty both looked their ages and he'd snuck into the changing room to play with himself and pull her bathing suit out of the hamper to touch and use to pretend he was really touching Kitty. He was just beginning to experiment and the feel of the bikini bottom was cool on his hot flesh. They'd grown up since then, but her suits didn't look very different and Carter was drawn to reliving the fantasy of finally getting up the nerve to ask Kitty out and maybe one day actually be able to touch her for real. It would be at a party like this. They'd sneak off and the cold squelch of their suits pressing together would contrast deliciously with the heat of their skin. Then their suits wouldn't be in the way and all of a sudden Carter realized he was in the girls' changing room and was thanking all fortune that nobody else was there. He saw the strap of Kitty's bottom peeking out from a basket she'd no doubt have to retrieve later on, nestled inside a lockable changing room. He ran in and was breathing heavily as he leaned against the door, the click of the lock filling him with relief that he was safe.

His heart hammered and his hands shook as he opened the lid and lifted out the party-like object, Kitty's underwear in almost every way. His trunks were uncomfortably tight, but even as he let them fall around his ankles he saw something that made him momentarily forget that he was holding something that had been so close to a part of Kitty that Carter longed to touch. Under the vest top, the light shoulder shrug, and the denim shorts was something pale gold and shining in the LED lit changing room. He reached in to pull out whatever it was, and his first impression of touching the soft, wet strands was that it was a wig. *Maybe that's how she gets her hair so nice after swimming. She's got some sort of swim cap with her own hair on top.* It was a strange idea, but he'd heard of weirder things women would do to look beautiful and put-together. *It was worth the trouble,* he thought, considering how she'd exited the changing room with perfect poise and aplomb as if she were walking out of her own house. *It even looked like he had her makeup done – what?!* He'd gotten a tighter grip because it wasn't just a wig – it was too heavy for that. He'd grasped it lower down and felt something harder pressing into his palm

and when he saw what it was he dropped the whole thing and fell back onto a wooden bench attached to the wall. He'd had a handful of Kitty's boob! Trying to swallow and cautiously approaching the wicker basket again, Carter dragged out whatever it was - trying and failing to find a part of Kitty to grab that didn't feel wrong - and laid it on the bench. He felt like his eyes were going to pop out at the sight of the empty but completely real looking skin of his cousin and crush. His gaze was fixed on parts of her that he'd never been able to see before, try as he might to tear away. Carter knew it was wrong to stare, but having her unnaturally youthful twenty-year-old body laid out like that was such an opportunity that he couldn't help it.

Tentatively, still shaking from fear, desire, excitement, and even a little disgust at himself, he reached out and surprised himself by pushing a finger into the soft squishy belly button on the flat Kitty skin's trim, taut midriff. He'd always thought she had an adorable navel, and wasn't really ready for the mental violation he'd feel from satisfying his baser instincts. It wasn't long, though, before he was sating his boyish curiosity - he'd never even had a girlfriend before much less touched a woman this way - and squeezing the skin's nipples between finger and thumb. He knew that such skinsuits were illegal to own without a permit and that it was very unlikely that Kitty's parents had gone to the trouble of filling out the lengthy and expensive forms necessary for her to possess one. Not that it was too hard to smuggle contraband into the Sector - there were plenty of other arcologies where such things were in free use and he was almost impressed that she'd only gone so far as buying one of her own body rather than making 'improvements' or getting a skinsuit of someone totally different. She probably owned it more for the thrill of having something illicit and the convenience of being able to stay dry in the pool or clear skinned in the hot sun. His hands were traveling down now, tracing lower lips and the folds around them. He was disappointed to find nothing more than an outline but of course Kitty wouldn't need that. It was more detailed than it needed to be already. The skin was so smooth and silky that he wanted it all over his body, and when his hand passed over the slit running from her left hip to her armpit he decided to surrender to the inevitable.

He sat down on the wooden bench, feeling despite what he was about to do that it would be somehow disrespectful to let the skinsuit that looked so much like Kitty touch the ground too much. He pushed both feet into the hole at the same time, studiously not paying attention to where he grabbed the suit to pull the legs over his and get his feet all the way down. The skinsuit stretched easily, and Carter sat for a long moment with Kitty's calves and feet smoothly sitting over his, kicking and wondering if her bones stuck out as much as his did and worrying that his feet were a little bigger than hers. His legs which always seemed stick-thin and embarrassingly underdeveloped looked charmingly long and coltish under Kitty's bronzed skin, transformed less in form than in context. The skinsuit was smoothed up to his thighs now and he stopped breathing at the feel and sight of his cock - he thought fully developed for his eighteen years despite the rest of his body but of course he never knew - slowly poking out and then pushing fully out of Kitty's fleshy lips and smooth curved mound. The Rejuve seemed to have worn off in some places but not others and for the first time in his life Carter wished that his balls had stayed like his height and voice. Kitty's pussy looked weird enough with a shaft much less a dangling pair.

The Kitty suit's buttocks cradled his with a gap he could feel where her development had finally started to catch up. Though she was nowhere near as full as she know doubt would

be, her feminine ass was still bigger than his and Carter had no way of fixing that. His erection was painful, twitching, but ignored. He had to see how well the suit would fit him. He gave it one last tug over his hips and then had to duck and contort himself to reach into Kitty's right arm and blindly thrash until he felt his fingers going into hers. His hands hadn't caught up with his nethers and was still small palmed and nimble or else he would have given Kitty man hands. With those still slender fingers, he grasped the mask's cheeks to steady it and with several shakes of his head worked his way up into the full head mask. Not yet ready to do the finishing adjustments, he tucked his left arm in, got it down into the suit's, and pulled the zipper up, noting how the zipper itself was small and hid under a slightly raised freckle in her left armpit. He fidgeted and pushed at the suit's belly and chest, for the moment doing his best to ignore what it looked like he was doing and instead focusing on making sure that the suit's navel entered his and her nipples were around where his were. It wasn't a perfect fit especially over the chest where her long overdue budding breasts had reached somewhere a little past an A - his impression of her being further along seemed to be mostly due to him not daring to look too hard - which meant the suit left a sizable gap there as well. He didn't think it was too noticeable from the outside, but was painfully aware of the air between his chest and hers from the inside.

He prodded at the mask until Kitty's slightly fuller lips that framed her narrower mouth stretched and settled over his, the nostrils lined up, and her ears were sitting over his. The skinsuit's eyelids found their way over his on their own and with a shudder Carter realized that it was time to see how well the purloined suit fit him. Shivering mostly from nervous anticipation and a little bit from the clammy pool water that squelched along the innards of the suit where he hadn't dried off before he put it on, he turned around to look at the mirror - a ubiquity in women's facilities it seemed. A single wide-eyed impression had the near-perfect reflection of Kitty grabbing the dick between her legs - brushing a shock of light hair that suggested that yes, she did shave - in soft slender fingers and a combination of seeing her do it and feeling the sweetly unfamiliar grasp had him breathing heavily and scrabbling for her bikini bottom so he could relive a much more intense version of that day so many years ago when he'd had to rinse another pair so like these out after getting overexcited. The naked, somewhat underdeveloped twenty-year-old girl with the mostly fully developed eighteen-year-old penis swinging between her legs hastily stepped into the stretchy swimsuit bottoms and pulled them up, gasping at the tightness across her rear and the cool softness of the mesh now cradling his balls and shaft. He knew now that they'd only ever touched the very same skin he wore, though perhaps when she spread her legs for a breaststroke or ran around some of that intimate apparel might have darted in to touch the real girl inside. It didn't matter. It was hers and he was her and the erection the Kitty in the mirror had was so big that he could look down through the first hints of cleavage and see some of it where the tent had stretched the swimsuit so much that the elastic waistband no longer made contact in the front.

Carter turned so that Kitty appeared to be looking at him over her shoulder, the unfortunate extra between her legs hidden by her small but serviceably round and wide rear covered in yellow and white stretchy swimsuit. She twisted so that her bare breasts - Carter paused. It wasn't quite the image he wanted yet. Kitty looked great topless but in his fantasies she would never start out that way. "Tease." He whispered to himself amorously as he bent to scoop up the vest top. It was bright yellow with no zipper, needing no adjustment or give to stretch over Kitty's lack of protrusion. He pulled it on over her head and squirmed into the

tight top, giving it several tugs on the bottom hem in a deliciously feminine adjustment that pulled it down just over the lowest rib. Her arms were bare, but her chest was covered entirely, as were her shoulders. She twisted again and this time it was Kitty in her swimsuit smiling back at him, a smile heavily tinged with tight, pent-up need. She brushed her long, sunbleached hair over one shoulder and then the Kitty mannerisms overcame him and her hands dove to her swimsuit. One inside to let the soft hand stroke his cock directly and the other on the outside to grind the still slightly cool mesh against what the hand didn't reach. From the angle in the mirror that he could see, it looked like Kitty was staring at him longingly as she fingered herself. It was a disappointingly short time – he hadn't even tried seeing what she looked like with her hand snaking up into her top – before the bikini bottom was filled with sticky white fluid. It just kept pumping, though, as images of Carter as Kitty washing it out while still wearing it flooded his head, seeing her with her hands above her head in the shower and then pulling the waistband out to let his cum flow out with the water. He wasn't sure if he was imagining her or him in the skinsuit, and he was brought back to reality – still a very enjoyable reality –with a panicked mental thump at the sound of a woman's voice. "Kitty? We're going! Come on!"

It was Kylie! Kitty's older sister. Twenty-four and precocious in that she would probably have her degree and housing allotment this year, Kylie was everything Kitty would likely grow into when her mismatched hormones finally straightened themselves out. Flowing pure blonde hair that never seemed to get lighter after hours in the sun – Carter wondered if maybe there was a good reason for that – a near perfect complexion, a face like Kitty's with a small nose, round cheeks, and wide eyes and yet fuller in every way. Then there was Kylie's body. Everything seemed perfect, from her decimal pure waist to hip ratio, to her precisely-the-right-size breasts and perfectly proportioned behind. Kylie in a low cut top and tight jeans had been known to stop traffic and cause men from thirteen to three hundred to lose their concentration. Her allure was increased by the coquettish glance she often tossed over her shoulder, a frank awareness of her effect on men and the glee with which she caused chaos. Now she couldn't find Kitty and – and Carter again knew that if he wasn't bold he'd regret it forever. He was cornered anyway, and there was no point in trying to get out of this any other way. "Be right there!" He called out, using his still tight vocal cords to do a fair imitation of Kitty's melodic soprano.

There wasn't time to get cleaned up or even let himself become hard in anticipation of what he was about to do. The Kitty hands were brisk and businesslike as they pushed Carter's shaft back and balls up, stretching her lower lips open and around and tucking his head over a fold of skin at the back so it would stay roughly in place long enough for the lips to close over everything. Carter looked down and saw the very end of the process, Kitty's labia slowly engulfing his shaft and finally leaving only what looked like a soft feminine mound but was really a very hard maleness masquerading in a female shape just like the rest of him. It wouldn't hold long, but it wouldn't have to. Trusting the bathing suit – now full and sticky in a secret way that sent thrills up his spine – to keep things together if the skinsuit couldn't for just long enough, Carter still kept her legs together as much as possible as she shuffled over to the hamper and grabbed the tight denim shorts. Still doing his best to keep her from spreading too much, he pulled the shorts up to her hips and again gave the familiar feminine tug, this time a couple times on the hem in back, cradling her reduced backside tightly and also providing a layer that his maleness wouldn't easily expand out of. Feeling suddenly light and free, he

picked up the shoulder shrug with a dancer's pirouette and with another little twirl put her arms in the sleeves and buttoned the single button in front, framing the bright yellow vest top and the boobs she'd one day have.

Carter had never worn anything so tight, and yet the clingy girly clothing only made him feel more liberated. He could only just get her finger into the waistband of the shorts, and the slowly drying vest top seemed painted on now. He could have watched Kitty's reflection probe and caress herself all day, exploring every fold and nook. A sharp rap of Kylie's impatient heel on the concrete made Carter jump again, and he hurried out to meet 'her sister'. The noise reminded him, though, that he didn't have any shoes. He'd just have to hope Kylie and Kitty's parents wouldn't notice.

