The Art of Petticoat Punishment

by Carole Jean

Part 51a - Amber P. and Daphne's Lipstick Discipline

Lipstick Discipline

by Amber P. and Daphne

Illustrations by Daphne

Chapter 1 — The Early Years

When I was four or five years old, something happened. I must have gotten into my mother's makeup drawer and damaged some of her cosmetics or perhaps I had used her lipstick to scribble on the sink top, or some other such mischief. I really don't recall what exactly provoked my initial experience with the shame-based discipline she became so fond of; I do, however, remember my mother's outrage as she carried me into the bathroom that fateful day.

Mom was furious with me! She screamed and scolded me and — to my horror! — she proceeded to color my lips with a bright red lipstick. There was nothing worse that I could imagine and I can remember crying and struggling to get away, which was pointless considering my age. For the purpose of shaming me, she insisted that I view myself in the mirror. "You want to play with my lipstick? Well, tell me how you like wearing it!"



I fought opening my eyes and looking for some time, but she persisted and informed me in no uncertain terms that she wasn't putting me down until I opened my eyes and saw myself. She was angry, but she was also laughing. "You're not getting down until you look at yourself." In retrospect it's clear that she found my humiliation amusing.

Finally, I gave in and looked. When I finally opened my eyes, I can still recall my grotesque appearance, tears streaming down a red, swollen face, and my lips and face smeared with a bright red lipstick. I remember a flash of light as my picture was taken. After a few minutes she put me down and wiped the lipstick, warning me that this could happen again.

Well, I can reassure the reader that I never again thought of playing with her cosmetics. Not ever!

When that episode passed, my usual routine of punishments returned: to bed with no supper, sitting facing the corner, having a bar of soap used to wash dirty words out of my mouth and the switchings.

I never felt that being sent to bed sans dinner left any truly negative impressions. The sitting in the corner was all right, though it was later modified by my mother making me wear a funny hat. It wasn't exactly a dunce cap, but more like the kind that jesters wear. It was red, yellow and green and had a tasseled ball at the tip. In retrospect, her intent was to inflict shame and this became a pattern that would repeat itself over and again.

The switchings were used on both me and my brother. When some need for punishment would be indicated, and Mom would tell one of us to go out into the backyard and pick a branch off a group of shrubs. If it was too thin or short, we'd be sent back to get a more hefty growth. We would then have to prepare it by stripping off the leaves before

handing it to her. After taking our pants and undershorts down, we'd get it on the buttocks and back of the legs until we both cried. Afterwards, she would hang the switch over the fireplace on two little hooks she reserved for that purpose, a visual reminder of what awaited the next time.

I perceived a theme here that was to become repetitious. There were two phases to this punishment. The first was making us select the instruments of our punishment and the second was the trophy-like display of it afterwards to serve as an embarrassing reminder.

I was somewhat older the first time I got the "bar-of-soap-treatment." I had called my younger brother a little bastard or some such name. I was probably no more than six or seven at the time. Mom overheard this and pulled me back into the same bathroom. "You seem to be having these dirty words coming from out of your mouth." she scolded. "Well let's get a bar of soap and scrub them out" She used a bar of Dove soap to do the deed, and while she later used Ivory or sometimes even brand X, the scent of Dove still causes my mouth to pucker.

I'm now going to switch the train of thought here, so please bear with me.

On just about every Halloween I can remember my mother — for some unknown reason — would plead with me to dress up as a female character of one sort or another. She got her way those first few times as she had a small handful of treasured snapshots featuring me in a variety of childish costumes, Red Riding Hood, a ballerina, a fairy princess, that kind of thing.



Once I got old enough to know the difference, however, I invariably declined, usually after a long, drawn out argument that left me in tears and my mother mad as a wet hen. I was all boy, darn it, and I wasn't about to go around wearing a stupid dress, not even for fun!

Mom proved to be a persistent woman, unfortunately; when I was about ten and my brother was about eight, she talked Dave into dressing as a gun moll and I went along as a gangster. She got him an old wig, painted up his face with rather harsh makeup and put him in a full length cocktail dress, feathered costume hat and added some bangles and ladies' shoes. He carried a purse in one hand and a gun in the other. A picture commemorating that night can still be found in the family album.



Mom seemed to be delighted with how cute my brother and I looked together, not to mention all the attention we got from our friends and neighbors. Curious but wary, I resisted the temptation to follow my brother's footsteps. I can't remember the number of times she pleaded with me to dress as a woman, bolstering her requests by recounting how Dave had done it and survived.

Like I said before, I wasn't about to be caught dead dressing as a girl and in spite of the all the promises and sweet talk, I never acquiesced.

Well, for a while, at least.

Chapter 2 — Five Fingers

The incident that really changed how discipline was administered in our house occurred when I was in the seventh grade, making me twelve years old at the time. It was evening and Mom had just got home from her job at the hospital. As usual she wanted to correct my homework. I told her that I had already finished it earlier and packed it in my book bag. She went looking for it and found four packs of unopened baseball cards that she knew I didn't have the cash to buy. I had already asked for extra lunch money that week, telling her I was broke.

She pulled them out and asked where they came from. At first I lied and said that my friend Jim had loaned me the money to buy them. But for some reason she could tell that there was more to the story. She threatened to call up Jim and ask him what had happened when I finally decided to just come clean and confessed to taking them from the local five-and-dime store without paying.

Well, she grabbed me by the shoulder right then and there, marched me out to the family wagon and we headed for the five-and-dime. When we got there, she marched me by the arm into the store and asked to speak to the manager, explaining that her son had something to tell him.

He came and in front of my mother, the store clerk and the manager I confessed how I had hidden the cards under my shirt and taken them without paying. The store manager looked very stern and said something about calling the police to come take a report. My mother seemed to be in agreement and said that maybe it would teach me a needed lesson. Thankfully, things settled down after I had started to cry and pleaded not to call the police. The final disposition at the store was that the cards were returned and that I was not to return for a full month.

On the ride home as my tears dried I regained some of its bravo. I made some kind of quip about a "five-fingered-discount" at the five-and-dime and the next thing I knew . . .

SLAP!

As I tried to recover from the blow to the side of my face, my mother pulled over to the side of the road and began lecturing me that I hadn't learned anything, that I wasn't taking it serious, that something more drastic would have to be done to teach me "evils of stealing" (her exact words, I remember them verbatim). She was literally screaming at me and I was close to hysterics from being hit and yelled at so much. You would have thought that I'd said I'd just murdered someone. She finally calmed down and pulled away from the curb. The rest of the ride home was totally quiet.

Upon arriving home, I was sent directly to my room. I surmised that there wouldn't be any TV for a while. About thirty minutes later, Mom came into my room and said she had decided how to impress on me the seriousness of my ways.

"If you use your fingers to steal, we'll just have to do something to them so you remember that this is not a joke. Go into the bathroom and wash your hands and scrub your nails and then come into the living room."

When I arrived in the living room, she had me sit on the floor. Sitting on the end table next to her was a nail file, a box of tissues and a bottle of red nail polish. In front of her was an old pea green hassock that we used to prop our legs on when we read or watched TV.

"Come over here and let me see your hands," she ordered.

I knelt in front of the hassock and then placed both of my hands on it. "Hmmm," she mused. "I see you haven't trimmed your nails in some time. This will be even better than I had imagined. You see, I'm going to have you wear red nail polish for the next week to remind you that your 'sticky fingers' are what got you into this trouble."

I couldn't believe my ears. "Nail polish? Mom, what are you saying?" I asked.

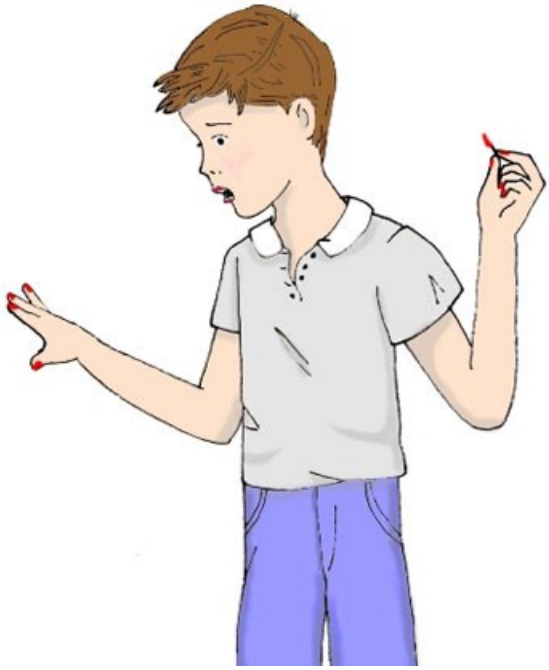
"Your fingers offended and they will help you pay the consequences," she said as she sorted her tools on the table. "Now give me your hand." She pointed to my right one. She then took her file and began to smooth the edges of my nails and where there was enough length, giving them a rounded contour.

I began to plead with her not to do this and told her that I had learned my lesson and that the store manager had been satisfied. I had apologized and promised never to steal anything ever again. She paid me no mind as she began shaking up the bottle. After about thirty seconds I could hear a bee-bee rattling inside and I knew the polish was mixed and ready. I continued to plead my case and tears came to my eyes for the second time that evening. She paid me no mind and unscrewed the bottle. The distinctive odor of the polish hit my nostrils and it left a last impression that today I still associate with an erotic experience. She proceeded to remove the excess polish from the brush on the rim of the bottle and then she took my hand and placed it so my nails were exposed. As the first strokes of red coated my nails, I even compromised to suggest that she could call the police and report it, rather than do this.

I sat there sobbing quietly as she went from finger to finger, first on my right hand and then on my left. "Pay attention on how I'm doing this," she instructed. "I'll put on the polish tonight, but after tonight I'll expect you to keep your nails in proper repair with no chips or smudges."

After all ten fingers were tipped in bright red, she had me keep my hands on the hassock for about fifteen minutes, giving the polish time to dry. Then she took a second bottle, which had just a trace of color to it and gave the each of the nails a second coat.

"This is a gloss coat that will both protect and help the polish shine through." She informed me. Again I was made to sit and wait the fifteen minutes for it to dry. To make matters worse I had to pose with my newly painted digits held high as a picture was taken to memorialize the occasion.



"Smile," Mom ordered as she focused her camera. "The quicker you smile the sooner we can get this over with."

By now I had said everything that I could think of to change her mind and I was left staring down at my hands with their brightly colored nails. The sobbing had given way to quiet acceptance, but a sense of shock still kept me from anticipating how things would play out the next day.

I tried not to look at my nails as we sat and watched TV for another half hour or so before it was time for bed. Now she seemed to be a little bit less angry and had gone to the kitchen and poured me my nightly glass of milk. When I went into the kitchen, I asked if I could have a cookie and she surprised me by saying "yes."
As I reached into the jar, I had no choice but to watch my hands with the red polish disappear inside the rim and then emerge again holding whatever. I didn't notice what kind of cookie it was; I just couldn't see anything except for those red, shiny nails. Drinking the glass of milk with the white background only seemed to make the red color starker. It was about then that I realized that if I left for school like this in the morning, everyone who saw me would immediately notice that I was wearing bright red polish.

I lay awake for a long time that night, wondering what would really happen in the morning. I planned to make one final appeal to my mother's compassion, and thought that perhaps when she slept on it, she would have a change of heart.

How wrong I was. Next morning Mom was adamant that I go to school with my nails painted bright red. What was worse, she had even taken time to sew my pockets on my school pants closed so that I couldn't hide my hands inside of them. When I saw this, I knew there was no hope she would reconsider.

I asked her what I should tell people, and she said "the truth. Tell them that you like having pretty nails, or just make up some answer. I really don't care. It's your responsibility to handle the situation, not mine."

School was the typical junior high, located close to a mile from home. On clear days, I would typically ride my bike. So I loaded my books, notepads and lunch into my book bag, maneuvered my bike around the backyard benches and headed down the driveway, my thumb nails visible as I gripped the handlebars. I dreaded more and more showing up, the closer I got.

To make a long story short, the day turned into a total disaster. Everyone zeroed in on me immediately. How couldn't they? The reaction of the boys and girls differed somewhat, however. The boys taunted and call me fag and homo, and some asked if I was queer. My friends couldn't believe that my mother would force me to endure such a punishment and some said I deserved what I got. They gave me a wide separation.

On the other hand, the reaction of the girls ranged from "Oh, isn't that just so cute?" to "Good grief, talk about a fairy!" More than once I heard "Oh, Greg, you're just so adorable!" and "Sooo, Mommy's little girl got caught shop lifting, huh?"

Even Kathy Wade, whom I considered somewhat of a girlfriend, got into the act. "Geez, Greg, would you like to borrow my lipstick? I'm sure it would go just perfect with your nails. You'd really look cute with a little color on your lips."

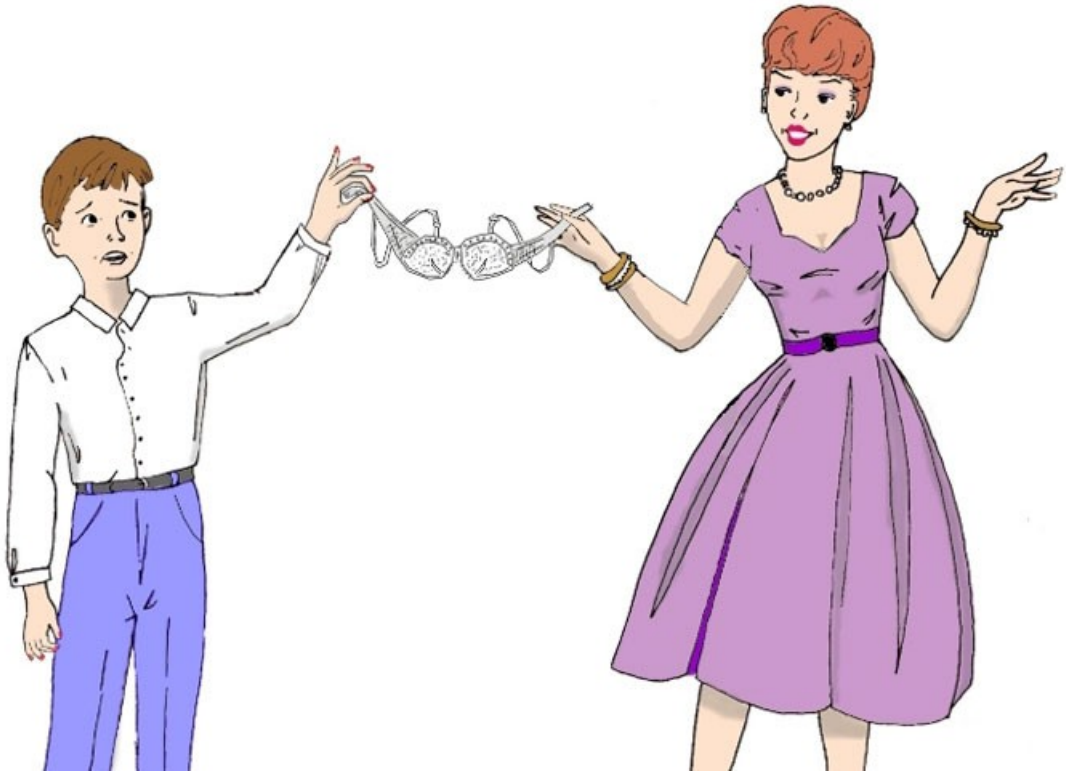
The teachers surprisingly said nothing to me, but I could tell they were discussing it amongst themselves. Their sidelong glances and amused smiles were enough to make me feel physically ill.

When school was out, I didn't spend my usual time hanging around and headed straight for home. Once there, Mom was all ears to hear how things had gone. I was torn between not giving her the satisfaction of knowing how humiliating a day it was or maybe pouring my guts out and seeing if I could convince her that one day was enough. I decided to give her the full details and then, once again, plead to be released from of the rest of the week. She actually compromised somewhat and said that she would see how I behaved, and maybe she would suspend the punishment on Sunday. That meant four more days of torment at school but at least it wouldn't continue into the next week.

Thursday was a slightly less intense repeat of the Wednesday. The taunting and teasing continued, but at a reduced pitch. I stayed by myself as much as possible and most of my friends avoided me either out of their own embarrassment or in commiseration of my dilemma.

Friday was marked by my school locker being decorated by a bra suspended in the ventilation slats. It was white with some lace trim and had cups that contained thickened cloth to give it padding. Handling the delicate lace trimmed garment with my red nails gave me a very strange sensation, almost déjà vu, and seemed somehow right.

I took it down and rather than throw it away, I folded it and placed it in my locker. I didn't want it being resurrected from the trash bin and returned to hang from my locker. Again at the end of the day, I stuffed it in my backpack and headed straight home. When I got home I told Mom about the bra on my locker and that I had brought it home. She asked to see it and I gave it to her.



"Hmmm . . . This looks like it's been worn before. I'll wash it and then I know just the place for it." She hung it on the mantle over the fireplace, the using the fasteners from which switches were displayed. She pinned a paper label to it that read "Greg's Bra."

"This will help you remember your punishment after it is over," I was advised. At the time I didn't ask how long it would remain on exhibition; I knew it would be one or two weeks.

Later that evening she brought out her polish remover and some cotton balls and removed the red color from my nails. I thought that it marked the close of my ordeal but I was reminded that the punishment would end Sunday and only if I continued to behave myself.

I was then sent into her bedroom to pick out a new bottle of lacquer from the top of her dresser and bring it back into the living room. I chose a bottle of lightest color I could find, a pearlescent pink, and took it back to where she was waiting. She then informed me that I was to paint my own nails with the new color, and that if I was sloppy we had all evening for me to practice until I got it right.

First she had me shake the bottle to mix the pigment. On opening the cap, the aroma of the contents hit my nostrils and the imprint was fixed on my subconscious forever after.

Then I had to practice even strokes, keeping the polish from going onto the edges of skin that bordered my nails. I did all right when using my right hand to hold the brush, but was extremely awkward with my left. I was very unsteady and had to repeat the nails of my right hand no less than a dozen times before Mom was satisfied. By that time I was in tears, I was so frustrated and upset, but she just smiled and nodded and then sent me on my way. So once again I went to bed with shimmering nails.

Sunday night Mom let me remove the new coat of polish but she said the bra would remain displayed over the fireplace as a reminder that stealing was wrong and would not be tolerated.

I returned to school Monday morning and there were a few sideways comments, but after a week they had just subsided and I was back to my old status with most of my friends. The bra came down from the mantle about ten days later and I mistakenly thought that it marked the end of my mother’s new form of discipline.

Chapter 3 — The New Taste of Soap

All went well until about nine months later and when it happened it was totally unanticipated.

I had been in an argument — all right, a fight — with my brother and was overheard by my mother telling him to "fuck off." She had been in the kitchen and we were in our bedroom. I hadn’t realized that by the time those words came out of my mouth, I was yelling loud enough for her to overhear it from the kitchen.

I heard my name called from the other side of the house and I knew I was in trouble. "Oh shit!" I said in a much lower voice to my brother. "I'll get back to you after I see what Mom wants."

I composed myself as best I could and sauntered into the kitchen. My mother was standing there holding a hot skillet she couldn't set down. Surmising she couldn't physically respond, I answered in a somewhat sarcastic tone, "Well, what do you want?"

Blam!!! Zap!!! Whatever!!! Next thing I remember was that I was lying on the floor and looking up at her.

"Just who the hell do you think you're talking to?" she asked, while I was still trying to determine which way was up. "If you were younger you'd be spitting out soap bubbles right now. Are you listening to me?"

I nodded my head "yes" and apologized, but it turned out I was too late.

"I've had it with you and your foul mouth!" she scolded. "Come with me!" She grabbed my arm and led me into the bathroom.

The thought that I was going to get the soap treatment flashed through my mind. If that had that been true, I would have taken my punishment and it would have been that. As it turned out she had another idea that turned out to last all day, and one that would be revisited on me more than once.

When we got to the bathroom, she was still holding my arm with one hand, and with the other she opened her cosmetic drawer and pulled out a tube of lipstick. "Maybe if you have to wear some lipstick, you'll find that dirty words don't just come rolling out of that cesspool mouth of yours." With that she spun me around so that she could apply the dark red color to my lips.

"Mom, no, please," I begged. I got a sharp rap on the top of my head for my trouble.

"Hush up and pucker your lips. You don't want to make me mad, do you?"

Well, no, I guess I didn't, so I did as I was told. After carefully painting my mouth with the crimson lipstick, she handed me a tissue and told me to blot. When I had, she looked at the tissue and then told me she was going to reapply it. She left and came back with a white sheet of paper and had me blot my lips a second time. It left a perfect impression of my lips that stood out boldly. Guess where the piece of paper was hung.

"You're to leave this on until I give you permission to remove it," I was warned. "And be careful you don't smudge it on your clothes." she added. In fact, you keep this tube

and if I think its fading, you're going to redo it yourself. Here, let me find you a compact to go with it. It has a mirror so you can do it wherever I decide. Put these in your pocket and make sure you have them with you all the time."

"Mom, please, don't do this . . ." I pleaded. Salty tears welled up in my eyes, which made me feel even worse.

"You're going to do it and if I hear any more argument I'll find you a purse to carry for your lipstick and compact. Now, maybe this will teach you it's unacceptable to use such foul language." And with that comment she turned and left the bathroom.

There I was, standing with the red color just barely visible to my own eyes if I puckered up my lips and looked down. I could smell and taste the distinctive odor of the perfumed lubricant that was mixed with the color. Worse yet, I started to get an erection.

"What was going on with that?" I wondered fretfully.

I headed back for my bedroom that I shared with my brother. I knew that I was going be roasted and just decided to get it over. Well I wasn't disappointed. I was met with the expected girlie comments like "Don't you look just absolutely delicious?" "Geez, would you like to be wearing a dress?" and so on. It lasted about ten or fifteen minutes before the repetitive taunting faded and then finally came to an end.
It was interesting that I didn't need to see myself to be almost constantly aware that I was wearing the lipstick. Some of this may have been the texture or scent. I'm not really sure but it was on my mind most of the day.

At dinner I learned why they called it lip-stick. After my first sip of milk, the imprint of my red lips was clearly transferred to the rim of the light blue plastic cups that we used. It stood there taunting me. Did my next drink go over the already stained portion of the rim, or did I go to a fresh area. I just closed my eyes each time I picked up the cup and tried to ignore it. By the third or fourth sip, the shade of the color was almost gone and I ate the rest of my dinner trying to ignore it.

At the end of supper I started to get up to leave and was ordered to sit back down. "We girls usually redo our lipstick after eating," my mother instructed. "Get out your mirror and lipstick and let's see you try it."

I fumbled for the tools of my humiliation, and got out the compact and tube. I was instructed how to open the compact and hold it in my left hand by the base. Then I was told to use the gap between my index and long fingers of my left hand to remove and hold the cap of the tube.

"Keep the cap there while you apply the lipstick with your right hand." She had me practice this four or five times until I did it to her satisfaction, wiping my mouth with my napkin in between applications.

Then thinking I was through, I again got up to leave. Wrong! I was told that tonight I'd help with the dishes. Mom went to the hallway closet and returned holding a new apron which she helped me put on. I'd never seen this particular apron before, not that I really would have noticed. As Mom held it out for me to slip my arm through the shoulders, I noticed that it had a very full skirt that flared from a wide sash at the waist down to just above my knees. The flare was so full that it hid my legs and feet from view. The sash was trimmed with lace where it was attached to the body of the apron and then trailed off into a solid fabric for tying at the back. She helped me by securing it with a knotted bow. The pattern on the billowing skirt was a repeated print of colorful flowers and butterflies in a random design. The shoulder straps, if that's what one could call them, where wide and puffy, and trimmed with the same lacy pattern as the sash.

"I feel stupid like this," I said truthfully.



"Well, you look very nice," my mother said, an odd smile on her face, "especially with your lipstick. All you need is something done with your hair and I'd have a sweet daughter to keep me company."

I caught the implication that the apron was more like a dress than one that would normally found in our kitchen. I got to wash while my mother dried. She commented that she wanted all of the lipstick stain removed from my cup before she would accept if from me. When the dishes were done and the sink top scrubbed down, she told me to stand still while she took a snapshot with her camera. I felt like an idiot, but I did as I was told. She then helped me unknot the apron and told me to hang it on an extra hook that was inside the ironing board cupboard next to our stove.

"Just put your new apron next to mine," she said. "I picked it up as a shower present for one of the girls at work, but since it's used, I can't use it as a gift. Actually, I should have done this a long time ago. Congratulations, it's now yours. It'll be there waiting for you next time we do the dishes together."

True to her word, it became a ritual that Mom and I did the dishes at the end of each day. Worse yet, the frilly garment was a continual reminder of just how easily fate could turn on someone.

The rest of the evening was spent doing homework and watching a little TV. At bedtime, I was taken back into the bathroom and shown how to cream off my makeup. Even when this was done, I thought that I could see a trace of the color still on my lips. Mom said that she thought it was just pink from the wiping and to go to bed. Even though I begged she wouldn't let me repeat the process.

"I hope that we won't have to repeat this little lesson," I was lectured. "I've decided that if we do, next time you're going to leave the house and be seen in public. Do I make myself clear?"

I nodded my head and headed out of the bathroom and straight for bed. I tested to see if I could wipe off any additional color onto my pillowcase and was satisfied to find no trace. It was some time before I got to sleep that night.

The next morning, there over the fireplace was the paper with the lip print in dark red, neatly framed and labeled "Greg's Lips" in bold red lettering. I didn't even want to know how long it would remain there.

It was three weeks before it was removed.

Chapter 4 — Pink Lies

It was near the end of my year in the eighth grade, about a month after my introductory section with wearing lipstick, when this form of punishment was revisited on me. This time it wasn't for swearing, as I had become very consciousness of what I said within earshot of my mother. Instead, it was for fibbing. Well, okay, lying. There, are you happy now?

Anyway, the house rule was no TV until all homework was completed. Seeing me sitting in front of the TV watching Star Trek, Mom asked if I was clear to be watching TV. Without really thinking much, I said "yes" and continued watching. I didn't think much of it and later went back to completing my homework. Mom came by my room and saw that I was still at my desk studying.

"I thought you said that you'd completed your homework when I asked you earlier," she said.

"Well, I didn't say exactly that." I knew what she meant, but I also knew if I wasn't careful I was in for trouble.

My mother looked at me without blinking. "I asked you a straightforward question and you implied that you'd completed your homework," she said. "You lied to me."

What I should have done was just owned up and agreed with her. Instead I continued to argue the subtle distinction that it wasn't a lie, not exactly, that is. Big mistake. She became progressively more upset as the conversation deteriorated.

"Seems you can't tell the difference between a blatant lie and the truth" was the way the conversation was degenerating. Maybe she was premenstrual, who knows. At any rate, I was told to finish my work and then go straight to bed. Not too big a deal, right?

Well, when the morning came, the bomb was dropped. Yep, "lipstick punishment" again, this time for lying. Only there was a perverse twist this time. It was a school day that had just started. I was informed that I would have to wear lipstick to school and then for the entire weekend. I knew from what happened when she made me wear nail polish to school I was in for a hard time and that no amount of groveling was going to get me out of it.

As soon as I was dressed, I was marched into the bathroom and handed a tube of what I thought was the same dark red lipstick that had been used previously. It turned out that it was a long wearing or "permanent" form that once applied, was advertised to not smear or rub off. She had me apply it and blot as usual. Then she informed me of the long

wearing property and that if I didn't try to wash it off, it should still appear freshly applied when I arrived back home. I was ordered not to try to remove it or else.

She handed me a sealed envelope with instructions to deliver it to my homeroom teacher. Then with an unceremonious push out the back door and I was sent off to school on my bike.

This time my reception at school was vastly more brutal, at least from the boys, than just eight months earlier when I showed up wearing the nail polish. This was a different group of kids than had seen me the previous year as there were three different seventh and eighth grade classes at my junior high. The verbal responses I received were "fag," "fairy," "queer," and "homo," this time accompanied by pushing and shoving in a very hostile atmosphere. I had to run into the school to be near the teachers in order to get away from them. I avoided the bullies as much as possible during the day and headed straight home as soon as school was out. I managed to avoid any fights after the first confrontations.

The reaction from the girls was more in line with what I had previously experience. It was pretty much the same comments, like "Hey, Cutie Pie, love you choice of color!" and "Why aren't you wearing any blush, Darling?" One of the girls went a little too far — in my humble (and frustrated!) opinion — when she said "Care for a little spritz of my cologne, honey?" and then proceeded to spray me with a healthy dose of perfume.

"Listen, this was my mother's idea because of a disagreement over homework," I explained. "Do you really think I'd come to school like this if this was my thing?"

There was little compassion for my plight, but at least there was no overt hostility from the girls who'd listen. A few actually seemed sympathetic and let me to explain the events that had led to my dilemma. I tended to hang close to a few of the nicer girls at recess and then later during lunch break in order to avoid having to mix with the boys or to sit alone and become a target of opportunity.

The letter my mother gave me to deliver to my first period teacher was an explanation of why I was wearing lipstick. It explained that I was being punished for lying about having completed my homework and requested the school's understanding and support for this course of action.

I delivered it as directed. Miss Nelson was my homeroom teacher at the time and she called me up to the front of the room while she finished reading the note. "I understand that you lied about your homework last night," she said in a mocking tone.

I had learned my lesson from the prior evening and decided not to argue the fine points and just agreed that I had been caught in a lie. Her next query puzzled me at the time, as she wanted to know if I was wearing anything else. "What do you mean?" I asked.

"Oh, you know . . . like panties or anything?" she came back. The smile on her face shocked me.

I just hung my head down and softly answered "No."

She dismissed me with a perplexing comment of, "Too bad. Well, perhaps next time. You can return to your seat now." As I sank back into my seat it hit me that she was enjoying my predicament almost as much as my mother.

When I got home, the lipstick had faded in spite of the claim of durability and Mom creamed what remained off my face. She then presented me with a small maroon purse, telling me that it contained some goodies. She had me open it. I found that it contained a fresh tube of lipstick, a small compact with mirror, and an odd tube of a different cosmetic that I didn't recognize.

"Remember how I showed you to hold the compact and put on your lipstick?" she asked. Not waiting for me to response that it wasn't my lipstick, she continued by ordering me to redo my lips with the fresh tube. The color was an iridescent pink tone, more fitting my age, I was told.

When I had complied and blotted with the tissue she handed me, she told me that the other tube was a mascara applicator. Now I was really confused.

"Go on and take it on out and remove the cap. Now I'm going to show you how to use it to darken and lengthen your lashes. This looks much harder than it is," she said softly. She showed me hold to hold the brush and stroke it across my eyelashes. She demonstrated by using her own lashes and then handed it back to me. "Now you give it a try," she encouraged.

"But, Mom . . ." I whined, "do I have to . . .?"

I started to say something about all this being stupid, but a glance from my mother shut me up. Rather than argue — See? I wasn't a complete idiot! — I made contact with my lashes and stroked upward the way she had shown me. It was a lot harder than it looked, but I was pushed to continue. Mom told me to keep going it as it takes 5 to 6 strokes to even out the application and get an acceptable result.

"Now the other eye using your other hand," she guided.

I did and she seemed satisfied. I could feel the weight of the pigment on my lashes as I blinked. The face staring back at me in the mirror looked almost pretty, for a boy, of course. I felt almost sick to my stomach.

"Now put the cap back on the brush and back into your purse. I want to see that purse with you everywhere you go between now and Sunday night, even if you're just going to the bathroom or getting a snack in the kitchen. See, it has a nice little loop that you can fit over your wrist if you have to use both hands. Did you notice that it has your initials engraved on the clasp? Be sure not to set it down some place and walk off without it or you'll still being wearing lipstick to school come Monday morning. Now tell me how your day went."

I told her it went like hell, and watched as her eyebrows perked up. "Okay, it went very ugly," I corrected myself. "I got called fag, a fairy, a sissy-boy, and the girls asked what brand of lipstick I thought tasted the best. I was lucky that I didn't get beaten up. Are you happy now?" I added.

Mom seemed concerned, but only commented that I was lucky that I hadn't gotten into a fight. "You know my rule about fighting. Don't you dare let me catch you in a fight! If you do you'll find out just how much of a sissy I could really turn you into," she threatened.

Then she picked up a hairbrush and ordered me to sit down in front of her. She began to brush my hair, which I normally wore at shoulder length. This was really strange and it took me a few minutes to relax enough almost enjoy it. When the tangles were gone she pulled my hair back tightly and secured it with an elastic band into a short ponytail high on the back of my head.

"You're less likely to stand out as a boy wearing lipstick when we go out for dinner with your hair this way," she explained as she brushed my bangs out over my eyes.

I'm not sure which upset me more, hearing that we were going out to dinner or seeing my hair arranged in such an obviously feminine style. Good grief! Bangs yet. Just like a stupid girl! Or a fag.

Of course, I had more important things to worry about, too, didn't I? Like trying to stop my mother from making a complete fool out of me. "Mom, please, you can't make me go out in public like this!" I begged. "What if the guys see me again? They'll kill me! I look so goofy, I'll never be able to go back to school again."

"That’s not my problem," I was told. "It’s your problem. Maybe this will teach you not to be such a liar in the future."

I took a deep breath. I knew I was taking a chance by arguing with my mother, but I was desperate.

"Well, you can go out if you want. I’m staying here." I started to cross my arms in defiance but — WHAPP!! — the next thing I knew I was sitting on the floor seeing stars before my eyes.

"Don’t," my mother said slowly and clearly, as though I had a learning deficiency, "don’t you ever — never! — talk to me like that again. I am your mother, not some feeble-minded old woman. You don’t tell me what you’re going to do. I tell you what to do. If I decide to decorate you like a birthday cake and parade you through the center of town, you’ll do it and keep your mouth shut. Do you understand me?"

I rubbed my cheek and nodded. My fingers came away wet with tears and smeared mascara.

"You better. Remember, sweetie, you’re the one who lied, not me. You’re in the wrong; just like that time you got caught shoplifting. I don’t know what it is with boys today, but I am not going to put up with it. You keep this up and I’ll send you to school looking like Shirley Temple." She grinned at me. "Now, go clean off your makeup and start over again. I want to see fresh lipstick and a pretty smile when you’re done, all right?"

I went to the bathroom and did as I was told. It took me a little longer than usual as I couldn’t stop crying. I finally got my emotions under control, washed my face and re-applied my lipstick and eye makeup. When I was done I look as stupid as ever, and I felt even stupider.

"Not bad. You’re getting the hang of it, I see," Mom said as she inspected my makeup. "Keep it up and you’ll be giving the girls at school lessons. Now, give me a pretty smile. Come on. That’s much better."

Flash!

My stomach fell as she lifted her little camera up and snapped a couple of pictures. I started to say something, but I knew that arguing was not only useless, but it escalated the risk of provoking her to additional measures. So I did as I figured she wanted me to do: I smiled and pretended everything was just fine. I was then excused to go to my room where I stayed until called to come out and get into the car and go to dinner.

Mom, Dave and I all walked out to the old station wagon and I let my brother get in the front seat while I sat in back. Mom gave me a knowing smile when she saw that I had brought my purse without being reminded. After what had happened I didn't think it prudent to do otherwise.

My brother had overheard the conversation the prior evening and seen me doing my homework with my makeup on, so he knew what was going on. I was beginning to wonder why he was being spared similar little jaunts into femininity. Besides playing dress up on Halloween for Mom, Dave had been given ballet lessons at from age seven to eight; this was because Mom thought that he'd be a natural since he had a tendency to walk on his toes anyway. To the best of my knowledge, he had been a willing participant and it was never considered a punishment. So, when he lost interest, he was allowed to quit.

Maybe his willingness to dress up had desensitized my mother's desire to see how he looked as a girl. Or perhaps Mom felt that his ready acceptance indicated that it wouldn't have shamed him like it had me. Or perchance she just had desired her first born to be a girl, not Dave. Who knew? All I knew was that I was getting penalized for everything while he just sat back and smiled. Even so, he knew better than to overtly taunt me in her presence, lest he risk sharing a similar fate.

For dinner we went to a local McDonald's that was frequented by both neighbors and kids from my junior high. Mom parked the car instead of heading for the drive-through and again, I knew better than to argue about going inside. While I stood staring at the floor, Mom ordered both she and I garden salads and diet Cokes. Dave got whatever he wanted.

"Us girls have to watch our figures," she taunted when I asked why I couldn't get a cheeseburger.

"But I hate diet Cokes . . ." I whined. Mom just raised an eyebrow and smiled.

The meal went relatively well. I saw several of my friends going through the drive-through and at least two girls from my school came in and got something from the counter and left. I was so scared each time someone I knew appeared, I actually thought about hiding under the table!

Thank goodness, the only people who seemed to notice me were the little boy and girl in the booth beside us who kept peeking over the seat and giggling in my direction. Their mother apologized for their rudeness, and I just grinned an embarrassed smile and told

her it was nothing. In retrospect I suspect they were just being silly, but at the time I was convinced they knew exactly who — and what! — I really was.

When we had finished eating, Mom told me to follow her to the restroom so that we could freshen our makeup. At this I finally balked and told her that my going into the women's restroom with her was just asking for trouble that neither of us wanted. She thought a moment, smiled and then agreed that perhaps I wasn't quite ready for that step yet.

"Well, if we had gone, I could have shown you one advantage to wearing lipstick. When we would have come back to our table, there would have been no question whose drinks were whose. Your straw is marked with a pinker shade than mine and you can spot this quite clearly. See?"

"Uh, sure, Mom," I mumbled in bewilderment.

Having just won a strategic battle over visiting the lady's room, I agreed with her analysis. No cause to start an argument over something as trivial as that in public. Instead, I settled on retouching my lipstick and mascara there at the table. I felt so ridiculous as I blotted my lipstick on a napkin. The bright pink lip print stared back up at like an accusation.

All along through this Dave pretended not to pay any attention, but I could tell he was having a wonderful time watching me suffer.

We finished dinner and then headed for the market to do some grocery shopping. I kept my eyes on the ground then entire time we were in the supermarket, terrified that I was going to be seen by one of my friends . . . if I had any left, that is. I lucked out and managed to get through the evening with my reputation relatively unscathed. The only person who said anything was the girl at the pharmacy window, who just happened to be the daughter of one of my mother's best friends.

"Hello, Rita," my mother said in greeting. "How's college life?"

"Hey, Mrs. Parker, Dave. Oh, college is fine. Two more years to go and I'll be a nurse, just like you and mom. It's hard work, but I like it a lot." She looked at me curiously as I tried to melt into the background, but that proved impossible. "Hi, Greg. Oh, my, you sure look different. Are you acting in a play or something?"

I looked at Mom, who was busy writing out a check for her purchases. A long silence ensued. I took a deep breath.

"Uh, no. We're just, uh . . . I, er . . ." I couldn't think of anything to say, I was so embarrassed. "It's sort of a game, I guess."

Mom didn't say anything, but I could see her smiling as she wrote something in her check register. Apparently my misery was her

pleasure, and she was going to let me dangle no matter what.
Rita smiled. "A game, huh? What kind of game?"

"A dress up game," Dave interjected. His giggling attracted several smiles from passersby. "He does it all the time. See his purse?"

I shot my little brother a dirty look, only to see my mother giving me one of her own.

The teenage girl raised one eyebrow and looked me over with a good deal of interest. "A dress up game, huh? Well, whatever . . . you sure turned out pretty cute. If you hadn't been with your mom, I'd have thought for sure that you were a girl, especially with lips like those - cute ponytail, too. You know, you'd better watch out. If any of the boys see you, you'll probably get asked out on a date!" She laughed and gave me a flirtatious wink.

Dave giggled. "That'd be really funny," he said.

My mother tossed me a sidelong glance and smiled. Everyone was having a wonderful time at my expense. I just blushed and went back to trying to blend into the background.

The ride home was long and tedious. A thousand thoughts went through my mind, worrying me to death. Rita didn't know any of my friends, but that didn't make things any easier. I'd known her ever since she babysat me when I was little, and I'd even had a crush on her. For her so see me looking so . . . sissyish . . . well, it made me feel just awful. I wondered how long before she'd tell her mom, or maybe one of her girlfriends that she'd seen me out wandering around in makeup and a ponytail and carrying a purse. All I needed was for my buddies to hear something like that; I'd end up eating lunch alone for the rest of my life.

My mother, of course, had a completely different take on the evening's events.

"This was lots of fun, don't you think?" Mom mused as she slowly parked the wagon in the drive. "Perhaps tomorrow you and I can do a more special kind of shopping."

"Just what did you have in mind?" I timidly asked.

"Well, as I understood it, your reluctance to visit the little girl's room tonight was based on your fear that someone would recognize that you're not a real girl. Well, that makes

sense, but I'm sure that with a few simple additions to your wardrobe, you'll look convincing enough to overcome this concern. You heard Rita. She thinks you're quite pretty, pretty enough to pass as a real girl."

My stomach did a flip-flop. "A few additions?" I asked.

My mother smiled slyly. "Oh, sure. A little mother-daughter trip to Sears, a quick run through the teen's department, nothing fancy. Afterwards, I thought we could take in a movie. I've been wanting to see 'Romeo and Juliet' but all of my friends have already gone. I just thought it would be nice if just the two of us did something together for once. Doesn't that sound like fun? A nice mother-daughter day?"

My breathing became labored as I realized what she was saying. I took a deep breath, and then pleaded my case. "Please, Mom, I really don't want to get any girl clothes. I mean, can't you just let me do my time wearing lipstick and see if I haven't learned my lesson? Please don't make me wear anything else."

Once again I fell back to begging since arguing seemed to only strengthen her resolve. I didn't realize it at the time, but pleading probably wasn't a very effective ploy either, as it underscored my vulnerability to this form of punishment. Had I instead merely given her an "Okay" or "Gee, you're right, Mom, that does sound like fun," perhaps things would have turned out differently.

"Nonsense," she came back. "You had a legitimate point at dinner and I agree that taking you out as my girl would be less risky if we weren't worried about people saying anything. You'll see I'm right. Tomorrow we'll have an honest to goodness mother-daughter day together all day long. Now I don't want to hear that you don't want to do this. You know how stubborn I can get when I know I'm right."

My brother had already gone into the house, and I silently opened my door and got out, still wondering exactly what she had in mind. Did I dare ask her the specifics of what she had in mind to buy me? No, I thought. Better to wait until tomorrow rather than have her commit to something she'd have to deliver on.

The rest of the evening was relatively unremarkable and at bedtime I was allowed to cream off both my lipstick and mascara. I lay awake in bed much longer than usual, torturing myself with the imagined possibilities awaiting me in the morning: Was I going to have to try things on at the store? Probably yes. Mom knew that I hated shopping and trying on regular clothes. Would it include underwear? I had a cold chill as I remembered that my teacher had asked about panties. Could Mom possible be thinking along those lines? If so, would I have to wear a dress or skirt instead of jeans or pants? I

certainly hoped not, although after supper she still insisted that I wear that dumb apron when I did the dishes. She wouldn't force me to wear stockings, would she? How about shoes? If she made me wear stockings, would she still let me wear tennis shoes? The possibilities were endless and so went my thoughts until I was mercifully overtaken by sleep.

Chapter 5 — Mother-Daughter Day!

The next morning I awoke to the sound of water running in the bathtub next to our room. Finally the water stopped running and Mom came in next to my bed, gently shook me and told me it was time to get up and bathe.

"There's a bottle of shampoo and one of conditioner next to the tub. Use them!" she admonished.

I rubbed the sleep from my eyes and slowly made my way to the bathroom. Steaming up was a bubble bath from a tub nearly three quarters full. I hadn't taken a bubble bath since I had been five or six years old. My dirty clothes went into the hamper and then I carefully stepped into the hot sudsy water, slowly immersing myself until just my head was visible. The bath had a pleasant sweet smell and I could tell that some kind of oil had been added. A bar of Camay was the only soap within reach, so I did what I had to do and pretended it was all right.

When I got out, my skin had a slick feel and a perfumed scent from the soap and oil. Even the shampoo smelled like perfume, and my hair felt kind of funny. So soft and easy to comb, you can imagine how weird I felt about it.

I got dressed — my usual weekend uniform of t-shirt, jeans and ratty sneakers — and went into the kitchen to get breakfast. Mom reminded me that not only had I forgotten my makeup, but that I had left my purse behind in my room. Immediately I went back, found my purse and put on my lipstick. The mascara took a little longer as I made a mess with the first application. Five minutes later and I was looking back at a definitely feminine face.

Yuck!

"Now that's much better," Mom said upon my return. She gave me an approving wink and a hug. She wasn't done with me, of course. As I worked on breakfast I could feel her eyes watching my every movement. "Don't you have some shorts, you know, those cute little white ones I got for you to wear when you took tennis lessons? It's supposed to be

hot today. Go put them on." I nodded. "And those white tennis shoes, remember? The ones you never wear? Last time I saw them, they looked brand new. Put them on, too."

Rather than argue, I did as I was told. I didn't particularly care for the shorts she was talking about; they didn't have any pockets and with their wide legs and pleated front, they were a little dressy compared to the jeans I preferred. Likewise, the shoes she wanted me to wear were a far cry from my favorite black Converse basketball shoes; spotlessly white, they'd only been worn a few times before I'd dropped out of my tennis lessons. If wearing them now would keep me out of hot water, then I was game.

When I got back I was greeted with another inspection, which I seemed to pass except for my socks."Get rid of those ugly things. You'll look just fine without them," my mother insisted.

We both ate a bowl of cereal and had a glass of orange juice. There was that damn pink lipstick stain again. Mom reminded me to soak my dish and glass and leave them in the sink so they could be washed this evening. I started to turn on the television and plop down on the couch when my mother handed me a familiar pearlescent pink bottle.

"Here, sweetie, since we're making a day of it, why don't you do your nails," she suggested. "It'll be a while before the stores open, so take your time."

"But, Mom . . ."

"Not another word, unless you want trouble." The look on her face was hard for a moment, then it softened. "Do an extra good job, all right? I want you to look nice for our special day together."

My stomach ached as I looked at the jewel-like bottle dangling before my eyes. It was going to be a long day.

I was a little rusty, not having painted my nails for several months. Funny thing, though, even though it took me forever, I only smudged one nail in the process. I actually felt a flutter of pride as I showed them off to Mom, who nodded and said, "Good job. Here, you need to re-do that one, though. Otherwise your hands look very pretty."

As much as I wanted to go into the bathroom and scrub my face and fingers clean, I couldn't help but sit and stare at them while I waited for them to dry. I felt something twitch between my legs and I was mortified as I realized I was becoming excited. Something wasn't right about that, but there was nothing for me to do but sit still and hope Mom didn't notice.

As it got closer to 9:30 am when the stores opened, my mother called me back into the bathroom and again brushed my hair into a ponytail. This time in addition to the little elastic band she used a couple of barrettes to hold the hair against the sides of my scalp. After fluffing out my bangs, she dusted my cheeks with some blush and then had me redo both my lipstick and my mascara. Seeing my shiny fingernails flickering before my eyes as I worked was unnerving, and by the time I was done my face was as red as my mother's lipstick.

"You look very sweet," I was told. That really made me feel better. Yeah, right.

Once that was all done Mom pulled out a tape measure and measure around my upper chest, a little lower and then at my waist.

"These will help me if there's a question of the right size," she explained.

As I stood staring at myself in the mirror I wanted to tell her that there was no way in hell I was going through with any more of this, but I knew she'd blow her top if I did. Instead I just did what I did best, which was nothing.

"Are we ready to go have a little fun?" she asked sweetly. I shrugged my shoulders. "Well, girl, fetch your purse and let's get going!" And off we went.

We left Dave on the couch watching cartoons. I felt bad enough as it was, but seeing him grinning as I paraded through the living room in my girlish disguise made me feel even worse.

"Nice legs," he said, giggling like a fool. I shot him a dirty look, but in turn was given one just as ugly by my mother.

It just isn't fair! I thought as I sauntered along behind my mother to the car. If any of my friends see me like this, I'll never live it down. I considered running away from home, but there was no place for me to go, especially looking like a clown with my face and nails all painted up like that. Oh, well . . .

When we got to Sears, we immediately headed for the young teens department. I'd always felt awkward following Mom into the women's areas when she was shopping for herself, and now here I was, in the girls' area getting ready to look for who knows what. I wished that I could just crawl away and die.

As it turned out there were no other shoppers so early in the morning, which was both good and bad. There were no customers to witness my humiliation, but then we had the sole attention of the clerk, a woman who was about the same age as my mother.

Mom approached the saleslady and asked where we should look for training bras for her "daughter." We were directed to an area off near the back of the department and thirty steps later I was standing in front of racks of boxes containing bras of different sizes, shapes and colors.

"What I'd really like to get for you is a slightly padded 32AAA," my mother commented. "That will save me having to do some sewing later.

"Here we are," the clerk said. Her face beamed as she produced a box showing a young girl wearing a rather fancy white bra with just a trace of development. She pulled it out of the box and handed it over to my mother to examine. "These are very popular with girls your age, honey," she said, tossing me a sly wink.

I'd just assumed the clerk knew I was a boy wandering around in makeup and funny hair, but judging from the way she was acting, it seemed as though she thought I was really a girl. I didn't know which upset me more: the likelihood that she knew the truth, or that I could be so easily mistaken for anything other than a boy!

Mom just beamed, of course. She knew I was miserable, but she was proud of the torture she was putting me through; I think she thought it was funnier than anything, and with each step she seemed to want to go a little further. I was doomed.

"Look here, sweetie," she said cheerily. "See how this bra already contained a layer of padding stitched into the cups? That's exactly what I was looking for. We'll get you three of these for starters. Now let's find something to go over it and we'll be all set."

Browsing we came to an area with a number of racks of what looked like t-shirts and blouses. Mom flipped through the hangers looking first for the size that she thought would fit me, and then for whatever style and color she was after. She pulled out three or four, held each up to my chest to ensure a proper fit. A quick stop by the socks yielded several pair in a variety of pastels, and we then headed for the counter. "I'll take these and I'd like to have her change into these now," she announced to the saleslady. She had set aside one pair of socks, a shirt and one bra box.

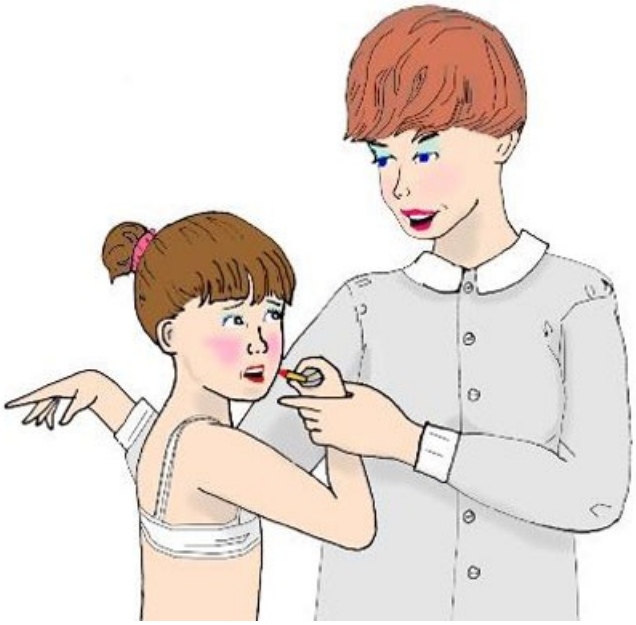
"Certainly, you can use the dressing room on the right. Here is the key. Just please make sure you remember to return it before you leave," she replied. "The total comes to $42.53."

Funny that I should remember the exact amount, but I do. It was a very large purchase for thirty years ago, and the fact that my mother was investing a sizable amount of money, and the fact that she bought more than one of the items sent a shiver through me.

It occurred to me that perhaps this was about more than being able to pass as a girl for just this weekend.

We went to the dressing room as directed, unlocked the solid door and went into a large closet-like area that had a mirror on the back of the door, a bar to hold hangers and a bench seat nestled into the far corner. Mom set down her bag, and removed one of the bra boxes, opened it and handed me the box while she began removing the tags and labels that were no longer needed. As I looked down at the box, I noticed it describe the contents as a "first bra for her." I read on about how it had "my-secret-padding to give the young figure a bust enhancing confident look."

When Mom had finished, she instructed me to remove my t-shirt. As I stood there naked from the waist up, she had me hold out my arms as she slipped the straps up over my shoulders and then placed the cups in a tentative position next to my chest. She then had me turn around while she hooked the two clasps and began to adjust the tension on the shoulder bands.



"Mom . . . no, please!"

"Oh, hush up! You've got nothing to complain about. Would you rather I take you home and wear out your bottom with a switch?"

At that moment a whipping didn't sound like a bad idea. I started to say something smart, but the look in her eye caused me to think twice.

As I felt her adjusting the fit, I experienced a flash of déjà vu. I had been subjected to wearing a similar devise from the time when I was a toddler until I entered kindergarten. It was a halter type restraint for use on young children. Constructed of three leather bands, it was fitted to me in a similar manner as the bra. The thickest strap encircled my chest and bucked behind my back. The other two bands were sown to the main strap in front, just below each nipple then traveled over each shoulder to crisscross the back where they were stitched to the reverse side. They formed a harness that when buckled behind me, was impossible to remove or squirm out of. I remember my mother fitting me into it at home before we would leave to go shopping. She would have me hold out my arms and the slide the front opening up my arms and then over my head. Then she would have me turn around so she could align the straps and finally buckle the harness behind me.

When we got to the store, she would take out a chain leash and I could hear the metal catch click as it was secured to a D-loop behind my back. Sometimes when we were grocery shopping, she would temporarily undo the leash catch so that she could loop the handle through the push bar of the handcart and then reattach it to the harness. I was thereby prevented from straying more than a few steps while she was free to use her hands and ignore my presence, knowing I couldn't stray. She would use a similar technique to prevent me from roaming when we ate in parks, those times tethering the leash to a bar of the picnic table or some other convenient fixed object.

I was jolted back to the present as she completed the adjustments and had me turn around to look at myself in the mirror. There I was, a thirteen year old boy, wearing his first bra, his face sporting tastefully applied makeup and his hair pulled back into a ponytail. Those silly short tennis shorts didn't help things as they made my legs look they were a mile long.

Shivering with a sudden chill, I had to admit that I was beginning to look more like a girl than a mere boy masquerading as one. I noticed — to my dismay! — that there was something almost comforting about the snug tightness of the elastic straps that held those soft pads next to my chest. Ironically, where I was a little bit chubby the cups pressed my breasts together enough to make me look like I had . . . well . . . you know . . . a pair of girl's boobs!

Mom then picked out a tiny pullover blouse that was pink and made of soft, thin material. A narrow border of lace decorated the collar and hem, and the image of a kitten playing with a ball of string was embroidered on the front. She had me slip it over my head and then stretch it down as far as it went, which was just above my belly button.

"A kitten?" I whined. "Oh, come on, Mom . . . that looks so stupid!"

"No, it doesn't. It looks very nice. Now, here, put these on, too," my mother said, handing me the socks she'd kept out for me to wear. They were pink, of course, a perfect match for my new top.

A couple of minutes later I was looking in the triple-paned dressing mirror, horrified by what I saw. My mother's choice in apparel couldn't have been better, or worse, depending on your point of view. The neck line of my new top was scooped much lower than any of my boy styles and the material was so sheer and snug that it tended to cling to me tightly, showing off the outline of my new bra. Mom was right: in my white shorts and pink top, bra, makeup and ponytail, no one who give me a second look thinking I was anything but a young girl at the beginning of the transition from childhood into adolescence.

"This top is too small," I complained meekly, tugging at the bottom of my new t-shirt. I didn't care for having my belly exposed, much less the way the contours made by the bra made the little embroidered kitten stand out. To make things even worse, I could feel that stupid tingling down between my legs again. I was getting another stupid erection! "You can see everything under it," I lamented

"Oh, that's the way it's supposed to look," Mom insisted. "Us girls love showing off our curves, right? That top is so sweet on you, and those shorts are just perfect with your legs. It's really a shame such cute legs were wasted on a boy. Maybe I should get you a skirt, too. What do you think?"

I just looked down and wished I could die. "Whatever you want to do, I guess," I said quietly. At this point I knew it was useless to argue and I was resigned to throwing myself on her mercy.
Fate was kind to me that day. Mom looked me over for a moment, glanced at her watch and smiled. "Well, maybe later. We need to get going if we're going to make the morning matinee and save a few pennies."

As I gathered up my purse and the shopping bag with my new clothes, I couldn't help thinking to myself, "Save a few pennies? She spends over $40 on clothes that I'll never be able to wear and is worried about saving a few pennies?"

On the way out of the store we walked past the jewelry counter and Mom paused in front of it. I kept walking hoping that we could just get out of there. Instead, I was jerked back by an invisible leash when she called out, "'Pamela', come here a minute. I want to see how this necklace goes with your outfit."

Pamela. I knew immediately to whom she was calling. She had often told me of how she just knew that her first child was going to be a girl and that she had picked out the name "Pamela". Well, it turned out that "Pamela was born with a pickle" as she so crudely used to phrase it. Was all this her way of getting back at me for being born a boy?

Swinging my purse involuntarily, I meekly turned and walked back to her side. She was looking at gold chain necklaces with hearts and other charms suspended from them. She held up two or three and then asked me which I liked best. I declined to make a choice and was told to choose one or she would choose for me.

"Oh, no, Mother. Go ahead, they all look soooo pretty," I said, a touch of sarcasm in my voice. I looked over my shoulder and prayed the salesgirl might not take notice.

Mom looked at me for a moment. I thought she was going to slap me again, but then she smiled. "Okay, then, Miss Smarty Panties, I'll just get you this one." It was a gold fairy suspended from a very fine thread of gold chain. "Somehow, a fairy just seems perfect for you," she quipped as she handed it to the girl to ring up. The returned sarcasm was not lost on me; "fairy" was one of the slurs I had told her that one of the boys at school had used the day before.

It would turn out to be one of my mom's favorite words.

Having paid for the necklace, Mom told the salesgirl not to bag it as I was going to wear it. She had me turn around and hold up my ponytail. Then she put the chain around my neck and secured the clasp. When she released the clasp, the golden fairy floated down toward those new mounds now protruding from my chest. She came to rest, as if suspended by her wings on my now bare skin, just above the entrance leading to the valley beneath my new blouse.

"That goes just perfectly with your new look, sweetie," my mother said with obvious pride. The clerk nodded in agreement, which made me feel even more stupid. Moving down the counter she began to finger a display of cards to which earrings were attached. "How would you like a pair of earrings to go with your new necklace? I'm sure we can find a set that would match your pretty little fairy friend there," she teased.

"Those are all pierced earrings," I retorted.

"So what? Sooner or later you'll slip up again and do something wrong, and when you do, I'll just have you get your ears pierced. Why not just go along and have it done today while I'm in a good mood? Who knows, maybe next time I'll insist on some large heavy hoops instead of these cute little charms."

I declined and she shrugged her shoulders. "I'm a patient mother. Time is on my side," she concluded as we continued on out the store and back to the car.

Chapter 6 — Girl Flicks

As we drove to the theater, Mom told me how "Romeo and Juliet" was one of the world's greatest romance stories ever and that I should read it so as to appreciate the subtleties not obtained from viewing the movie. She went on and on, but most of the time I was worrying about other things.

The closest parking spot we could find was more than three blocks away from the theater, meaning I got to appear in public for the first time as a girl with no prior coaching. The thin pink kitty-cat top I wore screamed "GIRL!" as did my hair and makeup; on the other hand, my mannerisms and the way I walked mumbled "boy," a surefire combination for disaster.

My mother noticed this discrepancy, of course, and as we walked along she critiqued my every movement, correcting my posture and my gait and everything I did. It was a long walk and she chastised me every step of the way. I remember her being particularly critical of the way I walked, telling me to reduce my stride. I blushed brightly as she threatened to shorten it for me.

"Don't lope along like some stupid boy. You'd walk a lot differently if I'd gotten you a tight skirt and heels, let me tell you!" I looked at her and realized that she wasn't at all joking. "And stop staring at the ground. Hold your shoulders back more and tilt your chin up. Only riffraff walk around with a slouch like that," she critiqued.

The funny thing about this situation was that once I gave in and started taking those mincing little steps and doing everything I could to walk and look like a girl, she treated me so much more differently. Her smile, the way she touched my arm whenever she laughed, how she talked to me . . . it was as though she'd never even thought of raising her voice to me. It was . . . well, it was like we were the best of friends!

I hated to admit it, even to myself, but I . . . I kind of liked that part. Well, sort of. As much as a thirteen year old boy could be expected to, I suppose. It was confusing, sure. But it was also kind of nice.

Of course, even with my mother there to support me — if you want to call what she was doing support, of course — I still felt very paranoid. Despite my feminine façade, I just knew that everyone was staring at me and thinking, there goes a boy all dressed up and trying to look like a girl. I started to perspire as the day was warming up and I was

stressing out. Do real girls sweat like this I wondered? For once I felt fortunate that I hadn't yet started to grow much hair under my arms, as I was sure the wetness would have let it show through.

When we finally reached the theater, my mother purchased two tickets. As we walked past the usher at the door and he gave us both a smile. From there we went and found two seats, sitting alone as the theater was not very crowded this early in the day. We chatted while waiting for the lights to dim.

"You may not know this, but in the days when Shakespeare was writing his plays, all the female parts were played by men," she explained. "So for Juliet, a young boy about your age would be dressed and made-up to appear as a young woman. It seems that the men back in those times were so preoccupied with keeping women in their place, that they wouldn't let them work outside the home not even as actresses."

Something in her voice sent a shiver down my spine, and I tried hard not to show my fear.

My mother continued, "Just imagine how interesting it would have been to be the mother of the boy playing Juliet. She would to teach him how to behave as a girl around the home. She would have the pleasure of introducing him firsthand the indignities that women were forced to endure."

A smile crossed her lips as she spoke of how his mother would have had the privilege of acquainting him to the restrictions of corseting.

"I can picture it now, he would be hung from a lacing bar as she pulls and tightens the laces with each exhalation. She'd be there to see the confused look on his face when he's first dropped his arms to his side and finds that he can't catch his breath. She'd be able to remind him that young ladies his age have to put up with such anguish each day to appear presentable. I guess you're lucky after all that we didn't live back in those times."

It took me a moment to realize I'd been holding my breath. "Real lucky, Mom," I said hoarsely. "Why didn't they just have girls play those parts?"

"Sit up, dear. And fix your bra strap. You're showing. And while you're at it, touch up your lipstick . . . unless you want me to do it for you. "



I did as I was told, blushing brightly in the process. Mom smiled and continued with her lecture. "Because men were pigs even back then, that's why. They couldn't stand to give women any influence lest they learn something from them. Don't get me started on that, but basically men just like to use women and then discard them after they tire of them. Things haven't changed all that much since."

As the lights dimmed, our conversation ended, but I realized just how deeply Mom had been hurt back when she and Dad divorced. She seemed to carry bitterness even after five long years. Too bad for me, I mused ruefully.

We watched the film with Mom pointing out how authentic the costumes were to the period, or how the picture was filmed almost entirely on location in Italy and how it was suppose to win this or that Academy Award. Sitting there in my girlish brassiere and makeup, I couldn't help but think about the actress playing Juliet and wondering if I looked anything like she did. I certainly didn't look like Romeo.

When the picture was over and as we were getting up to leave, my mother asked if I needed to use the bathroom before we headed home.

Not really thinking, I said "yes" before I realized she meant the women's bathroom.

"Okay, just remember to sit down to relieve yourself," she coached. "Pull off some toilet paper after you finish and pretend you're wiping. When you come out, redo your lipstick. I'll be standing next to you doing mine and then we just walk out as if nothing in the world is amiss."

"But what if . . ."

"There won't be any 'what ifs!' Remember, if you act right, you'll look right and no one will notice or care. You act like a boy in girls' clothes; you'll be seen as a boy in girls' clothes. Is that what you want?" The look on her face frightened me and I shook my head. "You know, now that I'm thinking more about it, I think that color is a little too dark for your age. On the way home let's stop and get you a lighter pink that's more fitting for a girl of your age." And with that we both headed for the lobby.

Fortunately, the lady's room was almost empty and I followed her instructions to the letter. I found I needed to ask her for a tissue to blot my color and she handed me one from her purse. "Another item you should make note to carry," she advised. "Put some in it when we get home."

The walk back to the car was uneventful and I appreciated the safety of the wagon. We stopped at the Thrifty Drug store and Mom made me pick out the shade that would replace the dark pink I was wearing. She insisted that I put it on in the store to make sure that the color was what I really wanted. I started heading for the cashier when she stopped me.

"Here, try this," she said, spraying a spot on my wrist.

A cold electric shock swept through me as I realized what was happening. The burning scent of some exotic smelling perfume wafted across my nostrils. "Mom, no . . ."

"Oh, hush. I'm just trying something new, all right? You don't want to stink like some old ugly boy dressed like this, do you?"
I didn't argue, of course. There was no telling what might have happened if I'd done that. Instead, I did as I was told. I took a whiff, and then stood quietly as my mother sprayed my other wrist with a second scent. She was about to pick up a third when I quickly agreed to the first one. Smiling brightly, she said "Good choice!" and gave me some money to pay for my purchases. I now had two tubes of lipstick in my small purse, along with my mascara and a bottle of perfume.

When we finally reached the sanctuary of home it was after lunch time and we were both hungry. To my chagrin I was told to put on my apron and fix us something to eat. Only the fact that I knew I was wearing an apron separated me from thinking that I was wearing a dress; with my short shorts and pink top and makeup, I looked about as feminine as a child could look as I paraded about the kitchen with the skirt of my apron flaring about, setting the table and following my mother's careful instructions.

First she had me open a can of tuna, and showed me how to make a tuna salad with mayo, celery and pickle relish. Then she set me to making lemonade and slicing fruit

into a bowl. After about half an hour later my entire family had a nice lunch of sandwiches and fruit salad that I had made from start to finish. It was my first cooking lesson.

After lunch Mom carried the new purchases to my room and had me clean out a dresser drawer just for them.

"I want you to keep these folded and stacked neatly in contrast to the way most of your clothes are stuffed in these draws. I haven't yet decided how I'm going to enforce some new neatness rules for you, but they'll start right now with your girl clothes always being folded and put away. Any questions?"

I had none as I watched her remove the labels and price tags and then refold my new additions. I just knew that tomorrow was probably not the last I would see of my bras and girl tops.

Before it got dark Mom took me out in the back yard and had me pose for some photos. Unlike the usual ones of me just standing and looking at the camera, she made me sit on the edge of the little fountain in the center of our garden and stand next to a rose bush. In each shot she posed my hands and legs in the most awkward positions, saying that it would look more natural when the final pictures came out.

"And don't forget to smile," she reminded me constantly. "You look like you're not having a good time." The pit of my stomach fell a mile, but I did as I was told, or else risk who knew what kind of additional horror.

The rest of the day she had me redo my lipstick and mascara three or four more times for practice or just because it looked faded. I did have to agree that the lighter pink was not as noticeable or out of place as the bright red color I was made to wear to school the day before. By bedtime I was hopeful that I was over half way through the weekend and that my ordeal would soon be over.

As I undressed, it occurred to me that I might need help undoing the bra clasps. I called my mother in and she showed me how to grasp the straps and then pull them down to give me more room to maneuver. She placed my fingers in the correct position and then assisted me with the proper movement to unhook the strap. She had me put the bra and shirt in the dirty clothes hamper and told me that tomorrow I'd be wearing a fresh set of each.

It was a very fitful night with dreams that tortured my imagination. They ranged from being "outed" by my schoolmates while dressed as a girl to being suspended from a

rack-like device while my mother turned a wheel that tightened the laces of a medieval corset. Tossing and turning most of the night, I awakened more than once in a cold sweat.

Chapter 7 — Mother's Helper

Mercifully, my mother allowed me to sleep in the next morning. When I finally awoke I went to the bathroom to brush my teeth and hair. I debated whether to put my hair up in a ponytail or leave it down straight. I decided against appearing to cooperate and merely applied the mandatory lipstick, then dressed in my usual clothes and went down for breakfast.

I'd elected not to put on my bra and blouse which earned me a curt command to go back to my room and dress correctly. I got out one of the new bras and slipped it into place. Grabbing the rear straps as Mom had shown me last night I attempted to hook it behind my back to no avail. I finally had to slip it off my shoulders, spin it around in front of me, clasp the hooks, then spin it around to its ordinal position.

My mother came in just as I was finishing this maneuver and she said that today I would spend some time to practice doing it the proper way. She helped me adjust the strap tension to a snug fit showed me how to do it myself for the third bra. Then I picked out a powder blue shirt constructed of the same fabric as the one I'd worn to the movie and slipped it on. It was of the same midriff design as my pink one, only instead of a kitten it had a butterfly embroidered across the chest. The white shorts replaced my jeans, along with the white tennis shoes and a pair of powder blue socks.

"Don't forget your mascara, either," I was warned. "Not unless you want to go through all this again tomorrow for school."

Once I was properly outfitted I went to my mother's room for final approval. Mom had me turn around a few times; she hummed and thought for a moment, and then told me to sit at her vanity. It was hairbrush time. On this occasion, however, rather than pull my locks back into a ponytail, she opted for something much different. I watched in horror as she parted my hair in the middle and then pulled it into two little bunches, one on each side of my head. A pair of white beaded elastic bands held them in place.

"Now that's cute," she said as she fluffed out my bangs once more. I winced as she used a pair of scissors to even up the loose edges. "Those little dog ears make you look very girlish. Not at all like an ugly boy."

This, of course, was exactly what I wanted to hear, don’t you know.

After breakfast it was obvious that I wouldn't be going outside unless coerced. My smirking brother had gone off to play with his friends and I was left wondering how to kill time for the duration of my "lesson." I had gone into the living room and turned on the TV.

When Mom heard it come on she came in and turned it off saying, "No TV for you, young lady. Now come, let's find something you can do to help me around here." I was given the vacuum and told to do the rugs in the bedrooms, hall, dining and living room.

As I was setting up the vacuum and moving some things around in the living room my Mom stopped me. Giving me a careful looking over, she smiled and nodded in a way that I was beginning to find unnerving.

"Here, sweetie, turn around a minute." I did as I was told, feeling naked as I did. Mom nodded and smiled. "I’ve got an idea. Come along with me, I want to try something."

We went to her bedroom where I stood patiently while she rummaged through her closet. After a few minutes she said "Here they are," and pulled out several pairs of pants.

"I outgrew these a few years ago after your brother was born," she said. "No since in letting them go to waste just because I’m a size or two too big. Here, pick out a pair and try them on. If they fit you can wear them around the house and save your jeans and shorts for school."

I looked at the clothes laid out before me and felt my stomach drop. Of the four or so pairs of slacks before me, all were of obvious feminine design. All of them were made out of a thin, shiny material and had little flared legs with a slit along the side; even more strange, they either zipped up the back or along the side, which I thought was kind of bizarre. One pair was white with blue piping and had a funny little nautical design on the front; another was a bright purple paisley print with shiny decorative silver buttons on either side. At least one pair was bright red with a very feminine pattern embroidered in white along the entire length of the legs, and there was a bright lime green pair that I thought would look awful even on my mother.

Shrugging my shoulders, I chose the white pair. Mom seemed pleased.

"These are called 'Capri' slacks," she explained as I doffed my shorts and slipped into my newest acquisition. "They're supposed to fit snug and show off your curves, but my curves are a bit too much for them nowadays."

At first I thought they were too short because they only reached just past my knee, but my mother said that's the way they were designed. The hip hugger cut left even more of my belly exposed, making me feel extremely uncomfortable, as though they were about to slide down and fall off. I was disappointed to find that while they weren't a perfect fit — at the tender age of thirteen I obviously didn't have as large a bottom as my mother — I could wear them with no problem at all.

"Don't worry," Mom said as she showed me how to zip up the back, "you'll grow into them."

Standing before the dressing mirror, I wasn't too surprised to see how much more I looked like a girl; from my "dog ears" to the bra showing beneath my blouse to the girlish pants clinging to my legs and bottom, I might have been taken for any of the girls in my junior high class. I was just grateful that I didn't have to carry my purse while doing chores.

Without a word I went back to work. I actually didn't mind vacuuming and so took my time so as to do a good job. There was some sense of accomplishment in seeing how the carpet was free of debris and I liked how the weave patterns all lined up. The only problem was that I kept having to tug at my clothes; between my shirt riding up and showing my bra and my pants slipping down and exposing my underpants, I was a frustrated mess.

After finishing up my chores I went to my room to sit down and rest. I couldn't have been alone for five minutes when my mother showed up, a bright grin lighting up her face.

"Hi, sweetie. You did a great job with the vacuuming. After you take a break, how about helping me with the laundry?"

Sighing, I nodded. I'd hoped to be left alone with my comic books, but it looked like that was going to be out of the question.

"That's my girl. Oh, and before you come down, freshen up your make up a bit. I see a smudge on your mascara. Don't want to look sloppy, you know."

"Yes, ma'am. I mean, no, ma'am." I shook my head as I started fiddling with my purse.

Mom smiled. "I know, it's hard to keep up with all this, isn't it, sweetie? Let me tell you what, you need to make sure to check your appearance every time you go by a mirror, all

right? That way if I'm not around and your makeup gets messed up or your hair is out of place you can take care of it. You don't want to look all mussy, do you?

"No, ma'am," I said with a faint smile.

After sitting there thinking for a bit, I gave up trying to be "normal" and spent a few minutes straightening up my face. While I still wasn't quite used to looking at my feminized reflection, I was starting to get the hang of how I was supposed to apply my new "face"; between applying a fresh coat of lipstick, blotting and doing my eyes, you'd have thought I'd been putting on makeup all my life. Just thinking about the implications of that scared me.

Down in the laundry room I found myself immersed in a whole new set of responsibilities. Mom showed me how she wanted everything sorted, sprayed, and washed. From the whites to the socks and towels to her nurse uniforms and lingerie, I was drilled on what it took to keep our family wearing clean clothes all week long.

"You're old enough, there's no reason you can't do this for me when you come in from school each day. Just do a load every couple of days, that's all. Of course, if you let it build up too much, you'll spend all weekend long washing clothes, and I'm sure you have better things to do than sit around the laundry room every Saturday."

The hardest part about doing the laundry was the sorting and spraying. I never knew how much trouble my mother had taken to keep our things looking neat, especially my and my brother's underwear. Yuck! I remember standing over the pile of dirty shorts with the stain remover and vowing to do a better job keeping myself clean.

One thing that I had really mixed emotions about was doing my mother's lingerie. Well, hers and mine, now that I was playing this little game with her. She insisted that all of her bras and panties and things be washed by hand, which made me really nervous. Thirteen year old boys just didn't do things like that — in my opinion, of course! — and I found myself red-faced and perspiring at the very thought. To make matters even more intolerable, I was getting another dreaded erection.

"Oh, no," I whimpered helplessly. I remember the shame I felt as the oncoming stiffness caused me to squirm involuntarily. "Not, this! Not again!"

Not counting a break for lunch, it took me nearly three hours to get the laundry done. Mom was pleased, especially when she saw me hanging a row of panties on the back porch clothes line. I was caught by surprise when I saw the flash of her little camera, and I stood there stupidly as she took picture after picture of me holding a pair of panties in

my hands. I have to admit that my situation was so silly and her smile was so bright it lit up even my own dejected demeanor. I finally broke down and giggled at the ridiculousness of it all. It was either that or cry.

"Very good, ‘Pamela’. We’ll make marriage material out of you yet. You’ll make some young man a wonderful wife." My mother laughed as I fudged about in my girlish outfit. "Now, as I recall, you needed some practice with your bras today, didn’t you? Take off your blouse and then unsnap your bra. Let’s see how well you can do that."

"Aw, do we have to?" I wasn’t too crazy about parading around in a girl’s brassiere, much less being reminded that I had one on. Doing so in the kitchen was even less inviting. The look on my mother’s face, of course, preempted any further discussion of the matter.

I complied with her command to remove my shirt, but was all thumbs when it came to the bra snaps. She helped me position my fingers and had me snap and unsnap the clasps without letting go of the ends somewhere between twenty-five or thirty times. After that we practiced where to grip the straps from a hands-off position, and again I was forced to repeat this thirty or so times before I began to get the feel for it.

"Now, let’s try it from the beginning," my mother said, indicating for me to take my bra completely off. I was mortified when I looked down at my naked chest and saw a white outline around each of my breasts. I'd never noticed until then, but it looked like they'd swollen on me. I glanced up to see her smiling. "Oh, sweetie, don’t worry. The same thing happened to me when I was your age. It's just where the bra was a little tight on you. You’ll get used to it. Trust me, it’s quite flattering. You look like you actually have little-girl titties. How sweet!"

"But, Mom . . . boys don't have boobs!"

"Some do," she said with a grin. "More than you'd think."

Red-faced and breathing heavily, I tried to ignore the white marks on my chest and concentrate on my exercises. I put on and took off my bra at least a dozen times before I was given the nod of approval. By then my arms were aching from so much repetitive action. I complained that my arms were getting tired and Mom said I could take a break. While I rested, we both sat at the kitchen table and she said "Tell me, do you think you’ve got the knack of this yet?"

When I responded in the affirmative she smiled. "Think so, sweetie? Think you could do it wearing half inch nail extensions?" she laughed. "Well, that’s enough for today. Put

your blouse back on and the rest of the day you can do whatever you want. Dressed as you are, of course."

"Of course," I said, feeling quite stupid.

"And no television!"

When bedtime came I removed my makeup, bra and blouse. I had found that unhooking the clasps was almost easy. Since I had my fingers positioned correctly, I practiced three or four more times on my own. What the hell was I thinking? The last thing I did before heading to bed was to find the nail polish remover and strip my nails.

By the next morning, things were back to normal, or so they seemed. I went off to school my usual self but with some trepidation because of last week's experience. A few of my closer friends apologized for their actions and I gracefully accepted them. When they commented on not seeing me over the weekend, I was relieved. None of them knew. My homeroom teacher gave me a close looking over but said nothing. I was hopeful that this chapter was closed, but actually it was just beginning.

Chapter 8 — My Secret Exposed!

School let out a few weeks later and the summer between the eighth and ninth grades took off with an unremarkable start. Mom went to work each day and I did some chores around the house and helped keep things picked up and made sure Dave stayed out of trouble. Mom would hint that in my free time I might try on some of my girlie clothes, but I didn't bite; she acted disappointed, but it was going to take a lot more than a puppy-dog face and some pouting to get me to go through all that again. As far as I was concerned "Pamela" was ancient history.

And then it happened.

It all started the day I came back from hanging out with some of the guys down the street. Mom was at work and I was in charge, so to speak. I know, I know, I shouldn't have left the house because my little brother was there by himself and I was under strict orders to never leave him alone when I was babysitting. Okay, yes, I messed up, but you know how guys are; I just wanted to see what was going on and I was having a hard enough time fitting in as it was, so I didn't see anything wrong with it. Besides, I was only gone a few minutes, right? Yeah, sure.

I knew I was in bad trouble when I saw the car in the driveway. As if that wasn't enough, Mom was standing at the front door, her face as red as a fire truck.

"And just where have you been?" she yelled at me as I sauntered into the foyer. Before I could even say a word — SLAP!!! — I found myself sitting on the floor with stars before my eyes.

"I told you to never, ever leave the house without permission! You left your brother here alone, and you know better than that, don't you!!! Here you are, almost fourteen years old, and you go off who knows where doing who knows what, leaving your little brother to get hurt or burn the house down! Well, I warned you, didn't I, but you didn't listen. You wouldn't listen. That, little mister, is going to cost you!"

"I'm sorry," I whimpered. I rubbed my face and fought the tears that burned my eyes. Suddenly my stomach wasn't feeling very good.

As angry as she was, my mother was just getting started. "There's something else, too. You come with me right now. You've got a lot of explaining to do!"

I hadn't been marched anywhere by having my ear twisted since I was little. But that morning that's exactly how I was ushered to my room. Mom was even madder than I thought. The problem was that when she came home for lunch and found me missing, she took the opportunity to search my room for contraband. In the process she uncovered my stash of special pictures that I had hidden dead center in the middle of my mattress. I knew that she changed the sheets on a regular basis, but she usually just pulled off the old and tucked in the fresh without disturbing things very much. My hiding place had remained undiscovered for over a year and I felt that it was secure. Wrong!!!

As I looked at the evidence displayed across my neatly made bed, I knew I was really in for it. By now my stomach was doing flip-flops.
"And just what is this young man?" my mother demanded, knowing full well what it was.

Before I go on I have to explain something. If I had a primary choice in the matter, I would have purchased Playboy hands down. However, there was a slight problem in the town where I lived. Playboy and other such magazines were considered "pornographic" and were not sold to kids my age. They could only be purchased in liquor stores and by people eighteen and over, and at that time I didn't have any such friends to procure copies for me.

So as a substitute, I had found that "Seventeen Magazine," which I could buy at the drug store, provided a reasonable alternative. To me the girls were just as desirable, if not more so, as those in Playboy, only they dressed a little more completely than I would

have been my personal preference. But they tended to be more my age. Funny thing, I also enjoyed reading some of the stories as well, but I'd never admit that to anyone.

So when Mom decided that it was time to toss my room, guess what she found?! There was the current issue of Seventeen, along with pictures from prior issues that I had torn out and tucked away with it. I have to guess that she knew what they were doing there because when she found them the "fit hit the shan."

My second mistake — the first one being that my stash was hidden in too obvious a place — was to tell her that I had no idea what it was.

"You mean to stand there and lie to me that this isn't your stash?" she badgered. I blanched to hear her use such language; it was as shocking to me as it was frightening. "Oh, don't look at me like that. I'm not stupid, you know. I know all about boys and the things you do. I am a nurse, after all."

The look she gave me was cold and dark. I suddenly felt like I had to go to the bathroom.

"And now you're going to look me in the eye and insult my intelligence? Didn't your little experience with lying about homework teach you anything?"

"Please, Mom . . ." I begged. She was working up steam and I knew from experience if she got really mad I was going to suffer miserably. "I just . . . didn't . . . mean . . ."

"Oh, just shut up!"

She didn't even pause to listen to my answer or even for effect, she was so upset. She held up an advertisement that featured a teenage girl in little more than a bra and panties and she shook her head.

"This is just wonderful! I've raised a thirteen year old pervert who can't keep his hands from between his legs, much less tell the difference between the truth and a bold faced lie. Just what do you think I should do about that? Have you no shame? You disgust me!" And she continued on until there was just dead silence.

"Go into the bathroom and get in the tub. When you're done, get dressed in your girlie clothes because we're going shopping."

This wasn't good, not at all. I knew if I didn't say something, she'd go too far . . . and I had too much at stake to keep silent. I mean, I was almost fourteen years old. She couldn't do that to me!

"No, Mom, please . . ."

Wham!!! Whap! Slap! I got three slaps across my face for my trouble.

"Don't back talk me! You're the one who wanted this, understand? Since you're so interested in what's on those pages of Seventeen, then you're about to learn firsthand, missy!" With that she left me alone in my room to nurse my wounded pride.

So much for manly defiance.

I got into the tub, which of course was filled with bubble bath and oils, slid beneath the water and just laid there worrying about what was going to happen next. From the other room I could hear my mother making a couple of phone calls. One of them was to the clinic saying she was taking the remainder of the day off because of a family problem. All of a sudden I had a distinct foreboding that my life — which had been going so well — was coming to an abrupt turnaround.

After about ten minutes I got out, dried off and went back to my room. I opened my special drawer and pulled out one of the bras and the pink pullover. I hooked the bra behind me as best I could after not having practiced for a number of weeks and then slid the top over it. A shudder ran through me as I rummaged through the selections of pants I had to choose from. Deciding to take a chance, I picked out a pair of jeans and slipped them on.

I then walked into the kitchen where Mom was waiting. When she saw I wasn't wearing any makeup she went ballistic. She again grabbed my ear pulling me back into the bathroom only to remember that I stored my makeup in the purse kept next to my clothes. She released me to retrieve it along with my necklace and return right back. I did as instructed and when there was told to "put on your face." I reached into my purse and removed the green colored tube which contained my light pink lip color.

"Not that one today, 'Pamela'. Use the other one." She said in an angry voice.

I pulled out the white case with the darker pink shade and then applied it. I didn't have to wait to be told to put on the mascara and then the fairy necklace. When I completed my task, she grabbed her brush and put my hair up into that silly "dog-ear" style she liked so much, using a pair of pink scrunchies to secure each little ponytail.

I just wanted to lie down and die.

"And here, take off those ugly jeans and put these on," she ordered. I looked down at my bed to see the lime green Capri slacks that I hated so much. The white tennis shoes and pink socks lay next to them. "After you get dressed, go get in the car and wait for me."



As I made my way to the car she yelled, "You want to walk like a trooper, ‘Pamela’? You think you’re tough? Well, I have a way to take care of that, and I will!"

The drive was in silence until Mom broke the tranquility by asking how long I had been hoarding the magazines. I decided to play it straight and told her for about a year. She then asked how often I was masturbating. With a red face I whispered that it averaged about once a day.

The look on my mother’s face was of amused astonishment. "Once a day? Every day? You’ve got to be kidding me!" She shook her head as though she’d smelled something bad. "Well, we’re going to put a stop to that beginning today. Where do you do it? Not in your room on my good sheets, I hope."

My face was burning red as I tried to think of what to say. Having my most embarrassing secret discovered was bad enough, but being forced to discuss it was a nightmare. "Uh, no, ma’am. Mostly . . . mostly . . ." I took a deep breath. "I guess mostly in the bathroom."

"In my bathroom? That is so nasty!" She made a repulsive face and shook her head. I’d seen her mad before, but this was something different. It was as though she really was disgusted with me, totally and irrevocably disgusted.

"Those boys you hang around with . . . you haven't been doing it with any of them, have you? It'd be just like you and your dirty little friends to be jerking off with each other."

Ewww!! I couldn't believe my own mom was saying stuff like that. "Please, Mom, no . . . it's not like that. I . . . I . . . I just do it sometimes, when I'm alone." I fought to control my tears. "I won't do it anymore, I promise."

I never felt so ashamed in my whole life.

"Well, that's a lie if I ever heard one," she said. "Like I said, I know how boys are, little boys and their little toys. You just can't keep your hands off yourself, can you? How can you stand to do such a nasty thing?" I thought my heart was going to burst; it was pounding so hard to hear my own mother talk like that. "Something's about to change. There are ways to get this under control. And believe me, we are going to get it under control!"

I didn't know exactly what she was talking about . . . but I surely knew that I didn't want to find out, either!

Chapter 9 — The Shopping Trip

The ride then returned to being hushed for the remaining few minutes. We pulled into the same Sears from which we had made my prior purchases, parked and then headed for the door. My head pounded as I got out of the car and walked alongside my mother. I felt so stupid, so obviously ridiculous, dressed in my girlish pants and top and with my face painted up like one of those prissy girls in my class. Mincing along in my tight slacks and helplessly swinging my purse, I was being careful not to over stride or slouch. Mom didn't seem to notice, but I didn't want to pour gasoline on any embers that might still be smoldering.

On entering we headed straight back to the teens' department and this time she didn't need to ask for directions. We went first to the lingerie department where I watched in horror as she selected four packages of white panties. Adjacent to the panties was the display of panty girdles. My mouth went dry as she picked out three pairs of brief-sized and three of the long-leg style. Next it was over to the bra counter and four new bras, again choosing training bras with the already padded cups. Then just down the aisle she collected six packages each of neutral and coffee colored stockings.

What's going on? I thought, panicked. That's enough stuff for three girls! She doesn't expect me to spend the whole summer wearing that junk, does she . . .?

She didn’t stop there, on to the slips; three half slips and three full length. "Hold these," she said as her arms started to become overloaded. Then she headed toward the racks of dresses. A shudder swept through my body and my stomach felt queasy. I tried not to pay any attention to what she picked out.

Mom looked at me and smirked. "Of course, you know you’re going to have to try some of these on to see if they fit right. I’m not spending money on clothes that don’t fit you right."

As we headed for the clerk it occurred to me that she was making it sound as though shopping for girls’ clothes was my idea. Great, I thought sadly. I don’t even want to be here in the first place.
"I want to pay for these, and my daughter," Mom said as she handed me the armful of dresses, "wants to try these on."

The clerk was a different one from my first visit, but she was just as sweet and helpful. "Oh, my, aren’t you a lucky girl? You must have done something special to get your mother to spend so much money on you."

I couldn't decide if I was relieved or upset by the fact that she seemed to think I was really a girl. The irony of my predicament didn’t make me feel any better.

My arms filled with clothes, I followed my mother into the confined space of the dressing room to try on some of the dresses. Once inside, she had me strip out of my top, pants, underwear and socks.

At this point I think I need to say something. I know what you’re probably thinking. "Wow, naked in the girls’ department! Neat!" Well, let me tell you, I was absolutely terrified. Absolutely. There was nothing sexy about it. Not at the time, at least.

In retrospect I have to admit that I now often think about my predicament and everything that happened as a result of it. But at that very moment, standing there in nothing but that stupid bra, with my hands covering my boyish shame and crying my heart out, I was miserable. I had no idea what was going to happen next, only that I was pretty sure it was going to be awful.

Mom took her time deciding what she wanted me to put on first. As I stood naked and shivering before her, she scolded me, saying that this would teach me to be more thoughtful about my actions.

"I just can’t believe you’ve been jerking off to pictures of those girls like that. Why, it’s almost criminal! Do you want to go to jail for being a pervert? Do you know what they

do to people like you in prison, ‘Pamela’? A pretty girlie-boy like you?" She shook her finger at me. "They’d treat you just like you treat those poor girls in that dirty little mind of yours, that’s what. Is that what you want?"

All I could do was cry; I was so ashamed of myself. To hear her say it, I was as sick as they came. I shook my head and tried not to cry any more than I already was.

"Oh, stop your sniffling. You’re going to have to re-do your mascara when we get done." The smile on her face was softer than a few moments earlier.

After sorting through her purchases, my mother finally made up her mind, handing me a pair of feathery lace-trimmed panties to step into. Oddly enough, I kind of didn’t mind putting them on since — to my way of thinking — at least I’d be wearing something. Imagine my surprise when, after sliding them up my legs and snapping the elastic around my waist, I felt even more naked than I did when I didn’t have anything on. I looked down to see the gossamer material puffing out like cotton candy.

Next came a garment I would truly learn to hate: the panty girdle! When Mom handed one of the long-legged ones to me and told me to put it on, I about croaked. What a ridiculous looking piece of apparel. I felt so stupid holding it and I felt even stupider when it was pointed out that I was putting it on backwards. Turning it around, I figured the thing must have been a size or two too small as I couldn’t pull it past my hips.

"Mom, you got the wrong size," I complained meekly. "This one is too small."



"The size is right. It’s supposed to be tight. Didn’t you know that from reading your girlie magazines?" She gave me a knowing look. "Just be grateful that I bought you one made of Lycra instead of rubber. The ones I had to learn to pull on took every effort I had to get into place, and once they were there, they didn’t want to come off. You’ll get used to it after you’ve worn it for a while."

A while? How long will that be? I wondered.

I pulled and tugged until I finally got it beyond my hips and up over my tummy. I noticed it had a shiny smooth front panel that effectively hid any boyish bulge and gave me a contoured flat appearance. As I ran my fingers across it, I could feel a shiver run through me; if felt as though . . . well, as though there was nothing there! I mean, I could feel my fingers sliding over my privates, but I couldn't feel my privates with my fingers. I stared down at myself and realized that I looked as flat as the girls in my magazines. I then looked up at my mother, who smiled in a most satisfied way. She knew exactly what worried me and she delighted in my horror.

Next out of the package came the nylons. Mom told me to sit down. She then showed me how to bunch the stockings leaving just the toe area to slip my foot into. I couldn’t help blushing as she smoothed it up my leg and attached it to the tabs on the legs of the panty girdle.

"Did you see how I did that?" I nodded. "Good. Now it's your turn." She had me repeat the process with the other stocking. "Now, smooth everything out starting at the bottom and working up. You're going to have to keep your toe nails in better shape or you're going to put unnecessary runs in your stockings," she advised. "If that happens I'll take the cost from your allowance."

I did as I was told and amazingly enough, didn't make a mistake. I couldn't help trembling as I ran my fingertips up and down my silken-clad legs; if the sensation of the smooth front of the panty girdle gave me a shiver; the stockings gave me an outright chill.

"Now, I want you to look at something." My mother held me by the shoulders and turned me to face the triple paned dressing mirror. "Look familiar?"

What I saw before me caused me to drop my jaw. Literally! Thirteen year old Greg Parker was gone and in his place was a sad-faced girl in lingerie. With my face made up with lipstick and mascara, my hair in bunches and my body bound in bra, girdle and hose, I looked almost exactly like any of the girl models in the magazines I'd collected. As frightened and disgusted as I felt, I couldn't take my eyes from the image before me.

"That ought to give you something to jerk off to," Mom said, her voice sour with sarcasm. "In fact, maybe your friends would like to see you this way. I bet they'd get their jollies from seeing a 'girl' like you in such pretty undies."

"Mom, please . . ." For some reason I was having trouble breathing and I was feeling sick to my stomach.

"See what it feels like now, 'Pamela'? Do you finally understand what I'm talking about? This is what girls go through every time they get dressed. Isn't it bad enough without knowing some boy is looking at them and thinking sick thoughts? Imagine how you'd feel if you had to go through this every day." The look on my mother's face was one of triumph. "Imagine what it would be like knowing every boy you met was undressing you with his eyes. Not too pleasant, is it?"

Stealing a look at the image before me, I shook my head. "No, ma'am."

We weren't done, of course. With my hands held above my head, Mom dropped one of the full slips into place. The slickness of my girdle and stockings enhanced the slippery feeling that accompanied the slip, sending me into a turmoil that was extremely disturbing, to say the very least. It was likely the most wonderful sensation that I'd ever experienced; the cool caress of so much silk and nylon against my skin was addictive,

and my adolescent mind was fast imprinting on this shamefully wonderful feeling. Looking at my reflection in the mirror, I could barely recognize myself through the tears in my eyes; what I did see was a white, feminine form swaying back and forth as though in a dream.

Finally it came time for the first dress, which I stepped into from the rear and which my mother buttoned up the back. It was a yellow print sheath, with a narrow waist and a snug skirt that reached just above my knees, forcing me to walk in short, delicate steps. I felt so foolish as I stood there looking at myself; between the streaks of mascara down my cheeks and my thirteen year old boyish form wrapped in yellow flowers and lace, I suppose I had plenty of cause.

"I want you to stop sniveling," my mother said as she tugged and pulled at my dress. "You brought this on yourself and you know it, so there's no use in being a baby. Just suck it up and do as you're told and maybe things won't be as bad as you think."

"But I don't want to be a girl," I sniffed.

"No, you'd rather be a nasty boy who thinks dirty thoughts and jerks off all the time." Her words struck my soul like a ball peen hammer. "Besides, don't flatter yourself. I'm not going to turn you into a girl. Not just yet, anyway. I just want you to see what the girls you jack off to have to go through to look so pretty. Maybe dressing as a girl will give you an appreciation for what they have to put up with."

As she secured the buttons up the back of my dress, Mom reminded me that part of being a girl was the willingness to accept help from others with tasks I couldn't manage on my own. Helplessness seemed such a feminine virtue. When she had the dress in place she tugged and repositioned it to determine if the fit was proper.

When she'd made her decision, we moved on to the other dresses in my new wardrobe. In addition to the yellow print sheath there was a full cut polka dot shirtwaist — or a "housedress" as Mom called it — a short flower print sundress and a bright red suit with a short tight dress and a matching short-sleeved jacket. There was also a pair of skirts, a white pleated one, the other a pink wraparound. Both were very short and skimpy, barely long enough to conceal the bottom of my girdle. Just the thought of having to wear one was enough to make me queasy.