Kylie was already walking away having heard the changing room door. "What took you so long?" She asked as Kitty staggered a little and finally caught up to her. Carter hadn't reckoned on how *good* it would feel to walk with Kitty's legs pressed together, rubbing smoothly and squeezing her labia against his cock. It didn't help that he suddenly realized that he could look at Kylie without her noticing anything wrong and that her butt looked very good in a miniskirt.

"Uh, Irina needed to talk to me." Carter said, thinking that Kitty seemed to talk to her more than anyone. It was even harder now to keep up sounding like Kitty with Kylie's swinging hips distracting him and the Kitty suit stroking the erection looking at Kylie gave him. It wouldn't be long before even more jizz filled Kitty's bathing suit.

Kylie turned around and looked Kitty up and down. Carter's nervousness must have shown through the Kitty mask because Kylie took a step towards him and sniffed. "You didn't change? Did you even take off the suit?" She hissed. "Yech! You'd better wash it out when we get home, Kit! You know I need it for my date with Hunter this afternoon. You're such a ditz sometimes, sis." She brushed her hair out with a smug smile. "Mine's washed and dried and my pool clothes and bathing suit are already in the car, lazy. I hope your conversation with Irina was worth it, because you're going to be busy when we get home."

Busier than you think. Carter thought, amazed. If Kylie had her own suit and was borrowing Kitty's then ... "Don't worry, Kylie," he said breezily. Her expression suggested either doubt or that Kitty didn't usually call her sister by her name. "I'll have mine ready in time. Just leave yours in my room while I get mine washed and I'll bring it over first thing. Promise."

Kylie pulled Kitty to her side as they approached the car and put her arm around her in a sisterly hug that had Carter blushing so hard that he knew a little of it had to be bleeding through the mask. "You'd better." She murmured, then let Kitty go and crossed around to the other side so they could get in at the same time.

"Did you have fun, girls?" Kitty's father asked.

"Yes, dad." They said, Kitty lagging a little.

"I didn't see you talking to many boys." Her mother said, sounding worried.

"Yeah, well..." Carter wasn't sure how to deal with that. He knew a little about who Kitty liked, but tried not to get too involved since he wanted to pretend that she took an interest in him. "It's ... it's not like they really notice me." He said, trying to sound annoyed and hurt at the same time.

"Oh, sweetbun! Do we have to take you to the psychologist again for your self-esteem?"

"No, mom! It's fine!" Kitty had often talked about how much she hated it when her mom decided her self-esteem needed work. "Really, I just wanted to be with the girls today."

"There were some young bucks looking at you." Her dad tried to sound assuring. "That Carter boy is nice." Carter's heart raced at the thought that Kitty's dad thought he was boyfriend material.

Kylie snorted. "He's a bit shrimpy."

"He's the right age and he has so much in common with you!" Her mom joined in. "And Kylie, don't be mean. You know he has the same kind of problem as Kitty. He'll grow out of it just like you will, sweetbun."

"Can you all just stay out of my love life!" Carter protested, thinking it safe to assume that Kitty, like any young woman, didn't want advice from her parents.

"All right, I was just saying that you're not as plain as you think you are." Carter wished he could agree with Kitty's dad. Instead, he just crossed her arms and rolled her eyes, but gave Kitty's parents a small smile. They knew it was pointless to try to keep on at her, and started talking to each other.

"I hope you grow soon." Kylie said quietly, her lips so close to Carter's Kitty covered ear that Carter had to fight down the urge to squeeze Kitty's legs together. "Getting myself packed into that ironing board of a figure of yours is such a pain. That and having to be carded to get into a movie."

"Carrying all that extra weight when I'm in yours isn't that easy, either." Carter shot back. It sounded like a familiar argument. In truth, he was glad to be in Kitty's body. She might look very young for her age and sometimes have trouble with adult features, but at least she wasn't turned away from *teenage* movies when she left the Sector. Everywhere but the local theater always assumed his ID was fake and he *never* got to go to the city with his friends when they went to the movies. They were too embarrassed to be part of the argument that always ended in Carter having to go home, red faced and grinding his teeth at the management's refusal to believe he was eighteen - or in some cases even fourteen.

"You'll be glad of the *extra weight* when you grow into yourself, sis." Kylie said, sounding very smug again as she arched her back. "Knowing that all this is squeezed into your skin makes Hunter go crazy. Especially when we can sneak off and get out of it so he can feel

them. You wouldn't believe what he's willing to do just for a quick touch." Kylie glanced at their parents, who were busy watching the road and each other, and squeezed one breast, silently showing off her 'sexy face.' Carter knew she was trying to tease Kitty, so he put the best annoyed face he could on while secretly wishing Kylie was pretending to be aroused by *him*. Even having a hot girl like Kylie pretending to like him was better than nothing.

"I'm so happy to help." Carter said sarcastically.

"Oh, you know you like being me." Kylie said. "Especially the *extra weight*. I've seen you when you've got my suit on. Teasing those poor young things like you do. Don't worry, though, I'll let you have your fun. I'll even swing by our ballet lessons and do your bit while I give some excuse for why I'm not there. Happy?"

Carter pretended to think about it, but for too long because Kylie started to tickle him. He knew it was just sisterly play, but he felt warmth between her legs as he finally couldn't take it anymore, and when he got up the courage to fight back, the act of touching Kylie and making her giggle was almost too much for him. The melodious laugh, the shine in her eyes, the way a lock of her hair escaped and fell down her face. The way her breasts strained and bounced ... Carter was relieved when Kitty's mom turned around. "Girls! That's enough. You're distracting me." Their mom admonished.

"You must have gotten more of a workout at the pool than it looked like." Kylie said. "You're breathing so hard."

"Meanwhile you, young lady, didn't do much more than flirt and lie in the sun." Their father told her. "There is more to these events than the social and relaxation dimension. Now between the two of you, you've done the work of one good daughter." His eyes danced. "I suppose I should be happy to *have* one good daughter even in two bodies. Speaking of which, sweetbun, quanti canicula ille in fenestra?"

A cold chill ran down Carter's back. Kitty's parents were always bothering her to practice her languages since they knew it was a weak spot in her grades. The problem was that he was even worse! "Uh, uh spero vili pretio canis?" He said, putting a pitiful hopefulness into his Kitty voice.

"Wow, sis, that was bad even for you." Kylie said.

"Ky, don't give her so much trouble." Their mother said. "It's not her fault she hasn't got an ear for it. Harold, don't go on so. Sweetbun, you'd better study when we get home. That was disappointing."

"Yes, mom." Carter said, trying to sound ashamed rather than relieved.

Carter was relieved when the conversation moved away from Kitty and he was able to remain mostly quiet through the rest of the trip. Their questioning and his feeble attempts to answer questions about Kitty's day-to-day life had made him nervous and more aware of how uncomfortable it was getting to sit in a pool of cum trapped in Kitty's bikini bottoms. Even her

clothes were becoming uncomfortable – the tightness was getting to him, as well as having his aching dick bent back and stuffed into a much too small part of the suit. What had started as a sexy adventure was quickly turning on him and it was taking all of his will power not to scratch or tug at her shorts.

When they got out of the car and walked up the white gravel walk to the eggshell and gold door, Carter was fighting between the need to look normal and walk with Kitty's legs closer together and the squelch of his cum that only got worse the less space he gave it. Kylie noticed how Kitty was walking strangely and looked down her coltish legs to her bare feet and back up. Carter gave her a weak smile, and as their parents pulled ahead, Kylie fell back with Carter, the boy in the girl suit actually recovering his feminine poise a little as he was distracted by how Kylie was staying so close that her chest was brushing his. "Are you all right?" She asked. "You're a little bowlegged and your voice doesn't sound right."

"Kitty, honey? Doesn't that hurt?" Their mother called out from her position on the porch.

"You're standing on hot rocks, stupid." Kylie said. "At least act like you can feel them."

"Oh, ow!" Carter said, and Kitty's mom shook her head and went in.

"Ditz." Kylie said affectionately. "Don't blow it for me by making it obvious that you've got a second skin on. Dad's suspicious as it is without mom mentioning your little coal walk. Where *are* your sandals anyway?"

"I - I was in a hurry and forgot." Carter said as Kylie closed the door. He was sweating despite them now being in the air conditioned house. Kylie was looking more and more critically at the girl suited boy she thought was her sister.

"You - ohmygodohmygodohmygod!" Kylie covered her mouth with long fingered, pink nailed hands. Carter shrank back, expecting her to ask him where the real Kitty was. He was about to explain everything when she put her hands down and he saw she looked excited and delighted. "Sis! You've had your first real period! That's why you had to change back to your swimsuit and have been so weird."

"Uh..." Carter wasn't sure he'd do Kitty any favors, but Kylie was sweeping him along.

"Now you *really* need to clean that suit out before you give it to me. Do you need something for the cramps? When can we tell mom?"

"I'm not sure-"

"I remember getting a little forgetful my first couple times." Kylie was gushing. "Don't worry about it; I think it's a family thing. This is so great! You might even have boobs by next year. Real ones, I mean." Carter felt like he ought to get angry on Kitty's behalf, but it was too late. They were in front of Kitty's room and Kylie was on her way to her own. "I'll grab my suit and leave it on your bed while you shower. My date's in an hour, so don't take too long."

This is so exciting! My little sis is finally growing up.”

“I grew up years ago!” Carter shouted at her retreating ... he couldn't deny it, he'd started looking at her behind again. Though the thick spill of gold swinging back and forth to occasionally reveal a swell of breast visible past her slender back was also worth looking at. Carter didn't move until Kylie was in her room and her door was closed. Then he went into Kitty's, closed the door, and slid to the floor with her back braced against it. He rested with her hands dug into the carpet for a few minutes, then one went up and under her shrug to squeeze the small breast in the tight bathing suit top. He looked up where Kitty naturally had a full length mirror and the look of obviously male desire on her face - eyes wide, mouth slack - and he laughed at himself, arousing himself even more at the sight of Kitty smiling at him. He watched her playfully squeeze again and toy with the hem of her shorts, licking a finger and then putting it back to slip in. The mess of slimy spunk reminded him that Kylie wouldn't be *that* patient with Kitty's sudden 'blossoming' and he got up and padded into Kitty's en suite. This was also naturally full of mirrors and Carter could see Kitty undressing from any angle he wanted, making sure to have her stretch her arms all the way up and arch her back as she pulled the vest top off, and then gyrate her hips and wiggle her rear in the mirror more than he had to when getting the shorts off. Kitty's smooth vulva was dripping with what Carter didn't even have to pretend was his cum and he was achingly surprised by how his penis stayed put, apparently tucked very securely inside Kitty's slit. Mirror-Kitty ran her finger along just between the lips, raising some of Carter's seed to her mouth and wrapping her lips around her finger. “You taste so good.” He said in her voice, still running his tongue around the digit. “I'm so glad I let you inside me.”

He watched himself as Kitty squeeze and caress herself, tickling herself around the aureole and pinching her nipple before daring the skin to release what was hidden inside by fingering her pussy and wiggling her fingers around as far inside the well filled opening between her legs as he could. The tight slit promised so much and contained something so different from what it appeared to. Carter was most aroused by that; the sight of the smiling, still-growing girl in the mirror, hands clasped and legs together with nothing quite seeming wrong with her, but knowing that the nearly bare, red lined female organ wasn't what it seemed, nor did she feel what her expression showed when she touched her chest. Without the bathing suit and outerwear, it was obvious that Kitty's bare body wasn't filled in some places, though. Carter gripped her nipple again and pulled, stretching the already hollow looking boob out and letting it snap back with a girlish giggle, grabbing her butt and doing the same. He blew some hair out of her face and brushed it back, reverting to his 'cute girl' expression and pose. The one that made him think Kitty was really in the room.

He was hard now, but not quite stimulated enough and knew he had to keep going, keep moving, or else something might go wrong. He stepped into the shower but didn't close the curtains; up until today it had been one of his ultimate fantasies to see Kitty bathe. How much more he'd been able to see already! The image of Kitty lathering herself up was still a very powerful one, made even better by the sultry looks she seemed to flash him as she did it, and the knowledge that the sticky white that was running down her legs had come from him. She turned so that most of the mirrors wouldn't show her front and stretched her labia open until Carter's cock finally sprang out, turning totally hard and throbbing in less than a second. He continued to wash with one hand while using Kitty's slick palm to tease himself within but

not quite to orgasm, moaning and sighing in his Kitty impersonation. It was more difficult than he thought and soon her nail tickled him just too much and his last sight before closing his eyes was his own desperate release mapped to Kitty's features as her shoulders worked hips bucked, his moans and hers mixing as . As his turgidity settled down, he tried a few of Kitty's haircare products – he didn't know what combination to use, so he guessed. A sniff of the mask's wig suggested he'd gotten a good set and, disappointed, Carter realized the only way the suit could be cleaned on the inside was for him to take it off now. With a little wave, Kitty reached into her armpit and found the zipper. In short order, she was rolling her shoulders to get one arm free and then with a great deal of wiggling that made Carter wish he had more time with the suit, the mask slid off with a slurping sound and the water from the shower head helped Carter slide the rest off, the suit pooling around his feet. He stepped out and let the water flow into Kitty's eyes and mouth and down, shaking it and scrubbing the inside with his hand.

The water seemed to find no purchase on the inside of the suit and when he turned the spray off, it dried almost immediately. The outside, however, was more like his own skin and hair. After toweling himself and the suit off, he knew that there was something about hair dryers that made girls' hair nicer, so he sat on her soft cushioned vanity chair and let the warm air play over the skin, brushing the hair with his free hand. It took a surprising amount of time to dry out her long tresses and during that time he tried not to look at the neatly folded bundle on the bed, skin slightly more tan than the one he held in his hands and topped with lustrous gold. When the Kitty suit was dry and styled, he folded it up and peeked out the door. Kylie wasn't around, so he slid the Kitty suit out and locked the door behind him, heart pumping even more than when he'd been bluffing his way through a conversation. Kylie seemed to think Kitty was scatterbrained, so finding the suit outside Kitty's door rather than having Kitty bring it would probably go unremarked.

It was almost a relief to be out of the Kitty suit, Carter thought. He was much more vulnerable now, but he'd started to worry that he'd taken his sex play too far. Kitty was still a real girl, one he desired and wanted to one day love. Messing around was one thing, but he didn't want a facsimile saying and doing all those things; he didn't want to feel like he was *forcing* or *tricking* her into being so hot for him. He wanted the real Kitty to really feel that way. It helped that his dick was aching and felt drained. He was thinking with his real brain now, and – and there was Kylie's skin and suddenly his real brain was starting to lose again, rationalizing just before it was consumed by hot lust – Carter crushed on Kitty but drooled over Kylie – that Carter had to escape somehow and walking naked out of Kitty's house wasn't going to work. He went to Kitty's walk-in closet and was swiftly lost in a swamp of mostly soft and silky clothing that caressed his bare skin as he he brushed past, looking for a sign. Kitty had to have her own collection of Kylie sized clothes – sisters shared, but he'd seen enough sibling arguments to be very aware that it was just easier to buy your own. It wouldn't be obvious, though. Kitty's mom might 'clean' and find something she shouldn't. The narrow aisle fringed with skirts, tight pants, brightly colored tops, and dresses ended. There were dressers, but a quick inspection left him sure that they contained nothing but underwear and small items. Carter was momentarily amazed at how quickly a drawer full of Kitty's panties could become nothing to him.

Nothing Carter found looked like it could belong to Kylie, and he knew that Kitty had to have some way of fitting into Kylie's ampler figure, so he looked low. On eye level with Kitty's

collection of shoes that sat in neat rows beneath her clothing, he saw a line running up the wall behind some dresses and a small plastic bin of tights and other items that all looked like they were meant for some kind of performance. Pushing through the masses of satin, crinoline, and taffeta that made his smooth boyish skin tingle, Carter found that that segment of rod was not really attached to the other two sides but to the wall, which had a small handle that let it swing out. He guessed that she'd repurposed the back side of a linen cupboard by the appearance of the shelves inside. There was a flesh-toned, lumpy thing on the first shelf and then the next was occupied by bras that were obviously sized for a larger chest as well as panties too wide for Kitty's small rear. The rest were tops, bottoms, dresses, and other clothing along with shoes, purses, and accessories. Wishing he had more time in this feminine heaven, Carter was still very aware that not only was he a naked boy in a girl's room, but that the girl's sister probably expected to see her double soon and that the girl herself wouldn't be much longer before she came home, thoroughly annoyed at being left at the pool by her careless parents and sibling.

The top item was obvious enough, especially when Carter took it down and unrolled it. A nude colored lycra bodysuit with silicone pads to turn Kitty's chemically frozen barely pubescent figure into that of her voluptuous sister. Carter pulled the zipper down, stepped in, and sighed as his legs slid into the stocking-like bodysuit. Unfortunately for his plans, it was crotchless, so he'd again have to tuck and hope that the skinsuit would hold, but at least the convex inner parts of the pads that were meant to cradle what Kitty *had* so far developed held firm so that there wouldn't be any gaps this time. He zipped it up in front and grasped his new curves to shift and settle them into place. His comments as Kylie were right on - the silicone chest pads dragged him down and the rest of the gel filled sacs squished in odd places. Passing Kitty's vanity, he thought that by silhouette he looked sexy but otherwise appeared very strange with his head on an obvious padded mannequin like body with his penis - he was sure it was fully formed to his age of eighteen after everything that had happened - sticking out, slightly stiff from the feel and sound of Kitty's clothes rustling over the lycra bodysuit.

The Kylie suit beckoned and Carter couldn't believe that he could still get an erection after everything that had happened, but at the sight of the smoldering hot twenty-four-year-old unrolling in front of him, he did. There was so much more to jerk off to that Carter ignored it this time and focused on getting the suit on. The inside stuck much less on the smooth padded bodysuit than on his skin and so it wasn't long before he was threading his cock through Kylie's - to his surprise - untrimmed opening. It was just as awkward as before, however, to bend and duck through the side entrance of the suit and use his free arm to pull the mask and opposite arm on, but when he did he decided to leave the suit open for a minute to try something. He used Kitty's vanity mirror to adjust the mask until Kylie's eyelids covered his and her pert nose and narrow nostrils were in place over his. He turned so that only the parts of Kylie that were whole were visible and watched as his hand massaged her breast. He tried out some sighs and gasps in her voice, not having much practice and actually having to pitch down his tight, high vocal cords. He arched her back and let her eyelids lower, looking out one corner and suddenly bursting into giggles that he was faking it with himself like she apparently did with her more boring dates. Her breast felt very interesting to his boy hand, but again he had to hurry and snaked the male appendage in to fill her female one. Kylie's fingers handling his shaft was almost too much, but he sternly reminded himself yet another time that he was trying to beat a clock and pushed it roughly up, stretching the back of Kylie's slit like he had Kitty's so that it pinned him back and letting go to watch as it swallowed him up. Every part of her body

seemed to move in a different direction at the slightest provocation and with his heavier pair, Carter was sure he'd need a bra. There was a limited choice in Kitty's disguise closet and Carter picked out a basic looking black set of underwear, but instead of the tight jeans and clingy top he often imagined her in, Carter went for a slicker looking dark blue top that zipped up in front with a generous V left open. He kept to the tight jeans, however, when he picked up a nice looking skirt that he knew would look great on Kylie and imagined how the wrong move in something that didn't squeeze him down below would end up with that skirt sporting a very obvious bulge.

Buttoning the jeans was an exercise that made Carter wonder if maybe Kitty had bought the wrong size. Running her hand over her booty and bending over for a good look changed his mind. They were definitely exactly the right size for this version of Kylie. Guessing he'd need shoes as well, Carter grabbed a pair of tan high heeled sandals and fell face first onto Kitty's bed. Teetering as he got up, he found his balance and tried his hardest to remember anything about how girls walked in them. Small steps with her legs close together seemed to work and he made it to the door feeling good about how fast and naturally he did it when someone knocked.

It was Kitty – thought to Carter's relief it was obviously Kylie in the Kitty suit. A few steps made that plain as she tried not to swing her hips and failed. Her clothes were also somewhat more revealing, though the V-neck top and tight jeans only revealed an athletic but generally uncurved body. "Ugh, grow up fast." She said, then cleared her throat. "I mean, I need to borrow your ballet outfit if I'm going to go straight there after my date." She said in as good an approximation of Kitty's voice as Carter had managed. "Actually, never mind. I'll come back here first. Sheesh, just looking like you makes me just as bad." She tried to put her hand on her hip and let it fall back down when she didn't find enough room on the straight-figured younger sister's body. "I feel like I'm going to burst out of this. Nice outfit. I never thought about using that combination." Carter felt proud, and then a little nervous when she asked. "So, sis, where are you going?"

"To a movie, I guess." Carter said in Kylie's voice. "While I can get into one."

"You're so predictable. You're getting better at my voice, though. Everything must finally be maturing again." She kissed Carter on the cheek – he felt sexually conflicted at the idea that it was Kylie but also looked like Kitty. "Remember not to get home too early or mom and dad will know one of us skipped out on practice." She winked. "And if I go like this, I'll get the blame. Your body may be a pain, sis, but I admit that it's *sooo* much easier to do ballet in." She turned and flounced out, her motions spoiled by the tight skinsuit.

Carter watched her go, and then carefully closed the door. He put her fist into her mouth and let out a small squeal. He was Kylie now! A drop-dead hottie he had *no* guilt about becoming, whose figure was the stuff of dirty legends amongst his peers. He didn't get undressed though, or even squeeze between her legs to try to relieve the pressure. Instead, he just turned and drank in the beauty that was reflected in every surface. He'd had to get ready to meet the Kitty suited Kylie fast so he hadn't really gotten used to the idea that he was now the curvy, flirty older sister. She looked back at him blankly, as confused about what to do next as he was. He felt free and yet strangely bereft of ideas. There wasn't time to really explore

Kylie, but he felt like he ought to do something before he left – maybe to go to that movie. It would be a treat to be able to watch whatever he wanted. He checked the purse he found in Kitty’s disguise closet and as expected it contained a copy of Kylie’s ID. Not just over eighteen like him, but over twenty-one and looking it. Mature, trusted, desired. He heard the front door slam and Kylie’s ‘pretty but empty’ expression changed to ‘oh no!’ Kitty was home.

Carter rushed out of Kitty’s room, not wanting to be caught as Kylie in there. He thought about taking shelter in Kylie’s but it was already too late. Kitty was up the stairs and glaring at her, her foot tapping on the hallway carpet. Carter’s panic must have shown on Kylie’s face because Kitty bit her lip, but continued to look stern. “Uh... Hi, sis.” Carter said, smiling weakly and nervously pulling her hair out of her face and back over her shoulder, noticing but not able to enjoy how her breast moved as she stretched her arm and rolled her shoulder.

“Don’t ‘hi, sis’ me! What was that about? Why’d you leave without me?”

“Uh, I guess I forgot.” Carter replied. “Mom and dad did too!” He said defensively, trying not to look like he’d never crossed his arms over a bountiful chest as he did just that.

“Yeah, but *they* didn’t steal my -” Kitty looked around to see if their parents were listening, “my suit!” She whispered. She looked critically at Kylie. “I thought you were wearing it on your date and were pranking me somehow. Where is it?”

“I don’t have it!” Carter said with all the honesty he could. “Really, sis, I don’t. I ... I realized we’d left you and then I felt bad so I decided to just go as myself and make it up to you by going to ballet as you anyway.”

“That’s the least you can do.” Kitty put her hands on her hips. “So why did you forget me? It can’t just be because you were distracted.” She gave Carter a sly look that he’d have paid any amount of money to have Kitty give him as himself. “Lee? Do you actually *like* this new boy? As in like him enough to *enjoy* a date with him?”

“Maybe.” Carter said, trying to sound huffy.

“You must. I’ve never seen you wear something so daring – I mean, so different. Usually you go with that boring old seduction routine that you use to make them drool and pay for anything while you give them a shot of that overdeveloped body of yours.”

“Jealous, sis?” Carter asked, feeling like his face would catch fire as he dared to push Kylie’s boobs together right in front of Kitty’s face and squeeze them.