Mom knew just how much I hated trying on clothes, but on that day she wasn't going to take any short cuts to accommodate my sentiments; she made sure everything was perfect, from the collar to the bust to the hem, poking and prodding me all over as she

measured the fit. By the time she was done I was a nervous wreck as well as the — ahem! — proud owner of a whole new wardrobe.

When we were done she had me take off the last dress and slip, but had me leave on the panty girdle and stockings.

"Do you want to wear one of these," she said, holding up the pair of little skirts, "or your Capris? It's so hot out, the skirt might be cooler."

I gulped nervously as I realized what she was suggesting. There was no way I was about to voluntarily go out in public in a skirt or a dress. "Uh, I'll stick with the pants, Mom."

"You're sure? I'll even let you wear the sundress if you want. It doesn't matter to me."

The idea of going out in public with no pants on wasn't exactly something I was prepared for. Wide-eyed and desperate, I shook my head. My mother shrugged her shoulders and started gathering up our purchases.

I slipped back on my top, Capris and shoes. My slacks sure felt different with the panty girdle and stockings pulling against each other beneath the thin material. My new lingerie also made me look different, too, even with those stupid lime green pants on; it might have been my imagination, but as I studied my reflection in the dressing mirror I felt like my bottom and my legs looked, well, rounder, curvier . . .more girlish.

Also, a closer inspection revealed that the tabs could be easily sensed, if not readily visualized, just beneath the thin material of my Capris. The garter tabs became distinct budges in front and to the outside of my thighs. I couldn't tell if they showed or not from the rear but I figured they did.

Something else, too. I was mortified to find that the top of my girdle kept peeking out the top of my hip-hugging Capris, exposing a thin line of lace about my waist. Great. My panties were showing. Another reminder of what a priss I'd become.

Before leaving the dressing room I was told to repair my makeup. It was unnerving to see myself in the mirror, in my gaudy pink and green outfit, holding my compact and the cap to my mascara so girlishly, painting my eyelashes with such care. I wanted to smash the image before me, but I just sighed and did as I was expected. Over my shoulder my mother smirked in triumph.

Mom made the dress purchases and ushered me toward the shoe department. Now when I was walking an ever so slight sound came from the friction between the Capris and the stockings in addition to the elastic pull on my girdle.

When we entered the shoe department a salesman approached and asked if he could help. Mom said she needed some low heels and a pair of flats for her daughter. He showed us to a display and she picked two pair of each for me to try on, two in black, the other two white. The ones with heels had two inch elevations. He took my measurements and then left, returning with four boxes. I tried on each pair, having to walk around to see how they fit and to evaluate their comfort. Mom asked me which I liked and since I knew that I was going to be getting a pair of each, I made what was an honest selection based on comfort after a few steps in each. We agreed on a pair of black flats and a pair of both black and white heels.

Mom handed the salesman my choices and said, "He likes these." Realizing her mistake, she gave me a silly look and giggled. "We'll take both pairs, but my daughter here will wear the white heels," she managed to correct herself.

I didn't dare say or do anything. I couldn't believe that she could make that kind of blunder in front of someone. Whether he picked up on it or not, I really didn't know. He didn't seem to change his expression as the turned to ring up the purchase. But if he'd looked at me, he would have suspected, as I could feel myself flush and turn crimson.

When we left the shoe department I not only could feel the rub of the nylons against my Capris, I was now the source of that distinctive click-clack echo made only by women's heels as they cross a hard floor. By this time, I was certainly taking shorter steps than when I sauntered out of the house earlier that morning.

I thought we were through as Mom was bearing toward the doors we had entered. When she stopped in front of the jewelry counter though, my heart sank. I knew what was coming.

"Please, Mom, no-o-o-o . . ." I whispered desperately.

Mom ignored my pitiful plea. "We'd like to get a pair of pierced earrings for my daughter and she's going to need for you to do the piercing as well. Now let's pick out a pair." She turned to me and gave me a knowing wink and smile. It was the first sign that perhaps some of her anger was starting to dissipate. Even so, there was an "I told you so!" innuendo in her jester.

She thumbed through the display and finally chose a medium size pair of gold hoops. "These will do nicely for starters, honey." She said. With that she handed them to the salesgirl and paid for the hoops. "Please include the piercing charge with that," she instructed the girl.

Knees weak with fear, I touched my mother on the elbow. "She’s not going to poke a hole in my ear, is she?"

"Oh, don’t worry, sweetie. It won’t hurt . . . too much." The look on my mom’s face made me ill. "Now, this is just for the summer, so don’t you say a word, understand? I told you I’d win eventually, and now you’re going to do as I say. You may as well just sit back and enjoy it."

Having completed the transaction, my mother pointed to the seat and the clerk cleaned my earlobes with a solution of rubbing alcohol. I felt as though they were about to perform surgery, I was so upset. The look of fear on my face even worried the clerk, who gave me a reassuring smile.

"Don’t worry, honey. It’ll sting for just a minute. Think about how pretty you’re going to look when we’re done."

That’s what I was worried about, obviously.

I felt a humiliating tingling between my legs as the cold metal of the piercing gun was placed over my earlobe, and I heard a loud snap just I felt a stinging sensation. The earring was then inserted and snapped in place. The girl then walked to the opposite side and repeated the operation. Most people think of shots at the doctor’s when they smell the odor of rubbing alcohol, but I’m reminded of that day just before I was permanently marked for femininity. I’m also reminded of the erection I got.

Finally with gold hoops in both ears, I was allowed to follow my mom back to the car, the reverberation of my new shoes resonating inside my newly adorned ears.

"Did you enjoy yourself?" Mom asked as we got into the car. I just gave her a pouting look and sniffed. That didn't sway her enthusiasm at all. "Well, you can be a crybaby if you want, but I had a great time. Now let's go home and have some real fun."

Chapter 10 — More Changes

When we got home I was sent to my room with my purchases and instructions to open everything up and put them away. As I walked through the living room with my shopping bags Dave looked at me with great curiosity, but he didn’t say a word. He just tugged at his earlobe and smirked.

I was probably in my room an hour before my mother came to check on me. I showed her where I’d put my things and she made some adjustments, like combining my boy

socks and underwear in the same drawer to make room for my new girl things. She also went through my closet and made sure that the dresses were hung properly and in full view upon opening the door.

"This is the way I want things in your room from now on, neat and organized," she said. "The same goes for your other things, too. If I find any of your boy clothes lying out or on the floor, in the trash they go, I don't care what they are. No questions asked. Understand me?"

I nodded. In the middle of everything else that was happening, this didn't sound too good.

"Oh, and here, I want you to try these on and see if they fit. Some more hand-me-downs from your dear old mom from back when she was a mere slip of a girl. They're probably a bit loose on you, but I think you'll be able to wear them around the house."

I took the bundle of clothes she handed me and sighed. A quick look through them triggered a nauseous feeling deep in the pit of my stomach. There were two more housedresses, one a horrid orange and the other a soft pink; there was also a silken aqua mini-dress with a low-cut neckline and long, billowy gauze sleeves; and lastly a short powder blue satin quilted housecoat and a pair of fuzzy high heeled slippers.

Mom insisted that I try on my new hand-me-downs. I watched in frustration as she made herself comfortable on the edge of my bed and gestured for me to undress. I still remember the smile on her face as I stood before her in my bra, girdle, hose and heels; it was a look of cruel amusement . . . and more than a little pride. As I slipped in and out of the dresses she would occasionally primp or pluck at my new clothes, make some cutesy remark and tell me to undress again. It was obvious that she was enjoying my parading around in my girlish underthings as much as I despised it. She even made me follow her into her bedroom to look for more clothes, me clad only in my lingerie.

Well, everything fit — more or less — and I found my closet getting full of things that I wanted absolutely no part of. I was so disgusted with this turn of events that I forgot myself for a moment.

"Man, this sucks," I lamented as I shoved my baseball uniform to the back of the closet to make room for my latest feminine additions. I couldn't help but squeak a sharp "Ow-ow-ow-ow!" as I felt my hair being pulled not too gently, forcing me to stand on my tiptoes facing my mother.

"I don’t believe this!" she yelled. "After all you’ve been through today, I’d think you’d at least start getting the message. I will absolutely not — and you listen to this very carefully for the very last time, young lady — absolutely not put up with any more of that kind of talk."



"But, Mom, I’m not a young lady," I fussed back. I looked down at my padded bra and my Lycra covered legs. I’d had enough humiliation and ridicule for one day and I decided to let Mom know just how I felt. "I’m a boy, doggone it, and . . ."

WHAP!!! SLAP!!!

The only reason I know my mother slapped me twice was afterward I could see that both sides of my face were red with the imprint of her hand. It sounded — and felt — like a single blow, she was so fast. I was stunned so badly that I almost lost my balance and fell over. Bright spots danced before my eyes.

"Watch your tone with me, little miss! And don’t you tell me what you are! You don’t make the rules around here, understand me? I make the rules . . . and you will do anything and everything I say. And I do mean everything! Do I make myself clear?"

I nodded as best I could with my mother’s fist still clenching a handful of hair. Tears burned my eyes and I could taste something salty and sticky running from my nose over my lips.

"I . . . I’m sorry, Mom . . . I didn’t mean it." The agony of having my hair pulled shot through my head like a sharp spike.

The look on my mother’s face was one of disgust. "Oh, sure. You didn’t mean it, all right. Boys say things like ‘suck’ all the time and never realize how sickening it is to everyone else. You don’t have any idea what you’re saying when you use words like that, do you?" I shook my head. "Well, you better think twice before you say anything like that again. Do you hear me? I’m not going to say this again. Next time I’m going to . . . well, let’s just say there better not be a next time!"

A cruel jab in the middle of my chest with a sharp fingernail reinforced my mother’s words. But it wasn’t the physical pain so much that affected me as her expression. The glistening in her eyes scared me; it looked as though she actually enjoyed yelling at me, and that bothered me more than anything else.

Standing helplessly in my girlish underthings, I quickly backpedaled and repeated my apology, vowing tearfully to be on my best behavior from then on. Mom smiled and shrugged her shoulders as if to say, "We’ll see."

At my mother’s insistence I left on my bra and girdle and slid into the short housecoat and slippers she'd given me. I then went into the bathroom to wash my face and re-apply my makeup before following her downstairs to the kitchen. Dave watched with a grin as I minced about in the fuzzy white high heels and fought to keep my modesty under the skimpy robe while I fixed supper. I felt like punching him in the nose, but with Mom following me around and correcting my every move there was little chance of that happening.

For dinner that evening I was required to put on a dress. I was aghast, especially with my little brother there to enjoy my suffering, but my mother was resolute. "Pick something out you like and put it on. And don't take all night," she ordered. "If you have trouble picking something out, I'll choose for you."

It took me more time to make up my mind than it did to get dressed. No matter what I picked I knew I was going to look like a complete dork. For no particular reason I ended up wearing the yellow sheath. I guess I thought it would make me look less stupid than the other things I had to choose from. I was wrong. Sleeveless and with a short hem, it clung to my body and showed off the curves formed by the feminine lingerie I wore underneath.



Mom clucked her tongue and smiled when she saw me coming down the stairs. Dave had to cover his mouth to keep from laughing. I was surprised — and secretly pleased! — when he was scolded for "teasing his sister."

"I think you'd best keep quiet, young man. It wouldn't take much for you to find yourself in similar straits, you know."

Dave quickly changed his grin to a look of total innocence. The twinkle in his eye, however, was enough to cause me to blush from head to toe.

I guess I did something right for once, though, judging from the look on my mom's face. She "oohed" and "aahed" over how well my new dress fit me and even fastened up the back without fussing at me. She did send me back up to put on my white heels instead of the black flats, though.

"You'll learn," she said when I asked what difference did it make which shoes I wore. "Some girls never quite get it, but you will . . . if it's the last thing I teach you."

While I was at it I was also told to take off my dress and put on a slip. A string of pearls and a matching pearl bracelet completed my outfit for the evening.

It felt weird sitting at the dinner table in a dress. The hem was short and the fit was snug, almost too tight, and I tugged and pulled at the material in an attempt to keep things

straight. After getting a stern look from Mom I gave up. That didn't make me any happier when the hem road up my thighs, exposing the margin of my slip and the tops of my hose.

"Now this is more like it," Mom said as we sat and ate in the dining room. The television was off and Dave had put one of our mom's big band records on the stereo. "The house is so much more peaceful like this. I could get used to having a pretty daughter helping out around the house. Too many boys make for too much foolishness."

Rather than say anything I just kept on chewing. My girdle was killing me and one my earrings kept tickling the side of my neck. Worse, Dave kept grinning at me, making me blush even more than before. I vowed right then and there that I was going to get even with him . . . I just didn't know how.

After a long, tedious meal I cleaned up the kitchen and then spent the rest evening doing laundry. I must have washed five loads, including two just of my mother's nurses' whites. In addition, I was given an extensive lesson on how to iron her uniforms and dresses properly, after which I was turned loose to practice my new skill. Actually, that wasn't as bad as it sounded; ironing can be kinda fun (though no boy worth his share of comic books would ever admit that, of course!) and once I got the hang of it the time passed pretty quickly, though the pile of clothes to be done kept growing.

The worst part of it all was having to stand around in that stupid ridiculous dress and my feminine underclothes. Well, that and those darned high heels! Oh, how my feet ached . . . when you're not used to wearing shoes like that a couple of hours in them can seem crippling. And that stupid girdle and bra; I can't tell you how many times I had to adjust my waistband or a bra strap to keep the elastic from cutting into my skin. It was tortuous to that point that I found myself crying quietly in frustration over my dilemma.

As miserable as I was, I didn't dare think about changing clothes for fear of getting yelled at again; I was too scared to complain about the slightest thing. Not after that last tongue lashing I'd gotten. I just kept on with my ironing and worrying about what was going to happen next.

Half a dozen uniforms, ten blouses and five dresses later my mother pulled me away from the ironing board to prepare for bed.

"You're off to a very good start, 'Pamela'," she said with a smirk. She was sitting on the edge of my bed, watching carefully as I undressed. "You just don't know what it means to me to have someone help with the laundry and around the kitchen. I should have done this a long time ago."

I just grunted as hung my dress up and replaced it in my closet. After wiggling out of my slip I started unfastening my bra. To my surprise, I was told to stop.

"No, leave that on," she said firmly. "That and your girdle, especially your girdle. For the next few days I want you wearing them around the clock, even in your dreams. Maybe that will keep you from getting any nasty stains in your bed tonight."

I was crestfallen. Wear that stupid girdle . . . to sleep in? After all I'd been through, I had to leave on the one thing I'd been looking forward to taking off all day long. It just wasn't fair!

"But, Mom . . ." I started to whine.

"I don't want to hear anything from you! Don't you remember what got you into that thing to begin with? What's the matter with you? Do you have a memory problem or something?"

I shook my head, careful not to say anything that might upset my mother.

"You just leave your bra and girdle on, 'Pamela', until I tell you otherwise. You need to get used to wearing a brassiere, plus I'm not going to have you playing with that dirty little thing of yours in my good bed sheets. Your girdle ought to stop that. Tomorrow morning you can put on fresh undies and we'll put those in to soak. Do you have a problem with any of this?"

I shook my head, too ashamed to even look up.

"Good. And there better not be any accidents tonight, either, hear me? I'll be checking on you in the morning, so mind what I say."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Now, go to bed."

And so I slid between the covers that night, my body still bound in Lycra and satin and elastic. I seethed with anger and frustration as I lay there, fretting over the ridiculousness of my situation. How could I go to sleep? A boy my age, dressing and acting like such a priss . . . it was just plain stupid! And it wasn't fair, either! All I'd done was sneak out of the house for a little while, just to have a little fun. Oh, well, sure, and there was that thing with those magazines hidden under my bed . . .

Boy, I was mad! The problem was, I wasn't sure who I was the maddest at — my mother for making me dress up and do such goofy stuff . . . or myself for letting her get

away with it.

There was one other problem. A pretty serious one. As much as I hated to admit it, there was something about wearing girls' things that I found exciting, the way they made me feel and the way I had to act when I wore them . . . no matter how humiliating. And although I couldn't feel it, or hardly even find it, for that matter, my boyishness was aroused. Beneath the hard, elasticized shell of satin and lace I had the most painful erection in my life! I tried to ignore it, but it was held tight, a flame of pleasure smoldering in the dark, just waiting to explode.

Worn out and confused, I let myself fall into a fitful sleep, one with dreams filled with smirking faces and silken bonds. When I woke the next morning I realized that I hadn't escaped; in fact, I was drawn in even deeper than before.

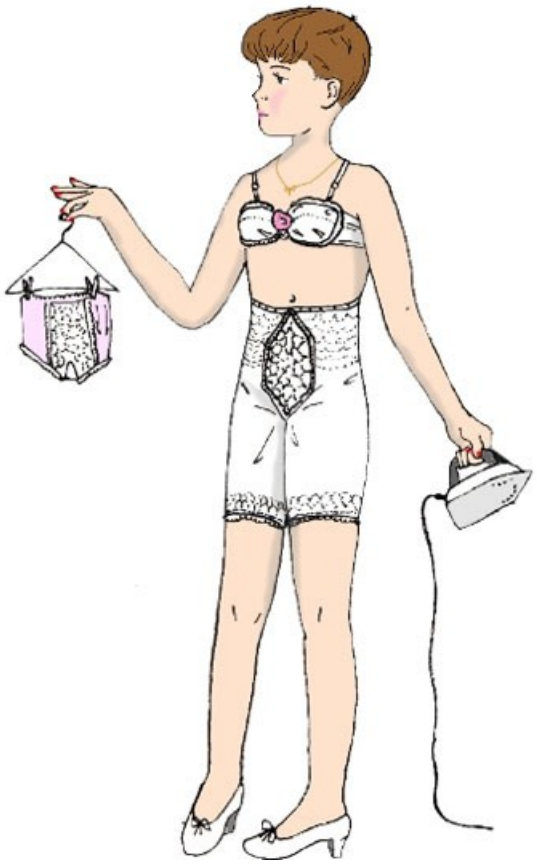
Chapter 11 — A Very Strange Day

It was so early the next morning when my mother got me up the sun hadn't even thought about shining. 5:30 a.m. to be exact. Mom told me to go to the bathroom and wash my face while she laid out my clothes for the day. When I came back I was distressed to see a complete girl's outfit waiting for me, including the polka dot dress she'd bought me, a slip, fresh bra and panties, hose, heels and another long-legged girdle.

"Change quickly, now," my mother instructed. "I have to leave for work in a little while and you have to make breakfast and help me get dressed."

While Mom retired to the bathroom, I did as I was told. Tears filled my eyes as I dressed myself. This wasn't going to stop, I realized. She's going to make me dress like a girl for the rest of my life!

I did the best I could, considering how early it was. The girdle, of course, was the worst part; I thought I'd never get it on, but I wasn't about to have Mom come in and help me; I knew I'd never hear the end of it if I did. And I wasn't about to give her reason to complain. I managed to get my hose on without snagging them and I even brushed out my hair and put on my makeup without being reminded. I figured I may as well. Considering how I was dressed, I'd look pretty goofy without it.



When I got downstairs I went ahead and started the coffee and toast, taking time to slip my apron over my dress to keep from making a mess. Mom arrived soon after and after giving me a long look and a nod, she smiled and kissed me on the forehead as though I'd done something right for a change.

"You might want to go put on a different lipstick, sweetie," she said with a wink. "Save your red for when you go out or maybe you're doing something special in the evening."

Darned if you do and darned if you don't! Chagrined, I clomped upstairs and removed my red lipstick and replaced it with pink. I had to touch up my mascara a little bit, also, from where I smeared it. So many rules, so many things to remember . . . I was beginning to realize being a girl was a lot harder than it looked.

Still in her gown, Mom sat at the kitchen table and chatted and sipped coffee and read the paper while I worked on breakfast. She talked me through scrambling the eggs and frying the bacon, and I managed to butter the toast and set the table on my own. I even took the time to spread jam on her toast for her, a gesture that caused her to smile as though I'd performed a miracle.

"It’s so nice having a pretty ‘daughter’ waiting on me for a change. I might just get used to this," she said as she enjoyed her meal.

"Please, Mom, don’t tease me." I made a pouty face, not at all pleased with my new role. "This isn’t funny at all."

"You’re right. It isn’t funny." She looked over her coffee cup at me and smiled. "But it is fun, though."

Even though I wasn't too hungry at the time (the new girdle I wore was even tighter than the other one and I was afraid to put anything in my stomach for fear of bursting something) Mom insisted that I sit and have a cup of coffee with her while she ate. I wasn't too much of a coffee drinker, but with enough milk and sugar I put together a concoction that was palatable. I then took my seat across the table from my mother.

Mom paused for a moment and waved her fork at me as though I'd messed up something. "No. No, that wasn't right. Try it again."

"Uh, what wasn't right, Mom?"

"The way you sat in that chair. Try it again. This time, don't just plop down. Take your time and ease yourself into it. Carefully, as though you're afraid you might break something."

I stared at her for a moment and then shrugged my shoulders. "Umm, okay."

Leave it to my mother to turn sitting in a chair into a lesson on acting like a girl. I did as I was told, so I thought, and I was again criticized. This time I was told to tuck the skirt of my dress under my bottom with my free hand as I sat, to keep it from bunching up.

"That's better," my mom said, chewing her food thoughtfully. "But not good enough. Do it one more time."

As you can imagine, I repeated the act of sitting down at least a dozen times. Finally, my mother told me to remain seated and to drink my coffee.

"You can practice some later today, after you finish your chores. If you're going to wear a dress you're going to have to learn how to properly manage yourself."

As dumb as I felt, I was grateful to know that no one else could see me or would even know what I was doing. A thirteen year old boy sitting at the kitchen table, dressed like a teenage girl and sipping coffee with his mother . . . what a ridiculous sight I would have made for my friends at school or on the ball team! It was like a scene in one of those girl movies or a bad play, but with me in the title role! As quiet and calm as the world was at that moment, inside my head I could already hear the laughing and name-calling that would have gone on had my secret been exposed.

Before finishing her breakfast Mom cited to me a list of chores that she wanted done before she came home that afternoon. Most were already written down on a notepad lying on the kitchen table, but she had me add a few more while we chatted. In addition to finishing up the ironing and the laundry, she wanted me to vacuum the living room, hall and bedrooms, dust the furniture and clean all of the bathrooms.

"You might want to take off your dress when you do some of these," she suggested. "Some of the cleansers may cause spotting or stains in that fabric."

My pulse raced with hope. "Then I can put on my boy stuff?"

"No! You can not put on your boy stuff! Pay attention, unless you want another slap in the face!" Mom talked to me in a stern, careful voice, just as she would a little child. "Just slip out of your dress when you're doing something messy, then put it back on. I want the house clean . . ."

"You mean, wear just my . . . underwear . . .?"

"Yes, just your underwear! Don't interrupt! Anyway, I don't want you ruining your pretty clothes. And don't make such a face. Girls and women often run around the house in their undies. It's not a big deal . . . unless you make it that way." She gave me a careful look. "Either way, I'll hold you responsible for both how the house looks and how you look at the end of the day. And don't even think about putting on your jeans or any other pair of pants. You do and I'll know. Trust me, I will."

With each new rule I could feel my freedom slipping away, and I wondered if the rest of my summer was going to be like this.

I certainly hoped not!

After breakfast was out of the way Mom told me to come upstairs and help her get ready for work. I wasn't sure what this would entail, but I nodded and did as I was told.

"Here, sweetie, make my bed for me if you would. I want you to do this every day, along with yours and Dave's as well. Do a good job, or you'll just have to start all over again."

Mom's standards were pretty high, so I had to do it twice, of course. This was exhausting considering how I was dressed; it's hard keeping your balance on high heels when you're all bent over and trying to flatten the wrinkles out of a mattress pad. That stupid girdle was cutting into my sides and several times I had to pause just to catch my breath.

Once the bed was made I was then given a fresh nurse's uniform and told to take it off the hanger and straighten out any wrinkles and then lay it on the freshly made bed. I was also given a brush and some white polish and told to touch up her shoes. While I did this my mom took off her gown and proceeded to slip into her underthings.

I tried hard not to pay attention, but I couldn't help it. Despite her years my mother was quite elegant in the way she handled herself. It was fascinating to watch out of the corner of my eye as she slipped into her brassiere and her panties, sliding the silken garments over her skin as though it was part of a dance. Even putting on a girdle — an act of humiliation as far as I was concerned! — seemed second nature to her and the way she adorned her legs with her stockings was even more interesting to me than watching a no-hitter at the world's series. Heaven forbid, but I found myself thinking "So that's how that's done!" and "Why is that so easy for her and such a pain for me?" as I finished up polishing her shoes.

With her slip and dress in place, Mom sat at her vanity to put on her makeup. Seeing me standing there doing nothing, she smiled.

"Are my shoes ready, sweetie?" I nodded dumbly. "Here, then, why don't you slip them on my feet while I put on my face. Would you do that for your poor old mother, please?"

The next thing I knew I found myself kneeling before my mother and sliding her shoes over her nylon-clad feet. The whole scene was so surreal, like a weird dream, but I took a deep breath and managed to finish my task without embarrassing myself too badly. A couple of days before, if you'd even suggested that I'd be doing something like that I'd have said you were nuts. Now, well, it just seemed like the thing for me to do.

"Here, hold still a minute," Mom said when I was done with her shoes. I was still kneeling there before her, struggling to maintain my breath in that tight girdle. She dug around in a drawer for a moment, and then I felt something being placed on my head, something tight and sharp, clamping down on either side of my head like a spring or something.

"There, that looks nice. That hair band will keep your hair out of your face while you're doing your chores. It makes you look very stylish as well."

I looked in my mom's makeup mirror and blinked. There it was, a white plastic hair band, just like the girls at school all wore, clamped tight across the top of my dark brown hair. Mom fluffed out my bangs a bit and spit a little on her fingertip and smeared it into a stray lock over my ear. If I hadn't known it was me, well . . . I probably wouldn't have recognized myself.

Just before she left for work Mom reminded me to wake Dave up by eight o'clock so he could go swimming with his friends. I was to fix him breakfast if he wanted; otherwise I was to work on my chores.

Digging the toe of my high heel in the carpet, I took a deep breath. "Uh, Mom, before you go, you know . . . you know I'm supposed to have ball practice tonight down at the park. We're having a game this Saturday, too. I can still go, can't I?"

Mom looked down her nose at me. Her nose wrinkled like she smelled something bad.

"Baseball? This afternoon? I don't think so!"

My heart pounded. No baseball? She couldn't do this to me! She had to let me go . . . the team needed me. More importantly, I had to get out of those clothes. I didn't want to look like a nerd all summer long! I struggled in vain to contain my frustration. "Please? I mean, I am the second baseman, after all. Coach is expecting me to show up and help out, you know. I'll do an extra good job with my chores, I promise!"

My mother shook her head. She never was a big sports fan and I could tell that ball practice didn't fit into her plans for me. That was just great as far as I was concerned. I'd do anything to get out of wearing that stupid girdle!

"Please?" I smiled my most innocent smile. I couldn't even begin to imagine how ridiculous I looked.

Mom sighed and nodded reluctantly. "We'll see. You do have an obligation to your team, I guess. As long as you get your chores done, I suppose it'll be all right. But you have to pass my inspection. AND . . . you are to come straight home, understand? I'm not having you out getting into trouble again."

Shaking my head up and down frantically, I assured her I would be on my best behavior.

"Meanwhile, just make sure you stay in the house while I'm gone," she warned, shaking a firm finger in my face. "If I find out you snuck off again like you did yesterday, there will be no baseball. That, and you'll wish you weren't even born."

As the front door slammed shut I found myself wondering just exactly what it was my mom was thinking. Stay in the house? I turned and stared at the feminine figure reflected in the hall mirror. Why in the world would she think I might even consider leaving the house, I wondered. I'd be an idiot if I did! It was bad enough that I had to look at myself dressed like a girl, there was no way I was going to let anyone else see me!

I had a while before Dave got up, so I went into the living room and plopped down on the couch. I kicked off those stupid high heels and crossed my arms over my padded breasts. I might have to dress up like some fairy all day long, but that didn't mean I had to act like one!

Even though I knew I'd be playing ball that afternoon, I was still pretty upset. I pouted and fumed for almost an hour, sitting alone in the living room in my punishment clothes. There was little else I could do, considering the spot I'd found myself in. Frustrated and bored, I turned the television on to some cartoons and pretended I was on somewhere else.

Around eight I woke up Dave and offered to fix him breakfast. All he wanted was a bowl of cereal, which I told him to fix for himself. I then went down to finish cleaning the kitchen.

"Mom said you were supposed to fix my breakfast," Dave said as he came into the kitchen. The smart aleck look on his face made me want to punch him out. "Aren't you going to do it?"

"Fix your own," I snapped. "It's just cereal. You arm isn't broken . . . yet."

"Uh-uh-uh!! Mom told me to tell her if you didn't follow the rules. You're supposed to fix my breakfast and stuff, just like mom does. If you don't, she's really gonna let you have it when she gets home tonight!"

That did it! I wasn't going to take any crap from the likes of that little tattletale! I turned around and made a fist and shook it at him. My painted fingernails made it look less than threatening.

"Oh, just shut up, you little brat! Just shut up and get your own damned breakfast and go on, go swimming with your buddies. I hope you drown, you little bastard! You don't have to put up with all this stupid stuff like I do. Why don't you just shut the fuck up and leave me alone!"

Dave backed off for a second. He looked at me for a second, and then he grinned as he reached for his cereal. In spite of my blow up he decided I wasn't about to lay a finger on him. And he was right. All I needed was for him to go running to Mom with some story about how I was picking on him again. Even if he was lying through his teeth she'd find some reason to take up his side, I just knew it.

"I don't have to do what you say, 'Pamela'," Dave said in a lilting, singsong voice. "I'm not the one wearing panties and lipstick." The giggle he gave hurt worse than a slap in

the face from my mom. "You're the one who better watch out. Mom's not gonna very happy when she hears about how you're talking to me."

I resisted the temptation to punch him out and concentrated on getting him out the door instead. I had a lot of thinking to do and the sooner I was alone the better.

Dave's ride came at nine. By then it was time for my movie, so I plopped down in front of the television with a glass of milk and some cookies, and for the next couple of hours tried to forget that I was dressed like a complete dork. At one point I looked down at the glass I was drinking out of and saw that familiar pink lip print standing out against the white milk. Disgusted, I wiped my mouth clean on my arm and took another drink. No sign of pink this time. While I was at it, I pulled that dinky little hair band out of my hair, tossed it and mussed up my hair. There. That felt a lot better. Munching another cookie, I felt at least a little bit vindicated.

I was thinking about changing into my boy clothes when the phone rang. My jeans sure would feel good about now, I was thinking as I slid across the hardwood floor in my stocking feet — not a very ladylike maneuver, but what did I care? Mom won't know and I can change back before she came home from work. This might not be so bad after all!

"Yeah?" I answered the phone in a less than pleasant manner. I waited for a moment, but there was nothing on the other end of the line. "Hello? Who is this?" I raised my voice a little louder, frustrated to be taken away from my show.

"Hello? 'Pamela'? Is that you, dear? What's that I hear?" There was a moment of silence, then . . . "GREGORY PARKER!!! Do you have that television on?"

Darn it! It was my mom!!! I looked down at the cookie in my hand and my stocking feet and I suddenly felt as though I'd been caught doing something evil. I nearly tripped over the coffee table in my hurry to turn the volume down on the TV set.

"Uh, oh . . . hi, Mom. Uh, yeah, I just had it on . . .you know, for noise. It's kinda quiet in the house. You know, what with you and Dave being gone all day."

"Hmmm . . . I see. Well, turn it off. I know how you are when you're around the TV. How far along are you on your chores? You've got a lot to do today. I better not find out you've been slacking off."

I bit my lip. "Uh, I'm doing all right. I'm about done with the ironing and stuff. I still got the vacuuming and the bathrooms to do. I thought I'd do them this afternoon."

"No, they need to be done this morning. I'm coming home for lunch and I may have some errands for you to run this afternoon." There was a pause and I found myself feeling sick in my stomach. "I want everything done by the time I get home. If not, there'll be hell to pay. Do you understand me, little miss?"

"Yes, ma'am." I took a breath. "Um, can I still go to ball practice this afternoon?"

There was a pause. "We'll see. It all depends on whether you get your errands run. And remind me when I get home, we're going to have to do something about your telephone manners, too."

Home for lunch? Errands to run? What the heck was going on? I was as confused as ever as I hung up the phone. Looking down at my polka dot dress, I couldn't help but shiver. This stuff was getting out of hand!

A quick look at the clock told me that I had little more than an hour to do a day's worth of housework. Plus, I had to fix my face and hair back into some semblance of a girlish look.

And where the heck were those high heels? And my new hair band!

Stupid television!! Stupid me!!! If Mom ever found out what I was doing, I'd never even get to watch another game of baseball, much less play in one!

Before I got started I slipped out of my dress and hung it up in the kitchen; if nothing else, I knew I better look good when my mom stepped through that front door. Clad in little more than my slip, undies, heels and hose, I then went to work, finishing the ironing in record time, my previous experience proving invaluable. I did a passable job of folding the laundry and putting it away, cramming my things in my drawer to be folded when I had more time. The vacuuming I kind of skimped on, doing just enough to make it look like I'd done a good job. The dusting was a little more demanding, and I'm not even going to talk about the bathrooms. They were disgusting!

I felt so stupid running around the house in my lingerie, but there wasn't much I could do about it. I didn't dare change clothes 'cause I wasn't sure what Mom had done to spy on me; knowing her she had a secret camera stashed somewhere to make sure I didn't go against her rules. Who knew for sure? Stuck between a rock and a hard place, I did take the time to make sure all the blinds were pulled in case any of my buddies came by.

Anyway, in spite of my embarrassment and discomfort I got it all done, sort of. I somehow managed to make it look as though I'd made an attempt on my chores. Not

that it mattered. The way I figured it, she'd probably make me do it all again anyway, so why worry too much about it.

When I heard the car pull into the driveway I grabbed my dress from it hanger and ran upstairs. I was in the bathroom touching up my makeup and hair when the front door opened and I heard my mother's voice. I was sweating like a pig — a pink pig! — I was so scared. Worried that she might see something she shouldn't — Oh, gosh, did I leave the TV on or not? — I spritzed myself with a healthy dose of perfume and hurried as quickly as possible downstairs, my heels clip-clopping on the hardwood steps like a big old horse or something. The overwhelming scent of the cologne took my breath away, but I thought maybe if Mom noticed the extra effort I put into my makeup she wouldn't be so hard on me.

It wasn't until I was near the bottom of the steps that I realized she wasn't alone.

"Oh, well, there's my darling daughter now. 'Pamela', you know Mrs. Johnston, don't you? Glenda, this is my lovely 'Pamela'."

I about died! Standing there at the bottom of the steps with my mom was her friend, Mrs. Johnston. Actually, her best friend, I guess I should say. Mom and Mrs. Johnston worked together at the clinic and Mrs. Johnston had become something of an aunt to Dave and me after Dad left us. Her daughter, Rita — you know, the one who saw me at the pharmacy that first night Mom made me wear lipstick in public? —she used to baby-sit us when we were little. I guess between Mom and Rita I shouldn't have been surprised that Mrs. Johnston knew all about what I was going through.

"Well, hello there, 'Pamela'! I'm so glad to finally see you. Your mother talks about you all the time, especially this morning. I bet your ears were burning. On the way over here all she did was brag on what pretty . . . daughter . . . she has. I just had to see for myself."

Mom put her hand on my shoulder and gave me a kiss on the cheek. "See? And here you thought I never had anything good to say about you."

Mrs. Johnston took my hand and gazed into my eyes, as though she was trying to read my thoughts. "Mmm . . . you smell so good! Honestly, Marilyn, he . . . or should I say she? . . . is quite stunning! Much more so than I imagined! What a difference a bit of lipstick and a nice dress make on a cute boy. If I'd seen him out in public I'd have never known this was your Greg!"

Mom beamed to hear her friend fawning over me like that. I, on the other hand, felt a sharp pain in the pit of my stomach.

"Oh, he's a sweetie all right, some of the time. Other times, well . . . I just had to do something about his behavior. It seems that putting him in lipstick and a girdle makes all the difference in the world."

Mrs. Johnston looked me up and down as though she was sizing me up for her dinner. "You're teasing me. A girdle? Really. Now that's interesting. Now where did you come up such a wonderful idea?"

"Oh, it was Greg's originally. I found his secret little collection of fashion magazines and thought maybe he'd like to find out how the other half lives."

Our guest nodded as though she'd heard all this before. Her eyes never left mine throughout the entire conversation. "I see. So you like looking at fashion magazines, sweetie? That's so cute. How old are you, now, anyway?"

I gulped, just like in the cartoons. "Uh, thirteen. Almost fourteen."

"Almost fourteen! I swear, you look every bit of sixteen, all dolled up like that. Marilyn, you know, with the right dress and shoes, he could pass for seventeen, eighteen easily. Just look at those luscious lips and those big blue eyes . . ."

Needless to say, I was mortified to be the subject of such talk. And right there in front of me, like I didn't even exist! The good news was that Mom was so busy entertaining her friend that she just glossed over inspecting the house and praised me royally on my domestic accomplishments. I was so relieved that she didn't look in my lingerie drawer (where I'd crammed everything in my haste to finish up) that I didn't mind so much when Mrs. Johnston said I would "make someone a wonderful wife."

Before we did anything else Mom took the opportunity of Mrs. Johnston's presence to get a couple of "mother-daughter" pictures taken.

"I don't have a single one of me with my favorite daughter," she said. "This would mean so much to me."

Before we started I was sent upstairs to put on my fairy pendant and change to my red lipstick. "For the pictures," Mom explained.

When I got back my mother made a big show out of positioning my pendant carefully between the swollen mounds formed by the bra I was wearing. Talk about humiliating! I couldn't believe it as I was then led out onto the front porch and posed next to her in my

polka dot dress and high heels. A handful of shots were taken, including at least one with Mom giving me a kiss on the cheek.

"Come on, Greg; let's get one of you kissing your mom, too." Mrs. Johnston was ecstatic in her role as photographer and she wouldn't take no for an answer. The worst part was that she made sure that I smiled in each and every shot. Like I was having fun or something! Geez! With all that attention, I felt more like running away, but I knew the sooner I did as I was told the sooner it would all be over with.

When we were done Mrs. Johnston reached out and touched my earring, holding it gingerly. "Oooo, so pretty! And they're pierced, too! How neat! I'm really proud of you, Greg, you know that? Experimenting with your looks and all. Not many boys are brave enough to do something like this."

Brave? Yeah, right. I fidgeted in my dress and kept my mouth shut. It wasn't like I had much choice in the matter, was it?

After a quick lunch of tuna salad and tomatoes — which I prepared, of course! — Mom told me to get my purse and touch up my makeup. I did as I was told, blushing under the scrutiny of our guest, who watched my every move with great interest.

"Well, Greg, I am certainly impressed!" Mrs. Johnston said as I snapped shut my compact and replaced it and my lipstick and mascara in my purse. Mom then pulled out her makeup kit and dabbed at my cheeks with a bit of rouge, causing both women to giggle like children. "Or should I say 'Pamela'? You've become quite the young lady. You'd make any mother proud. Maybe you'd like to come live with me for a while? I would love having another pretty girl running around my house."

Purse in hand, Mom put her arm around my waist and laughed. "Oh, no you don't, Glenda Johnston! I've worked too hard to let her up and run off. 'Pamela' and I have a lot of catching up to do. A lot of catching up to do. Besides, you already have a daughter. You'll just have to settle for a niece instead!"

Everyone had a good laugh — except me, of course! Trapped in my mother's grasp, I just sort of stood there and felt about as stupid as you might imagine.

After waiting patiently and listening to my mom and Mrs. Johnston chatting, I started to excuse myself to go and clean up the kitchen. Instead, Mom tightened her grip around my waist and I found myself being led to the front door as though we were all leaving together. I tried to pull away as she drug me out onto the porch, but it was too late. The door was locked and we were heading for the car.

I was in a panic! "Uh, Mom, what's going on? I thought you were going back to work? I'm not going with you, am I? Please . . . I can't leave the house like this!"

"Oh, sure you can. I've got an errand for you to run while I go back to the clinic. And don't worry, you look just fine the way you are. Trust me, no one will have the slightest idea that you're a boy, will they Glenda?"

"Not a chance on earth," my 'aunt' said, watching me carefully as I slid into the back seat of my mom's car. "Not unless you tell them, of course." She smiled a crooked smile and gave me a wink that made my heart sink.

It turned out that the errand Mom had for me was pretty simple. One of her older friends, Mrs. McCuddy, was having trouble getting around on her own, and Mom wanted me to spend a couple of hours helping out around the house and make sure the old lady was taking care of herself. The fact of the matter was I'd already done this before on several occasions, you know, taking out the trash, moving things into the attic and such. The only problem was . . . well, pretty obvious, I would think.

"But I got ball practice this afternoon!" I pleaded desperately. I couldn't help tugging at the hem of my dress. "You promised!"

"Oh, don't worry; you'll have plenty of time. When you get done you can walk back home and change clothes in time for your silly practice. It's not that far, so don't give me any heartache about it, all right?" The look on my mom's face told me the matter was closed.

The next thing I knew I was dropped off in front of Mrs. McCuddy's house, left standing there in my polka dot dress and heels and holding my purse in my hands like some sort of simpering girl. My dilemma was taxing; I could either stay there, out in plain view of everyone passing by, or I could go in and face the music. Glancing down the street, I saw a group of boys approaching on bicycles. The choice was made for me.

Actually, it wasn't as bad as I thought it would be. Well, considering the circumstances, I guess. Mrs. McCuddy was a very sweet old lady and when she saw me standing at the front door her face lit up and she welcomed me into her house as though there was nothing at all wrong with the way I was dressed. It turned out that while she was expecting Marilyn Parker's son, Greg, she just naturally assumed that I was the daughter instead. I went along with the charade, telling her (with a sheepish grin) that my name was 'Pamela', and I proceeded with my chores as though it was the most natural thing in the world for me to be doing.

Please keep in mind that while I was pretending to be my mother's daughter, I was still perfectly aware of who I was and how ridiculous my situation was. For a thirteen year old boy to spend his afternoon in heels and hose and entertaining an old lady by prancing around the house like some silly French maid or something, well, it was almost more than I could endure! My face burned bright red the entire time I was there, and a funny tingling caused me to tremble all over.

By the time I was done I was uncomfortable, sweaty and worn out! In addition to taking out the trash and moving boxes of old magazines to the attic, I was asked to clean up the hall bathroom (yuck!) and put some old clothes into bags for Goodwill. As I placed the bags on the front porch for pickup, I thought ruefully that I was lucky my mom hadn't gotten the chance to go through them; no doubt she'd found this a gold mine in terms of adding to my girlish wardrobe.

I did take time to go to the toilet while I was there, a major chore considering the difficulty I had with my girdle. Like the rest of her house, Mrs. McCuddy's bathroom was as frilly and dainty as anything I could imagine. With mirrors and little statuettes and scented soaps everywhere, it was like a small curio shop than a bathroom. Sitting there in the middle of all those knickknacks, my skirt up about my waist and that stupid girdle tangled down around my knees, I started to appreciate the surreal nature of my predicament. I couldn't help but stare at the reflection of the pretty girl opposite me, and I found myself visibly shaking with excitement as I realized this was probably what girls looked like when they used the toilet.

My final chore of the day was to take Mimi, Mrs. McCuddy's toy poodle, for a walk. Needless to say, I felt faint at the prospect of dragging such a prissy little dog about the neighborhood while dressed just as silly myself, but Mrs. McCuddy insisted.

"Oh, he won't bite you, dear, I promise. I usually let him out in the back yard, but he's starting to get fat. The walk around the block will do him good. Go ahead, if you please. I'm too old and it would mean so much to me if you would."

And so, there I was, Greg Parker, soon-to-be ninth grader and little league second baseman extraordinaire, clad in my newest polka dot dress, bright red lipstick, white heels and purse, being led down the sidewalk by a hyperactive, yelping curly-haired boy poodle named "Mimi." I felt so self-conscious as I stepped out onto the pavement. I tried not to cry as I knew that would only smear my mascara; nonetheless, tears burned my eyes and I had to stop at least twice to blow my nose and repair my makeup.

As I minced down the sidewalk I wondered how far I might get before being found out. I soon found that hardly anyone gave me a second look. After coming across some young children playing in a yard and a couple of women pushing baby carriages about, I realized that Mom was probably right; as long as I acted the part, people just assumed that I was what I appeared to be, in this case a young, pretty girl walking her poodle. All I had to do was nod and smile prettily whenever I passed someone, and that was it! Easy as pie!

It was unnerving to pretend to be happy about my predicament, but I forced myself to smile in spite of my embarrassment. I had to; at one point I was so upset that the look on my face caused a lady working in her yard to ask me what was wrong. I screwed my pout into smile and shook my head, but she persisted, asking if she could do anything for me; I stammered out something about it being hot outside and the next thing I knew the worried woman was offering me a seat in the shade and a glass of iced tea. I declined, of course, saying that I had to get back.

Talk about being confused! I mean, running around in public without any pants on and with polished nails and a face with lipstick and rouge . . . what boy wouldn't be ashamed? On top of that, my adrenaline was flowing so thick, my nerves were so on edge that my entire body was tingling with electricity! My legs rubbing together in their nylon stockings and the occasional gust of wind playing havoc with my skirt was extremely distracting. My senses were so overwhelmed that I found my body having the most unladylike reaction underneath my girdle. My poor thirteen year old penis was as hard as it had ever been, and all because I was made up to look and act like such a priss! It was just downright awful! Though it was unlikely that my boyish erection would be seen through the tight girdle my mother made me put on, I was actually glad I was wearing such a puffy dress!

The worst part, though, was trying to keep Mimi's leash from tangling about my legs; more than once she almost caused me to trip, a miracle considering how much trouble I was having in my new heels.



As soon as I got Mrs. McCuddy's house in sight I felt a huge burden lift from my quivering shoulders. My relief was short-lived. It was nearly four o'clock by the time I was through with my chores and I still had to walk back to my house all by myself. I thought about calling a cab, but that would mean having to explain myself to the driver.

"No," I thought, "I just walked that stupid dog around the block; surely I can make it home without humiliating myself."

After bidding Mrs. McCuddy good day — and promising to visit again soon! — I headed off for home. The walk was about a mile, more than six blocks. I'd done it dozens, probably hundreds of times in my boy clothes; in my hose and heels, though, it seemed like a trip to the moon by comparison.

I wasn't out of sight of Mrs. McCuddy's house when I found myself being followed by some young children on bicycles. Three boys and a girl — all between eight and ten, about Dave's age — they seemed very curious about who I was and where I was going. Terrified that I might give myself away, I mostly smiled and nodded in answer to their questions, keeping my voice low whenever I needed to speak.

"Do you live near here?" was followed by "Are your Mrs. McCuddy's granddaughter" and "Do you know my mom?" I nodded and shook my head accordingly and pretended

to be in a hurry, but my new friends were persistent. Soon the conversation became more personal, taking on such topics as "Do you have a boyfriend?" and "My brother's about your age. Maybe you go to high school with him!" The little girl even asked if I'd stop and play for a while.



The questions were as embarrassing as they were funny, and I tried to ignore the worst ones, but that only caused the children to repeat them over and over again, each time louder than before. I finally gave in and started making up answers, for no other reason than to keep my entourage from attracting too much more attention.

"My name's 'Pamela' . . . no, I don't have a boyfriend." "I'm fifteen . . . no, I don't want to go out with your brother. Because, that's why!" "No, I don't go to high school here. I'm just visiting my Aunt Glenda." And so on and so forth. My answers, of course, only fueled their curiosity, and the more I talked the more they wanted me to talk. I ended up wishing I'd just kept my mouth shut.

It felt weird leading this little parade of children along the sidewalk, but I kept up my pace and vowed not to stop. That was quite an accomplishment considering how my legs and feet ached from wearing high heels all day long. In addition to their questions about who I was and where I lived, the boys shyly let me know they thought I was quite pretty. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry as I found myself the subject of such attention,

and I resigned myself to smiling and saying a simple "Thank you" with each compliment.

My biggest fear, of course, was that they would follow me all the way to the front door of my house. I was desperately trying to figure out what to do when I was suddenly told that I would have to walk the rest of the way home; it seemed that the Maple Street intersection was as far as my escorts were allowed to go. I made a pleasant show of waving good-bye, but I was never so glad to be left by myself!

The remainder of my walk went without incident. I was pretty miserable by the time I got to the house, what with the heat and my poor feet. My girdle was just as tight as ever and I couldn't wait to take it off and get into my baseball clothes. Heaven, I thought to myself, was only a few minutes away!

Or so I thought. As I click-clacked up the sidewalk and onto the front porch I suddenly had a thought.

How was I going to get in?

I couldn't believe it! After all I'd been through, after the humiliation I'd suffered, the front door was locked . . . and I didn't have a key! I was so mad — and so upset! — I couldn't help bursting into tears. I looked through my purse a dozen times and tried the back door and even tugged at a couple of windows, but it was useless. I was stuck, and there wasn't a thing I could do but sit down and cry.

Chapter 12 — An Even Stranger Evening

By the time Mom got home I was pretty much over my crying spell and more concerned about making it to ball practice in time. Mom, of course, thought nothing of the fact that I'd spent more than an hour waiting on her to show up, and she seemed more interested in hearing what happened at Mrs. McCuddy's house than she was about my being late to practice.

"That's not my concern," she said, aloof and cold. "If you want to go hang out with that bunch of rednecks and hooligans, I suppose I have to let you. You do have an obligation to the team, I suppose. I won't stop you. Now, did you do everything Mrs. McCuddy asked? I'll find out the truth when I talk to her later tonight, so don't lie to me."

After assuring her that I'd done all that had been asked of me and promising that I would fill in the details when I got back, I was released to go to ball practice. I changed clothes

in record time, doffing my dress, lingerie and heels in favor of baseball pants, t-shirt and accessories. I ran down the steps and was on my bike before my mother could stop me.

At last, I was free! YA-HOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!

I never feel more happy than that moment, heading down the street on my bike, dressed in my boy clothes, thinking boy thoughts and psyching myself up to do nothing but boy things! I know it sounds silly, but I was never so glad in my life to be wearing a pair of jockey shorts!

I still had one more obstacle to overcome. Mom wouldn't let me take off my nail polish. I guess she thought that would discourage me from going. But I outsmarted her; I still had my batting gloves and I figured hiding my painted nails would be a cinch, especially after I dragged them through the dirt a few times.

The great irony of all this is that after all of my hard work and planning, practice wasn't all it was cracked up to be. In fact, it was one of the worst days I'd ever had. First thing, Coach Wasser kept looking at me kinda funny, and I couldn't understand why he substituted in Spanky Cleveland on second and sent me to left field. Nothing ever happened in left field, and I got the feeling that the coach was mad at me for some reason or other.

The next thing that happened was that Spanky and Chris Wasser — the coach's son and our star shortstop — kept looking at me and giggling. I couldn't figure out what their problem was until I accidentally wiped my mouth on the sleeve of my t-shirt. A smear of red caught my eye, and I suddenly felt sick.

"What's the matter with you guys?" I said in my most challenging tone of voice. "See something you don't like? Try looking in a mirror!"

"What's that you're wearing, Gregor-ina?? Your momma makin' ya wear lipstick again, pretty boy?"

My stomach did a flip-flop. After all this time they still remembered about my mom sending me to school with lipstick on. I'd always thought people had forgotten about that. I wanted to go punch them out, but I decided to take a more subtle route instead.

"It ain't lipstick! It's Kool-Aid! My mom made some for me before I came here, you freaks . . ." My voice trailed off as the echo of laughter surrounded me. I wiped my mouth again, leaving a huge trail of bright red waxy stuff on my sleeve. This just wasn't working out the way I'd planned . . .

The straw that broke the camel's back came when Mikey Curtis was pitching and he hit me upside the head while I was at bat. Oh, sure, I was on my second strike and hadn't hit anything all night, but that was no excuse to bean me with the ball! Mikey was a better pitcher than that and it sure looked to me like he'd done it on purpose.

I couldn't help crying all the way home from practice that evening. My life was falling apart and I didn't know what to do. Coach Wasser and Coach Stanton had ridden me all evening about keeping my mind on the game and not picking fights with the other guys; I was furious because they didn't see how every time they turned their backs one of the other boys would pinch me or call me a fairy or something equally hurtful. Finding a "Barbie" sticker stuck on my bike after practice topped everything. Baseball was fast losing its appeal to me, and as I got closer to home I wondered if I should even try to go back.

When I entered the house Mom and Dave were sitting on the couch. Mom was reading aloud to my brother, and for the first time in a long time I found myself jealous of the attention she was showing him. I thought about how earlier in the day she'd put her arm around my waist and bragged on me to Mrs. Johnston, and I wondered if it was all right to think that was good.

Without mentioning a word about baseball, Mom ordered me upstairs. The look in her eyes told me that something was wrong . . . something deadly wrong. I gave Dave a glance. Just from the way he smiled at me — dog-gone it! — I knew I was done for.

I could feel the tears welling up in my eyes as I sauntered up the stairs. The little brat . . . he'd squealed to her about the fight we had that morning. I knew it from the grin on his face! After all I'd been through, after doing my chores and helping old Mrs. McCuddy and everything, I was still in trouble. Damn it! It just wasn't fair. I started to say something, but my mother gave me another cold stare; I did as I was told, silent and fearful of what the future might hold for me.

I went into my room and undressed. I looked at my baseball shirt for a moment and wondered if I would ever get to wear it again. I then tossed it in the hamper with the rest of my dirty clothes. I looked at the freshly laundered girdle lying on my bed and I started to cry.

Mom showed up just as I was putting on my bra. I looked about for something to cover myself, but I was out of luck. The look on her face was one of wry amusement. I found that scary.

"Well, if it isn't my son, the big man." A chill went down my spine. This wasn't going to be good, not at all. "Oh, look. He's back from his wonderful baseball practice. Did you have a good time? Well, little mister, I hope you did, because that might just very well be the last baseball practice you ever go to."

Salty tears burned my eyes as I stood nearly nude and helpless before my mom. Just from the way she was looking at me I could tell she was looking for a reason to punish me and if I wasn't careful I was about to get the beating of a lifetime. For some reason I found it hard to breathe. Between sobs I promised myself that I would do whatever it took to keep her from getting even angrier.

Too late.

SLAP! I broke out crying as I nursed my inflamed cheek. To make things even worse, my nose started running. The taste of salt on my tongue made me cringe. I felt just awful.

"I understand you and Dave had a little fight this morning? Is that true? I also understand that you said some pretty ugly things to him. Is that true, too?"

WHACK! I almost fell, but I kept my balance. I frantically nodded my head. There was no use denying it. Even if he was lying, she'd take his side.

"Yes, ma'am, that's true. I-I-I'm sorry, Mom. He j-just . . . he just kept making fun of me. I'm sorry I lost my temper, but he made me mad. I won't do it again, I promise, I won't."

My mom looked at me and blinked. The look in her eyes was almost a happy one. For a moment I thought she was about to give me a hug, but then . . .

SLAP!!!

"Did you actually tell him you hoped he'd drown? Did you? Don't lie to me; it'll just make things worse!"

I was nearly hysterical. Drowned? What's she talking about? I covered my face with my hands but my mom pulled them away. Oh, God, did I say that? I did! Oh, geezus, I did say that, didn't I? How could I be so stupid!?

SLAP!!!

Desperately, I admitted that I'd said it, pleading that I didn't mean it. I tried to tell her it was just some stupid thing guys say. That didn't make things any better. With her open hand my mother rained blows all over my nearly naked body, slapping me across the

face, on my lycra-covered bottom and my legs. With each blow she told me how evil I was, how thoughtless I was and how ashamed she was to have me for her son.

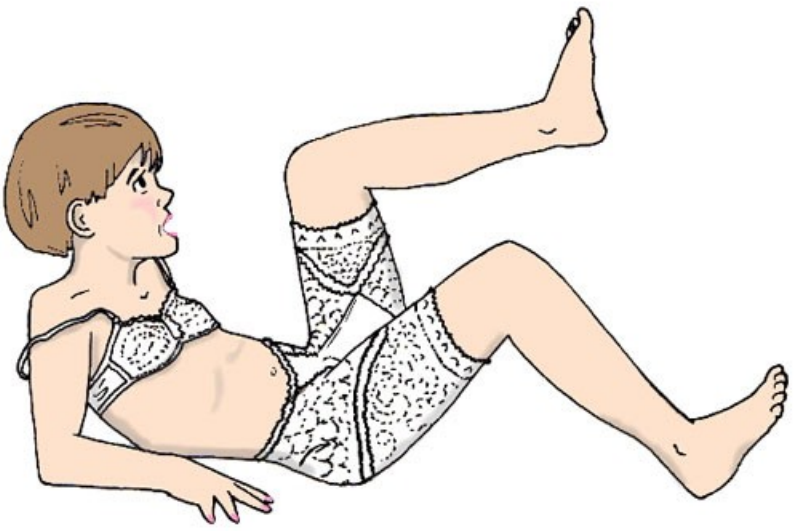
I remember wondering how much worse things might have been had I lied.

At last she paused to catch her breath, leaving me kneeling on the floor with my hands covering my face, which was hot and wet with tears and snot.

I quickly begged for mercy. I knew it was probably my only chance. "P-p-please, Mom . . . don't hit me anymore . . . please! I'm sorry, I really am! I'll do whatever you say, I promise. I'll do whatever you say! I-I-I promise!"

My mother raised one eyebrow and made a face. "Promises are cheap, and I don't think you have a very good track record. I'd like to believe you. I really would, but you're probably lying to me. Again! Want to know why I think that way? Come here, I want you to explain something to me."

Bra straps askew, my bare skin tender and stinging from being slapped all over, I watched helplessly as my mother pulled open the drawers to my dresser. The way she reached in and pulled out my new underthings and scattered them about scared me. To see the air filled with flying panties and girdles was nothing to laugh about. I knew that things were about to go from bad to worse.



"See all this? You were supposed to fold them up. I trusted you, but you lied to me. You told me you had your chores done. But you didn't, did you? You lied, and then you took off to your ball practice anyway. What else have you lied to me about? What am I supposed to believe?"

"Nothing, I . . ."

SLAP!!! The palm of her hand caught me just right and I lost my balance, falling to my knees about as fast as tears burned my eyes. I braced myself for another blow, but instead felt her getting a grip on my hair. I stood up as quick as I could to keep her from pulling it out.

"I won't tolerate your bullying your little brother and I will NOT put up with your lying, do you understand me? Especially the lying. Lying is the one thing I will not endure, from you, from your brother, from that good for nothing father of yours . . . not from anyone! Do you hear me!!!???"

Balancing on my tiptoes, I opened my eyes just in time to see a strange smile come over my mom's face. "Now, what else have you lied about? Tell me, or so help me I'll take you out in the back yard, pull your little panties down, get me a switch and whip you so hard you'll wish you were never born!"

Sobbing hysterically, I confessed how I'd goofed off that morning and spent more time watching television than working on my chores. I told my mom that I'd thought I had all day to do my housework, not just the morning, and that I meant to do them. I just didn't have enough time.

"Typical man," she said, her voice tinged with disgust as she rapped me on the head with her knuckles. "Sounds just like a man talking. Always going to put it off 'til later and then lie about it when it doesn't get done. You are most certainly your father's child all right. That's for damn sure!"

In my defense I did explain that I did everything else that day just the way she told me. I went to Mrs. McCuddy's and cleaned her bathrooms and did all of my chores, just like I was supposed to. I even told her how I walked the dog around the block, as much as it pained me to. Judging from the sparkle in her eye she believed me, even though she threatened me with another beating if she found out otherwise.

"Come with me, little man. I'm going to show you what's going to happen every time I catch you in a lie."

Padding barefoot into the bathroom, I watched with dread as Mom opened up a fresh bar of Dove soap, one of those small candy bar sized ones you take on trips. My stomach did a flip-flop as she handed it to me. It felt waxy in my hand and the scent of perfume sent a shiver through my body.

"Remember this?" I nodded. "Good. You ought to. I want you put that in your mouth. Go ahead, the whole thing. Do it, if you know what's good for you."

"But, Mom, I . . ."

SLAP!!! The blow against my face stunned me, bringing out a fresh batch of tears.

"Do you want to continue playing ball this summer? You do? Do you want me to send you to a game in lipstick and a dress? Oh, you don't? Then do as I say! Put that soap in your mouth and eat it. The whole thing. I want you to wash out every last dirty, filthy, nasty word in that mouth of yours, and then I want you to wash it again, just to make sure you got them all. Do you understand me?"

SLAP!!!

Nursing my aching cheek, I took the hint. As bad as I knew this would be, I'd rather eat an entire bar of soap that have my mother hit me again.

"You better do a good job, little mister, or I'll find some other way to make you sorry."

I was miserable and sick by the time I was through. The good news was that it was a small bar of soap and I was able to get it down fairly quickly. The bad news was I thought I was going to die, my stomach hurt so bad. It was a good thing I hadn't had supper or I might have thrown up. Between the bits of soap stuck between my teeth and the suds that found their way up my nose and my sinuses, I was nauseous to the point of gagging. Mom just stood over me and watched, her face a stone mask as I sputtered and spit into the sink.

"Keep it up, sonny boy, and you'll find yourself dealing with more than just some soap for your dinner. I've other ways to catch your attention, and I'm more than willing to use them. Now, take a bath and get ready for bed. You've a long day ahead of you tomorrow, and I want you fresh and ready to go at the crack of dawn."

I was lying in bed, nursing a gurgling stomach when Mom came to check on me. I think she was surprised to lift the sheet and see me wearing my bra and girdle. After the beating I'd gotten I'd put them back on, just in case. I didn't want any more problems between us.

"Good girl, 'Pamela'. I see you remembered my little lecture last night. Remember what I said about keeping your hands from between your legs," she warned. "If I find out that you're back to your nasty ways . . . well, it's not going to be pleasant.

Mom then handed me a glass of water and told me to take sip. The smell of Dove soap still burned my nose. While I washed away the suds in my mouth she sat on the edge of my bed and began brushing my hair, as though nothing at all was wrong or ever had been between us.

While Mom played with my hair she told me she'd talked on the phone to Mrs. McCuddy. To my relief she'd gotten a good report on "Pamela's" behavior. My mother seemed quite impressed by what she heard and she actually laughed when I told her my version of what had happened. When I said Mrs. McCuddy thought I was a real girl, she grinned from ear to ear.

"Sweetie, she may be old, but she's not stupid. She knows you're a boy. Why shouldn't she, she's known you all her life, you silly thing. She just didn't want to hurt your feelings when you showed up in that polka dot dress and your little purse. She said you were very cute."

I felt my face burn with shame. How could I be so foolish? I thought things went too smoothly. "She knew? What . . . I mean, did she wonder why I was wearing . . . a dress?"

Mom's eyes lit up. "Oh, sure. She was really curious about that. I just told her this is a little game you're playing for the summer. She said you could come over as 'Pamela' any time you wanted. In fact, she wants you to come over at least twice a week to help her with her chores."

Great. Now I had people thinking I was dressing up like a girl because I wanted to. Perfect.

"So, if she could tell I was a boy, then what about everybody else?"

My mother smiled. "Everybody else? Like who?"

I went on to tell Mom about taking Mimi for a walk around the block and how nobody seemed to pay much attention to me. She said that was probably because they didn't know me like Mrs. McCuddy did, so they just assumed I was a real girl. That made me feel a little better.

"Even if they did recognize you, well, that's just something you'd have to deal with. You're the one who got himself in this pickle, you know. You're a good liar, make up something. It shouldn't be that hard for you to explain to people why you're wearing a dress."

My mom's haphazard air about me wearing girls' clothes in public worried me. Even more bothersome, she was really curious about how I felt about it and she questioned me thoroughly on the subject. When I told her it wasn't as bad as I thought it would be, she smiled in a way that made me smile back. She kept asking about things like how I felt walking around in my new dress and how did I manage the dog's leash and my purse

and did I like fooling the people I met; I finally confessed that I had fun — well, a little bit, I guess — which was exactly what she wanted me to say all along.

"Now, see! Dressing up in sissy dresses and panties and wearing nasty old lipstick isn't so bad after all, is it? Girls can have fun, too. Pretend girls especially! Wasn't it fun to go around in disguise like that, knowing that everyone you met didn't have a clue as to who you really were? That had to be pretty exciting!"

I felt my face turning red. Mom was right, and she knew it. She knew and I knew it; as much as I hated to admit it, I'd actually enjoyed our little game, if only for a bit. But that was all it took.

There was a scary tightness under my panty girdle. I about died as I realized my erection was coming back! This was getting embarrassing, to say the least! I shrugged my shoulders and rolled over on my side to keep my mom from seeing anything that might get me in trouble.

"I guess it was fun. A little bit. Do you think I really fooled them all? It was pretty strange, the way people treated me. They acted like I was really fragile or something. Like they thought I might break if they talked too loud."

"Sounds to me like you answered your own question. They wouldn't have acted like that if they knew you were a boy, would they? I mean, how do you think they would have acted if they knew you were a boy in a dress?"

I blushed even more deeply. "Uh, I guess they'd point at me and laugh. Or at least give me a funny look."

"And that didn't happen, did it? That's because you not only looked the part, but you played the part. That's even more important, playing outthe part of the girl. Let's face it, sweetie. You make a much better girl than you do a boy. Much, much better. Ask Mrs. Johnston. She thinks I ought to keep you in dresses all the time. Too bad this is just for the summer."

Before she could go any further I suddenly excused myself and ran for the bathroom. The soap, it seemed, had run through my system, and a series of sharp spasms gave me just enough warning to keep from embarrassing myself. I remember Mom standing at the door as I sat on the toilet, moaning and groaning in agony. She said something about me being old enough to get the cramps, but I didn't pay much attention at the time. I was in too much pain.

"When you get through, sweetie, get some sleep," she said with a soft smile. "We'll talk about this some more later."

Moaning and crying quietly, I spent the remainder of the evening perched on the toilet and wondering when all this was going to come to an end.

Chapter 13 — A New Regimen

The days that followed were as rigid as they were long. Each morning I had to get out of bed before everyone else, wash up and get dressed and then get my mother up in time for her to eat and get ready for work. Since this was during summer vacation my little brother got to sleep in late every day, of course, but I was expected to fix his breakfast as well my mother's, and with no fussing, either.

It took a while for me to get used to clip-clopping around in my girdle, bra, dress and heels each day, but with all the chores I had to get done I had a lot more to worry about than what I was wearing. For instance, preparing breakfast was only a small part of my morning routine. While the coffee was percolating and the toast was browning, for instance, I'd have to iron Mom's uniform for the day and hang it on her bedroom door. Sometimes I'd have to touch up her shoes; if they were scuffed too badly this would take a long time and I'd have to be careful not to get white polish on my dress and hose.

Getting Dave out of bed sometimes meant getting into an argument with him, and I'll be darned if I didn't get yelled at by my mom every time it happened. After all I'd been through, 'Pamela' still didn't rate over my little brother, and so I learned to negotiate and cajole as part of the process, thus avoiding any unnecessary shouting matches, and in turn getting yelled at or my face slapped for being mean to my brother.

While she ate breakfast Mom always updated her list of chores and errands for me to take care of while she was at work. I learned to take careful notes as she continued to be quite unforgiving when it came to my usual boyish forgetfulness. I don't want to bore you with all the details, but if you've followed along this far you might be interested in some of the things she had me doing. A typical list would include some combination of the following:

-Clean up morning breakfast dishes, take out trash
-Sort, start laundry (at least one load per day, depending on need)
-Dust living room, dining room, Mom's bedroom; make all beds
-Vacuum carpets in all rooms

-Clean bathroom, mop bathroom floor
-Hang up laundry; iron blouses, dresses and skirts
-Bake casserole (prepared night before with Mom's help)
-Touch up makeup, fix hair; wait at front door for Mom to show up
-Set table, serve lunch
-Clean up lunch dishes, mop kitchen floor; finish ironing
-Pick up, clean my room and Dave's room (Oooooh, how I hated this one!)
-Make salad, put meatloaf in oven, fix stuffing mix, and make tea
-Pick out evening clothes (dress, heels, jewelry)
-Take bath, put on makeup, fix hair, get dressed
-Set table
-Greet Mom at front door
-Serve supper; clean up supper dishes
-Pick up dirty clothes in Mom's bedroom, put lingerie in to soak
-Spend time with Mom
-Go to bed



Of course, a typical day didn't necessarily include everything on this list, but sometimes it sure seemed like it did . . . and then some! Sometimes Mom would give me an impossible list of things — apparently in hopes that I'd mess something up and in turn earn some sort of punishment — but I always managed to get everything done. Things

were bad enough that I was determined to avoid getting into any more trouble. I felt a peculiar sense of pride each time my mother complimented me on my work and treated me such things as a bowl of chocolate ice cream just before bedtime.

"Isn't this nice, 'Pamela'?" she'd say as we'd sit in the kitchen and enjoy our desserts together. "I think we're really on to something here, don't you? I said it before and I'll say it again, I should have done this a long time ago."

As upset I was about the way my life was going, I had to admit it, chocolate ice cream tasted a heck of a lot better than Dove soap.

Mom seemed to sincerely enjoy spending time with me, and I found her at my side every moment of the day when she was home. Our afternoons and evenings usually consisted of sitting at the kitchen table and doing our nails and listening to her talk about work or her friends or her friends' friends. One of her favorite things was have me experiment with her makeup, and I have to admit that I even had a little fun trying out different colors of eye shadow and lipsticks, even if they did make me look pretty goofy.

Mom also enjoyed going through her magazines and catalogs and talking about the new fashions. She'd often suggest that we should take another shopping trip together, which I always begged against; she knew I was terrified of going out in public again in a dress and she often teased me about how much fun I'd have at the mall, trying on this or that outfit. Instead, I rarely, if ever, left the house.

I did get to watch television with my mom, but that was always some stupid musical or old black and white romance that I could have cared less about. Programs about home and garden projects were among her favorites, as were soap operas and ice skating shows. As distasteful as I found most of those programs, it was television, so I never passed up the chance to watch, no matter how boring it might be.

My weakness for television, in fact, was turned into a horrible joke when Mom started making me keep up with her daily "stories" for her. Every afternoon I had to watch a two-hour block of soap operas and then give her a detailed briefing in the evening about what was happening with each storyline. Talk about tedious!!! It took me two weeks to just figure out the characters alone. And keeping the plots straight was a nightmare! Still, Mom insisted, and each night after supper I found myself giving her a briefing about the various divorces, love triangles and pregnancies that went on, followed by an intense question and answer session to make sure I didn't miss a minute of each show.

In retrospect I suspect my mother couldn't have cared less about the soaps; she made me go through all that grief mostly out of meanness, and perhaps as her way of keeping me

from getting into any boyish mischief. Remember, this was long before the advent of video recorders and cable TV; in order for me to do all that she asked, I actually had to sit through tortuous hour after hour of melodrama and detergent commercials when I could have been sneaking out and playing ball with my friends. The fact that Mom's stories were on at the same time as my own favorites was no doubt by design, too, forcing me to miss out on all of the action adventure shows boys my age were expected to watch.

It became obvious that my mother was keeping me under her thumb to keep me from getting into too much mischief during the long summer days. It was also pretty clear that she was doing everything she could to keep me alienated from my friends; or, as she so eloquently referred to them as "those little bastards." She did let me stay on the ball team, but she never attended any of my games and in fact she often made me late because of one reason or another. She also made sure I never had time to practice pitching or batting at home, saying that she had more important things for me to do around the house. Coach Wasser made note of my tardiness and my inability to keep up with the other boys, and it wasn't long before I found myself permanently assigned to left field.

"I don't know why you even bother," Mom said when I complained about the other boys making fun of me during one particular game. I'd struck out every time I was at bat, and Coach put me on the bench for most of the innings. "It's dirty and nasty and I don't like you doing it. I think next year I'm going to get you piano lessons instead."

"But even girls play softball," I whined.

My mom considered my response for a moment, then shrugged. "Then maybe you should try out for their team instead. At least you'd have more in common with your teammates."

Mom obviously didn't have too high an opinion of the boys I hung around with that year and she was determined to make sure that I didn't spend any more time with them than necessary. If I wasn't playing ball I was confined to my "girlie clothes" as she so fondly referred to them. More than once I hid in my room, clad in whatever dress my mother had picked out for me, petrified with terror as my friends pounded away forever on the front door, hollering for me to come out and play. There was absolutely no way I was going to answer the door — if they'd seen me in my borrowed frock and girdle, I doubt that I'd have lived through the shame to write any of this for you to read.

The one good thing about being worked so hard was how quickly the days went by. Oh, sure, I'd fuss and complain and sulk when Dave would plop his butt down in front of the television or run out the door to play with his friends. Of course, I didn't have time to fret too much since Mom would be home in a few hours and there was still a floor to wax or ironing to be done. And I would do anything to avoid another scolding or a slap across the face!



Ultimately, keeping up with my chores always earned me the greatest dividends, the most valuable being my mother's approval. I grew fond of seeing her smile at me, and there were those increasingly frequent hugs and kisses that caused me to just melt. Even if it meant looking and acting like a complete nerd, I was willing to do pretty much anything she wanted if it meant keeping peace in the family.

Chapter 14 — Homework after Housework!

After those first couple of weeks my mom started making me do some really weird stuff. Uh-oh, I know what you're thinking, but it wasn't anything like that! What I'm talking

about was much more subtle yet just as effective in changing the way I thought and the way I saw the world.

On days when my workload was light — and there weren't many of those, believe me! — I was put to work studying. Yeah, that's right, studying! As if that wasn't bad enough, the really bad news is that my mother didn't have me working on stuff like math and geography. Instead, she'd hand me the latest copy of "Seventeen" or sometimes one of her women's magazines like "Glamour" or "Ladies Home Journal" and instruct me to read at least one article, sometimes three or four, depending on my workload.

"There's a lot more to these magazines than the pretty pictures," she explained. "I want you to understand that. They weren't meant for dirty little boys to jerk off to. They were meant females to learn from and to enjoy. This will be a wonderful way for you to understand what it takes for women and girls to get along in this world. Too many men take the female species for granted and that's not going to happen in this house."

I looked at the stack of magazines lying on the dining room table and blanched. A shiver ran down my spine as I tried to imagine wasting my time actually reading such drivel. I'd much rather spend time with my "Spiderman" comics.

"But, Mom, do I have to? This stuff is boring! I'm not a real girl, you know."

My mother smiled. "No, you may not be a real girl, but you certainly do look like one, and you're starting to even act like one, too. I want you to know how a girl thinks, as well. Oh, quit pouting, I don't know what your problem is. Look at it this way, sweetie. You're getting to do something none of your little ruffian friends will ever do. Just think how much fun it's going to be to learn all our girlie secrets. I bet none of your buddies have the slightest idea what it takes to make a girl happy. You're actually very lucky."

"Oh, that's just great, Mom. Lucky me." My sarcasm was pretty obvious, but my mother just smiled. She knew she'd won . . . and there wasn't a darned thing I could do about it!

Naturally, Mom always picked the articles I read, usually on something really dumb like "Rules for Summer Fashion Success" or "10 Easy Ways to a Clearer Complexion" or "Recipes for the Hot Days Ahead." It would be my responsibility to memorize as much of the information as possible and prepare to be quizzed upon her return that evening. That's where the studying came in.

Picture a thirteen year old boy in a dress, lipstick and heels, seated at the dining room table and poring carefully over the latest "Seventeen" or "Glamour," taking notes and checking facts as he would a final exam at school.



Yeah, that was me, all right. While my friends all ran around outside and rode their bikes and played baseball, I was busy learning about color coordination, moisturizers and conditioners, and how to fix a chicken dinner in half an hour.

At first my mom's quizzes were oral, conducted while she sat at the kitchen table and sipped a cup of coffee and I worked on the evening meal. If I did good, I'd get a pat on the head and a smile or sometimes one of those expensive chocolates she kept in the cupboard; if I didn't do good, my punishment might range from a scolding to a fierce slap across the face for being "lazy" and "good for nothing."

What happened next was my own fault. There's no other way to describe it. You see, in my effort to please my mother, I worked hard on my studies and went out of my way to make sure I could answer each and every question during her quizzes. I was hoping she'd realize I'd learned my lesson and could be trusted in the house alone. From there I hoped to be allowed back in my boy clothes and out on my own. Unfortunately, things backfired. Mom decided that since I was doing so well I should do additional "research" for "extra credit."

It wasn't long before I was writing essays — yeah, that's right, essays! — on ridiculous topics such as "Stockings or Pantyhose: Which is a Girl's Best Friend?" and "Why My Favorite Lipstick Color is . . ." The length of each essay varied, but none were shorter than two handwritten pages. I think the longest was ten. All I know is that my hand was often cramped from so much writing.

The first couple of assignments were literally painful for me to do. Mom insisted that each essay be written with enthusiasm as well as knowledge of the subject matter, a difficult task for a thirteen year old boy who'd rather be flying model rockets than comparing nail polish colors. Penmanship as well as writing style was graded, which made things even more difficult; elaborate curly-Q's and I's dotted with hearts became the order for the day. As a result, it took me nearly a week to get two stupid pages written about the proper way to apply lipstick. I must have written fifty pages in all, with my mother trashing each draft at the sight of the simplest mistake.

Mom handed back my latest effort, her nose up in the air as though she was disgusted. "This sounds more like you're writing instructions for painting a house than your lips. I know you're just a boy, but surely you can do better than that. You've been wearing lipstick for a long time. Think about all you've learned and try it again."

"But, Mom . . ." I tried telling her I was doing the best I could. The truth was I was just fudging, hoping that she'd give up and I wouldn't have to give in to such ridiculous talk . . . and thoughts.

My strategy failed one evening when my mother read my latest and worst draft. I'd purposely written it pretty badly, a final attempt to convince her that I wasn't going to be able to produce the kinds of thoughts she expected. She was so upset she lost her temper and slapped me silly and sent me to bed without supper. The next morning I gave in and pretended that wearing lipstick was the most fun thing in the world . . . the result was an essay that made my mother beam with pride.

Here are a couple of paragraphs from that essay. This is from a page in my mom's scrapbook, written with a fountain pen in all of the appropriate flourishes:

"The best way to put on that first coat of lipstick is for me to put my lips together and push them out like I'm getting ready to blow a kiss. I put the tip of the lipstick against my lips, right where they meet in the middle. I then press, first against the upper left lip, and draw the lipstick along, leaving a nice bright thick coat of red that outlines the kiss. I then put the tip back in the middle and do the upper right side.

"The bottom lip is done the same way. I sometimes make a pouty face by sticking out my lip way out. I then drag the lipstick back and forth several times until my lip is nice and bright with color.

"It's important to repeat each movement several times to make sure your lips are properly coated. Look closely in the mirror and touch up any uneven edges that might ruin a pretty smile!

"Blotting is lots of fun because I get to see the pretty prints my lips make. My two favorite ways of blotting are ‘the kiss’ and ‘the bite.’ The kiss is easy — just kiss the paper like you would someone you really like! To do the bite fold the paper and gently wrap your lips around it and press. Unfolded, the paper leaves a nice print that shows off your pretty mouth!"

See what I mean? Pretty disgusting stuff, huh? Can you imagine a thirteen year old second baseman writing something like that? Of course not! Some of what you just read was actually dictated to me by my mother, plus I stole some stuff from one of my fashion magazine. The rest I came up with. Of course, I had to rewrite it so many times I found myself mouthing the words with each draft and in turn adding more of my own ideas. Which, in retrospect, I’m sure was my mom’s plan all along.

The main reason I hated writing about stuff like this was I had a very real fear that I might actually start thinking that way. And guess what? I was right! The moment I gave up resisting my mother and started writing my own little essays about fashion and makeup, I started thinking that taking part in such feminine rituals wasn’t so bad after all. I even started adding little smiley faces in the hearts I drew, just for fun.

"Very good, sweetie," Mom said after reading one of the essays that would eventually find its way into her scrapbook. "If you keep this up we just might turn you into a real girl after all."

I gave her a practiced smile and nodded. Inside, I felt sick . . .

I was doomed.

Chapter 15 — Secret Games

Before I go on I have a confession to make. It's kind of embarrassing, but considering the stuff I've already told you, I guess I may as well and tell you everything.

In the course of my 'studies' there was one article in 'Seventeen' magazine that caught my attention. Well, there were several, but one for sure stood out among the rest. It was about kissing, or how to practice kissing, to be more specific. When I first read it as part of my assignment I thought it was the dumbest thing I’d ever read. But once I realized what it was saying . . . I found myself fascinated . . . not to mention aroused beyond belief.

In a nutshell, the article talked about the different ways boys and girls kissed, what was appropriate in which situation, and how to conduct yourself when presented with the chance to kiss the beau of your dreams. I wasn't at all comfortable with all that talk about kissing boys — that was just plain disgusting! — but kissing girls was something else. I soon found myself drawn in by the images of red and pink lips coming together and the little bits of intimate information such as how to tilt your head so that you didn't bump noses and what to do if you feel your partner open their mouth.

You have to understand that up until that point it never occurred to me that you might actually open your mouth when you kissed a girl. My imagination went overboard trying to create that sensation in my mind, and my life suddenly had a purpose!

The part that really caught my eye was how to practice kissing. Yes, that's right . . . in one of my 'Seventeen' magazines there was actually a brief tutorial on how girls practiced kissing! Oh, you know, like at slumber parties and such. Don't look so surprised; they publish even sillier stuff than that now, you know.

The procedure was quite simple, really. You just found a mirror, either handheld or over the bathroom sink or wherever. The first thing you did was bring your face really close to it. Then you were supposed to stare into your own eyes like you would your boyfriend's eyes and pretend to listen to him sweet talking you. And then you were supposed to move closer to the mirror, as though the two of you were coming together. As your nose touched the glass of the mirror you tilt your head slightly, press your lips against the glass . . . and give it a kiss!

Pretty stupid, huh? Well, I thought so, too. At first. Then . . . well, I was working on my essay and I started thinking about it. Like I said a minute ago, I couldn't bring myself to thinking about kissing a boy, but I was definitely interested in kissing a girl. That's what got me thinking. I looked down at the polka dot dress I wore and I realized . . . I looked like a girl . . . which meant my reflection would look like a girl!

I ran upstairs as quick as my heels would let me and I found myself staring into the bathroom mirror. Omigosh! I thought to myself. What I saw was amazing!

Although I'd seen myself in the mirror countless times before, while putting on lipstick or touching up my mascara or scrubbing my face clean, I'd never really — really! — looked at myself . . . not like this. After reading that silly magazine article I was entranced, caught up in an illusion that wouldn't let go. The wide blue eyes, the long lashes and red lips, framed by a thick crop of dark bangs . . . the very thing that haunted me suddenly became a source of excitement . . . and pleasure.



I couldn’t believe it. I was hard as a rock beneath my panties and girdle. As excited as I'd ever been in my entire young life. And it was painful, let me tell you, being constricted under all that Lycra and spandex like that. Despite my mother’s warning to the contrary, the urge — and the absolute need! — to relieve myself was overwhelming.

You wouldn’t believe how much I wanted to do it. But I was afraid. Terrified is probably a better word. If Mom even suspected that I was jerking off again, especially in my girlie clothes, there was no telling what she’d do to me! Still, as I stared into that mirror and into those deep blue eyes, I knew I had to do something. Either that, or else go crazy from the frustration!

The solution came as an accident. It turned out that I didn’t even have to do anything. The way I’d been practicing my kissing provided the answer. All I had to do while I was kissing my reflection in the mirror was to press my hips against the countertop, which put pressure on my satin and lycra-covered erection. The resulting sensation, combined with the fantasy of kissing a beautiful girl, was enough to make me tremble all over!

To make a long story short, for that first week or so following my discovery I must have spent an hour a day in the bathroom, staring at the adorable creature before me and admiring her shy, disarming demeanor. I bumped noses with her, looked deep into her half-closed eyes . . . and lightly kissed her ruby lips. Her breath was fresh and sweet and

the taste of her lipstick was sticky sweet, making me squirm as I pressed my hips against the countertop until I was faint with pleasure. Afterward I watched as we pulled apart; her face red with embarrassment and a shy smile causing her lips to pull apart, revealing a row of lipstick-stained teeth. So delicate, so coy, so feminine . . . so sexy . . .

Before Mom would come home I'd clean up the mess I made — both on the mirror and in my panties! — and ponder my little game. More often than not I'd get excited again, and pretty soon I was holding my erection in my hands, staring at my reflection and masturbating until I was worn out and aching.

Well, once the floodgates were opened — so to speak — I was back to my old habits. Only this time I wasn't masturbating just once a day; it was more like two or three times a day, depending on the chores I was given. And, of course, the clothes.

I know all this sounds gross, but if you've ever been an adolescent boy, then you know how difficult dealing with something like masturbation can be. Male hormones make things bad enough, trust me. Being a nurse as well as a mother of two boys, my mom knew that much. Now, add to that something as exciting as feminine clothing, especially feminine under garments, and you have the recipe for complete and utter chaos! I don't know what it was, but somewhere between the lipstick and the panties and the perfume, I was in a constant state of arousal. It used to be the mere thought of a girl in a pretty dress or the glimpse of her underwear was enough to send me to the bathroom for half an hour; but now the sensation of slipping into a dress and a pair of panties nearly gave me a heart attack.

If my mom suspected what was going on she never said a word. In retrospect I think she knew perfectly well what I was doing, but she deliberately chose not to say anything; I sincerely believe she wanted me to become addicted to my new wardrobe, and what better way to do it than associating ultimate pleasure with my new regimen? By keeping it forbidden and threatening to punish me at the slightest sign of giving in to my nasty, boyish tendencies, she made masturbation even more enticing, and all that much more rewarding! The between the adrenaline rush and boyish hormones, I was hooked! I just had to come up with more creative ways of not getting caught.

Eventually, of course, my little habit would prove my undoing, leading to my being trapped even tighter in my mother's grasp . . . and my new way of life.

Chapter 16 — The Facts of Life

The days passed fairly quickly and the next thing I knew the summer was half over. Mom was in an extremely good mood, the best I'd seen her in a long time. And, strangely enough, Dave and I were getting along pretty good. Everything was going great except for one thing.

I was still stuck in those stupid girls' clothes!

Oh, I mean, things could have been worse, I guess. But then again, they could have been a heck of a lot better. Sure, I'd had some fun (though I didn't dare admit it!) and I was managing to stay on my mom's good side by letting her do whatever she wanted with me. But let's face it, as far as I was concerned the entire summer was a complete waste. The baseball season was practically ruined, I never got to watch hardly any television — at least not the kind I wanted to see! — and I never got to see my friends. I mean, things were so bad, the one time my dad tried to take me on vacation he got called back to the office because of some emergency.

"Sorry, son," he said to me over the phone from his office more than a thousand miles away. "Maybe we try again later this year."

To say I was disappointed was a tragic understatement. My fourteenth birthday was coming up and I was hoping to spend it fishing and hiking with my dad, as far away from anything feminine as possible. Instead, it looked like I was going to be stuck in the house, probably doing dishes or some stupid thing. My mom didn't say anything about Dad backing out, but the look on her face said "I told you so."

Then one day something really scary happened.

Mom came home early from work with one of her 'sick headaches' and went straight to bed. With all of my chores done I puttered about the house and pretended to keep busy. Dave was out playing with his friends, so I couldn't watch television or anything. Bored out of my skull, I wandered to my room and sat at my vanity and touched up my makeup and hair, just in case anyone was in a mood to criticize my appearance; when Mom was feeling bad she was usually quick to take her frustration out on me and I'd do just about anything to avoid that!

I picked up one of the girls' magazines I'd been assigned to study and settled down to learn all about the latest back to school fashions (yuck!). A short while later I was called into my mother's room. I was surprised to find her lying on the bed in her nightgown, a wet cloth on her head.

"Here, sweetie, take this list. I want you to go to the store for me and pick up a few things. I haven't been feeling too good today, so you'll have to manage on your own. There's a prescription that needs to be filled. Just tell Rita to charge it to our account."

I started to say something, but thought the better of it. The last time I'd hesitated to do as I was told I nursed a bruised cheek for two whole days. Still, I was terrified to go out by myself as 'Pamela'. Dressed to do housework, I was clad in that horrid orange shirtwaist and my black heels, my hair clipped back over my ears. My mind worked feverishly to figure out a way from my dilemma. I had to think up a safe, but effective excuse.

I looked at my mom lying on the bed and it came to me. "Mom, I'd love to go, but I'm . . . I'm kinda feeling sick, too. Maybe I got what you got."

"Don't be ridiculous! Whoever heard of a boy having a period . . .?" My mother pulled her wash cloth from her head and looked at me for a moment. The scowl on her face sent a shiver through me, but then it softened into a warm smile. "Well, now . . . maybe you do have what I have, sweetie. You're old enough, I suppose. Is your belly hurting you at all?"

Taking my cue, I nodded. I then swallowed deeply, took a breath, and proceeded to whine softly about my 'upset stomach'.

The sympathetic smile turned to concern. Mom put her hand on my forehead, and then on my belly. I moaned and mewed like a weak kitten, hoping that she would reconsider. There was absolutely no way I was going to leave the house in that stupid orange dress!

Whimpering quietly, I said something about waiting until Dave came home. Maybe he could run Mom's errand for her. She acted as though she hadn't even heard me.

"When was the last time you went to the bathroom, sweetie?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "I dunno. A day or two ago, I guess."

"You haven't been sneaking snacks have you? Eating stuff you shouldn't?" I shook my head, giving her my innocent look. She poked and squeezed my belly carefully. "Does that hurt? Tell me the truth, now."

I made a pouty face and nodded. Anything to keep from walking to the shopping center in that stupid dress!

"Hmmm . . . tell you what. Go to my bathroom and sit on the pot. See if you can go. If not, I've got just the thing to fix you right up."

Of course, it took me five minutes to get my girdle down and by the time I did Mom showed up, sipping a cup of coffee and taking some aspirin. I felt self-conscious sitting there with my dress hiked up around my waist and my undies tangled about my knees, but she acted as though the scene was completely natural. I pretended to try to go, but couldn't, of course; even if I could I wouldn't do it in front of my mother. That would have been totally disgusting!

After sitting and listening to my mom lecture me about eating right and taking better care of my body, I finally conceded that I just couldn't go to the bathroom. I moaned a little for effect, hoping to get a little more sympathy and maybe win a reprieve from my errands.

Mom rubbed my forehead affectionately. "Poor thing. I know just how you feel. It's called having your period. That's why I had to come on home. Why don't you go undress and I'll draw you a nice bubble bath. The warm water will help your cramps. They always do for me."

Yes! I had to fight to keep from grinning. Not only didn't I have to go to the store in my girlie clothes, but I was getting out of that awful girdle, too! My mind spun with excitement. If I was lucky, maybe I'd get supper in bed!

It took me a few minutes to get everything off and put away properly, and by the time I was back in my mother's bathroom she was finished filling the tub. The room was steamy and smelled of perfume and soap. I watched with curiosity as Mom rummaged through the cabinets and started laying some things out on the counter. I wrinkled my nose when I saw a large red rubber bag with a funny looking hose attached; a really strange nozzle — long and fluted and with all sorts of holes in it, like some sort of water sprinkler — was stuck on the end of the hose. It was weirder than anything I'd ever seen before in my life. There was also an oddly shaped rubber bulb with smaller version of the odd-looking nozzle. Most alarming was the large jar of petroleum jelly and a glass thermometer.

What the heck?

For some reason I was suddenly glad I'd put on that silly housecoat she'd given me. I tied the belt tight and pulled the collar snug about my neck as I tried to figure out what all that queer paraphernalia was for.

A loud "snap" woke me from my reverie. My mother touched me on the shoulder and smiled. I was surprised to see her slipping her hands into a pair of thin rubber gloves. The kind they used down at the clinic.

Uh-oh . . .

"Before you get into the tub I want you to go and bend over the sink for a minute. I need to check something." Not sure what she meant, I went over and put my hands on the edge of the countertop. I winced as she gave my bottom a playful pinch. "No, silly goose, I mean bend all the way over."

A funny feeling came over me. With great reluctance I did as I was told, resting my arms on the counter and laying my head down like I was going to take a nap. Mom took a towel and placed it under my head like a pillow. If I wasn't so scared it would have been nice. I then felt the hem of my robe lift up, exposing my bare bottom.

What happened next was so shocking, I couldn't believe it! I thought for a moment I was in some nightmare and that any moment I would wake and find my dad standing over me and saying something like "Hey, gonna sleep the day away?"

Instead, when I opened my eyes all I saw was the reflection of my mom standing behind me . . . and those dreaded rubber gloves!

"Now try and hold still, honey. This might tickle a little bit."

The next thing I knew I felt a firm hand spread my cheeks wide apart, baring my most sacred secret body part to the world! I couldn't believe it! Why in the world would she be looking there? This was the most horrible feeling I'd ever had in my entire life!

I remember thinking "This is what I get for lying!" No doubt I would have been better off keeping my mouth shut and going on to the store, dress or no dress.

But it got worse. I heard something like a jar lid being removed . . . and then I almost ran my head through the wall as a cold, slippery finger touched that spot between my cheeks, smeared its slipperiness around a bit . . . and then pressed inward.

I gasped for air. "Oooooh, Mom . . . no! Please, not this . . ."

"Hold still, now," I was warned. "I'm checking to see if you're stopped up. Don't worry; we do this all the time down at the clinic. It'll feel funny, but some of our patients enjoy it."

Enjoy it? Not hardly! I started to stand up, but a sharp WHACK! on my bare butt reminded me who was in charge. Instead, I squirmed and whimpered as my mother explored my bottom with a professional thoroughness that left me stunned. Before she finished it felt as though she'd slid her whole hand up inside me!

"Hmmm . . . you are definitely stopped up," she said. We were waiting for the thermometer in my bottom to warm up. "Not to worry, though. I can do something about that very easily. We'll have you feeling better in no time, sweetie."

I felt my entire body shiver as the thermometer was pulled from my bottom. My temperature was normal, but that didn't mean I wasn't sick, Mom said. She insisted on 'taking care' of me, in spite of my contention that I was beginning to feel better. "This is something we needed to do anyway. 'Pamela' is going to be fourteen soon, and all girls that age have to learn to take care of their bottom ends. Don't worry. It might seem a little uncomfortable at first, but you'll feel so much better afterward. Who knows, you might even think it's fun! As much as you like playing with yourself, something like that wouldn't surprise me at all."

I shook my head. "I hate it! It hurts and I hate it!" I whined desperately.

"You can't prove that by me." Mom grinned and pointed. I looked down. It took me a second to figure out what she was showing me. And then, to my deepest disgust, I realized what was so amusing.

To my horror I realized I had a full blown erection! Talk about being ashamed!

"Looks to me at least part of you is having a pretty good time," Mom said, her voice oozing like honey. "Maybe instead of jerking off, you should have been playing with your other end, sweetie pie."

The gloating in her voice hurt me worse than any slap to the face.

With my arms still resting on the countertop, I turned my head over and watched with morbid interest as my mother filled the sink up with hot soapy water. I was amazed as she took the pink rubber bulb and dipped the nozzle in the water and squeezed. After filling the bulb she then took a rubber gloved finger and dipped it in the petroleum jelly. As she smeared the jelly on the nozzle it suddenly occurred to me what was about to happen.

Oh, God . . .no!!!

"This is called a douche," Mom explained. "Women and girls do this to keep their bottom ends clean. Of course, we do it in the front, in our vaginas. You don't have a vagina, but we can easily pretend you do. You'd be surprised what will fit up in that little hole of yours."