“Right,” Kitty snorted. “I totally want to have a pair of melons stuck to me all the time.”

“You like them enough when you wear my suit.” Carter argued, feeling confident in Kylie’s skin.

“I can take them off. You can’t.” Kitty rose up on tiptoe and this time it really was her

kissing Carter, though Carter could still wish that the Kylie's cheek wasn't in the way. "Have fun! I'd better go back to the pool and look around. I hope no one stole my suit." Her face twisted. "I'd hate to think of some jealous younger girl finding it and realizing that their body would fit mine while making them seem older to the people in our Sector."

"Or even a horny boy who has a thing for you." Carter joked.

"Yech. Definitely not that!" Kitty laughed. "I think I don't have to worry about that one, though. Not many boys my size and how would they get into the changing room to steal it? No, my clothes and bathing suit were in a hamper and it was still there. Melinda knows about the suit and probably saw someone about to look inside so she took everything to pretend she was bringing it back to me. I'll ask her when I see her." Kitty walked away.

"Wish me luck!" Carter said, echoing what Kylie had said before. His heart was in his throat. He couldn't believe he'd talked to Kitty that way! She'd treated him so nicely – or at least tolerant and playful – that he'd wanted to go for a kiss right there. He thought about going after her, but she expected her sister to go on a date and the less he was seen by people who knew the woman whose skinsuit he was wearing the better. On the other hand, he did have a few minutes before Kitty would wonder what was going on. He went into Kylie's room.

Carter had been very distracted in Kitty's room and hadn't really taken in the tasteful wooden furniture and subdued colors of her bedspread and painted walls. Now that he thought about it and had time to really look, he decided he liked Kitty's room better than Kylie's. Kylie seemed to prefer shiny metal – he could see her reflection everywhere – along with bright, shimmering satin bedclothes and brightly colored walls. He padded into her closet and was met with a riot of clashing hues and a dizzying variety of cuts. Kitty – probably because of her small stature and slim figure – had a lot of the same type of outfit, whereas Kylie appeared unable to decide what made her look best and as Carter let Kylie's finger run along the rows of hangers, he couldn't find two of the same of anything. Her closet was also much fuller and even her underwear drawer was bursting when he opened it. Face hot at the sight of so much intimate clothing, Carter considered changing to something else. Then again, if he ran into the real Kylie – the one currently dressed as Kitty and on a date – she'd expect to see her twin in something belonging to Kitty, and Kitty seemed not to have noticed her sister was wearing something that belonged to her. In the end, Carter wasn't confident that he knew what looked right and didn't want to press his luck.

Sitting on the edge of Kylie's bed, he faced one of her many full length mirrors and posed with her shoulders back, hands pressed into the slick, cool satin sheet and legs crossed at the ankle. Shaking her head to make her long golden tresses float, she felt a now familiar twinge of Carter's member straining against the inside of the suit's vulva and pressed one hand against her crotch, pouting at the mirror as she squeezed and shifted her generous rear to try to make Carter's part feel more comfortable. Nothing seemed to work and she wiggled back and forth, now noticing how much her breasts moved even constrained by the bra. He took one in each hand and was mesmerized for several minutes moving them around and pulling them up, then letting them go to let them fall and jiggle their way back to equilibrium. He got up to take a closer look, and then was distracted when he saw the reflection of the mirror behind him showing him Kylie's butt as she minced forward. He didn't really want to adopt the rolling gait

all the time, but it seemed like the only way he could walk in the high heels. He'd seen girls taking longer strides but he couldn't seem to get the hang of it.

Carter got right up to the mirror and tapped her cheek. He was fascinated by every move he made in the Kylie suit. He ran her hands down her side, twisted to see herself in profile, flicked out her hair, hopped as much as she dared in the heels to see the silicone filled skin flow and snap back into place. She turned to the side, arched her back, put one hand behind her head and made kissy faces, pretending Kylie was coming on to him. He turned, spread her legs, bent as far as he could and looked back, thinking that Kylie was hotter than any porn he'd ever seen. When he smushed her boobs against the mirror, his breath fogged it and momentarily losing sight reminded him that he really ought to get going before Kitty wondered what her sister was doing. Getting ready for a date took a long time according to some of the guys who actually had girlfriends - not many, though. In this Sector, it wasn't really something anyone was pressured to do until primary college. Most of Kitty's friends were in relationships, but Kitty herself seemed to be waiting until she finally caught up. Carter thought that it was all the better for him since it meant that he might be in primary by the time she - and he - got over their medically induced immaturity, and would have a chance with her.

One thing Kylie lacked was makeup. Carter took one long look at the mind numbing array of similar looking cosmetics that he was sure were actually all *totally* different and could only be combined *just so* and decided that Kylie's natural beauty would have to do. There was no way he'd figure it out before Kylie got back, and possibly not before the sun swelled up and swallowed the planet. He swung Kylie's purse on and was about to leave when he remembered something. "Crap!" He muttered, staying in her voice to keep in practice. Hurrying - rapidly taking the same tiny steps as before - back, he grabbed a phone in long nailed fingers and dialed his own house's number. "Hi!" He chirped when his mother answered. "I'm *so sorry*. Carter ... uh, Carter ..." He realized he hadn't actually thought up a lie before he called. "All of a sudden my parents decided they should hang out together. I think she was getting a little depressed about her - you know - problem, and Carter's is a lot like hers so they click about that. I just realized that no one thought to call you to tell you we'd picked him up. Yeah, I know he left his clothes in the locker room. His trunks in the girls'? Weird!" Carter realized this was his chance to make an explanation sound legitimate. "You know what? Were they in a wicker hamper? Right! We leave that at the pool for our use and then move all our stuff to a bin when we leave. Yeah, we must have missed his trunks. He probably took the hamper with him to put them in and then we missed them when we grabbed ours. I guess he had a change of clothes with him because I can tell you for sure he isn't naked!" Carter laughed engagingly. "Oh, I know. Boys usually don't think that far ahead but he must have had a premonition or something. Listen, I'm so sorry but I'm already running late for an afternoon out with a boy. Well, thank you! I'll be sure to let you know when he's ready to come home since *apparently*," he said with a roll of her eyes to help stay in character as the 'only sane one' "no one else here remembers that sort of thing. Bye!" He put the phone down and had to sit down on Kylie's bed because his legs had turned to jelly. At first he'd been nervous but now he was giggling so hard that he was having trouble keeping his voice low and melodious and he finally had to stick her fist in his mouth to make sure Kitty didn't hear, and he lay back to let himself calm down. For the most part he managed to make his laughter sound sort of like Kylie, which was important. Keeping his voice female was good practice for ... whatever he decided to do once he was out. With the real Kylie on her date and Kitty

apparently staying home, he could do what he liked as Kylie. Even if he crossed paths with the real one, she'd assume it was Kitty in the skinsuit.

Carter's thoughts were repeatedly interrupted as he descended stairs in heels, thought her jeans would burst at the crotch seam when he dared to bend and kiss Kitty on the top of her head as he left, and finally had to rummage in her purse to find her keys to lock up. He waved to a neighbor on his way down the walk and then was out on the sidewalk, feeling like the clicking of her heels striking the pavement would draw everyone's attention to him. Thinking about how he must look from the outside, he was pretty confident that their eyes would stay glued to some part of her for a long time. He'd had a disappointingly short time to appreciate Kylie's body naked, but knew for sure that clothed she was *hot* and he was perfectly her. Now that he was out on the street, it was time to give serious consideration to what he was going to do as Kylie. Going into a movie or an adult store without being first carded and then accused of having a fake ID - he bit her lip at the thought that the one time he wouldn't be stopped was the time he *was* showing a fake - would be nice, but only a momentary novelty. It would be heavenly not to be bugged every step of the way about how he looked too young to be wherever he was, but then again he would probably only be trading that for being followed around by admirers. Even as he got to the outskirts of the shopping district, he could see heads turning. If only his friend Greg could see him!

The pleasant - though sometimes a little flirty - smile Carter had maintained turned into a sparkle-eyed beam as he shrugged her pretty shoulders. Why not? He'd see how far he could string Greg along and at the end the young man would *thank* Carter for giving him such a memorable experience with an otherwise totally unattainable woman. Carter turned left at the next intersection, aiming to miss the busiest part of town on his way to Greg's house. He took out Kylie's phone and started texting, marveling at how much more accurate long nails were once he got used to them. His tapped message made a rapid counterpoint to the slow beat of her heels against the cement.

'Hi! This is Kylie, Kitty's sister.'

A long pause. Carter could imagine Greg's thoughts at being messaged out of the blue by Kylie. Of course he knew who she was, why was she calling, and finally a few daydreams that Carter would easily better when he got there. 'Hi.'

Carter giggled. Awkward just like he'd be in this situation. 'Carter was just over my house and a date canceled. He said some things about you that made me think I'd like to meet you.' A very long pause. Carter pushed a little harder. 'Are you home? I can be right there.'

'Uh, sure.'

'OK. I'll be right there! ^-~' Carter put the phone back in her purse, satisfied that he'd thoroughly confused, excited, and probably aroused his friend. Distracted by thoughts of how great this was going to be, he didn't notice the tall black haired young woman who waved and then crossed the street to grab him by the arm. "Hey, Kylie! I thought we were going to *Mini Zebras* today. She leaned in close and whispered. "Seriously, Kitty. You should know better than to be in town right now. It's a good thing I caught you or Craig might have instead."

Carter searched desperately and finally came up with a name. "Oh, Melinda," he said in Kylie's voice. "I'm so sorry! Didn't you get my text? I had to cancel." His throat felt raw as he did his best to switch quickly to his Kitty voice. "Thanks. I totally forgot. I really do have to bail though, sorry." Melinda was one of the worst people Carter could stay near. As one of Kitty's best friends and an obviously close confidant, there was no telling when the *real* Kitty might show up asking where her suit was. "I ... uh, that is..." Carter realized that 'not feeling well' might cover the shaking legs - heels were hard to just stand around in - and scratchy voice, but not why Kelly was going this direction in a Kylie skinsuit.

"Are you all right?" Melinda asked, stepping closer and searching Carter's Kylie face. "You don't quite seem right." Up close, Carter started to notice things. Like how green Melinda's eyes were, the way her breast brushed against Carter's. Her breath was sweet and Carter started to lean in closer.

"I - I ..." He stammered. Melinda's eyes seemed to fill his vision, searching his soul. He felt like she could see right through the suit and at the scared, chemically pre-pubescent body with its painfully late teenage mind that was horny and aroused by everything he was doing right now.

Suddenly, Melinda wasn't close anymore. Instead she had her hands clasped over her chest and was grinning. "Oh, honey! I'm so happy for your ... sister! She's finally starting to come out of it, isn't she?"

"Uh, sure." Carter said, wondering if every girl he met would assume Kitty was starting on her period as soon as she seemed to be acting weird. "I mean, yeah! It's so great, isn't it?" He continued, picking up Kylie's voice again. "She's *so* forgetful," he said with a broad wink. "Kind of not in the mood for some things, though, you know? But definitely for others." The two girls were giggling at both the secret conversation and what it meant. "Like, as soon as she realized, she totally wanted to grow up *right then*. Like, I told her she was lucky that she only had to start on a training bra at twenty and that they're *so annoying*, right? Anyway, I'll tell her you were happy for her when I see her!"

"So where are you going?" Melinda asked before Carter could turn around.

"Me? Oh, a friend of Carter's is -" Carter almost said 'taking me out' but knew that would only lead to a million questions from Melinda, "sick, and I told his parents I'd babysit. Yeah, I know," she said at Melinda's eyeroll, "he's eighteen. His parents are a little," he made a little 'crazy' circle with her finger. "Pretty much I hang out, get a couple bucks, and stay out of the way while he lies on the sofa and watches TV."

Melinda snorted. "Have fun. Oh, and I'm so happy for you." She looked back and forth and then hugged Carter, who hugged her back a moment later, thinking that Kitty had nice friends and that dressing up as a popular girl also meant he could hug other popular girls without it being weird. A definite bonus but one he probably wouldn't be able to capitalize on very much. "See you around!" Melinda called, jogging off.

Carter let out a deep breath, feeling her bra strain as she straightened up and started walking again. He hoped he could sit down soon and rest his aching back and feet. His relief was short-lived. As he waited for a light to change – and waved with a cheery smile at the young men who honked as they passed – another familiar hand took her shoulder. “Hello, Kylie.” The voice sounded both scared and weary and as Kylie turned around, she saw that the light haired, broad shouldered man’s face mirrored his tone.

“Oh, hi, Craig.” Carter said. He’d seen the man around when he visited Kitty a couple of times with his family and it wasn’t hard to guess where this was going after Melinda’s warning. “Listen, I’m in a hurry, so...”

“Come on, Kylie! I know I screwed up but can’t you let me have another try? Please?” Craig took a step forward and Carter one back, finding himself pressed against a wall with Craig’s arms on either side and one of her heels resting against the wall itself. Carter had seen this pose many times and now appreciated what it was like to have a big guy towering over him expecting more than just being feared for being large.

“Craig...” Carter didn’t want to complicate things any more and was about to give a firm ‘no’, but Craig looked so despondent and Carter had an idea. He needed to see how far he could go before he tried his Kylie act out on Greg, so instead of pushing him away, Carter took Craig’s hand and looked up into his eyes. “I don’t know. I was really mad at you.”

“But you aren’t now?” He asked. Being on the girl end, Carter could see why so many talked about their boyfriends like they were puppies. Craig seemed so pathetically hopeful that Carter had to keep her kind smile from turning into a laughing snort.

“I am, still, a little...” Carter said, turning her head away, but continuing to hold Craig’s hand. As expected, the man took her chin and turned it back. “I...” Carter’s hesitancy was genuine, but he fell into the mood easily as Craig continued to hold her chin delicately and pull him towards him. Her lips parted and Carter was surprised by how easily the kiss came, and how natural it felt to be on heels with a man’s hand on her back and another in hers, with her hand behind his head, pushing his mouth onto hers.

“So can we have another chance?” Craig whispered.

Carter pulled away again, clasping her hands. “I – maybe. I’ll call you later, okay? I really do need to get somewhere.”

“All right. You look a little different. I like it.” Craig was trying and failing to hide how elated he was at what sounded like a definite yes in the future.

“I’m not wearing makeup, silly.” Carter said, pushing him away so he could get past. “I had to leave the house fast today.”

The light had changed and Carter left, realizing as he did so that her mincing walk made her hips swing and her butt flex in a way that probably made Craig think she was showing off for him. He was still a little dizzy at how easy it had been. Fooling girls: hard. Fooling horny

young men: easy. Good to know. Carter also felt a little weird about how kissing Craig had come naturally. Maybe he was getting more comfortable being Kylie or maybe a girl's body – even a very fake one – made it obvious what to do. He felt a little warm from the two consecutive encounters with Kitty's friend and Kylie's ex, but very happy at how they'd turned out. He could trick a girl into hugging him as a friend and seduce a man with almost no effort. Getting into a locker room or turning flirting to profit would be simple. He felt worse about the first, though. Kylie seemed content to use her body to get stuff from men, but it was a little perverted even for Carter's teenage mind to effectively hide in a girl and abuse the trust of others to peep on them. That was one view. On the other hand: there might hot, scantily clad lesbian makeouts. Carter was still weighing those two viewpoints when he arrived at Greg's house. Fun time!

Carter checked that her top was zippered just so and tugged the back of her jeans up to maximum tightness. Greg must have been watching out because the door opened just as he finished pretending the front path was a catwalk and he had to make the most out of every hip swing and butt flex. "Hi!" Carter chirped, waving with her elbow close to her side and her head tilted just so. Her hair and chest bobbed as she did a little bounce with the wave. "I'm Kylie! I've heard so much about you from Kitty and cousin Carter." She walked past Greg, who didn't move out of the way in time to keep from having her denim covered hip brush his front, likely also brushing something that he'd have to hide if Carter were to suddenly turn around – which of course he did.

"Really?" Greg asked, turning to the side and moving his legs in a way that told Carter that the momentary touch along with the presence of the Sector's most desired bombshell in his home was having as much effect on him as Carter had expected. Carter ignored his desperate and failed attempt to hide the bulge in his pants for now.

"Oh, yes!" Carter said, inviting himself to sit and cross her legs in Greg's living room. "I think we have a *lot* more in common than you might think." He sat looking at Greg, who seemed frozen in place now that a beautiful woman had shown interest in him and invited herself into his – his parents' – house. Carter rubbed her knee self-consciously, staring at Greg and waiting for him to move or say something. "I hope you don't mind me coming over." He said at length, when the pause had become far longer than was polite. He put a hurt tone into Kylie's voice.

"No!" Greg blurted, seeming startled to find himself standing next to the open door, which he closed with a deep blush. Finally getting the hint and sitting across from Kylie, Greg then began the ultimately futile fight of keeping his eyes on her face. Lovely as it was with her full lips, wide eyes, and round cheeks, it was impossible to keep his gaze forever off of her chest and then straying lower. Again Carter let his very male behavior pass in favor of forcing him into ever more embarrassing situations.

"Oh, good!" Carter leaned forward, the partly unzipped top giving Greg a fine view between her breasts and of her lacy bra. She looked back and forth, then smiled secretly. "Carter told me you were a big fan of Commander Tuba." He said, naming a show that Greg was in truth an enormous geek about. He pouted. "The other girls don't appreciate how great it is." Then she looked up brightly at Greg. "But I know you do! I always wanted someone I

could watch it with." Greg had sat on the sofa, and with a swing of her generous rear, Kylie planted herself next to him. "I hear you have all the spinoffs too."

Carter didn't have to manufacture a look of concern as Greg seemed to start choking, but the rush of confusion passed and Carter's friend broke into a beaming smile. "Of course! I've got it all!"

"Great!" Carter said with a matching smile. "Why don't you get us something to drink while I go to the bathroom." He got up and went first, partly to keep Greg off balance by seeing how long the poor late teen would stay rooted in place with his eyes stuck to her backside and partly to give him a little clue by showing that Kylie somehow knew the layout of his house.

Somewhere in all the walking, wiggling, lying, and making out, Carter's dick had slipped from the restraint of the stretchy skin and it sprang completely out and strained against Kylie's panties the moment her jeans were off and her legs were a tiny bit apart. Rolling her eyes, Carter grabbed the shaft and with a sultry, dominating look in the sink mirror he gave it a single, commanding pump and soon it was mostly under control again. He wasn't sure how much Greg could hear, but after a second's thought shrugged and stopped worrying. He wasn't likely to know much about girls and if he did then it meant the deception would end that much faster. Carter didn't have an endgame in mind, so it didn't bother him either way. When everything was packed back up, Carter found that Greg had laid out snacks as well and almost didn't lose it when Carter sat daintily down next to him and then scooted an extra inch closer. As the show continued and they both got into it, Greg seemed to relax more and more.

After the first episode, Carter sat rapt as Greg expounded on every nuance of the story, voice actors, methods of drawing them and how things changed across the season and the series. "You know so much!" He said in wide-eyed hand-clasped amazement, sliding even closer.

"Not as much as some," Greg replied. He started the second and only noticed at the end that Carter was pressed up against him, head almost on his shoulder as the credits rolled.

"Was that tall guy who talked to Tuba at the arcade supposed to be imaginary?" He asked eagerly when the music faded. He knew the answer but it would help Greg get into a discussion.

"Ummm... n-not exactly." Greg stammered.

Carter looked down and sighed. "I thought you'd gotten over this." He said, looking down her top. "You were treating me just like another fan for awhile."

"I - I'm trying, but you're so..."

Carter looked up at him from his relaxed pose with wide eyes and kicked her legs. "Would it help if you tried to imagine me as just another friend? One of your guy friends?" He pushed.

“I don’t know if – it’s so hard when I look at you and you’re so pretty and…”

“I bet I can make you think of me as a guy.” Carter said in a breathy, flirty way, pulling her shoulders forward and leaning even more towards Greg to maximize the cleavage that was now pressed against his arm. Greg seemed totally speechless, and Carter licked her lips. He was sure he could string Greg along practically forever, and Greg’s expression was adorably slack. Carter bit her lip, but resisted the temptation to keep up the deception. If he took it any further, he was sure Greg would never forgive him. He reached up and pulled a little on Kylie’s face, stretching the mask away from his right eye. “Does this help?” He said in his own voice.

“Gyack!” Greg started coughing and Carter let go of the mask and stood up, running back behind the sofa to grab Greg around the middle, bending over with her heels making her ass stick out and her boobs nearly in Greg’s face.

“Do you need the Heimlich Maneuver, hon?” He asked in Kylie’s voice, her hair tickling Greg’s cheek.

Greg flailed and Carter stepped back to keep Greg from touching something that would only make him worse. “No! Wait, so are you – but you just –”

“It’s me, dude.” Carter assured him. “Acting like her’s a lot easier, though.”

“How can I be sure?” Greg asked, narrowing his eyes and elongating his words in suspicion.

“Uh, I dunno, maybe because Kylie wouldn’t just show up out of the blue to watch anime and also isn’t really the type of girl to go this far in pranking anyone, much less a guy she barely knows exists? Sorry, Greg, but my cousin only knows *me* because I’m sort of related to her and my mom’s really good friends with her mom.” Carter said, kicking off the heels so he could stand naturally without swaying or looking sexy. Being casual in heels was something Carter was sure he wouldn’t master soon. He climbed over the back of the couch and plopped down next to Greg with enough force that he had to wait a few seconds for the jiggling to end and Greg to focus again.

“Hey, I might be interesting to her!”

“You might be having trouble keeping yourself from obviously staring at my assets even though you know it’s me.” Carter replied. He grasped her breasts and moved them back and forth. “They’re pretty nice, though, even on me.” Carter smiled wickedly and put his weight on Greg’s shoulder, one hand on Greg’s thigh and the other working behind his back to wrap her arm around him. “So, now you know, I guess you have a choice.” He said, again in Kylie’s voice and extra sexy, pouting her lips and lowering her eyelids. “Act like I’m one of the guys or…” He whispered in Greg’s ear. “Find out what it’s like if you treat me like a lady.”

Greg was recovering from the string of surprises and only said. “How did it happen?” Carter tried to look disappointed that his friend wasn’t taking the bait, but enthusiastically

outlined his day up until then – in his own voice – ending on his arrival at Greg’s house. “Now I’m sure it’s you, nerd!” Greg said, punching Carter in the arm. “Only you would perv on a family member-”

“Distant family!” Carter whined, punching back.

“Then decide to wear her *swimsuit* and end up pretending to be her pretending to be her sister. And only you would be shrimpy enough to get away with it.” Greg took another playful swing and Carter caught his fist. Their contest of strength soon landed them both on the floor with Greg on top. “Looks like treating you like one of the boys is paying off.” He said, straddling her hips.

“Get off!” Carter said, pushing Greg hard on his chest and unconsciously starting to talk like Kylie again. “What if your mom comes home and catches us like this?” Inside the mask his face was burning and he knew that his Kylie body must look very inviting as he breathed just hard enough to have her lips parted and chest heaving, her hair fanned out under her and Greg’s legs seemingly made to close around her ripe figure.

“Mom and dad will be out all day.” Greg told him, smiling down as if reading his thoughts – or perhaps just her body language. “But you’re right.” He stood up and helped Carter to her feet. “I’d never take advantage of a *lady* like that.” He watched with confused interest as Carter huffed, looked away, and then stepped back into her high heeled sandals. She bent and fiddled with the clasps for an obviously unnecessary period of time, back turned to Greg. “Fishing for a compliment?” He asked.

Carter straightened up, turned, and crossed her arms under her boobs. “Would it kill you to pretend I’m Kylie just a little?”

“You mean the geek girl who was just recently complaining that I wasn’t treating her like – pretty much like you?” Greg asked. “Wow, Carter, you’ve got the whole ‘girl’ thing down.” As Carter continued to glare at him, he said, “I guess ‘show us your boobs’ isn’t going to work.”

“No!” Carter said hotly. Then he smiled a little, realizing how silly things had gotten. “Why? You see plenty of tits online.”