My bottom was spread once more and I felt something hard and slick probe that spot. I strained against letting the nozzle inside me, but it was too slippery and my mother was

too quick; she slid it in like an expert. My eyes nearly popped out of my head as the long, curved nozzle squirmed and slithered its way up inside my body. I was shocked to feel the warm sudsy water filling my bowels, and I started crying as the soap started burning my insides.

To my horror Mom repeated this process several times; I lost track of how many exactly. All I knew was that she kept sliding the nozzle in and out of my bottom, over and over again, filling that little bulb up in the sink and then filling me up until I was miserable with cramps. To make matters even more complicated, my erection was tingling as though an electric wire had touched it. All that poking around with the nozzle was making me excited, in spite of the fear I felt. Much more of this and I'd make a mess and really embarrass myself. I buried my face in my towel and prayed for a miracle.

Finally Mom stopped, saying that should be plenty to get me started. She insisted that I rest for a few minutes to let the douche do its work. While I struggled to hold in my water I watched with dreadful curiosity as she filled up that huge red rubber bag with more of the hot soapy solution and hung it from the towel rack.

At long last I was allowed to sit on the toilet and relieve myself. It was undignified and awful, but I was happy to do it, grateful that the pressure on my bottom was easing up.

"Think you can do this by yourself, sweetie?" Mom handed me the bulb syringe and grinned. I held it as though I was touching a venomous snake. "Take a good look. It's something you're going to have to learn. You're old enough, you know, and all girls have to do it eventually. Even pretend ones."

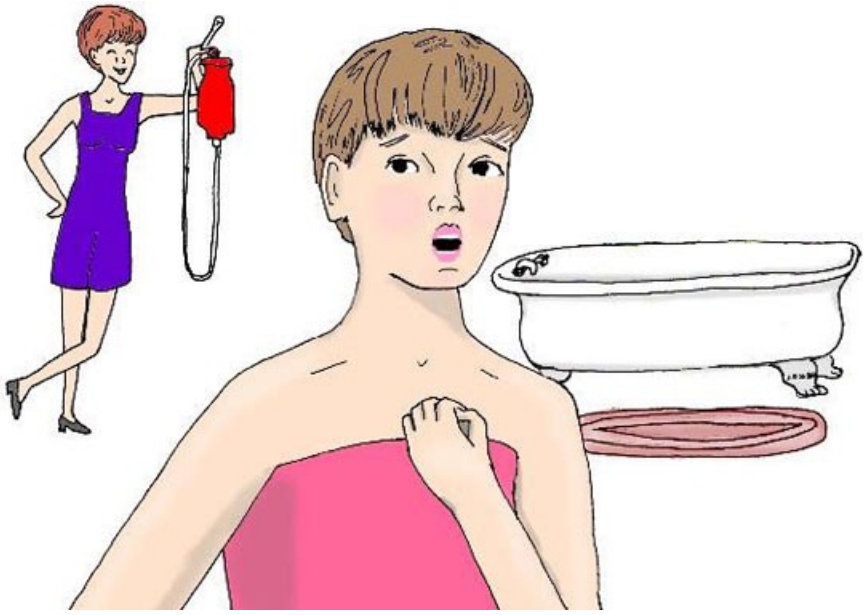
I just blushed and shook my head. I thought about how she used to make me cut my own switches before a whipping, and later made me put on my own lipstick and nail polish. It didn't satisfy her to do things to me; she wanted me to do them myself, as though it was at least partly my idea. She seemed to really enjoy that for some reason. Well, this was just going too far! There was no way I could ever do something like that to my own body!

"I . . . I don't think so, Mom. I . . . I can't."

"Oh, sure you can. Girls your age do it all the time, sometimes even younger. I started my period when I was twelve and my sister started hers when she was eleven. It all depends on how your body matures. Anyway, you'll know how to do all this stuff before you leave this bathroom today. Like an expert. I'll make sure of that." She gave me wicked smile, one of those that made my stomach churn with dread. "But you're the one who's got to do it after today. I can't keep doing everything for you, you know."

Needless to say we weren’t done. While I finished up on the toilet a towel was spread out on the floor. I was directed to kneel on it while Mom took up position on the fuzzy toilet seat lid. The look on her face frightened me; she seemed to be having an absolutely wonderful time, she was smiling so big!

"The douche was to get you started. Now you’re about to get an enema. This will really clean you out and make you feel all better. By the time I’m through with you there won’t be a dirty spot on you, inside or out!"



I whined and begged and whimpered, but it was no good. The little towel pillow I'd been using was placed before me. I was told to kneel face down on it and stick my bare bottom up in the air. Mom dipped her slippery finger in between my cheeks, taking my breath away. Her finger was forceful as it probed my shame. I felt my erection respond to her touch and I tried to think about something else. Something ugly, dull . . . boring. It didn’t work. The intrusive finger worked its way deep inside me and pressed forcefully on a secret, sensitive spot. I thought I was going to black out as my penis let go its boyish load, making a pearl-colored mess on the tile floor. The pressure kept up until I was empty, and I found myself trembling with exhaustion . . . and shame.

"M-mom . . . I . . . I’m sorry." I struggled to catch my breath, braced for the spanking I knew was coming.

That first blow never came. I looked up and saw my mother shake her head. "Funny, how those little things like to be touched from behind like that. God’s got a sense of humor, I guess. That’s why I put that towel there. Boys can be so messy when they get poked."

Huh? She's done this before? I said to myself. I wondered how many other boys she'd touched like this, but before I could go too far I felt the new nozzle pressing against my bare bottom. Long, thick and with an alarming curve to it, that fluted ivory monster was considerably larger than the first, opening me up and sliding on through as though it was a living thing. A wave of unexpected pleasure swept through my body, putting me into a frightful panic. I was shaking with fear as the little valve was opened and I felt that first blast of hot soapy water filling my bowels.

To make a long story short, I was completely drained when she was done with me. Figuratively and literally! After flushing me out repeatedly my mother did exactly as she promised; there wasn't a part of my body — inside or out! — that hadn't been poked, probed, washed, scrubbed, rinsed and polished to perfection. Beyond that, true to her word, Mom made me practice a couple of times with the little douche bulb, the whole bit, from mixing the soapy solution to injecting it in my bottom to cleaning up afterward. The whole process seemed ugly and distasteful, but she insisted that I follow through. I couldn’t believe it when my penis started tingling again!

"I want you to do this every morning for the next few days. A girl's period usually lasts about five days, depending on her metabolism. If you do this, you'll feel so much better and it'll help keep your cramps down. I'll be checking on you, so don't try and skip out of it."

"But . . . it's disgusting!" I said, my eyes burning with frustration. I thought about the sensation of having something long and slender moving around inside me like that. I didn’t dare say that I was afraid that I might like it . . . too much! Instead, I bit my lip and blurted out "I hate it!"

Mom smiled. "I know, sweetie, but you have to do it. I've been trying to tell you, all along. There is so much more to being a girl than you think. Boys think girls are all so pretty and fragile and everything. They think being a girl means being a helpless little sissy or whatever. Well, let me tell you, we girls have to do a lot of things that would scare the pants off most men."

Didn't I know it!

After my bath Mom had me sit on the edge of her bed and she held me in her arms like I was her baby. While I whimpered and pouted, she got out a couple of bottles of lotion, poured a generous dollop of each in her hands and smeared the sticky concoction all over my nude body. After all I'd been through it was hard for me to put up more than token resistance.

"Mom . . . please, don't . . ." was about the limit of my indignation. My mother just smiled and continued with the ritual, moving from lotion to talcum powder. To my dismay, she brandished the huge feathery puff like a weapon of some sort, and nary a nook or cranny of my body was left untouched. I felt so weird, all sticky from the lotion and the fragrant powder tickling my nose. By the time she was done I was shivering and reeking of a smell that obliterated the last vestige of my masculinity.

Coated with lotion and baby powder and otherwise feeling completely miserable, I lay down next to my mom and quietly cried. She rubbed my empty belly and comforted me and told me how happy she was with me. I'd just taken my first real steps to being a woman, I was informed, and I'd passed with flying colors. Gee, that's wonderful, I thought sarcastically. What's next? Changing my birth certificate?

Despite my hard feelings, my mom seemed sincerely proud of what we'd just done, as though we'd shared something really special. I had absolutely no idea what she was talking about. As I laid there and thought about how humiliated I felt, Mom went on to explain that this was her 'time of the month' and that's why she came home early. Sometimes women got sick, either with bad headaches or between their legs or in their bellies, sometimes in other places as well. That was what happened to her that day, only she'd run out of her medicine.

She went on to tell me all about menstruation and the things that went with it. I found myself blushing bright red when she reminded me that girls usually had their first periods when they were my age and even younger. I about died as she went into great detail — as though I really was her daughter — telling me about tampons and pads and stuff and how women and girls used them. I tried not to listen too much to what she was saying, but she figured out what was going on she smacked me on the bottom and told me to pay attention.

"I'm going to be asking you some questions in a few minutes and if you haven't been listening I'm going to get out my belt. Understand me?"

As a result, I was told to imagine what it would be like to go through the things she described, especially the part about wearing tampons! Talk about sick! Who in the world thought up something like that??!!! The thought of it was too much for my boyish brain, and my mom laughed when I told her so. Having my bottom poked and washed was bad enough; I couldn't imagine having to walk around all day with something stuck up in there!

Mom was tickled to hear my opinion, and she gave me a wicked smile in return. "Oh, if you think that's bad, then think about what it would be like to go to bed with another boy . . . or a man. If you think having that little bitty douche nozzle up in your bottom was uncomfortable, try to imagine what it's like to have somebody's penis inside you."

"Mom, no!" I protested. I couldn't believe she was saying stuff to me like this! "Can't we talk about something else?"

"Hush up, 'Pamela'!" she commanded. "We're just saying 'what if', that's all. Don't be such a prude. Just listen. As I was saying, a man's penis can be quite large, large enough to make the first few times agony for some poor girls. That's why brides are so nervous on their wedding nights. In fact," she said dramatically, "it's not uncommon for their bottom ends to bleed first time or two."

I'd never thought about things in those terms and just the mere thought of any of those things happening to me was enough to make me tremble. To have something like a penis up my bottom, and for it to be so big it would make me bleed? The thought stuck in my mind like a bad dream. "I . . . I'd never go to bed with a man," I said, making a solemn vow. "Or a boy, either. That's nasty!"

My mother laughed. "That's what a lot of girls your age say, sweetie. But it keeps on happening, and so do the babies and everything else that comes with them. You just keep thinking like that and, well then, we'll see what you end up doing. You're still young. Never say never."

I tried to imagine what she was talking about, but it was just too horrible. To have a man or boy touch me like that? Something as ugly as a penis . . . inside my bottom??!! It was just awful to even think about! I felt sick to my stomach.

While I worried about losing my virginity, Mom kept lecturing. By the time I came out of my trance, the conversation had shifted to the consequences of having sex. Which, I soon discovered, was even worse than I imagined.

"Sex isn't the worst part, sweetie. Believe it or not, you get used to that. There are worse things to worry about."

I shifted uncomfortably and winced. "I can't imagine!"

Mom gave my bottom a playful slap. "Hush, 'Pamela'. This is important. Now, let's just pretend you did get married and you went to bed with your brand new husband."

I made a 'yuck' sound and she giggled for a moment, just like a school girl.

"It could happen, sweetie. Stranger things do. Anyway, after he puts his penis in you and you have sex and all that, then you have to worry about getting pregnant. Of course, that would probably be a miracle since you're a boy, but just think for a moment. If you were pregnant, your belly would grow until none of your clothes would fit. Then, after nine months of carrying it around, imagine having a ten pound baby passing through that precious little hole of yours? Oh, say about the size of a small melon? You think a penis would be uncomfortable? No, sweetie . . . having children is uncomfortable! Believe me, I know that from painful experience."

It took a second for me to realize I'd stopped breathing. After what I'd just been through in the bathroom, the thought of a baby passing through my poor bottom was . . . well, unthinkable!

"I . . . I'd die," I whispered.

Mom hugged me. "No, you wouldn't, honey. It happens all the time, to girls and women all over the world. That's why moms are so protective over their children. We go through a lot of agony to have our babies and we want our pain to be worthwhile. That's why I'm so hard on you. I want you to be a good person, not turn out like some pervert or criminal. I didn't go through the pain of childbirth for you to end up like that."

The conversation trailed off from there. While Mom dozed I lay there trying to imagine going through all the things she told me. A lot of it made sense. Most of it was scary. No, that’s not true — all of it was scary! No wonder girls are so screwy, I thought. No wonder they get so upset and crazy. If I had to worry about the things they worry about, I'd be a nervous wreck, too!

The rhythm of my mother's breathing calmed me down somewhat. I tried to go to sleep, but it wasn't easy. My bottom tingled as I dwelled on the images in my mind. It was as though I'd been given access to a treasure trove of secrets in some dark, veiled society. As frightened as I was, I was equally fascinated. I was also relieved. As I slipped away, I remember thinking I'm sure glad I'm not a girl for real!

After a short nap Mom woke me and asked if I felt good enough to go to the store. She was feeling worse and needed her medicine. I hesitated, but when she suggested that maybe another session with the douche bag would help, I changed my mind. Getting out of the house suddenly became my main goal in life, even if it meant parading around the neighborhood like some sort of stupid fairy!

I went to my room and put on the clothes my mother laid out for me. The orange dress was in the hamper, but what took its place wasn't much better — a short white puffy

sundress trimmed with yellow flowers, my "favorite" white heels, the prerequisite panties and brassiere. Instead of hose there was a pair of knee high socks that matched the dress. To my relief there was no girdle of any sort in sight.

The dress fit me snug about the bodice, emphasizing my chubby breasts encased in the padded bra. The skirt flared out from the high waist, stiffened by some netting sewn within, forcing the hem to stand out well above my knees. Without a girdle the effect was to make me feel like I was practically naked from the waist down; after all I'd just gone through, that wasn't such a pleasant feeling, let me tell you!

When I was ready I went to tell Mom. I hoped she'd change her mind about making me go, but she didn't. Instead, she smiled at me from where she lay on the bed and told me I looked very pretty. I looked in the mirror just before leaving the house. I disagreed. I thought I looked like a complete dork!

"One more thing, sweetie, I want you to go into my bathroom and look in the cabinet. There's a box of pads there."

"Pads? What kind of pads, Mom?" Hey, remember, I was just a thirteen year old boy. I didn't have the slightest idea what she was talking about.

My mother smiled. "Feminine pads, honey. You know, sanitary napkins, like the ones I told you about? Get one out and put it in your panties. Under your bottom, sweetie. You don't want to have an accident in your pretty dress, do you?"

It took me a few minutes, but I figured it all out. Weird thing, it kinda made sense, too. My stomach was still gurgling some, and I'd been to the bathroom a couple of times to 'pee' out the rest of all that soapy water. With just a pair of silk panties on, they seemed like just the thing, just like Mom said.

So that's what they're for! I felt dumber than a stump as I read the label on the box. Man, being a girl is a pain in the butt! I thought ruefully.

I took a deep breath as I opened the front door. Then I sighed. It was no picnic as I stepped out into the bright sun and looked up and down the street. If anyone recognized me dressed like a priss . . . well, the consequences were just too horrible to imagine.

Fortunately, I'd grown a little wiser in my old age and in addition to my purse, I'd gathered a couple of other accessories chosen for their value as part of my disguise rather than fashion. A pair of sunglasses and a white sunhat were donned before going out the door, and I added a bright yellow scarf around my neck as well. I had to be careful not to get the scarf tangled in my hoop earrings. I'd seen Mom with similar

accessories on many occasions and I thought between those three things there was little chance anyone would suspect that I was really me; I hoped they'd forget all about 'Greg Parker' and see an anonymous girl instead.

The walk to the shopping center took about twenty minutes. It wasn't the most comfortable walk I'd taken, thanks to my high heels and that stupid sanitary napkin stuck up against my bottom. I had to fight the urge to reach under my skirt and adjust where the pad was tugging against those skimpy panties I wore; I worried constantly that it was either going to fall out or that my panties would fall down or some other horrendous accident would happen. I made sure to take careful, deliberate steps, just in case. The effort was wearing me out, but the adrenaline flowing through me was enough to keep me going, barely.

I was fortunate in that the only people I met along the way were a few mothers taking their afternoon walk with their children. Most of the kids I saw were little ones, playing in their front yards, too busy to pay me any mind. I guess I looked too grown up to be bothered with. That was what I was hoping. Each time I did pass someone I smiled and nodded, holding my breath inside, fearful that at any moment someone would point a finger and say "I know you!" Even when I passed Mrs. Henderson, the young lady who moved in next door with her little boy Timothy and her husband Robert, I managed to keep up my charade and we parted company with little more than a "Good afternoon."

As smoothly as my walk went, inside the store was another matter. The list I was given shocked me as much as it did confuse me. Most of the things I had no trouble with, like headache medicine and lipstick. But tampons? Maxi-pads? Douche kits? What the heck? After what I'd just been through I knew all about what these things were for, that was for sure. Nevertheless, the idea of having to actually buy them, much less pick out the right ones, was something that I was not looking forward to!

After spending the longest time trying to decipher the packages and make the right decision, I was about to give up and go home. Mom wasn't going to be happy, but what could I do? Then I found an unlikely ally to help me out. Rita Johnston, of all people, appeared at my side, her face shining with glee to see me standing there looking like a complete idiot.

"Greg? Greg Parker? Oh, gosh, that is you! In a dress, yet! I can't believe it. I mean, I guess I should, I suppose. Are you still playing that crazy dress-up game? I just wasn't expecting to see you like this. Is your mom with you?" She looked around and seemed

puzzled that I was alone. "She's not here? Well, what in the world are you doing out on your own dressed up like some sissy girl? What's up with all that, anyway?"

My face was hot and I felt kinda dizzy. "It's just a stupid game she likes me to play. My mom, I mean. She isn't feeling too good and I . . . uh, I had to run an errand for her. She sent me to the store to get some stuff for her." I was surprised that I managed to stammer through my lame explanation without actually hurting myself.

Rita stared at me for a moment. She then looked me up and down. "You walked here all by yourself? Dressed like that? You nut! You're either crazy or you're a lot braver than I thought. I'm impressed! Really, I am!"

I blinked. For a moment I thought she was kidding. But then I realized she was being serious, maybe. "Really? You're impressed? You . . . you don't think this is dumb?"

She grinned and nodded. "Oh, yeah, it's dumb all right, absolutely. It is one of the silliest things I've ever seen in my life. You're taking an awful risk. But you know, I don't know of any other boy who could pull it off. This is so neat! You're sure you're just thirteen? You look a lot older in that dress and those shoes."

I blushed. "I do? Well, I'll be fourteen this weekend. How old do I look?"

My friend looked at me carefully and then winked. "Oh, maybe sixteen, fifteen for sure. Oh, my goodness . . . you're barely a teenager. Already you look like that? With pierced ears, yet. Gosh, what in the world is your mother going to do with you when you get older . . .?"

I started to ask her what she meant, but thought the better of it. We were drawing a lot of stares as it was and I didn't want any more problems.

If Rita thought it was funny that I was wearing a dress, she considered it hilarious when she discovered I was buying such intimately feminine paraphernalia. Between helping me choose the right size tampons and showing me the various hot water bottles to choose from, she grinned like a Cheshire cat. Occasionally she would make some remark about "a boy as pretty as you" this or "a cute boy like you" that . . . which only added to my shame factor.

At the checkout lane my new friend made a big show out of ringing up my purchases, naming off each item in a voice so loud as to be heard by all of the other cashiers. Giving me a mischievous wink, she rubbed it in good, acting as though I was her favorite customer.

"Now, if these tampons are the wrong size and you need to return them, Miss Parker, please feel free. The same goes for your panty-liners and pads. I hope you enjoy your lipsticks and mascara. Your business is important to us and we want you to be happy with your purchases. Bye, Miss Parker! And, please, tell your mom I said hello!"



Blushing brilliantly, I managed to gather up my purchases and mince out of the store without making a scene. Pretty good, considering that I wanted to kick off my high heels and run away as fast as I could!

I was furious as I clip-clopped my way home. Rita was right. This was insane, me running around the neighborhood dressed like some teenage girl, buying makeup and feminine hygiene products and junk! I was a boy, doggone it! I should be at the arcade or playing football or riding my bike! Not worrying about tripping in a pair of high heels or how my lipstick looked!

The ironic thing was, of course, that the madder I got, the sillier I probably looked. There I was, in my puffy little dress, clacking my heels along the sidewalk, my purse in one hand and a pink shopping bag in the other. I was so angry I even forgot to put on my sunglasses, a fact that struck me when I bumped into Mrs. Henderson, who just happened to be standing in her yard as I approached my house.

I thought about going on down the street and coming back later, but where would I go? I could try sneaking about to the back yard, but not in those heels! Sighing a sigh of

despair, I swallowed my pride and turned into the path leading up to the front porch of our house. "Maybe," I thought, "she won't pay any attention to me . . ."

"Hi, Greg! Nice outfit!" I stopped in my tracks and turned. Mrs. Henderson waved and smiled as though seeing her neighbor's thirteen year old son running around in hose and lipstick was the most natural thing in the world. I was so shocked all I could do was croak out a hoarse "Thanks."

Mom was waiting for me in her room, the lights low and her head still covered with a wet cloth. I gave her the medicine I bought and fetched her a glass of water. I thought about it while she took her pills and went and got a fresh cloth for her head. The smile on her face made everything worthwhile.

"Here, sweetie, take two of these," she said when I got back. She handed me a pair of salmon colored pills. "Dr. Richardson down at the clinic gave me a prescription of these for you. I want you to take them every morning, all right? They'll make you a little sick for a couple of days, but then you'll feel a lot better."

Nodding, I did as I was told, sipping from the same glass my mom used to take her pills. When I was done she had the strangest smile on her face. Like she knew something I didn't. I would have screamed with horror had I known the truth.

I started to put away the rest of my purchases in the cabinet in my mom's bathroom. I remember seeing at least two more large rubber bags with hoses attached already in there, and I tried to imagine what in the world she needed so many for. It turned out they weren't all for her.

"Here, sweetie, take these and put them in your bathroom." Mom handed me the sack of feminine hygiene items I'd purchased at the drugstore. I felt a chill run through my body. "Those are for you to use. Remember, now, if you run out of anything you'll have to remember to put them on the grocery list. I can't do everything for you, you know."

My hands trembled as I arranged everything neatly in the cabinet under the sink. My bathroom was already looking like a girl's room, what with all the lipsticks and lotions and makeup scattered about on the counter and shelves. The boxes of tampons, pads and douche supplies made it official.

It was a couple of hours later that my mom came downstairs and sat down on the couch next to me. She looked at the magazine I was reading — I'd finished my fashion essay and was reading an article about girls who had 'boy trouble' — smiled, and then kissed me on the side of the mouth.

"You know, sweetie . . . we might not get along perfectly all the time, and you probably hate me for treating you the way I do . . . but it’s times like this that makes it all worthwhile." She squeezed my hand and kissed me again. "Thanks for getting my medicine for me. I’m feeling a whole lot better, thanks to my little angel of mercy."

I shifted about and smiled a weak smile. "Uh, nah . . . that’s all right. It was kinda fun, I guess. Rita was there. She helped me get your stuff for you."

"That’s nice. She’s a good girl. I know she likes you, all right. Did you know that?"

No, I didn't know that. Mom went on about Rita and what a great daughter she was and how wonderfully she and Mrs. Johnston got along. I swear, I thought if I heard the name 'Rita' one more time I'd scream.

The next few days were strange. Just as she said, the pills she gave me caused me some nausea, and I didn't have much appetite for a while. I spent a lot of time with a heating pad on my stomach, languishing about like a menstruating teen girl. I even cried some, which was weird. I never cried, well, not until recently. It was like I was going through some strange change or something.



Under my mom’s careful scrutiny, I also followed up on my new hygiene routine to the letter, for the next five days straight. As much as I hated to do it, I imitated everything she taught me about douching and enemas, cleansing myself in a manner that most boys would find as shocking as it was degrading. While I knew girls were different, I never, ever knew that boys’ bodies could be touched that way. Who would have known?

This was even more confusing considering my continued erections. All I had to do was just think about douching and I’d get so excited I’d mess my undies. I thought for sure that my mom would fuss, but she said it wasn’t my fault. As long she thought I wasn’t jacking off, she didn’t seem to care. Maybe she knew, but wasn't saying anything. Regardless, she just gave me some pads and panty-liners to keep me from ruining my girlish underthings.

"I told you it wasn’t so bad, didn’t I?" she teased me one day. I’d just finished my morning enema and was stepping into my bubble bath. "After all that crying and fussing. And here you are, carrying on like a high school girl. Didn’t I tell you it would be fun?"

And to be honest, she was right. It took me a while, but I actually started looking forward to my sessions in the bathroom, almost as much as I used to enjoy playing with myself the old-fashioned way. My only fear was that my mom might figure out just how much fun I was having.

Then again, she probably already knew!

Chapter 17 — The Birthday Girl!

That Saturday I was allowed to sleep in late. When I finally did get up Mom sent me to the bathroom to cleanse myself and take a bath.

"Today's a special day, sweetie," she said cheerfully. "I want you feeling and looking your best. I laid out your stuff for you. Including some tampons. You're fourteen today, old enough to try one. I don't want to hear any argument. It's not that hard. Just douche and then sit down and read the instructions and try it. If you need help I'll come in and give you a hand."

Following my mother's orders to the letter, I douched until my bottom was "sparkling clean," as she liked to say. It wasn't nearly as bad as that first time, and I'll tell you now that I had a smile on my face the entire time I was doing it. It actually was more fun than jerking off (well, I couldn't help it . . . it was!!!) and I probably poked the nozzle around

inside my bottom a lot longer than I needed. Of course, I would have died before letting my mother know how much I'd grown to like playing with myself like that.

While I was sitting on the toilet I did as I was told and read the little booklet that came in the tampon box. To say that I was shocked is an understatement! After all I'd just experienced you'd have thought I'd have been prepared, but after reading about how everything worked and looking at the diagrams, I was speechless. It was weird enough to be washing my bottom like a girl, but . . . well, to be wearing a wad of cotton up there . . . all the time? My god, for a fourteen year old boy who was more at home building model tanks and reading comic books, that was unthinkable!

I remember looking in the mirror, eyes red with tears and hands trembling with fear. "When is this going to stop?" I thought to myself. It was like a nightmare that had absolutely no end in sight!
I about jumped out of my skin when a harsh knock announced my mother's arrival. She stood looking at me moment, glanced at the little booklet and smiled. "Not done yet? Better get to it. We've got a big day ahead of you today."

I gave my most pitiful (and sincere!) pouty look. "Do I . . . Oh, Mom . . . do I have to?" I nodded at the little pink and white paper packet in my hand.

"Yes, you have to. If you don't, I'll do it for you. But I'm sure you don't want that." The look on her face reinforced what she was saying.

"But," I swallowed anxiously and took a deep breath, "It's going to hurt."

Mom shrugged her shoulders. "It's not going to hurt any worse than if I have to whip your bare bottom. Don't be such a baby. Girls your age and younger use tampons all the time. I don't know what you're making such a big deal about it for."

I paused for a moment, and thought seriously about saying "No!" But sitting on a toilet in your birthday suit isn't exactly a position from which hold a debate. I nodded and tore open the little packet . . .

I won't bore you with the gory details, but suffice it to say that it took me quite a while to get it right. It just took a little petroleum jelly and a lot of patience. Those stupid tampons are so hard to hold on to with slippery fingers, but I finally got it in; I knew my mom wouldn't let me go otherwise.

Sure enough, when I was done she insisted on checking me, and I remember blushing like crazy as she made me bend over and then tugged on the little string drooping

between my cheeks. The only words she said to me were "Good job, sweetie-pie," but the look on her face was one of complete and utter triumph.

I do have a confession to make before going further. As much as I may have hated my predicament — and myself, for getting into such a mess — it, uh, really wasn't all that bad. As a matter of fact, it . . . uh, well, it felt kinda nice. I mean, I suppose I should have been screaming bloody murder, but by the time I was done I was feeling giddy and silly.

Well, I couldn't help it . . . it tickled!

So anyway, after my bath and toilet I slipped into my outfit for the day, bra and panty girdle, knee socks and flats, a skimpy little flowered midriff top and my pink pleated mini-skirt. I then made up my face with the usual mascara, lipstick and rouge, taking time to put my hair up in twin ponytails just for the heck of it. I looked in the mirror when I was done. My hoop earrings dangled conspicuously on either side of my head, and I giggled as I turned my head from side to side, making them swing outward. I used to hate the way that felt and looked. For some reason now, though, it seemed like fun.

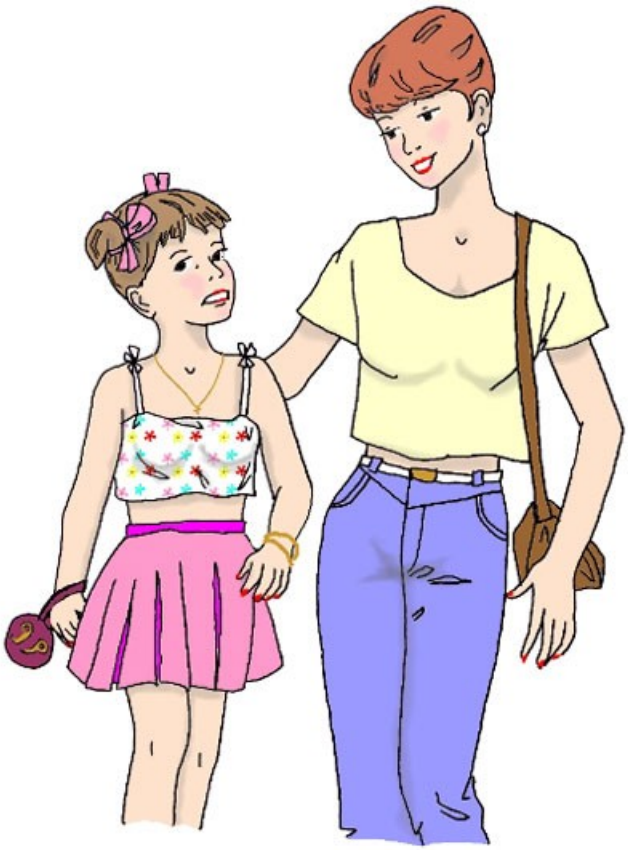
Hey, don't blame me . . . I was bored!

When I came downstairs I found a leisurely lunch already laid out, after which Mom sat down with me at the kitchen table and chatted while I worked on my nails. I'd hoped that maybe I'd get to spend my birthday as "Greg," but as I carefully painted my nails bright red I figured that was a lost cause.

When I was done Mom sent me to fetch my purse and told me we were going out. I looked at her for a moment and started to protest. The short top and skirt set I wore was enough to make any girl blush, much less an adolescent boy. The idea of going out in it scared me to death. Still, I didn't say anything; after all I'd been through that week I realized it didn't matter who saw me dressed like a goof. I'd just as well give up and try to enjoy myself. It wasn't like I could do anything about it.

The ride in my mom's car was short and sweet, though I did get a little uncomfortable sitting with that stupid tampon irritating my bottom like that. At one point Mom asked "do you have ants in your pants, sweetie?" I was squirming so much. I just shrugged and said something about being restless.

Imagine my shock as we finally pulled into the parking lot of the salon where my mother got her hair done. Then imagine my expression when I was told to get out of the car and follow her inside. It was a long walk from the car to the front door.



Inside the salon I was introduced to Phyllis, my mother's stylist, and a couple of the girls who worked for her.

"And so this is Gregory?" Phyllis took my face between her hands and gave me a careful look. "I understand your mom is trying to help you satisfy your curiosity about girls, is that right? Well, it sure looks like you have a great head start, sweetie. Did you do your makeup yourself?" I nodded sheepishly, causing one of the other girls to giggle.

"Wow!" enthused the assistant. "And you're a boy? I sure wouldn't have thought so. That outfit is so cute on you. Look, he's even wearing nail polish!"

I remember hearing everyone laugh as I stared down at my hands; with no pockets in my skirt there was no place to hide them and I found myself picking at the trim along the hem.

I don't remember much about what happened there except to say that by the time I left I was proudly sporting a new haircut. Funny, it seemed like Phyllis cut almost all of my hair off, judging from all that fell before my eyes and that covered the floor; but when I looked in the mirror it actually looked like my hair was longer. I know now it was because she'd completely reshaped the silhouette, giving me a sharp pageboy look reaching just past my ears.

The torturess/beautician seemed to be really enjoying herself; she even gave me a quick lesson on the use of hot rollers "for a more girlish look."

"Oh, how darling," Mom said as my hair was brushed out and teased into shape.

The crowning glory, of course, was the severe set of bangs that brushed my eyes. Like the earrings that dangled and tickled the side of my face, the constant flutter of my dark lashes against the tips of my bangs were a sore reminder that I'd somehow lost control over who — and what — I was.

Phyllis topped it all off with a pair of yellow plastic barrettes, which she clipped on either side of my head. Great, I thought to myself. Now I really do look like a girl!

"Now that's perfect," my mother said as I was presented to her. "It's funny what a little haircut will do for your appearance, not to mention your attitude."

"Maybe next time we'll give him a real perm," Phyllis suggested. "That is, if he hasn't outgrown this phase he's going through.

Mom glanced at me and winked. "Oh, I doubt this is something he'll outgrow. I know he's acting kind of shy, but he's really excited about the way he looks. I think we're going to stick to this little game all summer, so we'll probably be back for a new look. You know how kids are."

Back at the house I found myself wrapped in that goofy apron, which, coupled with my hairstyle, made me look like a total idiot. My new look, of course, delighted my mother to no end. She was so thrilled with my new hairstyle, she was talking about taking me shopping for new clothes and maybe even getting a mother-daughter outfit for us to wear when we went out!

Not that I had much time to worry about my future; I was kept busy for nearly two hours running around the kitchen and dining room like the hired help, cleaning vegetables, mixing batter and setting the table. Between my tampon tickling my bottom and the smell of perfume and the aroma of cooking food and my new bangs constantly brushing against my eyes, I felt as though I was walking around in someone else's shoes . . . which I guess I was, come to think of it. Even after all I'd been through, this was still an alien environment to me, surrounding me with so many unfamiliar sensations and feelings. This wasn't part of who I was or who I was supposed to be. Not at all what a boy was like, right?

Some birthday . . . I wondered what my dad would think if he could see me right then; the image that came to mind made me cry . . .

As soon as the chicken was in oven I was sent to my room to get change clothes. "Put on what I laid out for you," my mother instructed. "Oh, and change your tampon. You need to do that every four or five hours, honey. If you need any help give me a yell. You should be able to manage by yourself, though."

My heart was in my throat when I saw what was waiting for me when I entered my bedroom. Lying across my bed was a brand new party dress! I couldn't believe it! I remember thinking "Where in the world did this come from?" Mom must have bought this when I wasn't looking. My stomach dropped as I realized it was the slinkiest, frilliest thing I'd ever seen in my life. Coral pink with a wide, full skirt and a lace bodice and spaghetti thin shoulder straps, it sure wasn't the kind of thing any of my teammates would be wearing to the tournament that season.



Accompanying my new dress was a fresh bra, panties, long-legged girdle and sheer hose. There was also a slip. On the floor was a pair of pink sequined three-inch heels. What in the world? The entire ensemble lay there ominously, looking as though they belonged to someone — anyone! — else but me. Surely I wasn't expected to wear such a ridiculous-looking outfit to my birthday supper . . .

After staring at it for a while I shrugged my shoulders and gave in. What the heck, I thought to myself. I look dumb enough as it is, what do I care if I look any more stupid? Maybe if I can just get through this night, things will be better tomorrow.

It took me almost half an hour to change, most of that spent struggling to get out of my girdle, which I still thought was much too small for me. Of course, getting into the new

one was a fight, too; it seemed even tighter than the one I just got out of! In between I changed out my tampon — yuck! — and by the time I finished I was exhausted.

The dress was as difficult to manage as it looked. I hated it. It had to be buttoned up the back, which I could barely do without dislocating my shoulder, plus it was very snug, around my chest as well as about waist. As you might suspect, it wasn't all that easy to get into.

The puffy slip forced the hem about an inch or so above my knees and made the skirt extremely wide, forcing me to walk carefully about the house for fear of knocking things over. The taller high heels didn't help matters at all! I thought I was about to tip over with every step I took. Oh, and in keeping with the silliness of my attire, there was a jacket that went with the dress, a skimpy little short sleeved thing, useless except to give me something else to get tangled up in.

Pulling and tugging at the tight material, I felt like my bosom was just huge. And from what I could see in the dressing mirror, it was. Well, for boy, I guess. I mean, between the brassiere and the tight bodice of the dress, my chubby breasts had more cleavage than ever before! Not exactly the kind of thing most boys have to worry with. Faced with that thought, I felt so ridiculous I could have cried.

"Oh, that outfit looks nice on you," Mom said as she entered my room. I was buttoning up my jacket and moping about as usual, wishing it was time for bed. "Even better than when I first wore it. Here, undo the jacket, sweetie. We don't want to hide that cute figure, do we?"

I felt my stomach drop as I realized my mom was talking about my boobs, or what I had that passed as boobs. Feeling like a complete idiot, I stood perfectly still as her fingers fiddled with the buttons and opened up the front of my jacket. She then cinched the belt as tight as she could, emphasizing my bustline even more so. I could have died as she tugged at my bra, adjusted my budding bosom, nodded and then grinned.

"Very nice. Oh, yes, that's much better. You look so grown up like that." Her eyes glistened as she primped and poked at me. "I was sixteen when I first wore this and I have to say you look even prettier than I did. Now, touch up your make up and then put on another coat of nail polish. Oh, and while you're at it, dust yourself with a bit of rouge here," she said, tracing her fingertip across my chest. "Our guests will be here in about twenty minutes. You've plenty of time, but don't take forever."

I sat patiently as she removed the girlish hair clips. She then got out a brush and a can of hairspray and started touching up my hairdo.

A lot of information was coming at me faster than I could deal with. I took a deep breath and swallowed. "What . . . what do you mean 'guests', Mom? You mean somebody's coming to visit? Tonight?"

Tugging sharply on my locks, my mother glanced at me through the dressing mirror and gave me that look — the one that said "Mind your own business." After arranging a mother of pearl comb in my hair, she placed a pearl necklace about my neck and a matching bracelet on my wrist. A small jewelry box was presented to me and I was told to pick out some rings for my fingers. She then told me not to forget to touch up my mascara before leaving me to ponder my fate.

I was waiting for my nails to dry when the doorbell rang. In fact, they were already dry, if the truth be known, but I was killing time, unwilling to go downstairs any sooner than I had to. As nervous and jumpy as I was, I actually got kind of frustrated when I realized the doorbell was continuing to ring and that no one was making an effort to answer it.

"Someone's at the door," I yelled. My voice cracked a bit, still a bit hoarse. I called out again, but no one answered.

The ringing went on and on, until I made my way carefully down the stairs in my new shoes and the poufy dress. Not an easy task for a fourteen year old second baseman, much less an aspiring astronaut.

My brother Dave was in the living room, sitting on the sofa watching cartoons, completely ignoring the incessant ringing that was going on.
I fussed at him from the foyer as best I could, considering my ridiculous appearance. "What's the matter with you? Why aren't you answering the door?"

"Mom told me not to answer it," he said, his eyes glued to the television. "She said it was your job, 'Pamela'!"

"We'll see about that," I said with a growl. Dave looked and me and grinned. It's awful hard for a guy to act menacing when he's wearing heels and lipstick.

By the time I got to the door whoever was there was pounding away like there was no tomorrow. Pausing a moment, I took a deep breath, closed my eyes and said a little prayer, opened them . . . and then opened the door.

Chapter 18 — Party for a Debutante!

It could have been worse, I guess. I don't know how, but I suppose it could have been.

When I pulled the door around I was both relieved and worried to see Mrs. Johnston, my mom's friend from work. She seemed so glad to see me that it was only natural that I open the door and let her into the house.

What I wasn't prepared to see was her daughter coming in behind her.

You remember Rita don't you? Rita, from the pharmacy? Of course you do. I certainly remembered.

Anyway, neither Mrs. Johnston nor Rita made a really big fuss over me when they saw me, not in the way I expected. Instead of laughing and making fun of the little boy in the stupid dress, they acted as though what I was wearing and how I looked was perfectly natural. It was kind of eerie, the way they talked about me. I can't tell you how uncomfortable I felt standing there before those two women in my new dress and heels, reeking of perfume and teetering on the edge of tears. All I can say is that I felt . . . well, really, really weird.

"You look very chic, Gregory," Mrs. Johnston said sweetly. She gave me a warm smile, the kind that makes you feel as though your entire soul is open for examination. "And I like what you've done with your hair. I like long hair on boys, especially if they take care of it like you've done. It looks so poufy and femmy. You look so sweet like that."

I mumbled something like "Thanks" and wished I was dead.

Rita's reaction to my appearance bothered me even more so. Instead of laughing or pointing as I'd expected, she kept looking at me with the most curious grin.

"So, how do you like wearing that bra?" she asked coyly. "Pretty neat, huh? I bet that's not something you get to do every day, is it? Or is it?"

I just shrugged my shoulders, prompting a laugh from everyone, including my mother, who'd just entered the room. That was pretty difficult to take, considering that I didn't have any pants on and that stupid tampon was irritating my bottom like crazy; I'd never felt so vulnerable in my life!

"Such a shy thing, my little 'Pamela'. Nothing at all like that awful Greg. Look at her, so sweet and demure . . . isn't she the cutest thing you've ever seen? I'm so proud of her."

I stopped in my tracks and looked at my mother for a moment. Her eyes were glowing and tone of her voice was sincere for once. That's when it hit me . . . Proud of me? My mom was actually proud of me? For real? How could that be?

I mean, you have to understand, for just about my entire life my mother had never, ever said a positive thing about me! Not once could I recall her saying she was proud of me or anything I'd ever done. And then suddenly, there I was, dressed in an outfit that screamed GIRL! . . . my face painted with mascara and lipstick and my hair looking all puffy and goofy . . . and she was saying how proud she was of me?

Geez . . . no wonder I was such a mixed up kid!!!

Our guests both nodded their approval, and for the next few minutes I found myself subject to the most humiliating scrutiny as they discussed my outfit in the greatest detail. All along I was subjected to knowing glances from my mother, who seemed to be saying "I told you so" with little more than her eyes.

Mrs. Johnston was quite polite about it all, and she made no qualms in regard to her enthusiasm for the way I was dressed. "Oh, I'm so sorry . . . 'Pamela', is it then? I forgot. Well, you know, 'Pamela', that outfit would be perfect to wear to the theater or the ballet. Have you ever been to the ballet? No? Well, we'll have to change that! You look so sophisticated, we'll have to take you out and show you off to the world! What do you think, Rita?"

"Oh, I think our little 'Pammy' better watch out," my former babysitter said with a lilting tone. "If my little brother ever sets his eyes on you, he'll be camped out on the front porch just dying to ask you out!"

My face turned bright red to hear such talk, but my tormentors all laughed uproariously. It seemed that 'Pamela' was in for a long night.

Indeed, supper was a long, tortuous event for me that evening. Everything was so formal, a rarity in our household until that fateful day. In addition to me wearing my new party dress, Mom wore one of her best evening dresses and Dave actually wore a shirt and tie. Our guests fit right in with their dresses, and all of the women and girls — yes, including me, I guess — were impeccably made up and coifed beyond perfection.

"Well, what do you think of your big sister, little man?" Mrs. Johnston asked Dave at one point. I glared at him, but the smile on his face dimmed not a bit.

"I think he . . . she . . . is pretty silly." I noticed Mom watching him carefully, as though she'd coached him in what to say. "Pam's always hogging up the bathroom and playing with her clothes and stuff. I'm sure glad I'm not a girl!"

Everyone laughed at my little brother's remarks, and Mrs. Johnston ruffled his hair, as though he was the most adorable little thing. I just sat there and plotted my revenge.

I tried to remain in the background as much as possible, but it seemed to be a game with everyone to entice me to talk. And talk I eventually did. Between questions from Rita and Mrs. Johnston regarding my makeup and attire, and the constant prompting from my mother about little, nitpicky things — I nearly died when she told our guests that I collected and read 'Seventeen' magazine! — I found myself drunk with confusion and emotion. Rita seemed to enjoy my predicament as much as my own mother, as demonstrated by the attention she showered on me throughout the evening.

"Oh, Mama!" she gushed at one point near the end of our meal. Taking my hand in hers she held it up for Mrs. Johnston to see, very nearly pulling me across the table in the process. "Look at the color 'Pamela' picked out for her nails. I just love that shade of red! I should get some like that, don't you think? It's just scrumptious!"

Mrs. Johnston nodded and smiled at me warmly. "It's very nice. You did a good job applying it, too, sweetheart. Do you help your mother with her nails?" I shook my head timidly. "Well, Rita does mine quite often, ever since she was a little girl, in fact. That's a really fun mother-daughter thing to do. You should try it sometime. I just know your mom would appreciate the extra pampering."

My mom laughed out loud enough to make my face turn bright red. "Oh, tell me about it! To be pampered by my beautiful, loving daughter . . . why, I think that would just be wonderful! What about it, sweetie? Would you mind taking care of your dear old mom?"

Everyone laughed while I just sat there and grinned like an idiot.

When everyone was done I started to excuse myself to clear off the table. Mom stopped me, saying that she had a surprise for me. I remember looking around the table and seeing smiles all around me.

"Rita is going to take you into the living room for a few minutes, sweetie. Mrs. Johnston and I have a couple of things we need to get ready for somebody's birthday surprise!"

I let Rita lead me out of the dining room like a little kid. As soon as we were alone she pushed me down on the couch. Then she sidled up to me and bumped against me with her hip.

"Hey, there, pretty boy! Funny, last time I saw you like this you swore up and down you were just playing a game. Looks to me like this is more than just a silly game." The look on her face caused me to feel weak in the knees. It was bad enough being paraded around in front of my mom's friends in such sissy clothes, now I was being humiliated in front of a girl more closer to my own age. The feeling was just awful!

"Honest, Rita, this isn't my idea," I said hoarsely. "My mom made me put this on. I told you before; it's just a goofy game she likes to play with me. You're not going to tell anybody are you?"

"Oh, come on, Greg! Or is it 'Pamela'? You don't expect me to believe that. Your mom didn't do all of this. C'mon, you goofy thing, tell me the truth." She took my hand and looked me in the eye. "Are you turning gay or something? You can't look this good in a dress and then blame it all on your mother. There's stuff you're not telling me."

I was shocked! I knew what gay was and very idea was enough to make me sick. Boys kissing each other . . . and worse! YUCK! It had always worried me that people might really think I was gay if I dressed up; being a sissy, a wimp and a crybaby was bad enough, but gay . . . as far as I was concerned that was the ultimate insult! And for my ex-babysitter — who just happened to be the most beautiful girl I knew — to think I was queer, well, I realized I'd better come up with something quick.

The problem was I didn't have anything to say.

"Please, Rita," I said with tears in my eyes, "I'm not a . . . a fag." Just saying that word made me upset. "I got into some trouble with Mom and, well, this is how I ended up. It was all her idea, see. I never wanted to wear a dress. Please don't tell anybody, okay? Please? It's bad enough that my mom teases me about stuff like that . . . I just don't want anybody else doing it, either."

Rita made a face and poked me in the ribs. "Oh, calm down. And don't say 'fag'. It's rude. And don't say 'queer', either. That's just as bad. 'Gay' sounds so much nicer, don't you think?" My tormentor smiled while I felt sick to my stomach. "Anyway, I don't care if you're gay or not. Being gay isn't bad. It just . . . well, it just is. I know a lot of gays and they're okay. You'd be surprised."

That didn't make me feel much better. "But Rita, I'm not gay!" I insisted.

Rita shrugged her shoulders. "You coulda fooled me. You look awful comfortable dressed like that. The way you do your lipstick and nails is so girlish . . . how nice you smell . . . and the way you walk in your heels; I've got girlfriends that never manage getting around in a dress like that. There's more than meets the eye with you, 'Pammy'." The grin on her face was bright and contagious. "Too bad you weren't dressing up a couple of years ago, back when I was keeping you. We could have had a lot of fun, you know. You'd look really cute in some of my old babydolls."

All I could do was blush and pray that the evening would come to a quick and uneventful end.

"Really, Greg," Rita continued, "what did you expect me to think? It's hard to believe you're actually a boy beneath all that makeup and that sissy little dress. I mean, just look at your hair . . . it looks just perfect. Who did it for you? It couldn't have been your mom."

I told her about Phyllis cutting and rolling my hair. She seemed excited by the idea of a boy going to a beauty parlor.

"Wow . . . that is so neat! Maybe next time your mom will let me go with you to get a perm! I'd love to see that!"

Get a perm?!!! What was going on with everyone? I started to explain that a perm was the last thing I wanted, but from the look on my friend's face I decided to keep my mouth shut.

Rita took advantage of the silence, a sly grin spreading over her face. "Can I ask you a question? Well, that's silly. I don't know why I always say that 'cause I'm going to ask you anyway. You're wearing stockings, right? So, tell me, what are you wearing to hold them up, a girdle or a garter belt?"

I thought my head was going to explode, I was blushing so hard. "A . . . a girdle," I slowly confessed. "My mom . . . she made me . . ."

Rita cut me off. "Hmm . . . a girdle. I thought so. You've got a really cute figure and the way your bottom looks through your dress, it looks like you're curved in all the right ways."

Guilt and shame flooded my eyes as I looked down at myself. "You . . . you can see through this thing?" The pressure of my tampon caused me to squirm right then. Oh, God! I thought in a panic. What if she asks me about that!!???

"Oh, not that way, silly! I mean, the way the dress hangs on you. I can tell — most girls can see this and you will, too, eventually — by the way you move under your dress that you're a perfect size 3 and that you've got really cute little boobies. They're a bit small, but they're shaped just perfect!"



I would have grinned if I wasn't so scared.

Rita held out her hand and smiled. "Come here, sweetie. I've been wanting to do this all night."

My whole body trembling, I took her hand and let myself be drawn close. I remember looking up into her violet, almost purple eyes, and for an instant I thought she was going to kiss me. Instead, I found myself being pulled into a warm, soft hug, oh, so brief, but long enough to cause me to melt all over. As we pulled apart I did get a quick peck on the cheek, a sisterly kiss, the kind girls give each other all the time.

For some reason my knees felt awful weak and I tingled like wildfire between the legs.

"You are so cute! It's almost impossible to believe you're really a boy. I mean, you look like a girl, you smell like a girl, you sound like a girl. You even feel like a girl." I tried to dodge as she gave me a friendly slap on my bottom. "Come on, Greg, sweetie, admit it . . . dressing up isn't all that bad. I bet that girdle feels pretty neat, doesn't it?"

"It feels stupid," I said softly. I didn't want my mom to hear me, but I wasn't about to let this pretty girl think I liked dressing up as prettily as she did. "I hate it!"

Rita considered me for a moment and then smiled. "Oh, pish-posh! You probably don't know what to think, wearing all that girlish stuff. Boys like that kinda stuff, believe me. It's all so sexy and rousing for them, they just can't help it. They just don't want to admit it, that's all." She grinned at me again. "Now admit it . . . don't you think it's kinda sexy? Just a little bit?"

"Uh, I guess so." I shrugged my shoulders. "I mean, sure, maybe. I don't know. It just makes me feel dumb, that's all."

"I can understand that. You feel dumb, but you feel nice, too, don't you?" Eyes wide with bewilderment, I nodded. "Well, you've got absolutely no reason at all in the world to feel dumb. You make a wonderful girl and I think you ought to dress up more often. I mean, Greg's okay, I suppose, but 'Pamela' is a lot more fun. Promise me you will? Okay? Promise?"

All I could do was nod.

"Good. Oh, and by the way . . . that thing I said about my brother Kevin? Well, keep him in mind if you ever want to go out with somebody. I know, I know, he's a boy and you're a boy. Still, as cute as you look, I just know he'd go wild over you. Trust me. I really think the two of you would have a great time together."

I thought I was going to faint to hear such talk!

We chatted for a few more minutes, then my mom appeared at the door. I blushed to see her smiling so brightly. The last time she smiled like that I was humiliated beyond all belief.

"Come along, birthday girl. It's time to see what the gift fairy brought you." I felt my face burn to hear the tone in her voice.

Following my mother's instructions, I closed my eyes and let her lead me back into the dining room. I wavered slightly as I was led to a chair and order to sit. When I was finally allowed to open my eyes I couldn't believe what I saw.

"Happy birthday, 'Pamela', sweetie!" A wet, lipstick drenched kiss was planted on my cheek as I stared in awe at the elaborate birthday cake and packages laid out before me. Everyone joined in on the "Happy Birthday" song for 'Pamela' — my little brother singing the loudest, of course! — and I probably looked like a complete fool as I tried over and over to blow out the trick candles that decorated the cake.

The party was a blur. In addition to the cake, I was treated to a handful of very girlish birthday cards and several embarrassing presents. There was a package containing a very feminine panty and bra set from Mom and a very pretty nightie from Mrs. Johnston. Most surprising was a girl's bikini bathing suit from both Rita and her mom. I about died when I was how tiny it was; decorated with hearts and a touch of lace, it looked more like underwear than something to go swimming in.

"Hold it up so I can see it, 'Pamela'," Mom said. I felt my face burning fiercely as I did as I was told. "How adorable! It looks like something you'd wear on Valentine's Day. Isn't that cute, sweetie?"

"I just couldn't resist." Mrs. Johnston's voice oozed with warmth. "We were going to get it for Rita, but when she tried it on it was way too small. Greg, I mean, 'Pamela' immediately came to mind, so we got it for her instead. She can wear it to the beach or at the pool."

"You're going to be very popular," Rita assured me. "The guys will go wild when they see you wearing that."

The very thought of such a thing happening made my stomach churn with nausea. Everyone chuckled as I said something along the line of "No way!"

Mom presented me with several pieces of jewelry, including a pair of expensive looking earrings — these with little cupids hanging beneath — and a charm bracelet that she'd worn as a young girl. I was in a daze as she locked the bracelet on my wrist. Dave even gave me a small bottle of perfume, and I was so confused and mixed up I gave him a kiss — thanks to my mom's prompting. He grinned like a big goof, sitting there with my lip print on his cheek.

The fact that I was a boy wasn't completely forgotten. I ripped open one present with my real name on it. I'd asked for some baseball cards and comic books to add to my collection; I was stunned to see instead copies of 'Mademoiselle', 'Seventeen' and 'Glamour'. To my horror the subscription labels all said 'Greg Parker'. Mom said she thought it was probably the most appropriate gift she could give me, considering how much I liked looking at the pictures.

"But, Mom . . . they're addressed to my . . . boy name!"

"So? Who was I supposed to address them to? Surely not to your little brother. They are yours, after all."

I squirmed in my seat. "But . . . what if one of them falls into the wrong hands? What if any of the guys from school see them?"

"Hmmm . . . well, I guess I can see where that might cause some concern. Then again, it's not my problem now, is it?"

I started to say something but then stopped. Nothing I could think up would change her mind, that was for certain. Instead I fretted about how humiliating it would be for something like a copy of "Glamour" to be passed around school with my name all over

it. I'd have to keep close hold on all my new magazines if I didn't want my reputation ruined.

The last gift was also the most embarrassing. No, make that humiliating. Okay, maybe devastating is more appropriate. Whatever. Giggling like a fool, Rita pulled out a gift-wrapped tube almost a yard long. Fearing the worst, I opened it up carefully, as though I was afraid of getting bit.

"This is going to be great," I heard her say to no one in particular.

The tube turned out to be a poster. The rippling giggles grew into a wave of feminine laughter as I unrolled it across the dining table. When I realized what it was . . . well, I almost cried, it was that shameful.

The poster showed four smiling bodybuilding-types sunbathing nude on a beach. Men, unfortunately, not girls or women. Lying side-by-side in the sand, their tanned bodies oiled and glistening in the tropical sun, their naked bottoms were in perfect alignment beneath a flashy sign that said 'Hot Buns'!

"Ew!" a lone voice said. It was my little brother, not surprisingly. It very well could have been me.

While this was probably a teenage girl's dream come true, it certainly wasn't for me. More like a nightmare. As I stared at the row of fleshy buttocks laid out before me, I thought they were the grossest thing I'd ever seen! I mean, really! I actually felt sick to my stomach.

"Happy birthday, girlfriend!" Rita gushed. "I thought maybe you could use a little spice in your life now that you're a woman!"

My stomach churned as I realized everyone in the room was looking at me looking at my new present. Mom was all smiles and Dave had his hand over his mouth, barely able to keep from busting out laughing. I couldn't blame him for acting like an idiot; I probably would have been even worse if I'd been in his shoes.

"Good grief, Rita! Don't you think that's a bit much?" Mrs. Johnston shook her head in disgust. "All of those ugly naked butts . . .! Where in the world did you get such a thing?"

My former babysitter beamed with pride. "One of my friends had it in her dorm room at college. They made her take it down and so I grabbed it up for the birthday girl here."

"Gee, thanks, Rita!" I said with as much sarcasm as I could muster. "It's just what I always wanted."

As my embarrassment diminished I started getting angry. Who did she think she was anyway . . .? This wasn't the least bit funny, in my not-so-humble opinion.

My frustration only served to amuse Rita, though, who turned and flashed a bright smile at me. "Glad you liked it, 'Pamela'!" she said cheerfully. "There are plenty more where that came from if you want more."

I started to say something ugly when my mom interrupted.

"Well, I think it's just perfect! I used to dream about men like that when I was your age. But I know better now." The women all laughed. She then looked directly at me and said in a syrupy-sweet voice, "I don't know why you're embarrassed, sweetie. This isn't any different than all those girlie pictures you used to keep under your mattress."

As soon as she said that there was a strange exchange of knowing smiles around the table and I decided it might be best if I just kept my mouth shut.

After dessert Dave excused himself to go to his room and play. Mom directed me to fetch coffee for our guests, and then I started cleaning up the dishes as usual. I was somewhat surprised — and concerned — when Rita offered to help.

"We've got a pool, you know," my former babysitter said while we worked. "I know my mother wouldn't mind if you came over. How about it? Maybe if you ask your mom you can? I'd love to see what you look like in that bikini . . ."

Our guests stayed for another couple of hours, which meant I had to endure several more rounds of well-intentioned compliments and pinches on the cheek, in addition to having to serve several cups of coffee and a second helping of birthday cake. I also had to learn to play bridge, which was a tedious process as I hated card games; like everything else that evening, I ended up swallowing my pride and immersing myself the best I could. The result was that my mother and I lost every game we played that night, though each round was an improvement on the last.

"Don't take it so seriously, honey," Mrs. Johnston said when we lost our final game. "You'll get the hang of it. The important thing is that you know the rules. The next time we come over who knows? It might be your turn to win."

Rita laughed. "Besides, this isn't a boy's or a man's game. Nobody really keeps score. My mom pays more attention to the gossip that's going on than she does the game. Loosen up a little. Only men get all worked up over a silly card game."

By the time Rita and her mother left I was exhausted. Mom went in to check on Dave and I undressed. Without being told, I made sure to hang up my new dress, sure that I'd catch heck if I did otherwise. I took off my slip and stockings and put them all in the hamper.

Mom stuck her head in the door. "Don't forget to change your tampon, 'Pamela', sweetie. Tomorrow is the last day of your period. It won't hurt you to sleep with one in tonight."

"Yes, Mom, I'll take care of it." A boy's work is never done . . .

I slept fitfully that night, trapped in my bonds of satin, Lycra and lace, my dreams filled with images and sensations that frightened me. I remember dreaming that I was in school, standing at the front of the classroom, completely naked except for one of my mom's brassieres, which hung haphazardly from my shoulders. My face was made up with lipstick and mascara and my nude body was covered with some sort of perfumed powder. As I struggled to cover my shame, the kids in the room all chanted "Greg is a fairy! Greg is a fairy!" over and over again. Helpless and mortified, I started to cry . . .

The next thing I knew, I was standing on a beach, trapped in the middle of four tanned and oiled bodybuilder-types. Men, unfortunately, not girls or women. When I looked down I saw that they were all completely nude. I could also see that I was wearing the little hearts and lace bikini I'd gotten for my birthday. Bright eyes and flashing smiles came my direction and a low, masculine voice was whispering in my ear. "C'mon, sweetie, you wanted to play with the boys, didn't you?" I remember feeling a sense of horror as a string was pulled loose and the bottom to my bikini fell away . . .

Suddenly I was wide awake; a warm stream of semen was spewing from my penis, soaking the panties and girdle I'd worn to bed. I shuddered as the pressure of that silly tampon in my bottom drove me crazy with passion, triggering another spurt of boyish spunk. It was a fantastic, scary feeling, so intense that it repeated itself again almost immediately.

Laying in a tangle of brassiere straps, sheets and tears, struggling to catch my breath, I thought this was the most frightening, disgusting, and yet wonderful thing that ever happened to me. After all I'd been through, nothing like that had ever happened before. Never. The pleasure was so powerful, so intense that it almost hurt.

The funny thing was that, despite the agony and confusion I'd just gone through, I couldn't wait for it to happen again.

Chapter 19 — Summertime Fun

Resigned to my fate, I tried to pretend the world of "Greg" was lost to me and I focused on pleasing my mother as best I could as "Pamela, my favorite daughter." It wasn't easy, though; there was a lot more at stake than just smiling prettily and doing housework.



For instance, I had to help redecorate my room, which consisted of putting most of my guy stuff in the attic, tossing the models on my desk and replacing them with jewelry boxes and perfume bottles, and adding the obligatory feminine bed sheets and covers.

I also had to force myself to not say a word when Mom took that ugly beefcake poster Rita gave me for my birthday and hung it up in my room. It really hurt to watch as my Atlanta Braves poster was torn down and thrown away, but even more alarming was the quartet of bare-bottomed musclemen on the wall opposite the foot of my bed, right where I'd see it before falling asleep every night. Mom thought it was hilariously funny, of course, and she made several snide remarks about this being payback for jerking off to my girlie magazines.

"Maybe now you know how disgusted that made me feel. Hiding pictures of half-naked girls under your mattress . . . you want to look at naked people? Then fine! We'll just leave that up and see how you like having 'the boys' keep you company for a while."

The smile on her face was evil. "Who knows, maybe you'll have more fun looking at them than you did with all those yucky girls."

I blushed as I remembered the dream I had . . . You can understand why I often thought that she could read my mind.

In addition to redecorating my room I also quit the ball team, which went practically unnoticed by the Coach. Between the scoldings and getting slapped around whenever I was late coming home, it just wasn't worth it. Then again, it wasn't easy, giving up baseball and fishing and running around with my friends for ironing and primping in front of my mom's vanity, but what choice did I have? Between my daily chores and my 'lessons' and being confined to the house all the time, I was cut off from anything resembling boyish activity. Worse yet, my only forays to the outside world were our weekly mother-daughter outings and an occasional visit to the library.

While I hated being stuck in the house all summer, I had mixed emotions about 'mother-daughter' day, which took place each and every Saturday. Mom would think up something fun to do — well, fun for her, at least — like driving across the city and seeing a movie or shopping or visiting a museum. Sometimes Dave would go with us, but most of the time he'd spend the day with a friend, leaving me at my mother's mercy.

With each trip Mom became even more bold, making sure I wore the prissiest outfits wherever we went and not caring who saw me: for example, the afternoon matinee or a shopping trip to the new mall called for a cute midriff top and a skirt and my hair tied up in 'dog ears'; dinner at a fancy restaurant meant the aqua mini-dress and a mother of pearl hair clip decorating my locks; museums required me wearing that awful red suit, the one with the dress and jacket. Hose, heels, jewelry and purse were always prerequisite, of course.

My greatest fear, of course, was being seen by my classmates. Especially any of the guys I knew. I always figured if it ever happened it would be the end of the world. The very thought of all the humiliation and shame was absolutely unnerving . . .

"What's the matter with you?" my mother fussed. "Get out of the car. For god's sake, girl, I don't want to stand here all day!" The car door was open and she was waiting impatiently for me to get out. The problem was that I couldn't.

"Please, Mom, don't make me do this. I look stupid. This dress . . . it's awful. People are going to laugh." I tugged at my skirt and looked about for anyone who might recognize me. I glanced at the rearview mirror and saw my face painted with lipstick and mascara. It was going to be a long day.

"They will certainly laugh if they see me pull you over my knee and give you a good spanking," Mom said. Her face was dark with malice and her voice was growing loud enough to attract the attention of passersby. "Get out of that car right now before you make me angry! I'm not putting up with your foolishness, 'Pamela'!"

It turned out that most of the world couldn't have cared less that a boy in a dress visited the city museum that day. With my tresses parted in the middle and decorated with a silver hair band and my bangs fluffed out over my eyes, I looked pretty much like any of the other young girls wandering the halls with their parents. A little more dressed up, perhaps, in my bright red dress with its matching jacket, three inch white heels and matching purse. I thought my outfit was loud and obviously contrived, but Mom assured me that the color was fine, just perfect for her cute teenaged 'daughter'. The fact that she was similarly dressed in a cream colored suit, complete with hose and a white purse and heels just like mine made it all official: we were the perfect 'Mother and Daughter' couple. Looking back I now realize that together that day we made a rather charming pair in our dressy ensembles; at the time, however, I was amazed at how people nodded and smiled at us as though we were looking to buy the place. It was all so very surreal, and I fought to keep from giggling out loud, I was so nervous.

I remember my lessons well and held my head high and my shoulders back, carefully taking short, mincing steps; to do otherwise in such a tight-fitting dress would have been impossible. Mom was so proud of how well I conducted myself, she literally glowed as she led me about, her arm locked around mine, chatting incessantly about the works of art scattered about as though I was her best girlfriend. Occasionally she would squeeze my shoulder or brush back my bangs, giving me a whisper of encouragement as she did so. In turn I would grin stupidly and pretend to listen as she went on about this portrait or that sculpture, but my thoughts were more focused on how uncomfortable I felt in my girlish disguise.

The practice I'd gotten from wearing dresses around the house came in handy as I managed myself without too much embarrassment; sitting and kneeling were my biggest challenges . . . well, that and dealing with a pair of high heels that were a bit too tight. My main problem was feeling like I didn't have any pants on. Panties, girdle and hose are no substitute for a pair of good old jeans. I tried to keep from squirming, but it was difficult.

Then it happened. I'd gotten ahead of Mom and was just rounding a corner going from the major impressionist paintings to the main hall and a couple of boys came running the other way. One I recognized right away as being on one of the teams I'd played against

earlier in the summer . . . the other I wasn't too sure about. Anyway, they were goofing around and stuff and the next thing I knew there was a collision and I was sitting on the floor. I was a sight, my purse twenty feet away in one direction, a lost high heel in another, and my dress all askew and mussed.

We hit so hard the wind was knocked out of me and for a few seconds I wasn't sure what had happened. When I finally did look up I saw one of the boys standing over me and the other sitting opposite me. Both were looking at me . . . well, at my dress and where it had ridden high up above my knees. Confused, I just sat there, exposed underwear and all.

"Dang, sorry, 'bout that . . ." The boy on the floor began. "Didn't mean to run ya down . . ."

Before he could say anything else Mom lit into him like I'd never seen before. "You little hoodlum! I saw what you did, knocking my daughter down like that! You should be arrested, running in the museum like that." She looked around for a guard, rapping me on top of the head with her knuckles at the same time. "Knees together, 'Pamela'. No sense giving him a free show, too."



"Omigosh!" I clenched my legs tightly together. I had plenty to be worried about. It took me a second, but I quickly realized that I was showing off my slip and girdle to a couple of guys who would beat the crap out of me as soon as they figured out who I was. I wasn't sure if I was supposed to get up and run away, scream bloody murder or just sit there and hope to die a quick death.

Faced with the wrath of Mom, the standing boy looked down at my exposed undies, gave me a quick grin and then took off like a bullet. Imagine my confusion when the other boy — the one I knew from baseball — got up, dusted himself off, and then helped me to my feet. Apparently my mom was blocking his way, so he felt obliged to at least try and set things right.

"Here you go . . . sorry about that . . ." He gave a sheepish grin. "You're okay, right?"

It felt strange having him hold my hand like that, and even stranger as he used his free hand to press against the small of my back, right on my bra strap. His hand lingered there for a long time, but I was too speechless, too terrified to say anything. Why doesn't he start yelling and laughing? I kept thinking to myself. Can't he tell I'm a boy? Doesn't he recognize me? I thought about pulling away and hiding behind my mom's skirts, but that would have only made things worse. Besides, she was making a nasty enough scene as it was, and within a minute of the mishap the offender was gone . . . but not forgotten.

Mom's reaction to our outing was nothing short of ecstatic. We were enjoying a treat at the museum café when she gloated over her latest success. "Now, see, 'Pamela', isn't this fun? I knew you'd enjoy yourself if you just gave it a chance. I think we should do this more often, don't you, sweetie? Maybe next time we'll bring your brother. Won't that be nice?"

It was all I could do to keep from sinking into the floor and dying.

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While the trips to the city with my mom were nerve-wracking enough, going to the local library in a dress was the kind of thing that inspired nightmares. Funny, the first time it happened was my brother's fault. Dave had checked out some books and we got a call at the house saying they were long overdue. My brother was nowhere to be found, of course, so Mom pulled me from behind the ironing board and we drove over to turn them in.

"Here, take these to the librarian and give her this money for the fine. Be sure and get the change, all right? I'll wait out here in the car so we don't get a ticket."

I looked at my mother like she'd lost her mind. "Me? Go in? Like this? Mom, I can't go in there! Not dressed like this! Somebody will recognize me!"

That was a good possibility. The short white pleated skirt and the thin yellow 'Barbie' top I wore while doing the household chores didn't look much like anything I'd ever worn into the library before. I was absolutely sure I'd never make it out alive; if any of my

buddies saw me dressed like that, especially with my hair up in twin ponytails and ribbons and my face painted in my girlish makeup, I'd be forever branded in shame. None of that compared, of course, to the rigid look on my mother's face.

"You have a choice, 'Pamela'," she said, her voice cold as ice. I winced as she reached over and gave a harsh tug on one of my ponytails. "You can either do this simple thing for me and make me happy, or I go cut a switch from that tree over there and wear out your bottom right here and now. Or maybe you'd rather I take you to the park where your friends are probably playing ball? I'm sure they'd love seeing you in your girlie clothes."

The tears in my eyes did nothing to move her. The next thing I knew, I was clip-clopping up the marble steps, books in hand, skirt tugged down about my legs. I remember taking a deep breath and shyly approaching the librarian help desk. Except for my voice squeaking from feeling so nervous, I managed to turn in my brother's books and pay his fine without causing a scene. The look on my mother's face as I click-clacked down the front steps belied how happy my little performance made her.

To make a long story short, this was the first of many such visits to the library. It turned out that very few, if any, of my regular friends wasted their time at the library during the summer. There were a handful of older teens, mostly summer school and college students doing research, but they had better things to do than bother with a teeny-bopper running around in training bra and ponytails. Realizing that the library was a fairly safe environment for me, Mom decided that I would make regular trips there, whether I liked it or not.

"I want you to go to the library this afternoon and get some things for me," my mom informed me one day at lunch. She'd finished up the chicken salad sandwich I'd fixed and was touching up her lipstick before going back to the clinic. She gestured to a piece of pink note paper on the dining room table. "Here's a list. There are a couple of textbooks I need, plus I've included some books I want you to read this week as well, something to keep you out of trouble while I'm at work."

I brushed back a braided pigtail and fidgeted nervously. The flowery sundress I wore had been driving me crazy all morning with its short hem and skimpy design, and the little ribbons that hung from my short braids kept tickling my bare shoulders.

"This afternoon? Oh, Mom, can't I wait until this evening, when you get home? You can take me down after supper, can't you? I don't want to go by myself"

"Not tonight. The library closes early and I'm going to a Tupperware party. You'll have to go this afternoon. I can drop you off if you want a ride. The walk back will do you good."

I dropped my eyes for a moment and considered the bright silken material that covered my body. I never could get used to how my breasts made such interesting curves beneath the clothes my mother insisted I wear; I wasn't fat, she kept telling me, just pleasingly plump.

"Can I change clothes first? Please?"

Mom paused in her tracks, looking from her makeup mirror to me with an air of suspicion. "Absolutely not. Why do you want to do that? You look fine the way you are. I know what you're going to do. You think you can put on your boy clothes and go sneaking off with those idiots you call friends, that's what."

"No, Mom, that's not it. I promise, that's not it at all. I just don't want people seeing me dressed like this. Everyone's going to laugh at me."

My mother went back to her lipstick. "That's not my problem. You should have thought about stuff like that before you decided to become a liar and a pervert."

I remember feeling my face turn bright red. The very thought of going out in public in my new sundress was mortifying; going it alone was incomprehensible!

"Can't . . . can't I at least wear some shorts, then? Or maybe my Capris? This dress is awful . . ." I struggled to think of the proper word.

"Oh, it's not awful, it's cute! That's what it is." Mom grinned as she finished up her lipstick. "You look very sweet in that dress, 'Pamela'. It's a shame you're just pretending to be a girl. I think you really fill it out quite well."

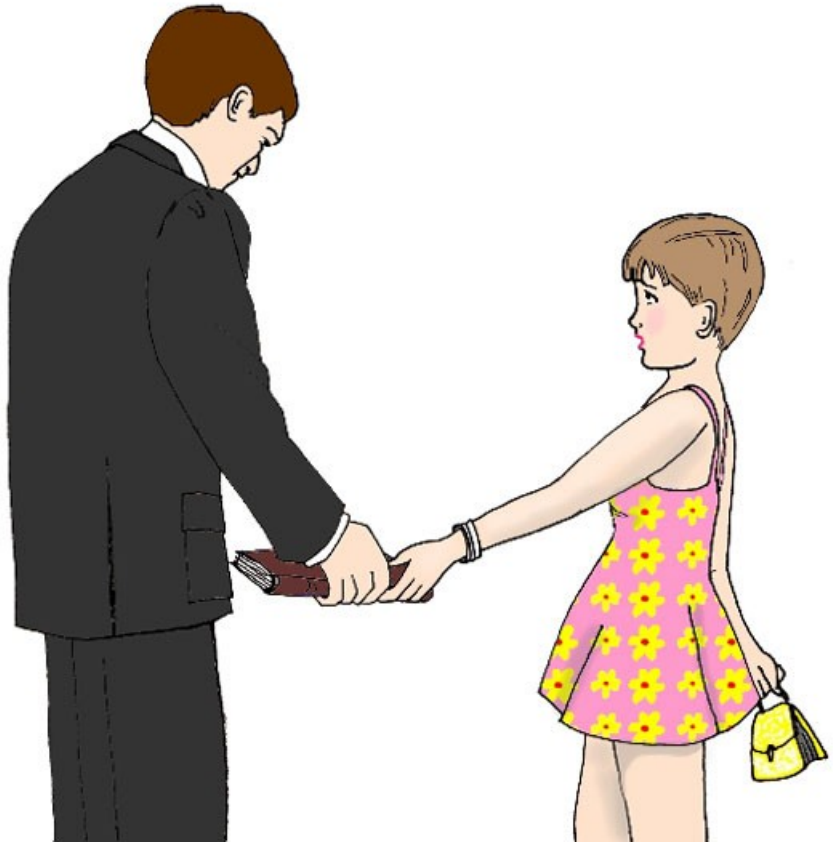
I looked down at the fairy pendant resting between my breasts and shivered. "But, Mom, please . . .?"

"I won't hear another word about it. Now, touch up your lipstick and get your purse, girl. I'm due back at work in a few minutes. I've just enough time to drop you off."

The visit to the library that day was a traumatic event for me. I trembled with fear from the moment I stepped out of the car and began that perilous journey up those marble steps. Fighting to keep from crying, I managed to find my way inside the building and into an empty study cubicle in record time.

I hid in the cubicle for a little while, sitting and waiting for someone to come up to me and yell, "Why Greg Parker, what in the world are you doing in that dress?!!! What a cute little fairy you've become!"

That never happened, thank goodness. In fact, as I worked up enough nerve to venture out among the stacks I got more than my share of pleasant smiles and nods from several of the library patrons. A man from the library staff made a point to check on me quite often, which was actually very nice. I noticed that he treated me a lot better as 'Pamela' than I was used to as 'Greg'.



My new grown up friend also took up the habit of putting his hand on my bare shoulder or on my arm and calling me "honey" every time he saw me. And a couple of times he even touched me on the knee, though he always acted as though that was an accident. And if being touched like that felt kind of weird, I really got the shivers when I saw how he kept looking at me from across the room. (When I mentioned all this to my mother that evening she said, "Get used to it, sweetie. Men do that kind of thing all the time." When I told her I didn't like it, she laughed for the longest time. From to look in her eyes I had a feeling I'd be spending a lot of time at the library that summer . . .)

Anyway, back at the library it didn't take me long to find the things on my mother's list. Like she said, two of the titles were for her, some sort of psychology books, part of the night schooling she took to get a better job at the clinic. The others were a variety of girls' books; a Nancy Drew mystery, the classic novel 'Little Women' and a teen romance novel that Rita apparently recommended. There was also a book on ballet, which got me to wondering if my mom might be thinking about making me take lessons. I certainly hoped not; my life was certainly complex enough!

When it came time to check out I discovered I had an embarrassing problem. My library card said 'Greg Parker', not 'Pamela'. It took me several minutes of stammering and stuttering to explain that I must have gotten my brother's card by mistake. The librarian was very understanding, actually, and within minutes he set everything right.

I walked home in a daze. I couldn't believe it! Oblivious of the passing cars and the sounds of the other children playing along the street, I was trying to make sense of what happened. I don't know if it was the combination of being trapped in nail polish and a dress in full public view or the agony in my feet from walking such a long distance in a pair of ill-fitting high heels, or what . . . all I knew was that I felt like I was drunk.

No . . . yes, it was true, all right. In just a few seconds that kindly librarian made a huge, significant difference in my life. You see . . . thanks to his efforts, as far as the public library system was concerned, my name was 'Pamela'. 'Pamela Parker'. Aged 14. Brown hair. Blue eyes. Currently residing on Crescent Avenue.

Just like it said on the little card with my picture on it!

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Probably the most shocking event for me that summer took place the day the Johnstons invited us over to swim in their pool. Wary that this might not be such a good idea, I whined and hinted and made all sorts of excuses why I should stay home. Mom, of course, wouldn't hear a word of it.

"I don't know what's gotten into you, but stop it! We are going to visit the Johnston's and we're going to have a nice time and you're going to like it! Do I make myself understood?"

To my horror, I quickly found myself heading for the front door, clad in little more than my new 'Valentine's Day' bikini bathing suit and a pair of high heeled sandals. Oh, don't forget my newest purse and my daily application of lipstick and mascara. My mom sure didn't forget!

I felt like an idiot, of course. That stupid little bikini was about as modest as the bra and panties Mom made me put on every morning under my punishment clothes, only I was expected to wear this thing outside where everyone could see me. Granted, I didn't have the most masculine body, especially where my baby fat gave me curves in all the wrong places — for a boy, that is — and with my hair tied up in little bunches with brightly colored elastic scrunchies, I looked just exactly like a fourteen year old girl, or so my mom told me about a hundred times that morning. Needless to say, I was convinced that I looked more like a silly boy running around in girls' underwear! Nevertheless, I had my orders and I knew I'd catch hell if I didn't do as I was told.

Before we left the house I lost track of the times I stopped in front of the dressing mirror and stared at myself. As disgusted as I was with how I looked, I was also strangely fascinated. The top acted like a little push-up bra, gathering up my ever-swollen breasts and squeezing them together to give me a rather unboylike profile. A little heart pendant nestled in my cleavage only added to the illusion; I had to be careful not to touch myself for fear of getting caught.

The skimpy bikini bottom was just as bad; made of similar stuff as my panty girdle; it held me just as tight, hiding any sign of my poor privates under a flat elastic panel. The cut was rather sparse, the little triangle of hearts and lace leaving most of my abdomen exposed in the front and barely covering my cheeks in the rear; plus, the little strings that held it all together on the sides didn't exactly inspire confidence. I found myself constantly tugging the edges of the bikini panties over my bare bottom and checking the ties to make sure they didn't come loose.

Combined with my silly hairstyle, makeup and the hoop earrings Mom made me wear all the time, well, I guess I did look more like a girl than a boy, a girl about to burst out of her skimpy clothes, bashful and vulnerable and trembling with nerves. The fact that Rita had worn the suit before had not escaped me, and the very idea of being so close to her voluptuous body gave me so much pleasure it made my head hurt.

After about the tenth time in front of the mirror, I snuck into the bathroom and undid my bikini bottom and proceeded to masturbate. I knew I'd catch hell if my mother caught me, but I couldn't help it. I was so excited from looking at the little girl in the little heart-sprinkled bikini I was literally about to pop; seriously, if I hadn't done it I would have made a mess anyway and who knew what kind of trouble that would have gotten me. Don't ask me why things worked this way; even though I knew it was me, well, the figure in the mirror looked so cute, so helpless and so naked, I couldn't help myself. The orgasm that followed was so intense it hurt.

I quickly cleaned myself up and gathered my composure. When I emerged from the bathroom my mother gave me a funny look. She knew what I'd done — I could tell from the way her eyes pierced through me — but she didn't say anything outright. She just stared at me for a few minutes, smiled, and nodded.

"Come along, little boy," she finally said. "You can admire yourself some other time."

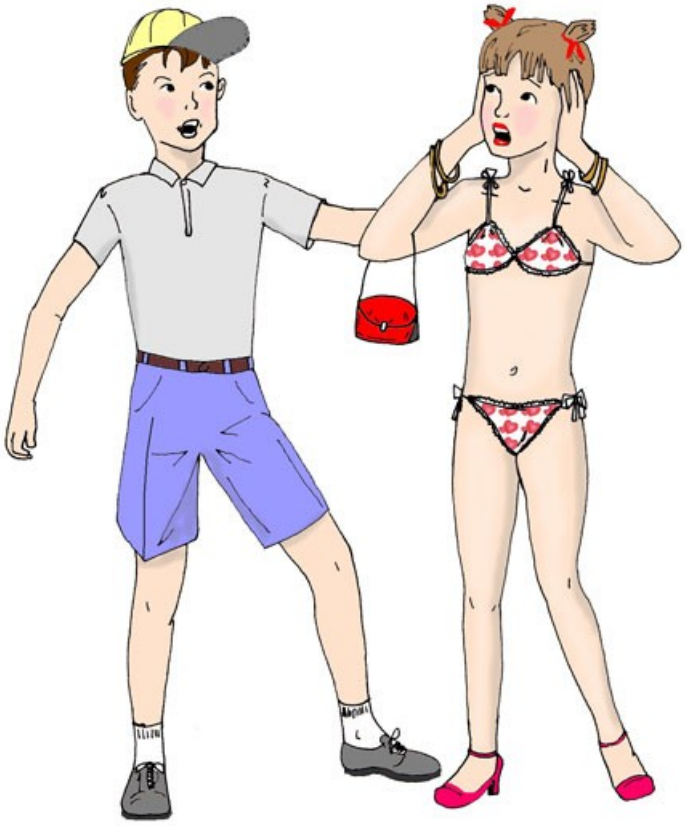
Following my mom out of the house, I felt so weird. It was like she expected me to react this way. I mean, the idea of a fourteen year old boy running around in bikini panties and a bra was completely laughable, and to be trapped in such a revealing thing was my worst nightmare. There was hardly anything for me to hide behind, which made the job of deception all that much more humiliating, and my mom knew that. Boy, did she ever! Either I looked like some fairy boy and would never able to face my friends for the rest of my life, or I'd look — and act! — like a proper young girl and never be able to face myself. I wasn't sure what I wanted except to get through the next few hours without making a complete fool of myself.

Just driving over to the Johnston's was a near disaster in itself. We hadn't been on the road for five minutes when the family car pulled into the local market. Mom had offered to bring lunch and there were snacks and drinks to be purchased. Grabbing my hand, she dragged me out of the car and inside we went.

I felt practically naked, walking about pushing a grocery cart while wearing that ridiculous bikini and carrying my little purse. I'd the foresight to put on my sunglasses, thinking that maybe that would make it at least a little harder for any of my friends to recognize me. All that did was draw even more attention to me. We weren't there two minutes when it became obvious that a couple of boys my age seemed taken with the image I presented. Mom pointed them out to me, her smile almost as unnerving as their gawking. I recognized both boys from school, one from a couple of classes I had. It didn't matter; it would only take one blabbermouth to ruin me forever.

As I minced about the store my audience watched my every move, not even trying to pretend they weren't. I stayed close to my mother in case they tried to speak to me. A lot of good that did.

"Don't I know you from school?" One admirer managed to maneuver himself between me and my mom. Great. It was Gary Lowe, the one I had class with. He looked me up and down and grinned with delight as he questioned me. "Didn't we have social studies together last year?"



I was so scared I could hardly speak. The truth was, we did have gym together, not social studies, but I certainly wasn't about to tell him that! I pulled my sunglasses snug against my face and forced a smile. "Um, I'm pretty sure we didn't," I managed to croak. "I'm just in the seventh grade," I lied.

"No way!" my friend said. "You look like you ought to be in high school!"

To my shame, his eyes were all over me, like invisible fingers, curious and bold. I thought about what my mom had said about boys and the thoughts that went through their minds when they saw a pretty girl. The way he fidgeted about made me uncomfortable, and I wondered if he was going to jerk off later that evening while thinking of me.

Why am I even thinking about that? I wondered. I glanced down at the other boy’s crotch and shivered to see his pants had a familiar 'tent' in the loose material. The ensuing images in my mind disgusted me as much as they roused my curiosity. Do real girls think about this kind of stuff?

Confused and panic-stricken, I wanted to cry out for help, but Mom just stood by and ignored the situation, leaving me to fend for myself. She really seemed to enjoy my misery. I squirmed and stammered through a largely one-sided conversation for at least

ten minutes while she stood nearby thumbed through a fashion magazine and studied the cosmetics.

The one thing I remember was how both boys focused their eyes somewhere between my breasts and my bikini bottom, only looking me in the eye occasionally; oh, how I hated that! I fumbled with my purse and tugged at my earrings to keep from punching them both in the nose! By the time my admirers left I'd nearly broken out in a rash, I was so upset. Mom, on the other hand, was nothing but smiles.

"You really had that one boy eating out of your hand, girlfriend!" Mom teased as we stood in the checkout line. "I think that shy little 'Miss Priss' act you do so well really caught his attention."

"It's not an act! It was horrible! Oh, Mom, please, don't make me do that again. I was terrified he'd figure out I was a boy."

"Is he anyone you know?"

"Ummm . . . he was in one of my classes last year. I thought for sure he was going to recognize me."

My mom grinned. "But he didn't, did he? Imagine that. I wonder why?"

"I don't know!" I fidgeted between crossing my arms over my breasts and holding my hands together in front of my privates; either way was inadequate, and standing around like that in the middle of the supermarket only made me feel even that much more exposed.

"I didn't like the way he was looking at me. Didn't you see him? It was like I didn't have any clothes on."

Mom gave me a harsh pinch under my arm and laughed. "Well, what do you expect, princess? Boys only have one thing on their minds. You, of all people, should know that. I just want you to know what it's like being on the other side, so get used to it, sweetie."

I wasn't sure what upset me worse, the way I'd been treated by that boy or the delight my mother was taking in that whole situation.

When we arrived at the Johnston's Mom put me to work right away, fixing the food and serving drinks. Rita and her mom seemed quite impressed, I think, the way I dove into my chores, fixing cups of ice and pouring lemonade and preparing the pimento cheese sandwiches. Mrs. Johnston laughingly referred to me as her 'slave for a day'.

"Too bad you won't come over and help out around the house more often," she said. "Having such a pretty child around really lights up everything! You'd make a wonderful little maid, you know."

"Maybe I should go get him a little lace apron," Rita teased. "With those heels he'll look the part!"

My face must have been ten shades of red, judging from the smiles I saw before me.

Rita offered to help, but I said I would manage just fine by myself. The truth was I was terrified and I wanted to keep busy, to keep my mind off my worries. In a way I was relieved; if anything, I surely didn't feel like undergoing one of Rita's interrogations. I was having a hard enough time just managing myself in my lingerie-swimwear.

I spent as much time in the water as I could that day and I actually had a pretty good time. Mom and Mrs. Johnston even joined in the fun, splashing and playing like children themselves. For once I felt happy as I played with my mom, like this was the way things were supposed to be.

The late afternoon was spent lazing in the sun. Mom pulled out the lotion and called me over to where she was sitting. Following her instructions, I knelt before her and let her cover me up with the sticky white stuff, listening ruefully as she preached the evils of "too much sun." I about panicked when she pulled the shoulder straps off my suit and tugged down the front, completely exposing my swollen breasts. Even though I was a boy, I was still pretty self conscious about my body and I wasn't too crazy about letting just anyone see me like that; I mean, even as 'Greg' I rarely let anyone see me without at least a t-shirt on. Rita and her mom laughed good-naturedly as I crossed my arms over my partial nudity. Mom just rolled her eyes and lathered me up with lotion like it was an everyday occurrence.

In turn, I was then tasked with putting lotion on my mother. Following her example, I squeezed a puddle of the white goop in my palm, smeared some on my other hand, and went to work. Ever the perfectionist, Mom told me where she wanted me work, guiding my every move with the same precision and firmness that she established when teaching me how to do my chores at home. Almost immediately I realized that there was something exciting about touching a woman's body, especially when being controlled by a woman like my mom.

Mrs. Johnston was next. I felt my mouth go dry as I knelt down next to where she lay. Smiling at me with those bright red lipstick painted lips, Mrs. Johnston was as particular as my own mother in telling me where she wanted me to put the lotion. She didn't move

a muscle as my fingers danced across her skin. I tried desperately to avoid certain areas that I thought were off limits, and when I did I could see her mouth twitch, grinning at my inexperience and caution. I thought I would croak when she undid the back of her suit and let it fall forward; she laughed and said it was all right, it was 'just us girls'. She bade me to put lotion on the tops of her breasts to keep them from getting burned. My stomach dropped as I felt something tingling down between my legs. Glancing at my mom, I could see her watching me carefully. I didn't say a word, but I've no doubt that the blotchiness on my own chest had nothing to do with the sun.

By the time I got to Rita I was a nervous wreck. She had me start at her feet and work my way up. At nineteen years of age, she had the body of a movie star and I relished the chance to touch her in ways that few, if any, boys had done. I about died when I got to her thighs and she casually took my hand and guided it all the way up to the edge of her suit; I mean, here I had my hand between her legs, mere millimeters away from her crotch, and everyone seemed to accept it as naturally as the clouds that passed overhead.

Like her mother, Rita also dropped her top. I had to look away to keep my eyes from popping out. Seeing my shyness, she put her hands on mine and guided them to her breasts, helping me work the lotion into her skin while I fought to keep from having a spasm. I remember my mom looking at me with a raised eyebrow, as though she was judging my performance. I couldn't breathe and my face was hot and my body trembled so. Even worse, I could feel my erection straining against the tight elastic of my bikini panties, so much that I was practically in pain; I wanted desperately to jump in the pool to conceal my shame, but that would have been impossible to explain. The look on Rita's face let me know that she was fully aware of what was going on.

When I was done Mom told me to lie down and catch a little sun. "A little tan will do you good as long as we're careful. This is one of the best parts about being a girl."

I had just made myself comfortable, lying on my back, when I felt a pair of hands tugging at my bikini bottom. I looked up to see Rita — still topless — bending over me, a great big smile plastered on her face.

"Here, 'Pamela', it looks like you missed a spot," she said, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "You don't want to get burned, do you?"

She then began rubbing lotion on the tops of my legs and up under my bathing suit bottom. The next thing I knew the ties on either side came loose and half of my suit was off. Quickly and desperately, I rolled onto my stomach, but not before everyone got a

look at what I'd been hiding between my legs. I glanced up and behind me to see my tormentor holding my girlie bikini bottom over her head like a trophy of some sort.

Mom and Mrs. Johnston both laughed and clapped their hands. It was like I was trapped in some silly, girlish ritual, something that went on between sisters or girlfriends, not unlike the horseplay that goes on between the guys. In this case I just happened to be the little sister, the quiet, younger girlfriend who had a lot to learn about hanging out with the big girls. In keeping with that role, I couldn't help but cry — well, just a little — and beg for my bikini bottom to be returned. Rita held it behind her back and grinned.

"Come and get it, 'Pamela' darling. I dare you!"



Well, needless to say, I wasn't about to get up and do anything. Instead, I kept the front of my body plastered against my beach towel and fussed and whined about how "it's not fair!" This prompted a scolding from my mother to hush up.

"Oh, Greg, honestly! Don't be such a crybaby," she warned me. "She's just having a little fun with you. I can't believe how you're acting!"

"That's right, sweetie, just a little fun." Rita grinned. "I'll tell you what. I promise to give it back if Kevin and his buddies come back. We wouldn't want those old boys looking at your little bare bottom, would we?"

"No," I sobbed softly. "You promise to give it back?"

The blond teenager raised an eyebrow. "We'll see. Now, lie back down and relax before I turn you out into the street in nothing but your birthday suit!"

And so I remained bottomless, as well as helpless to do anything about it.

The rest of the day was spent lazing in the sun, browsing through magazines, napping and sipping iced drinks. I dozed off and on throughout, waking up long enough to pull my towel over my exposed bottom every once in a while; likewise, Rita — or Mom or probably even Mrs. Johnston, for all I knew — would tug the towel down, leaving my bare buns exposed to the hot sun. The next day I'd have the strangest suntan; a red and aching butt, contrasted with the white lines on my shoulders, back and chest from wearing a girl's top.

What a way to end the summer . . .

Chapter 20 — Back to School

When I went back to school in the fall, it was like having a new start. I was entering high school and there were over 2000 students on campus and only a few of those from last year would be in my classes. Everyone had a clean slate and unless I made an issue of it, I believed that my sissy image was a thing of the past.

A few things stood out like Mom insisting that I not get a haircut. It would ruin my teenage girl look for when I needed correction. In addition to dressing up around the house, there were a number of episodes where I again had to wear lipstick and girls' clothes out in public, but they lasted only a day or two and I was allowed to resume my normal routine. When these occasions did occur and we were out, Mom would frequently buy me little bracelets or charms to wear.

Just before dinner one evening Dave was excused to go to his room and Mom and I had a long talk.

"I know just how embarrassing this will be for you if I make you go to school like this," she started. I looked down at myself and nodded. Wearing a pink mini-skirt and a short silk t-shirt with a fairy embroidered on the front at the time, I agreed that I probably was in violation of the school dress code. At least as far as boys were concerned. "And while part of your punishment is to be shamed, I certainly don't want to place you in any danger. So I have an alternative that I want you to consider. That is, unless you do want to wear lipstick and dresses to school."

Eager to hear her plan, I shook my head from side to side; the twin ponytails dangling from the sides of my head reminded me of how much was at stake. Anything, I thought, is better than going to school dressed like a total geek.

"That's what I thought. Here's the deal. You can go to school in your boy clothes . . . for now. I don't really have a problem with that. As long as you stay out of fights and keep your grades up and don't steal anything, I won't try to embarrass you. Well, not too much. However, you will continue with your chores and duties here at the house, and you'll do them in your girlie clothes, just like we did this summer. That seems to be the only way I can make sure you're not running off and getting into trouble with your friends."

"But, Mom . . ." I started to complain, but a sharp look from her told me to keep my mouth shut. Like I said, I wasn't completely stupid.

"There is one condition to all of this, though. Every now and then, you'll probably end up at school in a dress, just for fun." I felt a shiver run through my entire body. Mom noticed and smiled. "Like it or not, sweetie, that's the way it's going to be. For example, in two weeks your new high school is having a Sadie Hawkins Day celebration. If it's like when I went there, they dress up during the day and have a dance that evening. On Sadie Hawkins Day some of the boys dress up as girls and vice versa. So, here's the deal. If you'll let me dress you up for Sadie Hawkins Day anyway I choose, then I'll let you wear your normal clothes to school tomorrow and thereafter. You'll just be considered one of the ones who have gotten into the spirit of the event. You shouldn't stand out like last year."

I started to say something, but got a finger stuck in my face instead.

"But before you agree, I want you to agree to let me have full license to do whatever I want to make you look like a real girl. You think about it overnight and then you decide how you go to school in the morning. Just remember, that if you go in your normal clothes, you've committed to letting me dress you fully two weeks from now. Understand?"

I agreed that I understood, but the whole situation had my head spinning. Was she kidding? I already knew which choice I would be making in the morning.

Next morning I dressed for school as usual, sealing my fate for two weeks from now. Mom came into my room and saw me in my regular clothes.

"Hold on a minute," she said. "While I'm not going to make you dress outwardly as a girl you're not getting off completely free. Here, wear these," she instructed as she pulled out a pair of panties and one of my long legged girdles. "Your jeans will cover them and you won't have PE since it's raining."

Grudgingly, I removed my pants and jockey shorts, put on the panties and girdle and redressed in my jeans. To my chagrin I noticed that the garter tabs could be clearly felt through the denim material, and if you looked closely they were just barely visible. At I didn't have the sensation of the stockings pulling down on them.

As I was headed out the door on my way to school Mom stopped me and commented that I might want to remove my earrings before I left.

"Oh, God." I thought. I remembered just a few weeks ago when I got caught wearing lipstick to the ball field, "What if I'd worn my earrings to school?"

Mom helped me take them out and then put a touch of makeup over each hole and assured me that they weren't noticeable. I wanted to believe her, but what choice did I have really?

That year I was taking the district bus rather than riding my bike, as the high school was across town. As I ran down the street to the corner where I caught the bus, I had to stop and pull the edges of my panty girdle down along the rear of my leg. Great. Something that I'd gotten used to while wearing my dresses was now a source of major embarrassment in my boy clothes. Was this going to be going all day? If so, would I have to put up with it lest someone notice what I was doing?

As the day progressed, I found that I could hide my actions beneath my desktop by smooth out the girdle's edges after I had taken my seat. Those damn tabs were there every time. My terror had somewhat resolved itself by lunch time and I did my best to keep from fidgeting with my earlobes. All and all, I managed to get through the day without anyone seeming to notice.

Mom heard me come in the back door and called, "Greg, is that you?"

When I answered "Yes," I was directed to my bedroom. There laid out on the bed was an ensemble of clothes for me to put on, including my yellow sheath, stockings and high heeled shoes. I removed my school clothes, donned the selected garments and then find my Mom to have her button me up. She saw that I wasn't wearing my makeup, I was sent off to apply it and then report back to her.

"Now, 'Pamela', just because you're going to school as a boy doesn't mean you can skip your responsibilities." She gave me a warm, motherly smile. My knees went weak as she handed me a list of chores that would have made a brigade of maids tremble with fear.

I spent nearly two hours working on the laundry and the ironing, hand washing a huge pile of lingerie and pressing one nurse's uniform after another. After that I had to

vacuum the carpets and then dust the living room and dining room. Only then could I start my homework.
As much as I hated my summer vacation, it seemed that high school was going to be even worse.

For the most part, the next two weeks was pretty much a carbon copy of this first day after school. I made sure to conduct an inspection each morning before leaving the house, just to make sure all my lipstick was wiped off and I wasn't wearing any earrings, and I learned that if I wore the panty briefs I didn't have to deal with the legs rolling up. I also fell into the after school routine without having to be nagged through it daily.

The only really new twist came on Monday of week two, when a new pair of bright red four inch heels magically appeared on my bed after school. They were open toed and of a sandal-type construction with only a small ankle strap to hold them on. Mom insisted that I wear them as often as possible to get used to how they felt. Indeed, they presented a significant challenge in walking compared to the three inch pumps, but by the third day I was maneuvering quite well in them also.

Chapter 21 — Getting Ready

When the afternoon before the big day came, I arrived home to find the usual hot bath waiting and I just resigned myself to make it through the next thirty hours. While in the bathtub, Mom brought in a razor and shaving cream, telling me that she was going to remove the fuzz from my legs and underarms, not that I had any to begin with. By the time she was finished, both my legs were satin smooth and Mom said that was necessary because tomorrow, I wouldn't be wearing any stockings with my outfit.

I dried and went to my room to find my usual bra, panties, and girdle waiting for me on the bed. After putting them on, I asked Mom what else to wear and she said whatever I felt like, except she wanted me in the red high heeled sandals. So I put on a white pullover and a pair of red print Capris, put on my face and went to find her in the kitchen ironing what turned out to be my costume. The top was a red polka dot sleeveless blouse that had ties in front for the front just under the bust line, thereby bearing the midriff. To my relief there was no skirt; instead, I saw a pair of cutoff denims made into short-shorts with loose threads. The outfit was what Mom felt Sadie herself might have been wearing that day in cartoon history when she went chasing off after a husband.

Mom put down the iron and draped the top over a hanger already sporting the full cupped bra that I'd be wearing. "You look very nice," she commented. "Get your purse

and let’s go."

I didn’t know exactly where we were headed, but I can’t say I was really surprised when we pulled up in front of the place where I’d gotten my hair done earlier in the summer. When we walked in the front it was obvious that Phyllis was expecting us. She gave me a big smile and complemented me on my appearance remarking that I had grown even cuter than last time she’d seen me. I was directed to sit in her chair and make myself comfortable.

"Oh, Gregory, I’m just so thrilled that you agreed to let me work on you for your special day tomorrow," she started. "You’ve taken such good care with your hair and it looks so long and pretty, I promise you won’t be disappointed with the results." I wasn’t really sure what she was talking about, but I suspected that Mom had given her instructions on what she wanted done. I was just going to grin and bear it until it was over.

She started by wetting down my hair and then combing it down from a part in the center of my scalp. With the front combed forward down covering my face, she began trimming across at the level of my eyes. "Don’t worry," she consoled me, "With the proper amount of curl, your bangs will hang well above your eyes." Good grief; curls no less.

When she was done trimming, I was subjected to the expected shampoo and then told that she was adding some tint to "bring out my natural highlights." What followed was my hair being systematically segmented into strands that were then wound on rollers, which in turn were secured tightly against my scalp with bobby pins. Setting lotion was applied with its ever so pungent odor and a drier was lowered in place and set on hot-high. The accompanying roar of the drier effectively drowned out any further conversation.

Next came attention to my nails. They were washed, brushed and soaked. Following that, nail extensions were glued in place and allowed time to set before being coated with bright red lacquer. If I’d thought that my nails were obvious with red polish earlier that summer, these by comparison were now like flashing neon signs. My sandals were removed so that my toenails could receive the same treatment. With cotton balls separating the toes while the polish dried, I looked down and understood why Mom had chosen the open toed design for my heels. Even while just wearing the Capris, super sexy was the signal they were broadcasting.

My face burned as I realized I was getting an erection from just looking at my feet. Talk about being confused!

I hadn’t expected what came next, but Phyllis then turned her attention to my eyebrows, telling me she was shaping them for a more refined look. When I finally got a look at them, I was relieved to see that at least they weren’t the extreme fine arch that I had feared, more of a well defined clean tapered appearance with somewhat of an angle near the center.

Finally the timer on the drier clicked off and the hood was removed. Phyllis removed the rollers and then brushed out the curls. I could feel her preening the bangs on my forehead and then she brushed the rest of my hair back into the familiar ponytail, only this one had a tight wave to the portion beyond a cinched red ribbon.

The final effect was devastating when she turned the mirror for me to see. Where was the boy who had started high school in September? Was there any trace of him left? None that I could find. I was looking at a pretty young girl instead.

When Mom and I left, she tipped Phyllis generously and complimented her on my marvelous transformation. As I was trying to buckle my sandals, I got my first taste of how restrictive my nail extensions were going to be. How on earth did anyone fasten such small buckles with my half inch protrusions jutting from their finger tips? My fumbling efforts finally paid off, but not before providing Mom and Phyllis with a pathetic source of amusement.

"Cheer up, love," Phyllis comforted. "You’re not the first young lady to find that it takes patience to master having pretty nails."

On the way to the car, the pavement echoes of my heels attracted my attention and looking down all I noticed that my nails now matched the color Mom had chosen for my sandals. Color coordinated toes, shoes and fingertips I thought. How feminine. As if reading my mind, Mom remarked that she had gotten me a fresh lipstick in the same color as my new nails to use tomorrow. I could add it to my collection.

For the rest of the evening, everything I did seemed to reinforce that fact that my hand movements could no longer be taken for granted. Picking up a paper clip or a piece of paper took on a whole new dimension. Holding my fork or pen required a totally different grip.

Touching my face or other sensitive areas required a special attention to gentleness, as I discovered when I went to the bathroom; wiping myself was an uncomfortable and humiliating ordeal, and I made sure to wash my hands extra good. (Yuck!) Afterward I wondered what would happen if I tried to masturbate; the very thought of those long

nails against my tender skin gave me the shivers! Was this another little way Mom had of curbing my boyish appetites?

I finally understood Mom's snide comment from what seemed a long time ago about managing my bra with nail extensions. It was like having to learn it all over again. At least she wasn't there when I was struggling or I might have had to undergo the on-off exercise I did when I was first introduced to the peculiarities of female undergarments.

Sleep that evening was another confused struggle between feelings of apprehension over appearing at school fully feminized and anticipation of an unwanted excitement I didn't comprehend. More than once I awoke to the odd sensation of my newly exaggerated finger nails, only to be reminded that in the morning I'd being parading about in with bright red toe nails displayed atop four inch heeled sandals.

Suddenly Mom was gently shaking me awake and then I was jolted back to reality as I remembered where I was and the significance of the day.

"Come on, sleepyhead, time to rise and shine," she coaxed. "We've got a lot to do before you leave for school today and not a whole lot of time to do it."

I muttered something about feeling ill, but a quick look from my mother told me that probably wouldn't be a good idea. The memory of what happened last time I tried faking being sick flickered in my mind, prompting me out of bed in record time.

"Start out by showering and then meet me in my room. Now off with you." She seemed in an unusually good mood for so early in the morning. I showered as usual except for the plastic cap I had to wear to protect my curled hair. I then returned to my room where she had laid out a pair of panties and a short panty girdle. I slipped on the panties and then tugged the latex garment up into place, leaving me girlishly flat in front.

When I got to her room, she gave me one of her frillier robes to put on and had me sit at her vanity table. She then proceeded to do my makeup in an overly elaborate fashion. First came a thick coat of pancake, then the rouge, followed by blush, plum colored eye shadow and dark eyeliner. I was told to do my own lipstick and mascara. I used my new tube of red lipstick and applied it as I had been taught.

"I want you to keep it looking fresh throughout the day," she said. "I'll know if you do or not, but you won't know how."

Then she brushed and teased my hair until it was a mass of curled bangs in the front and a tight ponytail at the rear of my head. I could watch as she worked, and the look she created was not of an innocent fourteen year old boy, but of a mature teenage girl,

teetering on the edge of womanhood, on the prowl. I was definitely going to be attracting attention.

My mother produced a pair of very large gold hoop earrings — a pair that I'd never seen before — and secured them to my earlobes. I couldn't believe the added heaviness compared to the light gold hoops I had worn up until then. They felt like they weighed a ton and I knew that they were going to be a constant distraction all day. With each turn of my head I could feel not only the tug on my lobes, but their light brush against my face. It also occurred to me that it was suddenly going to be obvious to everyone who saw me that I had my ears pierced. There was no way to pretend I was wearing Mom's clip-ons.

My fairy pendent was secured about my neck and Mom gave me some gaudy bracelets to slip over my wrists. They were loose and tended to fall over my hands when I dropped them by my side. "Keep your hands higher than your wrists and you won't have any problems," Mom coached. She didn't add that holding them such caused me to assume a naturally feminine posture, which made me feel stupid. I figured that once I left the house, I could just push them up my forearms but I found later that they didn't want to stay there, sliding right back down over my hands. I decided that once I was out of the house I'd stash the unwanted bangles in my purse.

Next I was allowed to don my bra. Mom watched proudly as I slid out of my gown and into my new brassiere, stopping me just long enough to examine my pudgy breasts. "Very nice," she said, her expression one of delight. "It looks like they are still growing, doesn't it? Imagine that."



I shrugged my shoulders. She was right; ever since summer they'd grown considerably, for whatever reason. By this time I could almost cup one in each hand. Of course, this wasn't something I was particularly proud of and I didn't feel much like talking about it. Anyway, with my bra in place and pulling my breasts together I appeared to have a rather noticeable valley above the supported mounds now decorating my chest.

Then Mom handed me the top and showed me how to tie the loose ends under my bust. The shoulder straps were not very wide and I began to worry that they wouldn't conceal my bra straps. Mom wasn't very reassuring, saying that I should check from time to time to see that my straps were concealed beneath my blouse. I hated wearing sleeveless tops and to say I felt exposed was an understatement.

The cutoff jeans Mom handed me didn't cover much either. These were extremely tight, cut from a pair of hip huggers at least a size too small for me. When I finally got them buttoned up the front I was worried when I saw how much of my belly button and my midriff were exposed. With the low waistband they barely covered the top of my panty girdle, and they were so short that I had to poke and tug to keep the white lace and elastic from being seen through the leg holes. My smoothly shaven legs ran a long way down until they came to my feet with the bright red toenails.

Putting on the red high-heeled sandals remained a struggle as I still hadn’t adapted to the long fingernails. Between my manicure and the constricting girdle it was a challenge, but I finally got them buckled. When I stood up I was chagrined to find that the top button of my shorts had popped open. It took me a minute to refasten it and I realized that I was going to have to be careful if I didn't want to embarrass myself when I got to school.

When I finally looked in the mirror, the reflection was such a shock it nearly took my breath away. There I was, the picture of a seductive young woman, made-up and dressed to go on the hunt for a man. But instead, I was heading off to school where I would be seen in my feminine glory by all of my friends.

As if all that wasn't bad enough, I started getting an erection. The image before me was so sexy, so powerful, I couldn't help squirming. Oh god! I remember thinking to myself. I'm never going to live this down! I'll be lucky if I don't get the crap kicked out of me before the day's over.

I was thinking about crawling back into bed when I saw Mom coming up behind me. An unwelcome tingling sensation shot through my body as I felt and smelled the perfume she was dabbing behind my ears.

"Give me your wrists," she said and proceeded to place some there also. "You’re going to smell like a lady today, also."

I shivered as the cool mist was sprayed between my breasts and behind my knees. I prayed my arousal wasn't noticeable; that would be the end of me for sure! I guess I shouldn't have been surprised when Mom gave me that knowing look of hers and grinned. "What's the matter, sweetie? Got ants in your panties?"

We went into the kitchen and I ate breakfast, noticing for the first time just how 'in the way' my new bosom was going to be. Suddenly I was helpless to keep the milk that spilled from my spoon from dripping onto my clothes. Bending forward was a futile ploy. My breasts remained in the target zone. Special care in eating was going to be required or my top would have more than just polka dots spotting it.

"Greg's got boobies, Greg's got boobies," Dave said more than once. Mom shushed him, saying that little boys didn't say 'boobies'. I didn't mind that as much as I that idiotic giggle he made every time he looked at me. I couldn't say much, though; I would have done even worse if he had been the one Mom was torturing.

I was already dreading my fate when it came time to leave. Mom handed me my purse along with my books, wishing me a pleasant day. She smiled and gave me a kiss on the cheek.

"Oh, ‘Pamela', you look so lovely." Her eyes gleamed with, well, I wasn’t so sure it was happiness as much as it was mischief. I thought about giving her a kiss back, but I didn’t want to smudge my lipstick and have to reapply it. And with that I was out the door and on my way to the corner, my heels clicking with each step, earrings dangling stiffly from my ears and leaving a trail of syrupy aroma in my wake.

In my hurry to just get out of the house, I hadn’t calculated that I was going to have extra time standing alone waiting for the bus. There I was, loitering at the corner, bedecked in this outrageous attire. In addition, autumn had arrived, making for a chilly day; and there I stood with short-shorts and a bare midriff and naked shoulders when I should have been wearing long pants and a coat. Nonetheless, I think I shivered as much from anxiety as from the cold air. If it hadn’t been for my holding schoolbooks and the time of day, I feared I would be mistaken for a lady of the evening. The ten minutes I waited seemed like an hour. And then I caught sight of the yellow bus turning the corner four blocks away and heading toward me.

Chapter 22 — The Ordeal

When the bus door opened, I negotiated the steps carefully in my heels and looked around to see if anyone else was participating in the spirit of the day. Thankfully there were other kids also dressed for the occasion and it really didn’t make much difference to me right then if they were boys or girls. At least I wasn’t going to be made a total fool standing out alone at school. Still, I had to endure a gauntlet of smiling faces and whistles as I looked for somewhere to sit. I made my way down the aisle and took a seat next to Kathy Wade, one of the girls I’d known since junior high. I gave her a furtive smile.



"My mother’s idea," I said in answer to what I knew must have been her unspoken question.

"Very nice. You make a very convincing girl," she came back as she returned my smile. I was startled as she leaned close and sniffed carefully. "And you smell the part too. This must have really taken some doing. I’m impressed." Her tone wasn’t sarcastic but more of fascination or curiosity.

A polite "Thank you" was all I could return.

"So how do you like having to wear all this stuff?" she continued, not letting me off the hook.

"Well, as I said, it was my mother’s idea to have me dress up for Sadie Hawkins. I guess she went a little overboard."

She ran her fingertips over the tops of my thigh, sending a familiar shiver through my boyish region. "A little overboard, huh? Permed hair, shaved legs . . . pierced ears? You

know, your ears don’t look like they were just pierced. Just how long have you been wearing earrings?" she pressed forward.

"My mom had them done last summer," I honestly admitted. I didn't know what else to say, so I just sat there with my sheepish grin.

My remarks were intended to divert her attention, but instead they seemed to whet her appetite. "And you seem to maneuver quite well in those heels as you got on the bus. You’ve worn heels before," she declared. It was a statement, not a question.

I told her that Mom made me wear them around home for the past week or so to get use to them. "I think she always wanted to see what I’d look like if I’d been born a girl and this was her big chance. She even had a name picked out. She likes to call me 'Pamela'." It was only part of the truth, but there was no way I was going to tell her the full story.

"Say, you got anything interesting in there?" She pointed to my purse. "I have to keep mine cleaned out weekly or I lose all kinds of things that I forget I even have."

"Only what my Mother has stocked in here for me," I replied.

"Mind if I take a peek? I’d love to see what she packed."

"Sure, help yourself." I handed her the maroon clutch that I’d been given to carry. I tried to remember what exactly I had in it, but it was too late

The first thing she found were the bangles I’d hidden away.

"You’re not going to wear these?" she asked.

I shrugged my shoulders. "They’re a pain. They keep falling off unless I hold my hands up like a fairy." I felt funny saying the word "fairy" while dressed as a girl, but as far as I was concerned, it was the truth.

Kathy gave me a curious look and then smiled. "Well, I think they’re neat. I can't believe you're not wearing them. Let’s see them on you."

I felt like I was putting on a pair of handcuffs as she slipped the collection of gaudy bracelets over my hands. She spent a moment or so arranging them and then made me hold my hands out so she could get a good look.

"See what I mean?" I dropped one hand and a bracelet almost fell off. I raised my hand back up in a girlish manner and rolled my eyes as I realized some of the other kids were watching.

Kathy shrugged her shoulders. "They don't look so bad. Why don’t you wear them? For me? Please?" Blushing deeply, I nodded. My new friend looked me straight in the eye, as though to challenge me. "Promise? Say you won’t take them off. I’ll know if you do, and then I’ll get upset."

"Okay, I promise," I finally said. A cold chill went through me. She sounded just like my mother. "I won’t take them off." I felt like an idiot as I held my hands up to keep the bracelets from falling off. I couldn't help noticing one of the girls across the aisle mocking me, holding her hands out in a limp-wristed fashion like she was gay or something, prompting her friend to giggle out loud. I felt like reneging on our deal, but faced with a smile like that, this was one promise that I would have to keep.

"You’re sweet," Kathy said with a wink. "Let’s see what else you have in here."

I felt my face turn red as my new friend produced the lipstick and mascara that my mom made me carry with me. She seemed especially impressed by the little bottle of perfume, saying that her mother had the same exact one sitting on her dresser at home.

"Do you do your own makeup?" she asked. I looked around to see if anyone was paying attention to us. The girls across the aisle giggled with delight, as were the two boys sitting behind us. The nod I gave could hardly be seen.

"I’d like to see that," my new friend said with a giggle. I heard the other children laughing in reply. She dug into my purse again. "Oh, my . . . look at this . . ."

Kathy’s face lit up. Her smile went from ear to ear as she carefully produced a familiar pink and white packet about the size of a candy wrapper. I blinked in disbelief as she waved the tampon under my nose. I grabbed at it, but she pulled away, her eyes wide with mischief.

"And just what do you think you’re doing with one of these? Do you even know what this thing is for?"

"Please, Kathy . . . somebody might see." I tried to contain my concern, but it was difficult considering the circumstances. The giggling around us turned to laughter, and my mouth went dry as cotton.

"Answer my question. Do you know what this is for?"

My face burning with shame, I lowered my eyes and nodded. Kathy nudged me in the ribs. "You do know what it’s for, don’t you? Did your mom tell you, or did you find out about it on your own?"

"Uh, my mom . . ." I could barely bring myself to say the words. "You know . . . She told me all about it. I guess she put it in there as a joke."

"Sounds like you two are pretty close." Kathy looked at me carefully. "That's neat."

When she finished searching through my purse Kathy handed it back to me, saying that it was practical inventory but not very imaginative. I took it back and wondered she thought I could be carrying.

She pushed forward with more questions. "Do you like the way you look, all decorated like a Christmas tree? Do your heels hurt? Did your mother shape you eyebrows, too? Well, what do you think of all that girls go through to look pretty? By the way, your bra strap is showing. Let me adjust it for you," she offered.

I shrugged my shoulders, blushing as her fingernails traced a line on my bare skin. "I guess it's all right, dressing up like this, I mean. I'll let you know when I figure it all out. But you're a girl. How do you like having to spend all the time it takes to get ready every time you want to go out to some place nice?" I prayed that maybe I could turn the conversation back towards her and away from me.

"Sometimes it's really neat. Other times it seems a hassle. But then that's the advantage of being a girl. You get to choose. You know where girls' choices are more restricted? It's when it comes to asking boys out on dates. Girls normally aren't supposed to do that, are they? But today's an exception, isn't it?"

To make a long story short, Kathy's fascination with my appearance caused her to ask me if I had a date for the dance that evening. I couldn't believe it!

She was actually asking me out!!!

I didn't know what to say. I'd never been on a date before and I was torn. On any other day I would have felt like the luckiest guy in the world. But . . . well, shoot . . . I was wearing a panties and a bra!!! How do you think I felt? On top of that, I was more than a little worried about what my mom would think when she found out. Taking the conservative route, I tried to act cool about the whole situation.

"Well, I'd love to go with you, but I have to check with my mother first to make sure she can drive. Let me have your phone number and I'll call you and let you know. If she says 'yes' then you can give me directions to your home."

Looking the way I did, I couldn't believe a girl would actually be interested in asking me for a date, especially not with me looking like some sort of fruitcake. But Kathy had. And from the look she kept giving me, she was more than interested in what she saw.

"Don’t worry about having to pick me up. My mother can drive if yours can’t. But I must admit," she confided, "I really want to meet your mother."

Call me paranoid, but instead of being elated that I’d been asked out, I was immediately wondering if she really had an ulterior motive. What did she mean about meeting my mother? Why would she want to meet her? Was there something about my dilemma that excited her? I could only speculate, which even caused me further worry.

The bus was pulling into the school turn-around and I had her number copied into my folder. We were picking up our books and binders when her parting comment left me speculating all the more.

"Now be sure you come as ‘Pamela’," she advised. "You promise?"

I wasn’t sure I heard her right. I made a face and swallowed. "Uh . . . as ‘Pamela’? Y-you want me to come to the party . . . dressed as a girl?"

My new friend nodded. "Absolutely! I think it’ll be fun. Remember, it's the Sadie Hawkins dance, so there’ll be other guys dressed up, too, right? So why not?"

I squirmed in my seat. My girdle was already killing me, adding to the discomfort of our conversation. "Ummm, no reason, I guess."

Kathy seemed to enjoy my confusion. She blew me a kiss and then winked. "Great! Then it’s a date! Don’t forget, ‘Pamela', all right? I want my little brother to meet her. It'll be lots of fun!"

Well, perhaps this has something to do with her little brother instead of me, I thought.

Once at school, I was relieved to see that besides girls, there were several other boys dressed for the day. Way less than half of the boys decided to join in, but it was better than nothing. You could divide them into two general groups. The vast majority were mere parodies of girls, and then there were those who actually could have passed as real misses. The first group had hairy legs showing beneath their nylons, grossly over-stuffed brassieres, garish makeup and were acting loud and obnoxious. Some just had makeup and a scarf on, the cowards.

The second bunch of boys, a much, much smaller group and the one to which I obviously belonged, looked rather feminine, acted demure, and presented a more quiet comportment. I made a mental note of who these boy-girls were, thinking that in some way I shared a common bond with them. I knew that I would eventually want to ask them what had led them to this point. If only I made it through this day.

Needless to say, my mother's costume design attracted a good deal of attention. More than one girl complemented me on my appearance and commented on either my hair, smooth legs, nails or how well I managed in my high heels. Several seemed amused by the attention to detail in my costume, making sure to tease me about things like wearing a bra and having my hair permed.

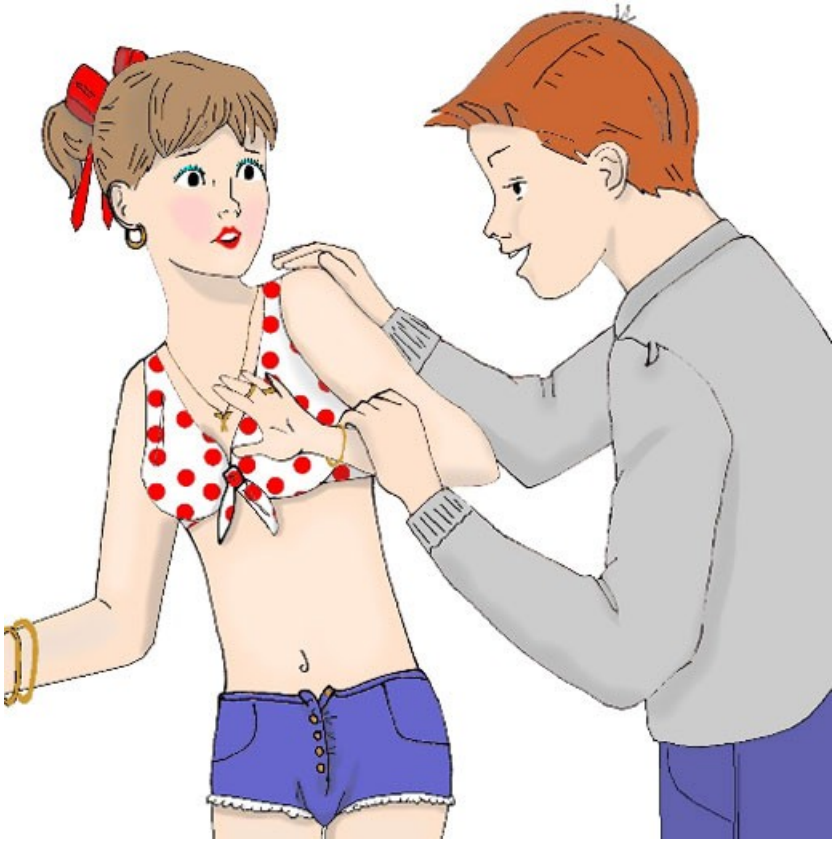
The guys were another story. Those who didn't know me gave me a careful look and a smile and went on about their business. If they thought I was a boy they didn't make a big deal about it, just a curious grin, a remark and that was about it. Those who knew I was a boy had to look at me twice to make sure of what they were seeing, and some of the comments weren't very nice.

"Wow, Parker, you look really hot!" one of the more rambunctious guys commented just before our first class. Todd Haggarty and his friends had refused to dress up for the day, and they'd been harassing several of the younger ones who had. "Not bad for a little faggot. Maybe if you're nice to me I'll get you a date with one of the guys on the football team. I'll tell 'em you're my little sister so they won't be too rough on ya."

"That won't fly, dude," another boy shouted. "He's too pretty to be your sister! Damn, that little fairy looks better than most of the real girls in this class!"

That got a laugh all around the room. Even from the girls. I felt the color rise in my face, but I said nothing. Trapped in my prissy costume, all I could hope to do was get through the next few minutes.

Todd stepped up close to me and flicked my fairy pendant with his finger. "Fairy boy! That's a good one! That's what we'll call you . . . Fairy Boy! Where'd you get the pretty necklace from, fairy? From your mama?"



He then elbowed me pretty hard, knocking my textbooks on the ground. "Uh-oh, Fairy Boy . . . you dropped somethin'. Better pick it up."

Without saying a word, I knelt down and gingerly picked up my books. With my high heels and the skimpy top and skintight shorts, I had to be extra careful not to tip over and fall flat on my face.

Several of the boys hooted and made rude noises. "Did you see that? He even squats like a girl! Man, what a little queer!"

I could feel the tears welling up in my eyes, but I was determined not to cry. I knew from the very start that this kind of thing was going to happen. It was inevitable. As angry and frustrated as I was, I really couldn't blame the guys; I'd have probably done the same thing in their shoes. It was probably a good idea to keep my mouth shut, being that I wouldn’t have stood a chance against any of the bigger boys, even without my high heels and delicate clothes to impede me; with my nails so long I couldn't even make a fist! But that didn’t make things any easier.

All day long I had to endure similar whispers behind my back. Most everyone either ignored me, thinking I was either just another girl or assuming I was really into the spirit of Sadie Hawkins Day. But all it took to make me miserable were those one or two

bullies. I don’t know which hurt worse, being called 'fairy' in front of my classmates or having my ponytail pulled and my earrings flicked by some jerk every time our teacher turned her back.

Mom would just love this, I remember thinking to myself at one point. "That's what you get for being such a stupid boy," she'd say if she could see me now. . .

Aside from the occasional teasing and bullying, I had other problems, too. Throughout the day I was constantly reminded of how restrictive my nails had become as I had to adapt a whole new technique of managing myself. In addition to writing and turning pages in my textbooks and manipulating the combination lock on my locker, I had to worry about little things like poking myself in the eye whenever I scratched my face. Small objects continued to present a challenge and I found that lightly rapping my nails on the wooden desktops provided an entertaining new sensation.

By lunchtime I was exhausted. Between keeping my hands bent up at the wrists to prevent losing my bangles and balancing myself in my high heels, I was worn to a frazzle! I was so tired, in fact, that I didn't bother eating. To make matters worse, my stupid shorts kept coming undone at the waist and I was afraid if I did eat anything I'd never be able to fasten them back. Instead, I opted to drink a carton of milk and share part of a dessert with one of the girls I had classes with. Leslie thought my predicament was hilarious, and she enjoyed hearing me complain about my tight shorts and my feet.

"Now you know what we girls have to go through, girlie-girl," my friend teased cruelly. "Having to watch your girlish figure and tripping around in high heels! Oh, Greg, you look so ridiculous with those silly breasts . . . they're almost as big as my sister's! Imagine if you had to wear a skirt and had to worry about showing your undies. Now that would have been really funny!"

This went on for the entire lunch period. Leslie had her reasons for being mean, I guess, since I'd given her a hard time when she'd first developed her figure. More than once I'd teased her about her boobs and snapped her bra. And now she was having more than her share of fun at my expense!

I was in too much pain to worry about such things, anyway. I had to go to the bathroom something terrible, but I didn't dare, not dressed the way I was! Going to the boy's toilet in such a feminine outfit would have just been asking for trouble; it was bad enough getting stared at in the hallway, I didn't dare imagine what someone would say if they saw my red toenails and those gaudy high heels peeking out from underneath a stall door. And slipping into the girls' restroom was definitely out of the question. As a result,

I just had to hold it in until I got home, no matter how miserable I got. And believe me, that was pretty miserable!

My clothes continued giving me fits throughout the rest of the day. Even with my panty girdle on my shorts were so painfully tight I ended up leaving the top button unfastened. Fortunately no one seemed to notice it. What a relief that was! I just had to make sure nothing else came undone!

Then there were those stupid sandals. What a pain they turned out to be! I would have been slipping off my heels off each time I wasn't standing if I could only have unbuckled those tiny clasps with a little more dexterity. By fifth period, my feet were killing me and at the risk of not being able to get them back on, I had to get out of those shoes. Beneath my desk I kept one foot in one sandal, held the other sandal in one hand and used my free hand to massage my aching foot. Then I'd slide my sandal back on and duplicate the operation for the opposite foot. At the end of that period I managed to refasten the buckles and make it the final assembly of the day. Finally, the end was nearing!

Unfortunately I had one final hurdle to overcome. During the last hour the entire school gathered in the auditorium for announcements and awards. We were supposed to be grouped with our home rooms, so I had to watch carefully to make sure I didn't sit anywhere near any of the boys who'd been teasing me earlier in the day; I was near the breaking point and another flick of the ear or getting tripped or pushed one more time would have surely set me off on a crying binge. I made a point to sit next to a couple of the student teachers who'd looked at my cross-dressing adventure with smiles and kind words.

I was pretty much in a daydream as the assembly got underway. I remember thinking about all I'd been through that day and how I was going to answer Mom when she quizzed me on my experience. I contemplated lying to her and saying "Oh, nothing," when she asked me how things had gone, but I knew I'd end up telling her everything. I always did. When I got home she was definitely going to have a field day at my expense. It wasn't something I was looking forward to.

Next thing I knew, a dozen hands were poking at me and one of my teachers was pushing me out of my seat, saying, "Come on, pretty boy . . . they're calling your name." Looking up, I realized that the principal of the school was pointing at me from where he stood on stage, just like the host of a television game show.

Oh, god . . . now what? Oh, no-o-o-o-o-o-o . . .!

As I made my way up to the front of the auditorium I realized in horror what was going on. There were at least four other kids on stage, all dressed up in country girl costumes. Apparently I'd been nominated for the Sadie Hawkins lookalike contest and didn't even know it! I glanced back at the kids in my homeroom and saw Leslie and Mark and some of the others waving and blowing kisses at me. I later found out that they'd all gotten together and convinced Miss Allen, our teacher, to put my name up for grabs. Miss Allen apparently found my predicament about as entertaining as did my so-called friends.



I don't remember much of what actually happened on stage. I do remember standing there like an idiot in front of more than two thousand kids, trying to act like wearing lipstick, heels and earrings was the most natural thing in the world for me to be doing. I was so nervous I dropped my purse at least twice, and I was so self conscious when I stooped to pick it up; a wave of giggles swept across the auditorium each time and I could just imagine that Todd and his gang were having a field day saying nasty things about me!

There were two other boys among the finalists, thank goodness, one a senior football jock wearing a potato sack over his jeans and a straw hat with a plastic flower and a tacky makeup job, making him the hit of the event. There was another boy, looking rather feminine sophomore in an old-fashioned country-style dress, his hair and makeup

giving him a definite girlish appearance. Of the two girls on stage, one was a junior with a pair of funny glasses and had a tooth blacked out, while the other, a senior, looked like she stepped right out of a fashion magazine, clad in skimpy top and short shorts almost identical to my own. If I wasn't so miserable I might have thought the whole thing interesting and fun.

And then there was little old freshman me. My name was called — my boy name, of course! — and I minced out to the podium and stood there grinning like an idiot. The principal was savvy enough to know what was going on and he played up my girlish appearance while acting as though he didn't know I was a boy. I do remember him winking at me as I thanked him for calling me up on stage (Yeah, right!) and then dipped slightly at the knee. My girlish actions set off another wave of giggles, and I fought the desire to kick off my high heels and run off the stage.

In spite of the applause and laughter I garnered from the audience, I didn't win, thank goodness. The fashion model came in first while the jock won second place. The girl with the glasses and missing teeth came in third. I placed fourth, though, which was enough to set off a wave of laughter and wolf whistles among my classmates when I stepped forward to accept the little trophy I'd won. The shy sophomore boy came in fifth, by the way. Funny, I thought he looked rather cute, but hardly anybody applauded for him. Between you and me I sort of felt bad for him.

I was so glad when the final bell rang. Between having to go to the bathroom and all the teasing I'd endured, I was worn out and ready to go home. Unfortunately for me, two of the boys who'd harassed me at the beginning of the day just happened to catch me on the way to my bus.

I felt a chill down my spine as Todd and his partner, a tall black boy named Joe something-or-other, stepped along either side of me, as though they were walking me to the bus. Instead, however, the two ninth graders forced me into a dead end hallway, alone and far from the other kids.

Todd put his arm around my shoulders. It was a weird feeling as he put his mouth up to my ear; I felt sick as the warm air tickled the side of my neck. "Hello, Fairy Boy! How's it going, honey? You really looked good up on stage, sweetie-pie!" I clutched my books against my bosom, as though to protect myself.

Joe took his cue. He poked me in the side with his finger, just under the ribs, tracing a line all the way around to my bare belly button. "She sure did, man." I felt his fingertip travel up to the knot tied between my 'breasts'. Fighting panic, I bit my lip and stood

perfectly still. "Did you notice she even walks like a girl? Man, that's sad. I bet this little girl wears her high heels all the time. Shows off that little butt when she does."

Todd laughed a mean laugh. "Come on, faggot, tell us the truth. Do you wear high heels at home? You like showing off your little ass?" He was working on making me cry, and I knew he could do it, given enough time. "You want to show us your pretty ass, Fairy Boy? We won't tell anybody."

I decided to at least make an attempt at getting away. "C'mon, guys, it's just a stupid costume. Please, let me go. I'm gonna miss my bus. Please . . .?" I tried to step past my tormentors, but they were faster in their sneakers than I was in my high heels. Joe knocked my books and trophy out of my hands and gave me a hard look, daring me to pick them up. Todd reached around and grabbed my ponytail, laughing cruelly.

"You're not goin' anywhere, faggot! We want to see just how much of a girl you really are. We wanna see some more of that ass. I bet she's wearing panties, right now, Joe! Whatchu think?"

"Hey, man, I think you're right. Look here." I winced as the smirking black boy pinched me on a tender spot just below my ribs and then slipped a thick, rough finger inside the waistband of my shorts. He tugged at where the top button had come undone and started fiddling with the next one. Closing my eyes in shame, I could feel it coming loose. I could also smell the aroma of his cologne. It reminded me of something I smelled at the barbershop. Funny, the things you remember when you're under stress.

Anyway, while I was praying for a miracle, Joe was busy tugging at my waistband. "C'mon, man. She's already popping out of them pants. Let's give her a hand."

I tried pulling away, but couldn't for fear of my shorts coming undone. Tears welled up in my eyes and I was having trouble breathing. That really got Todd going. "The little fairy's cryin', just like a little baby. Cool. Let's see some more tears, you little faggot crybaby! Undo them shorts, Joe. Let's see some panties!"

Joe grinned really big. I felt his hand slide into the front of my shorts and I was about to cry out for help when a loud voice shouted out, "Hey, what are you three doing down there? Get out here and head for those busses. Come on, you know the policy. No loitering in the halls. Let's get a move on!"

It was, of all people, Mr. Landon, the vice-principal. He had a terrible reputation for a bad temper, but at that particular moment, I never was so happy to see his scowling face. I almost gave him a hug, I was so relieved! His expression told me he was in no mood

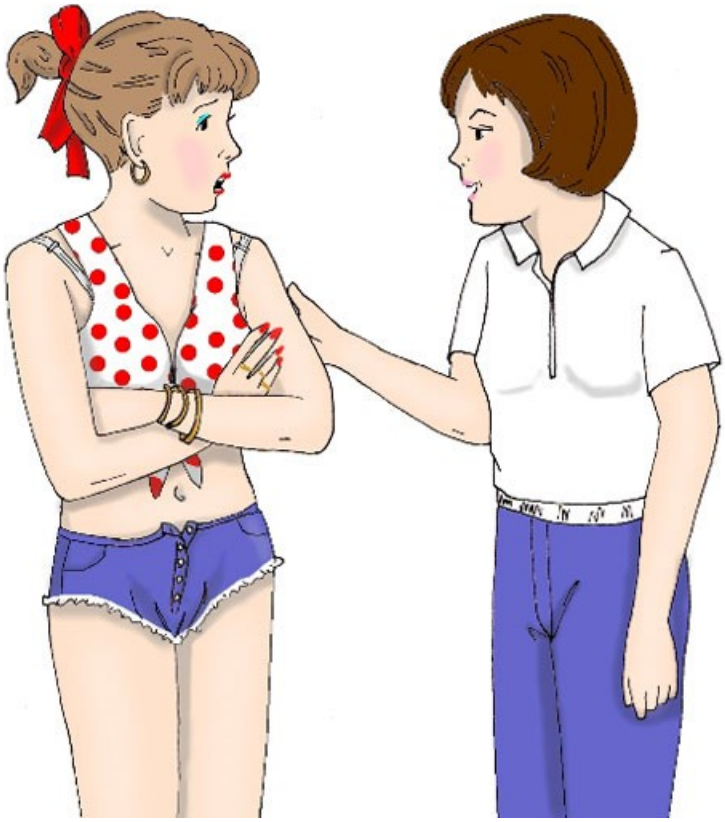
for any more foolishness. He probably thought I was one of the boys' girlfriends or something. Not wanting to make a scene, I knelt quickly and grabbed my books and things, and then skittered along the tile floor toward my bus, my heels clip-clopping all the way to safety.

"Hey, pussy!" Todd hissed as I rushed away. "Don’t think you’re getting away with anything. You’ll get yours . . . I promise!"

A few minutes later I was climbing back up the steps of the bus that would deliver me home. I sat there in my lone seat, clutching my books close and hoping that Kathy would come sit next to me for the return ride; my biggest fear was that one of the meaner boys would try and give me a hard time all the way home. I was overjoyed as she appeared shortly after me and sat down next to me. Here I was, worn to the bones from my experience, desperate to go to the bathroom . . . and she was looking refreshed and energized in her white collared shirt and blue jeans, the choice of the day for most girls.

"I loved it when you were at the awards ceremony! That was so much fun . . . Can I see your trophy? Hey, what's the matter, sweetheart? Have you been crying? Your mascara's all smudged and stuff." The look on her face made me melt. I was so entranced, I almost forgot why I was upset.

"Um, I'm all right. Just had a long day," I said, my voice husky with emotion.



For the umpteenth time that day I remembered what Mom had said about keeping my makeup fresh and I figured that I'd better at least show up at home with my eyes done right and my lipstick freshened. Heaven knows what would happen if they weren't! I opened my purse to remove my compact and lip color and then proceeded to repair the afternoon's wear and tear. It didn't go unnoticed by Kathy how I held the mirror and cap in one hand as I applied the lipstick with the other.

"You do that just like you've been doing it all your life," she joked. "Can I borrow your lipstick after you're done? I didn't bring any today and I can feel my lips getting chapped."

"Sure, here you go." I said as I handed it to her and pulled out a tissue to blot my own lips.

"I'll need that too." She indicated as I started to return the tissue to my purse. She took it from me, blotted her lips and then stuffed it in her pocket. "Souvenir," she said with a smile.

I nodded. How humiliating, Kathy was using her pockets, while all I had was my purse.

"I missed wearing lipstick today," she commented. "Somehow I just feel kind of naked without it, but you probably wouldn’t understand that, would you?"

I just shrugged my shoulders and grinned sheepishly. I could feel Kathy watching me as I pulled out my mascara; I hated to put on a show in front of her like that, but I knew it wouldn’t do for me to face my mother with my eyes looking smeared and sloppy.
"Neat," Kathy said as she watched me touch up my eyelashes. "Most boys wouldn’t have the slightest idea how to do that. I wonder what else your mother taught you to do?"

I smiled mysteriously and put my makeup kit away.

When the bus came to my corner, I started to get up, but Kathy pulled me back by my arm and gave me a peck on the cheek. "See you tonight, sweetheart," she said. "Don’t forget. You’re coming as ‘Pamela', right?"

I nodded. "Sure. I mean, if that's what you want."

"That's what I want," she said with a smile worth dying for.
"'Bye, 'Pamela’,!" some of the other kids called out. Some of the boys whistled while the girls giggled. "Don’t forget your purse!"

Blushing warmly, I nodded, then made my way off the bus.

Chapter 23 — Greg's First Date

My skimpy shorts and top offered little protection against the later afternoon breeze as I quickly walked the distance home. The awkwardness of the heels and heavy hoops were an additional burden and fought the wave of tears that struggled to overcome me. Was I really looking forward to getting home, going to the bathroom and getting out of this skimpy outfit! When I came through the back door, however, Mom was waiting and she started on me even before I had my sandals off.

"Where did you get the little statue? What happened, sweetie . . . did you win an award or something?" She fingered the top of the trophy I'd won at school. I hadn't noticed before, but it was topped with a likeness of a man being chased by a woman: Sadie Hawkins going after her husband. I remember staring at the ridiculous image before me and thinking, Oh, that's just great! Mom looked from the trophy to me and back again, her face beaming with delight. I felt my blood pressure go up as I realized what was

probably going through her mind. “It looks like you had fun today. Come on, have a seat and tell me all about it!"

The questions were fast and furious and for the first time in my life I had to take charge of the situation. "Mom, please! My feet are absolutely killing me," I complained loudly. "They’ve been cramping ever since lunch. Let me get them off and then after I go to the bathroom I’ll tell you about all about everything."

Thank god, she at least let me take off the shoes and go to the toilet. I thought I'd never stop peeing! When I finally came back I stretched out on the couch and removed the heavy hoops, again with the gawky awkwardness that comes from inexperience. Then I started to take down my hair as I recounted the events of the day, from the bullying and teasing all through how I had been asked out on a date for the dance that night by Kathy.

Mom relished every word I said about the day's events, drinking them in with a thirst that made me uncomfortable, especially when it came to hearing about my difficulties. She seemed more interested than concerned when she heard about my encounters with Todd and Joe, for example. After making me tell the story at least twice to make sure I hadn't left anything out, she questioned me forever on the details, holding me by the hand and squeezing it tightly as I searched my memory for the answers she wanted. When I made the mistake of telling her how Joe had tried undoing my shorts, her eyes lit up and she pressed on. "He had his hand down your pants? Good grief, girl, how far? He didn't get them off, did he?"

I couldn't believe she was asking me that. "No, Mom, he didn't get them off!!! Please . . . that's nasty!"

My mother gave me a funny look. "This Todd boy . . . he sounds like he's obsessed with you. He didn't try to kiss you, did he? You didn't let him, did you?"

A guy . . . trying to kiss me! I didn't know what to say to that one. "Eww, Mom!!! Don't be gross! That's sick!" I couldn't believe how she was acting. Sometimes she goes too far, I thought to myself.

"Things happen," she said cryptically. "You'd be surprised."

When Mom was done she warned me about hanging out with the wrong crowd.

"Now you see what girls have to go through? Just because someone dresses nice people think they can be harassed and touched in places they don't like. It's not fun, is it? Some of those boys can really cause you a lot of trouble, sweetie, so you'd best be on your

guard. Next time do yourself a favor. Try and find a nice boy you can trust."
I didn't like the sound of that. "What next time?" I wondered. "What nice boy?" To be honest, I was too afraid to ask.

After smiling through my recounting of all the teasing and abuse I suffered, Mom asked me how I felt about the way I was treated. I told her how much I hated it, and I ended up sobbing as I realized none of my friends would ever look at me the same again.

Mom was beside herself with joy when I told her about the awards ceremony and I had to tell that story at least four times! "It's too bad I wasn't there with my camera," she said wistfully. "I'd love to have a picture of you accepting your little trophy. Maybe I'll call the school and see if anyone shot any film."

The trophy ended up on the mantle, of course, where it was eventually joined by a framed snapshot of me onstage with the principal accepting my award; Mom got that from the school paper, which ran the photo three times that year in various issues about school events and activities. Another shot of me posing with one of the other cross-dressed boys — remember the sophomore in the country dress? — was included in our yearbook. I winced at the thought of my photo being in the hands of every high school boy in our county.

Anyway, my mother was also delighted to hear that I'd met a girl and that I had accepted her invitation to attend the school dance. She said she would be happy to drive and pick us up, saying that going to the dance would be the perfect conclusion to such a special day.

"I've got the perfect outfit for ‘Pamela’ to wear, too, sweetie. Your little Kathy is just going to love you when she sees it!"

Sighing helplessly, I called Kathy and told her my mother could drive and got directions. We’d pick her up at 7:30 sharp.

I got out of my shorts and top, but left on my bra and panty girdle as Mom had instructed. She handed me a short white satin robe to wear, which enhanced the female image I projected with my full bust. I creamed off my makeup and went into the family room where I flopped down in front of the TV and then dozed off for a nap.

When I awoke I had slept almost two hours and it was time to help Mom with dinner. At least I didn’t have to don my hated apron as all I had to do was set the table and pour drinks. Those damn nails were still getting in the way as I pulled napkins out and folded them next to the silverware. "God, I can’t wait to be freed from these stupid

fingernails," I thought. They were every bit as restrictive as the heels and girdle, in some ways even more so.

When dinner was over, it was time to get ready for the dance. Mom had me shower, again wearing a plastic shower bonnet to keep my hair dry. I got out and went back into my bedroom to find a fresh outfit laid out, this time a red silken mini-dress with a flared, flirty skirt. There was also a fresh padded bra, a shorty panty girdle and a pair of sheer nude stockings waiting for me. I dressed myself as usual, still a little clumsy with the bra hooks and long nails, but left off my shoes until the last minute. Mom insisted that I wear my gaudy red high-heeled sandals, saying that they'd go perfectly with my new dress and hose. I made a case for wearing other shoes, but she wouldn't hear of it.

"Not another word, unless you want to wear them to school every day next week."

That shut me up.

The dress was awful snug, except for the flared skirt. I asked Mom if it was a good idea for me to wear something so revealing. My question served mostly to irritate her. "You have something you'd rather be wearing?"

"Yes, ma'am. I mean, no, ma'am. I . . . I just think . . . doesn't this dress let people see my underthings? It's so tight." I plucked at the material in an attempt to get it to fluff up a bit and not cling so tightly to my body. "My . . . bra . . . it sticks out too much . . ."

Mom smacked my hands away. "Stop that! See, you silly girl, that's how it's supposed to work. Girls wear pretty underthings so they can show them off. This dress is perfect for that. It's so thin, so clingy, it really shows off your curves, too. See?" To my horror, she ran her hands over my padded bra, emphasizing the budding breasts beneath.

"Consider yourself lucky. Some girls your age don't have any boobs at all. You look just perfect!"



"But . . . I'm not a girl," I said unconvincingly . . .

I did most of my makeup, except for the eyeliner, which I had never painted on myself up to that point. Mom fixed my hair up, this time with dual ponytails out to the sides. My stomach sunk when I saw how childish the little red scrunchies looked with my bangs and I wondered what Kathy would think. My mother then used a brush to accentuate my cheeks with some blush and I was almost ready to go. There was the mandatory perfume which I got to apply myself this time, with reminders to get behind both my ears and on my wrists. I thought I'd perhaps escaped the heavy hoops, but she produced them at the last minute and fastened them to my ears. I also ended up with the bangles decorating my wrists, another burden to bear. She handed me one of her nicer wool sweaters and I got my purse and out the door we went.

Kathy lived about ten minutes away and we were there in no time. Mom stayed in the car as I minced up the walkway to the front door. I rang the bell and Kathy answered, dressed in boy clothes of a t-shirt, denim jeans and Keds. Her hair was slicked back into boyish style and there was a swagger to her step that made me feel funny.

"Hello, 'Pammy'," she said gleefully. "I love your hair! And that dress . . . wow! Cute figure. You really look cool! Just like a girl!"

She invited me inside and her parents were both waiting in the living room. It flashed through my head about how you never get a second chance to make a first impression. I

was thinking, what will they think of me when I come back for a date dressed as a guy, instead of in this prissy costume?

Mr. Wade was a large man in both height and girth. He shook my hand with a "Hello, Greg." and returned to sit where he was reading the paper. Guess he wasn't in the mood for conversation or maybe he was just at a loss for words.

Mrs. Wade was just the opposite. She smiled as she took my hand and greeted me with affectionate "Oh, Gregory, or is it 'Pamela'? I swear to goodness, you look even prettier than Kat had described. Oh, look at those cute little pony tails. They're absolutely adorable! I'm so please you agreed to go to the dance with her." She hadn't let go of my hand and instead escorted me toward the hallway where a boy younger than me was standing quietly.

"Come here, Stephen," she ordered. It was a definite command and not a request. The boy sheepishly approached as she introduced him as to me, telling me that he was two years younger than Kathy and was in the sixth grade.

I took his hand to shake it and said in a friendly voice, "Hi, Steve. It's nice to meet you." He looked at my hand and my painted nails, but he never made eye contact with me. He quickly withdrew his hand once I had released it, backing away into the doorway.

"Doesn't Gregory look nice all dressed up as 'Pamela'?" Mrs. Wade asked him. She turned to me and explained how Stephen didn't think that boys could be made to look as pretty as girls. "I've told him that with the right clothes and makeup young boys could be made to look exactly like teenage girls, but he wouldn't believe me."

At this point I was wondering why she would be having this conversation with him in the first place. Had it come up when Kathy had told him about Sadie Hawkins Day, or was something darker smoldering beneath the surface?

"Now do you believe me?" She turned her comments back to the younger brother. "You see how easy it could be done?" The tone more threatening than informational. "I want you to take a long look and remember what we talked about," she continued.

His first and only words were a hushed "Yes, Mom," delivered with his eyes glued to the floor near our feet. At first I thought he might be staring at my heels and painted toenails, but then I realized it was a posture of submission. Yes, there was certainly something unspoken going on and I could only surmise what it was. Maybe I could get Kathy to fill me in once we were alone.

The conversation eventually returned to Kathy and me. "You kids have a good time. Kathy, you're to be home by midnight even if Greg's mother is driving," and so on. Kathy picked up a boy's varsity coat she'd borrowed and we headed out the door to where Mom was waiting.

Before we could get in the car my mom made a big deal out of taking our picture together. "Oh, you two, you look so sweet together . . . a handsome young boy and his beautiful girlfriend . . . I've just got to get this on film. Here, I've got my camera ready; it'll take just a second!"

Not feeling dressed appropriately for the occasion, I tried to get out of it. I made up some excuse about being late for the dance; to my surprise, Kathy was as enthusiastic as Mom was, saying it would be fun to have a photo of the two of us on our first date. I felt so stupid as she pulled me over to my mom's car and put her arm around my waist and pulled me close. All I could do was grin like a fool while the little flash went off over and over again.

Once we were done I opened the front door thinking we could both squeeze in, but Mom suggested that we sit in the back together. Kathy opened the door for me and taking my hand offered to assist me since I was wearing more restrictive clothing than she was. When we were both buckled in, we headed for the school as the dance was going to be held in the gym.

"By the way, Mom, this is Kathy. Kathy, Mom," I said as my way of introduction.

"It was so nice of you to ask Greg to the dance," Mom said, her face beaming with delight as she saw just how pretty my date was behind her boyish disguise.

Kathy beamed right back. "Well, when I saw him get on the bus this morning, I just couldn't believe how pretty he was. I knew right then that if he'd go, we'd have a great time tonight." She giggled and snuggled closer to me. She'd put her arm around my back the way boys do to girls and gave me a hug. As she talked to my mother about how it was so neat to see boys willing appear feminine, she was working her hand up under the sweater on my back. Then she started to play with my straps through the thin material of my dress and just before we got to the school, she gave the main one a sharp snap.

She pulled my head close to her and whispered in my ear, "So how does it feel to have a girl snap your bra, sweetheart?" and with that she broke out in a little laugh. "I've always wanted to do that to a boy whenever one of them did it to me. I love the way you blushed when I did it. You know, I think we could have a lot of fun like this." Her voice

was soaking with a mischievous tone while she toyed with the contours beneath my dress.

Kathy was right, I was blushing, and my heart was pounding so loudly my ears hurt; I was surprised that the car windows weren't steamed up, I was so excited. Needless to say, I was also struggling to deal with a growing erection; being so close to a girl and having her touch me with such familiarity, such possessiveness, well, it was extremely arousing. Just the touch of Kathy's fingers up and down the small of my back caused me to squirm in my panty girdle. I remember wishing the car ride would end soon, I was so uncomfortable.

Mom dropped us off at the bus turn-around and we walked the distance to the gym, the echo of my heels bouncing off the vacant walls of the hallway while her Keds were mute. When we arrived at the gym, we were both required removed our shoes to keep from scuffing the hardwood floor. An area along the west wall had been set aside for stacking them and we left them there next to each other.

I was overjoyed at getting out of my heels as the pains had returned much quicker this evening. I just wished my stockings did a better job hiding the bright color on my toenails. No matter. Kathy seemed to like them, which was all that mattered, I suppose.

We eventually found a group of Kathy's friends and joined them next to the dance area. We chatted about the way different people were dressed and her friends were complimentary to me as well. I had a little trouble managing my dress, purse and bangles all at the same time, and Kathy was quick to give me pointers in how to act. I felt kind of silly, posing and posturing like a girl in my feminine disguise, but the more I did it the more my date seemed enamored with me. I finally just took a deep breath, and mentally jumped into my role as the 'girl' of our twosome. What the hell . . . I may as well, I thought as Kathy gave me an affectionate wink and snapped my bra strap for about the hundredth time that evening.

I wasn't the only boy in feminine clothes that evening, thank god, but I was probably the most passable. The sophomore in the cute country style dress hadn't shown up, and I wondered if maybe his mother kept him at home doing housework in dresses on Friday nights. Nah, I ruefully decided, there couldn't be two moms as crazy as mine! Most likely he just didn't know any girls who thought he looked good in gingham.

Most of the other guys in drag were the jocks in their mocking sackcloth dresses and garish makeup. A couple wore jeans and girls' tops as part of their costumes. Their dates wore boys' clothes, jeans, varsity jackets and leather jackets and such. Several girls wore

outfits similar to what I'd worn at school. The rest wore outfits similar to what I was wearing at the time. It only hit me right then and there that I was the only boy who was dressed in 'normal' clothes.

Mom had done it to me again . . . and it was up to me to deal with my awkward situation.

Chapter 24 — A Night of Surprises

I didn't see Todd and Joe until late in the evening. They made the rounds in their crowd and kept away from the little group that I was in. That didn't keep them from spotting me, though. I felt the blood rush to my face as Kathy led me out onto the dance floor for the umpteenth time that night; with those two watching me muddle through my dance routine I was torn between clinging to the girl of my dreams and running for my life!

After a while the two bullies disappeared and I relaxed . . . a little. I was determined not to let my fears ruin the fun time I was having with my new friend, but it was kind of hard considering the vulnerable position I'd found myself in.

All in all I considered the night a definite success. We danced both to upbeat and slower music, and during the slow dances I got to hold her close; well, I should say she got to hold me! To my surprise my date insisted on leading and had me place my hand left on her shoulder which I quickly learned was not a control position. With her arm around the small of my back she was the one who was squeezing us together as well as controlling the direction of the steps I took. I seemed to spend a lot more time moving backwards, which kept me off guard.

With us both in our stocking feet I realized for the first time that Kathy was actually a little taller than me. I had been either wearing my heels or sitting down each of the earlier times we had been together and had mistakenly judged her to be shorter. There wasn’t more than an inch or two difference, but I had to look up when gazing into her eyes. After the third or fourth slow dance, she pulled my head toward her shoulder and had me rest it there. I didn’t realize it at the time, but later I saw the red stains where my lips had come into contact with her white shirt. When I called it to her attention, she just smiled and said not to worry about it as it was one of her brother’s shirts. She said she thought it was kind of cute.

We talked amongst ourselves during the slower dances and it was then that I asked about Stephen and the earlier conversation. It seemed she suspected him of going through her

diary and had brought it to their mother’s attention. He had been warned, but she was still finding it placed in a slightly different position in her bureau drawer. One of the threats that her mother had used was to dress him in the clothes from the drawer in question if the mischief didn’t come to an abrupt halt. Kathy had further threatened to report him to their mother without cause when they had gotten into an argument over which TV program they were watching one evening. No, it wasn’t fair, but then little brothers needed to be controlled.

"He’s such a little swish anyway, it’d serve him right to get taken down a few notches," she said with a giggle. "When we were younger he loved pulling my pigtails and when we got older he loved to tease me when I started wearing bras, saying I wasn’t big enough. Well, I might just get to see the tables turned on that little brat. I’d just love to see him trying to put on a bra!"

To hear my date talking like that sent chills through my body. "You’d make your own brother dress up like a girl? Really?"

Kathy gave me a wicked grin. "Oh, in a heartbeat! He knows I can do it, too. All it’ll take is a word to my mom. What’s better, he’s seen just how girlish he could be made to look . . . thanks to you, sweetheart."

It seemed that 'sweetheart' was becoming her favorite pet name for me.

As I mentioned, I considered the dance a positive experience in that no one picked on me and most of Kathy’s friends treated me kindly. I liked to dance, the music fit my taste, and I was having fun. Yes, all in all, it was a good night.

With all the excitement going on I forgot myself and drank too many soft drinks. That put me in an awkward predicament; I hated going to the bathroom in girls' clothes out in public as it was always such a complicated process. Between choosing which facilities and then dealing with all the accoutrements under my dress, it just wasn't worth the trouble. In this case, however, I really had to go. And so go I went. Somehow I managed to sneak away unnoticed from the gang and make my way to a deserted part of the school where I slipped into an unused boys' restroom. It wouldn't do for me to be seen in the girls' restroom; the last boy caught sneaking around like that had gotten expelled, and the last thing I needed was more trouble from my mom. The problem was that I didn't want to be seen in one of the boys' bathrooms, either, which was why I went to the darker part of the school!

I was so full of soda pop that I'd thought I'd explode before I got my dress up around my waist and my girdle down about my knees. Nervous and worried that I'd get caught, I

managed to do my duty and get somewhat situated without any unwelcome interruptions.

"Thank God!" I thought to myself. "Kathy would have loved following me right into the stall. I could hear her laughing at the sight of me struggling with my girdle and hose. I'm just not ready for that!"

After checking myself out in the mirror and touching up my makeup, I innocently skipped out of the bathroom and back toward the sound of the music and laughter. For once I felt really good about myself; the way the night was going, this was going to be more fun than I could have ever imagined. I remember looking down at my red high heels and grinning because of how silly they looked on my nylon-covered feet.

"I can't believe this is happening to me," I thought. "A boy my age wearing these shoes . . . and hose . . . AND this dumb dress! Dang . . . this is nuts!!! I wonder what Kathy and her friends really think of me?" I paused long enough to pull my dress down around my knees. "They're probably laughing at me right now. Gee, thanks a lot, Mom. How come it's always me?!"

The next thing I knew I was passing by a dark doorway and — WHAM!!! — something hit me solid in the abdomen, knocking me breathless. I wasn't sure what had happened. All I knew was that I couldn't breathe, that I was suffocating, and that I couldn't see. My eyes full of stars, I tried to get away, but a hand shoved against my chest, slamming me back, this time against the steel lockers lining the hallway. It was then that I heard a voice so dreadful that I nearly wet myself.

"Look, Joe, it's our favorite little fairy. Can you believe this? Check out his little dress and that fruity hair. Damn, man, what a total queer!"

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. Oh, no . . . not this! Not tonight . . . please, God, not now . . .

Yep, it was true, all right. It was my nemesis, Todd, along with his humongous sidekick, Joe. This wasn't good. Todd was cracking his knuckles while Joe finished up a cigarette. For an instant I thought about how silly they were; I mean, they weren't much older than me and here they were, trying to look so tough. Then I thought about how I probably looked to them. I looked anything but tough. And that scared me. Really, really bad.

"Uh, hey, guys . . ." I looked around for someone — anyone! — to help me. There wasn't a soul in sight. "I, um, better get back to the . . . uh . . . thing . . ."

But I wasn't going anywhere. Pulling me into the doorway, the delinquent pair seemed to know exactly what they were doing, as though they had planned out this little meeting earlier in the day. Todd was playing watchout, his eyes roaming about, on the lookout for witnesses, while Joe held me up against the wall with a single hand, his face mere inches from mine.

I was doomed

"Stupid fag!" Todd spat. "We saw you showing off on stage today. And now you're running around in a dress? Jesus! You don't know when to quit, do you, fairy boy? You know how stupid you look?"

I knew. I knew exactly how stupid I looked during school. I knew exactly how stupid I looked right then. I wanted to tell him I knew I looked stupid, but I was way too scared to say anything.

"I dunno, dude . . . he's lookin' pretty good right now if you ask me," Joe said. "Lookin' better than most of those bitches in the gym. Lookit those cute little tits. And that ass. That's good stuff, man. Looks just like a little pussy. Too bad he's just a little faggot."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. Unlike Todd's shouting and bullying, Joe's voice was calm and studied, more curious than mean. I was equally shocked to see the serious look on his face; it was as though he had something on his mind. Something he wanted to say to me. For an instant I wondered what that might be.

Then Todd spoke, and my fear returned.

"You might be right, man. He looks okay now, I guess . . . for a pussy. Red is my favorite color, you know. Imagine that." I remember seeing a mouthful of teeth flashing just millimeters from my face. "Ain't red your favorite color, Joe?

"It's all right. But . . ." the dark teenager moved in so close I could almost taste his breath. ". . . I wanna see what's really under all this shit . . ."

Imagine my horror as my dress was suddenly pulled up high above my waist, up to my chin almost, exposing everything underneath; my girdle, hose, bra . . . everything!!! I thought I would die! Nobody but me and my mom were supposed to see me like that!!



How can this be happening?

Being seen in my girlie underwear was the least of my problems. Trapped against the wall, I bit my lip as curious hands started roaming over my body unchecked, poking and pinching and patting me in places only my mother or I had touched.

"No-o-o-o . . ." I cried. Just like a helpless little girl.

A pair of leering grins only made things worse. "Shit, man, check this out. Maybe this ain't no guy. Maybe he's a real chick. Check out this pussy." Joe rubbed the palm of his hand over my girdle, right where the decorative satin panel hid my pubic area. He was right . . . I was flat as a girl in front in my girdle, and whenever I'd touched myself in private I'd often wondered if that was what a real girl felt like. Joe apparently found this as fascinating as I did and he felt me up like I was the real thing. I winced when his fingertips pressed against my testicles and made them ache. A second hand joined in, stroking my privates with a practiced rhythm. To my surprise a familiar tingling came to surface and I felt the blood rushing to my cheeks.

Oh, no! I'm getting an erection! I closed my eyes, I was so ashamed.

That's not supposed to feel good! Oh, god . . . what's happening to me?

"Cool," Todd said with smirk. "Smooth as silk, and flat . . . just like a real pussy. What happened to your balls, fag? Leave them home with mommy?"

"C'mon, guys . . . lay off. Umph!" I tried to say something else — I don't remember exactly what — but Joe covered my mouth with his hand.

"Shut up, bitch," he warned. He then licked his forefinger and — before I could stop him — stuck it so far back in my mouth I gagged. He grinned and said, "Here, practice sucking on this for a while! That'll keep you quiet."

While I dealt with this disgusting development unwelcome hands were all over my body again, assaulting me physically and wearing me down mentally. I banged my head against the wall trying to get away from all the pawing and poking that was going on. Getting choked on that stupid finger in my mouth didn't help matters.

At one point Todd slid his hands under my brassiere and massaged my budding breasts . . . none too gently, I should say. I panicked and tried to squirm away, but all that did was loosen my clothes and cause him to get a firmer grip on my poor boobs. He seemed impressed by what he felt. "Whoa, dude! He sure feels like a chick to me. A pussy . . . these tits . . . what more do you need? Let's party!"

"I like that pretty little mouth." Joe pulled the finger from my mouth, licked it lavishly and pressed it back against my lips. The smell of cigarettes made it stink. He then twisted me around and slapped me so hard on either side of my lycra-covered butt it brought tears to my eyes. "Even better, how 'bout a pretty little ass? Now that's prime!"

Hearing those guys talk about me — or, more precisely, my body! — like that was extremely upsetting. But matters got worse when I gasped for air and ended up with that nasty slimy finger back in my mouth. I tried spitting it out, but Joe shoved the tip to the back of my throat and gave me a warning look.

"Don't you dare bite me, bitch, or I'll punch you out. Just suck on it. Do it!" Another hard slap on my tender butt punctuated his demands and started me crying.

In spite of the tears and the hitting and all the tough talk, I couldn't bring myself to do it. Suck, I mean. I knew what that meant, of course. I'd heard the other guys talking about that kind of stuff — oral sex, I mean — and how girls and fags loved doing it. It had never occurred to me to do it and it made me sick to know that someone would think of me that way. I was too scared to spit it out, but I wasn't about to suck on anything, including some guy's finger. My stubbornness, however, didn't stop Joe from shoving his finger around inside my mouth, smearing his spit all over me, ruining my lipstick and making me gag over and over. Between the drool on my chin and the fiery pain on my butt, I felt my stomach churn. I wondered what would happen if I threw up.

Unfortunately, I didn't. Instead, the molestation went on for who knows how long; it could have been thirty seconds, it might have been thirty minutes, but it seemed like ages. I was so ashamed, so confused and I was nearly hysterical. But my tormentors

knew how to deal with that; a slap across the face and I stopped struggling. Instead, I concentrated on keeping my wits . . . and my dignity.

The boys' focus then changed to getting me out of my underpants. I couldn't believe it as they tried clawing at the tight elastic waistband. And don't think they didn't try! What do they think they're doing? They know I'm a guy, so why are they doing this?

"Goddam, man, what's with this thing? How the fuck did you get it on, fairy boy? Is this somethin' your momma made you wear?" Thank goodness the top of my girdle was so tight neither boy could get their hand down inside. Todd's expression was a mixture of bewilderment and frustration. Joe, on the other hand, seemed more amused than anything else.

"S'all right, dude. We can find some other way to have some fun. We can check out that pussy later."

The panic was indescribable when I realized what they had tried to do, matched only by the humiliation I felt as Todd gave up and returned his hand to the front of my girdle and resumed rubbing the flat satin panel. Joe did likewise to my rear end; my eyes almost popped out of my head as his rude hands cupped my bottom and then something hard — his finger, dummy! — pressed against the Lycra covering the crack between my cheeks. Believe me when I say that for the first time in my life I was actually grateful to be wearing a girdle.

Anyway, like I said before, all of this went on for who knows how long. With all the touching going on, I remember bouncing between being aroused and terrified; I couldn't help myself . . . I was getting an erection under my girdle and my face was red and my breathing was becoming difficult. I hated Todd and Joe for making me feel that way. I also remember someone — Joe, I later figured out — taking my hand and pulling it downward. Imagine my surprise when the palm of my hand was rubbed over the front of somebody's pants. At first I didn't know what I was feeling, it was so long and hard and . . .!

Omigosh!

My mouth went dry when I realized I'd just touched a penis. Granted, it was underneath a pair of jeans and all, but that didn't make it any less significant. It was some guy's dick! Gag! I couldn't believe what was happening. I mean, talk about being confused . . . It was a lot larger and warmer than mine had ever been . . . a sensation I'd never forget . . . no matter how hard I'd try.

"See there, bitch?" Joe said with a grin. "You can't be no fairy, 'cause you got me all hard. And I ain't no fairy. So you know what that means, dontcha?" I know I must have looked like a fool, shaking my head with his finger still in my mouth. I didn't have any idea what I was expected to say. "It means you're a bitch, that's what. And since you're a bitch, you're going to have to do something 'bout this!"

I didn't know what 'this' meant. At least until my hand was placed on the front of Joe's pants once more. Feeling the heat coming from underneath, I suddenly understood.

"Open it up," the black youth ordered quietly. "Do it, girlfriend, unless you like being slapped around some more."

I shut my eyes. I couldn't believe it. He wants me to jack him off! Maybe if I keep my eyes closed long enough, I thought, and maybe if I prayed hard enough these two freaks would get tired, or bored, and leave me alone. I don't want to jack this guy off! If I do that . . . who knows what'll happen after that! Please, god . . . help!

MOM!!!!

SLAP!!! A fierce whack on my aching butt woke me up. Todd was saying something about how I might rather practice sucking some more, and Joe's face lit up with a big grin. My fingers traced the outline of his erection, edging toward his zipper when I heard a familiar voice echoing down the hall . . .

"Greg . . .? Sweetheart, is that you down there? What's going on?"

Chapter 25 — A Grateful 'Girlfriend'

There was a long silence, the only sound in the hall my own labored breathing. I waited, half hoping, half terrified, desperate for something to happen and worried about the consequences if it did.

"Greg?" The voice sounded softer, further away. "Pamela . . .?"
At last there was the sound of sneakers squeaking on tile, and I was found.

"GREG???"

Kathy's eyes went wide and her mouth dropped open. No wonder. I mean, there I was, standing against the wall, my makeup all smeared, with my dress up around my waist and my girdle prominently on display. I was surprised she didn't burst out laughing right then and there.

Where were the boys, you ask? Gone, of course. The instant Kathy appeared they'd turned tail, disappearing down the hall and leaving me alone and looking like an idiot.

My date looked me up and down and frowned. "What's going on? Who was that? Are you all right?"

I fumbled with my dress, trying to get it down before she got too close. I failed miserably. In fact, Kathy ended up untangling the hem from where it had gotten stuck in the waistband of my girdle. I was too upset to figure it out myself.

"Now how'd that happen?" she asked, her brow furrowed. "Why did you have your dress up like that? You weren't showing off for those jerks were you?"

"Huh? Showing off?" I couldn't believe what I was hearing! "Kathy! I wasn't showing off! Didn't you see what was going on? Those stupid idiots . . . they almost . . . almost . . ." I couldn't think of a word to describe what it was they were doing to me.

That didn't stop me from crying, though. I was both mad and scared, and I ranted and raved for a few minutes, looking like a fool in the process, I'm sure. Occasionally throughout my tirade Kathy would give me a skeptical look, which made everything worse. I'd really wanted her to like me and here those jerks had to go and ruin everything! Why didn't she understand what had happened just then? Couldn't things go my way just once?

"I hated it!" I cried. "I hate them! They touched me . . . all over . . . I was so scared . . . it was the worst thing that ever happened . . ." I was sobbing so hard I got choked and couldn't say anything else.

By the time I was done fussing and crying Kathy was a little more sympathetic. She helped me straighten up and fix my make-up and get my dress back together. Ashamed as I was, I couldn't help feeling more than a little flattered to find myself the focus of so much attention from such a pretty girl. Thinking about it later, I decided that she must have enjoyed seeing me so upset. I mean, she seemed to really care about me, but there was a definite mean streak there.

"Poor thing . . . you were really terrified, weren't you? Well, don't worry . . . I won't let anything else happen to you."

That seemed like a funny thing to hear a girl say, but it actually made me feel kinda good. "I'm better now, I guess. The night started out kinda fun at first, but not anymore." I sighed. "Girls sure have to put up with a lot of crap."

"Oh, it's not always so bad. You like it when you're with me, don't you?" Kathy held my hands in hers and gave me a long look in the eye. As upset as I'd been just a few moments before, I felt like melting right then and there.

It took a while to get me put back together, but we eventually got back and joined in the dancing as though nothing had happened. A couple of her friends asked where we'd been for so long, and when she said "None of your business," they made kissy faces at us. She thought that was pretty funny, but for some reason I felt embarrassed.

I was almost sorry when the lights went back up at eleven and we made our way to find our shoes. Kathy was able to sit down on the floor to put hers on while my short skirt prevented me from assuming such a risqué position. I had to hold onto the side of the rolled-up benches to slip them on, and then keep my back to the wall as I bent forward to fasten the buckles. After all I'd been through, I wasn't about to show my lace-covered butt to anybody else!

We made our way back to the rendezvous point, but Mom had not yet arrived. Kathy turned to me and said that a good night kiss would be awkward on the front porch in view of my mother. Her frankness caught me off guard and I was stunned when she put her arms around my waist and placed her mouth against mine.

"Ummm, your lips are so nice and soft, ‘Pamela’," she seductively cooed. "I've always wanted to kiss a pretty girl like you . . ."

As we kissed I felt her tongue parting my lips and entering my mouth. At long last, my dream was coming true! I instinctively started to gently draw that wonderfully warm, wet thing into my mouth and experienced my first French kiss. I have to admit . . . it wasn't at all like my little practice sessions in front of the dressing mirror. It felt like someone — or something — was attempting to invade my body through my mouth! How fantastic that feeling was to me!

It didn’t end there. My entire soul melted under Kathy's curious probing. She then slid her leg between mine, forcing herself further inward. Pressed up against a guardrail, I made a little cooing sound as I tried to press my knees together. I couldn't help thinking of how I'd been by Todd and Joe, and the shame I felt earlier returned. That didn't stop my date, though; she turned even more aggressive, spreading my legs apart until she was rubbing the front of my panty girdle through my dress. Burdened with my purse and bangles, I held my hands up in the air, open to her advances.

This went on for so long that I developed trouble breathing. Between the kissing and the feeling of her body against mine, I was powerless. This wasn't at all like how Todd and

Joe made me feel! My passion soon built to where I felt a shudder between my legs, and I couldn’t help squeezing my legs around Kathy’s in reflex. I opened my eyes in time to see hers open. She gave a little laugh as her hand slid up my leg and pressed against the flat panel on the front of my panty girdle.

"I just love your girdle!" she said, delighted at her discovery. She rubbed the satin panel covering my front and giggled. To be fondled so intimately was shocking, I was so mortified; I thought I was going to die! "I knew it felt like something was missing down there! Ummm . . . you’re so warm right there, just like a girl should be. This is great!"

Funny thing, that. I mean, here Kathy was, saying almost exactly the same stuff about me that those two jerks said a little while before, but coming from her it was like a compliment. Boy, I was really confused, but I didn't have much time to worry about it.

Kathy pressed her lips against mine one more time and I found myself squirming helplessly from top to bottom as her hands slid freely under my dress. I couldn't help but wince when she pinched the tender skin between the tops of my stocking and my girdle.

"You don't know how many times boys have done that to me," she said with a giggle. "Now it's my turn to have some fun."

I made a little 'Ow'! sound as she pinched the vulnerable flesh again, but I didn’t do anything else; I know this sounds weird, but as much as it hurt, I almost wanted her to touch me like that all night long.

It ended as headlights swung around the turnout and my mom’s car pulled up next to us. I don’t know if she had seen us, but I would probably find out later if she had. Knees weak and hands trembling, I struggled to pull my dress into some semblance of order. When my eyes focused on Kathy, I could see the remnants of my lipstick on her mouth. Mom would probably think it was hers . . . I hoped.

It was principally Kathy and Mom talking on the ride back to her place. I was too shaken to trust myself to say anything. Kathy couldn’t have been more complementary about how I danced and acted my part that evening. She even went a little bit overboard when she told my mother that I was too pretty to have been born a boy. Talk about betraying inside information! My mother just glowed with happiness to hear such things being said about me.

When we arrived at her home, I walked her to the door, gave her a quick kiss goodnight and watched as she disappeared through the door. I got back in the car exhausted from the length of the day, and we drove home with hardly a word spoken.

As I undressed, Mom was there to help me take off and hang up my new clothes. The underwear went into the dirty clothes straightaway; I was terrified my mother would see the sticky wet stain in my panties from where Kathy had gotten me all excited.



I made a mental note to do the laundry first thing in the morning, just to make sure she didn't see what I'd done. I then creamed off my makeup for the second time in one day. With my hair finally down and in my own pajamas, I started feeling human again.

As usual, Mom quizzed me pretty thoroughly about my date. She asked me if I danced any and if Kathy and I kissed, you name it. I tried avoiding telling her everything, but the look in her eyes stopped me from lying. I confessed to the dancing and kissing, and when I admitted having a good time as 'Pamela', she responded a nod and an evil smile.

"I knew you would, even if you didn't want to admit it."

As we chatted Mom eventually asked me about Todd and Joe. That put a chill down my spine, and when I tried brushing off her question, she insisted that I tell her what happened. I couldn't believe it! It was as though she'd been spying on me the entire evening!!! When I confessed that they'd picked on me some, she got a funny look on her face. It appeared as though she was about to burst out laughing. The more she questioned me the more I confessed to her and the more knowledgeable her questions

became. Eventually I spilled my guts and told her the entire story about getting caught in the hallway and molested. I had to describe everything, how my dress got pulled up, how Todd slid his hands up my bra, and how both boys rubbed me between the legs. I didn't dare admit that I'd gotten a little bit aroused when the guys touched me like that; nor did I mention how Joe had made me suck his finger. If my mom had known any of that stuff she would have never let me live it down. I'd have rather died than go through all of that! Instead, I just broke down and cried when she asked me what it was like to be touched by another boy. The tears were real enough, that's for sure. And that seemed to make her happy enough.

After my interrogation we shared a few cookies and some warm milk and then I went to bed. I was asleep before my head hit the pillow, and my dreams were as confusing and rousing as those I can ever recall.

The rest of the weekend was anticlimactic. I couldn’t get my mind off Kathy and I called and talked with her Saturday evening. She wanted to know what I was wearing and I lied and told her jeans and my baseball jersey. She said she didn’t believe me and threatened to ask my mom, who was listening in on the extension, thank you very much. I confessed that, well yes, I was still wearing a dress and a bra, too, but not the padded one I had on Friday.

"Well, sometimes Mom has me wear a training bra for reasons only she knows," I fibbed. "Pretty stupid, huh?"

"Oh, maybe a little bit," Kathy said with a giggle. "But that's all right. I like cute boys . . . in cute clothes . . ."

Kathy kept pressing me and I finally also admitted that I was still sporting my long nails, but I told her that Mom had let me change the color to a light pink. My date reassured me that she wouldn’t tattle at school and said something about liking my gentle ways.

"I hope we can stay close friends," she said.

"Me too. I really like you, Kathy," I told her.

When Sunday night came, my nail extensions were trimmed back to a near normal length, my earrings returned to my desk drawer, and my hair washed and almost restored to its former simple style (except for the bangs). By next morning I was back to being Greg.

When I got on the bus there was an empty seat waiting for me next to Kathy and a warm smile on her face. She looked really great and on that day it was she who was wearing a

dress and makeup. Things were looking up. I sat down next to her and took in the clean pleasant scent radiating from her. I closed my eyes and could have been in heaven.

Maybe the nightmare was at an end . . .

Chapter 26 — A Victim of Circumstances

The days that followed almost seemed normal. Almost. Most everyone at school acted as though my dressing up for Sadie Hawkins Day wasn't that big a deal. The big problem was those jerks — like Todd and his running buddy, Joe — who wouldn't let up. I learned to endure their bullying and went on as best I could. That didn't make me like it any better. Occasionally they would get physical with me, and the humiliation was always unbearable.

"Hey, faggot, what's the hurry?" I was alone in the bathroom one day — or so I thought — and found myself confronted with the leering faces of my two tormentors. "You're not going to run out on us without saying anything, were you?"

"Um, hi, Todd . . . Joe." I quickly dried my hands and picked up my books. "Well, see you later. I, uh . . . I gotta go."

"What's the matter, fairy boy? We not good enough for you?" Todd gave me a quick punch to the stomach and then shoved me against the wall. "You liked us fine the other night." I remained doubled over for a few minutes, fighting to catch my breath, too terrified to stand up. When I finally did, I was shoved back against the wall. I remember clutching my books close to my chest to protect myself, just like I did when I was dressed as a girl.

Todd grunted. He looked at the way I was standing and laughed. "Cute. Just like a li'l fairy. Where's your lipstick and panties, faggot?"

Joe made a scary giggling sound. "Yeah, man. You looked really good the other day. Just like some pussy or something. You know, I think he is a pussy, that's what I think. Say it, faggot. Say you're a pussy!"

I wanted to say, "No, you're the pussy!" and run off, but I thought better of it. Joe didn't take well to sarcasm and I'm pretty sure he could run faster than me. So far I'd just gotten a punch in the stomach. I didn't want my teeth knocked out, or worse . . .

Impatient with my indecisiveness, Todd punched me again. This time I started crying, which got me a slap across the face, from Joe, I think. I thought for a moment about my

mom and how much that felt like one of her slaps. Then I thought about what she'd think if she could see me right then. That's when I really started crying.

"Say it, crybaby. Say, 'I'm a pussy.' Say it or I'll let Joe take another whack at you."



The tall black kid flashed a toothy smile and cracked his knuckles. "I'm gonna slap me some fine fairy ass," he said with a scary laugh.

A chill went through my body. I don't think I was ever so frightened in my entire life as right then and there. "I'm . . . I'm a . . . puh- . . ." I took a deep breath. "I'm a pussy . . ."

Todd grinned. "Say it again. And say it like a girl. Real pretty like."

I glanced over at Joe and saw a light of amusement in his eyes. "I'm a pussy," I said in my best sing-song voice. I hated saying "that word." It was on my mom's forbidden list — I'd gotten my face slapped severely the one time she heard me say it — and having walked more than a few miles in high heels I understood why it was so distasteful. Right then, unfortunately, was not the time to discuss any of this.

"More, fairy boy! Keep on saying it . . . and sound like you mean it!"

"I'm a pussy," I repeated, my voice girlishly husky and weak. "I'm a pussy . . . I'm a pussy . . . I'm a pussy . . ."

I didn't bother my mom with my troubles at school, since things between us were complicated enough. As agreed upon, I'd still have to change clothes when I got in from school each day, and there was always a list of household chores for me to do. Mom kept the fire for putting me in precarious predicaments, insisting that I wear my dresses

around the house, and some lipstick and kept my hair looking nice. Every once in a while she'd take me out for a dinner or movie and the occasional shopping trip, and we'd actually have a little bit of fun, despite the awkwardness of my predicament. The important thing was how happy she was acting, knowing that I wasn't going to run off and get into mischief. I was a different child than the one who graduated from eighth grade, she said. Nothing at all like the little redneck hooligan who used to cause her so much grief.

The one thing that really bothered me, however, was how Mom seemed quite taken with the relationship I'd developed with Kathy. She quizzed me regularly about her, asking me things like did I eat lunch with her, if we were going out again soon, did we hold hands, did we kiss, stuff like that. Of course, I was thrilled to have a regular girlfriend, especially one so beautiful and fun to be around as Kathy, but to have my mother so intimately involved in that relationship was unnerving. It was embarrassing to be asked so many questions, and Mom would never let up until I gave her the answers she wanted. Lying was out of the question — I'd learned to never do that again; believe me, I hated the taste of soap! — and so I ended up telling her all about everything that went on between the two of us, no matter how uncomfortable it made me.

I guess the worst came when I realized that Mom and Kathy were talking regularly on the telephone; there's no telling how many times Kathy would call and talk with my mother as much as she did with me. When I asked either of them what they'd been talking about, all I'd get was something along the lines of "None of your business," followed by a mischievous giggle. Sometimes I felt as though they were conspiring against me. And that made me extremely nervous.

Take, for example, the day I was invited over to study at Kathy's house. Mom was quick to say yes, which wasn't at all like her; usually she let me dangle until the last minute, very often to deny me permission and leaving me to face my friends with some lame made-up excuse. Imagine my surprise when she not only said I could go, but encouraged me to do so. Of course, she couldn't let me out of her sight without fussing at me for something . . .

"I expect you to act like a proper gentlemen while you're there," I was warned. "I'll know if you aren't."

"Yes, ma'am," I said with a sigh.

"If you mess up I'll send 'Pamela' over next time. I'm sure your little girlfriend will just love that."

"Yes, ma'am."

Glad to be free from my mom's grasp for a while, I still wasn't out of the woods yet. I was a little apprehensive about visiting Kathy's folks, especially since the only time they'd ever seen me was in my 'Pamela' clothes. Fortunately, Mr. Wade was still at work when I got there, and Stevie was spending the night with his grandmother. That left me to deal only with Kathy's mom.

"It's so nice to have one of Kat's little boyfriends visit with us," Mrs. Wade said when she saw me sitting at the dining room table. Kathy and I were going over notes for the big science test the next day. "I am a little disappointed, though. I was hoping 'Pamela' would come visit us again."

I sat there and blushed like crazy, which only made things worse. "Um, that was just a costume, Mrs. Wade. I don't wear that stuff anymore."

"Oh, really?" The way she raised that one eyebrow gave me the shivers. It was almost like talking to my mom. "That's too bad. You make a wonderful girl, doesn't he, Kat?"

Kathy nodded. "I love Pamela," she said with a mischievous grin. "Maybe she can come out and play later."

I shifted in my seat and made an ugly face.

"We'll see," I said doubtfully.

When we were done with our lessons Mrs. Wade invited us into the kitchen for a snack. Munching on (ugh!) carrot sticks and a diet coke, I tried to make myself invisible. Kathy's mom was nice enough, but the way she looked at me really made me nervous.

"Kathy, sweetie, remember, you've got a . . ." — she cleared her throat — "a date tonight. You're supposed to leave in a couple of hours, and you've still got some chores to do."

Date? What the . . .?

"Oh, Mom, it's not a real date." Kathy sighed. She seemed to be trying to avoid looking at me. If I didn't know better, I'd have said she was embarrassed. "It's just a dinner for our youth group at church."

"Well, whatever you want to call it, Michael will be here at seven-thirty. That doesn't give you long to get your work done." Mrs. Wade glanced at me and rolled her eyes. "She's such a lazy girl sometimes."

I nodded my head, but my thoughts weren't on Kathy's household chore skills. The idea of my girlfriend going out with another guy (!!!!!), of course, that was what worried me. I'm sure you know what teenaged love is like; it really, really hurts when things don't go your way.

"Who's . . . um, who's Michael?" I asked cautiously.

Kathy rolled her eyes. "Oh, he's nobody, just somebody from church. His dad is a friend of my dad. You wouldn't know him . . . he's a junior."

See what I mean? Here I thought I was her boyfriend, her big hero . . . the man of her dreams . . . well, that's how I saw myself, anyhow. Finding out that there was another guy in her life — a high school junior, yet! — I suddenly felt very vulnerable. I mean, I was counting on being around her to make up for all the grief I was getting from my mom, and now . . . well, how could I compete with some other guy . . .? Especially when he was two years older than me? As hard as I tried not to, I wondered what he was like. It was too depressing . . . for some reason I figured he wasn't going to show up for their date wearing lipstick and carrying a purse.

Kathy wasn't too happy right then, either; she was upset with her mom for bringing the whole thing up in front of me and she let her know it. "Mother, please, don't be rude! Gregory's here. I'll do my chores tomorrow."

Mrs. Wade's voice remained soft, but I could hear the tension "No, dear, they need to be done now. You're got laundry that needs to be done and your room is a disaster zone. All I've heard from you is 'I'll do it tomorrow, Mom, I'll do it tomorrow.' You either get on the stick and get it done right now, or you can just forget your little date. Do you understand me?"

There, she said that word again. So it was a date! My stomach felt sour as I tried imagining Kathy out with this guy. I thought I was going to start crying right there on the spot.

"Mom! Not now . . . Really, can't all this wait 'til Greg goes home?"

Kathy's mom gave her a stern look. "Sweetie, you've been putting this off since the weekend, and if you don't do them now they won't ever get done. And don't fuss at me. If you'd done like you promised you wouldn't be in this mess." Mrs. Wade glanced over at me and smiled. "Maybe you can get Gregory to help you. He's such a gentleman, I imagine he wouldn't mind helping out a little bit. Would you, darling?"

Kathy gave me that pitiful puppy dog look. "Oh, Greg, will you? It'll just take a little while, I promise. I'll be so grateful if you do."
"Well, I, uh . . .," I shuffled my feet. This was really awkward. "I . . . I guess so, if you really need the help."

She smiled. "Fantastic! Here's what we can do. I need to freshen up and change clothes for my date . . . uh, I mean, my thing tonight. Why don't you get Mom to show you how to fix some spaghetti sauce . . ." — I gave her a funny look — "Oh, that's for the church dinner tonight. I was hoping to bring either cokes or chips, but instead I got stuck with having to bring something hot."

"Oh," I said, not quite sure what I was supposed to say.

Kathy gave me one of those wonderful smiles, the kind that made me tingle all over. "Oh, don't worry, it's real easy, sweetie. You just brown some ground beef in a pan, and mix it up with a jar of sauce and let it simmer for a little while. Nothing to it. Even a boy could do it."

I sighed. "I guess so." I didn't dare say how my mom taught me how to make spaghetti sauce from scratch. I mean, it wasn't exactly the kind of thing I wanted to be known for. I rolled my eyes. This wasn't turning out the way I expected at all.

"Thanks! After you get that started we can work together picking up my room and toss a load or two in the laundry."

Oh, that sounds just great! I thought dejectedly.

A few minutes later I was put to work. A jar of sauce was produced, along with a package of ground beef and a suitable pan. So was a frilly apron. I remember thinking how it looked just like the one hanging on our kitchen door back home. The look on Mrs. Wade's face sent a chill through my soul as she held the demeaning garment out to me.

"Here, sweetie, you might want to put this on. You don't want to get your good clothes messy, do you?"

"Um, no thanks. I'm fine."

Mrs. Wade cocked an eyebrow and nodded. "Oh, I know, it's a little girly, I suppose, but that shouldn't bother someone like you."

I cleared my throat. "Someone like you?" What did she mean by that?

"I'd really rather not," I said, my voice hoarse with emotion. I made up my mind and I wasn't going to back down. I mean, I was a high school freshman, right? Today I was all boy!

The smiling woman shrugged her shoulders. "Okay, it's up to you, sweetie. I just hate to see that cute outfit get spattered with tomato sauce."

I grinned and nodded. My 'cute outfit' consisted of a blue sport shirt, a pair of white jeans and a pair of matching white sneakers. For obvious reasons I loved those jeans and I adored my sneakers. I wore them every chance I could, even if it meant staying after school on extra projects and stuff. Anything to keep from having to put on those crazy outfits my mom made me wear at home. Having real pockets with real guy stuff in them and a decent zipper in the front and a pair of heavy shoes on my feet was important to me; they made me feel more like the teenage boy I worked so hard to be, a far cry from the simpering 'girl' that did laundry and collected lipsticks under my mother's watchful eye. My confidence away from home had grown such that I'd even started wearing jockeys under my school clothes instead of the regulation girdle, taking a chance on Mom's recent good will.

I looked at the offending apron and cringed. "Thanks anyway, Mrs. Wade. I'll be careful." I took the can and opened it up. "This won't be so bad," I remember thinking.

I was wrong, of course. To this day, more than thirty years later, I'm not sure if it was an accident or not, but I have my suspicions. All I know is that one minute I was fine. I was standing next to Kathy's mom and watching as she lifted the lid from the pot of sauce; suddenly there was a loud "CLANG!" and my pants were soaking wet and my skin was burning.

Mrs. Wade was horrified! She shoved me away from the stove but it was too late. I was in the middle of a disaster!

"Oh, gosh, Greg, sweetie . . .!!! I'm so sorry . . . it just slipped out of my hands. Here, you better get out of those pants . . . that sauce will stain them . . . and your shirt, too. They'll both be ruined. I am so, so sorry . . ."

I didn't quite scream like a girl, but I did holler a lot when the hot grease spattered on me. It took all I had to keep from crying as I tried to figure out what to do next.

I needn't have bothered. I remember fingers tugging at my belt, my clothes being loosened, and then standing in the kitchen in nothing but my jockey briefs and socks.

Things happened so quickly I couldn't stop them. It was like being in some horrible dream . . . not unlike the ones I'd been having lately, come to think of it.