“Yeah, but none of them are *here* and belong to someone I know is real.” Greg replied. “And there’s zero chance of me ... feeling them.”

“Is that what you want, tiger?” Carter asked in his sexy Kylie whisper, moving her hands up to grasp one each and push them together. “Do you want to do this?” He asked, slipping one hand down her top, closing her eyes and sighing with contentment as he pretended he felt something.

“Right now I’d settle for being allowed to touch *myself* and let you do your own thing.” Greg replied.

“Perv.”

“Says the boy feeling up the body of a girl that he’s wearing.”

“Yeah, I’m trying to be coy and play this out, but I *really* want to show off.” Carter unzipped the blue top all the way and shrugged it off. “Kylie will be on her date for awhile longer, and if your parents are going to be out we may as well watch another episode.” Carter winked, resting her hands on her hips – left bare by the low rise jeans. “Maybe I’ll take off some more later.” He rolled her shoulders. “I think this will do for now.” They sat down and within a minute of the show starting Carter had moved in close enough to lay her head on Greg’s shoulder and let him put his arm around hers. “By the way, you’re one to talk. *I* have an excuse for being short.”

“So this is what it feels like to have a girlfriend.” Greg said. “A snarky, snarky, but also sexy, sexy girlfriend.”

“Shh! I love this part.” Carter said, snuggling closer and putting her hands on his chest. When the credits started to roll and he looked at Greg, it seemed natural that their lips met.

“Dude, is it weird that this isn’t weird?” Greg asked.

“Yeah, but on the other hand you have the hottest girl in the Sector about to lay her head in your lap.” Carter replied, doing so. “And she’s almost nude from the waist up.”

“Good point.” Greg replied.

“I think it’s the suit, by the way.” Carter said. “Besides, we have such a bromance that this really isn’t a big stretch now that I look like Kylie.”

“Does this mean I can ask you to take your pants off?” Greg asked hopefully.

“You can, but I won’t.” Carter replied. “I look way better in them than out of them. Trust me.”

“I want to be able to make the comparison.” Greg replied, trying to look innocent.

“What’s pressing against the back of my head says that you have an ulterior motive. Episode’s starting!” Carter bent her legs to rest her feet on the armrest of the sofa, and absently played with the button on her jeans. When the show ended, she sat up. “Fine!” He got up, strutted in front of the TV and pivoted on one heel feeling proud of himself for managing it. Gyrating her hips and turning occasionally to show off how her butt moved as she did it, he worked the jeans down until they were pooled around her ankles and he had to take off her shoes or risk falling over as he tried to kick the bottoms off. He quickly stepped back into them so he could stand proudly in just her underwear and shoes, bent slightly with her hands on her hips, a proud, challenging smile aimed at Greg. “How do I compare to the girls on the internet?” He asked, moving his hands up her sides and finally fluffing out her hair before starting again, finding himself unable to stop from admiring his own Kylie body.

"You're the hottest thing ever." Greg said with feeling. "So I've tricked you and been patient. What does it take to get another layer off?" He said after watching Carter as Kylie feel herself for several minutes of mutual enjoyment.

"Y'know what?" Carter said. "You've already done it. My cock's been stuck in this suit for ages and you've kept your hands off by choice where I've been stuck by force." Carter sashayed to the windows to make sure the blinds were extra secure, then hooked a finger in the waistband of her black lace panties. "I just hope nothing pops out." He said. Greg's eyes were transfixed the moment the underwear fell to the floor. He'd obviously seen one online, but nothing prepared him for a close up and totally solid woman standing right in front of him. Carter turned and jiggled a buttock at Greg. "Wow. You're keeping your hands away even now. I can see how hard you are from here!" Feeling the tease again, Carter moaned, "Want me to do something about that, tiger?" He turned back and bent again, lips pouted and shoulders pushed together to lift her cleavage into Greg's face. "There's plenty of room in here, though you're going to have to learn a very important lesson first." Carter pushed Greg down, sat on the floor and turned her back to him. "How to free the girls."

Greg grasped the two stretchy tabs with their cargo of interlocking hooks and eyes and as predicted, Carter got a few minutes to himself to think about what he was going to do next. The first minute was wasted, however, when he noticed how Greg's pulls kept bouncing her breasts up and down in her bra. He looked back at the red faced boy with a smile of encouragement and a bob of her flowing gold hair and then went back to her thoughts. Once she was completely naked, then he'd get Greg off. It was really only fair and besides if he stopped now Greg might do something he shouldn't. In fact, Greg might anyway, so Carter needed something to keep him quiet. When Kylie was done with her date, Carter would have to sneak back in and - well, Kylie would give Kitty her suit back, so why not grab that and put it back on since the real Kitty didn't know where it was? He *definitely* wasn't going to do *anything* with Greg while wearing that, although... Carter looked back at Greg, who had gotten the bra most of the way off finally. "Almost there!" He said, smiling with a secret purpose. If he was in the Kitty suit and needed to keep Greg from talking about what happened, he'd have the perfect weapon in hand. One which Greg wouldn't be able to resist.

Carter's bra fell away and he turned ignoring Greg's protestations as he opened Greg's fly and pulled out the penis is that he'd seen tent Greg's pants from the moment he'd opened the door. "Shhh. It's just me." Carter enfolded the member between her boobs and massaged the silicone filled skin. "I can't have you walking around hard as a rock all day." He said. "You've wanted to touch them all this time and now you are." Carter looked up at Greg's expression of conflicted horror at having his friend being sexual with him and intense pleasure at seeing Kylie doing it. It must be heaven, Carter thought, having these warm, soft things enfold his penis and massage them, Kylie's nipples rotating and her eyes staring into his. Carter looked down and saw that her boobs had totally engulfed Greg. He pressed them together harder and parted her lips, pretending to moan with satisfaction. "Would you like to touch them more?" He asked, standing as the shining cum sprayed into her cleavage. At Greg's nod, he climbed up on the young man's lap and dangled the spunk covered orbs before him, feeling Greg give in to the need to stroke Carter's belly and her behind, hands moving all over. He reached down to keep Greg away from her delicately stretched labia, knowing that a

touch could cause an accident. "You want to feel everything, don't you? Well, you can." Carter pressed her lips to his ear. "Kylie gets home soon and I like being Kitty better. Play along and you can *be* me soon. Then you can play until it hurts." He pressed her lips to Greg's and then was gone, gathering up her clothes and putting them back on without sparing a glance at Greg, who watched Kylie get dressed with even more desire than when she'd undressed.

"Are you serious, dude?" Greg asked as Carter went into the bathroom - still topless - and started wiping her breasts off.

"Yeah!" He said, sticking his head out the door. "Why, don't you want to try being Kylie?"

"What are we going to do?"

"I dunno. Girl stuff?" Carter shrugged her top back on and zipped it a little higher than it had been, feeling the need for more support. His back hurt. He found a brush and started on her hair, not stopping until it fell smoothly and there was no break in the sheen from the bathroom light when he turned her head.

"Can we make out?"

"Ew, no!" Carter said. "I'm not a lesbian!" The longer he stayed Kylie, he thought, the more he felt the need to act like her. "Well, maybe I'm curious but I'm not kissing my sister!" He insisted. "You can go off on your own if you want to pick up guys, but be extra careful of the real Kylie and whatever you do, don't tell anyone." Carter didn't want to be caught too and he was sure that if Greg got caught, he'd spill everything. Carter resigned himself to babysitting Greg wherever he went. "Actually, never mind. I'll go with wherever you go."

"So you can get the skinsuit back when we're done?"

"Sure, that." Carter skipped out and twirled in front of Greg, gold hair billowing behind him. "I'd ask if I looked alright, but you wouldn't be able to see past the assets." He hugged himself. "Besides, I know I'm perfect." A mischievous smile crossed her face. "I've already done some stuff she's going to blame on Kitty and Kitty will deny and accuse her of making up. How about I make you the most popular boy in our class?"

"Uh..."

Carter grabbed Greg's hand and pulled his arm around her waist, rubbing up against his side and pushing her hand into his back pocket. "Think of the talk when people see that you're Kylie's newest boy toy." He reached across and squeezed Greg's pants. "I think I have an answer here." Disengaging only long enough for Greg to lock the front door, Carter proceeded to hang off of Greg as they walked back to Kitty's house. Even when there was no one around, he giggled and pressed close. When they saw someone they knew, Carter pretended to be even more gaga for Greg, kissing his cheek, looking into his eyes, and even pushing him against a wall for a full makeout when a mutual friend and gossip rounded the corner in front of them. Carter had been somewhat distant in private despite his admitted need

to show off, but now that they were being exhibitionists he felt wonderful. Greg was an okay kisser and not great at touching his Kylie body in an attractive way, but he was eager and the thought of so many of their friends and acquaintances seeing Kylie lip locked with Greg and being able to control that scene himself was all the stimulation Carter needed, on top of how his cock was being rubbed either by the suit when it was behaving and staying in or by her lacy underwear with a hint of rough denim whenever it started to escape and he had to press Greg's hand to her crotch to push it back in. He'd pretend to try to find a private spot to make these adjustments, but knew that someone was watching and that Greg didn't know what he was doing.

"Hi, Melinda!" He waved at Kitty's friend as she passed.

"Uh, hi Kylie." Melinda replied.

"Oh! This is Melinda, one of Kitty's friends. Melinda, this is Greg." Carter put her head on his shoulder and looked into his eyes.

"Hi, uh.. Greg. Kylie, can we talk for a moment?" Melinda flashed Greg an insincere smile. "Excuse us. Girl stuff."

"What's going on?" She whispered when she and Carter were a few steps away.
"Who's Greg?"

"Oh, you know that guy I was supposed to babysit for? Well, we hit it off *so* well and his parents never said he had to stay home." Carter said quietly but dreamily in Kitty's voice.

"Girl, your first must be making you *really* horny."

"Why do you say that?" Carter asked, pushing her bottom lip out. "I think he's cute."

"Maybe, but he's two years younger than you and you've *never* shown much interest in boys before. I mean, not that way. It's all cool crushing on some guy on TV, but isn't this a little fast? Does he even know who you are?"

"Oh, well..." Carter pretended to be embarrassed.

"Your sister's going to kill you!" Melinda hissed, fighting not to raise her voice.

"No one pays attention to me." Carter complained. "I know I'll grow into my sister's figure eventually, but right now I feel a need and being my sis gives me the boost I need to get attention."

"Are you listening to yourself?" Melinda said.

"Don't worry about it; it's not that serious."

"It looks serious to me."

Carter impulsively kissed Melinda on the cheek but very close to her lips. "Really, I'm just having a little fun. Don't be jealous." With a giggle, he hurried back to Greg's side and they departed, leaving the confused Melinda behind.

"Want to see something really fun?" Carter teased when they'd gone another block. Without waiting for Greg's reply, he darted into a store, leaving Greg behind again. Carter knew Greg wouldn't follow; Greg wasn't allowed into the porn store.

Stores like this were rare and the printed porn and videos were mostly window dressing to the plugs, dildos, vibrators, whips, handcuffs, and other items on the racks and shelves. Carter didn't recognize anyone there and thankfully they didn't seem to know Kylie personally. It was a heady feeling being able to go in and not be addressed as 'hey, kid' or told to get out and come back in ten years. Technically he and Kitty were both old enough to go in, but neither looked it and it was more trouble than it was worth to argue with the people who worked there. Carter couldn't get enough of how nobody objected - though some watched him very carefully, taking in his fit female body - to him being there, but Greg was waiting and might get into trouble if left for too long. He picked out a box with a picture of something with about four ends and needing six batteries, and took it to the front. On impulse, he also bought a magazine and a zipper hood. He'd tease Greg with the hood if Greg started to get too confident with him.

"Dude!" Greg whispered when they were on their way again. "Wow."

"I know." Carter said with a self-satisfied flirt of her hair. "I love looking like an adult."

Carter was glad when they got to Kitty's house without meeting any more 'friends'. Sexually confusing Melinda and then following it up with a trip to buy a sex toy had been almost too much and he needed to calm down a little. The time it would take to switch skins and teach Greg a little about being a girl would give him the breather he needed. The raised voices from Kitty's house, however, suggested that he'd have to wait. He put a delicate finger to her lips and motioned to Greg to hang back as he slipped off the heels and snuck up to a window to see what the commotion was about. He crouched low, peeking over the sill to see two Kittys arguing.