Thinking that I'd been burned by the grease and sauce, Mrs. Wade wrapped a wet rag around some ice and applied it to where my legs looked the most red. It turned out that I wasn't at all burned, just a little singed. While she rinsed my shirt and slacks out in the kitchen sink I went to the bathroom to wash my face, arms and legs. Thank goodness Kathy wasn't anywhere to be seen. I felt pretty dumb walking through her house in my underwear like that, but considering the situation, what choice did I have?

I'd just finished and was hanging up my washcloth when Mrs. Wade knocked at the door.

"Greg, dear, I am so sorry. I don't know what happened, but that darned lid just slipped out of my hand. Are you all right? You didn't get any of that hot grease in your eyes did you?"

"No, ma'am, I'm all right." I fidgeted. Kathy's mom was an imposing figure, even more so than my own mom. I had always felt uncomfortable around her, and now, standing before her in my skimpy jockeys made the situation even more awkward.

"Good. I'm glad."

Her smile was kind of crooked as she put her hand on my naked shoulder. It took me a second to realize that her eyes were locked on my swollen breasts. Glancing down, I realized that they didn't look much like anything a "normal" boy would have, and I crossed my arms in front and shivered like I was freezing. I felt like a fly caught in a spider's web.

Mrs. Wade grinned. "Don't be so self conscious, sweetie. You're no different than anybody else in this family. It's not like I haven't seen a naked boy before, you know. Oh, look, that sauce even soaked through and ruined your undies."

I glanced down. Darn it! She was right. My briefs were tinged with orange stain where the sauce had come through. I blushed as she slipped a finger in behind the elastic waistband, pulled it out quite a ways and gave it a hard snap! The laugh she gave reminded me a lot of her daughter.

"We need to hurry up and put them in to soak, too. Here, come with me. I think I've got something to fit you."

A few minutes later I had to make a strange decision. Mrs. Wade handed me a bundle of clothing. "See if any of these fit. We can't have you running around with your bare

bottom hanging out."
I looked around. We were standing in the hallway outside the master bedroom. Kathy's mom made no move to show me to a more private place; worse yet, she didn't act like she was going to leave, either.

"Right here? Right now?"

"Don't be such a fuddy-duddy. There are two males in our family. Don't you think Kathy and I have seen either one of them in their birthday suits? Trust me, honey; you won't be the first boy who's showed their little butt in this house."

The tone of voice Mrs. Wade used on me was similar to the way she'd talked to her son the first time I met them; I suddenly felt very sorry for myself.

"Well?" The smiling woman waited patiently. It was with a great and unbearable reluctance that I slipped out of my stained jockeys and handed them to the smiling woman. It felt so weird, standing in front of her, completely naked like that; my heart raced and my face burned, I was so ashamed. It was like I was a little child waiting for permission to take a bath or something. I remember trying to decide whether to cover my breasts or my privates with my hands. I failed miserably at doing either.

How the heck do I get in these stupid, stupid predicaments?

Mrs. Wade gave me the hand full of clothes and I held up each item, one at a time. I couldn't believe it! There were two pairs of jockey shorts, one a boy's and the other a man's. There was also a pair of plain white girl's panties.

"You can try on Stephen's undies, if you want, along with a pair of his daddy's," Mrs. Wade said, her eyes locked on mine. "But I doubt any of those would fit. That's why I brought some of Kat's" — the smirk on her face made me wince with pain — "just in case."

I couldn't believe my ears or my eyes. "I, uh . . . well . . . I . . .," I stammered. Things were going downhill fast.

Oh, great! What a choice! Stephen's jockeys, all decorated with comic book superheroes, were obviously much too small, and Mr. Wade's, well, his were just huge. That man must have weighed three hundred pounds, and I was supposed to try on his underwear? Even if they weren't so big, they looked just gross; all threadbare and worn, they had a yellowish pallor that made my skin crawl. I shivered to think I might have to wear those ugly things.

That left Kathy's panties. I studied them for a second and realized they'd be a perfect fit. Well, a little snug, but better than the alternatives. Except for the subtle lace panel and the little embroidered flowers in the front. Hey, waita minnit! I glanced at Mrs. Wade, who was watching me like a hawk. That did it! There was no way in heck I was gonna put on my girlfriend's underwear, especially with her mom looking on! I'm not that stupid! I didn't care if I had to wear a barrel around my waist, you know, like they do in the cartoons. Dropping them on the floor, I picked up Stephen's superhero undies and bent over . . .

Chapter 27 — Maid Service

Well, to make a long story short, after much struggling and cursing, I got them on, barely. It was almost as bad as when my mom made me wear a girdle. No, that's not true. They were worse! Actually, they were about four sizes too small and boy did they show it! The elastic cut into my legs and the waistband kept popping down and showing my crack. They were painful to wear, to say the least, and I know they made me look just ridiculous. But I wouldn't have traded them for million dollars.

Mrs. Wade had me turn around and show her what I looked like. "You're sure you won't try on Kat's panties? I'm sure they'll make a better fit. Goodness gracious, Greg, sweetie, those little shorts are about to pop a seam."

"No thank you." I shifted uncomfortably in my borrowed briefs. "These are fine."

"Don't be silly. At least try these on. And don't give me that look! I mean, it's not like you never wore panties before."

I couldn't argue with her on that, I figured, no matter how bad it sounded.

There was also something else I didn't like the sound of. It was the word 'panties'. The way Mrs. Wade kept saying that stupid word, over and over again, made me feel so ashamed. She drew it out like it was the name of a close friend. From that moment on it was 'PANT-TEASE' this, and 'PANT-TEASE' that. Man, I hated the way she said that! I started to say something, I don't know what, but just as I started to open my mouth her eyebrow arched in a threatening manner, sending a fearful shiver through my body.

Well, needless to say, I ended up wearing the white panties. They were like I figured, a bit snug, but a heck of a lot more comfy than a pair of jockey shorts meant for a ten year old. I just wished they weren't so wispy thin and fragile; you could practically see through them and it felt like I wasn't wearing a darned thing! Worse yet, the little lace

panel and yellow flowers stuck out in the front, drawing attention to my boyish member. I was mortified!



"That's so much better, don't you think? You won't mind wearing a pair of Kathy's little 'PANT-TEASE' for a little while, will you?" Mrs. Wade asked. Rather than wait for an answer, she snatched up the underwear I'd tossed aside and put them away in one of the bedrooms. She then headed toward the stairwell.

"Gregory, please, be a dear, if you would, and come help me downstairs for a moment before we get you dressed. The floor's still covered with sauce and needs to be cleaned up. I thought you wouldn't mind helping me for a minute."

"But, Mrs. Wade," I looked down at my nearly nude body. "I . . . I c-can't go downstairs . . . not like this!"

"Oh, don't worry. There's nobody down there but me. It'll just take a second, then we'll see if we can find something else for you to wear." She smiled. "We don't want to mess up another set of clothes, do we?"

I hesitated. Surely she wasn't serious . . . I mean, come on!

"Please, sweetie? Nobody will know, I promise."

I could see where Kathy got that little pouty smile from. With a huge sigh I nodded my head. Sure, why not? I thought ruefully. It can't get much worse than it already is . . .

I was wrong.

It was just a few minutes later that I was down on all fours scrubbing the kitchen floor with a rag and a sponge and a bucket of water, still in my borrowed underwear, mind you. Talk about humiliating! Mrs. Wade said I was a good helper, but I felt more like the court jester. I mean, crawling around in a stranger's kitchen in nothing but a pair of panties . . . GEEZ! What was I thinking???

The floor was such a gross mess, it took a lot longer than I thought, between the grease, tomatoes and ground beef. I was still at it when Kathy showed up. Fresh from the shower, she was wrapped in a quilted housecoat, her hair up in a towel, looking very grownup. Like an idiot, I tried covering myself with my hands, but with a tomato sauce-soaked sponge in one hand and that nasty rag in the other it was a hopeless cause; I just gave up and kept what I was doing while she looked me over carefully and grinned.

"Is that a pair of my panties you're wearing, Gregory? You silly . . . I didn't know we were the same size. Cute bottom!"

There was that word again. Kathy, of course, pronounced it just like her mother did: PANT-TEASE. It was going to be a long evening.
Mrs. Wade came to my rescue . . . sort of. It was her fault I was in this mess, but I think she was kind of enjoying it. "Now, don't tease the poor thing. He's had hard enough time with me spilling spaghetti sauce on him and all."

"Oh, Mother, I won't tease him. Not too much," my girlfriend said with a giggle. I winced as she playfully snapped my waistband. My face and ears were so hot I'm surprised I hadn't burst into flames.

"Oh, Greg, sweetie, don't mind her," Mrs. Wade said. "I think you're doing great. Don't let her tease you like that. It's not like she hasn't seen boys in their underwear before."

"Well, not in pant-tease as pretty as that!" Kathy squealed with delight.

I felt dizzy. Stupid panties! Why me . . .?

"Can I get some pants on now . . .?" I asked weakly.

Unfortunately, before I could get an answer, mother and daughter started talking amongst themselves, something about the dress Kathy had in her hand. It was like I

wasn't even there. That didn't make me feel much better about myself, but at least for a few minutes I wasn't the center of attention.

"Please, Mother? I've got to wear this tonight, I've just got to. Won't you iron it? It'll just take a couple of minutes. I still have to get my hair and makeup done."

"Absolutely not! You should have put it in the dry cleaning hamper like I told you. With those pleats and creases, it takes forever to do a dress like that. You'll have to wear something else because I have my own chores to do."

"But, Mother!"

"Don't 'mother' me. You could have done that earlier, but you chose not to. You should have thought all this over before inviting company over to visit."

"That doesn't help me now. Michael's going to be here soon and I'm not ready."

Kathy looked like she was going to cry. I remember kneeling half naked there on the floor and thinking how unfair her mom was being. You would have thought I had enough problems of my own, but it really hurt me to see her like that. I guess that's why I had to go and open up my big mouth.

"Um, K- . . . Kathy? I . . . I know how to iron." I don't know why I said anything. Just chalk it up to being an idiot, I guess.

"You do? Really?" My girlfriend's eyes lit up. I could have told her I'd pitched a no-hitter and she would have been no more impressed. "Could you do my dress?"

"Sure. I guess." I shrugged. "I do my . . . um, my mom's. At home, I mean. All the time."

Kathy looked so happy I thought she would bust. I got to my feet and washed my hands in the sink. When I was done she handed me the wadded up dress and gave me a smile that made me warm all over. For a moment I forgot my ridiculous situation, believe it or not. "You are so sweet, Greg. I really mean it. Most boys can't even spell 'iron.' But you're different. You're the absolute best! I don't know what I'd do without you!"

Standing there like a lump on a log, I blushed like crazy. "Oh, sure. Happy to do it." I looked down at the garment in my hands. I remember thinking how I would have ironed a hundred dresses just like it, if I thought it would have made her just as happy.

I then glanced over and saw Mrs. Wade smiling at me. The gleam in her eyes brought me back down to earth.

It took a little while to get the ironing done, longer than I expected. Well, actually, it felt like an eternity, considering how I STILL DIDN'T HAVE ANY PANTS ON!!! Other than that things were just fine. That stupid dress had a hundred pleats in it, and I had to take extra care to get them done just right. The tricks I learned under my mom's tutelage proved handy, resulting in a professional job so impressive that it got me additional requests from Mrs. Wade; the next thing I knew a basket full of wrinkled clothes was set at my feet, skirts, blouses, dresses and slips. All that, plus a promise of more to come.

"You don't mind, do you, sweetie?" she said. Her words were pleasant enough, but the tone of her voice said "You don't have any choice, sissy-boy!" "You are such a darling! I can't get the children in this house to do anything!"

I found that hard to believe.

I was still plugging away when Kathy came downstairs in her shoes and slip and put on the dress I'd just done for her.

"Wow, this looks great, Greg! Where did you learn to do this? It looks better than when the dry cleaners do it."

"Thanks," I mumbled shyly. Kathy looked so grown up, so beautiful in her freshly ironed outfit and high heels. Seeing her like that triggered a need for me to take stock in myself; standing there in my borrowed panties and nothing else, I felt so very vulnerable . . . and so very stupid.

"Did you see this, Mom? Doesn't it look good? Having Greg around is like having my own personal maid," she said with a grin. "You can't get any luckier than that!"

Mrs. Wade nodded. "He's going to make someone a wonderful wife someday."

Yeah, like I hadn't heard that before.

The kitchen echoed with giggles. Being teased like that in front of my girlfriend certainly didn't make me feel any better. I realized that this little game had gone much, much too far, a lot further than I'd thought it ever would have. I looked at the pile of clothes that needed to be ironed and I thought about how long it was going to take to get them all done. I gotta get out of here! I thought desperately.

I started to ask if my clothes were ready when for the umpteenth time Mrs. Wade interrupted.

"Kathy, before you go, did you get your room picked up like I asked? The bed needs changing and that pile of clothes has been on the floor for almost a week now."

"Not yet, Mom."

Mrs. Wade wasn't pleased. "Sweetie, you heard what I said a little while ago. Either get it done or just plan on staying home."

Kathy sighed. I could tell she was frustrated. Who wasn't? I mean, it wasn't like I didn't have problems of my own. I fidgeted as she glanced at her watch, and then turned toward me. A hole formed in the pit of my stomach.

"It's getting late . . . so I was wondering . . . maybe Greg will help me out. Will you, sweetheart? Won't you? Just this once?"

Shuffling around a bit more under her gaze, I crossed one arm over my bare chest and used my free hand cover the little bump in the front of my panties. My whole body was burning like I had a fever. Couldn't she see what an awful spot I was in? I found myself wishing I hadn't even gotten up that morning. Still, it was awful hard to ignore that pitiful face.

Oh, man . . .!

"I . . . I guess . . . I guess I can help . . . a little . . . I guess . . ." I said softly. I'd have rather jumped out the window, but I was too much of a coward to do even that.

Mrs. Wade spoke up, surprisingly. She shook her finger at me, but her words were meant for her daughter. "Don't let her take advantage of you, Gregory. You do this and she'll just treat you like hired help. That girl needs to take responsibility for herself. Don't let her turn you into her little maid."

I didn't like the sound of all that maid talk; it reminded me too much of how my mom treated me. At the same time I tried to act like it wasn't that big a deal. Kathy wanted me to do something for her, and that was important to me. "It's okay. Really, I don't mind. I just wish I had some pants on."

Kathy was so excited to hear me agree that she promptly ignored my request. Instead, she jumped up and down like a big ol' kangaroo, hugged me and gave me a kiss on the cheek.

"Oh, Greg, you are the best! Thank you, thank you, thank you!"

My girlfriend scampered back upstairs to finish getting ready for her date while I shivered in my borrowed panties and grinned a stupid, helpless grin.

Before I got started on this next batch of chores Mrs. Wade had enough courtesy to try and put an end to my embarrassment. The key word being "try." A pair of Kathy’s jeans

was produced and I gratefully pulled them on . . . only to find that they didn't fit. It turned out that while she was slightly taller than me, I had the bigger butt; I couldn't even get the stupid things up over my hips, much less try and zip them up. A pair of shorts proved to be equally useless. We didn't even bother with any of Stephen's or his dad's.

With no other options left to me, I wanted to put on the clothes I'd originally worn but was told that they were "still soaking."

"That nasty old grease and tomato sauce will permanently stain your nice clothes if we don't get it out right away," Mrs. Wade explained. "Don't worry about what you look like, sweetie. Nobody cares if you run around in your undies, do we, Kat?" Her daughter tossed me a coy look and shook her head. I could have sworn I heard a giggle. "See? Just be patient. We'll think of something."

"I just want some clothes on," I said quietly.

It was beginning to look like I was doomed to spending the rest of the afternoon running around in nothing but my borrowed pant-tease. Thank goodness, though, rather than leave me completely helpless, Mrs. Wade handed me a bundle of white cloth; it turned out to be the same frilly apron I'd refused to wear earlier. I held it up and winced as I saw what I was getting myself — literally! — into.

"This ought to do until your clothes are done," she said with a wink. "Oh, don't give me that pouty face. This isn't so bad. You look very sweet."

"Guys aren't supposed to be sweet," I muttered.

"Nonsense. That's the kind of talk that gets you in trouble. I would have thought your mother taught you that already." Her voice sounded like it did when she was fussing at Kathy a few minutes earlier. "Of course, if you'd done as I said and put that on earlier today, you wouldn't be in this mess, would you? You might want to iron it before you put it on, sweetie. No reason for it not to look pressed and neat."

I sighed. This is crazy! Why ME? The funny thing is Mrs. Wade was right. Maybe, just maybe if I'd used my head and put on that dumb apron when she said I wouldn't have lost my pants. None of that made me feel any better, though. All I could do was nod and do as I was told. I mean, what else could I do? I sure couldn't run away!

Spreading the apron out on the ironing table, I could see that it was a rather simple design, made of white cotton with a belt around the waist and decorative ruffles along the edges. Even with a generous dose of spray starch applied, it didn't take a second for

me to press. I held the freshly ironed garment up for a second and thought about what I should do next. It didn't seem that I had much choice. As I slipped it on and tied off the bow in the back, I realized this wasn't much different than some of the short sundresses my mom made me wear around the house; a single strap around the back of my neck held up the top, the puffy bodice pretty well covered my nude chest, and a full flared skirt wrapped around the tops of my legs and the back enough to conceal — just barely! — my panty-covered bottom. Imagine a fourteen year old boy wearing a little girl's play dress, that's what I looked like. I felt a familiar twitch under the cotton cloth as I realized what kind of huge sissy Mrs. Wade probably thought I was.

A frightening though suddenly occurred to me. I wonder if she treats Stevie this way? The thought of what he probably went through made my skin crawl. Poor kid.

"Well, hello, Pamela!" Mrs. Wade beamed as I turned around and revealed my new look. Like I said before, she made me kinda uncomfortable, the way she was always looking at me and all, but at least she acted nice. "Nice of you to join us. That apron looks just perfect on you . . . it's almost like a little dress, don't you think?"

I nodded and mumbled something about wishing I had on pants instead. "I feel goofy."

"Well, no wonder. Why don't you slip out of those ugly old boy socks? There, that's better, don't you think?"

Of course it wasn't, but she wasn't going to buy that.

"How long am I going to have to wear this?" I plucked at the bodice and crossed my arms over my breasts. This was too much like a dress for me to even think about being comfortable. "Can't I at least have a shirt or something?"

Mrs. Wade gave me one of those winks, you know, like she knew something I didn't know. "Oh, don't be such a baby. What you're wearing now is no different than what you were wearing the first time I saw you."

Well, she was right about that. Not knowing what to say, I just pouted and shrugged. Man, this stinks! I thought to myself.

While Kathy's mom chattered on I reluctantly went back to my ironing. I prayed for a miracle to put me out of my misery, an earthquake, alien invasion, forest fire . . . anything! Half an hour later she was still talking while I put the finishing touches on the last item. If I'd been left alone I probably would have cried, but Mrs. Wade kept me company the entire time as though nothing unusual was going on, and I'd grit my teeth and wish I was somewhere else.

When I was done Kathy's mom looked over my handiwork. "Everything looks just great, sweetie. I ought to have you come over and visit more often." The smiling woman chuckled. "Kathy's upstairs if you want to give her a hand on her room. Be careful, she'll work you like a slave if you let her."

After checking on my school clothes — "They are still soaking. Be patient, silly boy!" — I went up to Kathy's room. I felt a small wave of relief to find that she wasn't there. But man, what a mess! Mrs. Wade was right; I mean, it was it a disaster area! I never knew girls could be such slobs! The bed was unmade, used dishes were on the nightstand and dirty clothes were scattered everywhere. All that, plus there was a layer of dust on the shelves. It was almost as bad as my room used to be . . . before my mom made me change my ways, I mean.

I was in the middle of making up the bed when my sort-of-girlfriend came into the room. Kathy had just finished with her makeup and she looked really gorgeous! I, on the other hand, looked like what I was; a boy doing girl's work. The expression on her face when she saw me making her bed was priceless, and when she realized what I was wearing, well, that was even better . . . or worse, depending on your point of view.

"Hi, cutie! Wow, that old apron looks great on you! I always thought it was too frilly, but it looks just like something 'Pamela' would wear. It kind of makes you look like a real live maid! I love it!" She flipped up the back of the skirt and giggled. "Not every girl has such a cute boy to help out around the house, you know."



"Please, don't make fun . . .," I whimpered softly. Compared to how beautiful she looked in her dress and makeup, I felt like such a little kid. Things just weren't working out right. "I couldn't help it. We couldn't find anything else for me to wear."

"Oh, that's all right, Sweetheart. You don't need anything else. I wish you dressed like that all the time. We could have so much fun together!"

FUN??? Doing what? I shuddered to think of the possibilities.

Instead of just standing there like a goof, I finished making the bed and straightening up as best I could, anything to take my mind off my woes. Kathy watched me for the longest time, making the occasional teasing remark and going on incessantly about how great it was to have a housekeeper around to help out with her chores. All along I cussed myself for getting into such a painful situation.

At one point she must have figured out I was really uncomfortable. I remember her touching me on the shoulder and when I turned to see what she wanted, she had the biggest smile on her face.

"You are such a good friend, Greg, you know that? I mean, I just want you to know how much I appreciate everything you're doing for me. Not only are you my best boy friend, but you're the perfect little boy maid, too!" I was kneeling at the foot of her bed gathering up the pile of soiled underthings I found there. With that stupid apron and all

that lace and that puffy skirt, I probably looked like a maid; all I needed was one of those stupid lace hats and a feather duster. "If the other girls at school ever find out how good you are at this, they might try and steal you away from me!"

"What about this Mike guy? Is he just a friend?" I tried to sound indignant, but considering the circumstances that was pretty much a waste of time.

Kathy laughed. "Who, Michael? Oh, don't let him bother you, sweetheart. He's just some silly boy from church. He asked me to go to this dinner with him and Mom, well, she likes me to spend time with lots of people, you, know, to make friends? He's nothing special," she said with a sing-song voice. "Not like you."

I remember getting a kiss on the forehead and a pat on the cheek. Great, I lamented. Now I'm not her 'boyfriend', I'm just her 'boy friend'! Oh, and her maid, too! And what if she tells her friends about what I'm doing? I'll never be able to show my face in school again! Stupid, stupid, stupid! Why can't things ever work out my way . . .?

A few minutes later I bumped into Mrs. Wade in the upstairs bathroom. I had a small bundle of dirty clothes in my hand; I wondered what she thought about me doing her daughter's laundry, but she didn't even blink. Instead, she chatted away about what a great job I was doing while I sorted everything out. Out of habit I put the lingerie in the sink to soak while the jeans, shorts and other outerwear were set aside for the machine. The dresses and things made from more delicate material would be put in later in the 'gentle' cycle. It wasn't until I was spot spraying the lingerie that I realized I might have gone too far.

"Such a good boy," Mrs. Wade said. "I wish I had the time to hand wash my panties and bras, but there just aren't enough hours in the day. If I said it once I said it a dozen times, you're going to make someone a wonderful wife some day. Your mother is so very lucky to have a such a thoughtful helper!"

I looked down at the soapy underwear in my hand. Dammit! I'd gotten so carried away, I'd forgotten where I was. This is just great, I thought ruefully. She's talking to me and here I am trying to get the stain out of the crotch of these panties . . . Geez, I think they're Kathy's, too! Man, now Mrs. Wade probably thinks I'm some kind of pervert or something!

"Here, sweetie, put some elbow grease in it." Kathy's mom acted as though this was something we did all the time. She added a bit more spot remover while I scrubbed harder on the offending stain. "Good, that's it. You'll never get them clean if you don't work at it."

As bizarre as all this seemed, I kept at it. What else could I do? Kathy's mom chattered on while I finished up the lingerie without saying a word, my ears and face burning hot with embarrassment. I guess I was hoping things would "be right" if I just kept my mouth shut.

Once the lingerie was done and hanging on the shower rod, I went downstairs and started the first load in the washing machine. I thought I'd get to take a break, but then I found another pile of ironing waiting for me. I started to say something, but when I saw Mrs. Wade holding out a diet coke for me, I just took it and forced myself to smile.

I was at it for an eternity, hating every minute of it. This wasn't at all what I'd planned when I came over to visit. Instead of doing boyfriend/girlfriend things like holding hands and maybe kissing a little bit with Kathy, I was doing her chores for her. Heck, I was doing everybody's chores for them, and looking like a complete fool in the process! Man, it was bad enough that I had to do this stuff at home, but doing it in someone else's house was pure torture. Funny thing . . . Mrs. Wade warned me about Kathy working me hard, but she was the one who kept giving me all this stuff to do, for whatever reason I couldn't imagine. All I knew was that I didn't think I was ever going to get out of there.

I was alone in the kitchen washing dishes when Kathy came in and slipped her arms around my waist, which about gave me a heart attack. She thought that was hilarious. The next thing I knew, she was hugging me from behind, pressing her chest up against my bare back and kissing me along the back of the neck and in my ear. All of this was new to me and I melted under this combined assault on my senses. I also felt a dreadful tingling under my apron as an unwanted erection rose up out of nowhere. With my hands all soapy and stuff, I was pretty much helpless as she gently bit my earlobe and giggled.

"I see my little maid is still hard at work. Maybe you ought to come over more often. I can always find something for you to do, you know."

"Kathy, please, this is bad enough . . .," I whined. My nose itched and my feet were cold and I didn't feel much like playing her silly game. Thank God Mrs. Wade wasn't around to watch . . . at least I didn't think she was.

"Aren't you having fun? I know I am!" I could feel her pulling the bow at the back of my apron loose. "You know what else would be fun? How about if I undid your little dress here so I could admire your pretty PANT-TEASE? What would you say about that?"

"Kathy, no . . ." I pulled my hands from the dishwater and looked around for a towel. I wanted to tie the sash back before anything happened . . . but it was too late!



I could feel her hands slip under the apron and around my waist. I froze as teasing fingers then slid under the elastic band of my panties. Correction, make that her panties!

"Or what if I wanted to see your bare bottom?" My entire body went rigid with fear as the flimsy underpants were pulled down over my hips and below my cheeks. I could feel cool air on my naked butt. Despite my fear, a tingling of pleasure shot through my hardened penis. I could feel it poking out against the front of my apron. I clenched my legs together to stop it, but it was in vain. This wasn't right . . . not right at all!

I shivered as Kathy's warm breath tickled my ear. Imagine my shock as a long, wet tongue slipped inside, sending a surge of delight through my body. "Best yet, 'Pamela' . . . what would you think if my mom saw you like this? Two girls hugging and kissing in the kitchen. What do you think she'd say about that?"

This was my worst nightmare coming true. I didn't know whether to scream, cry, runaway . . . or all three at the same time. I cleared my throat and whispered "Please . . . Kathy, no-o-o-o-o-o . . ."

Kathy's voice suddenly took on a different tone. A deeper, more frightening voice whispered in my ear. "What are you going to do about this, pretty boy? Are you going to cry for me? Want me to call your mommy?"

A sharp SLAP!!! on my bare bottom punctuated the question. I was shocked. I mean, she hit me so hard it actually hurt!

"No, Kathy . . . I want to . . . OUCH!!!" I squirmed as a pair of sharp fingernails poked and then pinched my bare bottom. The next day I'd have a horrible bruise on my left cheek.

The sound of high heels click-clacking coming down the stairwell put an end to my girlfriend's little game. I sighed with relief as she pulled her hands from under my apron and backed away. I quickly tugged my underpants back up, forgetting that my hands were still covered with soap suds.

"See what you made me do," I complained. There's nothing I hate more than wet panties. Yuck!

Kathy giggled. "Relax, girlfriend . . . I'm not going to let anything bad happen to you. I was just having a little fun. You'd don't mind if I have a little fun with you, do you?"

The click-clacking stopped somewhere in the front of the house. Kathy stepped back behind me and pulled the back of my apron back together. I gasped for air as the sash was suddenly snapped so tight it felt like I was being cut in half.

"Owww, Kathy! Stop it, please? That's too tight! It really hurts bad!"

"Oh, don't be such a crybaby." I could feel her tying it off. I tried to reach around and undo it, or at least loosen it a bit, but I got my hands slapped. "Stop that. You'll mess up the bow. Oh, go ahead, but it won't do any good. I tied it in a knot."

I took a deep breath and tried to raise a fuss, but it didn't do much good. Boys in panties don't get taken very seriously, it seems. Kathy smiled as though everything was just fine.

"This isn't funny! How would you like it if somebody pulled on your underwear? What if somebody did this stuff to you?"

"Oh, hush! We were just having a little fun. Besides, you loved it and you know it. Don't lie to me. There's nothing a boy likes more than to have some girl put her hands down his pants.

Yeah, pants, not PANT-TEASE! I thought bitterly. Still, she had a point. It wasn't that bad. I just wished I could have done some touching of my own.

Before I could say or do anything else Kathy put her finger to her lips, warning me to be quiet. The click-clacking started up again, and then stopped. Her mom was in the

bathroom down the hall; I could hear her singing and humming away as she did her business. Kathy produced a dish towel out of nowhere and handed it to me.

"Quick," she said, her face beaming with mischief, "Dry yourself off. We need to play a joke on my mom." She then tossed her purse on the kitchen table and giggled. "There's a lipstick and some mascara in there. There should be some eyeliner, too. If you sit down and put that on, I'll do your hair real quick. She'll be here in a few minutes . . . hurry up!"

"I don't think this is a good idea," I said weakly.

"Oh, sure it is. It'll be neat. Don't worry about Mom saying anything bad or anything like that. She'll just think you're really creative when she sees just how quickly you turned from 'Greg' to 'Pamela'. Trust me, it'll be fun!" She gave me a quick kiss on the lips. "I wouldn't lie to you, sweetheart . . . not about that . . ."

By the time we were done I looked like a different person. My eyes were just huge and my lips shone brilliant vermilion. Thanks to Kathy my hair was brushed up and then pulled into a little bun tied with an elastic band atop my head; my bangs, of course, were combed out over my eyes, tickling my eyelashes each time I blinked. I could barely take my eyes from the little mirror in my hand — I looked just like I belonged in my little maid's apron, a lot more than I did in my baseball uniform, that's for sure!

"Perfect!" Kathy squealed. "Oh, Greg, you're so cute when you make yourself up like that! I wish you could come with us tonight. Nobody would ever guess who you really were! We could have so much fun!"

Looking down at my lace trimmed apron, I tugged the hem down around my legs and swallowed. "That's probably not a good idea," I whispered hoarsely.

Kathy grinned. "Well, it is a school night. Maybe next time," she said with a wink.

When Mrs. Wade came into the room a few minutes later she noticed the change in my appearance right away. I was mortified as she made the biggest fuss over me. She seemed sincere as she complimented me on what a good job I'd done on my makeup, especially my eyes. While Kathy took credit for my hair, she made sure her mom knew I'd done my mouth and eyes myself, which gave me mixed emotions. I knew I shouldn't have been looking so feminine, every fiber in my body told me that was a mistake, but I couldn't help feel a bit of pride . . . just a little bit. I mean, with Kathy and Mrs. Wade praising me so much, it only seemed natural. I couldn't believe I actually liked being the center of so much positive attention.

"There's just one thing missing," the laughing woman commented. Kicking off her shoes, she motioned for me to slip them on. "We can't have our little maid running around barefoot. It wouldn't be proper."

I hesitated, of course, but Kathy pushed me into going through with it. They were high heels, of course, a hair too big, but close enough. I stepped into them with the expertise of a high school girl, shifted my weight . . . and looked up to see two smiling faces.

If I thought Kathy and her mom liked me before, now they were gushing with compliments and praise as I click-clacked about in my new shoes. Mrs. Wade's enthusiasm was very hard to take as it seemed that I couldn't make a move without her saying something about how 'cute' and 'ladylike' I was. I could have run and hid, I suppose, but I forced myself to give up worrying about looking foolish and to instead accept the fact that I was bringing a little pleasure to some people who genuinely liked me.

"I've never seen a boy with such good looking legs," Mrs. Wade exclaimed. "Such a waste on a boy. If you were my child I'd make sure you showed them off every chance you got."

I sighed. I guess this isn't too bad, I thought to myself. I mean, it's all just for fun, right? Nobody's gonna make a big deal out of this later . . . I hope.

I felt kinda silly when Kathy started pushing me to show off for her mom. "Oh, here, put on another coat of lipstick. Watch, Mother . . . Greg does such a good job at it. He looks like such a girl the way he handles the lipstick tubes and does his lips. Don't you think he looks cute doing that?"

"He's a doll, all right." Mrs. Wade smirked one of those heart-wrenching smirks, the kind that said "Let's see you get out of this one, buddy-boy!"

I was putting on a third coat of lipstick when the doorbell rang. It took me a second to figure out what was going on, and when I did I about had a heart attack! A quick glance at the kitchen clock showed it was seven twenty-five. Dammit! I'd been so worried about being trapped in this mess I'd lost track of the time; it had been three-thirty when I'd arrived . . . I'd been there, what . . . four hours??? Oh, man, what's my mom going to say when I get home? Things weren't looking too good, that was for danged sure.

In the meantime I had more pressing problems. The last thing on earth I wanted was to meet Kathy's date — 'Michael' — face to face, especially in my stupid 'maid' costume. I'm sure he'd be impressed to see another guy, especially a high school freshman,

dressed like some sort of prissy fag, and I didn't think my heart could take the abuse that would follow. Following everybody into the living room, I started to dash for the stairs, but Mrs. Wade answered the door before I could make it. The front door opened just as I darted back into the kitchen. I thought I'd be safe there. WRONG! A mixture of male and female voices moved toward me and out of desperation I hid in the laundry room. I pulled the flimsy louvered door closed and moved as far into the closet-sized area as possible, praying desperately that I was out of the line of fire.

Man, how can this be happening? Why is it always me getting in these kinds of situations?

WHY ME???

In the kitchen I could hear Kathy and her mom chatting away with someone, most definitely male, from the sound of his voice. To say that I was scared to death was a drastic understatement. I was TERRIFIED!!! At one point I thought they were standing right there at the door to the laundry room and I almost gave away everything by sobbing out loud. Imagine a fourteen year old boy hiding in a closet, dressed in panties and apron and high heels. Not a pretty sight, if you know what I mean. With Kathy and her mom and this "Michael" guy just a few feet away, I didn't dare move an inch for fear of giving myself away, especially with those click-clacking shoes on. I was scared to even breathe.

This went on forever! Each time I thought they were about to leave, either Kathy or Mrs. Wade would start the conversation up again, and I found myself succumbing to the most tedious torture you can imagine. The continual chit-chatting and laughing and lingering went on and on . . . it just about drove me crazy! Caught in the laundry room like a mouse in a cage, I passed the time trying to think what I should say if I happened to be discovered. It didn't do any good; half naked and with my face and hair made up like a prom queen, nothing I could say would be good enough. This was almost as bad as those stupid dreams I was having.

After a while there were some noises that sounded like people were leaving. I remember hearing a deep boy's voice — almost a man's voice, actually — say "Later, Mrs. Wade." Kathy's mom replied with a lilting, "Have fun, children." The front door slammed and then it was over.

It wasn't but a few seconds later that the laundry room door was flung open. Mrs. Wade stood grinning at me.

"You can come out of the closet now, sweetie. They're gone." She nodded to the kitchen window. "If you hurry you can get a look at Kathy's date. I was wondering if you might recognize him from school."

I waited a moment, mulling over her suggestion. I didn't want to do it, but curiosity took hold. I minced over to the window and peeked out between the blinds. I couldn't believe I was doing this. Spying on my girlfriend, I mean. It turned out to be a pretty rotten idea, too, I guess. Kathy stepped off the porch, hand in hand with her date, laughing and chatting away like I didn't even exist. I recognized Michael, having seen him practicing with the high school football team. I couldn't help but cringe. He was huge, big enough to be a senior, a real jock type with a crew cut and a square jaw. My belly felt queasy as when I saw how Kathy's face lit up as he said something to her; in response she stood up on her tiptoes, closed her eyes and gave him a little-too-friendly kiss on the mouth. For an instant I could have sworn she looked right at me as she pulled away from the kiss and got into the car. Needless to say, this was one of the lowest points in my young life.

"Do you know him?" Mrs. Wade woke me from my self pity party. I suddenly felt extremely foolish, peeking through the blinds, still dressed in my frilly housekeeping clothes. Too ashamed to say anything, I nodded. She raised an eyebrow and returned the nod. "Well, are you about done?"

"I . . . I guess so." I didn't feel much like talking right then. "I was just curious, that's all."

"No, I mean with your chores. The upstairs bedroom looks pretty good, and the ironing is just fine. But it looks to me like you still have some dishes to do."

I glanced at the sink filled with plates. I figured with Kathy gone I didn't have any more chores to do. I guess I was wrong. "Yes, ma'am," I said with a sigh.

It took me a while to get the dishes finished up, mostly 'cause Mrs. Wade kept bugging me. I didn't feel like talking much, but she was pretty talkative, not to mention persistent. She bounced the conversation back and forth, throwing me off guard with the most embarrassing questions. I think it tickled her when I finally admitted that I was jealous of Michael's relationship with Kathy.

"Oh, don't you worry about Kat. She likes you . . . a lot. I happen to know that for a fact. Kat likes boys who . . . well, boys like you." She gave me one of those looks again. "Don't you fret about Michael . . . he's is just part of some passing phase. He's not really her type, but she wants to date around a bit. You know how girls are, as flighty as butterflies."

The interrogation continued and I had to answer more questions, about how I got along with my mom and my dad and how I came to meet Kathy. Mrs. Wade didn't bat an eyelash when I confessed that it wasn't exactly my idea to attend Sadie Hawkins Day as a girl. She kept pressing me so hard I even let it out how my mom occasionally 'encouraged' me to do girlish things around the house. That brought a peculiar smile to her face, along with a quiet "I figured it was something like that."

I just nodded and continued putting away dishes.

It was long past dark outside when I was finally finished with my chores. I stood by patiently as Mrs. Wade went over her mental list of things for me to do, and only when she said "Well, I guess you're done," did I feel any relief. A glance at the clock showed that I was probably going to catch hell from my mom.

Eight-thirty? Oh, man . . . I'm in for it now! Mom's going to be furious!

Looking down at my frilly attire, I realized that I couldn't go home until I changed my clothes. I'd been trying to tell Mrs. Wade all evening that I needed my school clothes back, and they were still nowhere to be seen. At long last I found them, stuck in a washtub on the back porch, soaking in a nasty mixture of soap, water and tomato sauce.

Oh, God, no . . . I can't go home like this! What's Mom going to say? Oh, please, let this be a bad dream . . .

Nearly in tears, I talked Mrs. Wade into calling my mom for me and explaining what happened. I was scared, of course, of what my mom would do when she found out what happened; I knew from experience that I wasn't too old for a whipping or a slap in the face . . . or worse!

It turned out that the two women got along just great, and they chatted for nearly twenty minutes. I remember standing before Kathy's mom for what seemed like forever, impatiently waiting for the inevitable verdict. I didn't know which was worse . . . looking like a fool or to keep having to wait for people to let me do what I needed to do.

At long last it was decided that Mrs. Wade would drive me home, and she sent me to wring out my sodden and stained clothes and put them in a bucket. When I asked her what I was going to wear in the car, to my horror she insisted that I should keep on my improvised 'dress', saying that it didn't look 'that bad'.

"Keep the sash cinched tight like that and it'll stay together in the back, just like a cute skirt. If you're really careful when you get in and out of the car nobody will see your bottom. Oh, wipe that frown off your face! We're just going out to the car and then to

your house. Nobody's going to see you, and if they do they won't care. With your face and hair like that you look just like one of Kat's cute little girlfriends. I don't know why you're so worried . . . it's not like you haven't gone out in girly clothes before."

The one concession — if you want to call it that — was that it was so cold out that I got to wear a sweater over my 'dress'. Mrs. Wade got one from Kathy's room — a soft black one with pearl buttons — and when I slipped it on even I had to admit that I looked more like a girl than any boy I knew; actually, combined with my frilly apron, I thought it kind of made me look like a maid, just like in some movie or something. I wasn't going to say anything to my guardian, of course, especially since I felt a familiar tingling down between my legs again; for some reason just thinking about the absurdity of my situation made me warm all over. I could feel my cheeks get burning hot, and I had to think extra hard to keep my erection from poking out and showing through the front of my apron.

The ride home was swift and painless. I sat quietly while Mrs. Wade chattered on like she'd done the entire time I'd been with her, plucking at my borrowed sweater and praying that we didn't get a speeding ticket or have a wreck. In either case I was ready to die, just so I wouldn't have to face any of my friends while dressed like a total idiot.

My mother was waiting for us at the front door when we arrived home. You can imagine the smile on her face as I clip-clopped up the sidewalk and onto the porch. In one hand I held my school books and in the other the little pail with my dirty clothes. I was so ashamed I couldn't even look her in the face.

"Have a little accident, did we?" she said. I held up the bucket and shrugged. "And those are your favorite jeans, too, aren't they? Oh, well, too bad."

I sighed. I'd expected her to say something like that. It didn't make it any easier to hear, of course. At least she was being pleasant about the situation.

The rest of the evening was pure torture. Mrs. Wade was invited inside for a cup of coffee, which, of course, I was told to fetch. Mumbling and grumbling, I did as I was ordered. When I minced back into the living room with a tray bearing two cups and a pot the smiles I faced were as blinding as stage lights. I found myself sitting between the two women while Mrs. Wade recounted the evening's events. I'd wanted to go upstairs and go to bed, but Mom insisted.

"No, sit here with us for a bit. Mrs. Wade is telling some stories on you. You need to hear this."

"But, Mom . . ." I whined.

"Oh, Gregory, don't be such a sour puss," Mrs. Wade said with a laugh. "He's been like that most of the evening, but I caught him smiling more than once. Don't let that ugly frown fool you, Margaret. I think your little sweetie likes playing the girl more than he lets on."

"I know. We went through this all last summer. He puts on a big front, but I know he loves it. You can tell it just by looking at him." I blushed as Mom examined my new costume. "This is definitely a new look for you, sweetie. Maybe we're on to something here. What do you think? We can get you all sorts of jobs as a maid after school. You can even do this next summer, too, and make some extra spending money. In fact," — I braced myself it — "this could be the start of a whole new career for 'Pamela'. Who needs college?"



For some reason I was the only one in the room who didn't think that was funny.

While my two captors chatted I reflected on the irony of my predicament. In a twisted sort of way it made sense. Mom always treated me like a maid, so it made sense that I become one. I mean, if she had her way, I'd get a job cleaning houses in the neighborhood and probably never leave home. She'd just love that. Not that I'd much

like it, of course. I knew from experience that I wasn't expected to like anything she did to me. I just had to endure it . . . no matter how demeaning or confusing it was. And judging from the smile on my mother's face, life was slowly but surely becoming a heck of a lot more complicated. More than I could even begin to imagine.

Help me!!!

Chapter 28 - A New Job ….

That night at Kathy's house proved a disastrous turning point in my life. Previous to that fateful evening I had some faint hope that my mom would get bored with her little game and that I'd be allowed to resume something of a normal life. But after Mrs. Wade drug me into my own home – before my own mother! – wearing little more than a pair of her daughter's panties and an apron, well, things just didn't go well for me. Not well at all . . .

Mom, of course, was elated! In the days that followed she refused to let up, insisting that I continue with our 'agreement' and keeping me under her thumb with even greater determination than before. Any progress I'd made toward regaining my manhood was completely destroyed. Of course, I begged her to give me another chance, promising to keep my nose clean and do everything she said.

"I promise, Mom, I'll do anything. Just please stop being mean to me!" I begged.

"Good! Then you won't mind getting back into your girlie clothes now, will you?"

"That's not what I meant . . ." I said weakly.

"I thought you said you were going to do everything I said?" she shot back. "Were you lying to me just now? Is that what you are now, a liar?"

I had do something, and quick! If I didn't, I'd be wearing high heels and panties and taking care of the house as long as I lived under her roof!

"I'm not lying . . . Please, Mom, I'll do anything . . . everything . . . but that . . ."

"Live in my house, live by my rules," she preached with a smile. "You certainly didn't mind running around in panties at your little girlfriend's house. Why shouldn't you do the same in your own home. Believe me, little man, I'm going to make sure you get plenty more of the same."

"But, Mom," I tried to stop her one more time, just for a second. That was a bad mistake.

SLAPP!!! The palm of her hand was across my face faster than a bolt of lightning.

"Do not interrupt me, mister!" my mom said with a tone in her voice that truly scared me. She actually sounded as though she was enjoying herself!

"I'm … s-s-sorry," I said softly.

"You better be. Now you listen to me and you listen good, little man," she said with a frightening smile. "You're going to learn to do as I tell you if it's the last thing I do on this earth. If I say you're going to wear lipstick, then you're going to wear lipstick. If I send you to school in a dress, you're going to wear a dress and like it! If I put you to work cleaning house, you'll clean house. You're going to learn to do everything I say and you'll do it with no questions asked, do you understand me? And don't even try to argue with me. After your little shenanigans the other night, after Mrs. Wade brought you home in your girlie-girlfriend's panties and lipstick, you've shown me what a little sissy you really are. So you may as well learn to enjoy yourself, sweetie, because that's just the way it is."

See what I mean? There was nothing for me to do but give up. So that's what I did. I gave up.

There was no end to the obstacles in my path. Even though I was a freshman in high school now and I had all sorts of homework and projects to do, my responsibilities around the house were increased dramatically. Laundry was done every day and everything was kept spotless, thanks to 'Pamela', who suddenly acquired a little black dress and a matching lace apron. I couldn't believe it! The first time I was presented with these monstrosities I had a premonition that Mom had actually gotten me employment as a maid.

Imagine my horror when I was informed that this was true!

"You . . . you got me a job as . . . as a maid?" I couldn't believe my ears. Was she crazy?

"Of course I did," my mom said with a big grin. "I told you I was going to, remember?"

I felt the pit of my stomach fall and for an instant I felt dizzy. "I really have a job as a maid . . .?"

Mom took a sip of her coffee and nodded. "Two jobs, actually. Mrs. McCuddy and Mrs. Johnston are both willing to pay you good money for your time. All you have to do is go to Mrs. McCuddy's house on Mondays and Wednesdays pick up a little and run the vacuum. Oh, and maybe on the occasional Saturday help with her bridge club. You do the same for Mrs. Johnston and Rita on Tuesday and Thursday. Except for the bridge club, of course. The rest of your free time you can spend helping me!"

Free time? I thought. What free time?

Mom grinned that grin when she knows I’m miserable. "Doesn't that sound just great?"

I nodded, then shook my head as the full realization of what she’d said sank in.

"But . . . a maid? In a dress? In that dress???!!!" I suddenly felt dizzy. "In front of Mrs. McCuddy . . . and . . . Mrs. Johnston . . . and Rita . . .?"

Mom shrugged her shoulders. "So? It’s not like you haven’t worn a dress to see either one of them before."

"That’s not to point, Mom," I said softly. "I just . . . it isn’t . . ."

I took a deep breath. I really hated arguing with my mom. She always won and I always ended up worse off than before. Maybe that was the point of the exercise.

My mother smiled a crooked smile. "Come on, what is it? Spit it out . . . you have homework to do, you know. Let's get on with it."

I looked at the ugly black dress and shivered. "Well, it’s just that . . . I'll look like a . . . servant or something . . . in that thing. I can’t walk through the neighborhood in it. It is so embarrassing looking, Mom. Please, don’t make me wear it . . . it’ll cause problems."

"Your problems are not my problems." My mom smiled. "Deal with them. You're smarter than you give yourself credit for."

The solutions to my problems weren’t easy to come up with. The first few days were as mentally demanding as they were physically taxing. As soon as I got off the school bus I’d run home, change in to my 'work clothes' and head off for my job.



I was desperate to keep this a secret, so I came up with a disguise of sorts. Digging through my mother's old things, I found a gray wool coat that fit over my maid's dress rather well. I also found a hat that worked pretty good, too. Add to all that my purse and heels, I looked pretty much like any other female you might see walking through our neighborhood on a given afternoon, or at least I hoped so. From the instant I stepped off our front porch and headed down the sidewalk I fretted over the possibility of being discovered. Combine that with having to walk a mile – both ways! – in a pair of heels and you can imagine the kind of stress I was under.

My new maid's outfit was a big hit with both Mrs. McCuddy and the Johnstons. Mrs. McCuddy was especially excited to have a servant at her beck and call and she made me work for my money. "Picking up a few things and running the vacuum" – as my mother promised – quickly turned into a whole new world of chores I'd never even heard of! That old lady had me polishing her silverware and sorting her linen and ironing her clothes and cleaning the toilets and on and on and on. Dusting, to her, was an art form and she insisted that I remove every knick-knack and trinket on every shelf in every room and clean it by hand before putting it back in its proper place. She even bought me an old-fashioned feather duster and would follow me around the house like the queen of the castle to make sure I did my job properly.

"This house once required five girls just like yourself to keep it going," the grand old lady would say at least a dozen times during each of my visits. "You are just going to have to work harder if you want to keep up. Come along, Pamela, don't be a lazy girl!"

Adding insult to injury, I'd have to make tea and bake some cookies and serve them to my employer at the end of each day. She would then make me sit and listen to her ramble about "the good old days" for about half an hour before allowing me to leave for home. It was always so tedious and I'd be itching under my girdle and my feet would be sore. But, still, I did as I was told. A mere boy in a dress, I didn't know what else to do.

That first time I helped out at one of Mrs. McCuddy's Saturday bridge club meetings was a day of misery, as you no doubt predicted. I arrived at nine sharp and was immediately put to work setting tables and chairs and arranging dishes. The caterer came by and dropped off enough food to feed an entire army. Mrs. McCuddy immediately put me to work setting up the buffet, directing my every move with the precision of a Marine Corps drill sergeant.

"I normally have to pay Georgio for setting everything up," she croaked in her little old lady voice. "But now that I've got myself some cheap hired help, I don't have to do that

anymore."

I was worn out when guests starting arriving, but that was when the real work – and humiliation! – began. There were at least a dozen old ladies, some blue-haired, some silver, some with dyed hair and wigs, all reeking with little old lady perfume and painted with lipstick and dripping in old fashioned jewelry. Everyone seemed impressed to see me standing at the door, dutifully taking their coats and directing them into the parlor.

"Irma's got herself a hired girl," one of them muttered with a wicked smile. "Very pretty, very cute."

I wanted to say, "No, you moron, I'm not a girl!" But a glance in the mirror was enough to change my mind.

The party wasn't over until three, by which time I was worn to a frazzle! It wasn't too bad an experience, but I was physically drained and emotionally taxed. The worst thing that happened was that while Mrs. McCuddy would refer to me as her 'girl', she occasionally called me by my real name, which caused more than a little confusion. Enough people noticed this that I suddenly became the top topic of gossip. Unfortunately, more than one old lady just happened to know my mother and it was only a matter of time before I was confronted with the truth.

"I know Mrs. Palmer who lives on Crescent Avenue," one old lady said, shaking her finger at me, "and she's got a boy named Greg who looks an awful lot like you. She used to dress him funny for Halloween every year."

Well, that got everyone excited and I was suddenly trapped in the middle of a swarm of smarmy smiles and gloating glance. Mrs. McCuddy looked like the proverbial cat that ate the bird, so I had no help from her. Finally, I sighed and gave up. As much as I dreaded doing it, I reluctantly confessed to the entire company that, yes, I was indeed Greg Palmer – "Yes, ma'am, the one who lived on Crescent Avenue," – and that yes, I was a boy.

Well, that announcement caused no little amount of snickers and grins, and the conversation at each table was ripe with phrases like "such a pretty boy" and "he looks just like granddaughter." More than one old lady commented that "it was about time boys learned how hard women's work can be!" and I just grinned and nodded and kept my mouth shut while I continued to serve drinks and snacks.

Mrs. McCuddy kept on me throughout the afternoon, making certain that I served each and every guest on time and with proper manners.

"Don’t wait to be asked to do something, girl!" she said for the umpteenth time. "Watch and anticipate what someone might want. I’m not paying you to stand around and look pretty."

"Yes, ma’am," I squeaked submissively.

"And stop looking so miserable. You’re causing a scandal with that sad look on your face. Smile, like the pretty girl you’re pretending to be! I’m paying you good money for quality help, not some sour-faced lazy boy to pout and mope about! Do you want me to call your mother?"

Forcing myself to smile as best I could, I shook my head in earnest. "Gosh, no! Please, don’t call her. I’ll do better. I promise!"

Funny … how something like a smile can affect both the smiler and those who see the smile. As miserable and unhappy as I felt in that stupid dress and waiting on all those stupid old ladies, the mere act of smiling made things at least seem a little better. Especially when it came to talking with the old ladies. They would see me smile and they would smile back, which made me want to smile even more. I still got my share of teasing – "How about coming to work for me, pretty boy?" and "I wish my grandson was here with me … he loves flirting with the hired help!" – but it was not nearly as bad as the teasing I would have gotten at school from my so-called friends.

Probably the most humiliating thing I had to do was wait on Mimi, my employer’s spoiled pet poodle. Mimi had her own crystal food bowl, which Mrs. McCuddy insisted I bring into the parlor so everyone could "ooh" and "ahhh" over it. That stupid dog seemed to know exactly what was going on and she would yip and yap and snap at me every minute of the day.

"Looks like Mimi enjoys bossing around your pretty little maid," one of the ladies proclaimed. A titter of laughter swept through the room. Keeping in character, I just nodded and smiled and pretended this was the way things were supposed to be.

The real humiliation came when I had to take Mimi for her walk every half hour, to keep her calm and make sure she didn’t make a mess on the carpet. This single chore along was enough to wear me out! Try walking your dog around the block in a pair of three-inch high heels if you ever wonder why!



As our guests finally took their leave, I got more than my share of compliments. Mrs. McCuddy insisted that I fetch everyone’s coat, one at a time, and stand by her side as they left the house. I got my cheek pinched so many times, it was painful! And to hear all those comments, everything from "Remember, I need a pretty boy maid to come work for me" to "Good thing he’s not working for me or I’d have him looking really pretty!" The worse one was something like, "If you ever get lonely, pretty miss, just let me know. Have I got a boyfriend for you!"

Some of those old ladies had a mean streak in them, too! At least two of them gave me a smack on the bottom as they headed out the door. And one even flipped up the hem of my skirt! Not knowing how to react, I just kept silent as they all chuckled to themselves and minced on down the front steps toward their cars.

After the party was over, it took me nearly two hours to clean up the mess, to include washing and drying the plates and crystal and washing the linens. I felt like crying, but I kept my servant’s smile, just in case my employer was looking.

At long last I headed for the door, my mother’s coat in one hand and my purse in the other.

"Here’s a little something for your trouble, girl," Mrs. McCuddy said gruffly.

I took the piece of paper and saw that it was a check. It was for a lot more money than I expected. Enough to make me think that my time hadn't been wasted. More than enough for me to smile for real.

"Um, thank you, Mrs. McCuddy," I said sheepishly. "This is a lot of money … just for one day's work."

"You worked hard and you deserve it. Put some of it away and buy yourself something pretty with the rest," Mrs. McCuddy said when she saw my reaction. "A good girl deserves nice things."

As much as I hated, well, I didn't hate that little old lady, just the things she made me do . . . I couldn't resist giving her a little hug. It was only the polite thing to do.

"Such a good girl," she whispered in my ear. "See you next week."

"Yes, Ma'am," I croaked. I looked down at the check again. It was more money than I'd ever been given in my entire life. As much as I hated wearing that stupid maid's outfit, well, I couldn't help feeling good about what just happened.

Maybe working as a maid wasn't such a bad thing after all . . .

Talk about confusing!!!

In contrast to taking care of Mrs. McCuddy, the experience in the Johnston house was completely different. Twice a week I'd show up to an empty house and follow a list of chores that included everything from doing laundry to preparing supper for Mrs. Johnston and her family. I was especially nervous about showing up at the Johnston house in that goofy maid's dress, as they had a teenaged boy who could very well make my life a living hell.

Fortunately for me, the first few days went rather smoothly. It turned out that Mrs. Johnston was less interested in my dusting and cleaning skills than she was engaging me in conversation during my sessions at her home. While I put the kitchen in order or folded underwear, she would chit-chat endlessly about the dumbest things, and expect me to reply, of course. Most of her conversations had to do with how pretty I looked and how well I carried myself and how much it meant to my mother for me to play along with her 'little game'. Occasionally she would tease me a bit by saying how she knew I was just pretending to hate having to dress up and how she couldn't wait to see my taste in boys. At first I protested such comments, but she would shush me and go on as though I hadn't said a word. After a while I just gave up and nodded and smiled and bided my time until it was time to head for home.

"I am just going to have to introduce you to my son, Kevin," she'd say every once in a while. "Too bad he has football practice every afternoon. I keep hoping that you'll run into each other, but you two keep missing each other. It's actually rather funny. I think you would hit it off quite well."

I knew Kevin, of course, from when Rita used to babysit me and my little brother. We'd never really hung around each other much because of the difference in our ages. And now the mere idea of bumping into him terrified me! Nearly two years older than me, Kevin was popular and athletic and smart, just exactly the kind of guy that I wanted to avoid. Especially if I was wearing a dress!

"Um, I don't think we'd get along," I'd invariably say. "Guys like Kevin don't . . . don't hang out with people like . . . me."

"Maybe not, 'Pamela'. But you don't give yourself enough credit. All your hard work is paying off. You're becoming quite the fetching young lady. You two could be a cute couple."

All of my hard work? Cute couple? Was this woman crazy? Didn't she listen? Didn't she know how much I hated being forced to dress up and act like a girl? What was she, blind and deaf????

I kept all that inside, of course. I just smiled and folded the laundry and nodded like the good girl I appeared to be.

Between my new job and school and homework and whatever chores my mother had for me around the house, my life was busier than ever. The problem was, none of it was what I wanted to do. Oh, sure, I was making money like crazy, but I never had time to spend it and whenever I did, Mom made sure it went to things like lipstick and panties and not comic books or soft drinks.

I was also somewhat lonesome. My friends at school were sparse and none of them were boys. The few guys I ran into thought I was a fag, and I made sure to steer clear of them. The one boy I was apparently destined to be friends with, well, his mom saw me more as a date than as a buddy. That was enough to push me over the edge. Many was the time that I'd be in the middle of some menial task, like dusting one of Mrs. McCuddy's ceramic kitties or cleaning Mrs. Johnston's toilet, and I'd just start crying for no apparent reason. Well, yeah, sure, I had plenty of reasons, chief among them were the too-tight girdle I was wearing or the long walk home that was still ahead of me or a combination of both.

"Why are you crying?" my mother asked me one night as I came through the back door. "You better not be in trouble with Mrs. Johnston!"

I shook my head and just stood there. Looking down at my feminine attire, I burst out in a fresh wave of tears. Here I was, a fourteen year old boy, kicked off the little league team and stuck doing girl's work every day after school in a dress! What wasn't there for me to cry over???

"Poor baby," my mother said with genuine affection. "I'll tell you what. Why don't you go take a nice douche and I'll pour you a hot bath. Afterward we'll get into our 'jammies and have a quiet supper, just you and me."

My mom then kissed me on the forehead and gave me another hug.

"Do . . . do I have to . . . douche?" I said weakly. "I feel fine . . ."

"Oh, you don't know how you feel, silly girl!" My mom gave me a stern, yet playful look. "Just do as I say and don't worry your pretty little head, all right? It'll make you feel so much better. Promise me, I know what I'm talking about! Poor, poor 'Pamela', I don't know what you'd do without me."

Wow . . . lucky me.

Chapter 29 - . . . and a New Friend

Despite that fateful night at Kathy's house and all the madness in my own home, my life at school remained fairly uneventful. I kept to myself most of the time, went to class and tried my best to stay out of trouble. Occasionally I'd bump into somebody who remembered me from Sadie Hawkins Day and teased me about it, but that didn't bother me much. I'd just laugh and roll my eyes and take my lumps, and then go on with life. Todd and Joe, of course, still gave me a fairly hard time, but I stayed out of their way as best I could. I'd hear about them picking on other kids sometimes and count my lucky stars that they didn't bother looking me up.

Whew!

Perpetually trapped between being a professional maid and my mother's favorite 'daughter', I spent most of my time doing my homework and hiding in my room. That was when Mom began insisting we spend quite a bit of 'quality time' together. This would entail us working on each other's hair on Friday nights, cleaning house on

Saturday mornings – if Mrs. McCuddy didn't need me, of course! – and then Saturday evening shopping or going to a movie or dinner on a 'girls' night out'.

On some weekend afternoons my mother would have me sit next to her and watch a romance or musical on television, or if I was really unlucky, I'd have to read from one of her favorite romance novels. I hated that, especially when it came to the kissing scenes, but Mom enjoyed it, so I gritted my teeth and did as I was told.

"You read that like you were really getting into it," she said one night."Maybe you'll have pleasant dreams tonight, 'Pamela'."

"Mom, please, don't talk like that."

She pointed to the muscular hero on the cover of the book in my hand and giggled. "Don't you think that would be fun, kissing a big strong man like that?"

"Mom! No way!"

"You say that now, but I know better."

The sound of her laughter haunted me the rest of the night! The sad part was, I did start having dreams, just like she predicted. More often than not I'd be on the run, clad in little more than a slip or my stupid girdle, stumbling down a corridor in a pair of high heels, pursued by shadowy figures that laughed and whispered ugly words, sending chills down my spine and causing me to tremble anxiously. Occasionally, I'd feel a hand pull at my clothes or grab me by the arm or caress my bottom. Once in a while one of the shadow figures would pull me close and try to kiss me on the mouth. I remember waking up in the middle of the night more than once after such a dream. I'd be sweating like crazy and chilled, both at the same time. I'd spend the rest of the night laying there, torn between fear and curiosity as I struggled to go back to sleep.

Anyway, trapped in all this confusion, life at home got kind of lonely, but I made the best out of a bad situation. Kinda. Except for Kathy and Rita and a few of my mom's friends we never had any visitors at our house. Well, I never had any visitors or friends at our house. That was a blessing actually. I knew good and well if any of the guys from my science club came over to shoot off rockets, or if somebody wanted to trade comic books with me, they'd be met at the door by a very upset boy in a dress, apron and high heels. Knowing my mom, she'd have us give each other makeovers or something equally asinine. I had bad dreams about that kind of thing happening and I was desperate to make sure they never came true.

Then something really bizarre happened. Something that shook me up really bad. Want to hear about it? Of course you do.

It all started in the school cafeteria with a simple "Mind if I sit here?"
I usually sat with Kathy and her friends during lunch, but if she couldn't make it I usually sat by myself. That's the way it was since I'd made my debut in lipstick and high heels on Sadie Hawkins Day. Most of the guys I knew from junior high didn't have time for me anyway, not since I'd dropped out of baseball. And because of the way Mom had been acting I was afraid to make any new friends. Not that it would have made any difference. Guys my age were kind of fussy about who they were seen with; to be perfectly honest, I wouldn't have wanted to hang around a boy whose biggest claim to fame was having cute legs.

Anyway, on this particular day I looked up from my salmon croquette and Mexican corn to see a face that I should have recognized, but didn't. What I did see was a slender, dark-headed boy with a spattering of freckles and a big grin on his face.

"Do you mind?" he asked patiently.

"Um, hi," I said awkwardly. This guy looked familiar, but I couldn't place the face.

"I'm Danny, Danny Watson. You know, from the Sadie Hawkins Day thing?"

"Huh? The Sadie Hawkins thing?" I echoed. What the heck was he talking about?

"Oh, you know, the Sadie Hawkins thing!" The youth rolled his eyes and glanced over his shoulder as though he thought someone would be spying on us. "Remember? I wore the blue gingham dress? You beat me in the pageant?"

The blue gingham . . . Omigosh! The pageant! I felt my face getting hot. The sophomore boy in the blue gingham dress! So that's where I saw him before . . .

"I . . . I didn't recognize you," I said lamely. "I mean, you look a lot different . . . now, I mean."

Danny grinned. "Well, you don't. Except for the lipstick and ponytail, you look about the same. Maybe not quite as cute."

We both smiled, me somewhat nervously, of course. I felt the heat from my face spread to my neck and I wondered how red it looked. Talking about Sadie Hawkins Day wasn't exactly my favorite topic, but this was different. I could tell that already.

"Mind if I sit down?" The slender boy asked for the umpteenth time. He finally took a seat without waiting for me to answer. "I usually see you here with your little girlfriends,

but since you're alone today I thought you might want some company."

"Sure, I guess." I nodded. "I'm Greg."

Danny gave me another big grin. "Oh, I already know who you are, all right."

My new friend turned out to be pretty neat. He was a sophomore, all right, fifteen years old, despite being a couple of inches shorter than me and at least ten pounds lighter. I'd thought he'd looked kinda young that day in his dress, for a sophomore, I mean. He looked more like a freshman, but it turned out he was a whole year older than me.

Anyway, Danny asked me how I liked high school and we chatted for a while, you know, gossip about teachers and classes and stuff like that. I discovered he was a bit of a bookworm, more interested in art and music and history than baseball. Still, we seemed to hit it off okay anyway, since we liked the same kinda movies and TV shows and such.

While we talked a million questions raced through my mind, things I'd thought about ever since that traumatic day Mom sent me to school as 'Pamela'. I remembered seeing the shy sophomore in his dress that day and I thought about what I wanted to ask him at the time. Now I had my chance, but I was much too terrified to do it. The problem was that he might ask me something, too, and then what would I do?

Leave it to Danny to break the ice.

"Okay, enough small talk. Let's talk about something really interesting. Like," – he looked around for eavesdroppers and then whispered – "girl stuff!"

"Um, girl stuff?" I could feel my face burning red again. "What kinda . . . girl stuff?" I whispered.

"Oh, you know, girl stuff. Like lipstick, nail polish . . . high heels." Danny grinned at me like he was about to bust out laughing. "You really like that stuff, don't you?"

A cold chill shot down my spine. "W- . . . what do you mean?"

"Oh, come on. You know . . . I mean, take those high heels you had on Sadie Hawkins Day. You wear them a lot, don't you? I bet you put them on the minute you get home from school every day!"

I could have died! Talk about nerve! It was bad enough when Kathy quizzed me about my girlie clothes, but now I had some boy asking me stuff like that. Talk about uncomfortable!

"No, I do not! I don't wear them at all." I tried to sound hateful, but I don't think it was working. "That was just a costume. For that day only. You oughta know. You were wearing one, too."

"Yes, I was, wasn't I? That's why I know about you and those shoes. They're impossible to walk in. Put one of these guys in a pair of heels like that, he'd fall down like a ton of bricks." The freckle-faced boy gave me a long look. It was like he could see right through me. "But you didn't have any trouble. You've had a lot of practice. Enough to look like you know what you're doing."

"Yeah, well, just 'cause I did it once doesn't mean I dress up like a . . ." - I lowered my voice to where it was barely audible - "like a . . . a fruitcake all the time. I mean, you don't, right?"

My question was met with a long, deliberate silence. I felt my mouth go dry. I had a feeling that this wasn't going anywhere near where I thought it would.

Like I said before, the ironic thing was ever since seeing Danny dressed like a country girl I'd been wondering all sorts of things about him, whether he wore girls' clothes at home and if his mom had anything to do with it. I wondered if he dated anybody - girl or boy - and I even worked out in my mind what his home life might be like. It pleased me to think that there might be someone else out there that was in the same boat I was in, and I relished the thought of some other boy knowing as much about girls and girlish things as I did.

It turned out that Danny apparently had been wondering the same kinds of things about me!

"Come on," he goaded me. "Tell me the truth. And I'll do the same. I bet you wear lipstick every chance you get, too!"

"I . . . I don't know what you . . . you're talking about," I stammered unconvincingly. "Sadie Hawkins Day was . . . you know, just a joke."

The freckle-faced boy gave me a skeptical look. "Yeah, sure. A joke. Real funny. I saw what was going on. I saw you touching up your lipstick between classes. You acted more like a girl than anybody I've ever seen, including me! Your mom showing you how to put on lipstick once or twice doesn't do it. C'mon, man . . . it takes one to know one."

I blinked. "It takes one to know one? What does that mean?"

Danny looked over his shoulder and then back at me again. His expression was almost serious.

"It means, it takes a sissy to spot a sissy. I know about you. I mean, I don't know everything, but I know enough. You know how to wear high heels. You handle yourself really good in girls' clothes. And you definitely know a lot more about putting on lipstick than you let on. A real guy doesn't do any of that stuff, right? So, that makes you a sissy!"

"I'm not a sissy," I whispered hoarsely. "Don't call me that! I can kick your butt if I wanted."

"I doubt that," my new friend said with confidence. "I'm a lot tougher than I look. But that's not the point. Look, if you don't wanna talk about it, tough guy, then fine . . ." He reached for his books and started to get up. "See ya 'round."

I often wonder what would have happened if I'd kept my mouth shut. I guess my life might have turned out a different. A lot different. But I didn't, so I guess we'll never know.

"Wait. I . . . I didn't say that. I mean, we can talk, if you really want."

Danny grinned. It was the nicest grin I'd seen in some time.

"So," he said, his voice a bit more in control than before, "let's talk. But you start, okay? Tell me all about you and . . ." he whispered, "lipstick."

Well, to make a long story short, I confessed. Right there in the school cafeteria, with guarded whispers I told this wide-eyed, smiling fifteen year old boy my darkest secrets. Of course, I didn't tell him everything, just enough to let him know that he was at least partly right about me. I told him pretty much what I'd told Kathy, how my mom had been curious about what if I'd been born a girl and how she'd helped me put my costume together for Sadie Hawkins Day. I even told him a bit about how she put lipstick on me when I was little. Not the whole ugly truth, but just enough to catch his attention. He really ate it up, too.

Needless to say, I didn't dare tell him at that very moment I was trapped in a stupid panty girdle, or how that afternoon ‘Pamela’ would have to dress like a maid and clean house for Old Lady McCuddy. I only told him what I thought I had to, and tales of lipstick and ponytails turned out to be more than enough.

"Wow. Your mom showed you how to do all that stuff?" Danny's eyes glistened. "You're lucky."

"I guess. She gets a little carried away sometimes. Sometimes . . ." – I took a deep breath – "sometimes she wants me to do stuff I don't wanna do. That's kinda tough."

Danny blinked. "What kinda stuff?"

I thought for a moment. I didn't want to say too much and give everything away. "Oh, I don't know, chores, housework, babysitting my little brother . . . you know, girl stuff."

"Girl stuff," Danny repeated. "You sound like that's bad. I don't know why . . . my mom died when I was little. I still miss her. I'd love to have her around showing me how to do stuff like that."

There was another awkward silence. I hadn't expected an answer like that. I shifted in my seat, not sure what I should do next. Danny, again, saved the day.

"So, you do wear lipstick and heels at home, right? What else? What about skirts and dresses? I'll tell you if you tell me."

I felt dizzy as I nodded my head. I had a feeling I shouldn't be telling him anything else, but I couldn't help myself. I was in too deep. "Yeah, sometimes, I guess," I said. My voice was raspy with emotion. "Dresses, maybe a skirt or something. It all depends."

"On what?"

I swallowed. "On my mom."

"I think you're making that up." My new friend gave me a skeptical look. "Your mom doesn't really make you dress up, does she?"

I just shrugged my shoulders and nodded. What else could I do?

"Hmmm . . . Well, still, I bet you look really cute in a dress," Danny said, not at all smiling. He looked over his shoulder. Nobody was paying us any attention at all.

"Well, it's my turn." He took a deep breath and sighed. "I've never told anybody else this but . . . I dress up as often as I can. My mom didn't make me. She didn't have to."

My new friend gave me a sly look. "After she and my dad died, well, my aunt took me and my sisters to live with her. They have a ton of things they let me wear whenever I want. I've been doing it since I was in kindergarten. First it was just in the backyard garden, playin' house and dolls and stuff with my sisters. Then it was for Halloween, and then church plays and now just about anywhere I can get away with it. It’s loads of fun and I love it!"

I blinked. "You . . . you’re serious?" I whispered. "You actually . . . you really . . . love it?"

Danny blushed – which made him look oddly feminine – and grinned. "I do LOVE it! I really do! Greg, I tell you, I'd wear girls' clothes to school if I could. Shoot, I'd give up being a guy if I could, that's how much I love it."

I was stunned. It never occurred to me that someone would want to go that far. I thought that was kind of extreme. "Give up . . . being a boy . . . forever? Are you serious?"

Danny's enthusiasm made his green eyes shine. "Oh, sure. And why not? Girls can do everything boys can do. They get the best seats, the best clothes, and all of the attention! Think about it . . . girls can play ball or dance ballet . . . they can take karate and wear lipstick! They can wear jeans and mini-skirts and nobody thinks a thing about it! Talk about lucky!" The freckled-face scrunched up into a mischievous grin. "Like I said, why not? I mean, wouldn't you if you could?"

"No, I wouldn't!" I had to fight to keep my voice low. I thought about my mom and what she'd have to say about our little discussion. "I . . . I'm a guy. I like being a guy, and I'm going to stay a guy!"

Danny laughed. "Okay, okay, tough guy, I get your point. You're a boy. Congratulations. Still, I know you dress up, so 'fess up. Isn't it fun, playing in girls' stuff? I mean, don't you just love putting on pretty clothes and pretending to be someone else? Just for a little while at least?"

I thought for a minute, and shyly nodded my head. "I guess. A little bit. Maybe"

Danny grinned. "Oh, sure. Maybe. Like the way you were mincing around here a couple of weeks ago, like you were one of the girls? You didn't enjoy that?"

"Not really," I said truthfully. "Like I said, it wasn't my idea."

"Well, you're a heck of an actor." The petite fifteen year old looked at me for a minute. "Or just a big liar."

"I am not a liar," I said hoarsely.

The bell rang, signaling the end of lunch. The cafeteria burst with activity and my new friend started laughing. "Oh, you are, too! You big fibber! I know better than that. I've seen you in action. There's a lot more to you and your little game than you're letting on, and I'm going to figure it all out! See you tomorrow!"

Chapter 30 – Trading Secrets

Oddly enough, my new buddy and I seemed to bump into each other a lot more over the next few days. While part of me was fascinated with the idea of knowing another boy who wore dresses, another part of me was terrified. Against my better judgment, I found myself giving in to the dark side, so to speak.

It turned out that Danny and I had the same study hall together, so we would try and get seats together as often as we could. We only ate lunch together when Kathy and her friends were busy doing other stuff. We kind of downplayed our association together, though it didn't seem to make much difference to anybody else that we'd become friends.

Most of the conversations we had were pretty innocent. We stuck mostly to regular guy stuff and we even talked about schoolwork, believe it or not. Danny was really good at math and he explained some things about algebra to me that made a lot more sense than what my teacher ever said. In fact, my grades went up to a ‘B’ because of his tutoring. I felt really good about that.

Occasionally our talks strayed over to the thing that originally brought us together. Danny usually broached the subject first, mentioning how much he hated being a boy and putting up with the way he was treated and stuff. His dad hadn't been quite as rough and tough as my dad, but it was apparent that it was his mother and aunt that he identified most with. I shared a lot of his point of view, but I was afraid to say much of anything for fear of being overheard and teased. Life was hard enough without reinforcing my less-than-masculine image.

"How about me coming over to your house sometime?" he suggested one day. "I'd like to meet your mom."

I fought a wave of panic. Like I said before, I hadn't had a friend over to visit since the previous school year and I had no idea what my mom would do if I brought somebody home. With my luck she'd make me change into my punishment clothes. Holy cow . . . she’d probably make me put on my maid’s costume and make me do housework in front of my guests! There was no way on earth I’d ever live down something like that! Nope, it didn't seem like a good idea any way I looked at it.

"Um, I don't know. She's awful busy, you know, with work and stuff. Probably not a good idea."

Danny nodded. "Okay, you come over to my place. My aunt's gone all the time, and my sisters won't bother us. We can talk and stuff. It'll be fun."

I thought about my obligations to Mrs. McCuddy and Mrs. Johnston. Surely that was enough to get me out of this predicament. I shrugged my shoulders. "Maybe. I got a lot of chores to do after school. I'll have to ask my mom. Maybe I can come over after I get my work done, but I doubt it."

"Then you'll ask?" I sighed and nodded my head. Danny grinned. "Great!"

It took me forever to ask, of course. Part of me was dying to go visit Danny and part of me did not. Lord knows I was starved for friendship, especially with a guy for a change. Even if it was a guy who shared my shameful secret. I finally decided that it wouldn't hurt as long as it was on Danny's territory and not mine – or better yet, my mom's. At least that way things wouldn't get out of hand. Maybe.

But how to do this . . . that was the problem. The solution turned out to be simple. After giving it some thought, I just went to my mother and I explained that Danny was my math tutor, which wasn't too far from the truth. Mom knew I was having trouble with my grades and when she saw how far I came with Danny working with me at school, going over to his house for longer sessions was easy to sell. I just had to promise to stay out of trouble and come straight home when I was done.

"You can go over on Friday, how's that? That way you can get your work done for Mrs. McCuddy and Mrs. Johnston, all right?" Mom gave me a curious look as I nodded. "Don't you dare let me find out you're up to no good. You do, and you'll be so sorry, you won't know what to think."

"Yes, ma'am."

It had been a long time since I'd been to anybody's house . . . well, since I'd been to anybody's house as "Greg," to be more accurate. I was so excited when Friday finally came, I could hardly stand it! I was pretty happy to be out from under my mom's scrutiny, and it didn't even bother me that Danny and I spent an hour going over my homework so, as he put it, "We don't have to lie about what we're doing."

Once we were done studying, Danny asked if I wanted to go see his room. I was a little nervous at first, but imagine my surprise when I saw it was a typical boy's bedroom, complete with movie posters and model rockets, a lot like my room once looked. Not much sports stuff, but lots of other neat things. I don't know what I expected, but I was relieved anyhow. At least there wasn't any "Hot Buns" poster to embarrass the heck out of me.

We sat around and yakked about typical teenaged guy stuff for a bit. It was kind of like old times; we whined about school, our parents, girls, you name it. I even said 'shit' a few times, just like I used to do with my old gang. I found myself hoping that it would never end.

During a lull in the conversation, Danny asked, "Want to see something neat?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "I guess."

My friend grinned. He then did a very odd thing; he took me by the hand – yeah, that's right, he took my hand! – and he led me out of the room and down the hall. I tried pulling loose, but couldn't. Stopping at a closed door, he turned to me and grinned. "You're going to love this," he said, squeezing my hand tightly.

He opened the door and my heart dropped to my stomach. It was a girl's room, of course. An older girl's room, very feminine, very frilly and very ornate. I felt a queer thrill shoot through my body as we stepped through the doorway. The smell of perfume and fabric softener sent a familiar chill over me, and I could feel my knees go week.

Danny squeezed my hand again. "Pretty neat, huh?"

"I guess." I wasn't too happy with how things were going.

"This is my sister Judy's room. She's off at college, so I get to come in and use whatever I want whenever I want." The grinning boy shrugged. "Which is just about every day."

I nodded. This isn't good,I thought frantically. This isn't good at all!

Danny drug me over to the vanity and pointed. "Check it out! She's got a little bit of everything."

It was true. Laying out like a colorful army of toy soldiers, neat rows and columns of lipsticks and nail polish and cosmetics of all sorts covered the top of the vanity. Funny thing, as self-conscious and uncomfortable as I was, I recognized every single thing there. I felt an unexpected glow of pride, which I immediately blocked out of my thoughts.

This is definitely not good! I thought desperately.

Danny grinned. "Whatcha think? Pretty neat, huh?"

I paused for a second and nodded. My mouth felt dry as cotton.

"Here, try this on." My friend picked up a silver tube, opened it up and started painting his mouth with a dark red lipstick. "Just for fun. Judy won't mind. She's got tons."

I looked around and thought about leaving. "I don't know about this . . ."

Danny pressed his lips together and made a popping sound. I remember thinking how that color actually looked kinda good on him. He grinned and said "Oh, stop being such a spoil sport."

The silver tube hovered in front of my face. I looked at it a second, then up at Danny. He had a pouty look on his face so pitiful I had to force myself to not laugh out loud.

"Oh, come on. I did it. Now you do it." He made that pitiful pouty face again. "Please?"

I sighed. How do I get in these predicaments? I thought dejectedly.

I took the lipstick and turned to face the vanity. I felt so stupid. Then I proceeded to apply the waxy color to my mouth. It took a second, but I did it perfectly, pulling a tissue from a decorative box and blotting my lips, just like ‘Pamela’ did hundreds of times at home. I studied the result and nodded.

"Well, how's that?" I asked innocently.

At first I thought I did something wrong. Danny looked at me kind of funny, like he was thinking really hard about something. No, more like he was daydreaming . . . yeah, that sounds better. His eyes were locked on mine and his mouth had just a hint of a smile, as though something serious was on his mind.

"Looks perfect. You, uh, do that pretty good." The grin on his face was gone and I could have sworn he was blushing. "Here, pick out some eye make up. Let's see what else you can do."

Sighing heavily, I started to protest. Then I looked at Danny. Dammit! He had that look on his face again. A few minutes later I was staring at myself in the mirror, lamenting how foolish my new friend probably thought I looked. Between the eye shadow and a regrettable amount of mascara, I was starting to look an awful lot like ‘Pamela’.

"Well, how's that? Pretty goofy, huh?"

Danny nodded . . . then shook his head. "Wow," he said, his voice barely above a whisper. "Will you do me? You do eyes a lot better than I do. Heck, you do eyes better than any of my sister do!"

I was in the middle of working on Danny's face when I heard someone behind me clear their voice. I about had a heart attack when I turned around and saw a girl about my age standing at the door with her hands on her hips.

"Looks like our little princess finally found himself another fairy to play with." The grin on her face was like a spotlight. I felt like crawling under a rock and hiding, but I forced myself to sit still and keep quiet.

"Be nice," Danny said. He looked at me and sighed. "That's just my little sister. Don't pay her any attention. She's just jealous 'cause we look better in girls' stuff than she does."

I cleared my throat. "I thought your sister was in college."

"Oh, that's Judy who's in college. This is Christine. She's a freshman, too, just like you."

I nodded. His sister was a freshman? I thought for a second and blinked. Then it hit me. She was indeed a freshman, all right! I remembered seeing her in a different homeroom with some of my old baseball buddies. Great, that meant she knew most if not all of my friends – the few I had left – and my classmates, too!

Now I'm ruined for sure!

"What about your aunt?" I asked. I didn't want any more surprises.

Danny was more interested in his lipstick than talking about his household. "Oh, there's no more sisters. Judy and Christine are enough, believe me! As for Aunt Marlene, she works downtown at the library. She won't be home for another hour or so."

"Can I watch?" Christine asked, plopping down on the edge of the bed. I don't know why she asking for permission. The way she was acting she wouldn't have left for a million dollars.

"Sure, why not. Greg was just doing my eyes. See? Not bad, huh?"

Christine wrinkled her nose. "I guess. How old are you?"

I frowned. "Fourteen, why?"

She made an ugly face. "I just want to know, how is it that you know how to do all this stuff so good? I'm fourteen, too, and it's taken my entire life to figure it all out."

I shrugged. "I don't know. Just lucky, I guess."

"Greg was the one who took fourth place on Sadie Hawkins Day," Danny said proudly. He was actually bragging on me! "Remember, the red polka dots and short shorts?"

The blond girl did a double take. "Oh, I know all about Greg." Her eyes went up and down my body and locked in on my face. "Ever since that Sadie Hawkins Day,

everybody knows all about you. Man, you were looking good. For a boy, I mean. What did you do with those shoes? Do you still have them?"

What is it with those stupid shoes? I thought with frustration.

"They're my mom's," I lied. "It was just a joke."

"Well, you better watch out. From where I was sitting, a lot of boys were talking about you that day. They were all pretty sure you were a real girl and not some boy wearing lipstick and high heels. I'm surprised you didn't get asked out."

I didn't say anything. I was too busy blushing.

"They especially liked the way you wiggled your butt when you walked," she said with a giggle. "But I guess that's what you wanted, huh? For them to look at your butt like that, fairy boy?"

"Christine, don't be mean!" Danny yelled. "Don't pay her any mind. She's just jealous 'cause you're a prettier girl than she is!"

I so wanted to tell both of them to shut up, but I couldn't. Tears welled up in my eyes and I knew darned good and well if I said anything, I'd just start crying. So I just sat there and endured all those biting little comments while I concentrated on my handiwork. It was a really awkward situation; I felt so stupid making another boy up to look like a girl to begin with, and doing it in plain sight of his little sister made things even worse. Especially when she was so mean!

Over the next little while Christine sat and chatted while I worked on Danny's face and hair. I noticed after a few minutes that she got awful quiet. It seemed that she was taking in everything I was doing to her brother.

"You're actually pretty good at this," she whispered at one point. "For a dumb boy, I mean."

I just shrugged my shoulders and kept working.

"You guys want a soft drink or something?" Christine tossed me a sweet smile, one that made me feel really warm inside. "Um, you're not going home yet, are you?"

I shrugged again. "Uh, no . . . I'm supposed to be here until my mom comes to get me around seven-thirty. Sure, I'll take a drink, I guess."
The grinning girl nodded and skipped out of the room. I turned toward Danny. I was about to say something about his goofy sister when he interrupted.

"Here, before she gets back, I just have to do something."

The next thing I knew, Danny stood up and stepped toward me, so close I could smell the cinnamon from his chewing gum. I looked up just in time to see my new friend's face move in close to mine. He paused, just for a moment, but long enough to give me a smile that I'll never forget. His eyes were about half closed, and as his nose bumped mine, I closed my own eyes and braced myself hard.

Oh, my gosh . . . not this . . . not now . . .!

The kiss was brief, but unmistakably warm, wet . . . and very nice. Just as nice as the ones Cathy gave me only a few days before.

Aw, jeez . . . He's kissing me! I tried to pull away, but my knees were too weak. Ew-w-w, yuck! I'm getting kissed by another guy! Oh, gosh . . .

I could have made a big scene about it. I could probably have even pushed or punched Danny and run away like an idiot. But I figured it would only last a second and then he'd laugh and say it was a joke or something and that would be that, so I let it go for a little bit. And then I let it go one a bit more . . . and I let it go on . . .

He's a good kisser, I thought guiltily. I remember his tongue pressing against my lips and thinking how pleasant that felt. How is that possible? How can I like kissing a boy as much as I like kissing a girl?

What the heck is going on here????



At long last he pulled away. When I opened my eyes I saw Danny’s face mere millimeters from my own. He had a satisfied, though somewhat embarrassed look in his eyes. I . . . Me . . .? Well, I wasn’t too sure what I felt. I mean, I know what I thought I was supposed to feel. But for some reason I didn’t react the way I thought I would. I mean, at least I wasn’t running screaming from the room.

Danny gave me a weak smile. "Sorry. I couldn't help myself. Ever since you put on that lipstick, I've been dying to do that. Like I said, I couldn't help it . . . it was just a friendly little kiss."

"It didn't seem very friendly to me," I said. I wasn't sure what I meant by that. It just came out.

"Oh? Really?" Danny considered me for a second. "It was supposed to be."

He then leaned forward and kissed me again. I closed my eyes, sitting there like a dummy. Not that I could do anything about it, I mean. I just sat there and took it. This time I could feel his mouth open and mine did the same, as though it had a mind of its own. When his tongue entered my mouth, mine rose to meet it, and for a brief moment in time they danced together, playfully mixing it up as though they were old friends.

We’re French kissing! I thought to myself. It’s just like with Cathy . . . only better! I’m French kissing . . . a boy???

I knew I shouldn’t be enjoying myself, but I couldn’t help myself. I took a deep breath and resumed the kiss.

Wow . . . he’s really, really good at this . . .

When we pulled away, Danny caught my tongue in between his teeth and he pulled on it, sucking between his lips as we parted.

"Nice," the grinning boy said. "You're a great kisser. Want to do it again?"

I nodded, just barely. I was too shaken to do anything else.

It was during the third kiss with my new friend that I thought I was seeing stars. I opened my eyes and – holy crap! – it turned out to be the flash of Christine’s camera! I was so dizzy with confusion, so overwhelmed, I didn’t know whether to laugh or to cry once I realized what was going on.

FLASH!!!

"Christine," I cried out, "please, don’t do that!"

FLASH!!!

"Danny! Make her stop!"

I looked over at my new friend and was somewhat surprised to see him smiling at me. I mean, here I was, all upset about his stupid sister taking incriminating pictures of us, I couldn’t imagine why he wouldn’t be just as mad.

"Can’t you make her stop?" I pleaded. "We don’t want her taking pictures of me . . . of . . . us . . ."

My new friend shrugged his shoulders. "Well, actually, I . . . um, I . . ."

Christine interrupted with, "Stupid fairy, what my big brother is trying to say is, he wanted me to take pictures while you were visiting. He’s just so crazy happy about finally getting to kiss you, he can’t think straight. Isn’t that right, Danny?"

I looked at the boy standing in front of me. Even through his makeup, I could see him blushing. And the smile on his face . . . and the look in his eyes . . . well, he sort of looked . . . I could hardly find words for it at the time, but Danny actually looked pretty.

"It’s true," the smiling boy said with a husky voice. "I, um . . . I asked her to do that. Take the pictures, I mean. You know, just for fun."

I blinked. Then I swallowed. Or at least I tried to swallow. It was hard, as my mouth was dry and my throat was frozen with fear.

"Fun? How is this fun???" I finally cried, tears welling up in my eyes for the umpteenth time that day. "She’s not supposed to see us . . . me . . . kissing . . . a guy . . ."

Danny took my hands in his and pulled me close. I didn’t resist as he planted another kiss on my trembling lips, this one just as warm and affectionate as any I’d ever received in my entire young life.

"Don’t cry, Greg . . . please? I don’t want you to be sad," he whispered before kissing me again.

There was a long moment of silence and I wondered if I was supposed to say anything. I couldn’t think of a single thing that would make things better, so I just stood there and let Danny smother my face and mouth with moist, tender kisses. While he did so, Christine chimed in with:

"Danny and Gregory, sittin’ in a tree, K-I-S-S-I-N-G! First comes love, then comes marriage, then come Gregory with a bay-bee carriage!"

Christine punctuated the last note of that stupid song with another flash from her camera. That didn’t make me feel any better, of course.

"Danny! Does she have to do that?" I sniffed back a tear. "Can’t you make her stop it?"

"Christine, you don’t have to be so mean!" Danny said half-heartedly.

The thirteen year old girl giggled. "Oh, shut up, Danny. This is for your own good and you know it!" I blinked. I never heard a girl talk like that before. Christine was definitely in charge and she obviously enjoyed having the upper hand on two older boys. "What you have to understand, my dear Gregory, is that my sissy brother is deeply and romantically in love with you."

I blinked again. Then I blinked a third time.

"Romantic . . . in . . . love . . .?" I choked on the words. "W-w-w-with . . . m-m-me?"

The grinning girl nodded one of those irritating bouncy nods. You know, the kind that just reeks of enthusiasm.

"Oh, yeah! Deep, deep in love. He's got it bad for you. Remember how I said ever since Sadie Hawkins Day, the boys have all had their eye on you? Well, my big brother is your biggest fan! You're all he talks about, all he dreams about. Getting you in his clutches is a dream come true, isn't it, Danny honey?"

I turned my attention toward Danny. He had a weak smile on his face, like he was caught doing something bad. I raised my eyebrow as if to say, "Is she kidding me?" That was all it took.

"I can't help it. Ever since I saw you all dolled up at school for the contest, and then that night when you wore that red dress at the dance . . ." Danny licked his lips and grinned a bashful grin.

At that point I blushed from head to toe. "You . . . you saw me that night, at the dance . . . in my red dress?"

Danny nodded. "Oh, yeah."

I blinked away a tear. "And where were you?"

My new friend grinned sheepishly. "Oh, I was there, all right. I was too shy to dress up, so I just wore a sport shirt and a jacket."

"Tell Greg what you told me," Christine said with a nudge.

Danny nodded. "Well, see, after seeing you dressed up like that, and acting just like a girl, I couldn't help thinking about all the fun we could have together. I mean, think about it … what makes better sense? Two boys who like pretending to be girls? Who could be better friends than that? We can be friends as guys and not have to worry about getting teased or beat up. And we can dress up and be friends as girls, too! You know, like we could do each other's makeup and hair and trade clothes and stuff, just like real girls!"

"I . . . I don't know," I said quietly. I thought about my mom and how she would react to find out I had a "boyfriend." I imagined an evil smile on her face and a shiver went down my spine. "I don't think I can do that."

"Let's make it simple," Christine said quietly.

She laid a handful of freshly developed photographs on the table for me to see. I shivered to see that they all showed Danny kissing me – or was I kissing him? – as clear as day.

"How about you just do as you're told and I won't have to send these to the school paper!"

I felt the pit of my stomach fall about a thousand feet. "What do I have to do?"

Christine gave me an evil smile. "You have to be Danny's boyfriend. Or girlfriend . . . or whatever." She giggled at how silly she sounded saying such a thing. "You have to promise to let him love you and you have to love him back. That means kissing and hugging and petting, in addition to playing 'dress-up' together and doing each other's hair and other girlie stuff, too."

My face was burning with shame for having allowed myself to be trapped in such a situation. She actually expected me to kiss and play "dressup" . . . with her brother???

"And if I don't?" I said with a weak voice.

"Then everybody finds out what a faggot you really are, pretty boy!" The girl opposite me giggled and waved the photographs in front of my face. I felt so helpless, I didn't even try to take them away from her.

"If . . . if you do that, then everybody will know about Danny, too," I said not so convincingly.

Christine shrugged. "True. How about this . . . how about I show them to your parents? I'm sure they'd be proud to see them. Especially Daddy! Fathers just love seeing their big strong sons swapping spit with other boys!"

I nodded. The idea of my parents finding out about all this scared me a lot more than anything else. I wasn't sure which scared me most, my mom finding out or my dad. Mom would be thrilled while Dad would want to kill me.

Either way I was doomed.

"Wha- . . . what about if your folks found out? Wouldn't that be just as bad?" I took a deep breath and prayed I'd said the right thing.
I could tell from the way Danny shrugged his shoulders that I'd failed.

"I don't care. My folks already know. It's no secret you're not the first boy I've ever kissed. I started doing that when I was little. My sisters all realize that I'm . . . well, a little different. And they think it's cool. So does my aunt." He pursed his lips and shrugged again. "She'll be happy I finally found a boyfriend."

Christine giggled. "That's true! He's been in such a pouty mood this last year or so, maybe you being his boyfriend will make things better." She gave the pictures in her

hand a kiss and held them right in front of my face. "Oh, Greg, don’t be such a worry-wart! I think two boys kissing is the most interesting thing I’ve ever seen. Don’t you agree?"

My knees felt weak and I wondered if I was going to faint. I cleared my throat and whispered, "Well, as long as we keep it secret, I guess . . ."

I couldn’t say another word because Danny was all over me, pressing his open mouth against mine and giving me the biggest, most enthusiastic kiss he could muster. Over his shoulder I could see Christine suddenly holding a brightly colored party dress in each hand. Where they came from I had no idea, but judging from the smug look on her face, she was no doubt feeling quite proud of herself.

"C’mon, guys, you can stop playing kissy-face just for five minutes!" she said with a giggle. "I want to see how Greg looks in something really pretty!"

A cold chill swept over my body and I tried to pull away, but I couldn’t do it. I was doomed. It would be only a matter of time before "Pamela" would be making out with Danny . . . or would it be "Danni"? One thing I knew for certain, there was no way to stop either one from happening. Not with my luck.



Ignoring the smirking teenaged girl dancing with delight before me, I just closed my eyes and continued kissing my new boyfriend. There was little else I could do.



Chapter 31 – Boyfriends or Girlfriends? Oh, whatever!

I don't know how long I stood there in Danny's arms, enduring a series of kisses that would eventually leave my lips chapped and sore for the rest of the week. Between the sheer magnitude of our kissing – and I had to admit, Danny Watson was a great kisser – and me worrying about the fact that I was kissing a real live boy and not a girl, it seemed to go on for a painful eternity. I felt like I was in a dream. A really bad, out of control dream … you know, the kind where nothing ever goes right and you're afraid it all might be real? You hope and you pray that you're really asleep and that all you gotta do is open your eyes and it will all be over?

Well, that's the kind of dream I thought this was. Of course, both you and I know that this wasn't a dream at all! Well, for me, fourteen year old Greg Parker, former shortstop and long-time mama's boy, it was a nightmare come true!

Holy crap! I thought to myself as Danny continued to smother my face with kisses. This is ridiculous! These people are crazy! I must be crazy! How am I going to get out of this one???

In case you lost track of the situation, I had just agreed to be fifteen year old Danny Watson's boyfriend. Or "girlfriend," depending on your point of view. It had been a difficult decision to make, one that I was already regretting, but with my reputation and fate on the hands of his bullying sister, it was the only way out of this situation. Now I wondered if perhaps I hadn't just made things worse!

My mom would love to see me now! I thought, struggling for air as the excited boy kissed me on the mouth again and again. She's been teasing me forever about getting a boyfriend … how am I going to explain this?

I mean, I still could not believe I was making out with another boy. It was against every instinct I had, against every fiber of my father's son to do such a thing. Boys didn't kiss boys, I kept hearing inside my head. Boys who did stuff like that were … well, I wasn't sure what they were. But I was apparently one of them.

"Aw, Christine, this is great! He is so shy!"

Danny squealed, just like a giggly girl, as he tickled my belly. One of his hands brushed against the front of my pants, just for a second, causing me to blush like something crazy. I wasn't sure if that was an accident, but before I could say anything he quickly gave me another kiss on the mouth. I couldn't believe how different he was than any other boy I'd ever met. Around school he acted just like any other guy, but in the privacy of his home he acted more like a girl than most girls I knew.
"Don't be so nervous, Greg. We're going to have so much fun together, you're going to love it! I promise!"

Is this a bad dream or am I just going crazy? I watched helplessly as he moved his smiling face close and I felt my knees go weak again. The next thing I knew, my mouth automatically dropped open and I felt my friend's eager tongue slide in between my lips once more.

I wanted him to stop. Well, sort of. I mean, well, darn it … I was so confused! I really liked kissing, I mean, I liked the idea of kissing a girl. But this wasn't a girl. It was a boy. A girlish boy, but a boy nonetheless.

A boy? Oh, gross! I'm kissing a boy!!!

Danny finally let me come up for air, pulling away and giving me a sheepish grin. He then gave me another quick smooch on the lips and then another.

"I just got a great idea!" he said, his eyes filled with delight. "We are going to have some fun tonight … just you and me! Just let me make a phone call …."

I looked on helplessly as the grinning boy got on the telephone and called his aunt. I was in such a daze from the events of the past few minutes, I could barely understand what he was saying.
I looked over at Christine, his sister. The look on her face was almost evil. "See, fairy boy? I knew you'd make the perfect boyfriend for my big brother! Tell me I was wrong, I dare you!"
I wanted to say something like, No, wait … you don't understand! This is all a horrible mistake!

But I couldn't do it. It was like I'd forgotten how to speak … to run … to even beg for just a little bit of mercy.

Danny hung up and then came over and hugged me. "I just talked to Aunt Marlene and she's going to take care of everything!" he said excitedly.

As he spoke he gave me another series of kisses, soft and affectionate and comforting. Some of the kisses were on the lips, some on the cheek and a few on my eyes and the side of my neck.

Christine beamed as I just stood there and let him do it. I sighed. Even in my panicked state I had to admit it actually was kind of sweet, almost romantic.

Romantic? What was I thinking!!!???

The bad news (was there any good news?) was that for some unknown reason, I felt a familiar stirring inside my pants. You cannot imagine how awful that made me feel. Kissing a guy was bad enough, but getting stiff while still in his arms was the absolute worst! Thank goodness my mom had made me wear my girdle that day or I would have really embarrassed myself, especially as another hand lightly pressed against my zipper. Squirming around in my friend's embrace, I couldn't help but smile, just a little.

Just then I blinked and looked back over at Christine. Uh-oh, that wasn't good! She crossed her arms over her chest and gave me that piercing, knowing look, her smile a bright as the sun. I felt my face turn hot from blushing.

Oh, great! She knows! She thinks I actually enjoy kissing her brother! She must really think I'm a fag or something weird. I must be out of my mind ….

The next thing I knew, the telephone rang and a smug looking Christine handed the receiver to me. It was my mom.

"Hello, Gregory, dear," my mother said in her smarmy, know-it-all voice. "I just got the most interesting telephone call. Would you care to tell me anything about it?"

I felt so uncomfortable as I tried to escape Danny's embrace. My voice was hoarse with dread. "Um, hi, Mom. I dunno what … um, who was it from?"

Needless to say, I was shocked! According to my mom, during my idiotic stupor Danny's Aunt Marlene called her about asking, of all things, if I could spend the night! It turned out that Danny had been so persuasive in lobbying his cause, that his aunt happily called my mother and pleaded his case with her.

"You can stay for a while, sweetie, but you can't stay overnight." Mom's voice was thick with sarcasm and sweetness. I could only imagine the questions she would have when I got home. "Tomorrow is Saturday and Mrs. McCuddy is having another little party, remember? You have to get up early and get 'Pamela' ready for work. Maybe you can spend the night with your little boyfriend another time."

"Oh, that's all right," I said, numb with confusion.

Dammit! Tomorrow is Saturday!

I'd honestly forgotten what day it was. I tried to imagine what Danny and Christine would think of me working as a maid for a little old lady. For an instant I pictured me in my maid's dress standing before their eager eyes. I shuddered at the thought of their reaction and I refocused on my conversation with my mother.

I cleared my throat and croaked, "That's okay. We can still have some fun tonight, I guess."
"Well, I just don't know why you had Mrs. Marsh call me, darling." My mother's syrupy voice oozed over the phone. "You could have called me yourself. Am I that hard on you, sweetie, that you have to have other people make phone calls for you?"

As I listened to my mom's words, I glanced over at Danny and Christine. Their hopeful smiles caused me to think that maybe I should reconsider.

"I'm sorry," I said sincerely. "I can come home now if you want."

"Oh, no, you just stay and have your fun," Mom said in a buttery warm, but sarcastic voice. "I'll be over in a few hours to pick you up. I'm just sorry you can't stay the night, sweetie. You seemed to have made a good impression with your friend's aunt. Mrs. Marsh said Danny and Christine are both just crazy about you."

There was a long pause and I sighed. "Yes, ma'am, they seem to like me okay, I guess."

“See what happens when you mind your mother? People don’t want to be around some nasty, filthy, lying and cheating little thief. They want to be around nice children who do what their mothers tell them.”

I rolled my eyes and sighed. I wouldn’t have done that if we’d been face-to-face, of course. “Yes, ma’am,” I said quietly.

“Well, you have fun, darling. I’ll call Mrs. McCuddy and Mrs. Johnston and make sure they know.”

I licked my lips. After all that kissing, why were they suddenly so dry? “Um, make sure that they know what?”

My mom’s voice brightened. “You know, how ‘Pamela’ has herself a little boyfriend and that she’s spending the evening with him. They’ll both be delighted to know something as important as this, don’t you think?”

I rolled my eyes. Why couldn’t she just keep her big mouth shut?

“Yes, ma’am, I guess so,” I mumbled.

“You just do as you’re told while you’re away,” she warned. “Do you hear me? I don’t want any problems when I come pick you up later tonight. One bad report from Mrs. Marsh or any of the children and you’ll regret it. Do you get me?”

A familiar, cold shiver when down my spine. I nodded and then said, “Yes, Ma’am.”

I shivered again as I heard a familiar laugh on the other end of the line. “Mrs. Marsh told me how much your new friend loves you. She says something about how the two of you have a lot in common. Do you know what she meant by that?”

My face blushed with shame, just like it did when my mom was staring me down in my girlish undies.

I licked my lips again and swallowed. “Um, I dunno. We just get along all right, I guess.”

There was a long silence on the line. “Hmmm … perhaps.” There was that silence again followed by a giggle. “I wonder what your new boyfriend will think of ‘Pamela’?”

I mumbled something that triggered another giggle. The conversation finally ended, thank goodness, and I felt the weight of the world lift as I realized I wouldn’t have to go home for several hours.

Then I turned to see Danny and his sister Christine looking at me like a pair of hungry wolves.
Maybe I should have gone on home, after all, I thought to myself.

As soon as I hung up, well, that's when things turned kind of weird. Danny was so disappointed when I told him that, no, my mother said I couldn't spend the night. But then he was thrilled that I could stay most of the evening. You'd have thought I'd told him it was Christmas!

"I was hoping you could stay all night, but this is great!" he enthused. I couldn't help but notice that his entire body was trembling with excitement. I wasn't sure if that was a good thing or a bad thing. "It's wonderful! It's … it's … gonna be so much fun! Oh, Greg, we're going to have so much fun! I promise, it's going to be the best!"

In retrospect, after all that happened next, I suppose for Danny the occasion really was a lot like Christmas. And I was his present and he was about to unwrap me. In more ways than one, I would soon discover.

The next thing I knew, Christine took immediate charge. With a raised eyebrow and loud voice, she announced in no uncertain terms the agenda for the evening.

"We're going to put on a show!" she announced with all the authority of someone who knew no limits to their powers. "A fashion show! You two will try on a few things and I'll be the judge. Whoever wins gets a special surprise? All right? All right!"

The next thing I knew, Danny and his sister were rummaging through their older sister's closet. A minute later I was holding something filmy and light in my hand. I looked down to see that it was a dress. A very fancy girl's party dress, made from a gold silk or nylon material. Very light, very delicate … very intimidating. I blinked and tried to swallow. I couldn't. I was scared to death.

"Okay, pretty boy, you can go first. Take off your clothes while I get you some undies. You can't wear a nice dress without the proper lingerie!"

I could feel my face burning hot with embarrassment as both brother and sister continued to dig through drawers and closets, producing a pile of feminine underthings on the bed before me. There was everything from panties to girdles to even a … a corset??? Holy smoke! Then I remembered these all belonged to Danny's older sister. She must have had some pretty interesting ideas about fashion! All I knew was, my whole body was weak with fear as I realized that in a few minutes I was going to have to make a pretty difficult decision.

The problem was, well … as you may well remember, I was already wearing a panty girdle at the time. You can imagine where I'm going with this. While I looked over all the feminine undies laid out before me, it suddenly occurred to me that I might have some serious explaining to do if I didn't pick out something and put it on. I mean, it wouldn't do for my host and hostess to suddenly discover what kind of fairy I really was.

"Are you sure this is a good idea?" I asked weakly. "I mean, won't your sister get mad … about us going through her things, I mean?"

Danny and his sister looked at me like I was from Mars. Then they turned to each other and giggled like a couple of idiots.

"We're more like to think there would be something wrong if our pretty brother didn't dress up at least once a day," Christine said with a laugh. She then gave me an evil look. "Besides, what do you care, fairy boy? I would have thought a sissy like you would love trying on all these pretty clothes, no matter who they belonged to!"

"Stop calling me a 'sissy'!" I said angrily. "That's not what I am!"

The smiling girl rolled her eyes. "Oh, yeah. Right!"

"Oh, Greg, just ignore her and pick out some undies," Danny said. "We're going to have some fun like you will not believe! Aunt Marlene won't be home for a while, so we can do pretty much anything we want!"

"And you can wear anything you want," teased Christine. "Don't worry, fairy boy, they're all freshly laundered and clean!"

"That's all right," I said nervously. "Um, can I go change in the bathroom?"

Danny gave me the funniest look. Kind of like he was disappointed, but tickled, both at the same time.

"Shy, huh? Oh, sure, I guess. Go ahead. It's down the hall on the right."

I must have stood in front of the bathroom mirror for ten minutes before I got up the courage to change my clothes. I mean, come on, it was a hard decision to make. I know, I know … I'd practically spent the past year or so dressing up and parading around in public in the most girlish outfits imaginable. Still, I wasn't exactly comfortable with this feminine image of myself. Adding to that, a boy – not a girl, but a flesh and blood, real live boy! – had just kissed me and told me he was in love with me.

Looking back at it all, I'm amazed that I was able to work up the courage to come out of that bathroom at all.

Outside I could hear whispering and giggling and no doubt some evil plotting. Suddenly there was a banging on the door.

"Hey! What's going on in there?" Christine yelled. "You didn't fall in, did you?"

I sighed. "No … I'm … I'll be out in minute."

There was some whispering and giggling, and Christine yelled again. "You better not be jacking off, fairy boy! That kind of behavior isn't allowed in this house!"

A fresh wave of giggles sent a chill down my spine. I stared at the door in amazement. I couldn't believe she said that! This was the strangest family I'd ever met. Well, almost. Kathy's family was pretty strange. And the Johnston's, now that was a strange family, too.

And so was mine, come to think of it.

Was the whole world this crazy???

Chapter 32 – Things Become Really Complicated

"If you're not jacking off, then hurry up! We want to see how cute you look in your new party dress!" somebody yelled.

I shook my head. This time I wasn't sure if the voice was Christine's or her brother's. That was the first time I realized how much they were alike. In more ways than one.

"I'm hurrying, I said! Now leave me alone!"

My hands trembled like crazy as I started unbuttoning my shirt. It was kind of like being in a movie, like someone else was in charge of my body. Then I loosened my pants and let them slide to the floor. My panty girdle was just as fragile and silly-looking as I remembered. The one thing it did right, thank goodness, was to hide my erection. Slowly and carefully, I stepped out of my discarded trousers and I winced as I realized how stupid I looked in my boyish socks and that stupid girdle.
Pulling off my socks and tossing them aside, I quickly pulled my borrowed dress up over my bare legs and slid my naked arms in the sleeves. Years of practice made fastening the back easy work.

Good thing Danny and Christine can't see me getting dressed, I thought ruefully. They'd probably think I really was a real girl!

Looking down, I had to admit the dress was a marvel, made of a golden yellow silk with an organza overskirt that was so light, so delicate to touch, it was like holding a bundle of dandelions up to the light and waiting for them to blow away. I shivered as I adjusted the fit over my body. I was so upset I didn't even bother looking in the mirror.

A minute later I stepped out of the bathroom, clad only in the gold dress and my panty girdle. To my surprise, Danny was still in his school clothes. Christine was there, too, with her camera at the ready. The boy in me noticed that she now had two cameras, the instant one and one that took rolls of film. I sighed as she snapped a couple of frames right away with both.

"Took you long enough," she quipped. "But it was worth it! With your makeup and Judy's dress, you look fantastic! Here, take a look these proofs then look in the mirror."

Like a zombie, I followed Christine's lead and allowed myself to be pushed in front of the dressing mirror on the closet door. The prints developed slowly in my hand and I became oddly curious as the images came into view.

What a pretty girl I am, I thought ruefully.

I then looked up and studied my reflection. I'd forgotten I was wearing lipstick and eye makeup from our little game a bit earlier. It was smeared from kissing Danny, but I could easily see "Pamela" standing on the other side of the mirror, slouching and pouting in that girlie dress.

Christine whispered something, then giggled. "This is really … weird. You look … you look more like a girl than I do! More than I ever could!"

"Yeah, so?" I said off-handedly. Desperate for something to do, I grabbed a lipstick and tissue and repaired my face.

Danny clutched my arm and stifled a laugh. "See? I TOLD you!!! Do my face again, too, please???"

The grinning girl nodded. "Okay, 'Barbie doll,' I just have one question. What are you wearing underneath?"

I felt my stomach fall about a million miles, all the way down to the center of the earth and out the other side.

"Um, what are you talking about?" I croaked.

She raised an eyebrow and stared right into my eyes. "Oh, come on! You know exactly what I'm talking about, fairy boy!" She pointed to the bed covered with lingerie. "You didn't pick up anything from here, and looking in the bathroom I didn't find any boy underwear. You're not wearing your whitey-tighties under that dress, are you?"

I felt my face turn red … again. "No-o-o-o-o-o …." I said weakly. "I picked something out. I borrowed a pair of panties like you said and I put them on."

"No you didn't. I paid attention and you did not!" Christine grinned. "I want to know what you're wearing underneath!"

"Hey, stop it!"

But before I could make a move, she reached down and flipped up the hem of the dress I was wearing and held up, exposing my girlish underwear. I struggled vainly to cover my privacy, but it was too late. The ensuing giggles and shouts of amazement were worse than I imagined.

"My god, you really are a fairy boy!" the giggling girl said as I finally pushed down the hem and tried to smooth out the material. "That girdle doesn't belong to anybody in this house! You were wearing it when you got here, weren't you? You were wearing that when you went to school this morning! Oh, my god, Danny … we really have found ourselves an honest to goodness girlie-boy!!!"

I glanced over at Danny. His mouth was open and his eyes wide with surprise. I couldn't tell if he was happy, angry, in shock or just plain horrified.

"Er, well, you see, it's like I was saying earlier …." I mumbled hopelessly.

Before I could say another word, Danny practically leaped into my arms!

"This is the best day of my life!" the excited boy exclaimed. "I can't believe it! Oh, my gosh, Greg … you are the most wonderful person I've ever met in my entire life! I finally found somebody who thinks exactly like I do!!! Why couldn't we have met each other years ago? You are the best!"

"Well, that's not exactly what …" I tried to explain about my mom, but I never got the words out as he smothered me in kisses.

"Greg … oh, my gosh …," – the trembling fifteen year old looked me in the eyes and then pulled me in close for a long, hard hug – "ever since I saw you on stage in lipstick and heels, I thought I was in love with you. And now … seeing you like this … and

knowing how girlie you really are … I know for a fact that I am most definitely, absolutely and positively in serious, deep, deep love with you!!!"

There wasn't much I could say. I was pretty stunned by the turn of events, so I just stood there and let my new friend hug and kiss on me all over again. All the while watching as his smiling sister leered with the smugness of a cat watching a mouse caught in a trap.

"Let's take a look at that girdle again," Christine said when Danny finally came up for air between kisses. I didn't even bother resisting when she pulled up my skirt this time. "It's very pretty. Did your mommy buy it for your or did you steal it?" she asked sarcastically.

I stood awkwardly for a couple of minutes as the two teenagers examined my lingerie. The tight panty girdle held me snug and tight, adding curves to my bottom and waistline and completely obscuring any sign of boyishness. It didn't leave much else to the imagination, even from my vantage point through the dressing mirror. I don't know what embarrassed me more, Christine running her hands over my veiled privates or Danny admiring my legs.

"Wow, feel how smooth his legs are. That's really nice. I'm going to start shaving every day, too!"

"You do have nice legs," agreed Christine. "Let's see how they look in a pair of Judy's 'fuck me' pumps."

She tossed me a pair of gaudy looking high heels. I gave them a quick look and sighed. Gold colored fake leather with at least four-inch heels. My mom would have been proud.

"'Fuck me' pumps?" I asked as I slipped them on my bare feet and took a couple of steps forward and back to test my balance. They weren't anything I hadn't tried on before, I reasoned. "Who calls them that?"

Both brother and sister giggled. Christine said, "Because, silly girl, you wear them to make your boyfriend want to … you know … fuck you! I'd think you'd know all about that, after the way you dressed for the Sadie Hawkins contest."

I looked down and thought about how they made my legs look. I then realized that both Danny and Christine were watching my every move as I moved around in the heels and dress as though I'd been born in them both. A whole flock of butterflies tumbled around in my stomach.

“Oh,” I said, my face hot with embarrassment.

My new boyfriend then spun me around and took my hands in his. My dress barely had time to fall below my waist. At first I didn’t know what was going on, but then I realized he was about to kiss me … again! Bracing myself, I followed his lead, tilted my head just slightly to keep from smashing my nose … and I just gave in and let him kiss me to his heart’s content.

“Greg, oh my god, you are the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen,” the eager boy said between kisses. “The way you look, the way you act … I can’t believe I’m actually hugging and kissing you!”

As we kissed, I could hear Christine giggling and chattering on about how cute we looked. I could also see the flash of her camera and hear the sound as the film wound to the next frame. A small part of me was screaming, What are you doing? You’ve got to run away and get out of here? This just isn’t right!!! Likewise, another part of me was numb and drunk with pleasure.
Maybe, I thought as Danny’s tongue explored my mouth and nearly went down my throat, just maybe, my mom was right. Maybe I’m supposed to like boys. Maybe I am a faggot … or a queer … or whatever kind of pervert she’d accused me of being.

At long last Danny pulled away, pausing a moment to kiss my eyelashes and down along the side of my neck. I couldn’t help but shiver at the tender touch of his lips against my skin. When he finally stopped he grinned the dumbest grin and I did the same.

“Wow, I can’t believe what a great kisser you are!” he exclaimed brightly. He glanced down at his school clothes and shrugged his shoulders. “You want to kiss some more? I can stay like this and be your boyfriend while we kiss, or if you want, I can change clothes and we can kiss like girls. What would you like to do?”

I was blushing like crazy. My face was hot and my breathing erratic. I wondered for a minute if I was going to have a heart attack, but I didn’t. Worse yet, underneath my dress, something horrible was happening to me. My poor erection was on full alert and tingling like crazy beneath all that spandex and elastic! The tight panty girdle felt as though it was about to snap loose, the thought of which terrified me.

I licked my lips and croaked, “Um, whatever. It doesn’t matter to me.”

Christine had to butt in the conversation, of course.

“I say you should put on a dress, Danny. A boy and a girl kissing is boring. Two boys kissing is neat. Two girls – or in your case, two girlie-boys – kissing, now that’s

something I'd really like to see!"

"Sounds good to me." Danny turned to me and grinned like a fool. "Maybe you'll redo my makeup after I get dressed? You do such a good job, you can make me gorgeous!"

I nodded. I didn't care anymore. I was drunk on … something, don't ask me what.

I watched in a daze as Danny disappeared from the room. He wasn't gone a minute when Christine stepped close to me and smiled a perfectly beautiful, yet slyly evil smile.

"While my brother's changing into his foo-foo dress, how about letting me have a kiss, too, fairy boy!"

I don't remember nodding or shaking my head or anything. The next thing I knew, the blond girl leaned in and planted a forceful, almost rude kiss on my mouth. I tried to move my head to accommodate the assault, but she held me fast, placing her hands on either side of my face, as though she really was attacking me. I tried to say something, anything, but that was impossible with her tongue jammed down my throat, very nearly strangling me.

She then pulled away, biting me rudely on the lower lip in the process.

"OW!!!" I exclaimed. "That hurt! You bit me!"

"You are a prissy little thing," she said with a grin. "You're just perfect for my brother."

"You're awful mean …." I started to protest.

For my trouble, Christine grabbed my wrist and twisted it until I grimaced in pain.

"You think that was mean?" she countered. "You haven't seen anything! You do anything, and I do mean anything, to make my brother unhappy, I don't care if it's not being a good kisser or trying to breakup with him, and I'll make you one sorry little fairy boy! These stupid photos will be the least of your worries!"

With that, the grinning girl flipped up my dress and slid her hand over the front of my panty girdle. I was stunned as her fingers suddenly dug through the stiff material and somehow managed to latch onto the tip of my stiff penis! To my horror she tugged on it until I thought she was going to pull it off.

"You're not so innocent," Christine said in a soft, yet accusing voice. "You act all shy and, 'oh, no, I'm not like that, I'm not a faggot!' But that's just an act, isn't it? You've

got yourself a real hardon for my brother … and I've got the evidence right here in my hand!"

I lowered my eyes in an attempt to keep from crying.

"Admit it! Say it out loud or I'll pull it off! Tell me you have a hardon for my brother! Say it now!"

I tried pulling away, but her grip only tightened. It didn't take but a few seconds for me to give in.
"Christine, please! Okay, I'll say it! You're right! I have a … I have a hardon for your brother!"

I stopped, took a deep breath and sighed. "I'm sorry, I can't help it. This is very confusing."

The blond girl nodded. "Oh, I'm sure it is." She gave my erection a hard twist and let it go. I gasped out of surprise as much I did for the pain that shot through my entire body.

"Here's what we're going to do. You are going to be my brother's girlfriend."

I looked at her and blinked. "His girlfriend?"

"Girlfriend, boyfriend, or whatever! He's crazy in love with you and you are going to be in love with him."

"I … I can't do that! That's … queer," I said weakly.

Christine laughed so hard she actually snorted. "So what? You're a fag, aren't you? I saw how you acted on stage and I've heard Kat and her friends talking about you. Todd and Joe told everybody how you tried to give them both blow jobs! I bet you didn't know that, did you?"

I couldn't believe my ears! Todd and Joe … said what!!!???

"I didn't … I didn't do that!" I protested.

Christine gave me a skeptical look. "I dunno. They say that about a lot of people, so it's not necessarily true. But then again, from what I've seen so far …."

I was caught between sheer horror and uncontrollable fury. "I didn't do that!" I protested, fighting to keep from yelling.

The blond girl grinned. "Whatever. I do know that you just love dressing up in girls' clothes and showing yourself off, especially in front of boys. I have no doubt you jerk

off every night thinking about boys. So come on, fairy boy, show a little more enthusiasm, so my brother won't think you're just being weird."

I was practically in shock to hear such language, such power coming from this fourteen year old girl. I felt so helpless under her gaze. I blinked away an errant tear as I smoothed out my dress.

"Weird … what do you … I don't understand. What do you mean by … weird?"

Christine sighed. "Look, faggot, all I'm saying is, be a little more friendly to my brother when he comes back. All right? He's been doing all the kissing and stuff. All you do is just stand there like a big tease. You're just like those prissy girls at school."

I shook my head. "I'm … I'm not acting like anything, much less that."

"Yes, you are! You are standing in my house looking better in that dress than I ever could, and when my brother shows you a little affection, you're all show and no action!"

Shrugging my shoulders, I tried to understand what she was saying. "What do you want me to do? How am I supposed to act?"

Danny's sister leered like a lecherous boy. "Okay, let me spell it out for you, fairy boy. How about a little kissing back? How about you hugging him for a change? Smile a little bit, act like you enjoy his attention. Act like the girl you look like you are!"

I frowned and sighed.

"Anything else?"

Christine grinned. "Sure. While you're at it, be sure and say how you're in love with him! Out loud. Up 'til now he's been doing all the talking. He said he loves you, but you're not returning the favor. That's what I want you to start doing. Tell him that you're in love with him. It's just words, so what do you care? Think you can do that?"

"I dunno." The thought of saying "I love you" to a boy made my stomach flutter. I thought for a second and I shrugged. "Maybe. I guess. And how is that not weirder than what I've been doing?"

The blond girl grinned again. "My brother needs a pretty boyfriend, not just some pervert who likes dressing up and jacking off in his mother's panties."

I blinked, sniffed my runny nose and felt my face turn red. Again. "I-I, I don't do that," I stammered.

“Oh, sure you don’t.” She licked her lips and gave me a look that chilled my soul. “Don’t look so shocked. I read psychology books. I know what boys do when people aren’t watching. Some of you can be real perverts. Of course you jack off in your mommy’s panties, fairy boy. You either like pretending to be a girl, or else you’re just some perv who’s going to play around with my brother and then go home and jack off in your mommy’s panties. Which is it, pretty boy?”

I shook my head. I shook it most vigorously. I’d never heard anyone talk like this, much less a fourteen year old girl!

For an instant I wondered if my mom was like this when she was a girl.

“I’m … not a pervert,” I said weakly. I didn’t dare deny masturbating. Last time I did that my mom made me regret it something terrible!

Christine went on with her speech. “Well, if you’re not a pervert, that makes you a pretty boy who likes playing dressup with other pretty boys. You should consider yourself lucky you found my brother. From what I’ve seen so far, the two of you were made for each other!”

I thought for another minute and then squirmed uncomfortably under her gaze. “Okay, I get it. I’ll do what you say. Just … well, you won’t tell anybody, right? Please, don’t tell a soul!”

Christine suddenly stopped smiling. “Listen, stupid, I love my brother. You hear me? I love him. My sister and my aunt love him, too. He’s a little strange, but he’s the best brother I could ever have. I want him to be happy and if you can do that, make him happy, I mean, I will be your best friend in the whole wide world. I’ll even protect you, just like we protect him. But if you make him unhappy … well, I will make it my mission to make your life a living hell.”

“Well, I don’t want that,” I said quietly.

Christine laughed. “That was funny. You’re a funny boy. Oh, wait, I bet that’s ‘cause you dress funny, huh?” She laughed again, then her face turned serious. “Now, before Danny comes out, I want to you repeat after me ….”

I leaned forward and listened carefully. I didn’t like what I heard, but I agreed to do as I was told.
What choice did I have?

I was standing awkwardly in the middle of the bedroom when Danny finally returned. I could not believe my eyes! He was, well, he really was adorable! Clad in a lavender

party dress with a clingy bodice and spaghetti shoulder straps and a pair of elegant black heels with severe looking ankle straps, he looked very much like a teenaged girl dressed up for a school dance. Even with his short hair he looked and acted very girlish. It took me a moment to realize that was because he'd taken the time to curl his hair in the front, giving him a very feminine look despite the shortness in the back.

"I, um, was hoping you'd finish doing my makeup," my new friend said. "Can you make me as pretty as you?"

Christine cleared her throat and glared at me. I nodded and said, "Sure, I can do that. It's pretty easy, actually …."

A few minutes later Danny was looking at himself in the mirror, the expression on his face lighting up the room.

"Wow … I … this … I look … this is … great!" He licked his painted lips and blinked. "You made me look like a real girl, just like one of the senior girls. Heck, I look better than the senior girls. Greg, you are a genius!"

I glanced over at Christine, who gave me a smile and a nod.

"Look, Sis, I'm gorgeous!" The excited boy turned his head so his sister could get a good view. "Didn't Greg do a great job?"

"You look beautiful, Danny. You're right, he did a fantastic job on you." The grinning girl giggled. "Maybe you should give Greg another big kiss!"

I sighed as the cross-dressed boy turned to me and smiled. "I think I will!" he said with warm enthusiasm.

Luckily, this kiss was not quite as passionate as the ones before. Danny was obviously afraid to ruin my handiwork and so he limited himself to a series of light kisses on the lips, pressing against my own freshly painted lips just enough to spark a tingling all over my trembling body.

After we kissed Danny took me by the hand and led me back to his bed. There we sat, side by side, and while he played with my hair. Within a few minutes he pulled my hair back into a ponytail. He grinned like he knew what I was thinking.

"My sisters and my aunt let me work on their hair all the time. I remember how cute you looked with a ponytail and I couldn't help myself. There, don't you think it looks nice?"

I blushed to see how girlish I looked. A gold colored ribbon held back my locks and my bangs were brushed out over my eyes, just like my mother would have done. In turn he had pinned a flower blossom in his own hair, giving his boyish profile a pleasing feminine look. I nodded my head and fought a wave of dizziness that suddenly overwhelmed me.

"I'm thinking about being a hairdresser." He glanced over at me and giggled. "You should be a makeup artist. We could move in together and open up our own shop! Hey, Christine, what do you think? Isn't that a great idea?"

I felt my stomach drop as Danny's sister looked at me and smirked. "I think that's a great idea! You guys make the most adorable couple!"

Danny beamed with happiness as he continued to talk about his newfound fantasy.

The next few minutes were spent painting each other's fingernails and trying on jewelry. I felt like such a sissy as I sat helplessly and watched Danny work on my fingernails. First he tried pink, but he didn't like that color. Then he tried a bright crimson red, but he didn't care much for it, either. We went through at least four other colors before he finally found one that worked.

"What do you think?"

I glanced over at my new friend. "It looks nice, I guess."

That's when Christine gave me a poke in the side.

"Greg, didn't you have something you wanted to say to Danny? What was that you said when he was in the bathroom getting dressed? Go on. Don't be shy."

The feminine boy sitting across from me gave me the most curious look. The way he tilted his head and focused his eyes on me was so girl-like. I blushed as I felt that terrible tingling between my legs.

"I, um … well, you and me … you know how we're becoming good friends …," My mouth was suddenly dry again and my tongue literally got tied up over the awkwardness of my words.

Danny squirmed in his lavender dress and smiled. "Yes?"

I tried to say something else, but my voice wouldn't work. Christine sighed and jumped in with, "What that stupid fairy boy is trying to tell you, Danny, is that he's in love with you! He told me that while you were changing clothes."

Thump! I winced as she flicked my ear with her finger.

“Isn’t that right, Gregory???”

“Is it true, Greg?” Danny said excitedly. “Did you really say that?”

I remember looking into my friend’s smiling eyes and thinking, well, it’s too late now. I looked up at the ceiling and took a deep breath. I repeated in my head the words Christine drilled into me a few minutes earlier and repeated them as best as I could.

“Yeah … I mean, yes, I said that. I love you, ‘Danielle.’ I’m really in love with you.”

I was surprised as Danny leaned forward and pushed me back against the bed. I felt so exposed as he hugged me tight. He hugged me so tight that I thought for an instant that he wanted to wrestle me. Then I realized he really was hugging me. Really tight, tighter than anyone had ever hugged me before. I almost choked from lack of air, but I quickly recovered. Not knowing what else to do, I returned the hug, which caused him to hug me even tighter than before.

Christine cleared her throat again. I looked up and over my boyfriend’s shoulder and watched her mouth something. Something that started with the letter “L.” I sighed and nodded.

“I love you, Danny. Uh, I mean, ‘Danielle.’ I really and truly do love you.”

The girlish face lifted up and I was stunned to see tears in the painted eyes. “Oh, Greg,” Danny said before smothering me with a long, wet kiss. At this point he obviously didn’t care about his makeup, so I gave in and returned the kiss. I even opened up my mouth and pressed my tongue against his. I felt a little dizzy as that stupid tingling sensation went off down you know where.

In the background I could hear his sister giggling and see flashes of light from her camera. “Danny’s got a girlfriend!” she sang softly. “Danny’s got a girlfriend!”

As we hugged, our two young bodies pressed together, belly to belly, breast to breast. Our thin clothes made this the most intimate hug I’d ever had with anyone. And then, well, something really odd happened at that point. I felt the boy in my arms tremble a bit, then shiver all over like he was cold. Only he wasn’t cold, he was warm, almost hot. He hugged me again, pressing his belly against mine as though his life depended on it, and shivered again. It wasn’t until I heard him give a soft little “oh” that I realized what had just happened. For the first time in my young life I’d brought a boy to climax!

“Are you okay?” I pulled him close and I blushed as his body seemed to melt into mine.

Christine giggled. “I think my brother just had a little hot flash,” she said quietly.

I was too busy to pay her much attention. The knowledge and sensation of what had just happened was overwhelmingly arousing to me. I mean, I was already all tingly all over from so much kissing and touching, not to mention being so dressed up in front of two such intimidating people. My mind raced to figure out what was happening to me and how I should respond.

Danny must have known what I was feeling because I felt his hand down between my legs.

Beneath all that nylon and lace and frilliness, he rubbed the front panel of my girdle in just the right place and I felt my whole body shudder.

“Oh, my ….,” I whispered.

The next thing I knew, I felt my erection twitch and all of a sudden my body gave a familiar yet involuntary spasm that coursed throughout my entire soul. I held onto Danny as he pulled my weak and limp body upright.

“Oh, Greg,” the boy in my arms whispered softly. “You really do love me, don’t you?”

It took me a moment to get to my feet. Once I was standing we locked in long, passionate kiss. The whole world was spinning and I thought for an instant, Wow, this isn’t so bad after all.
That’s when I heard someone clearing their throat behind me. Thinking it was Christine again, I continued kissing, determined to keep my end of the deal.

I don’t want her thinking I’m some sort of pervert, I remember thinking to myself.

It was Danny who pulled away, however. I was a bit confused, as he seemed embarrassed and surprised. It wasn’t until I turned around that I realized why.

It was my mom!

“He’s too pretty be a ‘Greg’,” she said with a smile. “You can call her ‘Pamela’ instead!”



Chapter 33 – “Pamela” Comes Out!

I should have known something like this would happen. My mom always had an uncanny sense of timing and I never could keep anything secret from her. You know that from everything else that’s gone on in my life. All I had to do was think of keeping a secret and she’d find it out, sometimes before I barely knew it myself. I don’t know why I was so surprised when she caught me kissing Danny.



“Don’t let me interrupt,” she said, her voice drenched with acid. “You two just carry on like I’m not here.”

“Um, hi, Mom,” I said shyly. I tried to pull away from Danny, but he clung to my arm like his life depended on it. My mother noticed this, of course, and she stared at me with accusing eyes. “I, um, we weren’t expecting you until later tonight,” I mumbled.

“That’s pretty obvious.” Mom’s reply had a definite sarcastic flare that caused me to feel weak-kneed and faint. “Your lipstick is smeared, ‘Pamela,’ dear. What have I told you about that?”

Out of reflex I lowered my eyes in submission to my mother and then touched my mouth with my fingertips. Like a good “daughter” I reached for the tube of gloss I’d used earlier and repaired the damage incurred during my make out session with Danny.

While I tinkered with my makeup, I noticed that my mom’s eyes were wide was excitement and a mischievous smile lit up her face. She was in her office clothes, a plain white blouse and a dark skirt. She’d apparently come straight from the clinic before going home. I’d hoped to be out of her clutches for at least a little while. I mentally kicked myself for not realizing this was something she’d do.

“Well, I came over to make sure everyone was getting along, but I can see that’s now unnecessary.” I remember her eyes going up and down my body with extreme care. “You look very pretty, ‘Pamela.’ The color of that dress is just perfect with your hair and your makeup.”

I nodded bashfully. “Um, thanks.” That was all I could think of to say. It was probably enough.

Danny and Christine stood silent, both embarrassed at being caught in such an awkward predicament. I glanced at the feminine boy by my side. His eyes were wet and frightened. I thought for a moment he was going to cry. I even thought about doing that myself.

“I hope you don’t mind me barging in. I knocked on the door and nobody answered. When I stuck my head in I heard a lot of giggling and my curiosity got the better of me. I couldn’t help letting myself in to see what the fuss was all about.”

A sullen silence covered the room. Everybody acted too scared to say anything. Except for my mom, of course. She was in complete control and she was having her fun with us all.

“I came in here expecting to see a couple of rowdy boys rough housing and up to no good,” she said sarcastically. “Imagine my surprise to see two gorgeous fashion models exchanging kisses and being all mushy with each other. I bet you guys have absolutely no idea what I’m thinking, do you?”

There was that silence again. I wasn’t going to say anything if I could get away with it. Danny was just about in shock. Thank goodness, Christine finally came out of her stupor and the mood in the room suddenly lightened.

“Um, that’s all right. Welcome in, Mrs. Parker,” she said awkwardly. “We were, you know, just having a little fun. The boys decided to put on a little fashion show and I was taking pictures and, well, you know ….”

My mom raised an eyebrow and nodded. “So I see. I suppose you must be Christine? And this pretty young thing is your brother, Danny? Nice to meet you, ‘Danielle.’ You make quite an attractive young lady.”

Christine let out a giggle. Danny blushed and looked down at his feet. “Thank you, Mrs. Parker.”

“You’re welcome, little miss.” Mom turned her full attention toward me. “Well, I am certainly glad that I stopped by. Now we know exactly where we stand, don’t we, ‘Pamela’? You used to be so bashful about being seen in your pretty clothes. I guess you’re over that, now. I’m really glad you finally came out of your shell.”

I started to say something, anything, to defend myself. But there wasn’t much I could say without really getting into it, and I sure didn’t want to do that in front of my friends. Especially after getting caught in a dress kissing another boy!

“I hope you don’t mind, Mrs. Parker,” Danny said, thinking he was coming to my defense. “I know how much Greg loved dressing up at home, so I thought he could show me a few things, you know, about fashion and stuff. We weren’t doing anything really bad, I promise!”

My mom nodded. “I have absolutely no problem with what you guys are doing. As a matter of fact, I’m not surprised at all. Gregory … I mean, ‘Pamela’ has been acting way too shy for the longest time, like I said. ‘She’ prances and minces around the house all the time in my old high heels and dresses and ‘she’ loves acting like such a girl with me and her little brother. Except for going to school I can’t keep a pair of pants on the child! I’m just glad ‘she’ finally found somebody to share ‘her’ little game with. I

suppose it'll be impossible to keep 'her' home now that 'she' has a pretty friend to share in 'her' little secret."

I was amazed at how easily the other children fell under my mother's magic spell. Danny was blushing with excitement and Christine kept staring at me with that "I knew it!" smirk on her face. Standing there in my borrowed dress, girdle and makeup, I prayed for a sniper's bullet to put me out of my misery.

"Well, now that I see what you're up to, 'Pamela,' I guess I'll leave you with your friends for a while." Mom gave me an evil smile before heading toward the door. "Be a good girl, 'Pamela,' and mind what Mrs. Marsh says. Oh, and don't forget, you have your little maid duties with Mrs. McCuddy tomorrow, so don't forget your curfew."

Why did she have to mention my job with Old Lady McCuddy? I glanced at Christine and Danny – both of whom had curious smiles – and I nodded. I had some more explaining to do, obviously.

"Yes, ma'am," I said quietly.

"See you later, Mrs. Parker," my new friends said in unison.

My mother stopped at the door. She turned and glanced first at Danny, then at me. "I can let myself out. Have fun, girls. Don't do anything I wouldn't do," she said, laughing at her own little joke.

I couldn't believe it. After all that anxiety, after all that panic and fear … my mom was gone almost as quickly as she appeared. I mean, literally, one minute she was there … and the next, she was gone! It was like a dream. Well, more like a nightmare.

"Wow, your mom is so neat!" Danny said brightly. "You're the luckiest guy in the whole wide world!"

"Yeah, lucky me," I muttered.

Christine just stared at me. "Who is the world is 'Pamela?' Is that what your mom calls you when you dress up? Pamela?"

I felt my cheeks get hot. "Okay, so what if it is? What's it to you?"

Her face was alight with glee. "Well, it's sure better than 'Gregory' or 'Greg'! I just never thought of you as a 'Pamela.' You look more like a Leslie or maybe a Nancy. Or maybe a Tiffany."

“Tiffany?” Danny wrinkled his nose. “Don’t pay any attention to her, ‘Pamela.’ I absolutely love your femmie name! My sister doesn’t know anything. She’s just a dumb ol’ girl!”

“Oh, and you aren’t?” his sister said. Suddenly, the two of them burst out laughing like a pair of idiots. I just stood there and wondered how I was going to get out of all this mess.”

It took a few minutes for the shock of my mother’s visit to die down. My hands, well, my whole body still trembled from the experience. I was relieved that they forgot all about my mom mentioning my maid job. I guess they were too caught up in the excitement over my girl name.

“Come on, ‘Pamela,’ don’t be a party pooper!” Christine giggled as she grabbed Danny and me by the hand. “Let’s get on with our fashion show!”

Believe it or not, but I was actually grateful when Christine suggested that we stop worrying about my mom and have some fun. Danny was quick to agree and I just nodded my head and went along for the ride. Anything to delay thinking about my mom.

For the next hour or so I found myself part the silliest fashion show you could imagine. Christine turned on the stereo and joined us boys as we went through their older sister’s entire closet like a pair of teenaged divas. It was like a dream of sorts. I felt dizzy, almost numb as I tried on and modeled everything from sophisticated party dresses prom gowns to simple school clothes and Halloween costumes.

Lost in the moment, I at last found myself joining in the laughter. I even joined the other two “girls” as they danced to the music. I knew I should have felt like an idiot – especially with the image of my mom still fresh in my mind – but for some reason I kind of, well, enjoyed myself.

“I see ol’ pouty face is finally having a little fun for once in her life,” Christine observed when I finally began dancing.

“This is the best night of my life!” Danny declared, pulling me by the wrists and kissing me on the mouth. “We have got to do this more often!”

At one point Danny was in a cocktail dress, a dark brown wig, a pair of silver high heels and some costume jewelry, looking very much like a little boy playing “glamour model” his mother’s clothes.
“Where did you get the wig?” I asked. I was genuinely curious.

“My aunt used to wear them when she was younger,” the cross-dressed boy explained. “We found them in the attic and she lets me play with them whenever I want. Isn’t that neat?”

I nodded. It looked very natural on him and I wondered why my mother hadn’t done the same with me.

Christine handed me something to wear and I soon found myself feeling very exposed in a short black dress with a frilly petticoat and flared skirt.

“What is this supposed to be?” I pushed down on the skirt but it bounced back up. “This feels pretty skimpy!”

“It’s a French maid’s costume, silly,” Danny said. “Judy bought it a long time ago for a Halloween party. She was going to throw it away but I talked her into keeping it for me to wear every now and then.”

I made an ugly face. “You actually like wearing this thing? You gotta be kidding me!”

Danny giggled. “It’s really fun. Here, put on the little apron and hat.”

“Give him that old pair of strapless high heels, ‘Danielle.’ A French maid has to wear high heels.”

A couple of minutes later I was staring at my reflection. I couldn’t believe how – well, I didn’t want to believe – how cute I actually looked in that silly costume. With the black dress and white lace trimmed apron and all, it was reminiscent in style to the maid uniform Mrs. McCuddy insisted I wear whenever I worked at her house.



But that was where the similarity ended. This outfit was a lot shorter – and tighter! – than the one Mrs. McCuddy made me wear. I was actually glad to be wearing my girdle, it was so snug. Even more worrisome was how the top barely covered my budding breasts and left my shoulders bare. Plus, the heels put tension on my legs, giving me a more feminine stance and gait as I minced about the room. It was one of the most revealing outfits that I'd ever worn, not to mention the sexiest.

"Wow!" exclaimed Danny. "You look gorgeous in that outfit!"

Christine giggled with excitement. "Imagine what the boys at school would say if they could see you right now!"

A pang of guilt suddenly hit me as I thought about exactly what the guys would say if they could see me dressed that way. My mom always talked about how boys loved masturbating while thinking about girls dressed like I was at that very moment. I couldn't help but think that she was obsessed with the idea of having boys masturbating over me.

Why am I thinking about that? I felt tingling down below and shivered. I don't want boys jerking off because of me! That's disgusting!

I woke from my thoughts when Christine's camera flashed in my face.

"Hey, on the subject of maids, what's all that stuff your mom was talking about you being a little maid tomorrow? Is there something we need to know about? Do you have a job as a maid or something?"

Feeling a flutter in my belly, I shook my head. "Aw, she's just trying to embarrass me. I have some chores to do at some old lady's house. That's all."

"That doesn't sound like much fun."

"Oh, it's not. Believe me," I said in my most bored voice. I was secretly pleased, of course, to see that she wasn't very interested. Christine Watkins was the last person in the world I wanted to know I had a weekend job working as a maid.

The giggling girl shot another photo. "I think it would funny if you had to wear that dress when you showed up for work! Can you imagine some old lady's reaction seeing you in a maid's dress doing housework? That would be so hilarious! I dare you to do it!"

I squirmed in my dress. "I, I don't think so. Mrs. McCuddy might not like that. Besides, this thing is awful embarrassing."

Danny flipped up the hem of my skirt and laughed. "I don't think it's embarrassing. I love it! I actually wore that trick-or-treating last year. Nobody knew I was a boy and I had the best time!"

Christine shot several more pictures of me dressed as a French maid and then a few more of her brother in his cocktail dress and wig.

"I wish there was something else we could do besides this stupid fashion show. I mean, something that was more fun."

Danny thought for a moment. "I know what we could do. Let's keep on what we have right now and fix dinner for Aunt Marlene. Then, after supper, we can walk down to the shopping center for an ice cream cone. What do you say?"

I must have had a pretty funny look on my face because both Danny and Christine bust out laughing at my reaction.

"That's perfect," the grinning girl said. "Aunt Marlene will just love being served her supper by a pretty French maid!"

“And I can be the movie star hostess!” Danny said brightly. “Christine, you dress up like a movie star, too, and ‘Pamela’ can wait on all of us!”

“You’re not serious,” I said quietly. “You want me to parade around in front of your aunt looking like a maid?”

“Not just any maid,” Christine said with a grin. “A French maid!”

Danny’s grin was bigger than his sister’s. “Please, ‘Pamela’? Do it for me? I’ll be your best friend. I’ll be your girlfriend!”

I squirmed in my borrowed costume. “But I look so stupid!” I protested.

The smiling boy laughed. “Not really. You look gorgeous. Really. You look a lot more natural in that outfit than I ever did. It’s like you were made to be a French maid!”

Christine clapped her hands. “Come along, ‘Pamela’! And your first task will be helping your employers get dressed for company. Chop-chop!”

And so that’s how I met Danny and Christine’s Aunt Marlene. When her car pulled into the driveway a short while later, I was standing at the front door dressed in that silly French maid costume. Danny and Christine both stood in front of me, dressed up in cocktail dresses, makeup and jewelry, acting out the dual roles of “hostess” as their aunt entered the house.

“Oh, my goodness, am I in the right house?” the attractive woman said as her niece and nephew-in-drag greeted her. “Well, good evening, ladies. I’m certainly glad to meet you all! And who is this lovely young thing?”

Actually, it worked out pretty well. Aunt Marlene – as I was encouraged to call her – turned out to be a very nice person, very open-minded and accepting of Danny’s odd habit of dressing up. She was extremely nice to me, too, which I found a little disturbing at first.

“Look who followed me home this afternoon, Auntie! It’s Greg, the boy I told you about!” Danny looked like a little child, his face was so excited as he pulled me closer to the smiling woman. “Isn’t he pretty? We’ve been playing ‘fashion show’ and he showed me how to do makeup and everything! Can he stay for supper? Please say yes!”

“Of course he can, ‘Danielle.’ Calm down, please. You’re going to pop if you don’t settle down a bit.” Aunt Marlene cast a curious smile in my direction as she handed me

her coat and purse. "So you're the famous Greg Parker. I've heard quite a lot about you, Mr. Parker."

"Yes, ma'am," I said hoarsely. I felt like such an idiot in that goofy dress. I just stood there for a minute not saying anything and wondering what I was supposed to do with her things.

"Oh, he's not a 'Greg,' Aunt Marlene!" squealed Christine. "His mother calls him 'Pamela' whenever he's all dressed up, which is just about every day of the week! She said we should call him 'Pamela' and you can call him 'Pamela,' too!"

"All right, then, 'Pamela,' it is." Aunt Marlene smiled and gave me a long, studious look. "'Pamela,' darling, you can put my things in the closet, dear. If you're going to dress like a proper maid, then I suppose you ought to act like one, hmmm …?"

I blushed at the ridiculousness of my situation. The smile on her face reminded me of Christine. That was not a good sign.

While Danny entertained his aunt in the living room, playing the role of "movie star hostess," Christine sent me into the kitchen where I started to work on the food. I suddenly found myself regressing submissively, falling into the role I did each day with my mother and every weekend with Mrs. McCuddy. With minimum direction I set the table, to include tablecloth, napkins, china, silverware and crystal. Once all that was done, I went to the kitchen and did the salad duties.

Dinner was leftovers, which I'd warmed up in the oven and put on the plates. Christine then called me into the living where I poured drinks and served everything, playing my role as French maid to the fullest. I waited patiently as everyone migrated into the dining room and took their seats.

How do I end up in these predicaments? I said to myself. I am the stupidest boy on the planet!

"My goodness, Gregory … I mean, 'Pamela' … I am certainly not used to this kind of service," Aunt Marlene said as I freshened her iced tea. "You are so graceful, not at all like most boys I know. You really seem to know your way around a pair of high heels. Nice legs, by the way. I wish I had legs like that."

"Um, thanks, I guess." What in the world was I supposed to say at something like that?

"I am impressed. Your mother has taught you well, that's for sure. Aren't you going to join us?"

I glanced at the table and saw that I had stupidly set it for only three people. I guess it was just habit that I'd omitted a place for myself. Damn you, Old Lady McCuddy! I wriggled for a moment in my skimpy dress and blushed.

"Um, no, thank you, Aunt Marlene," I replied. "I'm not really hungry.

Not knowing what else to do, I just stood by while the smiling woman and her niece and nephew chatted and ate their supper. Aunt Marlene peppered me with questions, shushing Danny and Christine whenever they tried to answer for me. Helpless in the face of her natural feminine authority, I willingly answered all of her questions, basically telling her the whole story of how I'd come to wear girls' clothing under my mother's watchful eye. She didn't seem surprised by much of anything I said.



"Didn't you come to the library this summer, 'Pamela'? I'm sure I've seen someone who looked just like you wandering through the stacks. Short hair, cute little skirts and sundresses, pretty smile, very much like you, I'm certain."

Danny and his sister looked at me. I felt the heat rise in my bare shoulders and face. Damn it, Mother!

"Um, yes, ma'am. My mom dropped me off a few times, I guess. She likes to keep me reading instead of watching television."

The smiling woman nodded and didn't say anything for a moment. "It's hard to forget a face like yours. I think I remember you checking out several romance novels. That's very interesting. Where those for you or for your mother? Do you enjoy reading girls' romance novels?"

I glanced once more toward the two teenagers and blushed again. "Um, I think they were mostly mine, I guess."

Aunt Marlene's voice was suddenly very stern. "You didn't answer my question, Pamela. I asked if you enjoyed reading romance novels?"

I felt the heat rise in my cheeks. Not knowing what else to say, I nodded my head and replied, "Yes, ma'am, I sort of do, I suppose."

The smiling woman resumed her friendly manner. "Well, that certainly is interesting. A boy who likes reading romance novels. Danny, I think you've finally found someone you have something in common with" Aunt Marlene's eyes lit up with amusement. "By the way, 'Pamela,' you'll be amused to know that you have at least one other admirer. Mr. O'Connell has taken quite a liking to you."

I blinked and thought for a moment. "Mr. O'Connell?" I repeated.

"Oh, yes, one of our part time volunteers. The tall, dark-headed man who you always went to for help. You ought to remember him, as much time as the two of you spent together. He often mentions the cute young girl who flirts with him all the time. You've certainly made quite an impression on him. He gets teased a lot because of you, you know. I had no idea who you were at the time. But now, well, I wonder what he'd think if he knew that little girl who captured his heart is really a boy?"

I thought of the man at the library who called me "honey." I didn't know what to say. Danny's aunt said he "liked" me.

In what way, I wondered. Surely not …?

I thought about the skimpy outfits my mom made me wear all the time and shivered as I realized how girlish I'd acted. Well, I had to, didn't I? I mean, I didn't want anybody to know I was a boy in a dress, right?

Great! That explains how come he was always patting me on the shoulder and touching my knee, I thought. With my luck, Mr. O'Connell probably did think I was flirting with him!

For just a moment I had a horrible image in my head. I thought about my mom and I wondered she would say whether a grown man might masturbate while thinking about me. The memory of Mr. O'Connell's smiling face flashed in my mind. I suddenly felt sick to my stomach.

"Yes, ma'am. I remember him." I blinked and thought of something to say. "He, um, Mr. O'Connell was always really nice to me."

Danny and Christine both stared at me with amazement. Not knowing what else to do, I just stood there and tried to act normal without bursting into tears.

"Well, no matter. Honestly, dear, I am so very happy that you and Danny have become friends."

The elegant lady raised her glass in my direction. "The girls and I have always worried that he was a little too … different … to make any real friends. Most other boys are such little beasts and don't know what to think of 'sensitive' boys. I think this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship, don't you, Danny? Christine?"

The two smiling teenagers nodded their heads. They then continued to chatter away about what great day it had been. All I could think about was what I was going to tell my mom when I saw her later that evening.

Chapter 34 – What a Mess!

After supper I cleaned washed and put away the dishes, while Danny and Christine whispered and watched. I then cleaned the kitchen, not thinking anything about it. After all, I was practically an expert on the duties of a maid, French or domestic. Again, Aunt Marlene was suitably impressed with my willingness to help.

"I said it before and I'll say it again, your mother taught you well, 'Pamela,'" she said with a wink. "You're going to have to come over more often. I insist!"

"Me, too!" Danny and Christine sang out in unison.

At long last we all went back to Judy's bedroom to change clothes. To my horror, Aunt Marlene agreed to let us go out for ice cream, but only if we put on something less conspicuous.

"You can dress like that around the house all you want, ladies. I insist on it, in fact. But I think you'll attract the wrong kind of attention parading around like a couple of high school drag queens," she said. "Pick out something less conspicuous and you can go, no problem! Christine, you're in charge of 'the girls' while I take my bath."

"Yes, Aunt Marlene," the giggling girl replied.

By this time I was so tired and confused, I really didn't want to do anything but find someplace to hide. That was not an option, of course, so I did as I was told and picked out a couple of things to try on. Then I headed for the bathroom.

Maybe I can lock the door and everybody will leave me alone! I thought bitterly.

“Where are you going now?” Christine demanded. “You can change in here with us.”

“To the bathroom. I … I’d rather change clothes by myself.”

“Oh, no you don’t. You can change clothes right here. There’s nobody here but us girls!”

I blushed. “I really want to go to the bathroom and change.”

“You really are a sissy, aren’t you?” Christine said. “You act like you’re afraid of your own shadow. I’ve never seen a boy like you before in my life!”

I shrugged my naked shoulders. “I’m … I’m just a little shy, I guess.”

“I don’t think you could get in the bathroom right now anyway,” Danny said. “Aunt Marlene is in there right now. She’s taking her bubble bath. I can hear music playing. Every night she pours a bath, lights candles and takes her book in there. She’ll be in there at least an hour. Maybe longer.”

“It’s okay, fairy boy,” Christine said with an evil smile. “You can just change in here with us. Off with that dress! I want to see what all this shyness is about! Do it, or I’ll take these all these pictures I’m shooting to school and show everybody what a little fairy you really are!”

I thought about Todd and Joe and the other kids and I started to cry. “Please, don’t do that!”

“Christine, don’t be so mean!” Danny complained, but his sister shut him down.

“Shush! I’m doing you a favor, ‘sister’! Keep quiet for a minute, all right?”

Considering the circumstances, I didn’t have any options. Giving a sigh of despair, I once again resigned myself to my fate. My entire body was red from head to toe as I slipped out of the little black dress. The two other teenagers were silent as I laid the garment neatly on the bed. I then straightened up and turned to face my audience. I about died as I stood there and tried to hide myself from view. I was torn between covering my privates and covering my face, I was so embarrassed. The problem was, they were looking instead at my naked chest.

Danny was the first one to say anything. “Oh, wow, I never thought about that. You … you’ve got ….”

“… boobies,” Christine said quietly. “I knew it!”

“Don’t laugh at me,” I whispered, my eyes burning with tears. Feeling extremely vulnerable, I covered my nipples with crossed arms and tried not to cry.

“Nobody’s going to laugh.” Danny tried to console me as he gave his sister a don’t-you-dare-stare.

“You’re not the first boy I’ve seen with boobs. Most of those were big old fat guys in gym class, though. You’re the first guy I’ve ever seen with pretty boobs, though. They do look like a real girl’s. How’d that happen?”

I didn’t know how to explain it, so I just shrugged and said, “I don’t know. They just came out that way.”

There was a long moment of silence, then Christine said, “That’s not fair. Your titties are bigger than mine! Even your nipples are prettier than mine! That’s just not fair!”

Christine stepped behind me. I made a faint attempt to block her as she reached around and cupped my breasts, one in each hand. Submissive and weak, I just gave up and stood there and let her do as she wanted.

“See, look here, Danny! They’re way bigger than mine, almost as big as Jennifer’s, don’t you think?”

I tried unsuccessfully to pull away from being groped. I felt so humiliated being examined like this.

“Who’s Jennifer?” I sniffed.

“A girl at school with boobs about your size.” Danny reached out and lightly rubbed his fingertip against first one nipple, then another. “Wow. This is freaky.”

“It’s not my fault!” I was really embarrassed. “I don’t know how it happened. They just did it on their own.”

The wide-eyed boy nodded. “Well, however you did it, I’m jealous, too!”

The frustrated girl licked her lips. “I think he might be a real girl. I want to see what else he’s hiding. Off with that girdle, ‘Pamela’! I want to see what we’re dealing with.”

I thought about how Christine nearly pinched off my penis with her fingertips just a little while ago and I winced. Wasn’t that enough pain for one day? Now she expected me to take off the rest of my clothes?

I tried to resist, but both brother and sister pressured me until I couldn’t refuse any longer. I really didn’t want to do it, but they kept on until I just didn’t care any more.

Anything to shut them up.

It's really hard taking off a panty girdle while trying to cover your naked breasts, but somehow I did it. The problem came as the girdle came down, so did the panties I wore underneath. Both garments were damp from my earlier exertions, but that didn't stop Christine from grabbing onto them and leaving me completely naked.

To make matters worse, I had another erection already. I felt so ashamed as both brother and sister stood staring at me.

"Please, don't laugh at me," I sniffed.

And so there I was, standing stark naked in front of a pair of bright-eyed and smiling teenagers who seemed to have me wrapped around their collective little fingers. I hadn't felt so helpless since, well, since the last time my mother found a new and improved way of humiliating me.

"Yep, he's a boy, all right!" Christine said as I tried to cover both my nipples and my erection. It was futile, so I just crossed my arms over my breasts and tried not to cry. "And he appears to be enjoying himself a little too much. Yep, there's no doubt about that!"

"Yeah, I noticed." Danny seemed to be blushing as his eyes bounced between my naked breasts and my exposed penis. "Wow, you hardly have any hair around your dick. Do you shave down there, too?"

I nodded. Ever since the fateful Sadie Hawkins Day fiasco, my mom had insisted that I keep not only my legs and underarms smooth, but that I maintain my pubic hair in what she called "bikini trim." Not that I had much to begin with. Compared to what I'd seen of other guys in the locker room at school and in magazines, I was practically bald.

By this point I was practically putty in the hands of these two smiling siblings. Christine ordered me to turn around. Bewildered and beside myself with shame, I obliged.

"I want to see if your butt is as girlie as your titties," she said with an evil smile.

My backside, unfortunately, turned out to be just a popular as my front. I shivered as curious fingers caressed my naked bottom and giggling voices tickled my ears.

"Cutest butt I've ever seen!"

"Wow. You look just like a real girl, even with no clothes on at all! That's just mind-blowing!"

“What’s this?” I was alarmed as Christine’s voice suddenly changed from delight to extremely curious. “Is that what I think it is? No way! It can’t be!!!”

I felt the light touch of her fingers trace along the crack of my bottom. There was a shock of a tugging pressure as something inside me didn’t feel right. The pressure hit me again and I felt a sense of panic all over my naked body. I also felt my bottom muscles clench up tight. That meant only one thing ….

Oh, god … no-o-o-o-o-o …!!!!!

“Tell me you’re not wearing a tampon!” Christine squealed. “Oh – my – god! You are!!! You are wearing a tampon!!!! EWWWW!!!!!”

Holy crap!!! I forgot all about that!!!

Now see, you’re probably wondering how I could forget something like wearing a tampon. Well, the truth of the matter was, I just did. Ever since that first time when my mother showed me how a girl got her period, I’d been experimenting with douches and tampons at least once a month. And, well, it just sort of got to be routine. Not that it was my favorite thing to do, mind you. I just gave up arguing with my mom about it and took to doing it on my own to keep peace in the family. And the day I showed up at Danny’s house, well, that just happened to be “that time of the month” for me. It didn’t matter if I was home in high heels or at school taking an exam, I was on a schedule and my mother made certain I kept to it, no matter what!

Now what am I gonna do???

“My … my mom made me wear it,” I whispered weakly. I winced as Danny’s sister took another tug on the little string dangling from my bottom and giggled. “Stop it! I don’t like that, Christine! Stop doing that!”

“You really are more of a girl than I am!” she declared in total amazement. “I don’t know if I’m supposed to be afraid of you or just be disgusted.”

“I know what I think,” Danny said with a twinkle in his eye. He took my hand and pulled me close. “I thought I was in love with you before. Now I know I am. Greg … ‘Pamela’ … you are the most amazing person I’ve ever met!”

He gave me a quick kiss on the mouth to prove his point. I felt so weird, standing there completely naked before those two giggling teenagers, my darkest secrets open and exposed.

The funny thing about my situation was that in the eyes of one sibling I was a fool; in the eyes of the other, I was a hero. Never in a million years could I have predicted such a thing. I didn't know if I was in heaven or in hell.

"I can't believe you actually stuck one of those things up your butt!" Christine chided. "That's just plain nasty!"

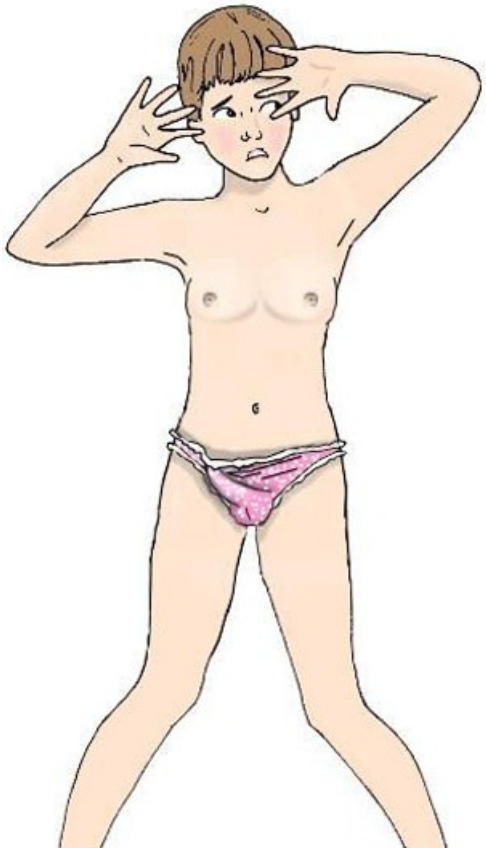
Danny, of course, took my side in the matter. "Oh, Christine, don't be a hypocrite! That's no worst that what you do with them. We can't help it if we don't have pussies! Gre- … I mean, 'Pamela' had to use what she had. Isn't that right?" He gave my hand a tight squeeze and smiled. "I've always wanted to try wearing a tampon but was too scared. Greg, you are my hero!"

"Why am I not surprised," the smiling girl said, shaking her head.

As usual, I didn't know what to say, so I just stood there like a fool. After an embarrassing barrage of questions that I couldn't answer, the two teenagers decided we'd best get dressed if we wanted to go out for ice cream.

"Here, try these on," Danny said, tossing me a pair of skimpy pink panties.

Grateful to finally have something wear, I picked the tiny panties up and slid them up my naked legs. I was horrified to see that they were so small that they did very little to hide my erection.



“We’re going to have to do something about that,” Christine said with a husky voice.

I felt my stomach drop. “Um, like what?” I asked nervously.

I watched with fear as the grinning girl whispered something in her brother’s ear. Danny giggled, then shook his head.

“I can’t!” he protested. “You’re not serious, are you?”

Christine’s face was almost evil looking as she laughed. “Oh, come on, ‘Danielle’! You know you want to. Here’s your big chance!”

The cross-dressed boy looked at me and blushed. “I don’t know ….”

The grinning girl whispered something else to her brother and they both giggled. I just stood there like an idiot and waited to see what was going to happen next. It wasn’t like I had anyplace to go.

“Just like we practiced. Okay?”

The boy nodded. “Okay.”

“I think I’ll leave you two alone for a few minutes,” Christine said cryptically. True to her word, she left the room and pulled the door shut.

“Where’s she going?” I was afraid for a moment that she’d gone to get her aunt. But Danny assured me that wasn’t the case at all.

“Oh, she’s going to chat with Aunt Marlene for a little while. That way we won’t get interrupted.”

I squirmed in my panties. “Interrupted doing what?”

Danny looked at me with shiny eyes as he brushed his faux hair from his eyes and adjusted the fit of the cocktail dress he was wearing. I felt my heart skip a beat as I thought about how pretty he looked as a girl.

“Here, stand still a second. There’s something I want try.”

My whole body, my very spirit melted obediently as he slid his fingers under the waistband of my panties and began pulling them down. I felt like a little kid as the skimpy underwear fell around my ankles. Danny then pushed me onto the bed where I sat back in a semi-reclining position. He then spread my knees apart. I watched in utter disbelief as he knelt before me and smiled.

“I’ve never had the chance to do this with a real boy before,” he said, licking his lips. “I’ve thought about it a lot. Probably about as much as you have ….”

No doubt, dear reader, you think you know what happened next. Well, you’d be wrong. Poor Danny, he was got himself all worked up over nothing. The truth of the matter was, I got so worked up myself, the very instant his lips touched me, I lost control and squirted all over everything!

“Aw, man, I wasn’t expecting that!” he complained.

I felt so awful! I mean, this had to be the most humiliating thing to ever happen to me! I looked down to see my new friend wiping my semen from his face and neck. I thought for sure he was going to get mad, but instead, he just rolled his eyes and started laughing.

“Wow. This is just great. The first time I get to give a guy a blow job and see what happens!”

I winced as he showed me his hands. Apparently he’d caught most of it before it got on his sister’s dress and wig.

“I guess it’s just as well. You’re more girl than guy, so I guess it probably wouldn’t have counted anyway, huh?”

I shrugged my shoulders and nodded. I was actually kind of relieved. Well, relieved in more ways than one. I'd heard the word "cocksucker" before, of course. I'd been called that vile name more than once by guys like Todd and Joe. Heck, I'd even used the term a few times myself back before all this craziness started happening between me and my mother. All I knew was that it was demeaning and ugly. And for just a moment there I thought I was about to become one. The funny thing was, it appeared that Danny actually wanted to be one. I didn't understand that at the time, of course. It would be a while before I did.

Anyway, while Danny cleaned up the mess I made, I lay there for several minutes as naked and helpless as a newborn baby, wilted, limp and exhausted. I was so confused, so ashamed and so delighted – all those conflicting feelings at once. I felt like a completely different person compared to the boy who woke up that morning and went to school.

I sat up and tried to think of something to say. "Wow," was the only thing that came to mind.

I remember Danny looking at me with dreamy, half-closed eyes and for a moment I wanted him to try it all over again. I actually wanted to hug him and kiss him and who knew what. Part of me even wanted to do to him what he'd almost done to me. And that was scary.

"Maybe we can try this again sometime," he said, giving me a soft kiss on the lips.

I remember a pungent odor on his mouth and I felt a wave of excited disgust sweep over me as he deepened the kiss, swirling his tongue against mine. As he pulled away I nodded my head and looked down at my naked body. I was a mess, that was for sure.

It wasn't but a minute later that Christine showed up with a smile on her face and her eyes bright with joy. I felt awful as she looked in my direction, but there wasn't anything I could do about it. She thought she knew what happened and she didn't care what we said to the contrary.

"Well, it looks like someone has calmed down a little bit," the smiling girl said, staring at my drooping organ. "I wonder how that happened."

Danny just grinned like an idiot and pulled the dark brown wig off his head. Without it he looked oddly comical in his sister's cocktail dress.

"It's not what you think," he said coyly. "We kinda screwed it up."

Christine looked at him and shook her head. "You have got to be kidding me! You didn't do it? How is that possible?"

She looked at me like it was all my fault. Which it probably was, come to think of it. Not knowing what else to do, I just sat there and nodded my head.

"That is really sad," she said. "You two fairy boys actually expect me to believe that? Danny, we even practiced on popsicles and everything, just like Judy showed us. I thought you'd finally get to do it once for sure!"

The cross-dressed boy sighed. "I know. I'll get to do it one of these days, maybe."

The blond girl stared at me. "And you! I thought you were going to be a good boyfriend! What in the world is wrong with you? How could you do such a thing!"

I tried to cover my nakedness. "I couldn't help it. I just got too excited, I guess."

Danny giggled, just like a girl. "No kidding! You almost ruined Judy's dress. Good thing I've got fast reflexes!"

"Oh, yuck! That's disgusting!" Christine made a face.

I thought for a moment and frowned. "What do you mean, you practiced on popsicles? You mean, like you …."

The cross-dressed boy nodded. "Yep. Judy taught us all sorts of neat tricks. She learned them in college. Don't worry, 'Pamela,' I'll show you, too. That way whenever you want to do it for real, you'll know all about it!"

I thought about what he said and shivered. After what just happened, I wasn't sure if I would ever look at a popsicle the same way again.

"You guys are killing me." Christine sighed. "Really, I don't know how you live with those things."

Chapter 35 – Girls' Night Out

"Well, anyway, if you two are through with your nasty little game for the evening, take a look at what I got." Danny's sister held up something that looked like a little garter belt. "Since 'Pamela' is on her period, I figured this ought to keep her safe for the rest of the evening!"

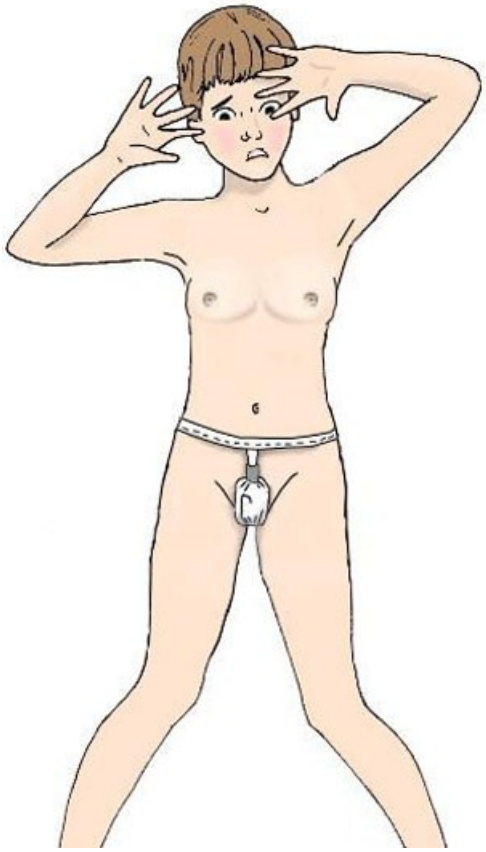
"What the heck is that?" I studied the odd garment with suspicion.

“It’s a sanitary belt, silly boy. It’s for holding a sanitary pad against your vagina so you don’t mess your panties during your period. Lord knows you need one to keep from making all the messes you do. I’m surprised you don’t already know about this thing.”

I bit my lip. “Isn’t that for girls?”

Christine looked at me like I was from another planet. “Yeah, just like tampons are for girls. Here, Miss Priss, let me show you!”

I followed her lead as she pulled me to my feet and posed me in the middle of the room like a life-sized Barbie doll. I then watched with confusion as the grinning girl outfitted me with the sanitary belt and a feminine napkin. Christine expertly fastened the cotton pad to the little clip on the front of the belt, pulled it down tight against my limp penis and up between my butt cheeks, securing the other end to the clip in the back.



It felt really uncomfortable at first. I tugged on it a bit until it wasn’t quite so bad. Then I looked at myself in the mirror. This had to be the skimpiest thing I’d ever worn in my young life! And probably the most humiliating. Thank goodness it seemed to do exactly what Christine promised.

“See how it hides everything?” she said proudly. “You can get as excited as you want and nobody can see a thing. You can even make a mess and you won’t ruin your panties! Oh, don’t look so shocked. That’s what they do for us girls, so there’s no reason it won’t work for you girlie boys! Isn’t that right, ‘Danielle’?”

Danny glanced at me and blushed. During the demonstration so far he had been an innocent bystander in my latest humiliation, but it turned out that he had some experience with my new plaything.

“Well, yeah, I guess so. I’ve worn one of those a few times. I was just curious about girls and their periods. Aunt Marlene said I was too young for tampons, so ….”

Christine busted out laughing. “He’s been wearing one for a long time. Auntie Marlene showed him back when he started asking about girls’ periods and he was jealous ‘cause he didn’t get one. That’s when we knew he was serious about pretending to be a girl.”

Danny frowned. “I was just curious. I couldn’t help it.”

“Well, we all know that stuff about tampons isn’t not true now, huh?” Christine teased. “I see plenty of tampons in your future, sister dear. You can thank ‘Pamela’ for that one!”

Danny seemed to share my discomfort in dealing with this particular subject matter and he was quick to change the subject.

“Hey, let’s all go to your room and get us something to wear when we go out. Most of Judy’s clothes are too fancy for how I want us to dress tonight.”

His sister thought that was a great idea and so, wearing only the sanitary napkin and belt, I meekly followed the pair of teenagers out of the room and down the hall. That silly napkin was riding up the crack of my butt and pressing tightly against my genitals, like some bizarre bondage device. I never felt so naked in my entire life! I remember trembling nervously as we passed the master bathroom. I was terrified Aunt Marlene would see me dressed so idiotically, and my fears were quickly justified as Christine grabbed me by the arm.

“Here, I want to show my aunt how cute you look before you get dressed!”

Her eyes were alight with mischief as she knocked on the door and opened it. Before I could resist she pulled me along and the next thing I knew I was staring at this beautiful woman soaking in bath bubbles and reading a book.

“Look, Auntie Marlene! ‘Pamela’ is on her period!”

I looked helplessly at Danny, but he just grinned. I then turned back toward his aunt and saw a curious smile on her face.

"Good grief! Christine, honey, I'm sure Greg … um, I mean, 'Pamela' doesn't want to run around the house in his … her … birthday suit! Go get some clothes for the poor child!"

"But, Aunt Marlene, look!" she said, forcing me to turn around. I about died as she reached down and tugged on my tampon string. I clenched my cheeks together, just in case. "See! He's more of a girl than I am!"

There was a moment of silence and I glanced over my shoulder to see an expression of amazement on the woman's face. She sat up in the tub, exposing her breasts with no care in the world, and stared at my bottom.

"Christine, good lord, girl, you didn't make him ….?"

"No, Aunt Marlene. He came that way! Honest, I didn't do a thing. He did that on his own! I promise!"

Raising an eyebrow, the beautiful woman looked up at me, reclined back in the tub and chuckled.
"My goodness, 'Pamela.' Wearing tampons are we? You certainly are into pretending to be a girl, aren't you? I thought Danielle was unique, but it seems that you are something very special. I'm just curious, but does your mother know you play with such contraptions?"

I tried to clear my throat. "Yes, ma'am," I croaked. "She, I guess, kinda taught me that kind of stuff."

Aunt Marlene shook her head. "Hmmm. While I never gave much thought to Danny playing dress up in his sister's things, boys and feminine hygiene is still new territory for me. I might have to talk to your mother sometime about this."

I shrugged my shoulders. "Yes, ma'am."

The woman in the tub then stared at my breasts. "My goodness, you even look like a girl when you're naked. You're really quite the nubile young thing, you know."

"That's what I said!" interrupted Christine. "He's prettier than I am! I am so jealous!"

"Me, too," echoed Danny.

Aunt Marlene laughed. "Well, 'Pamela,' it looks like you've made quite an impression on my two teenagers. Why don't you three go on and let me finish my bath now? Thanks for stopping in, 'Pamela.' You're welcome to visit us any time."

Somehow we made it to Christine's room, I'm not sure exactly how, but I was never so relieved once we got behind closed doors. I just kind of stood there while Danny slipped out of his cocktail dress and then – wearing little more than a pair of bikini panties, bra and lipstick – he joined his sister in looking for stuff to wear. Even in my enhanced state of embarrassment, I had to smile as they dug through the closet like two crazy people.

"I just thought of what we should wear," Danny said breathlessly. "Well, what you should wear, anyway. You're going to love it … if only I can find it!"



Within a couple of minutes I was wearing the skimpy panties I'd tried on before, plus a matching pink brassiere. The sanitary belt could still be seen above the waistband of my panties, but at least you couldn't see my penis bulge anymore. After my earlier disasters the poor thing had withdrawn for the evening. And now in the mirror I looked just like any young girl down below.

Danny pulled me close and gave me a hug. “Look, we’re twins!” he said, giving a coy glance down at his own bra and panties.

Christine sighed. “You’re two of a kind, that’s for sure. Here, fairy boy, see if these fit.”

The blond girl tossed me a small bundle of white and I automatically started pulling on a pair of knee high stockings. My long, smooth legs tingled excitedly under the touch of the lacy trim and ruffled tops of the stockings. Encouraged by my host and his sister, I stood up and modeled my borrowed lingerie.

“This is not fair!” Christine complained. “Your titties are prettier than mine and now your legs are way prettier than mine! How is this possible???”

Danny laughed. “It’s not just your legs and titties, little sister. ‘Pamela’ is just plain gorgeous! There’s no way anybody can compete with that!”

I couldn’t help smile. Praise, no matter how faint or damned, does that to a person. I wondered what my mom would have thought had she known what all was happening to me.

A few more minutes and I found myself standing in front of Christine’s dressing mirror, looking every bit like a typical high school girl. Danny had picked out a thin, gauzy blouse that tied in the front with a pink bow. To go with that he gave me a tiny pleated skirt, just barely long enough to cover my pantied bottom. I sighed as I tugged at my new apparel. My mom would have no doubt approved!

“I don’t think I can leave the house dressed like this,” I said nervously. Between the skimpy miniskirt and the wispy blouse, I felt like I was barely wearing anything at all. “Never mind going for ice cream.”

“Oh, shut up! You look great and you know it,” Christine chided. “Nobody on this planet will ever mistake you for a boy. Here, try these on.”

I saw something white flying through the air. The boy in me reached out and caught it. Well, them, to be technical about it. It was a pair of white patent leather shoes. Mary Janes, as they were called, with big blocky heels and a pink, cartoon-like buckle over the toe. I looked from those silly shoes and sighed.

“Are you kidding me? These things are silly.”

Christine looked at me with an I-couldn’t-care-less expression. “That’s what I wear with that outfit. What’s the matter. Are you too good to wear them?

I shrugged. “No, it’s just that they look like something a little girl would wear to kindergarten. Or Sunday school, maybe.”

The blond teenager looked like she was about to slap my face when Danny handed me some costume jewelry. “Here, how about these? You can’t go out without something shiny on your fingers and ears.”

I put slipped on several rings and bracelets with the expertise learned from several years of bitter experience. I was also offered some silly, juvenile necklaces and earrings with pink hearts and beads that I figured my mom would have just loved. One of the necklaces – made with the white and pink plastic beads – was way too long, so I wrapped it around my waist. As I did so, I noticed that brother and sister looked at each other and shook their heads.



“You don’t think this goes with the look?” I stepped into the Mary Janes and posed in front of the mirror. It all seemed fine to me.

Christine shook her head. “No, it looks great! Seriously, I just never thought of wearing it like that. You sure have some interesting ideas about fashion. I mean, for a boy, that

is. I can't think of another boy who would have been so creative. Damn, 'Pamela,' as much as I hate to admit it, but you look hot!"

Danny gave me a dreamy look and sighed. "Did you notice Greg even has pierced ears? Maybe he can help me talk Aunt Marlene into piercing mine!"

While I primped and touched up my appearance, Danny completed his transformation into "Danielle" by slipping into a short pale coral dress and pantyhose. He chose a pair of pink leather heels that really made him look feminine. I couldn't help looking at him as he moved about in the slinky dress. The material clung to his adolescent curves in a flattering manner and he looked so cute – yes, I had to admit it, he was adorable! – that I found myself wondering if it was really so wrong to let him hug me.

"And now for the main event!" Christine said smugly. I watched as she placed a choker around her brother's neck and then helped fit him with an auburn wig. "Aunt Marlene got this for Judy to wear Halloween one Halloween. I think Danny has worn it more than anybody else in this house. Doesn't it look just fantastic on him?"

I nodded. I also tried not to stare, but I felt overwhelming fascination as the fifteen year old boy suddenly took on the appearance of a lovely high school heartthrob.

Danny's face was tilted toward the ground in a bashful manner as he approached me. I almost melted as he looked up through his eyelashes in a flirting, girlish way. "Would you fix my makeup, 'Pamela'? Please?"

I couldn't refuse, of course. Christine had all we needed in her room and I went to work. First I removed the traces of my earlier efforts and then I softened my new friend's look to better match the soft pastel colors of his wardrobe and his hair. While I was at it, I touched up my own makeup as well. I was surprised to see that I'd made myself even more girlish – dare I think it? – yes, even prettier than before.

"I give up," fumed Christine. "I'm going to change clothes. Both of you guys look so much better than me. I am going to be really pissed of either of you get more attention than I do!"

"Hey, I'm not looking for a boyfriend!" I said defensively. "I didn't want to do this in the first place. Only, well, if I'm going out in public, I figured I better make sure nobody figures out who I am, that's all."

"Oh, yeah, right!" Christine looked at me and shook her head. She then stepped up so close I thought she was going to kiss me. "You keep acting like the reluctant princess, but I'm not buying it! Say what you want, but I am so jealous of you! I'm just pissed

that I can't do makeup as good as you. You win, 'Pamela.' Do my face, too, then I'll change into something to match it."

Rather than argue, I did a quick makeover on her as well, making her look older and, to my own surprise, sexier. As she sat there in front of me, attentive and demure for once, I remember thinking how pretty she was and how she'd stolen a kiss from me just a short while before. Christine could be the biggest pain in the butt, but as I painted her lips with a red gloss, I thought how nice it would feel to kiss her just one more time ….

After I was done Danny's sister got dressed. Christine chit-chatted and gossiped as she took off her clothes in front of us. I was surprised, but she acted as though it was the most natural thing in the world. I couldn't help but stare as she dropped her underwear right there in the same room with us. She strutted and posed in front of the dressing mirror and checked her breasts. She even bent over to scratch her foot, allowing me to see right up between her butt cheeks. It was amazing! I found it hard to keep eye contacts as she stood completely naked right there in front of me with her hands on her hips and ranted on about some boy at school.

"Can you believe it? I just happened to sit with him at lunch one time and now he thinks he's got a crush on me! Boys, I just can't stand them!"

"Uh-huh," I said dumbly, trying not to stare. I jumped as something hit me on the leg.

Danny giggled. "Like what you see?"

I shrugged my shoulders and tried to act casual, but I had to blush. This was the first girl I'd ever seen completely nude, of course. I mean, I'd seen my mom and several of her friends topless around the pool – the image of Rita and her magnificent breasts is still one of my fondest memories – but this was the first girl I'd seen with no pants or panties. And it was even better than what I'd seen in the magazines!

You have to know that Christine was still developing from girl to woman, which I thought was absolutely fascinating. Her arms and legs were long and lean and her body was plump with baby fat in the most remarkable places. I was amazed to see that her pubic hair was the same delicate and wispy blond as the hair on her head. I was also surprised to see that she'd not exaggerated about her breasts. They were no larger than my own, perhaps even a bit smaller. Still, I was fascinated as by them as they were the first real girl's breasts I'd ever seen. Not counting my Rita or my mother, of course.

"Ow!" I cried. I was surprised as Danny kicked me in the shin a second time. "Keep your eyes on your work, 'Pamela.' That's my little sister you're staring at."

I felt a little embarrassed at being caught. At first I thought Danny was being protective, but I think he was more jealous than anything.

Christine put on her bra as she talked. "Don't worry your pretty little head, 'Danielle.' I don't think I'm a threat. Your new girlfriend is in love with you. Besides, I'm just one of the girls."

The cross-dressed boy brooded. "That's the problem, little sister. I know how much you like the 'other girls'."

The blond girl winked as she slipped into a pair of skimpy panties. "That is very true, brother dear."

My ears burned as I realized what they were saying. Christine liked … girls? I pondered that one for a moment.

Does she just like girls, or does she LIKE girls? I thought to myself. If it's what I think it means, it would certainly explain a few things!

Christine's outfit made her look more dangerous than anything I'd ever worn. It had a tight black baby t-shirt, a white pleated skirt and black ankle high boots. I felt like a teenaged girlie-girl compared to her more sophisticated, dark and mature look. As I admired her breasts I noticed the logo on her top said "Spoiled Brat" in red sparkly letters.

That makes sense, I thought silently.

By the time we got our purses and primped our hair "one more time," it was starting to get dark. I looked at the clock and almost panicked when I realized how late it was. My mom was going to have a fit if I was late getting home! Danny and Christine told me to calm down.

"We'll get Aunt Marlene to intervene with your mother for you," Christine said. "I'll get her to call right now. Don't worry about it. She can be very persuasive when she puts her mind to it, believe you me!"

Downstairs Aunt Marlene had just finished her bath and was lounging on the sofa with her book and a cup of tea. She was wrapped in an exotic kimono style gown that left little to the imagination at the top. Despite my experience with her nephew, the boy in me couldn't help but stare at her plentiful cleavage.

"Well, you girls certainly look nice," she said sweetly. "Christine and 'Pamela' look almost like twins in those cute little tops and mini-skirts. And 'Danielle,' that dress

looks amazing on you. It's hard to believe that you're boys underneath all that lipstick and lace."

"Thanks, Auntie Marlene," the bashful boy replied.

"Hey, I'm not a boy," Christine said in mock anger.

Aunt Marlene gave her a knowing look. "No, but you sometimes act like one, don't you, little miss?"

Sure enough, the teens' aunt made a call on my behalf and – to my combined relief and alarm – got my mother to agree to a later curfew. She studied me as she hung up the phone. She then smiled.
"Not to worry, sweetie. Your mother was very understanding. The 'girls' can walk you home after you get your ice cream. You don't live that far away, so she won't be expecting you for at least another hour. That ought to give you guys plenty of time to have a little fun."

I felt my stomach flutter. "I don't know. What about my things …?"

Christine pushed me toward the door. "Oh, don't be such a sissy, 'Pamela'! You can pick them up later. Let's get going before somebody changes their mind!"

I looked back helplessly at Aunt Marlene. She had a strange smile on her face. "'Bye, girls. Try to stay out of trouble!"

The next thing I knew, I was clip-clopping down the street with Danny on one arm and his sister on the other. I felt as though I was in a dream, not in control at all as I was led away from my friend's house and the last remnants of my boyish identity.

I didn't have much to say as we made our way along the sidewalk, arm in arm like a trio of trendy, silly teenaged girls. "Danielle" and Christine chirped and chattered on in a manner befitting our appearance. I had absolutely no idea what all they were talking about as I was too busy looking around for faces that might recognize me in my teenaged drama queen disguise. The few people we did meet along the way just smiled and paid us little attention. My escorts talked on and one and I just responded occasionally with a bashful "uh-huh" and "oh, really?" as needed.

We were about ten minutes from Danny's house when his sister suddenly slowed her pace and then, without a word, stopped us. I looked around to see that we were next to a driveway bordered by a thick grove of shrubbery. There wasn't a soul in sight, except for the brother and sister standing alongside me.

“Okay, I’m sorry guys, but I have to get something off my chest,” the blond girl said with a sudden tone of seriousness. She grabbed my wrist and pulled me into the shadows. “Danny, I hope you don’t mind, but I’ve got to do this at least once. It’s about to drive me crazy!”

I felt a pair of hands grab my shoulder and then spin me around. The next thing I knew, a pair of moist, eager lips were pressing against my own. I tried for an instant to pull away, but my heart wasn’t in it. The sensation was too pleasant. And besides, I had nowhere to go.

Christine pulled away and smiled a crooked, satisfied smile. “Wow. That was way better than the first time we did it! You kiss almost as good as a real gir!”

Danny’s face darkened. “The first time? What do you mean by that? Tell me you haven’t kissed him before? When was that?”

The smiling girl shrugged her shoulders. “Back at the house when he first got there. You were changing clothes and … well, don’t worry about it. I’m not going to take him away from you. You were making such a big deal about what a good kisser he is and, I … I just wanted to see if it was as much fun as you make it out to be. That’s all.”

“And?”

She nodded her head. “Your pretty ‘Pamela’ is a very good kisser.”

Danny turned me around and pulled my face close to his. I couldn’t tell if he was really mad or just acting. “Well, we can’t have this! If you’re done, sister, dear, it’s now my turn! I’ve got to make sure he knows who he’s really supposed to be kissing!”

Well, what else could I do but let him kiss me. I felt kind of funny about it, I mean, standing there on the sidewalk in that silly teen girl bubble gum outfit, kissing another boy who looked just as pretty as I did. But nobody was around and, well, it felt really nice.

Oh, well ….



Danny and I kissed for the longest time, right there in plain view of anyone who happened to drive or walk by. Of course, all I could think about was Mom showing up at any minute and catching me dressed up like a teenaged girl in public kissing Danny on the mouth. I probably would have enjoyed our little making out session a lot more if I hadn't been so stressed at the time. Well, I mean, I didn't exactly not enjoy it. I just didn't enjoy it as much as I would have liked.

"So, who do you like best, me or my sister?" my cross-dressed friend whispered as I fought to catch my breath.

"Well, it's kind of hard to say," I croaked as I gasped for air. "I mean, you know …."

The cross-dressed boy made a pouty face. "What do you mean, hard to say! Let's do this again …."

Just as Danny pulled me in for another kiss, I heard someone behind me say, "Wow!"

For an instant I thought I was going to have a heart attack. No, really, I almost peed my panties as I was absolutely sure my mom had caught me doing something stupid again.

Now what am I going to do …?

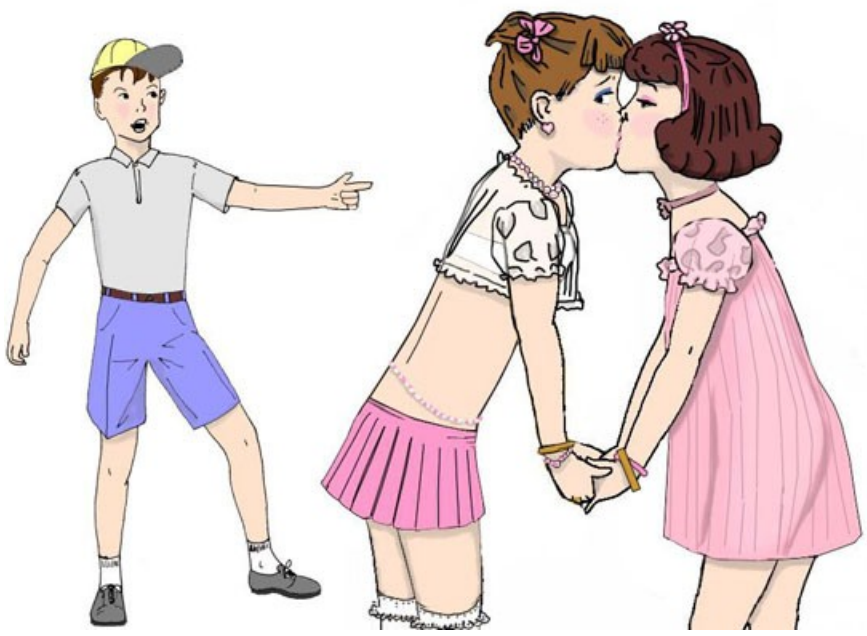
But my panic was for naught. Glancing over my shoulder I was stunned to see a familiar face. It was Gary Lowe, one of my old classmates. We'd gone to school the

year before and the last I'd heard he was in private school. Anyway, he was standing no more than ten feet away, his eyes wide in amazement. Apparently he'd been walking along the sidewalk and stumbled into us in our impromptu hiding place.

This was, of course, the second time Gary had seen me wearing girls' clothes in public. Only a few months before, right after my fourteenth birthday, he's seen me the supermarket shopping with my mom. I think I probably told you about that. I'd been wearing that silly bikini bathing suit and somehow during our conversation he'd never realized I was a boy. This time I thought for sure he would figure out who I was and something terrible would happen.

I was only half right.

It took me a second to realize that Gary had absolutely no idea who I was. His eyes were hovering somewhere between my breasts and my legs, his face likewise locked somewhere between delight and horror. It took me a moment to realize that he apparently thought Danny and I were two girls making out.



"Um, hi … I, er, hope I wasn't interrupting anything." Pausing for a moment, he grinned and nodded. "Don't let me interrupt you two."

I looked from Gary to Danny. That wasn't very reassuring. My friend appeared to be just as nervous as I was at having been discovered. I felt him grip my hand and I wondered for an instant how far we would get in our girlie shoes if we tried to run away.

Leave it to Christine, of all people, to save the day. Sort of.