"I told you that you gave it to me!" One in a tight, low cut sweater said. Carter didn't need to hear Kylie's voice coming out of Kitty's mouth nor see her press her fists into her waist to try to put her hands on her hips to know which was which.

"No, you didn't! I told you very clearly that it disappeared from my hamper - now I know where! I told you right before you went on your date." The real Kitty - still dressed in her after-pool clothes - said.

"Wow, sis, your first period must really be making you crazy. I was *wearing* this suit when I went on the date and we talked but not about that."

"My first - " Kitty sputtered and turned red, looking ready to slap her copy. "I'm not on my period!"

"Sure you are," the fake Kitty said. "That's why you're so scatterbrained. Don't worry; it gets easier after a couple times."

"I - I can't believe you're saying this to me!" Kitty screamed. "I don't want to talk to you. Just give me back my suit!"

"Yeah, well, you can forget about me covering for you at ballet. You can figure out your own excuses." Kylie said, pulling off her top to show she wasn't wearing a bra. Carter's tightness in his crotch was joined by a pull and a squeeze on her butt. He looked at saw that Greg was crouching next to him and had probably been there for awhile, but the sight of the fake Kitty undressing in the middle of a heated argument had made his grip on the Kylie suit's silicone ass grow tighter. They both watched as Kylie's dramatic gesture was slowed by trying to wiggle out of the suit too fast and she got stuck. Kitty roughly yanked it away and Kylie's boobs burst out of the restrictive suit, the binding on them being torn by the violence of her exit. All the other garments holding her in went as she wiggled out of the Kitty suit, not bothering to take its underwear and jeggings off. She threw the whole mass at Kitty and stomped upstairs.

"Yeah, well if you're not going neither am I!" Kitty called up at her, still shaking. "You're a terrible liar, you -" She cut herself off and ran upstairs too.

"I couldn't help it," Greg said when Carter looked at him. "Do you know how amazing your butt looks spread out and in that tight denim?"

"Maybe," Carter said coquettishly.

"What do we do now?"

"We can't stay here for much longer. People will start to notice. Let's go around the back and-" They were interrupted by both girls trying to leave at once and huffily ignoring each other, jostling as if the other sister was an inanimate obstruction. They'd dressed in record time and seemed determined to get away before their parents got home, so they would both be equally in trouble for missing dance and not have to cover or make excuses. Carter and Greg both ran around to the side of the house and waited until Kitty and Kylie had stalked off in opposite directions.

"Great!" Carter said, fishing around in Kitty's Kylie purse. "I've got the keys and they'll be fuming for a long time." He thought about what he'd done in the suit. "A very long time if they meet the wrong people."

They went inside and Carter looked around. "I can always tell her - my - parents that I invited you in, but I might be between suits when they get here. You'd better hide in my room while I get ready."

"Why can't I go with you?"

Carter dropped back to his own voice. "Dude, do you want to see me naked? Really?"

"I guess not."

"Good. Hide in Kylie's room. I won't be long."

They went upstairs and Carter made sure that Greg was situated before going into Kitty's room and locking the door just in case. Carter posed in front of Kitty's mirror, arms stretched up and elbows bent so her hands were behind her head. "It's been an eventful day." She told herself. "I guess I really am babysitting now, aren't I?" He giggled. As expected, Kitty had dumped her suit on the bed, uncaring of what might happen in her anger. Carter took it with him into the bathroom and turned on the shower.

Lathering up Kylie's body was much more sexually charged but less a show of the girl he was crushing on. He loved pushing her breasts together on the foam and watching the lather stream down her long, toned thighs. It didn't take much for her larger, looser vulva to disgorge Carter's cock. "I guess after all the time you've spent inside me and all the spunk you've pumped into me that you need to get clean too." He told it. He rubbed it against her flat belly. "I love having a dick."

Kitty's clothes had fallen from her suit's deflated body easily and Carter pulled it in with him, washing it inside and out and then taking off the Kylie suit - getting out of the shower when he realized the undersuit probably wasn't as washable - to do the same. The suits dried as quickly as before and soon Carter was out of the bathroom and pulling on the Kitty suit again.

"I missed you so much." He said in her voice to her reflection. "Your sister's a hottie, but you're so much cuter and weirdly more mature than she is." The mirror Kitty smiled at the compliment and clasped her hands behind her back. "Oh, but we have a boy to feminize!" She told herself. "Mustn't keep him waiting for too long or he might do something he oughtn't. Then we'd have to discipline him." He toyed with the zipper on the Kylie suit. "I wonder if this comes off."

Carter was confident that now he knew a little more about tucking that Kitty's tight slit wouldn't let him down. He picked out a pair of bright pink panties and a knee length strapless dress with an elastic top that hugged her under the armpits. Giving her hair some quick brushes, she danced out and knocked on Kylie's door. "Sis?" She said. "Greg?" He whispered.

Greg opened the door. "Uh, hi Kitty."

Carter handed him the Kylie suit and undersuit. "Let me know if you have any problems, sis." He said, back in Kitty's voice. "I'm always up for helping with a makeover."

"Umm... I should be OK." Greg said and darted back in, closing the door behind him. Carter giggled. Greg was shy about showing his body to Kitty! He played with her skirt for awhile, did some pirouettes, went into Kitty's room to see how a dress changed how she should move, and finally got tired of it and went into Kylie's room without knocking.

Greg had gotten into the silicone padded layer, but was only hip deep in Kylie, his youthful penis sticking out of her and his face red from pulling. He started and turned away when Carter walked in. Carter sighed. "Let me help, sis." He untangled the suit and smoothed it up Greg's body, ignoring how his ministrations made Greg go hard. He held the skinsuit for Greg to duck into the side hole and helped pull the arms up and do the zipper. "I'm not helping with that." He said, pointing at Greg's hard-on. "Like I said, sister stuff's off limits."

Greg's Kylie face was a picture of embarrassment. "Yeah, I can take it from here."

"Need any dress tips?" Carter asked sweetly.

"I - I'll figure it out."

"Okay, sis! Don't take too long." Carter giggled again as he closed the door. Teasing Greg this was almost better. It was Kitty's house, so he tried to feel casual as he sat in her living room and watched TV, waiting for Greg to get himself settled in the Kylie skin.

Greg took so long that Carter was worried the sisters would come back and catch them. He'd been shifting in his seat and thinking about going up again when Greg appeared at the top of the steps, clinging to the rail as he descended. Carter thought it might have been a mistake to go straight to wearing heels - especially three inch circular heels - but at least Kylie looked stunning even when clumsy and wearing a very nervous smile. Kylie was taller than Kitty, so the stretchy skinsuit fit Greg better than it had Carter and it showed in this Kylie's even longer legs and bigger figure. Greg had apparently found out how treacherously loose Kylie could be down below and was also wearing skinny jeans, though he'd gone with a top that Kylie seemed to particularly like, a very tight T-shirt with a low, square neck. "Looking good, sis!" Carter said and Greg smiled shyly and turned to display her body. He twisted back to face Carter quickly and grabbed her boobs, shifting them around as if unsure if they were sitting in the right place.

"These are amazing," he breathed, failing miserably to sound at all female. "I wish I could feel them."

"I wish you could open your mouth without sounding like either a man or someone with strep throat." Carter replied. "I guess I'll be doing the talking. So much for you going anywhere adult."

"That's OK. I'm not - what do we do?"

"I thought we'd -" Carter's explanation of his plan to hit on and embarrass bullies was derailed when Kitty and Kylie's parents got home.

"Sweetbun! Honeygirl!" Their new mother said when she saw them. "You should be dressed for your practice already!" That's when Carter remembered all the 'ballet' references even he'd started making.

"Sorry, mom! We got to talking and lost track." Carter said quickly. "Come on, sis. We

can get ready fast." He promised Kitty's mother.

"You'd better. Five minutes."

Greg tried to look annoyed and huffy as he turned to go upstairs, leaving the heels behind so as not to draw any more suspicion than he had to.

"I'll show you where Kylie's ballet dress is." Carter told him. "But we don't have time for me to show you how to wear it so you'd better figure that part out fast."

"How come you're so much better at being a girl than I am?" Greg asked as Carter opened Kylie's closet and took out the pink-on-pink outfit.

"Delayed puberty and a lot of thought." Carter said. He ran out of Kylie's room and undressed as fast as he could. The outfit was actually quite easy to put on. The pale pink leggings didn't appear to require underwear and in a second he was putting her arms into the straps of the darker pink leotard. He'd expected a puffy pink chiffon skirt but apparently both sisters were too old for that. He spent most of his five minutes online looking up how to lace Kitty's ballet shoes and learning how to make a ponytail with a ribbon that had no elastic in it.

Greg didn't take much longer than Carter and Carter was glad of how tight Kitty's skin was when he saw Greg in Kylie's ballet outfit. While they were pretty much just different sizes of the same uniform, they also provided only minimal support and Carter couldn't help but politely let Greg go first so he could watch Kylie's boobs and butt jiggle and jump in the tight but very stretchy costume. The cut also left Kylie's ass hanging out on both sides, and her breasts stretched the fabric so much that he had more cleavage now than in anything Carter had seen so far. It occurred to him that he'd never seen a busty girl to ballet. One thing he was doing oddly was walking bowlegged and before they went downstairs, Carter pushed Greg's knees together.

"Man that—" Greg whimpered, biting her lip.

"I know, but you look weird as a girl walking that way." Carter commiserated.

"There you are! We're almost late." Kitty's mom scolded them when they got downstairs.

"Sorry, mom." Carter said.

They piled into the car and Greg leaned over to whisper as quietly as he could. "What are we going to do?"

"I'll explain you're sick and we'll just do as best as we can. If it really goes badly, you're sick and apparently I'm on my first period. It's worked up until now."

"I'm kinda disappointed I didn't get to do more with this." Greg said. "It was going to be so much fun making some of the guys drool and getting them to do stupid stuff."

"Maybe they'll decide we're useless and let us out early." Carter said. "One thing's for certain; we can't go back to Kitty's house after ballet. They'll be back by then. Besides, if we're dressed like this, all the other girls will be too, and maybe we'll be able to watch them for as long as we like since they'll just think we're girls too."

The boys in girls' clothing rode in silence from then on, both watching the same thing. With every little bump, Kylie's rack would heave and Carter was finding Kitty's ballet uniform to be surprisingly sensual. It didn't escape notice that Carter was watching and rubbing her legs together and he bounced higher with the next couple of bumps, her boobs seeming to defy logic and gravity in how well they stayed in her leotard. He gave Carter the satisfaction – and probably also provided some sibling realism – by going first again when they got out of the car, adding a lot more swing to his step than he had to. "Oh, my shoe." He mouthed, bending over and sticking her rear end almost in Carter's face, pale pink cheeks bisected by far too little dark pink which thankfully showed only a well developed camel toe with no sign of anything poking between the lips.

Resisting the urge to slap it, Carter waited politely for his 'sister' to tie her shoe again and they waved to Kitty's mom as they went inside. Neither had ever been inside the dance studio before and they must have looked strangely confused as both boys in the sisters' skins looked around to try to work out where they were going. "Girls, girls!" They heard from off to one side. A slender mature woman with her hair tied back severely was gesturing at them. "Why do you stand around? Come! Come!" It was Mrs. Finch, a woman who was as non-foreign as could be. He'd heard Kitty saying how silly she was trying to act like a deva during dance lessons but this was the first time Carter had seen her doing her 'madame' act. It wasn't that bad.

"Sorry, miss." Carter said demurely. He broke into a jog and turned to watch Greg for as long as he dared. As he'd hoped, Greg had done his best to keep up and his Kylie body was bouncing everywhere. "Miss, Kylie's a little sick today." Carter told her. "It doesn't hurt, but she can't talk."

"Good." Mrs. Finch sniffed. "That means she also can't talk back." When she turned her back, Greg stuck his tongue out at her.