“Hey, there!” she said to Gary as though she was glad to see him. “You are just the person we need. Can you do us a favor?”

Startled by the odd question, the boy looked from me to Christine and Danny and back again. He scrunched up his boyish face and shrugged his shoulders. “Uh, sure, I guess. What’s up?”

The grinning girl glanced at me and winked. “We have a little problem and you might be able to help us. My sister and I” – she nodded toward “Danielle” and me – “are on our way to meet some boys and we’re a little worried.”

Gary frowned. “What’s the matter? Did they do something to scare you?”

Christine smiled sweetly. “Oh, no! It’s nothing like that. You see, ‘Pamela’ here” – she pushed me forward a step or two – “has never kissed a boy before and she’s afraid she’s going to do something wrong. She’s thinks she’s going to screw it up and so, well, my little sister ‘Danielle’ was giving her some advice.”

The teenaged boy thought for a second, then grinned. “Oh, so you mean … you guys were … like, practicing kissing?”

I looked at Christine. She rolled her eyes and laughed. “That’s exactly what they were doing. ‘Pamela’ is so worried about making a good impression, and since we didn’t have any boys for her to practice on, ‘Danielle’ volunteered to be the guinea pig.”

Gary pondered that for a moment while both Christine and Danny fought to contain their laughter.

“So, you guys, practice kissing each other …?”

Christine smiled again. “Oh, sure. We girls do that all the time. You didn’t know that? Well, it’s kind of a girl secret, so don’t tell anybody about it. How do you think us girls know so much about kissing in the first place?”

Gary raised his eyebrows and nodded. “That kinda makes sense. I never thought about it.”

I couldn’t help but notice he squirmed a bit as he imagined an entire race of girls practicing their kissing on each other. I felt guilty as I caught myself staring at the front of his pants. I felt my mouth go dry as I realized I was looking at his growing erection pressing against the front of his shorts.

I wondered if Danny had noticed this, too.

The grinning boy nodded again. "Wow, that does make a lot of sense …."

"So when you showed up," Christine continued, "I thought maybe, well, you know … if you didn't mind … would you mind if he, er, she tried out what she learned on you?"

I glared at Danny's sister, but she went on as though she believed what she was saying.

"We really could use your help. I mean, I know it's asking a lot, and we don't want to get you in trouble with your girlfriend, but …."

The wide-eyed boy nodded, then shook his head. "I, um, don't really have a girlfriend right now, but …."

Christine batted her eyelashes and touched him on the arm as though they were old friends. "You don't have a girlfriend? Really? I find that hard to believe!"

Gary blushed. "Well, not right now I don't. I hope to have a real girlfriend someday, but … Hey, you're not trying to trick me, are you?"

My two friends looked at me. I just stood there and shrugged. Danny cleared his throat and said in a soft voice, "What kind of trick?"

Gary frowned. "You know, like you're not going to bite me or tell your big brother on me or get me in trouble with your parents."

Regaining her composure, Christine brushed her fingers along the anxious boy's bare arm. "Oh, no, nothing like that. It's like I said, we're trying to teach 'Pammy' here how to kiss a real live boy and since you're the only one around …."

"Oh, well, sure. I mean, if you guys really want me to … you know … do that. You know, if you think I can help out or something …."

He'd barely gotten the words out when I felt another shove and I was standing just inches from the red-faced boy. I braced myself for the inevitable moment when he'd realize I was really a boy in a skirt and lipstick, to be followed by cursing, yelling and perhaps even a beating.

It never came.

We stood there for a minute and looked at each other. The memory of it all now is kind of cute, but at the time I was horrified. I remember trying to lock in on his eyes, but they kept shifting left to right and then down at the ground. I couldn't believe it.

Despite all his talk and acting rough and tough, he was actually kind of bashful. In fact, I think he was as nervous as I was at the time.

“So, um, how do you want to do this?” he asked.

To my dismay – and the delight of my companions – Gary ignored what I thought of as the obvious. Not only did he not recognize me as a boy, I don’t think he realized he’d seen me before at the supermarket. For an instant I thought of my mother and wondered if he masturbated after seeing me in that stupid bikini.

Ewww!!!!

Putting that awful thought from my mind, I concentrated on acting as feminine as possible. As much as I hated to do it, I did not want him to even suspect I was a boy, especially at such close range.

The blushing boy put his hand out to touch my shoulder. “Er, I mean … who goes first?”

“Just kiss her, stupid!” Christine said with frustration. “It’s not like she’s got cooties or something.”

I thought for sure Danny would have argued on my behalf, but I was shocked to see that he was enjoying my predicament as much as Christine.

“Yeah, go ahead and kiss him, ‘Pamela’!” He taunted. “Don’t be such a sissy!”

Encouraged by my friends’ teasing remarks, Gary got a sudden shot of confidence. He straightened up his posture and looked me dead in the eye. He then smirked and posed and put his arm around me as though he actually thought I was a real girl. I now know he didn’t have any idea of what was going on, but at that moment I was about as confused and scared as I’d ever been in my entire life.



“I don’t know if this is a good idea,” I said quietly.

The grinning boy shrugged his shoulders. “I won’t hurt you. I promise.”

I could hardly believe my eyes as he moved his face close to mine. Sighing deeply, I nodded my head and closed my eyes.

The first kiss wasn’t much. He just kind of pressed his lips against mine, shmushed them around for a moment and then pulled away. I opened my eyes up to see his face still within an inch of my own. Something in me took over and I closed my eyes again and moved forward. This time I was kissing him!

I don’t know how or why, but I just kind of did all this automatically, like it was the right thing to do. Even worse, I opened my mouth and that’s when it really got bad. That familiar tingling hit me between my legs and my breathing got all messed up. Gary took the hint and he opened his mouth, unleashing his teenaged tongue to mix it up with mine. We kissed for, well, a couple of minutes, I guess. Then my knees got weak and I almost fell down on my pantied butt as I pulled away.

“Are you okay?”

The startled boy looked concerned as he grabbed hold around my waist and held me up. I couldn't help but notice that his hand slipped up under my skirt and touched my bottom for a lot longer than necessary. He gave me a guilty look and repositioned both of his hands around my waist to keep me from falling over again.

I nodded. "Sure. Yeah. I guess so. I just got dizzy, I guess." I was so embarrassed. "I think I ought to go."

Gary looked disappointed. "But … we just got started."

Christine quickly jumped in with, "Oh, that's all right! You did such a good job, you can give my sister a kissing lesson, too!"

Danny looked like a deer caught in the headlights. Christine giggled and pushed him toward the grinning Gary, who couldn't have been happier. I just stood there and watched. It was like a car crash. I just knew someone was going to get hurt, but I couldn't look away.

Gary looked as though he'd won the lottery or had been crowned king of the world. I watched, bewildered, as he took my cross-dressed friend in his arms. Danny shot a quick glance in my direction and smiled a shy smile, just the slightest bit. I couldn't take my eyes off the scene as the two boys pressed their mouths together and kissed for just a second or two. Once they got that over with, they pressed their mouths together once again and made out for the longest time. I was as impressed with Danny's ability to hold his breath as I was the fact that he was kissing another boy right there before my eyes.

And, no, in case you're wondering, I didn't get jealous. Well, maybe just a little bit. Okay, maybe more than a little bit. It was just weird watching my new friend kissing a boy … and knowing all that I knew about the situation.

By the time it was over both Danny and Gary had dazed looks on their faces. Danny stepped back and quietly took my hand in his. Gary stood dumbly, his smiling mouth smeared with lipstick and – as much as I hate to admit knowing this – the front of his pants having formed a little tent. He was obviously having a fierce erection. And in turn, I felt that dreaded tingling between my own legs.

The blushing boy looked at Christine. "What about you? Do you want to practice kissing a boy, too?"

The fourteen year old girl laughed. "Nah. I don't like boys," she said proudly. She shot a glance in my direction. "Well, most boys."

As we parted company Christine caught my eye again. I followed her eyes toward Gary and realized she had noticed the bulge in his pants, too. Eyes wide, I looked back at her and then to Danny. They both giggled and grabbed me by the wrists and drug me down the street toward our destination.

"That was the best!" Christine giggled as we clip-clopped our way down the sidewalk as fast as our high heeled feet would take us. "I can't believe you guys actually kissed him! Ugh! How could you do that?"

Danny giggled, too. Just like his sister. "Hey, it wasn't just me! Here I was feeling all sorry for 'Pamela' earlier this evening, after she was acting all shy and teary eyed. And then she just up and made out with some boy she met on the street! Wow … I really underestimated you, 'Pamela'!"

I got a little mad at what he was implying. "It's not my fault! She's the one who started it!" I pointed toward Christine. "I … I just did like I was told."

Danny's sister was laughing hysterically. "I didn't really think either of you would do it, you dummies! I thought 'Pamela' would get all weepy again and cry your way out of it. I didn't think you'd actually let him touch you, much less French kiss you like that!"

I felt my face turn red. "Well, what about you, 'Danielle'? You did as much as I did, probably more!"

Danny grinned. "Yeah, so? I admit it. I never said I didn't want to do it. I'm not the hypocrite, remember? I like kissing boys. I have ever since I was little. You're the one who acts all prim and proper, like you don't wanna. After tonight, I know you're liar!"

"Liar, liar, panties on fire!" Christine sang loudly. "'Pamela' likes kissing boys! 'Pamela' likes kissing boys!"

"What do you want to bet that he's going straight home to jack off!" Christine suddenly said.
Danny and I both looked at each other with extreme guilt. Suddenly, the blond girl burst out laughing and flipped up the hems of both our outfits.

"I bet you both want to do the same thing!" she exclaimed, giggling like a maniac.

Danny just grinned and ignored his sister's behavior. Embarrassed and a little angry, I pulled the hem of my skirt down around my legs. "You guys are driving me crazy," I said, shaking my head.

We reached the drugstore without further incident and went straight to the restroom to fix our makeup. I was carrying a handbag borrowed from Judy's room and inside I had some of her borrowed lipsticks, mascara and other essentials. I also noticed that there were a tampon and a feminine napkin. Danny saw what I'd found and giggled.

"I've got the same thing in my purse, too," he said with embarrassed satisfaction

We each enjoyed an ice cream cone and wandered around the store for a while, spending most of our time perusing the cosmetics and thumbing through fashion magazines. I remember thinking how much we looked and acted just like three typical teenaged girls on a Friday night out. Thank goodness we were the only girls in the store, though. I was certain that if we'd run into anyone else from school they would have recognized "Pamela" right away and my life would quickly become rather complicated.

Before leaving Christine stopped by the photo desk. She'd apparently dropped off a roll of film while Danny and I were in the bathroom. I was more than a little shocked to see several pictures of me clowning around in girlish clothes and acting stupid. There were even a couple of Danny and me kissing and several of us both kissing Gary Lowe, which I found strangely fascinating. I'd no idea she'd shot them but part of me was glad. Christine sorted through them and handed a few to me, which I quickly put in my purse for safekeeping. I wouldn't have admitted it at the time, but I was secretly pleased and I wondered where I could hide them from my mother.

"A little souvenir for those restless nights," she said with a titter.

It was nearly nine when we finally arrived at my house. I approached the front steps with trepidation, my hands shaking and my mouth as dry as the concrete I walked on.

"Welcome!" my mom said with more grace and charm than I'd ever seen from her before. "I'm so glad you girls could come see me! Greg never brings any of his friends home. I sometimes wonder if he's ashamed of his old ugly mother …."

And so it went. Mom poured the charisma on that evening, flattering Christine and Danny with every word and referring me alternately as "Greg" and "Pamela," whichever was the most inappropriate at the moment.

"Gregory Parker, you look so adorable in your little girl outfit! You look just like a teenaged movie sex kitten if I ever saw one, doesn't he, girls?"

Danny and Christine nodded their heads in unison.

"He sure does, Mrs. Parker," one or both of them said.

“He just loves dressing up like ‘Pamela’! Sometimes I have to remind him that he is a boy, but what am I supposed to do? I am so happy Greg has such pretty friends! Just do me a favor and make sure ‘Pamela’ doesn’t get into any trouble. I know what kind of mischief a pretty girl can get herself into.”

My mother insisted on giving the grand tour, of course. What I didn’t expect was for her to show them my bedroom! I drug my feet as she opened the door and I could have just died as she escorted them in. Danny and Christine both seemed astonished at how feminine it looked, though they did a pretty good job hiding their excitement as she opened my drawers and closet and showed off the collection of lingerie and feminine things I’d collected over the years.

“Oh, wow, I never thought that Greg Parker’s bedroom would look anything like this,” Christine said, her voice in awe.

Danny was just as quiet. “No kidding.”

I about choked when I realized they were both staring at that stupid “Hot Buns” poster Rita had gotten me for my birthday. I tried to act all nonchalant about it, but I’m pretty sure I wasn’t fooling anybody. Especially with my mom there to add fuel to the fire.

“Oh, that awful thing!” my mother said with feigned disgust. “I hate that ugly picture, but ‘Pamela,’ I mean, Greg really likes it. Who else would want to stare at a bunch of ugly male butts all the time? Maybe you two might know somebody who wants it.”

I felt my cheeks burn as I tried to think of something to say.

Christine looked at my mother, then right at me. “Oh, I think you ought to leave it up there, Mrs. Parker. I bet ‘Pamela’ just loves staring at it every night before going to sleep. Most any girl would.”

The room filled with laughter. I felt so stupid as everyone looked my way. My mom, Christine, even Danny took delight in my embarrassment. They talked and chatted for the longest time as I stood there like a mannequin, wondering if this was what hell might be like.

“We better get going, Mrs. Parker!” Christine finally said. “Thanks again for letting Greg … I mean, ‘Pamela’ come visit us. We had a great time!”

Danny smiled shyly. “Me, too, Mrs. Parker. You’re really neat, too!”

My mother raised an eyebrow and looked right at me. “Well, thank you, ‘Danielle.’ I’m certainly glad someone appreciates me. Some people just don’t realize how lucky they

are."

Christine giggled. "Well, I think 'some people' are crazy and 'some people' better learn to treat their mother better than that!"

There was another wave of laughter and giggles and embarrassing comments. True to form, I just stood there silently and acted all embarrassed and ashamed. I kept trying to think of the right words to fling back in my defense, but looking down at my silly attire and thinking about all I'd been through that day, I couldn't do it.

And then it was too late and they were gone.

For a few seconds it was quiet in the house and I was relieved that my friends had left. Then I looked up and say my mother smiling at me. We were alone and, judging from the look on her face, I had a lot of explaining to do.

Chapter 36 – Confessions

"You might as well come upstairs and get ready for bed. You have a big day tomorrow with Mrs. McCuddy. She's having another little party and needs 'Pamela' there bright and early."

My mom stood and watched as I began removing all of the things that made me 'Pamela' for the day, beginning with the ribbons that tied up my hair.



“All right, little mister, you may as well start from the beginning,” she said, patting me gently on the cheek. You might have thought she wanted to hear about a typical day at school.

I had trouble looking her in the eye, of course. “Um, well, I don’t know exactly where to begin.”

She knew exactly where to begin, of course, and so I told her step by step what had happened that afternoon, from the moment that I entered Danny’s house to putting foot in my own. I still don’t know how she did it, but my mom was able to get me talk just about everything. She always had that kind of power over me. I did leave out a few details, thank goodness, like the kissing with both Danny and his sister, not to mention Christine’s discovery of my tampon. Oh, and that incident with Danny where I got all excited and … well, you know. And there was no way in hell that I was going to talk about Gary Lowe! Kissing about boy on the street like that? Even I was having a hard time with that one and my mom would never let me live that down if she knew anything about that!

“It sounds like you had a pretty good time, sweetie,” she said in a warm, disarming manner. “I just have a couple of questions, however ….”

Then came the cross-examination. She often did that, asking and re-asking the same questions over and over again until she caught me in a lie. Even if I hadn't lied, she more often than not caught me in a contradiction and would use that as an excuse to punish me. It had happened when I was little and it was happening now. The more I talked, the most stupid I felt, not to mention helpless. It was as though the world was coming down crashing around me and there was no place for me to hide. The past couple of days had been so confusing for me, I didn't know which end was up. And now I had my mother to worry about! Geez, how much worse could it get?

"You look quite cute in your boyfriend's pretty clothes," said Mother. "I approve, of course. The only problem I have is why you lied to me."

"But I … I … I didn't lie." I tried to swallow, but it hurt too much. "I promise!"

"Not another word, young lady! I want to you to think long and hard before you say anything else. I know you better than you know yourself and I know right now that you're not telling me everything that happened tonight!"

My eyes started burning and I resisted the temptation to fix my makeup.

"Well, maybe not everything," I whispered. "But I wasn't lying …."

"We have had this discussion in the past, 'Pamela'! You know very well that lying by omission is just as guilty a sin as lying by commission," my mother said. "By keeping a secret from me, you are just as guilty as if you said words to mislead me. That's lying, no matter how you look at it. And you know how I feel about lying."

I suddenly had trouble breathing. It was as though a huge lead weight was pressing against my chest.

"Let me see what's inside your purse."

My hands trembling, I handed over the purse Danny had given me. I watched carefully as my mother went through the contents, her smile getting larger and larger throughout the process.

"Tampons, pads, lipstick … Hmmm, you didn't steal any of these things, did you? Tell me the truth, 'cause I'll find out if you did."

"No, Mom … 'Danielle' … I mean, Danny … he gave me all that stuff. I promise."

"I wonder why he would do that? You two must be very good … girlfriends if he gave you all this."

I shrugged my shoulders.

“What did I just say about lying?”

I blinked, then I nodded. “Yes, ma’am. I guess … I guess we are … girlfriends.”

Mom pulled out the envelope with the pictures. I blanched as she thumbed through them.

“Now, see, this is exactly what I am talking about. I’ve tried to get you to go out with me dressed as ‘Pamela’ and all I get is grief and ‘I can’t do that! Oh, no, Mother, somebody might make fun of me!’ ‘I’m a big strong boy!’ And here I now see a bunch of pictures of you dressed just like some horny little slut kissing a strange boy. And then you lie to me about it? Now, can somebody tell me what’s going on here?”

Tears of frustration started streaming down my face. I was so mixed up, so baffled by the entire situation, I couldn’t think of anything intelligent to say. I gave it a try, but the only thing I could come up with was, “I’m sorry, Mama. It wasn’t my idea ….”

“Don’t you dare try to lie your way out of this one, ‘Pamela’! It’s obvious to me that you were having a pretty good time. Honey, I’ve got pictures to prove it! Look at the smile on your face!”
I thought about it for a moment and nodded my head. I did look like I was smiling in the photograph. Only a short while ago that image pleased me. Now I was scared stiff. I cleared my throat to speak.

“Okay, well, it really wasn’t my idea. But, hang on a minute ….” I caught my breath. “Mom, see, I did go along with it. It was, you know, kind of a joke on that boy. He didn’t know we weren’t girls … that we were boys. We were just having a little fun, I guess.”

Oddly enough, that single statement is what my mom seemed to appreciate the most.

“Well, I’m certainly glad you had a good time with your little girlfriend. When I walked in that house and saw you making out with your pretty new boyfriend, I knew I’d been right all along. And now I’ve got evidence of you swapping spit with some other boy on the street! I wonder how long that has been going on?”

“Not long, I promise!” I winced as I realized how stupid that sounded. “Mom, wait a minute. I mean, just today. Honest, Mom, it’s the truth! I promise!”

SLAP!

I was totally unprepared for the blow that knocked me senseless. I shook it off and tried to fight back the tears. It was useless. They poured out and I began sobbing

uncontrollably. My mother raised her hand to strike me again. Seeing how frightened I was, she smiled, then lowered it.

"You listen to me and you listen to me good, 'Pamela'! I do not ever –never! – want to hear you complain ever again about me making you into a sissy or how you're not a fag or queer or whatever. Anything that you are or that you turn out to be is all your doing and nobody else's! You're the one who's at fault! I'm trying to teach you manners and self-respect and you act like a little whore!!!??? And I've got the proof right here any time you want to say otherwise!"

Those were harsh words, but I knew I deserved them. I'd allowed myself to fall into a trap baited with temptations and fantasy, and now I was paying for it. If only I could make it until bedtime, then maybe things would calm down a bit. But then my mom delivered the death blow to my failing ego.

"That's the good news, little girl. The bad news is, we've got to do something about your constant lying." She gave me a long, hard look. I felt so ashamed. At long last she shook her head.

"Take off your clothes," she finally said. "I'm going to get my hairbrush."

I blinked in disbelief. I hadn't gotten a spanking in a long, long time.

"You're … you're not really going to spank me, are you?" I tried to swallow, but my throat hurt too much. "I'm … I'm fourteen now, Mom. I'm not supposed to get spanked any more."

Mom looked me up and down and shook her head. I couldn't figure out why my stomach hurt so much.

"Age should never be a deterrent to good discipline. Let me see … where should I start? The lies … the deception … the dishonesty … the loose morals and perversion? There's so much for me to choose from! I'm going to do you a favor, 'Pamela' … I'm going to spell it out for you …."

I tried one more time. "Please … Mommy … don't spank me …."

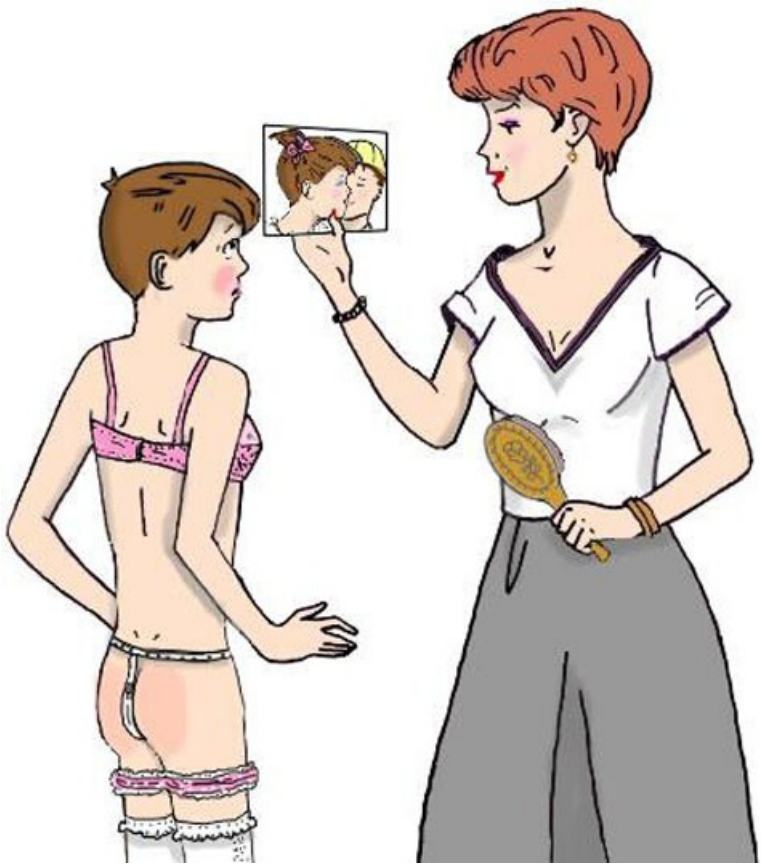
SLAPP!!!

I felt my head recoil backward as she suddenly slapped my face. Before I could react she hit me again, her open palm right across the other side of my head.

"How about one smack at a time! Do you think that will help you understand why you're getting a paddling?"

Too distraught to say anything, I merely sobbed and wiped at the tears burning my eyes.

“Good, now, take off those clothes. I don’t want you to ruin them when I beat your butt.”



It didn’t take long for me to get down to my underwear. Casting aside the borrowed dress, shoes and stockings, I remember standing in the middle of the living room floor in nothing but my borrowed bra and panties, waiting patiently for Mom to get back with her hairbrush. I think I still had on my stockings, but things were happening too fast. I couldn’t help crying, just like I did when I was little. Funny, how something like standing nearly naked in the middle of a room can make you feel like a little kid again.

Soon as she got back, my mother instructed me to pull down my panties, but to leave on my brassiere. “Pull them down. That’s right, now, I want you to bend over and brace your hands on your knees. Wait just moment, please. Can somebody tell me what this is all about?”

I stood helplessly as she snapped the elastic strap that encircled my waist.

“It’s, um, for my period,” I croaked weakly. “Christine and Danny, they found out about my tampon and they ….” I had no words to explain any further.

My mom put her hands on her hips. “Well, you are certainly full of surprise tonight, young lady. And, please, tell me how you came to tell you friends about your tampon? I thought you were ashamed of your periods.”

Numb with fear and shame, I told that entire story as well, sobbing and crying between sentences. Mom acted mad, but she was also amused by my mortifying explanation. She was equally happy at how much pain my experience was causing me. Thank goodness I was so upset that I forgot to tell about the little scene where I squirted all over Danny’s face. I don’t know if I could have handled that!

“You’ve certainly had an adventure today, haven’t you, sweetie?”

I nodded and wiped my tears on my bare arm. “Yes, ma’am,” I said with a sniff.

“I think you’ll be spending more time with your Aunt Marlene and the girls. They seem to be a positive influence on you. Danny is certainly the kind of boy I think you should be hanging out with. And that Christine is a smart young lady. She sort of reminds me of myself at that age.”

I nodded my head. I couldn’t argue with her there.

“All right, then. Let’s take up from where we left off. Bend over at the knees.”

I felt my stomach curdle with fear. I gave a sigh of despair and presented my bare bottom as directed.

“Come on, ‘Pamela.’ Don’t make me angry. That’s a good girl … now, you can help me keep count ….”

WHAP!!! WHAP!!! WHAP!!! WHAP!!! WHAP!!!

Mom hadn’t lost her touch. Each blow on my bare bottom was hard, painful and spaced well apart from its sisters. On and on it went until I was sobbing like a grade school girl. I prayed for sweet death but it continued past my breaking point. I thought I was about to pass out when she finally stopped.

“Now, maybe that will give you something to think about,” my mom said, her voice breathless and husky.

I have to tell you, that was one of the worst paddlings I’d ever gotten. I was crying so hard, my face was nasty with tears and snot and my knees were weak from the stress of

my beating. All I wanted to do was go hide in my bedroom and bury my face in my pillow and cry myself to sleep. Still, my mother made me stand before her while she delivered yet another lecture.

"I know it hurt, babydoll, but that's the purpose of a spanking. To attract your attention. One of these days you'll learn to just go ahead and mind what I say and be completely honest with me. That doesn't just mean don't lie. It means telling me things that you know damned good and well that I need to know. You've come a long way from being the perverted little thief you were a couple of years ago and I'm not about to give up on you now. Do you even know what I am talking about?"

Biting my lip, I wiped my runny nose on my bare arm and nodded my head. "Yes … yes, ma'am," I said in a quivering voice. "I'm trying, Mom. I really am. I didn't mean to lie to you. I'll do better, I promise. I'll tell you everything. I really will."

"That's my girl." My mom nodded her head and thought for a moment. She suddenly grinned and gave me a wink. "I'll tell you what, 'Pamela.' Why don't you go wash your face and then give yourself a nice warm refreshing douche while I go and fix us some hot chocolate. When you're done you can put on a pretty nightie and come back and tell Mother all about your new boyfriends." She gave me a funny look, and then giggled. "Silly me, I mean, your new girlfriends and your new boyfriend."

I was filled with dread as my mom led me to the bathroom. There she dug through the cabinet and pulled out a cardboard box. "Here, I just bought you a new feminine hygiene kit. You'll just love this. The new douche bag comes with an extra large nozzle that will make my pretty boy tingle all over! Oh, and I bought some fresh tampons and now that you've shown an interest, you can wear a feminine napkin, too. You know, just in case."

I ignored the boxes of tampons and napkins in my hands. Instead, I felt my heart race as my mother brandished a brand new pink bulb and nozzle just inches from my face. Then I saw the huge rubber bag and the enormous ivory colored nozzle. She was right; it was gigantic! My bottom twitched as I tried to imagine what something like that would feel like inside me.

"It looks so big," I whispered in complete awe of the size of the phallic nozzle.

Mom smiled. "Well, you're a big girl now, so I had to get something more appropriate to your age. Don't be such a sour puss. It works just like the one you had before. You'll thank me later. Trust me.

Taking a deep breath, I nodded my head. “I guess so ….”

And as much as I hate to admit it, she was right.



Chapter 37 — A State of Confusion

My mother had me in the palm of her hand after my misadventures with Danny and his sister. Energized by the revelations of my latest exploits, Mom renewed her insistence that I spend almost all of my time home from school in heels and dresses. She even went out and bought me new maid's costume, very similar to the one I tried on at Danny's house. I say "costume" because no real maid would have worn such a tiny little thing. Besides being way too tight, the skirt was so short that it barely covered the tops of my stockings, which I found extremely annoying. But Mom said it made me look cute and she insisted that I wear it when doing my homework, my afternoon jobs cleaning the Johnston house and my weekends working as a maid for Old Lady McCuddy.

I knew things were taking a turn for the worst when I came home from school one day and saw Christine's snapshots displayed on the living room mantel. I couldn't believe it! Mom bought frames for all of them and had them sitting out where just anyone could see them. It was bad enough that these were pictures of me and Danny acting like a couple of goof balls in our teenaged girl "pop star" finery, but the ones of me kissing Gary Lowe made me physically ill.

"Mom!" I cried out shamefully. "Please, take those down! I can't believe you put them for people to see! Why in the world would you do that?"

"Oh, hush, 'Pamela.' I think they're cute." My mother shrugged her shoulders in a very nonchalant manner. "I don't know what your problem is, little miss. You're the one who was running around in public dressed like a girl chasing boys. It's pretty obvious that you were having a good time. Can you deny it?"

Judging from the photographs my mother was right. Every photograph from that day showed me either smiling or laughing. Except for the one where I was lip locked with that stupid Gary. A kaleidoscope of emotions swept through my body as I stared and remembered that very exact moment.

"Wellllllll …." I dug my toe in the carpet and tried to think of something intelligent to say. "That's not the point. I mean, okay, we were having a little bit of fun, but that doesn't mean …."

"See, it's just as I expected!" she snapped. "You're a little hypocrite, 'Pamela.' You talk a big talk, play the victim and complain about how I'm turning you into a sissy boy. But then when my back is turned you go and dress like a horny little high school girl and climb all over the first thing in pants you find."

"Mom, that's not what happened!" A cold stare shut me up.

"You little liar! Don't you dare stand there and lie to me! Not unless you want me to get out my hairbrush!"

I felt my stomach churn as I remembered the last time I had a session with her dreaded hairbrush. My bottom ached at the very thought.

"I'm sorry, Mommy," I whispered.

My mother smiled. She then reached out and straightened up the collection of photographs, placing the one of me kissing Gary prominently in front.

"These pictures will stay here as long as I say so. They are a reminder of what my big macho son likes to do when he's with his friends."

"Mommy, please … noooooo …."

"Oh, don't come crying to me, 'Pamela.' You're the one who sneaks around kissing boys. I don't care what you say. Your actions speak way louder than your words, sweetie-pie. Now, why don't you go get changed. I've a long list of chores for you to do."

"Yes, Mother," I said with a sigh of dejection.



The irony of all this was that my household duties included dusting the living room, which meant I had to pick of all those stupid photographs and run my dust cloth over them every day after school. It felt strange standing there in my little black maid's dress and that stupid apron, looking at reminders of that weird day and rekindling a flurry of uncomfortable feelings deep inside me.

"Greg kissed a boy! Greg kissed a boy!" my little brother Dave yelled over and over every time he saw me dusting the photos. "He likes wearing panties and making out with his boyfriend! Greg's a bit fat sissy-girl! Greg's a bit fat sissy-girl!"

"Mom, make him stop it! He's being mean!" I complained.

"Dave, that's not nice! Your brother isn't a big fat sissy-girl." She looked at me and smiled. "He's just a little plump, that's all."

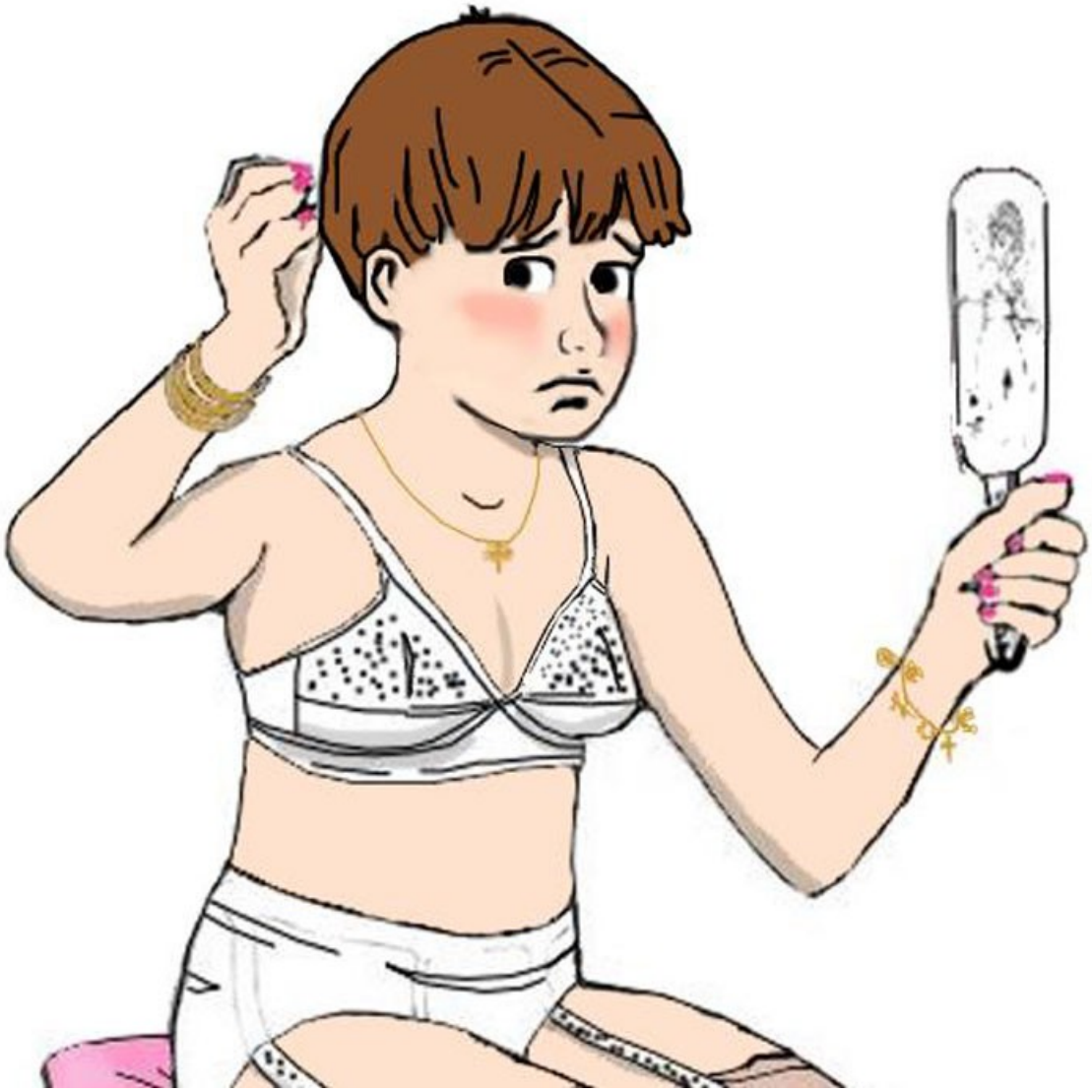
I remember my eyes burning as my little brother danced around and giggled like a maniac.

"Greg's got a boyfriend! Greg's got a boyfriend!"

"Mom, please make him stop it," I pleaded softly. "I'm begging you …."

My mother shrugged her shoulders. "Hey, he's just telling the truth. That's more than I get from you most of the time, 'Pamela.'"

AAAAAAGH!!!



As the days went on the opportunities for me to wear boys' clothes seemed to diminish ever so slowly. Except for school I hardly ever got to wear my pants and sneakers. Mom insisted that I change the instant I got home, even if she wasn't there. I didn't dare disobey as my track record for keeping secrets was dismal at best. I just bit my tongue, nodded my head and traded in my trousers and polo shirts for skirts and dresses.

"Don't even try to sneak behind my back and disobey me, little mister," my mother warned me during a surprise visit one day after school. Despite the fact that I was in my required bra, panty girdle, hose, heels and dress, she still chose to berate and threaten me. "You better be in these things when I come home for supper. If you're not, there'll be hell to pay!"

"I will be, Mom, I promise!" I did my best to reassure her that I was being cooperative, but she always acted like she thought I was lying.

Even during those rare moments I spent alone in my room, I dressed as "Pamela." I might have on nothing else but my bra and panties — and a generous application of lipstick and make up, of course! — as I performed my nightly assigned reading of fashion magazines and romance novels. Inside my head, of course, I dreamed of the day I'd escape this ridiculous existence.

I couldn't keep my mouth shut, of course, and had to complain.

"Mom, I'm fourteen now. I'm not a little kid anymore. Guys just don't do this kind of thing. Can't I stop?"

"Don't lie to me, 'Pamela.' You are still a child and, yes, guys do this kind of thing. I know of at least two, you and your little girlie boyfriend, Danielle."

I took a deep breath. "That's not what I meant and you know it! I hate having to stay cooped up in the house dressed like a sissy all the time! There's nothing to do and I hate it!"

I thought for a second my mom would get mad, but instead she just grinned.

"If you're really bored, 'Pamela,' I can give you something constructive to do," was her response. "We can do like the old days. I still have a whole closet filled with clothes that could use ironing. Or if you really want to do something fun, if you want to get out of the house, you can dress up in your maid costume and go help Mrs. McCuddy with her sewing and mending. She'd love the company and I know you could use the money. I bet she can help you find some interesting work with all those other old ladies, too. We can find a way to keep you busy, poor little misused thing."

"That's not what I meant," I said with tears burning my eyes. "I just want to get out of the house every now and then."

My mother raised and eyebrow and smiled. "Well, don't let me stop you. Why don't you go for a walk around the block? It's nice out. I'll be glad to go with you if you like. You can go just as you are. Doesn't that sound like fun?"

"Um, never mind, I'm fine," I replied. I plucked at the skimpy bikini panties I wore, adjusted my bra strap and sighed. "I think maybe I need to rearrange my lipsticks or something."

Mom grinned. "What a wonderful idea! You're almost as smart as you are pretty."

"You don't have to be mean about it," I said. "I'm doing what you say."

"Sweetie, I'm not being mean. I'm just trying to help you out. It was your idea to play with your lipsticks, not mine, remember? Just like it was your idea to go seduce handsome young boys."

At this point in my life, well, I just didn't know what to think. With Mom playing mind games with me, "Greg" was slipping away and "Pamela" was taking over more and more in everything I did. And that really scared me. No more ball games, hanging out with "the guys" and doing the kinds of things other boys typically did. Instead, I was trapped in a routine that would have terrified any normal male my age.

* * *

To complicate matters even further, Danny was now a part of my life — like it or not — which only reinforced all of the other craziness that was going on. I do have to admit that I enjoyed having a "guy" friend to talk with at school, even if he was a bit flaky. His reputation was respectable in contrast to mine. Everyone at school thought he was one of those "quiet ones," you know, studied hard, polite and never caused any trouble. Except for that stupid Sadie Hawkins pageant, he'd never been seen in public dressed as a girl. At least not to anyone's recollection, that is. In contrast to me, he was practically macho in the eyes of our classmates.

When we were alone together or out of hearing range from the other students Danny's secret side would come to surface. He really loved "girl talk" and he had no shame in bringing up the most embarrassing things in our conversations. It was unnerving to have him yammer on and on about some new dress his aunt bought or what kind of bra he liked best; if one of our classmates would sit at our table he'd automatically switch to more mundane subjects like "that movie on television last night" or something similar. Once we were alone again he'd go right back to talking about the silliest, sissiest things you could imagine.

The other thing that bothered me most about my new friend was his increasing affection for me. Ever since that fateful Friday night, he acted like a love-sick girl. It really got to be a problem, especially whenever we were alone. Now, I'm not saying that I didn't enjoy kissing him or anything like that. It's pretty obvious that I did. Just a little, I mean. Okay, a whole lot. I just didn't want anybody to know it. I mean, I was still having trouble understanding this whole boy-boy thing myself at the time.

"Aunt Marlene really likes you," he said one day during study hall. "She thinks we make a great team together. Remember how we talked about moving in together after school and opening up a salon, me doing hair and you doing makeup? Christine told her all about that and Auntie thinks we ought to really do it. She said she'd help me go to beauty school if I wanted. I bet your mom would go for that, don't you?"

"I don't know. Maybe." I wasn't too crazy about the idea of doing anything feminine after high school. I wanted to play on a ball team or maybe be a race car driver. Anything

where you didn't have to wear lipstick and skirts!

Danny laughed. "Oh, come on. It would be great! We could dress up like girls all the time and tell everybody we're sisters or something." His grin was almost scary as he went on about his plan. "If we got an apartment together we could mess around with each other as much as we wanted. I know you'd like that! And if we got ever bored, we could even get a couple of real boyfriends to play with! Doesn't that sound like fun?"

"I don't think that's such a good idea," I whispered weakly.

I couldn't afford for my mom to hear about Danny's idea. I could easily imagine her ruining everything by forcing me to attend beauty school. Even worse, I could see her making me dress up like a girl all the time, just to be mean! Ugh!!! It was enough to make me sick!

"Promise me you'll think about it?" Danny pleaded.

I squirmed as he reached over and gave me a playful squeeze on my thigh. I started to tell him to stop it when he leaned forward and gave me a light kiss on the lips. Thank goodness nobody saw us. At least I didn't think so at the time.

"Promise?"

"I'll think about it," I said quietly.

* * *

The weird thing about all this was that my so-called girlfriend, Kathy, knew all about my relationship with Danny and highly approved of me having a girlish boyfriend. The weirder thing was that she knew all about our little adventure with Gary Lowe, too, and she acted like that was the most fascinating thing she'd ever heard of! I couldn't believe it! I have Danny's sister, that stupid Christine to thank for all that. Christine told Kathy all about how Danny and I played dress up together every time we got together. To Kathy it was like Christmas and her birthday and next Christmas all rolled into one spectacular afternoon.

Imagine my horror that fateful day when I saw Kathy and Christine talking together during lunch. Kathy looked at me with the biggest eyes in the world while Christine smirked in that horrible, evil way that only she could. I almost dropped my lunch tray when I realized my two worlds were colliding.

"You didn't tell me you had so many boyfriends, 'Pamela,'" Kathy said sarcastically. "What's the matter, did you think I'd get jealous or something?"

I tried to think of something to say, but words escaped me.

"Well, I, uh … I …."

"I can't believe you went out chasing boys behind my back!" she sneered. "I thought you were the shy and quiet type. I thought I was your one and only true love!"

"Your pretty boyfriend turned out to be a slut, Kat!" Christine said with a giggle.

"I, um, I don't know what you're talking about," I muttered clumsily.

Kathy gave me the same look my mother gave me whenever I tried to lie.

"Don't pull that on me, 'Pamela!' You know exactly what I'm talking about! I'm talking about those little sissy fairy kissing games you played with your little boyfriends!"

I couldn't think of anything to say. I felt so alone, so sick at my stomach as I looked from Kathy's fiery expression to Christine's smug face. My eyes burned with shame and guilt as I tried to come up with some sort of explanation.

"Please, Kathy … I'm so sorry …."

"There's nothing to be sorry about," she replied. "I really don't mind. You can go out with as many boys as you like. The more the merrier, for all I care."

I sat down across from the two grinning girls, wiped my eyes and sniffed back my runny nose. "But I don't want to go out with boys." I whispered this last part as we were right in the middle of the cafeteria. "I want to go out with you!"

Kathy grinned. "Oh, we're going to go out together all right. You're my best girlfriend, remember?" She turned to Christine and winked. "Greg comes over and helps me with my chores all time. He helped me get ready for a date with Michael one time. He even ironed my dress and straightened up my bedroom. You should've seen him! He looked so cute wearing nothing but my panties and a sweet little lace apron."

"Katheeeeeeeeeee ….!" I shrieked. "Not so loud! Please, don't …."

"No kidding?" Christine's face beamed with delight. "You helped Kat get ready for her date? That was a very nice thing to do. Not many boys would help their girlfriend get ready for a date — with another boy!"

"That's … not …," I tried to think of something to say. Something intelligent, something that would set everything right. I had nothing.

Kathy giggled. "Oh, don't be so modest, panty boy. You did me a huge favor that night. I'll never forget it."

Christine had to butt in again, of course. "Well, you're certainly right about him looking cute in panties. You should have seen him playing dress up with my brother. He looks prettier than either one of us!"

"Christiiiiiiiiine!" I cried out in despair. "Please shut up!"

Kathy glanced at me with a knowing smile and giggled. "Oh, I believe you! He's such a cutie in his girlie undies. Like I said, Greg makes a great girlfriend!"

"You guys aren't very funny," I said angrily. "That's just mean!"

"Oh, hush, 'Pamela.' You know you like it," tittered Kathy.

My face burned with shame and fury. "Not so loud," I whispered. "Somebody might hear you!"

"What's the matter, pretty boy, 'fraid somebody might think you're a sissy?" Kathy continued to tease.

"C'mon, you guys … this isn't funny!"

"Oh, lighten up, you fag!" Christine snapped. "Everything Kat said is true. You are a great girlfriend! Danny loves you to death and I know at least one other boy who thinks you're a great kisser!"

There was a moment of silence as I once again tried to think of something to say. Kathy and Christine both stared me down as I shifted uncomfortably in my seat. I looked around to see if anybody was listening. Thank goodness the cafeteria was in its full daily chaos.

"Really, Greg, you are so full of crap," Kathy said. "I know all about you kissing boys. And don't try and tell us it was just a one time thing. Christine and I have seen you and your precious little Danny making out in study hall every day this week, so don't play that innocent little lamb game with me, mister!"

My face burned hot red. "You … you saw … us? It was just a couple of times …."

"No, but now I know it's the truth!" Kathy grinned. "So you really have been making out with boys behind my back! Oh, my god, Greg, you really are such a faggot! Don't even bother denying it!"



I almost jumped out of my seat as she slid her foot up between my legs and pressed it against my privates. The sensation was as exciting as it was humiliating. I had quite a large erection, well, large for me, at least. Kathy smiled as she worked her toes against my stiff teenaged penis.

"Mmmm, that's so cute," she sang cheerfully. "My prissy little boyfriend is all excited at the idea of making out with your brother. My goodness! I didn't know fags had that affect on each other."

"See, I told you so!" Christine said smugly. "Too bad my brother isn't here. He'd love to take care of your little stiffy for you!"

The heat from my blushing face spread down my neck and over the rest of my body. The image of Danny touching me between my legs was overwhelming to me. The worst part was the girls both seemed to know exactly what I was thinking. Just by sitting there with a guilty smile on my face I'd foolishly confessed something I never wanted anybody else to know. My stomach was so sour I couldn't even look at my lunch.

"Now that we know the truth, I think we ought to just go with it," Kathy said brightly. "You're a faggot and I'm a girl. Girls don't go out with faggots. Girls go out with their boyfriends and they go out other girls, right?"

"Well, look at it this way — faggots do make great girlfriends," Christine said with a grin.

Kathy took a nibble of her mystery meatloaf. "Well, then there you have it! We can have the best of both worlds. Greg and I can still go out. But only as girlfriends."

"Which means 'Pamela' and you can go out," chirped Christine. "I'd like to go out with 'Pamela' myself sometime. She's a great kisser!"

Kathy laughed. "See, it's just like Christine said, faggots do make great girlfriends. You've already proven that. Don't you agree, Gregory?"

I just sat there and tried not to cry.

"Greg, did you hear me? I said, don't you agree?"

I nodded my head and blinked. My eyes burned with tears.

"So I guess if you want to go out with me … you'll have to go out as a girl!"

Christine giggled. "Makes perfect sense to me," she repeated.

Kathy reached over and took my hand. I looked up to see her dark, piercing eyes looking me in my soul. Her smile was subtle, but firm.

"Poor little thing. Don't fret so. I still like you, Greg. I like you a lot. I just prefer you to be my girlfriend, okay."

"But, I want to be … be your boyfriend," I stammered.

"Oh, I don't think so. I've already got a boyfriend. Boyfriends are easy to get. I don't want another boyfriend. I want a sissy boy to be my little girlfriend. Somebody just like you."

The blood drained from my face. I couldn't believe she was talking to me like that!

"Oh, don't look so offended, 'Pamela.' You know exactly what I'm talking about. We've talked about this before. You're too much of a girl to be my boyfriend. But don't you worry. We're still going to go out together. You're so good at looking and acting like a girl, one of these days I'm going to get you to dress up as 'Pamela' and go on a date with a boy. I can get Michael to with us and we could all double date together!"

"Oh, wow, that'll be great!" Christine squealed. "I gotta see that!"

"You want me to go on a … a date … with a boy?" I whispered, shocked that she'd even think of such a thing. "Um, why would you wanna do that?"

"Because that's what faggoty little girlie boys do," replied The Love of My Life. "I can't wait to see how 'Pamela' handles herself on a date with some big old handsome guy! Maybe Michael can get one of those huge guys from the football team to go with us. I can see it now! Whoever you go out with won't be able to keep his hands off you. Really,

I think that would be hilarious to see two boys making out, especially if one of them was you in a dress!"

"That would be awesome!" Christine said with a maniacal giggle. "Somebody better be careful or depending on how excited her date gets, 'she' might get a 'big' surprise!"

Both girls laughed like a pair of idiots as I sat there and struggled with my tears. I felt nothing but shame and regret for all the time I'd spent in my girlish clothes and for the feelings I'd had with Danny. I'd wanted so much to be "normal" — whatever that was — and here in the middle of my school lunch break everything was being flung in my face. The last thing I remember about that conversation was picking through my lima beans and wondering if I was too young to join the French Foreign Legion.

You might well wonder why I even bothered talking to Kathy. You have to remember that this was my first real girlfriend. And as badly as she treated me I still felt warm and excited whenever she was nice to me. You should also remember, this is the same girl who tricked me into wearing a pair of panties while she made out with the star quarterback.

If that didn't make her special then I don't know what would!

* * *

As horrible as I felt about being called a faggot and teased about being girlish, Danny didn't seem to care if anybody found out our little secret. That really terrified me! Oh, sure, he was pretty discrete in public and all that, but he didn't make much of an attempt to hide how he felt about me. The look on his face whenever we'd meet at lunch or after school was enough to make me blush with embarrassment. His eyes would sparkle and his smile would shine and he'd get all breathless and excited. I worried constantly that he was about to hug me whenever we would cross paths in the hall. More than once he actually did slip up behind me and give me a little embrace or whisper in my ear or a light caress on the back of my neck. And occasionally during lunch he would reach under the table and take my hand in his and hold it just long enough to make me blush.

"Danny, don't do that!" I fussed one time after he gave me a quick kiss on the lips. We were in the art supply room, thank goodness, taking inventory for Miss Cheney. The door was closed and nobody could see us, but I was terrified that at any minute a camera crew from the local news station would come busting through. "Somebody might see!"

"Oh, don't be such a crybaby," Danny said with a grin. "You try to act like you're some tough guy, but you're just a big sissy! That's why I love you so much!"



He kissed me again, this time slipping his tongue in between my lips before I could stop him. Something inside me went all mushy and I stood helpless as I surrendered to a long, passionate kiss that left me weak and addle-minded. I was still in awe of how good a kisser he was and I remember my face burning from a rousing combination of excitement and fear.

"We're in love, remember?" he said. Warmed by my friend's persistent affections, I grinned weakly and nodded. "Well, 'Pamela,' this is what people do when they're in love with each other!"

I tried to think of something to say, but all I could do was shrug and try not to think about Kathy and what she'd have to say if she saw me making out with a boy.

Danny kissed me again, taking my breath away. "You are so cute, I could just eat you up." He paused and grinned. "And I'm going to do that one of these days. You just wait and see!"

* * *

Of course, my mom knew most all of this. How did she know? Well, I told her. Yeah, I know, I know, it sounds stupid, but I really couldn't help it. I swear! At this time in my life she had me trained all too well to tell the truth and there was hardly anything going on in my daily regimen that didn't come to light at the dinner table.

With my boy clothes safely put away in my room upstairs, I'd prance around the kitchen — sometimes in little more than an apron, heels, hose and lipstick — fix my mom a drink, usually a glass of wine, and she'd quiz me about my day. Most boys would have been bored to death, but like a good "daughter," I would nod and smile and patiently answer her questions as I prepared the evening meal and set the table. Her interrogation would cover my schoolwork and homework assignments, my jobs with Mrs. Johnston and Mrs. McCuddy and, of course, the details of my social life. So many strange thoughts went through my mind, I can only imagine what she was thinking whenever we had these little mother-son talks.



Mom always seemed to already know most of what I had to tell her — a skill that she'd mastered long ago — so I never bothered trying to conceal anything important. She enjoyed picking at the littlest things, making me go into detail on things like where I sat in the cafeteria at lunch and who I talked with on the bus, and did I make any new friends, stuff like that. She would make me repeat my story over and over again if she suspected there was something I didn't want her to know.

That's how it came out that Danny and I held hands at during study hall. She knew all about that before I even told her! It doesn't matter now, but I always suspected that Kathy and Christine were spying on us and reporting back to my mother. After some clumsy evasion on my part I admitted the truth and I even confessed about kissing him during art class. I didn't mean to tell her, but she tricked me and I ended up telling the whole story in order to keep from being punished.

"Just as I thought. You're still kissing boys behind my back and you keep on lying about it. What am I going to do with you?"

"I didn't lie, Mom, honest!" I said tearfully. I couldn't help but think about the lecture I got from Kathy and how this one would be even worse.

"Lying, sneaking about behind my back, it's all the same, honey. Really, 'Pamela,' I don't know why you try to hide things like this from me," my mom said for about the hundredth time in my life. "You know your mother already knows everything about you. I knew a long time ago that you would end up in lipstick and dresses and have a nice boyfriend to make you happy. A mother knows these things about her child."

I remember my face feeling hot as I tried to explain myself. "But, Mom, I'm not supposed to have a boyfriend. I'm a guy! I … I'm supposed to have a girlfriend."

"Oh, don't be silly! You've got a boyfriend and a girlfriend. That much is obvious. And there's nothing that says you can't have both. I mean, Kathy still likes you, right? What does she think of Danny?"

"Um, well, she doesn't seem to mind. She said she didn't care how many boyfriends I had, as long as she was my only girlfriend."

I looked down at the apron I was wearing at the time and I thought about what I was saying. Did that even make any sense? I thought to myself. How do I get myself in these situations?

"I think she … um, she thinks it's cute that Danny and I are friends," I murmured.

My mom's eyes sparkled. "Well, I think it's cute, too! Ever since you started all this dressing up and acting like a girl, I knew it was just a matter of time before you'd hook up with some boy. You tried acting all macho and manly, but really, 'Pamela,' just look at yourself. You're a man-magnet if I've ever seen one. Well, Danny is more girl than man, but that's all right for now. At least you can pretend he's your boyfriend. You can practice on him for now. You'll snag a real man soon enough." I was horrified to hear my own mother say such a thing. "Mom! No! Don't say that!"

She shrugged her shoulders and took a sip of her drink. "Oh, stop it. You know it's the truth, 'Pamela.' Stop being so coy. I don't mind you kissing boys, just stop lying about it. Honestly, I'll be surprised if you don't have the whole football team chasing before the end of the season. And it won't bother me one bit as long as you're not lying about it."

I later discovered that Kathy had indeed inspired this particular conversation with my mother. I knew they talked on the phone a lot, but it didn't really hit me until that day. That was when I realized I didn't have any more secrets. Kathy told my mom stuff and my mom did the same with her. They fed each other's enthusiasm to the point where I didn't have any control over anything. It was almost like they were the same person, only Kathy was a teenaged version of my mother. Which got me to thinking, I wondered what my mom was like as a girl. And no matter how many times I ran it through my head, I figured she was just like Kathy.

One more thing. The most important thing about my mom's arguments with me was how she did everything in her power to make it sound like all of this was my idea and not hers. That was bull, of course. I never wanted to put on a dress or lipstick, and I certainly never wanted to act like a fairy with other boys. Unfortunately, there wasn't much I could say to defend myself. I mean, I tried arguing with her about it, but it's hard for a boy in lipstick and heels to put up much of an argument about anything.



Chapter 38 — A Father's Pride and Joy

Then, out of the blue, rescue came in the most unexpected form.

I couldn't believe it when my father suddenly showed up and took me away during fall break. Up until now I hadn't told you much about him and, well, the truth of the matter was that he really wasn't much of an influence in my life after he and my mom divorced. It had been more than six months since I'd seen him last and that had only been for dinner one weekend. We were supposed to go to the races but "something came up" — again — and he dropped me off at the house with little more than a "see you later, buddy."

I was pretty upset, needless to say, and I made the fatal mistake of telling my mom what happened. I then had to listen to her rant on forever about what a bastard Dad was and how bad he treated everybody and how all men were worthless. She then went into a lecture about how she was not about to let me turn out that way. Naturally, her solution

to everything was to have me put on a dress and spend as much time as possible as "Pamela."

Anyway, I was so excited when he called and said he was coming to take me for a few days. You can't know how happy that made me feel. It was ... well, kind of like I'd been drowning and someone was throwing me a life preserver.

Oddly enough, Dave declined to go with us. He'd always been a little wary of Dad, so I guess I shouldn't have been surprised. Still, I couldn't help saying something about it. Dad acted like he didn't care.

"Oh, your little brother's just being a mama's boy," Dad quipped as I climbed into his pickup truck. "I love that little guy, but your mom has got him whipped, but good. He's not a real man, not like you and me, ol' buddy."

I remember watching my mom and little brother waving as we pulled out of the driveway. Mom had the biggest, brightest smile on her face, which kind of scared me.

Blushing brightly, I said something like, "Yeah, Dave's a mama's boy all right."

Dad laughed like that was the funniest thing he'd ever heard. It felt strange saying something that I knew might very easily come back and haunt me.

Dad's new wife, Louise, greeted me with open arms when we arrived at their house. This was a relief because I'd detected more than a hint of jealousy from her during my previous visits. It was never anything serious, just the occasional dirty look or snide remark whenever my father wasn't looking, enough to make me feel uncomfortable.

"I'm glad I don't have any children," I overheard my stepmother tell someone on the phone one time. "There's only so much nonsense a person can put up with. And God help me if I ever got stuck with those boys. What a pain! You might as well just go ahead and shoot me in the head."

On top of all that, it was no secret that Louise and Mom hated each other. The "B" word was used on both sides, especially by Louise. So I guess it just followed that she wouldn't like me very much, either.

That was a shame, too, as I'd always thought Louise was an extremely attractive woman. Okay, okay, sexy, even. Hey, you would have thought so, too, if you'd ever seen her! Several years junior to my mother, Louise had an outstanding figure and she enjoyed showing it off; her well-shaped breasts and lovely long legs were always so dramatically displayed that I often had trouble looking her in the eye. Unlike my mom, who mostly wore frumpy housedresses or dress suits when she wasn't in her nurse's uniform, Louise was heavily into younger, more provocative outfits like tight-fitting jeans, hot pants, short dresses, mini-skirts and midriff-revealing tops — much the same kind of things I'd found myself wearing lately, come to think of it. Anyway, this carefree style was obviously one of the reasons my dad found her so attractive. And me, of course. Any fourteen year old boy would have.

On this occasion, however, things started falling apart from the very start. I hadn't been in my dad's house more than an hour when Louise called me upstairs. Dad had gone out to get a fishing license and I was in the living room watching — oh, joy! — a televised ballgame when my stepmother interrupted me. She usually didn't say five words to me

when Dad wasn't around, but on this occasion the tone in her voice was suspiciously sweet.

"Greg, darling, would you come here for a minute? There's something I'd like to ask you, please."

I sighed and did as I was asked. Anything to be polite. It was one of the last games of the season and I'd missed pretty much all of them, thanks to my mom and the screwy things she made me do! Annoyed and fuming, I followed Louise into the guest bedroom where laying out on the bed was my open suitcase containing the clothes I'd brought for my stay. She turned around, gave me a curious smile and nodded toward my things.

"I was going to put some of your clothes away for you and ... well, I don't mean to be a busy body, honey, but you really need to be more careful. If your daddy saw any of this stuff he'd probably get pretty upset."

"Any of what stuff ...?" My eyes followed hers to my luggage ... and my heart skipped a beat. "Oh crap !!!" I whispered softly.

I couldn't believe it! Laying there in my suitcase, right on top of my clothes where you could see them when you opened it up, were the bane of my existence, the very reason I wanted away from home in the first place: a bra and a panty girdle!

I was speechless. Mortified. Horrified ... terrified! You name it, I was feeling just awful. I thought about my mom and the smile on her face when I left home. No wonder she was so cheerful! What in the world was she thinking when she put that stuff in my luggage. Did she think that I might miss being shamed and humiliated and tortured? I sure as heck didn't think so! I was so mad I could have screamed. At the moment, however, I had more pressing matters to worry about.

"Funny, to hear your daddy talking about what a normal little boy you were, I never thought of you like this." Louise picked up the ornate girdle and held it up with both hands, looking over it at me and thinking very hard. My face suddenly felt hot and I glanced toward the bedroom door and prayed my dad hadn't returned from his errand.

"I always thought you were so innocent and sweet, not at all such a horny little pervert."

Hearing such language from my father's wife caught me completely off guard.

"Gee, I, uh ... wonder where those came from ...?" I stammered. My mouth was as dry as sand, but somehow I managed to get the words out. I should have kept quiet.

"Don't even bother lying to me." Louise waved the girdle in my face. "This little thing certainly doesn't belong to your mother. Her butt's way, way too big. It looks barely big enough to fit you. What did you do, steal this from the neighbor's clothesline or from one of your buddies' sisters?"

I tried to swallow but I was so scared it was impossible. "No ... I, uh ... I, ummmm ....."



She dropped the girdle, picked the brassiere and peered at me through the straps. I couldn't help but feel she was sizing me up to see if it would fit.

"And what in the world are you doing with one of these?"

"I guess mom got our laundry all mixed up," I said with a whisper.

I couldn't think of anything else to say. It was a good thing, too. It seemed like the more I talked the more annoyed Louise became with me.

"Look, Greg, if you're going to lie to me, then don't even bother saying anything." She tossed aside the frilly bra and picked up the girdle again. "I'm your friend in this, believe it or not. But only if you don't lie to me. I won't tolerate liars. If you want to look at girls' underwear and jack off, that's fine with me. Boys will be boys ... that I can understand. Just don't lie to me about it. Do that and you can take it up with your father after I show him your little collection here."

Now my face was really red. In all of my dealings with Louise she'd never been so harsh, nor so crude. Snotty, maybe, and definitely cold. But now things seemed different. I know this sounds funny, but in a way she sort of sounded like my mom. I was so scared I thought I was going to throw up.

"Oh, and look at what else I found here." Louise rummaged through the pile of clothes and produced the latest copy of "Seventeen." She studied the cover of the magazine and raised an eyebrow. "Really, sweetie, you need to be more careful."

"That's not mine," I protested weakly.

"Greg, please, what did I say about being a liar?" She pointed at the subscription label and grinned like the Cheshire cat. "I suppose you're going to tell me you're not Greg Parker or that you don't live on Crescent Avenue. Hmm? Hmmm?"

There was a long, long uncomfortable silence. My stepmother just stared at me, daring me to tell another lie. I sniffed back a tear and nodded.

"Okay. It's mine," I confessed hoarsely.

Louise giggled. "Of course it is. Whose else would it be? Hmmm ... Now this is what I call interesting. Why in the world would a fourteen year old boy subscribe to a girl's fashion magazine? It can't be just for the pictures."

While I silently cursed my mother, Louise flipped through the pages, stopped and made several "uh-huh" and "hmmm" sounds. At one point she turned the magazine around and waved it like a flag. "Well, lookie here at what I found." I was mortified to see that she'd discovered a section where somebody made some notes in the margins. Stuck between the pages was also a sheet of notebook paper covered with flowery handwriting.

Okay, okay ... it was MY handwriting, I admit it ... now. There ... are you happy now? Louise found one of the essays my mom made me write about lipstick. Well, a rough draft, anyway.

Regardless of what it was, my stepmother knew right away who wrote it. "My, oh, my. Now this is really curious. Looks like someone has been doing their homework. Maybe I was wrong about you. Maybe there's more going on than a little boy just jerking off in his mommy's things."

Louise paused as though I was supposed to say something. I just stood there and fought a wave of nausea rumbling in my belly.

"What are you doing, honey, studying to be a fashion model?" The smile on her face had an evil taint. "'Cause that's what it sure looks like to me."

My face burned was shame. "I, uh ... w-w-what do you mean?"

"What do I mean?" Louise raised an eyebrow. "Well, let's see ... there are doodles of army tanks and space ships mixed in with some notes on how girls match up their lipstick with their outfits. That's what I mean."

I couldn't look at her as she read from the piece of paper.

"Pink is my favorite ... but Mom likes red best?!" The tone in her voice was almost evil. "Two coats is always better than one? Peaches and cream looks yucky?"

The smiling woman touched my chin, forcing me to look directly in her eyes. The curl in her lip told me I was doomed.

"Tell me, honey, did you write all this? You did, didn't you?"

I was seized by a familiar sense of panic. If I admitted the truth I'd never hear the end of it. If I lied and made her angry ... who knew what would happen? Either way I really was doomed. I decided to take a chance and do what needed to be done.

"Well ... yeah ... I guess ...." For some reason I was having trouble breathing.

"What do you mean, you guess? Come on, Mr. Macho ... talk to me. Either you did or you didn't. Which is it?"

"Please, Louise ... I can ... explain ...." I should have saved my breath.

"I didn't ask for an explanation. I simply asked if you wrote this. Yes or no?"

I took a deep breath ... I thought for a moment ... and I then nodded my head.

"I can't hear your head shake, honey."

I swallowed. "Sorry. Yes, ma'am ... I, uh ... wrote it."

I watched helplessly as Louise picked up a skimpy baby doll nightie and held it up in front of me. There was a long uncomfortable silence as she thought about what I'd said.

"So I was wrong. You're not stealing lingerie and jacking off. It's better than that." Louise's eyes lit up with delight. "You're a crossdresser. You're been dressing up and — from what I read in your own handwriting — pretending to be a girl. Is that right?"

It took me a moment, but I finally nodded my head and whispered, "Yes, ma'am."

My tongue felt thick and numb. After all I'd been through I never thought I'd be confessing my shameful secret to my father's beautiful young wife. It felt awful!

"Listen, doll, I'm not stupid you know. I know about this sort of thing. So you like dressing in your momma's things ... So what? There's nothing wrong with crossdressing. I understand. I even had a friend from college who dressed in drag all the time. You couldn't tell him from any of my other girlfriends." My young stepmother gave me a funny grin and sighed. "Oh, please. Don't look so surprised. What did you think, you were the only boy in the world who likes wearing panties and playing with makeup?"

"No, I don't believe that," I said hoarsely. I thought about Danny for an instant. No doubt he'd love seeing me squirm in a situation like this. "But ... I don't really ... like doing that stuff. Not really ...."

A sharp look from my stepmother shut me up.

"Remember what I said about telling me the truth?" She gave me a death stare. I swallowed my pride and bit my lip. "I know you're lying, so just shut up. My gay friend, Julian, he told me all about it, how some boys love dressing up so much they'll do anything, beg, borrow, cheat, steal ... and LIE! Just to get in their mommy's panties." Louise shot me one of those smirks. "They can't help themselves. He couldn't, that was for darned sure. And you probably can't, either, can you?"

I nodded, then shook my head. Darn it, this was confusing!

Louise grinned. "Poor li'l thing. You're all mixed up inside, aren't you? I'll tell you what, honey. I won't tell your father, okay? This will be our little secret. All I ask is that you don't fib to me about it, all right? Promise me?"

Not knowing what else to do, I eagerly nodded. That was easy, I thought silently. She's not so mean after all. Not yet, anyway.

"Do we have a deal?" I nodded my head again. "I can't hear you!"

Sigh. "We ... we have a ... d-deal," I stammered.

My stepmother looked me dead in the eyes and smiled.

"So, you'll be a good boy and tell me the truth, right?" She giggled again. "Let's make that 'good girl.' How's that? You'll be a good girl and tell the truth, right? No matter what?"

I sighed and nodded. "No matter what," I reluctantly repeated.

"Good. So tell me something, honey," Louise's voice took on a musical quality as she plopped down on the bed and started flipping through the magazine again. "How many boys have you kissed so far ...?"

I was trying to think of how to answer that just as I heard Dad's car pull into the driveway.

ARRRGH!!!

Chapter 39 — The Good Stepson … or Stepdaughter?

Despite the rocky start of my vacation, for the next three days my dad and I were a typical father and son team, doing all sorts of guy things, like seeing the Reds play an exhibition game at their new stadium, going to the stock car races and spending two whole days fishing. It was wonderful!

With each event I could feel my confidence returning and I remembered what it was like to be a boy. Instead of keeping my hair brushed and my nails clean, I got as grungy and dirty as I could. I laughed when chili dogs ruined my jeans and I dug my bare hands in the bait bucket looking for nightcrawlers. My mom would have had a heart attack if she'd known all that I did. But I didn't care, I was being a boy and I loved every single

stinking minute of it.

I was so happy I almost forgot about my worries with Mom and home. I even forgot about all that weirdness with Louise.

Almost.

A couple of days before I was supposed to go home I woke up to find that my dad had been called to his office. We'd planned on going to a stock car race that afternoon but Louise explained that he wouldn't be back in time, so that obviously wasn't going to happen. Instead, she offered to take me out on the town.

“I’ve got to get my hair done so you can go to the movies if you like. How’s that sound?”

I was elated! “That would be awesome!” I exclaimed. “How about that new kung fu film? Can I go see that?”

My stepmother shrugged her shoulders. “I don’t see why not. As long as you don’t give me a hard time I really don’t care which one you see.”

I couldn’t believe it! After all those stupid romantic comedies and soap operas I’d been forced to watch for the past year, I was finally going to get to soak my boyish brain in some mindless sex and violence. Oh, joy!

But first we had some obstacles to overcome.

When it was time to go Louise looked me up and down and shook her head.

"Uh-uh! You're not wearing those shoes in my car. No way, no how! And those jeans, they're filthy! Who did you two stay with while you were gone fishing, the pigs? You're not going out with me looking like that, little mister."

I couldn't argue with her. My shoes were indeed a mess, what with being caked with river mud and having a torn sole and all. When Dad and I got back from our trip I'd left them out on the back patio and forgotten to clean them up. The dried mud was hard as a rock. I'd scraped off the worst, but they still looked pretty bad. The problem was, most of my other stuff was messy, too, which was to be expected, I guess. After all the baseball and fishing and camping we'd done, I didn't have anything decent left except the dingy jeans and t-shirt I had on. Plus, the sneakers on my feet were the only shoes I brought with me, and even I had to agree they were too nasty to go shopping with Louise.

“We’ll have to do some laundry before we go anywhere,” my stepmother said. “Take everything you have downstairs and start separating them. I’m sure you know all about doing laundry, judging from what all your daddy told me.”

I had everything laid out on the countertop when Louise arrived. She looked over the piles of jeans, shirts and underpants and nodded.

“Just as I thought,” she said nonchalantly. “Here, let’s do your undies first.”

I watched as she put my underwear in the washer. It was a little unnerving because she took each pair of whitey tighties and examined them inside and out.

“Ugh, these are almost as nasty as your daddy’s,” she complained. “I’m surprised you haven’t caught some sort of bacterial infection from those stains.”

I couldn’t think of anything to say to that. It was humiliating to have this beautiful blond bombshell looking through my underwear and making such rude comments, but all I could think to do was stand there in silence.

Louise turned on the washer and then turned to me. “Take off the ones you have on. Let’s wash them, too, while we’re at it.”

I felt my face turn red. “Um, what?”

She sighed. “You heard me, boy. Drop your trousers and your panties. I’m not going to have your bitch mother telling tales about how we didn’t keep her precious little darling spic and span.”

I felt my heart drop a thousand feet. “But, I can’t undress here … in front of you ….”

“Come on, Gregory. I don’t have all day! You won’t be the first Parker I’ve seen in his birthday suit!”

I’ll save you all the sordid details. I tried arguing with my stepmother, but she was as determined and as persuasive as my mom. There was no way in hell I was going to let her have my clothes … and just a few minutes later I was naked as the day I was born and watching my things being inspected, sorted and prepared to be washed.

“Phew, these are fresh, aren’t they?” Louise stretched the waistband of my underpants and flipped them inside out. “Honestly, does a day go by when you don’t jack off in your panties?”

I blanched at the thought of even trying to answer such a question. My stepmother saved the day by giggling and then dropped my underwear in the washer and closing the lid.

Still naked, I stood politely as she chatted about laundry and the importance of sorting clothes and how women always washed their delicate lingerie by hand to keep them like new. This was stuff I already knew and had practiced at home under my mom’s watchful eye.

I tried to be patient, but I was completely unnerved standing there in my bare skin in front of my father’s young wife. I couldn’t figure out why in the world she was making me listen to all that nonsense about laundry. It took me a few minutes but then it hit me. She wasn’t talking all that nonsense because she wanted to teach me anything. She was just using that as an excuse to look at me naked.

“What in the world is she looking at,” I thought for a moment. I glanced down and saw my budding breasts. I then glanced up to see Louise staring me dead in the eye.

“Nice titties,” my stepmother said cheerfully. She reached out and flicked my left nipple with a red-tipped fingernail. “You usually don’t see them that big on boys your age.”

"D-d-don't be mean, Louise, please?” I felt like I was in a bad movie as my arms involuntarily clenched tightly around my bare chest, and my face burned red as I

stammered weakly through my explanation. “I can't help it ... they just keep getting bigger. It's supposed ... t-to g-g-o away one of these days ... I think.”

"Well, that would be a shame. Believe it or not, they actually look pretty good on you.” Louise smiled, her eyes still locked on my budding breasts. "Don't worry about it, honey. They're just titties. Cute ones, too. Well, cute for a silly boy, I mean."

I winced as Louise playfully tickled me between the legs, forcing me to leave my breasts exposed. My stepmother playfully pinched each of my nipples and tickled my ribs, causing me to laugh involuntarily.

“No, don’t! Please … ha-ha-ha … stop it!!! NO!!! STOP IT!!!!”

“Oh, don’t be such a prude. I’m just looking. I won’t break anything, I promise. Stand still, damn it!”

Defeated, I stood helplessly as she cupped my breasts and examined them with the greatest interest.

“I know some girls that would give anything for a pair of boobies this nice,” she said happily. “Not too large, but big enough. You know what boys say … all it takes is a hand full.”

“Boys aren’t supposed to have … boobs,” I lamented.

“Oh, hush up that talk! You whiner! You pretend to be embarrassed, but I bet you can’t keep your hands off these things when you’re alone. No wonder you’re so interested in your mommy’s bras and things!”

I frowned. “That’s not … exactly ….”

“Hey, I’ve got a great idea,” my stepmother said with a mischievous wink. “While we’re waiting for your laundry let’s follow up on that conversation we were having the other day.”

Recrossing my arms over my girlish chest, I frowned. “What conversation?”

“You know, the one we were having about you wearing girls’ clothes. I’d like to know more about that. How about putting on a little fashion show for me?”

“I don’t think so,” I croaked.

Louise laughed. “Oh, come on. It’s just you and me. Daddy won’t be home until tonight and nobody’s going to know. Besides, what else is there to do? You can run around in your bare skin if you like, but I think it’d be more fun to put on something cute.”

I didn’t know what to say, so I just frowned and stood there like an idiot. My stepmother kept up the pressure, of course.

“I bet I have some things upstairs that will look great on you. Come on, after seeing all those bras and panties in your suitcase, I can’t imagine that you would mind trying on a few of your ugly old stepmother's things. I’ll make you look really pretty, I promise.”

“I don’t want to look pretty,” I replied. “I just want … I just want to be left alone.”

“Oh, don’t be a party pooper.” Louise grabbed me by the wrist and led me upstairs. I felt like a little child, naked and helpless, as I followed her barefoot and bare bottomed through the house. “I’ve got some things that will make you look great. None of that old lady stuff like you stole from your mother. What do you say, princess? We’ll make a game of it. Doesn’t that sound like fun?"

A fierce chill went down my spine. I hated her calling me “princess” but I tried not to react to her words. How could she say such a thing? Didn’t she understand that I hated wearing women’s clothes?

There wasn't anything I could say to make things better, so I did what I do best and kept my mouth shut.

The hairs on the back of my neck stood up as Louise led me naked up the stairs and into her bedroom. Well, my father’s and her bedroom. I watched in disbelief of my situation as she started digging through the closet. I had visions of ... well, you can imagine what I was thinking as I waited for her to come up with something awful for me to wear. After all I'd been through with my mom, nothing at this point would have surprised me.

It was as bad as I'd anticipated. Louise tossed me a matching purple panty and bra set, a skirt and a thin white silken top. My heart skipped a beat or two as a pair of pink stockings were added to the pile.

“Don’t give me that look,” she snapped. “And don’t act like this is the first time you’ve seen girls’ undies. Go ahead, put them on. I want to see for myself what all the fuss is about.”

“But, Louise,” I began. A quick glance at my stepmother’s face shut down any protest. There was no way out of this and I knew it.

“Can I go change in the bathroom?” I whispered.

My stepmother laughed. “Why? I’ve already seen you in your birthday suit, princess. Just hush up and put on your pretty bra and panties.”

Tears burned my eyes as I got dressed. I thought about what was about to happen. Yeah, I wasn't too crazy about the idea of wearing girls' clothes again — especially while visiting my dad! — but I didn’t have much choice in the matter.



It didn’t take me long to get dressed. The bra was a snap and I slipped into the skirt and top with no trouble at all. With no girdle or garters or weird straps or hooks to contend with, this was too easy. Standing before my stepmother in my borrowed clothes, I felt like a soldier undergoing inspection. Well, kind of. Not many soldiers wore panties and miniskirts.

I sighed as I assessed my wardrobe. The skirt was extremely short, making my legs look half a mile long. Just like something a high school girl would wear. The waist was a bit loose, but as long as I pulled it up every now and then it wouldn’t be a problem.

The top was as skimpy as the skirt and it was made of some silky stretchy synthetic that flowed like leaves in the wind. Instead of sleeves it had shoulder straps, kinda like a tank top but much thinner. It hardly covered my bare belly. At least it didn't have a bunny or a kitty embroidered on the front. I wasn't too crazy about how tight it was around my chest; looking down I could see my chubby breasts straining against the purple bra. I wanted to say something, but I figured if I did I'd just draw unwanted attention to another of my shameful secrets.

The pink stockings — Louise said they were "coral" — would have been a problem for most boys, but I was able to slip into them easily. They reached about mid thigh, a couple of inches below the hem of my skirt. I felt more than a little undressed as I ran my fingertips along the tops of my stocking, tickling my exposed thighs.

It suddenly occurred to me that I was spending much too long to look at myself. And that I had a very appreciative audience.

Louise had her hands over her mouth, trying her best to stifle her laughter. "You like looking at yourself, don't you, princess?"

I shook my head in the negative, but she just laughed. I remember looking up at the ceiling and wondering "Why me?"

"Liar, liar, panties on fire. I also noticed you didn't have any trouble at all with that bra. Or with your stockings. You're way better at this stuff than I thought you were. I don't know any boys who can do that! You're just fourteen and you put on that bra like you've been wearing one all your life. It took me forever to learn how to do that. How long have you been wearing that thing?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "I dunno."

"Liar." Louise raised an eyebrow. "You know exactly how long. You probably know the exact minute, hour, day and date you put on your first bra. Was your mommy there when you did it or did you sneak and do it behind her back?"

I thought about that day not so long ago that I put on my first bra under my mother's supervision. Louise was right. It was burned indelibly in my mind. I'd never forget that experience as long as I lived.

"It was about a year ago," I muttered quietly. "She made me do it."

"Your mommy made you do it, hmmm? That's interesting." My stepmother stared at me for a moment. "It's interesting that you'd say that. Here, try on these and see if they fit."

My stepmother tossed me a pair of shoes. They were red high heeled pumps. I felt a twinge of fear as I looked at them. They were the worst; with four inch heels, they looked almost dangerous. Fortunately, I'd plenty of experience wearing such things. I slipped them on, fastened the ankle straps and walked over to the mirror to see how they looked.

"Looks to me like someone has more than a little experience in his mommy's high heels," Louise said with a sneer.

I felt my face burn. "What, um … I don't understand?"

My stepmother gave me that "don't lie to me" look. "Just look at the way you're standing, princess. Any normal boy would be wobbly just standing in those shoes. No way they'd be prancing around like you are. It's obvious that you're an expert, so don't even try that innocent little ol' me act!"

"I don't know what … what you're talking about …."

I suddenly felt awful as I realized I'd given myself away. What an idiot! I wanted to lie down on the floor and just die.

"Well, I did try some on a couple of times, I guess …."

"Oh, please! Don't lie to me, Gregory! Look at how well you've adapted to wearing girls' clothing. The way you slipped into that cute little outfit, the way you prance around in heels and hose and swing that little ass. You're a full-fledged panty boy sissy, aren't you, princess?"

Dang it! I wanted to argue with her, but there was no point. I just looked down at my nylon-covered toes, shrugged my naked shoulders, and sighed.

"The only thing missing is a little lipstick." Louise produced a couple of shiny tubes of the stuff from the vast array on her vanity. "How about trying on one of these? Or if you like we can go look through my little collection. I'm certain there's something here you'll just love!"

"No! I'm not wearing any stupid lipstick! You got me these clothes, that's all you get!"

The idea of putting on lipstick in front of my stepmother was too much. Oh, sure, I know what you're thinking. Greg was back wearing sissy clothes again, so what did it matter. Well, that might have been true but the way I figured it, so far it was just clothes. I could take them off without much fuss. Lipstick, well, that was going too far. That would change my face — and me! — way too much for comfort. Besides, lipstick made me think of my mother and what she would have said had she seen me in my current predicament.

"She'd be laughing her butt off about now," I lamented silently.

Louise didn't raise a fuss, thank goodness.

"You're sure you don't want any make up? You'd look a lot prettier with a little color. We can do up your eyes, too. I bet they'd look yummy with a little mascara and maybe some eye shadow. You're actually very pretty for a nasty little boy."

I cleared my voice and coughed. "I'm sure," I said in as gruff a tone as I could muster.

Louise seemed pretty pleased with herself, which was a good thing, I guessed. I mean, we were alone in the house, so I really didn't much care what I looked like as long as she didn't make a scene. She gave me a studious once-over with her eyes, nodded, and then put away her lipsticks.

"Oh, well. It doesn't matter. You look adorable just the way you are." She rummaged through her vanity. "Here, put these on. Consider them part of your outfit."

I sighed as I looked down. She'd handed me a mixed collection of costume jewelry. I nodded and put on the rings and bracelets without any fuss.

"Don't forget this little beauty."

My stepmother draped something around my head and hooked it in the back. I looked down to see the fairy necklace my mother bought me oh so long ago.

“Where did you find that?” I was truly caught off guard by this discovery. Louise grinned.

“It was in your suitcase, silly girl. It’s a fairy, so I figured it had to be yours.”

I sighed again. There was nothing for me to say.

Louise seemed happy with my transformation. She looked me up and down again and again. It was kind of annoying.



“I am impressed, princess. Really, even without any make up it’s hard to tell you’re a little boy. I think this is going to work pretty good after all, don't you, honey?”

I shrugged my shoulders. I had absolutely no idea what she was talking about. I was startled as she suddenly grabbed my wrist and pulled me out of the bedroom.

“Come on, princess! Let’s go have some fun with this!”

I felt a chill run down my spine as she drug me down the steps and toward the front of the house. “Have fun … where? I’m not going anywhere like this! Louise, no! I … I can’t!!!”

“Hey, I promised to take you out on the town. I just can’t pass this up!” Louise laughed as she picked up her purse. “Don’t worry about it, princess. Just play along. I promise, it’ll really be fun!”

“Really, Louise, I don’t want to go out like this.” I tried to step past her and head back upstairs, but she blocked my escape easily. “Let’s wait until my clothes are done. Then we’ll go out.”

“Too late. They’re still washing and it would take forever to get those jeans dry, anyway. Don't worry about it, we'll finish washing your boy clothes when we get back this afternoon. I wouldn't dare send you home to your momma in my skirt ... I'd never hear the end of that from your daddy! Now, come on, let's go have a girl’s day out!"

Out of desperation I grabbed hold of the door sill. “No, I’m not going and you can’t make me!”

My stepmother stopped and looked at me. I thought for a moment she was about to get mad at me. Instead, she just smiled.

“I’m not making you do anything, Gregory. I’m just being a good hostess. If you don’t want to go out and have some fun with me, then maybe you can just sit here in your little panties and explain to your father all about the stuff I found in your suitcase. I bet he’ll just love hearing about how the spawn of his loins prefers lipstick and bras to baseball and stock car races. No, I’m not going to make you do anything. You’ll just have to decide for yourself. Spend some girl time with your ugly old stepmother or explain to your father how you came about your little collection of girlie things.”

I froze. What else could I do? I didn’t want to go out dressed as a girl, but I couldn’t face my father and have to tell him, well, you know. The way I figured, this was a town full of strangers, which meant nobody would know who I was or where I went to school or who my friends were. It wouldn’t be so bad. Not really ….

Chapter 40 — Like Stepmother, Like Stepdaughter

The next thing I knew I was in front of my father’s house watching my stepmother lock the door. I felt helpless as she headed for the car. I quickly followed, a cold wind blowing by, giving me quite a chill. My borrowed skirt and top did little to protect me from the autumn air.

"You sure I look all right, Louise? I mean ... I don't look too sissy, do I?" I fidgeted nervously with the front of my top after we got into the car. The longer I looked at my purple boobs and bare belly, the more helpless I felt.

The smile on my stepmother's face was inscrutable. "You look fine, honey. A lot better than you did in those filthy clothes you had on earlier. Now, stop pouting and start smiling. We've got places to go, things to do and people to see!"

I turned and looked at her. “People … to see????”

The first thing we did was drive to a strip of shops in an upscale part of town. Imagine my concern when I realized that every single store there catered to either women or girls' fashions, and each was filled with female patrons of every age, shape and description. Except for the occasional toddler or pre-schooler, there wasn't a single male face in sight. Except mine, of course.

"Uh, I think I better go back and wait in the car," I said as we started to enter one of the shops. Glancing down at the lace tops of my stockings and my exposed belly button, I suddenly felt inappropriately dressed. Correction ... make that too appropriately dressed!

"Oh, no you don't. Come on with me ... I need a few things and you can pick some out for me." I fought a shiver as her eyes locked with mine. “C'mon, it'll be fun. Your daddy got to do his thing with you all week, now you can spend some time with me doing mine."

Shifting around so that her magnificent breasts were pointed right at me, Louise made a lousy attempt to look pitiful.

"You don’t want to make me tell your daddy on you, do you, princess?"

I sighed the inevitable sigh of resignation and tried not to look her in the eye; I ended up looking right at her chest, which only made me feel worse. I tried to avert my eyes and got a smug smile for my trouble.

"No, I guess not ...."

Louise pulled me close and hugged me, very nearly crushing me against the very boobs I'd been admiring. "Good. Then, here, hold my purse for me while I go in here and look around ...."

Trapped by my good intentions, I was suddenly struck with a painful sense of dèjá vu ....

It wasn't too awful ... at first. The first store Louise took me into was fairly tame, selling mostly sportswear and casual clothes. The crowd wasn't too bad. Except for the occasional smile I'd get from someone who saw me carrying a purse, I felt fairly safe. Still, my stomach was filled with butterflies every time we stopped at a rack of clothes. My stepmom would pull out some girlie top of some sort and hold it up and chatter on about whether it was something she'd be caught dead in. Paranoid and gun-shy, I about half expected to be asked if I wanted to try something on, but the question was never raised.

And so I tried to look nonchalant, not much different than any other boy in a skirt following his stepmother around on a shopping spree. Louise noticed my discomfort and added to it with some typical mean girl teasing.

"You really don't mind helping, do you, Gregory?" she'd ask sweetly as she browsed through the colorful skirts, tops and dresses.

I was horrified whenever she did that. I pleaded with her to be more careful. “Please, Louise, not so loud. People will hear! I don’t want them to know ….”

Well, that was a mistake, of course. She kept up the sarcasm, dragging me around the

store and saying things like, “Here, hold this for me, Gregory” and “Would you please hand my purse to me, Gregory?”

That wasn’t my only problem. At one point I noticed my reflection in a mirror and saw a boy’s face looking back at me. Dang it! My refusal to put on any kind of make up was now coming back to haunt me. Without any lipstick or eye make up or anything I looked exactly like the thing I was: a boy dressed in his stepmother’s clothes.

“Oh, crap!” I whispered as I stared at the wide-eyed boyish reflection before me.

Really, you should have seen how stupid I looked. I mean, there I was, in a skirt, hose and heels, with my boyish tousled hair and drab, unfeminine face. It looked pretty obvious to a blind man that I was a guy in drag! Carrying a purse and wearing high heels didn't help matters, either. I thought about Louise's assurances that I looked "just fine." It occurred to me that I was being toyed with, just like a cat torturing a mouse. And I was the one with cheese on my nose.

I looked around the shop. No wonder everyone kept staring at me. Everyone, the older sales clerks to the housewives and their daughters, they had to know I was some sissy boy trying to look like a girl! I looked down and saw that my t-shirt had ridden up again, exposing my bare belly button. My legs suddenly felt naked and my panty-covered bottom felt exposed. Of course everybody thought I was a boy pretending to be a girl! What else would they think? What in the world was I thinking?

I bit my lip and tried not to think about it. "Dumb ass!" I fussed at myself. "Louise is just like Mom ... she loves treating me like some sort of little faggot and making me miserable!"

The idea of a boy with a purse is always good for a laugh, and my stepmom's matter-of-fact manner in dealing with me brought about a ripple of giggles and whispers from the women and girls within earshot.

“So, this really is a boy?” one of the clerks finally asked. “I kept hearing you say ‘Gregory’ but whenever I looked around all I saw was this cute little tomboy looking so adorable in her pink little outfit.”

The head clerk laughed. “That’s what I thought, too! You really fooled us all, sweetie,” she said with a wink. “I thought maybe ‘she’ just left the house without her makeup. Really, Gregory, you should do something with your face. You’d make a beautiful girl if you went all the way!”

The first clerk nodded her head with too much enthusiasm. “It’s hard to believe this pretty young thing is your son ….”

“My stepson, actually,” interrupted Louise.

The woman nodded, not really caring about that inconvenient detail. “Your stepson, of course. I think it’s just lovely that the two of you spend some girl-time together like. It’s a very healthy way to establish a relationship. I just love it!”

“I’m dying to know why you’re dressed like this!” the head clerk exclaimed. “Do you dress up like a girl all the time or is this a special occasion? I see you’ve got on a very pretty bra. Are you wearing panties, too? Come on, you can tell us! We won’t say anything to anyone about it!”

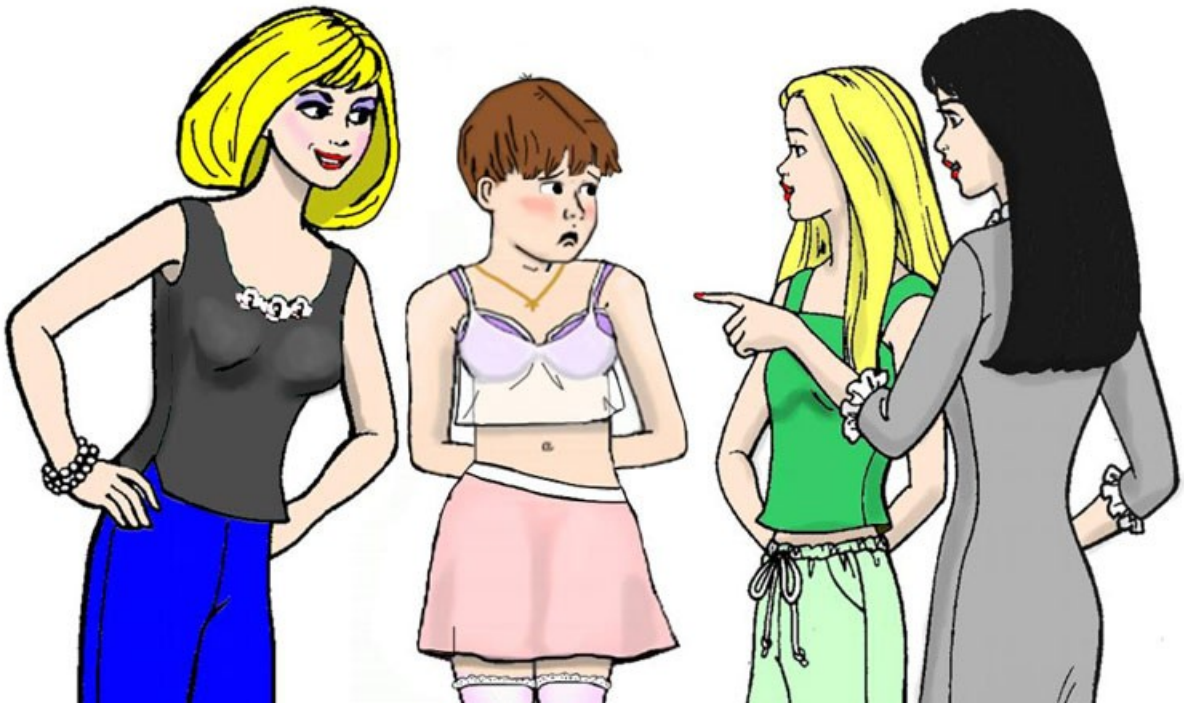
My stepmother and her friends teased and poked. Not knowing what else to do, I just bit my lip and tried not to cry. I felt pretty sick inside, so much that I thought I was going to puke. After a while they got tired of their little game and I was given a few moments of peace and quiet.

Fettered with my stepmother's purse in one hand and several shopping bags in the other, I found myself increasingly mired in a role that was much too familiar. Going from store to store, we lingered and wandered and window shopped forever, wearing me down to the point where I felt like a zombie. Louise, on the other hand, grew energized, talking with friends and strangers alike all day long as though she was running for office. More than once she introduced me to some smiling woman as "my sweet little stepson, Gregory." And more than once I heard someone say something along the lines of "That's a boy? What a little cutie!"

The last shop was a cosmetics boutique, evident by the overwhelming fragrance that hit me as I followed my stepmother inside. It was like running into a brick wall. The powerful smells were so feminine, and so familiar, I couldn't help but think my experiences as "Pamela," my mom spraying me with perfume before sending me out in some silly dress or skirt, the cold mist lighting on my naked arms and legs, the sharp, sweet aroma taking my breath away. The next thing I knew, I had the most powerful — and alarming! — erection. I immediately regretted not wearing a girdle and cursed the flimsy panties that were failing to contain my boyish enthusiasm. Trapped in my short skirt, it looked pretty obvious from my point of view; fortunately, I had my purse and shopping bags to hide it behind.

Whew ...! Talk about a close call!

We must have spent an hour in there, waiting and squirming impatiently as Louise chatted with the clerks and browsed through the selections as though she had all the time in the world. It seemed as though no matter where we went she knew just about everyone we came across, and the torture of going through each introduction and listening to every conversation was maddening.



"... and this is my sweet little stepson, Gregory," she inevitably said to one of her many friends. In the face of so many smiling faces I'd blush shamelessly and stand there like an obedient pet . "Isn't he the most adorable thing you've ever seen? And such a sweet child, too ... "

Embarrassed and bored out of my head, I resisted the temptation to run out the door and throw myself in front of traffic, my single valiant effort to retain some sort of dignity. Occasionally Louise would try on this lipstick or sample that mascara or maybe try on a piece of jewelry, and each time she'd turn and wink at me in the most enthusiastic way. I couldn't tell if she was flirting or just having fun at my expense. In retrospect it was probably a whole lot of both.