"You were so right." Greg whispered in Carter's ear. The room was filled with young women from twelve to thirty, all in tight leotards and doing various warmup poses. The two boys in sisters' skins tried to keep up as best they could and at first it seemed like they were doing well.

"No, no!" Finch said as Greg hesitantly spread her legs. "You are zho steeff!" Carter watched aghast as she applied a constant but firm pressure to Greg's shoulders, forcing him into a full split. Carter could see that it was all Greg could do not to cry out in pain, and Carter immediately switched to a different set of exercises.

"Kitty! You are as bad as your seester today!" Finch said, and watched Carter closely, corrected every tiny movement he made. Greg, meanwhile, was recovering a little, helped

along by his obvious regard for the other ladies in the room – though he did a good job of making it seem like he was trying to correct his technique by watching them.

“All right!” Mrs. Finch said after what felt like hours of forcing Carter’s body into contortions that he never knew he could reach and which made him very glad he was in the Kitty suit rather than the Kylie and didn’t have to worry too much about anything slipping out when he had to rest her leg on the bar. “Now, today the boy’s couldn’t make it-” she waited for the sighs and groans from the teenagers and some of the twenty-somethings to fade away, “so you’ll all have to practice the recital dance with each other. We’re moving on to a very intimate scene between Peitro and Glasya, so it may be for the best that you all work with each other before you try this with the boys. Oh, all the juniors must go to zee ozzier class today.” She admonished, and all the girls under eighteen sighed and trudged out of the room. Finch turned on a video of two dancers doing the motions of the scene she was describing in slow motion. “Kitty, you may be small but you have the right shape so you’ll be Pietro today with Lydia.” Carter’s heart raced. Lydia was a cute, petite brunette from his math class who though short was also well endowed and often wore low cut tops. He’d looked at her a lot during class and had to remind himself as he stepped forward to take her hand that he not only wore the face of a girl, but an *older* one. He had to act as if this was no big deal and be confidently casual with the ‘less experienced’ partner. The choice was obvious since Lydia was one of the few people shorter than Carter and Kitty who was near their age.

“Kylie, you have if anything too much of the right shape, so you can be with Ophin.” Carter didn’t have long to think that Greg had better hope he could keep up. Ophin was also in their class, a tall and athletic girl who they perved on in gym class because her proportionally longer legs made her shorts seem all the briefer. Greg’s partner strode gracefully up to him and the last thing Carter saw was the fake Kylie smiling weakly and allowing herself to have her waist encircled by the taller girl, the disguised boy’s boobs supporting Ophin’s smaller set on top of them. Belatedly Carter mimicked Ophin’s gesture on Lydia, trying not to look down her leotard and instead focus on the video and their dance. At first it was just twirling and simple steps Carter could keep up with and which demanded his focus and distracted him mercifully from how close he was to a *real* girl who was pretty, his age, and unaware that she was being led by a boy. Carter was very sure that the chance brushes when her hand went too low, or their faces turned in the same direction too quickly would be brushed off so easily otherwise. Finch was looking at him approvingly. “You are no zo graceful today, but you dance well as a man. Eet will be good practice for Lydia.”

Then came the part that was why it was an ‘intimate’ dance and why everyone under eighteen had been shooed away. All of a sudden Carter was being forced – though not unwillingly – to place her hands over Lydia’s rear, her middle, turning her around, grasping her at the chest and probably with more of a squeeze than was strictly necessary judging from Lydia’s quick intake of breath. A few motions side to side, some steps, and then Carter’s hands were over Lydia’s belly and – he gulped – wrapped around her thighs with Carter’s Kitty pinkies just touching Lydia’s pubic arch. He was breathing hard and the dance paused for much too long for his comfort. It was great to feel up Lydia and taking an agonizing amount of willpower to keep from taking it further, to force her hands not to wander.

Then they were off again and Carter felt if anything more sexually strained as the

dynamic altered and he was the one being dominated. Lydia's hands grasping her chest – by the feel and the wrinkles of her leotard, Carter guessed she was getting her own groping in. Then motions around Carter's belly and groin, with an added squeeze that caused Carter's eyes to water so much that he wasn't sure if it was Lydia's initiative or from the video.

"Break and sweetch!" Finch said.

Carter wasn't sure he could do it all over again, but was proud of himself for competently following the video and not losing his self-control and taking the dance too far. Lydia was flushed and gave Carter a strange look. "Wow, Kitty. You really put a lot of realism into that."

"Thanks." Carter said hesitantly.

"I almost hope the *real* boy I'm paired with decides to get that familiar. Maybe that cutie from Sector R24." She continued.

"Yeah, he's hot." Carter agreed.

"Madame is right. It's good for us to practice like this first. I'm not sure how I'd have handled it if my first time in this scene was with a real male dancer." Lydia continued. "Thanks again." She said softly, darted a look around, and kissed Carter on the lips. "I'm going to get a drink!" She said more loudly and ran off.

Things were looking up for Carter. He could almost imagine going through that routine again without fainting or making out with Lydia on the spot now that he knew she was ... interested in more. It strangely made the whole thing sexually easier than when he was feeling like his touches were going too far. He looked around and his stomach fell out. Greg was chatting easily with Ophin, her back turned to Carter. He was swinging her hips and butt back and forth and right between her legs was ... a tiny bit of a circle peeking through. Greg had been as affected as Carter, but Kylie's skin was stretchier and a little bigger, and though Greg himself was also larger it wasn't enough. Carter didn't run, but moved with purpose to Greg's side. "Sis, let's go freshen up. Hi, Ophin. Be right back!" 'Sorry,' he mouthed to her and tried to gesture that Kylie needed to take some kind of medicine.

"Hi, Kitty!" Ophin smiled and nodded her understanding.

Greg resisted slightly, then gave up and let Carter pull him into the hall and down to a single person bathroom. "What?" He asked when Carter locked the door.

"You're hanging out." Carter told him.

Greg looked panicked and embarrassed and felt around her crotch until he found the offending bulge right at the back. With a lot of pushing and stretching, he got her labia to enfold around it again and pull his cock back where it belonged. Twisting around to look at her bursting backside in the mirror, Greg smiled nervously at Carter. "Thanks, dude. That Ophin is a hot dancer."

"And you're just a little too loose with her." Carter said. "I'd better tell Finch that you're too sick to keep going."

"I can handle it!"

"I'm worried that when she takes the female part, *she's* going to end up handling it." Carter said. "We need to find something else to do." He opened the door and then closed it immediately, pressing her back to the cold metal. "Kitty and Kylie are out there! They must have spare outfits." He squeaked, losing his control for a moment and speaking in his own voice.

"We gotta get out of here!" Greg said back in a high pitched whimper.

"If we're sneaky, we can get past them. Come on."

Unfortunately for them, bright pink isn't the easiest thing to walk around in unseen. Nor were they in the bodies of inconspicuous people - especially Greg in the Kylie suit. Their footfalls were silent, but their motion caught Kitty's eye and she called out something neither of them heard since the moment she turned to look at them, they started running. Carter darted a look over her shoulder and saw both sisters sprinting to catch up, but for once being boys in girls' skins was in their favor. Having their cocks bound seemed to help, and though Greg was hampered by Kylie's figure and both of them with unfamiliar hair, they were still faster than the sisters, and gained ground on them. Neither pair wanted to be seen in a crowded place, so they zigzagged through mostly empty parks, side streets, and back yards. Two Kylies' heaving bosoms would have been a wet dream, as would being chased by Kitty, but it wasn't Carter's lucky day for that. Leaping a fence, they finally lost the sisters and laid low until they were sure that the two had given up. Carter could only imagine how vengeful they would have been had they caught the boys, first for stealing their suits, second for doing things they'd never be able to fully explain, and third for being such pervs as to voyeur in their lives and their bodies.

"I'm done with this!" Greg said, reaching under her leotard. "I can explain walking home naked more easily than looking like Kylie." Carter didn't stop him as he stripped out of the Kylie suit. They'd ended up back at the pool and in the girls' changing room. Unfortunately Carter's parents had - as he knew - taken his stuff home with them. There was an abandoned satchel lying on one bench and Carter stuffed the Kylie suit into it. "Have it your own way." He said and kissed Greg on the cheek. "Thanks for giving a girl a good time."

"Yeah, same here." Greg smiled. "I wouldn't mind doing it again ... with girls who aren't real or at least who don't live in this Sector." He ran off, grabbing a towel from a rack to pretend like he'd somehow lost his swimsuit. Carter heard a squeal as Greg left and went to investigate.

"Boys." He said to the annoyed looking woman who was on her way into the changing room. "Either brainless or hormone crazed."

"Preach it, sister." The young lady said. Carter might have stayed to appreciate her

changing into a bikini, but decided he didn't want to open himself up to questions about why he was wearing a leotard and tights at the pool. His trip back home was uneventful, though his father met him at the door. "Hi!" Carter said cheerfully. "I just got back from ballet practice. Carter should be home any moment now; I just came to bring back his spare swimsuit." He patted the satchel. "I'll leave it in his room."

"Thanks, Kitty." Carter's mom said from another room. "That boy forgets everything."

"You should come over more often." His father added. "We don't see you around as much as we'd like. A nice girl like is a change of pace."

"I might be here more soon." Carter promised, and went into his room. He got out of the Kitty suit as fast as he could, got dressed, swung down a tree branch, and called 'bye' in Kitty's voice before walking through the front door as himself. "Sorry I left with Kitty." He said to his annoyed mom. "Things got a little confused when she invited me over."

"Well, sit down and have some dinner." His mother said with a long suffering eye roll. "And if you see Kitty again before I do, tell her that she's welcome over this weekend to pay her family back for taking you in all day."

"Will do, mom."

Carter ran a brush through her short black hair one more time and Kate waved to her reflection. It was amazing how a little makeup and a pair of B-cup silicone forms under the skin could mesh with a wig and a little bit of padding to make a girl into a completely different person. "I should go visit Kitty today." Carter giggled into her shoulder and swatted at the mirror. She got up and walked with an exaggerated hip swing to her closet. "Cyra hadn't had a chance to get out lately, though." She mused, taking down the Kylie suit, a flaming red wig, and the undersuit, now even more heavily padded on the chest to give his older female form an absolutely out-of-this-world rack. She turned back and held up the Kylie skin as if it were a dress. "Oh, no." She reached up and tucked a yellow strand behind her ear. "Your inner cousin is starting to break through again." She sat and meticulously secured the longer blonde hair that spilled out from under her wig cap, then turned back to Cyra. "What to do? A quite girls' day out, or some excitement?"

Kate was a regular at many inter-Sector events and after shyly avoiding Kitty and her friends for a long time had admitted that she was a little jealous of how Kitty would probably always look ten years younger. "I know it sucks now," she'd said. "But imagine what it'll be like when we're forty!" Kate was outspoken and a bit of a goth, cutting her black hair short and often wearing pale makeup and long frilly dresses. These layers went down all the way to her frilly lace boyshorts, as one or two very lucky boys had learned. The petite twenty-something never went further than underwear and a handjob, though she always was willing to go twice with a boy who liked watching her get dressed again.

Cyra was known more to the night life than the sanctioned activities. She flaunted her

stellar figure as much as she could and though Carter had at first been overly affected – and overly amorous – by drinking, he soon got used to it and positively reveled in all the things he could do while appearing over all major age limits. Cyra wasn't afraid to take it all off, but always refused penetration, instead producing a toy from her purse that changed from week to week. Always willing to try something new as long as it wasn't vaginal, she was a much loved no-strings-attached kind of gal, and there were a very small handful of men who were sworn to secrecy and trusted to see that the incredibly busty sex pot was an illegal skinsuit, disguising a repressed goth girl who wasn't quite old enough yet to go clubbing alone. Carter never failed to be supremely aroused by revealing 'herself' nor at the idea that he was effectively a young man trapped in the body of a preteen dressed in the skinsuit of an early twenties girl trapped in the body of a fourteen-year-old, disguised as a precocious goth girl using her sister's skinsuit to pretend to be a busty clubber.

During his reminiscence Carter had ducked into the Kylie suit and donned the red wig. She zipped herself up and hefted her enormous breasts. "I love having manly strength." She said to herself. "It makes hooking my bra so much easier."