"Oh, Gregory, honey, lookie here ... peaches and cream! Isn’t that your favorite?"

She held up a silver cylinder and playfully rolled it between her fingertips. I felt my face burning as she expertly popped it open and coated her lips with shiny color. She made a familiar smacking sound with her freshly painted mouth and smiled brightly in my direction.

"Still think it looks yucky?"

The two clerks giggled as I tried to think of something to say. I was so embarrassed I never did, of course. The truth was, Louise was so pretty, she could have worn axle grease and I would have been impressed.

"Greg's favorite lipstick is pink, but his mother likes red best," my father's wife said cheerily to her friends. "I'm trying to turn him on to some more interesting alternatives. Here, take whiff, princess ... it even smells like a dessert."

Talk about pressure! I was stunned to hear my own words bandied about so freely,

especially in front of complete strangers like that. And then to have someone wave a lipstick under my nose like that — and just millimeters away from my own lips — well, it was almost too much.

"Uh, it smells nice," I said weakly.

"Want to try some? It even tastes good, too." My stepmother slid her tongue over her lips and grinned. Her clerk friends giggled again.

"Nah ... I don't think so." I pressed my lips together just in case she tried putting it on me anyway. As it turned out, I didn't have that to worry about.

“You might give it some thought,” she said, passing along a conspiratorial wink. “Unless you actually enjoy looking like a boy in a skirt.”

My stepmother was right, of course. I knew from bitter experience that a little lipstick and some mascara would go a long way toward helping my face match my outfit. As much as I hated doing so, I nodded my head.

“Um, maybe I ought to,” I said softly.

Louise raised an eyebrow. “You ought to what?”

I sighed. She wasn’t going to make it easy. That was all right. I’d played this little game with my mother. I took a deep breath and forced myself to smile.

“I was just thinking, maybe you’re right. A little lipstick wouldn’t hurt.”

My stepmother and her friends smiled. I took another deep breath.

“Please …?”

Louise was silent for a moment — just long enough to make me worry — but she finally did speak.

“Sure. Here, have at it.”

My hands were shaking as I took the silver tube from her. I stared at it for a moment, then looked up.

“You want … me … to do it?” I asked, feigning ignorance. I didn’t want the sales girls to know too much, you understand.

Louise was having none of that, of course. “Honey, with your track record, there's absolutely no reason for me to put lipstick on you. You obviously know how all this works, so you do it yourself.”

I felt my stomach turn sour.

“You … you really want me to put this on by myself?”

My stepmother rolled her eyes. “Of course! Oh, don't be such a baby, Gregory. I know that you've done this before, so quit acting like it's such a big deal. Just pretend you're home in your room, doing whatever it is you do when you play 'dressup' for your

mommy."

The sales girls laughed and whispered to each other. I felt like an idiot, but I was trapped. I had an attentive audience as I carefully made up my face. I tried to act like it was my first time, but I wasn't fooling anybody. The sales girls giggled to see how deftly I handled the lipstick cap. There was a lot of whispering as I blotted.

"Do I look all right?" I whispered weakly.

Louise nodded. Despite her smirking smile, she seemed pleased. "You look darling, princess. Just darling."

"Can we do something with his eyes, too?" one of the girls asked. She picked up an applicator of mascara. "I'd love to see him with some dreamy eyelashes!"

I blanched at the idea, but Louise agreed.

"Absolutely. But let him do it. Let's see how much he knows about making himself beautiful …."

By the time I was done I looked nothing like Greg Parker. Instead I looked like a typical teenaged girl out shopping with her goofy girlfriends. Actually, I looked just like my mother's favorite daughter, "Pamela." In addition to a generous application of lipstick — it was something like "cotton candy pink" if I remember correctly — I was coerced into doing my eyes and fixing my hair. It didn't take me but just a few minutes as I had plenty of experience in both areas. Borrowing my stepmother's brush I flipped out my bangs and put my hair up in twin ponytails. One of the sales girls gave me a couple of pink plastic clips shaped like bows to hold them in place. A pair of hooped earrings completed my disguise.

"Well, well," Louise said with a giggle. "You're better at this than I thought, princess. You're a regular little diva, that's what you are."

By this time I didn't care what my stepmother said. What she didn't already know about me she'd figured out. To be honest, a sense of relief came over me. At least now people wouldn't recognize me as a boy in a skirt. Well, except for those few souls in that quiet little boutique that fateful day.

"Mmm ... this is so neat," one of the sales girls mused. "Most boys his age couldn't care less about lipstick or doing their hair or anything. In fact, I can't remember the last time a teenaged boy even came in to visit us …."

Another girl interrupted with, "Oh, that's not true. I know of at least two boys who've come in to sample our wares. You remember, one of them always smells like his mother's perfume? He's the one who likes other boys …."

I felt my ears burn as the two sales clerks, along with my stepmother, all giggled and looked at me with knowing smiles.

"Greg does love girlish things, don't you, princess?" Louise gave me a piercing stare. "He is definitely an expert on girls ... more than any boy probably should be, in fact. We haven't gotten around to discussing boys, though."

I gave her a dirty look, but she smiled the biggest and proudest smile. How could she say

such things to me, especially in front of other people?

"Oh, really?" replied the younger sales clerk. Her eyes traveled over me like she was sizing up her next meal. "What about it, sweetie? You like boys? You obviously like girlish things, but what about boys? You can tell us, sweetie. We won't say anything."

Thank goodness the older clerk came to my rescue. Sort of. "Oh, stop it, you two! Can't you see the poor child is shy? We don't want to scare him off. This is a customer in the making, I can see it now. Isn't that right, honey? Don't you pay any attention to those mean old girls. You just keep on being whoever you want to be and don't let anybody stop you, all right?"

Not know what to say, I just stood there, grinned and nodded my head like one of those toy dogs you see in the back of the car window. I couldn't help but squirm in my tight skirt and panties as I'd become so aroused it actually hurt.

After that debacle at the shopping center I was hoping to go home. Instead Louise scared the crap of me when I realized we were pulling into the parking lot of a gigantic shopping mall.

"Wha- … what are we doing here?" I managed to get the words out without choking to death.

My beautiful blond stepmother grinned. "I've got an appointment so you can go have some fun if you want."

"FUN???" I was totally bewildered as I looked down at my attire and back up at my stepmother. "I can't have any fun dressed like this … in a place like that!"

"Of course you can, silly boy. Don't be so stupid! There are all sorts of things for a pretty young girl to do in a shopping mall. All you have to do is look around."

It turned out that Louise had to go to the hair salon, so she gave me twenty dollars and told me to go find something to do.

"Maybe I should just hang out with you," I whispered as we walked up to the salon. I looked inside and frowned. The smells and activity beyond the glass doors were intimidating, but the idea of being in a public place alone in my silly teenaged girl guise terrified me.

"If you come with me we're going to get your hair done," my stepmother threatened. "I bet you'd look really cute as a blond!"

At first I thought she was kidding, but she kept up the pressure until I finally realized what she was trying to do. She wanted to push me beyond my comfort zone by forcing me to go wander around on my own in lipstick and heels.

"Go on," she encouraged. "You know you want to do it. Now's your chance. Go have some fun."

I tried to swallow but my mouth was so dry I couldn't. "Where … how can I find you?"

Louise shrugged here shoulders. "Don't worry about it. I'll find you. If you get lost, go to the information desk. Or meet me at the car. I don't really care. It's not my problem,

it's yours."

Dang! That sounded just like something my mother would have said. I took a deep breath, nodded my head and ventured out on my own.

The mall was enormous, at least twice as big as the one back home. I was nervous at first, but nobody paid any attention to me, so I relaxed and tried to enjoy myself. I had very little interest in shopping for anything girlish, so I did what I normally did at the mall and sought out the comic book store and sports paraphernalia shops. I got a lot of strange looks, which confused me at first. At first I thought everybody knew I was a boy in a skirt. I caught a glimpse of myself in a mirrored display, however, and had to grin at what I saw. A teenaged girl in pink grinned back at me. In that silly skirt and pink lipstick and with my hair up in twin ponytails, I actually did look pretty cute!

That's when it finally occurred to me — that was why everybody was acting so strange. They didn't think I was a boy in a skirt. They actually thought I was a girl. And not just any girl, but a pretty girl! I mean, just how many cute girls did you ever see in a comic book store, or a sports memorabilia shop? Unless they were with their family or boyfriend, probably never.

"Well, it could be worse," I thought ruefully. "They could know I was a guy. I'd get my butt kicked if they knew the truth. Heck even the geeky kids would have a big time picking on me if that ever got out!"

I ended up not buying anything because I was, well, too shy. Actually, I was too scared to talk to any of the clerks. I just wandered around, killing time and trying to be inconspicuous. Tough duty, considering the gaggle of boys from age ten up through eighteen who kept staring at me. There were even a few adult men who couldn't keep their eyes off me. I finally decided that I'd have better luck at the arcade.

The arcade was a genius idea! It was so huge and there enough girls there so I didn't stand out like, well, like a teenaged girl in a comic book shop! I ended up spending least an hour there playing some of my favorite games, which was heaven on earth to me! I hadn't been to an arcade in forever and I was so excited to get to do something a normal teenager could do, even if I was in a skirt and lipstick. Not having any pockets to keep my money in was a pain, though. I immediately regretted getting ten dollars in tokens. Believe it or not, I kinda missed not having my purse until the pimply faced clerk offered me a small paper bag with the arcade logo on it.

"Here, see if this helps," he said with a big smile. "What did you do, forget your purse?"

"Oh, yeah," I replied shyly. I thought for a second, then added, "You know how dumb us girls can be sometimes."

The clerk nodded and grinned. "Well, I don't know about that. I don't think you're dumb. Pretty, yes, but not so dumb."

My face flushed hot with embarrassment. I hadn't expected that! "Um, yeah. Well, thanks! You're cute, too." I winced as I realized what I'd just said. I felt like such a fool as it occurred to me that I was flirting with a boy old enough to be in college.

"You from around here?" he asked. I felt my stomach flutter. He was actually hitting on me! I thought about what my mom said about boys. I was torn between disgust and pride as I realized that he was probably trying to picture me without my clothes on.

“Um, no. I’m just here for a couple of days. I’m, um, shopping with my stepmother.” I felt empowered as I recognized that I was telling the truth.

So far, so good!

Pimple Boy nodded. “Hey, let me know if you need a tour guide. I know all the fun places to go in this town. I can show you a good time if you like.”

I forced myself to smile. “Um, okay. I’ll let you know.”

This is where it got kind of weird. Pimple Boy suddenly frowned, his voice taking on a sneering quality.

“You’re not going to go out with me, are you? You’re too pretty to go out with me, aren’t you? You prissy little twats are all alike. You think you’re better than anybody else!”

I felt like he’d hit me in the stomach. First of all, I was really scared to get into an argument with anybody, boy or girl, adult or child, dressed as I was. Not with high heels, stockings and a skirt so short a slight gust of wind would expose my purple lace panties … and the secret inside them!

The other reason I got upset was that I never thought of myself as a pretty girl. I always thought of myself as a terrified boy dressed as a girl. Even when Danny and I went skipping through the neighborhood in skirts and makeup and ended up kissing Gary, I was a nervous wreck the entire time. I thought everybody knew or at least suspected I was a guy posing as a girl. It never really sunk in that they might think I was actually a girl!

Which was apparently what Pimple Boy thought. I paused for a moment and then smiled a shy, guilty smile.

“You’re right, I won’t call you,” I confessed. I thought about the truth and decided to go with it. “The truth is, I can’t call you. I’ve been visiting my father for the past week on fall break and I’m supposed to go home tomorrow morning. We’re going to meet him for dinner in a little while and, well, you know … I can’t disappoint my daddy.”

I winced as I said that, but Pimple Boy nodded.

“Oh, gee, I’m sorry. That makes sense. I didn’t mean what I said, you know, about … you being a twat and all that ….”

Unbelievably, my goofy words made sense to him. After all, that’s what a cute girl would say about her daddy, right?

“Oh, that’s all right. We can be pretty rude sometimes, too. Don’t, um, worry about it.”

And then I did something I never thought I’d ever do. I actually gave this college-aged clerk at the arcade one of those coy, movie-perfect sidelong glances. You know, the kind girls give you when they want to make you shiver just a little bit. I don’t know where I got it from. It might have been from hanging around Kathy and her friends or maybe from my mom. But I did it. I tilted my head down, turned it slightly to the left and looked up at him with a slight, ever so subtle smile. And here’s the funny part.

It worked!

“Oh, no, really, I … I’m so sorry.” Pimple Boy looked as embarrassed as I felt. “I … that was rude of me. I just, well, sometimes girls say things ….”

I smiled and nodded. My earring brushed my cheek, causing me to giggle with more than a little anxiety.

“It’s all right. I know what you mean. Us girls do lie sometimes, but I promise, I’m telling you the truth. Cross my heart and hope to die.”

My new admirer didn’t say anything for a whole minute. I watched with mixed emotions as his eyes wandered back and forth between looking me in the eye and staring at my boobs. I felt really embarrassed and was about to say something when his face suddenly lit up.

“Hey, tell you what … next time you’re in town, stop in and I’ll get you a whole bucket of tokens. I can do that you know. And then, you know, maybe we can go out or something.”

I felt like I was in a bad teenager date movie. I nodded my head vigorously, my twin ponytails bobbing back and forth as I tried to think of what to say next. It turned out to be easy. I just said what any pretty young girl would have said.

“Wow, you’d do that for me? That sounds great! You’re so sweet. I promise, I’ll stop in next time. That sounds like a lot of fun!”

As I walked away he practically shouted at me.

“You never told me your name!”

I did a quick repeat of the sidelong glance, smiled and then called back, “You’re right. I didn’t. I’ll do that next time I’m in town.”

Which was exactly the right thing to do, as it turned out. I left my new friend squirming in his seat with a huge smile on his face. I had to giggle, remembering what my mom said about boys and what they did behind closed doors.

"I think she’s right," I thought to myself as I walked away. “He actually had a hardon! Holy crap! I wonder if he’s going to jerk off tonight thinking about me? I really didn’t mean to do that!!!"

Lost in my games, I kept pretty much to myself and nobody said a word to me about what I was wearing. I wasn’t ignored, however. Every time I looked up some guy was staring at me, again from the young ones on up to the adults. Some would catch my eye and smile while others would glance away as though they weren’t really looking. The boys my age were more of a nuisance than anything, staring at my butt and my boobs. No wonder girls find guys such a pain!

The older ones, the ones the same age as my dad and his friends, those were the ones who worried me the most. At first I couldn’t figure why. I just remember trying my best not to look them in the eye. I made that mistake more than once and found myself getting weak in the knees. For some reason I got the idea that they could see the real me

under my girlish veneer. Thank goodness none of them came over to talk to me. I probably would have had a heart attack!

At long last Louise showed up. She smiled to see me with my little bag of tokens.

“Come on, Miss Priss. Looks like you need a purse to put your things in. Let’s go shopping!”

As we left the store the clerk waved and smiled. “See you next time you’re in town!” he shouted.

“Okay, later!” I called back, waving happily. “Just like we said!”

All of a sudden I felt my stomach flutter as I realized that Louise was watching me with more than a little curiosity.

“Well, what was that all about? Sounds like you made a friend.”

I shrugged my bare shoulders. “Kinda. Not really. I mean, he’s the cashier guy.” I shook my little bag of coins. “He asked me a bunch of questions when I got my tokens. I couldn’t be rude and not talk to him.”

My stepmother raised an eyebrow and winked. “Sounds to me like you have a boyfriend. I wonder what my girlfriends will say when I tell them. Better yet, I wonder what daddy would think.”

“Louise, no!” I grabbed her arm and pleaded in whispered desperation. “You’re not going to tell my dad … you promised!”

“Oh, stop it! I was just teasing. Try and lighten up , princess. I’m not going to say a word to your father. The only way he’ll find out is if you tell him.”

I tried to talk Louise out of any more shopping, but she insisted on finding me a purse. We must have gone into a dozen shops looking for just the right one. It was pretty much torture for me since she talked to every single sales clerk and told them how she wanted to buy her cute stepdaughter “the cutest purse ever!”



We finally settled on a bright purple plastic looking thing that almost matched my outfit. I never felt so humiliated nor so sissyish as when I had to primp and pose before Louise and the sales staff with my new purchase. It was practically useless, barely large enough to hold my left over tokens and the lipstick we'd bought earlier. Fortunately — or unfortunately, depending on your point of view — I knew from bitter experience how to manage such things.

"You need to freshen up, by the way," my stepmother observed as we stepped out of the store. I sighed and did as I was told. "You do that so well, princess. I'm amazed at what a silly little girl you really are. No wonder that poor boy at the arcade tried to pick you up!"

As promised Louise dropped me off at the movies. I'd almost forgotten her promise and I tried to get out of it. But she insisted, of course.

"No, really, princess, a promise is a promise. I've got some more errands to run and it'll do me some good to get you out of the way. Here's some more money. Put it in your

purse and go enjoy yourself. I'll be back when it's over. Have fun!"

I was more than a little scared to be left on my own, but I managed to buy my tickets and get inside the theater without incident. I felt so conspicuous in my skimpy attire but I somehow managed to carry myself with enough femininity to ward off any suspicion. Which in turn was a problem as I once again found myself the subject of sly glances and flirtatious stares. I just keep my eyes forward and pretended not to realize that I was being mentally undressed and molested by my myriad admirers.

Safe in the darkness of the theater I was so thrilled to see the latest kung-fu thriller ... my first "guy flick" in more than a year! In spite of my borrowed clothes and goofy makeup job, "Greg" was definitely in his element for the duration of the movie and the world of "Pamela" was a faint memory. At least for a while.

When the movie was over I had to wait in the lobby for Louise to pick me up. That's when the trouble started. Just like earlier, I noticed dozens of eyes staring at me, young and old alike. The younger ones I was able to ignore, as well as most of the older ones. Now it was the ones close to my age that were difficult to avoid. Especially when they placed themselves right in your face. One group of four, led by a black guy who had to be not much older than myself, positioned themselves close enough for me to hear their rude banter.

"Come on, go ask her!" one of the boys chided. "She's not from around here. See what she says!"

"Why don't you ask her?" another guy argued. "You're the one who thinks he's the expert ladies' man!"

I had to smile as I slowly realized they were almost as intimidated by me as I was by them. That's when I began wondering if the power of women might be transferable to a terrified boy in a dress. After all, a simple glance gave me control of a college-aged boy just a couple of hours earlier.

I made the mistake of using the sidelong glance. The leader of the group suddenly broke away and headed my direction. My momentary sense of power quickly died as he approached me.

"You guys are such pussies!" He puffed up his chest and adjusted his clothes. "See, she wants to talk to me, so shut the fuck up!"

My knees went weak as I wondered for an instant what I'd done wrong. Maybe he knew my secret. Maybe I'd given myself away somehow. Was that why they were talking about me? Did they know I was really a boy in my prissy disguise? How did they find out? What was I going to do now??????

Up close my newest friend looked close to my own age, but he more than a little taller. Looking down at me he frowned and said, "Say, don't I know you? Don't you go to school around here?"

My first reaction was delight. Instead of accusing me of being a sissy or a faggot, he was coming on to me as though I was a real girl. My joy was so great I couldn't help smiling. I shrugged my shoulders and rolled my eyes, not quite realizing the effect my body language was having on the young admirers watching my performance.

“Umm, no, I don’t think so.” I replied softly. After the debacle at the arcade I decided to take this opportunity to practice my “girl voice.” I cleared my throat and took a deep breath. “I’m from … out of town. I’m waiting for my stepmother to pick me up.”

There was some more conversation, little of it memorable. He said something about his school and how he was on the football team. I was too busy trying to pose and act like a girl to pay much attention. I was determined not to be discovered.

“Football? That’s nice, I suppose,” I said when there was a pause in his speech. “My boyfriend plays baseball.”

Mentally I slapped myself for saying that. Boyfriend? I didn’t have a boyfriend! What the heck was I saying? Was I losing my mind???

It turned out that my comment was right on target. My new friend shrugged. “Yeah, baseball’s cool. I used to play, but I got kicked off the team. I guess I’m just too rough for those guys.”

I giggled. I don’t know why, but I did. Probably not the smartest thing I’d ever done.

“Really, I shouldn’t be talking to you,” I said in a sing-song voice. “I’m waiting for my stepmother. She doesn’t like me talking to strange boys.”

There was a rush of laughter among the other boys. My friend’s eyes widened, then narrowed.

“Hey, how about coming with us, you know, just for a little while. We’ll buy you something to eat. Then maybe we can go have some fun.”

I shook my head and gave him a stern look — well as stern as a boy wearing red hot pink lipstick can give!

“Seriously, I can’t. Like I said, my stepmother doesn’t like me talking to strangers. I might get in trouble if she sees you.”

I felt something brush my arm and I looked down to see his dark brown fingers tickling my wrist. I wanted to move away but my knees went weak as he took hold of my arm and pulled me close.

“Oh, come on, girlfriend! You can catch up with her later. You want to have fun, don’t you?”

“I … I can’t …,” I whispered hoarsely.

I leaned back away from him as he pulled my arm. As Greg I probably would have been able to take him on, but I wasn’t Greg. I wasn’t even ‘Pamela.’ I was a prissy boy in a strange town, dressed in purple lace panties and hot pink lipstick waiting for his evil stepmother to rescue him from the clutches of who-knew-what.

Which is exactly what happened.

“Hello, princess!” a familiar voice called out. I looked over to see Louise standing just a few feet away, a sneering, leering look on her Barbie doll face.



“Um, I gotta go!” I said, my voice sounding more like Greg Parker than a pretty girl in pink.

“Snotty little bitch!” the boy said as he let go of my wrist. “You’ll wish you’d gone with me, you whore!”

For an instant I tried to figure out what he meant by that. I’d heard other guys say things like that before at school but never really gave it much thought. From the feminine point of view at that moment in time, however, it didn’t make much sense.

“Sorry,” I whispered as we walked out of the theater. “I guess I didn’t hear you blow the horn.”

Louise giggled. “That’s because I didn’t. When I drove up I saw you talking to those boys. I thought I’d let you have a little fun. It looks like you made another boyfriend. How come you didn’t bother introducing me to him?”

I bit my lip. “There wasn’t any reason. He’s not my boyfriend, either, Louise! And they’re not my friends. They … they were … they, um ….”

“Were just being friendly, hmm?” my stepmother suggested. I shrugged, then nodded. “And what about you? Were you just being friendly, too?”

I shrugged again and nodded … again.

“I don’t know, Louise. I guess. Maybe.” I sighed. “I’m just confused.”

“My, oh my,” Louise sang as we got into her car. “You’re an interesting boy, young Gregory Parker. An interesting boy indeed!”

The ride home was pretty tedious. Louise kept up her interrogation, asking me all sorts of embarrassing questions about the boys I’d met and the things we talked about. The depth and audacity of her query was so painful, at one point I thought about asking if she was related to my mother.

Thank goodness the day was almost over. We were supposed to meet Dad for supper and I was eager to shed my panties and lipstick and get back into the role of the all-American average red-blooded boy.

Chapter 41 — Girlfriends

By the time we pulled into the driveway I was exhausted. I was also ready to spend some time with my dad, maybe watch a ball game and enjoy my last few hours of freedom. There was some bad news, of course.

“Oh, I guess I didn’t tell you. I called your daddy’s office and his secretary said he wasn't expected to get free until late tonight.” Louise stuck her bottom lip out in mock sadness. “I guess that means I’ll have to keep you entertained the rest of the day. Think you can stand a few more hours with your ugly old stepmother?”

I didn’t know what to say. This news was disheartening in more ways than one. I was supposed to go home the next day and I wanted to see my dad before I left. Then there was the problem of how I was going to spend the rest of that day with my stepmom.

"Oh, don't be such a party pooper," she said as we entered the house. "We can find something for you to do. As a matter of fact, since your daddy's going to be gone for a while, we can have a little naughty fun. Just us girls."

"Just us ... girls ...?" Uh-oh! I didn't like the sound of that! Not one bit! "Please, Louise, can't we just ... I mean ... do we have to ...?"

I was getting that deep down queasy feeling again.

Taking me by the hand, my stepmother pulled me up the stairs. "Come along, crybaby ... you're still mine for a few hours." I reluctantly followed her into the bedroom she shared with my father. It felt kind of funny, knowing that this was their private room. It felt even funnier when I was told to sit down at her dressing table.

"I've been doing a lot of thinking, you know, about what I found in your suitcase the other day. So-o-o-o ... I want to conduct a little experiment. And I don't want any arguments. All you have to do is sit still and let me satisfy my curiosity about a few things. All right?"

"Do I have to?"

Louise shook her head. "How many times are you going to say that? No, you don't have to. You can just explain to you daddy why you're so interested in lipstick and girls' undies instead." Pulling that stupid "Seventeen" magazine from out of nowhere, she

flashed it in my face and gave me a grin. "He'll be so proud to know you subscribe to a girl's fashion publication ...."

The look on her face reminded me of my mom. I recognized it all too well; it was the kind of look that said "I win, you lose!"

I swallowed nervously and said, "All right, all right ... I give. Do whatever you want. What do I care?" For some reason my voice was really hoarse.

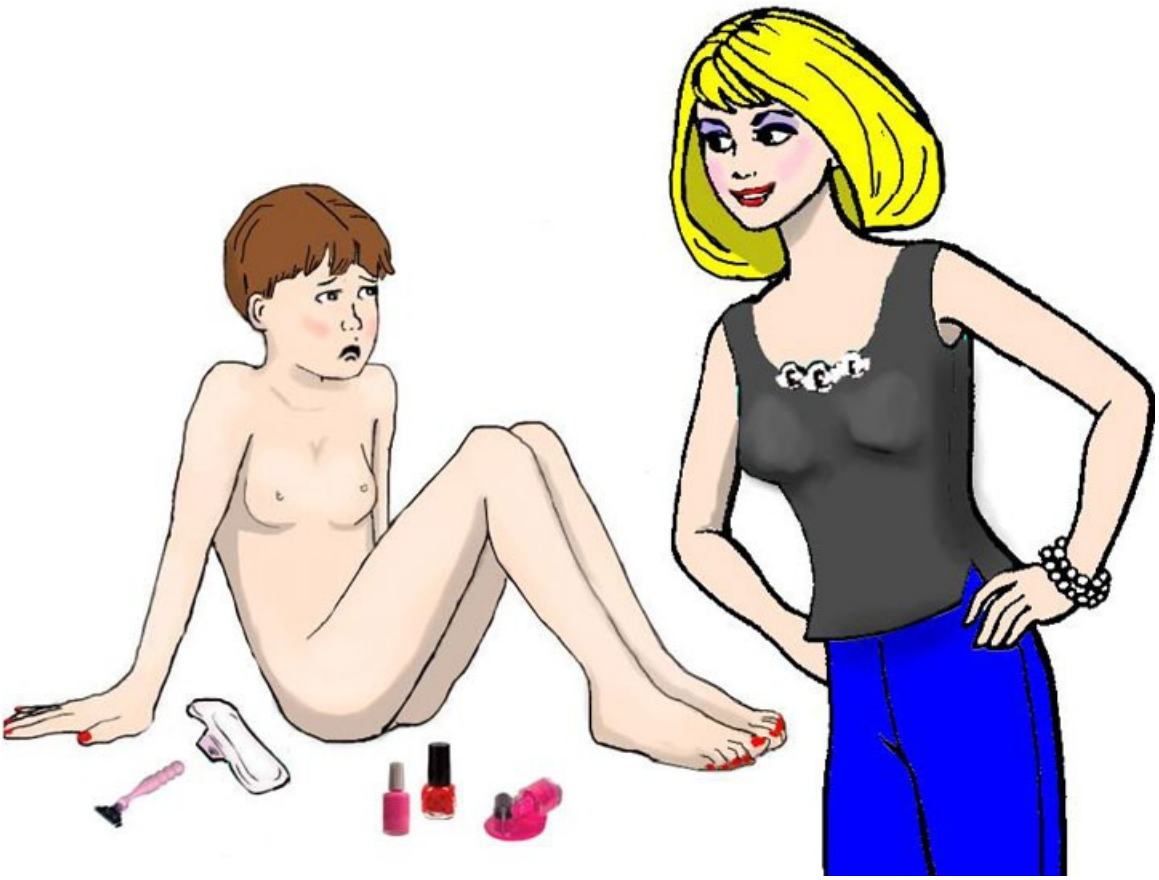
"Good. Now we can have some real fun. First, take off your clothes."

After a momentary battle of wills — which I obviously lost! — I was suddenly sitting before my stepmom wearing only my birthday suit. This was the second time she'd seen me naked and I wasn't at all too happy about it. Hands in my lap, I remember looking wistfully at my boyish undies laying at my feet. The way things were going, they'd just as well been on the moon.

"You did take a shower this morning, didn't you?"

I nodded my head. There was an awkward minute of silence and I noticed Louise wasn't looking me in the eye. She was looking right at my boy boobs. Out of reflex I crossed my arms over my chest and blushed. I'd already crossed my legs to hide my tingling boyishness, but that didn't stop me from blushing from head to toe. I wondered if it was too late to run off somewhere and hide.

"How cute. Such a shy little thing," my stepmom said with an amused voice. "I can see why, too. You've got such a fat little behind. Just like your momma. I do like your chubby little boobies, though. Funny, even naked you look just like a girl."



"Louise, please ...."

"Oh, I'm just teasing, honey. Don't be such a prude." As my stepmother continued chatting she unbuttoned her blouse and loosened her jeans. In a second she was in her underwear and next thing I knew, she was naked as a jaybird, standing right there in front of me!

"Here, how's that. Now you're not the only one lounging around in the nude. We can have a little fun, just like a couple of girlfriends on a Saturday afternoon, okay?"

Pouting nervously, I nodded. I tried not to stare at the pair of magnificent breasts before me, but I couldn't think of what else to do. I did manage to keep my knees pressed together as tightly as I could; it wouldn't do at all if I suddenly sprouted an erection right there in front of my stepmom. If I did I'd just die of shame right there on the spot.

You have to understand that Louise enjoyed showing off her body, just like she enjoyed teasing fourteen year old boys. I'd often tried picturing what she'd look like naked, but my limited imagination hadn't prepared me for the real thing; a pair of beautiful breasts that seemed to defy gravity, the graceful curve from her waist to her naked butt ... and the shocking sight of her private parts, right there, within my reach! Being so close to such a perfectly shaped female body was a dream come true for a boy my age. I could scarcely believe it was happening. I do remember squeezing my legs together to conceal my excitement, and praying that I didn't embarrass myself any more than I'd already done.

Ignoring me and my puny concerns, Louise casually stretched her wonderful body and yawned, a giant cat to my meek little mouse. She then bent close over my shoulder to check herself in the mirror. I tried not to look as she primped and poked at herself, but it was difficult to ignore such wonderful breasts suspended just a breath away from my face. She was so close her body heat made me sweat all over. I often wondered what I'd do if I was ever presented with such an opportunity and at that exact moment I discovered a sad truth ... I wimped out and did absolutely nothing.

My stepmother must have been reading my mind. She shot a sidelong glance in my direction and laughed.

"Oh, you dirty-minded little thing! I know what you're thinking, honey. You can look all you want, but don't you dare touch. See here?"

I sat dumbly as she stepped behind me and gave me a warm hug. I about jumped out of my skin as she slid her hands around my waist, and I almost died as she cupped my chubby boy boobs, one in each hand, and gave them each a gentle squeeze. The pressure of her perfect breasts pushing against my bare back took my breath away.

"See? You've got your own little girlfriends to play with." She gave my boobs a little jiggle and then scraped my left nipple with a sharp fingernail. "How lucky is that? Not many boys have a pair of titties to touch whenever they want!"

I jumped in surprise as sharp, talon-like fingernails then dug under my arms and my ribs. I squealed like a little girl as my stepmom tickled me without mercy.

"Please, Louise," I said, giggling like a complete and utter idiot.

I shifted in my seat as a jolt of electricity swept through my body; as ashamed as I was, I felt my penis shiver and tingle with the most extreme pleasure. Sitting there, naked like that, and being touched and teased by such a beautiful woman ... well, it was absolutely unnerving! I was afraid for a second that I was going to ... well, you know, make a mess. I carefully adjusted my crossed legs, praying that I could control my emotions. It wasn't going to be easy. Man, talk about agony! This was torture!

While I caught my breath Louise washed my face with cold cream and a warm damp rag from the bathroom. I sat quietly and helplessly as she then sat down on the seat beside me and scrubbed my fingertips with a cloth soaked in nail remover.

"I want to start with a blank canvas," she explained. "We all know you can look like a cute little girl. Let's see what else we can conjur up with a little bit of thought and some creative ideas."

I nodded. I had no idea what she was talking about. I watched silently as several bottles of nail polish were produced. I gave my young stepmother a sickly smile.

"Go ahead, try on one of each." she said firmly. She nodded to the other things on her vanity. "Don't be shy. You know what to do. I just want to see for myself how far you can go with all this."

I really didn't want to do it, but I did it anyway. What else was I going to do, run away?

A little while later my fingers flashed about with various shades of flaming red tips,

completely unlike the filthy nails that had been digging up fishing worms the day before. The coolness of the nail polish drying on my fingers and the accompanying aroma was like an electric charge in the air, causing me to feel flushed and aroused beyond belief. Too embarrassed to get up and leave, too nervous to cry, I sat patiently as my stepmother looked at me

"Hmmm ... I like this color best. I've got a lipstick that matches it perfectly. What do you think?"

I shrugged my naked shoulders. "I ... I guess so .... Are we done yet? C-c-can I put on some clothes?"

Louise acted like she didn't hear a word I said.

"Here's some nail polish remover. Take off all those other colors and do your nails up in that one. And your toes while you're at it. I'm going to get us a couple of diet cokes."

By the time she was back I was done with my fingernails. I couldn't do my toes until my fingers were dry, so I just sat there in my birthday suit looking like an idiot. With my hands spread flat on the vanity, I bent over and took a sip of Coke.

Meanwhile my stepmom plopped down on the edge of the bed and lit up a cigarette. The way she was sitting was very casual, careless even, and I had a hard time not looking at her pubic area, which was in full view. I was both confused and annoyed when after several minutes she'd didn't make a move to cover herself. It occurred to me later that she might have been sitting like that on purpose.

"Uh, aren't you going to get dressed?" I asked meekly. The silence had really bothered me, and that was the only thing I could think of to say.

"Oh, maybe later. I don't wear much around the house when I'm alone. Clothes can be such a bother sometimes. Besides, your daddy really enjoys it when I go naked. Don't look so shocked. Sometimes men can act so crazy over the silliest things." Her laugh reminded me of my friend, Rita. I wondered what Rita would have thought if she'd seen me lounging around in the nude with my stepmom.

Louise "You don't mind, do you? Me walking around naked, I mean?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "I guess not."

My lame attempt at being nonchalant sparked a titter of girlish giggles.

"Yeah, I can see that. You look about as happy as a poodle at a dog fight."

As she sipped her coke Louise kept looking at me funny, her eyes flicking from my face to my exposed bosom and then down between my legs.

"Hmmm ... funny, how much you look like a girl, even without any clothes on. Having that nice little pair of boobies helps. I wonder what you'd look like in a nice cocktail dress? Or maybe an evening gown?

I shrugged my shoulders. I wasn't eager to find out.

My stepmom grinned. "Well, let's get your toenails done and then maybe we'll find out."

"Do we have to ...?" I whined.

I don't know why I even bothered. I ended up doing as I was told, of course. Louise made me sit on the floor, leaving me completely vulnerable as I bent over awkwardly at the waist to apply the bright red polish. It would have been easier to sit Indian-style with my foot up in my lap, but then I'd have to part my legs and expose my aching erection. With my stepmom sitting there looking at me, I just couldn't let that happen. She still got an eyeful, though, I guess, smoking her cigarette and enjoying a prime view of my bare bottom.

While we waited for my nails to dry I sat and sipped my coke while my stepmom chatted away like I was one of her best girlfriends. I was feeling a little less nervous, but not much. Once my nail polish was dry enough, she asked me to do her fingers and toes, too. Like an idiot I agreed.

“Oh, don’t act so bashful,” she said with a wink. “You’re a terrible actor. You pretend you hate it, but you’re really loving all this girlie stuff. I can tell just by watching you!”

I couldn’t argue with her. Or, to be more accurate, I didn’t feel like I was in the position to argue with her. Instead, I just looked down at the floor and shrugged.

The next thing I had to do was paint my stepmother’s nails the same shade I’d done my own with. That was pretty embarrassing, not to mention humbling. I felt like a servant as I knelt at her feet and looked up at her magnificent naked body.

I didn't have any trouble actually doing my stepmom's nails. It was the circumstances that proved so humiliating. More than once I had exposed my shameful erection, which caused her to smile. Somehow I managed it without completely dying of embarrassment.

"Now that's a cute little wiener," my stepmom said in a loud, teasing voice. "Is that as big as it gets? Funny, it's not as big as I thought it'd be. Your dad's is huge."

I was speechless to hear my stepmother talk about my father in such a way. I mean, what could I say?

"Don't feel bad, honey. You won't impress many girls with such a little thing, but just remember, the only person you really need to please is yourself."

It was such a strange scene: if you'd interrupted my fishing trip the day before and told me that I'd be kneeling stark naked on the bedroom carpet with my stepmother's foot in my lap and painting her toenails, I'd have said you were crazy. As it was, I was beginning to think I was the one who was slowly going insane.

I felt oddly grateful once I was safely back in my seat, my boyish parts tucked away between my thighs, all safe and sound. Louise had enjoyed teasing me about my slender pink erection bobbing about so freely. A glint of mischief shone in her eyes, and I dreaded to wonder what she was thinking.

Under her guidance I ended up using at least three different lotions, one for my hands, one for my arms, legs and feet, and another for my body. Under her tutelage I also applied a healthy dose of a piercing cologne and a layer of perfumed talcum all over my naked body. Let me tell you, it felt really weird, sitting there in front of my stepmom

wearing nothing but my skin, smelling and feeling like a prissy high school girl. Every nerve ending in my soul was awake and ready for action; I just kept praying that nothing would happen ... if it did, there'd be a mess to clean up and would definitely be the end of me!

I was hoping to get dressed at this point. I didn't care if it was in a tutu, as long as I got to put on something! Instead, Louise sat down next to me, put her cigarette out in an ashtray on the vanity, and then opened a bottle of lotion.

"Hold on, honey... you're not finished. Hold out your hands." I obeyed and she squirted a generous dollop of lotion into each palm. "You missed a spot."

I blinked. The lotion felt cold in my hand. "I missed a spot? Uh, okay. Where?"

She glanced down and then back up, locking her eyes on mine. "Down there."

I blinked again, and then I thought for a moment. Oh, gosh ...! A paralyzing shiver went through my body. "Down ... where?"

Louise flicked the tip of my erection with a sharp fingernail. It was the first time anyone other than myself had ever touched my penis.

"Your little hardon, silly boy. I saw that puny little thing sticking up and bouncing around like a puppy dog's tail." A trickle of sweat tickled my backside as I sat there silent and ashamed. "You goofy thing! You can't get dressed until it goes away. You'll never fit in anything sticking out like that. And I'm not having you stretching out my good clothes! Or making a mess in them!"

I cleared my throat. This sure wasn't going the way I'd expected. Looking down at the pearly lotion puddled in my hands, I felt dizzy. "So-o-o ... what am I supposed to do?" I whispered weakly.

My stepmom squinted, then shook her head. "Don't play dumb. You know what to do. Let little Mr. Happy loose and rub him until he spurts and goes away."

I could feel a rush of hot blood burning my face and neck, and for a moment I felt faint.

"I ... I can't do this ... I mean, I don't ... do ... that," I choked.

"Oh, sure you do. You do it all the time, I'm sure. All boys do it, straight, gay, football players, bookworms, bullies and sissies."

I felt my entire body go numb with panic. It was as though I'd stuck my finger in a light socket.

"Look, honey, if you mind me and jerk off like I tell you, your little problem will go away and you won't have to worry about it for any more. Then we can have us some real fun."

Well, let me tell you, I was pretty scared ... and embarrassed! To hear my stepmom talk like that was bad enough. To hear her talk to ME like that was even worse. And to hear what she wanted me to do, well, that was the ultimate shocker. Back home whenever my mom would mention something about my "disgusting habits" I would just about die of shame. And now, sitting there nude, in full view of my dad's pretty wife, and realizing

that she wanted me to defile myself right then and there ... with her watching... well, that was the ultimate in degradation.

"But, Louise ... I don't ... I promise, I really don't ...." I got cut off before I could finish my sentence.

"Listen, my pretty, don't you DARE tell me 'you don't do that'," she said in a threatening tone. "I know for a fact all boys do it ... hell, all men do it, too. If there's anything I know it's that. And if you're anything like your father you do it all the time. Am I right? I am, aren't I?"

I shook my head. Louise squinted her eyes and frowned.

"Liar. I can't believe you, sitting right here and lying to me like I'm some sort of idiot! Just because I'm blond doesn't mean I'm stupid. Tell me, honey, what does your mom do when you lie to her? Something about a mouthful of soap, from what your daddy told me. And a whipping, too, right? Well, I've got plenty of soap, and you're not so big that I can't bend you over my knee and wear out that pretty little bottom."

I looked at the naked woman beside me and a dreadful image flashed through my mind. I believed she'd do it, and worse; the smile on her face convinced me of that.

I choked. "Please, Louise ..."

What happened next was a complete shock to my system. Louise grabbed me by the arm, pulled me to my feet and over her naked lap, all in one sudden, powerful movement. I was sobbing like a spoiled child as I realized I was about to get my bare butt spanked by my father's beautiful young wife. I was so upset I hardly even noticed the first smack or two. Oh, sure, it hurt all right — she really laid it on, one excruciating slap after another, alternating between cheeks and giving me plenty of time to absorb the pain before the next blow was struck. But it wasn't the pain that made me cry as much as the pure shame of it all.

"I told you" — SLAP!!! — "not to lie to me!" SLAP!!! "Maybe this will" — SLAP!!! — "show you I mean what I say!!!" SLAP!!!

By the time she was done with me I was blubbering like a little baby. She shoved me off her lap, leaving me to stand there in my birthday suit and tears, wishing I could take back the last five minutes of my life.

My stepmom then picked up a bottle of perfume, spritzed a tiny bit on her wrist, sniffed it ... and smiled. "I don't have any soap handy, but this ought to work. Stick your tongue out, liar. You heard me, stick your tongue out."

I refused at first, but a sharp slap on my bare leg caused me to cry out. Louise timed it perfectly, spraying a full blast of Chanel No. 5 in my mouth, bringing fresh tears to my eyes and an awful shock of burning, nasty flavor to my taste buds.

"Here, let's see if this helps you remember to take me seriously."

I gagged on the awful taste in my mouth and started to spit it out.

"Don't you dare spit it ... not on my good carpet, stupid! What are you, dumb or something?"

"Yuck! No ... Louise," I sputtered and cried, "I can't breathe ... it ... it tastes awful!" I felt like I'd been hit with a dose of tear gas.

"Don't blame me, liar. All you had to do was tell the truth. See what your lying got you? And for what? I already knew the truth ... all you had to do was tell me what I already knew. Stupid, stupid boy ...."

As bad as a mouthful of my mom's Dove soap tasted, that shot of perfume was something that I never forgot. To this day all I have to do is think about the bitter, burning taste and a tingling sensation sets my jaw locked tight and my breath heaving in little gasps. Louise had gotten me right on the tongue with her spritzer and well into the back of my throat. I thought I was going to choke to death as I struggled for air. Swallowing and coughing in alternate waves, I somehow managed to regain my breath ... but none of my dignity.

With my hands still wet with lotion — which I somehow managed not to spill throughout this bizarre ordeal — I couldn't wipe my nose or anything. After a few minutes of misery my stepmom showed a bit of mercy and cleaned me up with a tissue. The horrid aftertaste of the perfume served to remind me who had just won that little battle.

"Now, you were saying," she said in a sing-song tone of voice.

I admitted my sin, of course. In a painful, tedious confessional I told her I played with myself, just as I'd told my Mom, oh, so many months before. Louise was more pleased than surprised by my testimonial.

"Now see ... that wasn't so difficult, was it? I knew you were a little perv all along. Jacking off all the time. Come on, let's see you do it. You know you want to and I know you're going to, so you may as well do as I ask. Unless you want me to bend you over my knee again, of course. I'll do that if you don't mind me, and don't think I won't."

And so, after a few minutes of whining and fussing and begging and threatening, I gave in and agreed to do as I was told. I didn't want to, but I did. Of course, you probably expected that, didn't you? I guess after seeing all I've been through ... you know me pretty good, huh ...?

Sitting at the vanity next to my stepmom, I thought about what I had to do and I tried not to cry. My face, my ears and neck ... my whole body ... were so hot, so flushed, as I took a deep breath and slowly allowed my hands to wander down between my legs. Sniffing back a whiff of Chanel, I remember feeling like such a fool as my boyish appendage popped up from its hiding place like some sort of small pet, happy and eager to be touched and attended to.

I wanted to close my eyes, but Louise stopped me and insisted that I keep them open.

"Oh, no you don't, tough guy. Here, watch the pretty girl in the mirror," she said in a husky voice. "Keep your eyes on her ... she's watching your every move ... give her something to smile about."

Looking at the vanity mirror and my reflection within, I could see right away what she was talking about. Even without makeup I looked more like a girl than I wanted to admit. The shiny, sad eyes, the full lips, the feminine bangs and budding milky white

breasts — she looking right at me from the other side of the mirror ... studying me, all wide-eyed, frightened and curious. That was enough to send another shiver through my trembling body.

Another problem was Louise was sitting right there next to me, so I had to look at her as well as my reflection. Look at her looking at me, I mean. While I masturbated. That ... my gosh, that was bad! Really, really bad. Bad enough to make me want to lay down and die.

"I ... I can't do this." My mouth was dry and cracked. I started to pull my hands away but was stopped by a harsh pain in my wrists where Louise was holding me tight.

"Look, scaredy cat, just go ahead and take care of your little problem. Don't mind me, baby. The sooner you get this over with the sooner you can get dressed"

The grip she had on my wrists held fast, directing me to take my slender erection in between my lotion-slick palms and roll it back and forth.

"See, you can do it. Just smile and enjoy yourself. You know you want to, so just do it ... Okay?"

I caught my breath ... nodded my head ... and proceeded on the road to shame.

You know how I'm always saying how something makes me feel stupid? Or embarrassed? Well, just forget all that. I was exaggerating. There's no way to describe the helplessness I felt as I took my tingling penis and massaged and manipulated myself to a sexual frenzy. Minding my stepmom's orders I forced myself to keep my eyes locked on my reflection, ignoring the triumphant, smiling face next to me. It didn't take long for me to humiliate myself. I think. I don't remember exactly how long it took, only that I made an awful, nasty mess, spewing handfuls of sticky stuff all over my bare legs and hands. Louise made a little gasp as I came, the sound of which almost gave me a heart attack.

"My, goodness, honey. It looks like you're really enjoying this. I don't know what you were fussing about. Here, clean yourself up."

My stepmom handed me a tissue. I couldn't bring myself to look her in the eye, I was so ashamed.

Blinded by my tears, I wiped up the awful icky mess, taking care to get every bit of the nastiness that covered me. It wouldn't have been any worse if I'd peed all over myself. Why is it that something that feels so good is so messy ... and so humiliating?

After tossing the tissue filled with yucky stuff in a waste basket I started to say something ... when I heard the top being snapped off a bottle of lotion; my wrist was quickly grabbed and a cool stream of pearly liquid was again poured into my hand, bringing me to a cruel reality. I looked up at Louise. The smile on her face was jubilant and evil.

"You need to do it again, honey. I know how boys are. In a few minutes it'll be sticking out again, and I don't want you having any accidents when you put on my clothes. Go on ... we don't have all day, babydoll."

I started to protest, but a deep weariness swept over me, erasing any bit of so-called

boyish dignity. I sighed and took my tingling penis in a delicate grip and began working the lotion into my tender skin ....

“Go on. We don’t have all day ….”

All in all, I ended up masturbating three times in a row. It's amazing that I was able to do it, I was so mixed up, so afire with emotion ... and so humiliated, I nearly fainted during the final spasm. I do remember the expression on my stepmom's face, though; she looked like she owned the world. I guess as far as I was concerned she did.

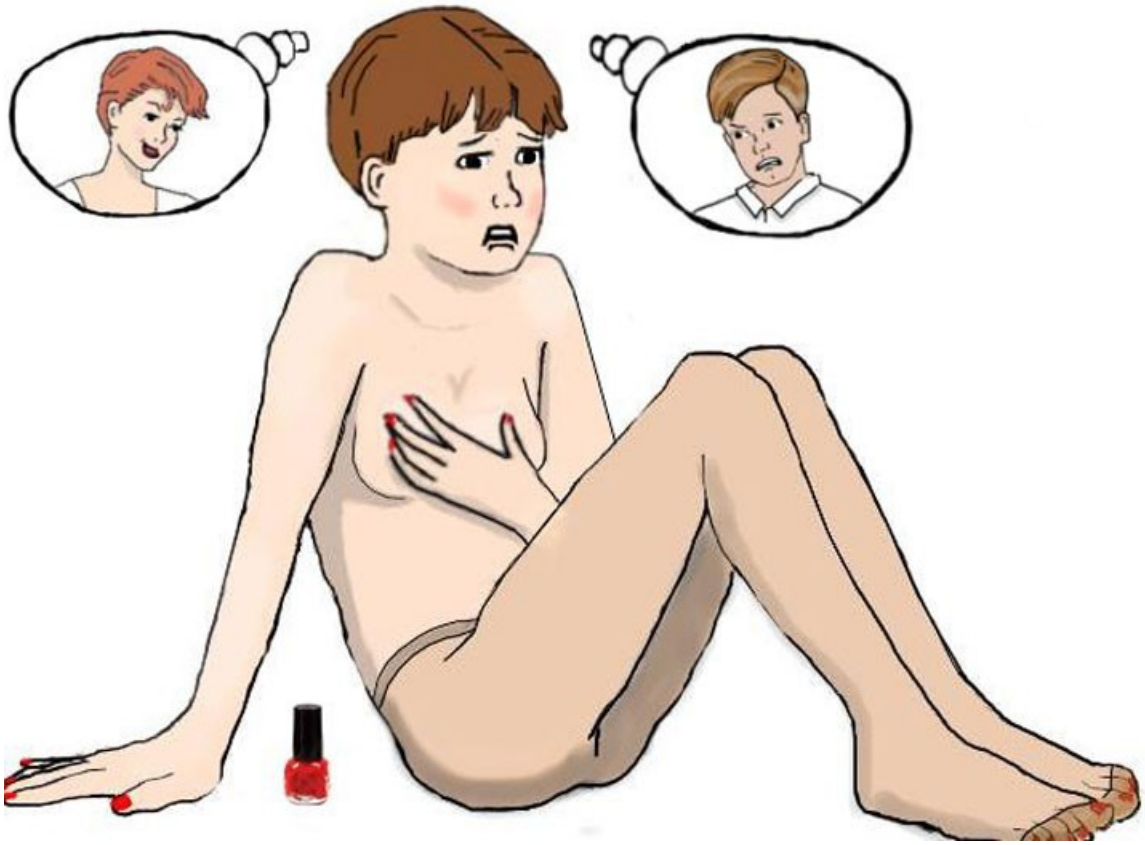
The next thing that happened set the tone for the rest of the evening. Louise handed me a handful of thin silk. I thought it was a pair of stockings at first, but I wasn't quite sure as I'd never seen anything quite like that before. I held it out and wondered for a moment before asking what it was.

My stepmom's eyes went wide with surprise. "They're pantyhose, silly. You've never seen pantyhose before?"

I shook my head. Remember, this was back quite a few years ago; pantyhose had just come out and I hadn't even noticed them in the magazines yet. Mom kept me in girdles for punitive reasons, so this was going to be a new experience for me.

"You're gonna love these, honey. They're a lot more comfortable than a girdle, believe me. They're like wearing absolutely nothing at all."

She was right. I slid into the pantyhose warily and I about died as my entire body went to tingling like a house on fire. This is why guys shouldn't wear girls' clothes, I remember thinking to myself. Sometimes it's worse than being naked!



As if to prove the point, my poor penis, once so drained and shy, suddenly came to life and was slipping happily about, trapped between my bare belly and the thin silk. The sensation was so intense it drove me absolutely crazy! I tried hiding the source of my shame, but it was too late.

"Take care of that," Louise ordered, nodding at the obvious bump beneath my hose, "or I'll fix it for you."

"Take ... care of ... it?"

My stepmom nodded. "You know ... IT?"

When I didn't say anything right away she shot me one of those "Don't be stupid!" stares and briskly rubbed her palms together.

"You just did it a while ago. Do it again. Now!"

I couldn't believe it. My stepmom actually wanted me to jerk off ... again? I felt a chilling trail of sweat rolling down my bare back. She couldn't be serious?!!! I mean, she'd already made me humiliate myself once; wasn't that enough?

"Oh, please, Louise ... do I have to ...?"

"Either you do it or I'll do it for you. Hurry up and make up your mind."

Louise rubbed her palms together again, her blood red fingertips flickering ominously as

she did so. My heart raced at the thought of those claw-like nails touching my penis. She can't do that, I thought in a panic. She wouldn't dare!

My stepmom must have been reading my mind that day.

"If it was up to me it'd be snip-snip! Then you wouldn't have that little problem." She made a scissors gesture with her fingers and giggled. The sound of her laughter made me feel like a helpless little kid. "Believe me, honey, if we got rid of that ugly piece of gristle you'd never even miss it. You would be so much better off. You could be a girl all the time, then. Wouldn't that be fun? I bet your mother would appreciate that!"

This was getting to be too much. For an instant I tried to imagine myself without my boyish appendage, but I couldn't ... I didn't dare. The way things were going it was all I had left of the boy I used to be. If I didn't wear it down with all this beating off, of course.

A sharp poke in my side brought me back to reality. "Are you going to get that thing under control, or am I going to have to take care of it for you? How about I beat your fat little bottom again and then jerk you off? I can do that, you know."

Dry mouthed and scared, I forced myself to swallow. "I ... I'll do ... it," I managed to whisper.

And so there I sat, under my stepmom's watchful eye, pantyhose down about my knees, hands between my thighs. In a daze of confusion and excitement I took a deep breath and proceeded to masturbate.

"You do that really well, honey," my tormentor jeered once I got started. "Boys sure do love handjobs. Not quite as much as blowjobs, but you'll learn all about that later."

I couldn't believe my stepmom was talking to me like that! "Louise, don't …." I whined.

"Hey, I didn't say for you to stop. Get back to work!" I felt just awful as I resumed rubbing myself. "That's a good girl. Really, you've got some skills. I'd love to see you doing that with a real man's dick. Don't worry, princess. You just keep up with your practice and you'll make some young feller a great little girlfriend one of these days."

Needless to say, I sure didn't like the sound of her talking to me like that! Despite my tearful protests, however, this kind of teasing went on and on until I was sobbing in humiliation. I didn't dare stop what I was doing, though, prompted by the occasional pinch and threat of something worse.

The sad thing was that the combination of everything that was going on, me masturbating, my stepmom teasing me, the sight of her partially nude body, the taste of perfume still lingering in my mouth ... this all triggered off a tide of excitement that shook me all the way to my toes. The next thing I knew I was trembling like you wouldn't believe, overwhelmed by a surge of pleasure that left me breathless, completely spent ... and totally humiliated.

"Leave me alone!" I said when I was done. "I feel bad enough, the way you kept talking to me ... and the way you kept looking at me. I hate it when you do that."

My stepmom just laughed. "Oh, fudge! You can't tell me you didn't enjoy it. You

should have seen the look on your face when you did that little squirt. I've never seen anybody look so happy."

"Louise, please ... don't talk like that ...." I felt like crying but I was just too tired.

I sat there for a few minutes, my hands and thighs all sticky, trying to figure out what I was supposed to do next. Once I had my emotions back under control, I minced back to the bathroom — pantyhose around my knees, my hands filled with sticky boyish passion — and cleaned myself up. Standing in front of the mirror I pulled up my pantyhose ... and almost had a heart attack to see my stepmother appear over my shoulder!

“Here, use one of these. In case you, you know,” she whispered with a grin, “… you leak.”

Numb with shame, I held out my hand to take whatever it was she offered me. I looked down. It was a feminine pad. I nodded, pulled out the top of my pantyhose and slid the thick pad down over my wilted penis. Even in my shame I had to admire the simple solution to what could have been an embarrassing problem.

“So that’s what those are for,” I remember saying to myself.

Louise was right, Mom would REALLY love this, I thought sadly. No doubt about it.

Once I’d recovered from my … ordeal … my makeover continued. Louise handed me a large feminine brush and told me to fix my hair. With trembling hands I did as I was told, feeling extremely self conscious as I left my bosom open to my stepmother's gaze. I took extra care not to do anything that might be interpreted as girlie, but judging from the grin on her face I was failing miserably.

"I noticed your hair when your daddy brought you home. I thought it looked sort of funny ... being so long and all. Your daddy hates that you know."

I shrugged my shoulders. That was true, he didn’t like my longish hair at all. But I lived with Mom, and she set the rules, remember?

"I just love your bangs, by the way. I wonder whose idea that was? Mommy's? Go ahead, brush them out. And brush your hair out over your ears, too. I want to see just how girlish we can make you."

"Louise, please ... Ow!"

A sharp, pain-raising pinch on my bare breast brought tears to my eyes. I started sobbing, but a second, even more cruel pinch shocked me into silence.

"Ow! That ... You hurt me ...."

"I swear ... you are such a crybaby," Louise complained. "If you don't shut up and do as I say, I'm going to tell your father what kind of little faggot you really are. He'll be so happy to hear about his little pride and joy running around in panty girdles and lipstick, he'll probably have a heart attack. Then maybe that'll give you something to cry about!"

Louise was not at all playing nice. Her voice took on a syrupy, sarcastic tone as she berated and belittled me. My bottom still ached from the spanking and my poor penis was a tiny vestige of its former self. I felt sick to my stomach. As nervous as I was

about being made to look like an idiot, I was above all else terrified of my dad finding out about ... my secret. And my stepmother was using this to her best advantage.

"C'mon, princess, we don't have all day." I winced as my poor boob got pinched again.

"Ouch! Please, Louise, I'll do as you say. Just stop it, please?"

Sighing as pitifully as possible, I complied. Even after a week with my dad, it didn't take a minute for things to fall into place. A shower and a shampoo the previous evening washed away most of the boyish stink and slime. With my bangs brushed out properly and my hair fluffed up and over my ears, I felt myself taking on a less than boyish air.

Louise, of course, had a different opinion. "Hmmm ... well, that's a definite improvement. We should have done this before we went out this morning. I could have told everyone that was my pretty daughter tagging along behind me, not my sissy stepson."

A pair of scissors, several cans of hairspray and a rack of hairpins were produced. I felt panic as she began combing and brushing and snipping here and there at my dark brown locks. Then came barrage after barrage of that awful hairspray. My stepmother sprayed me with so much of that awful stuff I could barely breathe. I grunted and whined, terrified that she was going to do something just awful, but she shot a wicked grin at me, daring me to say something. I did what I did best: I sat there and kept my mouth shut.

"Just sit still and keep quiet. I want to try something." Digging through her closet she produced a little round bit of hair. I thought at first it was a wig, but it was way too small.

“What’s that?” I asked weakly.

Louise smiled. “It’s called a ‘fall.’ It’s a little bit of hair that you clip to your own to make yourself more beautiful. I’m going to pin it on top of your head and see what it looks like.”

The combing, brushing and pinning continued until I dozed off from sheer boredom. Suddenly I was woken up and found myself looking at my reflection. I could not have felt more stupid. My hair looked just like a girl’s! Louise had pulled it all atop my head, except for my bangs. The little fall atop my head looked exactly like it was part of my own hair. The end result was like something you’d see in a fashion magazine. On a fourteen year old boy, of course, it looked just plain silly. I about died! A pair of elegant silver hair clips were clasped on either side of my head, giving me a very feminine look, quite similar to how I'd seen fashion models wear their hair.

“So, what do you think?” Louise teased. “Isn’t it chic? You look just like a high school prom queen! Actually, this style reminds me of a young Audrey Hepburn.”

Unfortunately I knew who she was talking about. My mom loved Audrey Hepburn and for an instant I could imagine her loving my new look. My reaction was somewhere between fascination and horror. Part of me wanted to just sit there and stare and admire the change in my appearance. The other part of me wanted to mess up my hair, pull it all out and run away. That, of course, wasn't likely to happen. Things weren't looking too good for the home team, as my dad always used to say.

Louise, however, seemed impressed with the change. Standing behind me and chattering

away like a hairdresser, she used the brush and more hairspray to make my bangs flip under. A broad, satisfied smile reflected how pleased she was with her handiwork. She acted as though she was having the time of her life as she primped and poked at my feminine hairdo.

"Hmmm ... that looks pretty good. You're going to break some hearts looking like that. Let's see what else we can do with you ...."

Crossing my arms back over my chest I sat deathly still as my stepmother produced the bag of cosmetics she'd bought at the boutique and pulled out a little gold tube. Still nude, she sat down on the stool with me, pressing her bare hip up against mine like it was something she did every day. I nearly swooned from the sensation. Paying me little notice, Louise popped the top off of the lipstick, started turning the base, and then stopped.

The main problem with following those instructions was that I rarely had a naked woman hovering over me when I was alone in my room. The temptation to stare at her breasts or steal a glance at the golden down sprouting from between her thighs was too much. The only way to stop was to focus on the task as hand.

I tried acting like I didn't know anything about putting on lipstick, but giving myself away was too easy. I mean, after all the times I'd worked on my lips under my mom's strict supervision, and after all the times I'd done it on my own, I just couldn't help it. I slipped off the cap, put it between my fingers like an expert, and proceeded to paint my mouth with the shiny pink gloss. The smell of cotton candy permeated the air and I found myself tingling down below like you wouldn't believe.

My stepmom, of course, was duly impressed.

"Hmmm ... good job, honey. You know what to do with this, right?" She gave me a tissue, which I in turn used to blot my lips. That brought a big smile to her face.

"I underestimated you. You really know your stuff, don't you? How long have you been doing this, Gregory?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "I don't know. I guess ..." I tried to think for a moment ... well, I had a lot on my mind! "I guess a couple of years."

"Oh, really?" She grinned. "I remember your dad saying how your mom used to dress you and your brother up like grade school drag queens when you were little. If he bitched once he bitched a thousand times how she was turning you two into a couple of sissies. I wish I'd been there to see that. I bet you were a little cutie back then." I felt a shiver down my spine as she brushed my hair and played with it. "Then again, you're quite the little cutie now."

I didn't say anything. What could I say to that?

"Here, wipe that off and try this on instead." Blushing brightly, I did as I was told, painting my lips with the "peaches and cream" lipstick she'd bought at the boutique. I was pleasantly surprised at the sweet flavor.

"Hmmm ... that is a little bland looking, isn't it? I wouldn't call it 'yucky,' though." She gave me a knowing look. "Now, here, try on this one. I bet it'll look much better on you."

A few seconds later my mouth was glowing brilliant vermilion. The strong taste of cherries caught me off guard. My erection tingled with electricity, and I pressed my knees together more tightly than ever before ... just in case things got out of control.

Louise smiled. "I'm like your mom, I think. You're a little young, but that deep red is definitely your color. It makes you look a lot older. Keep it, and the peaches and cream and the pink one, too. They're all yours."

"I don't want ...."

She gave me a poke in the ribs with a sharp fingernail, causing me to giggle involuntarily. For some reason that little slip up embarrassed me more than anything else I'd done that day.

"Oh, see? Of course you want it, and you know it! Now, hush up, you silly and let's try something else."

My stepmother then laid out an assortment of makeup products, ranging from mascara and eye shadow to blush and face creams. A chill swept over my bare skin as I thought about what I should do.

Oh, please, not this ....

"Here, pick out something and try it. Just pretend I'm not here."

"Uh, I don't think I oughta ..."

"I don't care what you think. Do as I tell you ... or maybe I'll just have that talk with your daddy when he gets home." She held up the copy of "Seventeen" she'd found in my suitcase. "I'd love to hear you explain this to Mr. Macho."

By the time I was finished I looked about as feminine as I'd ever looked under my mom's guiding hand. My eyelashes were done up dark, thick and curly, thanks to a lavish application of mascara and an eyelash curler. Rather than that awful blue stuff my mom taught me to wear, a hint of blue pink shadow created a contrasting backdrop for my spidery lashes. A subtle touch of makeup cream and some rouge gave me a soft, feminine appearance, completely obliterating the terrified fourteen year old boy underneath. Combined with my sophisticated upswept hairstyle and bright red lipstick, I looked more womanly than I'd ever looked before!

We weren't done, of course. Now that I had on "my face" the fashion show continued. Louise presented me with a vast array of brassieres to try on. Some were way too large, others were just a little big on me.

"Let's try something," my stepmother said under her breath.

I watched with nervous curiosity as she produced a pair of foam pads. "Here, princess, slip these over your titties. They'll help fill out your figure and make everything fit."

I sighed and did as I was told. I then looked in the mirror. The bra I had on now looked just right.

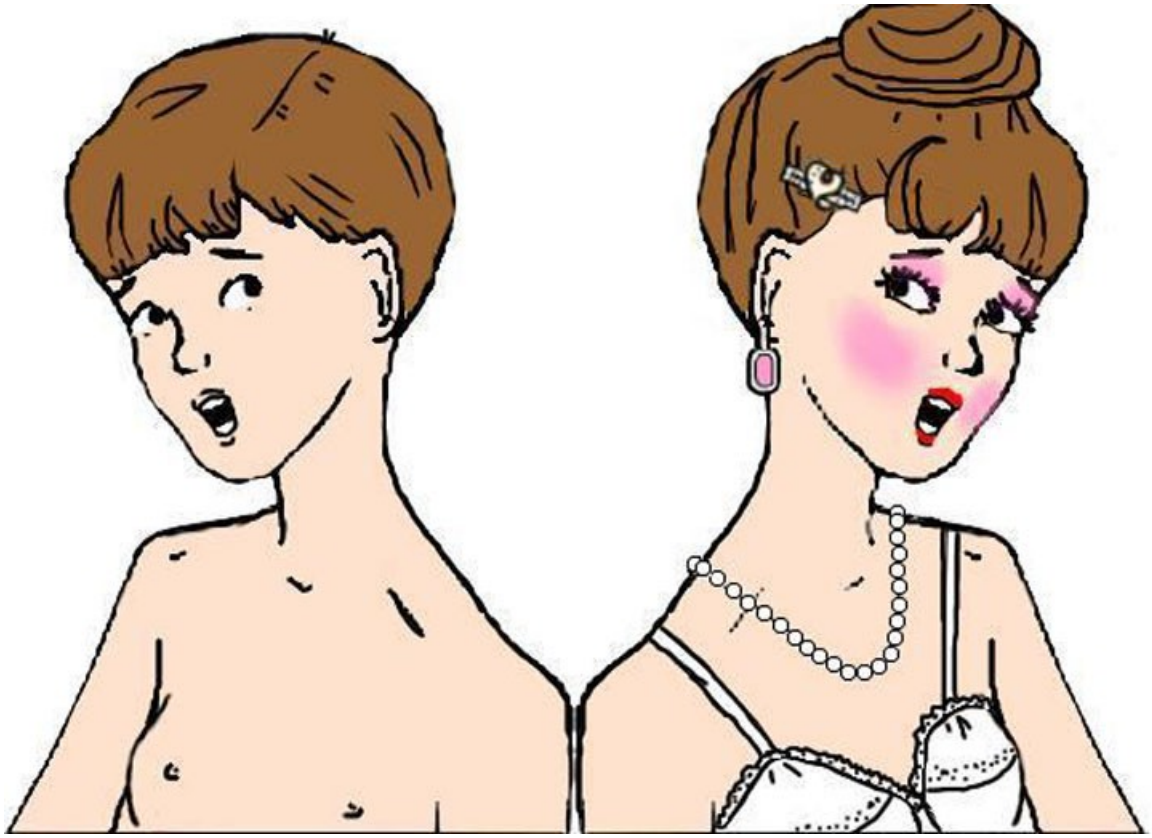
"Don't worry about it. At the rate you're filling out you won't be needing those things for long. You'll be as big as I am on of these day, I'm sure."

That didn’t make me feel any better. While I lamented my physical deformity my stepmom continued looking the hunt for “the perfect bra.” We finally settled on an elegant white brassiere that looked as expensive as it did sexy. Louise giggled as I expertly slipped on the stupid thing. I cursed myself for being so good at such girlish tasks.

“My goodness, Gregory, you look just gorgeous in that thing!” she said with an evil grin. “It’s hard to believe you’re really a boy with that cute figure you’ve got. I wonder what daddy would say about his little man now?”

I was so confused. I couldn’t help but smile as I stared at my reflection. As many times as I’d worn lipstick and feminine clothing, the fascination never left me. I did look — in my stepmother’s words — gorgeous. Almost as pretty as a movie star or a model in my fashion magazines. I suddenly felt a powerful tingling between my legs as I stared at my reflection. I uncrossed and then recrossed my legs, pressing my thighs together as tightly as I could. I didn't think I was going to survive the next few minutes, I was so flustered and flushed.

"Good-bye little boy, hello sweet young thang!" Louise wasn't grinning anymore. Instead, she seemed thoughtful ... and somewhat distracted. "You’re quite the sex kitten, aren’t you, princess? This is getting more interesting by the minute. Very, very interesting ...."



Chapter 42 — Daddy’s Little Girl

At this point the world was just too much for me. I had to be alone if just for a minute. I somehow talked Louise into letting me go to the bathroom. She offered to come help, but I assured her that I would be fine.

“Remember to sit down, princess,” she said snidely. “You’re a girl and that’s what precious little girls do.”

“I know, I know,” I muttered. “I know all about ‘sitting down’!”

My stepmother grinned. “I bet you do, princess.”

While I sat on the toilet I cried quietly for a little while. It did me a world of good, even though I ruined my makeup. It didn’t matter. I just couldn’t help myself. I had to get it out and I was damned if I was going to let my stepmom see me in tears again.

Upon my return I was directed to have a seat and relax. In contrast to the shame I felt, Louise was bright and cheerful, chatting away like she was having the best day of her life. I sipped on my diet drink and tried to catch my breath while she got out some mascara and touched up my face where I'd been crying. Then she got out some powder and made a big show of applying makeup to my neck and shoulders. She even added a bit of rouge to my bosom, creating the illusion that my breasts were larger and fuller than they actually were. A final spritz of perfume sent a chill over my naked body.

"You know, princess, I think Chanel is your fragrance," she said with a wicked gleam in her eye. I watched bashfully she licked her lips. "Mmm ... tasty ...."

Despite my earlier breakdown, it actually felt nice to be pampered for a few minutes. I wondered if girls actually enjoyed being painted up and treated like some sort of exotic work of art.

Louise obviously did. I watched with fascination as she quickly made up herself in a fashion similar to my own. In contrast to my aimless messing around with mascara and stuff, it took her no time at all. Speed and beauty, all in one dangerous package. I wondered if I'd ever get that fast.

When my stepmom finished up she gave me a little pat on the bottom and smiled.

"While I get out some stuff for you to try on I want you to go through my jewelry and pick something out. Pretend you're a fashion model and we're going to a fancy party ... there's bound to be something in there that you'll like."

I blinked. "Can't I get dressed first?"

Louise looked me over with a raised eyebrow. "Oh, don't be such a sissy. I swear, I've never met anybody with as many hang-ups as you do. What's the matter? Aren't you having any fun?"

As she spoke my stepmother folded her arms together under her breasts, framing them perfectly for my benefit. I couldn't help blushing, from the top of my head to the tip of my toes. Not knowing what else to do, I squeezed my thighs together and nodded my

head.

“I dunno,” I whispered. "I, uh, guess so."

Setting down my diet coke, I dug around in my stepmom's jewelry box and ended up with a string of pearls and a collection of bracelets. I added several rings while I was at it, among them one with a huge pearl and another with a diamond cluster. I held out my hand and studied it. This wasn't costume jewelry, if I knew my dad. The stuff decorating my fingers probably cost more than my mom made in a year.

FLASH!!!

A burst of light scared the begeezus out of me. I looked up just in time to get blinded a second time ... and then a third ... and fourth.

"Louise ... No, don't! No pictures, ple-e-e-ease ...."

Things just weren't going my way.

After some fretting and pouting, I calmed down enough to look at the snapshots without crying. Louise took them with her instant camera, so it was only a few minutes before they were ready. And while I hated to admit it, they were actually pretty funny. Well, sort of. The first couple showed me sitting at my stepmom's vanity in all of my girlish glory, looking at my borrowed jewelry with a dumb smile, as though this was the most fun I'd ever had.

“This is my favorite,” my stepmom said with a sneer in her voice.

I blushed as I studied the pictures. The third photo had me looking straight at the camera, wide-eyed and in shock. The last one was hilarious ... I was trying to cover myself with my hands and one eye was shut where I'd blinked when the flash went off, giving me a really goofy, silly look.

"What a cutie! You look really good like that ... too bad you're not a real girl."

She was right. I was surprised at how much I looked like an actual girl, considering the fact that I was practically nude except for my bra and pantyhose. They looked like some of the photos in my fashion magazines. I hate to say it, but I was too intrigued to get really upset.

"Here, you can have these," Louise said, tossing me two of the photos. I got one of me looking at my jewelry and the one of me with my eye closed. "I'm keeping the others. They are just too precious to let go. A memento of our girl-time together, okay?"

I looked at the pictures in my trembling hands and wondered what was going to happen next.

A few minutes later I found myself in the most ridiculous situation. I was seated at the dining room table in little more than my costume jewelry and skimpy lingerie. I held a silver spoon in one hand and a crystal bowl filled with an expensive dark chocolate ice cream in the other. Louise sat next to me in her birthday suit, nibbling on a similar treat, and between the two of us was a stack of fashion magazines.

I couldn't help but shiver; it wasn't so much the ice cream as it was the fact that I was

still parading around in my father's house in my stepmom's underthings. Louise had picked out a pair of high heels for each of us to wear — mine were silver while hers were black — along with the makeup and jewelry we already had on, of course.

Talk about feeling stupid! With nothing but the pantyhose and feminine napkin to hide my boyish parts, I felt ridiculous. Everything felt so slinky and electrifying, my pulse ran high and my whole body trembled with excitement. I couldn't believe any of this was real. Still, to look at the two of us sitting there in our various states of dress and girlish accessories, you might have thought "Now, there's two pretty young women having a good time."

"You go around the house like this all the time?" I finally asked my stepmom. I was having a difficult time not looking at her magnificent body and the words just kind of slipped out. "I mean, do all girls do this?"

"Why not? Don't tell me, you never go around the house naked?" my stepmom gave me a skeptical stare. "I thought all boys did stuff like that. Not even when your mom is gone and you're all by yourself all day long?"

I shook my head no and tried to focus on my dessert. Louise cast a doubtful right at me.

"But you do take time to go around in your mom's undies and stuff?" Squeezing my thighs tightly together I nodded, just barely, and wished I was dead. "You're a strange kid, Gregory, honey. Really weird."

Not knowing what to say, I just took another bite of my ice cream, rolled my eyes and grinned an embarrassed grin.

"I swear, honey, you act just like one of those prissy little prima donnas in the fashion magazines," my stepmom teased. "You really should have been a girl. You got the looks and the act down just perfect. Your mama sure did a job on you."

My face burned bright red as I fidgeted uncomfortably in my seat.

After click-clacking my way back upstairs in my borrowed high-heels I was finally allowed to put on something substantial. Kind of. While I quickly took a seat on the edge of the bed and hid my boyish modesty, Louise pulled out a selection of tops, all various colors and different styles. The grin on her face foreshadowed what was to come. I ended up trying on most everything she'd laid out for me. I preferred a simple white sleeveless blouse, the most conservative thing in the pile.

Louise had other ideas, naturally. She had me take off my bra and put me in a brilliant yellow elastic tube top, scantily cut and just snug enough to show off my adolescent curves. I felt disgraced wearing that thing. It was so tight you could see my nipples through the material. With my bare bottom barely covered in pantyhose I felt even more naked that before. Louise was grinning like crazy, of course.

"Wow! Look at Daddy's little girl now. Oh, my ... if he could only see you, he'd have a heart attack. Those little boobs look pretty good, honey. You almost got cleavage. You don't even need a silly bra."

I winced as she flicked my nipples with her fingertip. "Now that is really impressive! What do you think, princess?"

"I hate it!" I cried. "I don't like this at all. I want to change back now ... please?"

"Oh, be quiet. We're just having a little fun. Your daddy won't be home for a long time yet, so just calm down."

My young stepmom looked me over and gave me a knowing grin. Still clad in little more than some jewelry and high heels, she leisurely presented me with a couple of skirts like she was the hostess of a nude television game show. I started shaking my head before she could say the first word.

"I ain't doing this," I said with hoarse defiance. "I'm not dressing up like some sissy fairy and you can't make me."

"Such language, and coming from someone so pretty," Louise said with a girlish giggle. I couldn't help but stare as her breasts jiggled with each and every laugh. "I don't know what you're complaining about, honey. We're just playing a little game, that's all. You've come this far, and I just want to see what you'd look like if you went all the way. Please? For me?"

"Oh, gosh, no ... Louise ... please? I really don't wanna ...."

Okay, look ... I ... I tried. I really did. I pouted and I fussed and I whined, but it didn't do any good. I worked up every excuse I could think of not to give in, but I knew I was going to do it; what made things worse was that she knew I was going to do it, too. I was trapped and I knew it. Still, I couldn't just give up. I just had to make a good show ... you know, to at least act like I had some dignity left in me.

Louise seemed really impressed with the skirts I tried on. My favorite was a short, kicky little pleated thing that went about mid-thigh, made of a white synthetic material that draped seductively around my legs. Combined with the bright canary yellow tube top I was wearing, it made me look completely different from the boy who spent the previous couple of days camping and fishing with his dad; the creature staring back at me looked more at home in a teen fashion show or a cheerleading squad. I thought about Kathy and what she'd think if she saw me like this and I had to force myself not to smile.

I didn't dare say anything to Louise about how I felt, of course; she'd never let it go, not after all the complaining I'd done. As it turned out, there were worse things for me to worry about.

"Good lord, honey ... you look fantastic! I can't believe how good you look ... it's like you're a whole different child." My stepmom held my hands high above my head and made me twirl around. "You've actually got a better figure than most girls your age. That skirt you wore earlier today made your bottom look big, but this really, REALLY, shows off your curves."

"Uh, thanks, I guess." Great. I was already feeling self-conscious enough. Hearing her talk about my butt didn't make me feel much better.

"Here, let me straighten your top out for you."

Louise tugged my tube top down, exposing my bare breasts for an instant, and then pulled it back up, jerking and pulling it until it my teeth rattled. "There, honey ... you were a little lopsided, but now you're looking good. Hey, let's try something different!"

My stepmom dug through a drawer and pulled out another tube top, this one an electric blue with lace trim across the top. I felt my mouth go dry when she held it up against her naked boobs. "Here. Try this on. It's a little snug on me ... but I bet it'll fit you just great."

I started to pull the top I already had on over my head, but Louise stopped me.

“Drop that skirt on the floor first. I want to show you something neat.”

I did as I was told. With the skirt pooled about my ankles I was once again practically naked from the waist down. Imagine my confusion as my stepmom then tugged the elastic top I wore down about my waist and over my hips.

"Here, I bet you didn't know you could wear a tube top like a skirt, did you?"

I didn't. Like a mannequin I stood there, frozen partly out of shock, partly out of amazement as Louise pulled the bright yellow band down about my bottom where, after a bit of adjustment, it indeed looked like I was wearing a girl's mini-skirt ... a very short and very, very tight mini-skirt. I squirmed as I did my best to cover near nudity.

“Oh, gosh,” I whispered as my stepmom slid the blue top over my arms and head. This one was even tighter than the first. I didn’t dare move for fear of popping out of my clothes. “You don’t … girls don’t … really go out wearing stuff like this, do they?”

Louise laughed. “Of course they do. Don’t you ever pay attention? I guarantee you’ve seen girls in skirts like this. You just didn’t recognize what they were wearing.”

I stared at myself for a moment. How could that be possible? I mean, how could they keep from showing their private parts? Maybe it was because I was a boy and I had more to hide, maybe that was the problem. Maybe the skimpy little outfit I wore wouldn’t have been so bad if a real girl had been trying it on. Who would have thought that a simple little piece of elastic material could be so versatile?

"Oh, don't worry about it, princess," my stepmom chided me. "That skirt is supposed to be short. It really shows off that fat little butt you've got. The girls will be jealous and the boys won’t be able to keep their eyes off you."

"I don’t want boys looking at me," I lamented. “Especially my butt!”

Louise laughed. “Well, too bad, sweetie. That butt is going to attract a lot of male attention. Especially with those ‘fuck me’ heels you got on!”

She was right, of course. I couldn’t look away from the mirror. Wrapped in the bright yellow spandex, my behind looked humongous! I didn't remember it looking so large, but since I'd dropped out of baseball I guess I'd put on a few pounds. That made me feel even worse.

"It's way too tight ... it feels like it's going to slide off any minute."

Louise grinned.

"It will, if you're not careful. When you're wearing a short skirt you just can't go running around like you're playing cowboys and Indians. That's part of the price for looking

good."

"But I don't look good. I look ridiculous." I took a deep breath. "Guys don't look like this. I look like a fag."

Louise burst out laughing. "Honey, you need to stop being such a prissy pants! You don't realize how lucky you are to look the way you do. Just lay back and enjoy yourself. "

How the heck do I get in these predicaments? I remember thinking to myself. I know I gotta look like an idiot! Oh, well ....

The fashion show continued as I was told to take off that stupid looking outfit and put my brassiere back on. Standing there in nothing more than my silver high heels, pantyhose and bra, I felt like a total idiot. Louise dug through her closet, gave a little giggle and emerged looking quite pleased with herself. She held out what appeared to me a piece of sheer pink silk, not much larger than a dishrag.

"Here you go. I bet you'll love this. It's a skimpy little thing, but plenty of girls your age wear dresses like this. I used to wear it myself … a LONG time ago. Try it on. If it fits, you can have it."

Girls my age. I blushed like crazy to hear it put that way.

I took the alleged dress by the alleged shoulder straps and held it up. I couldn't believe it ... you could almost see right through it! Well, not completely. Still, if you put your hand inside and hold it against the light you make out all five fingers through the delicate material.

Slipping my arms into the delicate material was like wrapping myself in a spider web, it was so flimsy and fragile. There were no buttons, only a black silk bow that tied in the front, which was just low enough to show off the lacy brassiere beneath. Not that you wouldn't have seen it anyway; like I said before, the material was so sheer I just have well gone without anything, what little good it did.

"Perfect!" my stepmom said proudly. "Pink is definitely your color, princess. We don't even have to look for another pair of shoes, either!"

Standing in front of the mirror I could hardly believe what I was seeing. I ... I actually ... looked good! I mean, from my sophisticated up-do hairstyle to my brazen made up face to my bra showing through that short, fairy-like dress to the elegant silver high heels on my feet, I could have easily been mistaken for a high school junior girl, or even a senior! Maybe, I mused, even a college student.

"Is that me?" I looked from the mirror to my stepmom. The expression on her face was a happy one.

"Oh, yeah, it's you all right, princess. Pretty amazing, huh? I think you're stunning. What do you think?"

"I'm … I'm really pretty, aren't I?"

Louise laughed. "You are a vain little diva, aren't you? Yes, princess, you are pretty. Prettier than any little boy has the right to be."

My stepmom's words snapped me back to reality for just a moment. I had to remind myself that I wasn't exactly proud of myself. Remembering I was still in my father's house, I felt half-dressed standing there tugging as the hem of that silly dress kept riding up my hips, my breasts practically exposed, and those darned pantyhose driving me crazy.

I stood before mirror reluctantly admiring my appearance while my stepmom slipped into a little black dress, hose and heels. I had to smile as she stepped up behind me and primped her hair and lipstick. She was almost as interesting to look at as the pink vision of teenaged femininity opposite me. Together we made quite a pair.

The smile on her face, however, triggered a panicked sinking feeling in my stomach.

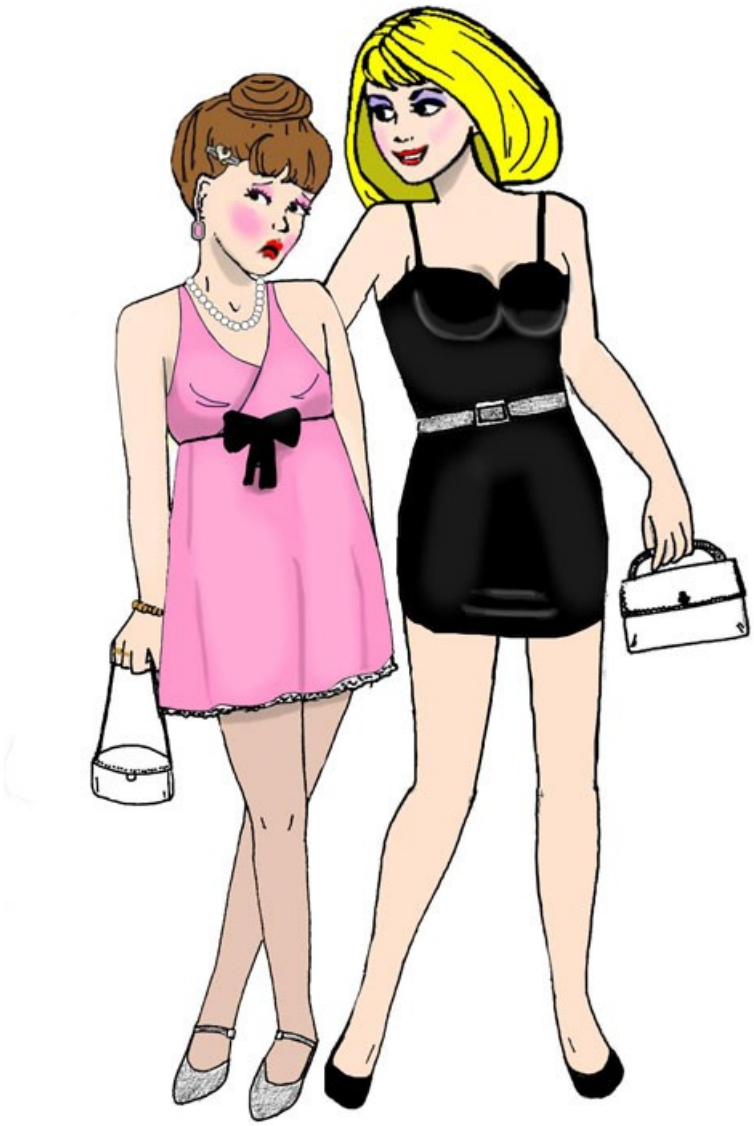
"Can I change back now? Dad will be coming home soon ...."

Louise grinned as she looked at her watch. "You let me worry about that. Oh, look ... we're running late! We'd better get going!"

That queasiness in my stomach turned sour at the words.

" Late …? G-g-going … where …?"

Despite my protests, it wasn't but a minute later that I found myself being pushed out onto the porch and drug to my stepmom's car. Next thing I knew, we were on the road, headed to a local restaurant. Louise didn't even have to threaten to tell my father on me when she suggested that we go out to eat. I guess I knew she was going to get her way anyway, so I didn't even bother arguing.



To my surprise — and horror! — we pulled up at an expensive looking establishment, complete with valet parking. The young men who greeted us were all grins as we climbed out of the car. I was so scared I couldn't look any of them in the eye. Louise, of course, was elegant and flirtatious as she handed over the keys and tipped the valet. I felt completely idiotic and vulnerable in my girlish disguise as I watched our car – and any hope of escape – drive off to destinations unknown.

The restaurant's entrance was lined with mirrors, which I found unnerving. Everywhere I looked I could see the tall blond in the slinky black dress and her delicate escort clad in pink. I was so taken by my refection I had to stop and stare. The upswept hairdo, the pearls, the baby doll dress and heels … it was hard to believe that was actually a fourteen year old boy looking back at me; I actually gave myself a little wave, just to be sure. My silliness was not lost on my stepmother.

"Isn't this fun?" Louise said, a bright smile on her Barbie doll face. "Don't bother denying it, princess. You just love this. Your face is giving you away."

I shyly shrugged, then nodded. My fear level was at an all time high as I noticed how many people we were about to parade in front of. I dove into the role of the shy girl, clinging to my stepmother as we followed the hostess into the dining area. This was almost as bad as Sadie Hawkin's Day in high school. Everywhere I looked upturned faces looked back at me, grinning men, smiling women both gave us their undivided attention. I just knew for sure my secret identity was no longer a secret. Why else would everyone be staring at me like that?



We were offered a booth, but Louise insisted on a table with a window view of the city, which made me all that much more nervous. While prancing around in that stupid dress was bad enough, sitting down was especially difficult. The light, airy hem floated about my thighs and kept drifting upward, forcing me to tug at it again and again. I had to constantly keep my legs pressed tightly together or else a moment of neglect would have resulted in the fairy-like garment riding up around my waist. And with nothing but a pair of pantyhose and a sanitary pad on underneath, I certainly didn't want that to happen!

We'd barely had time to set down our purses when the waiter arrived with a bottle of champagne and some glasses.

“I was asked to present on behalf of a pair of admirers,” he said with a bright smile.

Louise returned the smile and nodded. “Thank you very much. Say ‘thank you,’ princess. That’s the polite thing to do when you’re out with adults.”

My cheeks burned and I muttered, “Thank you, sir.”

“You’re certainly welcome, miss.” I glanced up just long enough to see the waiter simultaneously filling our glasses and nodding toward our benefactors. “Over there are the gentlemen, in case you’re interested.”

I felt someone kick me in the ankle.

“Smile and wave to the nice men, princess,” Louise directed. “Remember you’re a lady now.”

Following my stepmother’s example, I turned in my seat and did as I was told. I was stunned to find myself waving and smiling at a pair of middle-aged men wearing suits.

"See? Isn't this fun?" my stepmom asked, sipping on her drink.

Our benefactors raised their glasses and nodded. Not knowing what else to do, I mimicked their movements. I then took a drink of the bubbly. It didn’t taste anything like I expected. I wrinkled my nose and wondered why anybody would drink such stuff.

“Don’t be a prude, dear,” Louise prompted. “Somebody paid good money for this stuff. Drink up.”

I took another sip and whispered nervously, “Who are they? Do … do you know them?”

My stepmom smiled, took another drink, then shrugged. “Does it matter?”

“Hello, ladies! Mind if we join you?”

I nearly jumped out of my pantyhose as our admirers suddenly appeared alongside our table. Craning my neck upward, I felt helpless as I saw how tall and powerful they looked up close. These were not just some local high school boys acting like dorks. They appeared to be businessmen out for the evening looking for a good time.

Louise said something and the next thing I knew they were taking their seats, putting their glasses – which were small and held ice surrounded by an amber liquid – and making themselves at home. Their eyes went back and forth between the two of us, as though they were a pair of wolves sizing up their prey. The strong smell of aftershave, alcohol and cigarettes hit my nose. I felt my heart jumping in my chest as I fiddled with the silverware and tried to think of something to do.

Louise knew what to do, of course. She raised her glass to our guests, motioning for me to do the same. The two men grinned at each other and followed suit.

“Thanks so much for the bubbly,” she said with a musical laugh. “That was very sweet of you. You guys didn’t have to do that, you know.”

I noticed the men glance at each other and exchange nods. I then watched as one, he had

a thick full head of wavy hair, a lot like my father – zeroed in on Louise. The other man – he was balding and had a gray mustache just above a lecherous smile – locked in on me.

"Of course we did," the first man said smoothly. "We had to in order to meet you. Cheers!"

We all took a drink. I was so scared I got some of the champagne up my nose and I started choking. I felt so foolish as I tried to regain some semblance of control.

"Are you okay, honey?" I felt a warm hand caress my shoulder and then pat me on the back. "Do you need any help?"

The balding man with the moustache rubbed his hand up and down my bare back as I coughed and choked for another moment or so. I somehow got through that with minimum damage and I whispered something like, "No, that's all right. I'm fine."

The errant hand rubbed up and down my back a few more times. It didn't feel bad but it did scare me a little. I squirmed in my seat as the huge paw slipped down the back of my dress and cupped my bottom, giving it a firm squeeze just for an instant before pulling away.

"Wow, you had me worried for a moment," my new friend said with practiced concern. "I thought for a moment there I was going to have to do mouth to mouth on you."

I didn't think that was funny, but our two guests did. So did Louise, apparently, because she laughed the loudest. She then took another sip and motioned for me to do the same. I glanced up at my "savior" and thought about what it would be like if he had put his lips on mine. I'd never kissed anyone with a moustache before. The mere thought was as frightening as it was intriguing.

"What say we leave this place and you girls go back to our hotel with us?" the first man said. "We can order all the champagne you want and if you're hungry we can get room service, too. We can make a party of it, just the four of us."

"Yeah, a party," muttered the balding man. I glanced up to see him staring at my breasts. "Just the four of us."

"What do you say, princess?" Louise said. She winked as she sipped her champagne. "Does that sound like fun to you?"

"Yeah, what do you say, princess?" my "date" echoed. He leaned forward, his warm breath tickling my eyelashes. "That dress looks gorgeous on you," he growled lustily. "It'll look even better on the floor of my hotel room."

Louise cracked up and the other laughed as well. I was at a complete loss for words. I mean, really, I was so scared, I was about to pee myself. It was one thing to dress up and fool people into thinking I was a girl, but to be faced with something like this? Was Louise serious? She didn't really expect me to … I mean, she wasn't going to let them … I mean … well, at the time I was scared I didn't even know what question to ask much less come up with any answers.

"Louise …?" I whined softly.

My stepmom smiled. "She's a little young for you, don't you think?"

The Mustache Man shrugged. "I do like them young," he conceded. "But then again, darlin', I am young at heart, believe me!"

My escort leaned forward again, this time his lips brushing my fourteen year old ear. "Come on, don't be scared, honey" he whispered. "I've got a big dick. Bigger than anything you've ever seen. A little girl like you will love it. I promise."

I looked desperately toward my stepmother for help, but she was busy with her own problems. The man with the thick head of hair was whispering in her ear – something just as nasty as what I was having to endure, no doubt. To my horror Louise didn't seem offended at all. She just laughed merrily, took another sip and laid her hand on her friend's shoulder with seemingly genuine affection.

That's when I felt a hand on my knee. It lingered for an instant and then began moving up between my thighs. I suddenly clamped my legs together, just in time, as my "date" was a quick worker. I almost died as I thought about what might have happened had he touched me between my legs. Later that night I would wonder what his reaction might have been had he discovered my little secret. At that moment, however, I was too busy fending for my honor.

Not to be outmaneuvered, the balding mustache man slid his hand down under my nylon-covered butt and gave it a hard pinch.

"Ow!" I cried. "That hurt my bottom!"

My "date" grinned and whispered, "Just wait 'til we get back to our room, princess. I'll wear that little ass of yours out with my big dick."

This went on for a few more minutes, Louise sipping her champagne, our guests whispering dirty thoughts in our ears and me fending off the human octopus. In order to keep my cool, I kept my eyes focused on my stepmom, which was easy to do. She looked more like a super model than a stepmom, clad in a simple "little black dress," silver high heels and a matching purse.

I glanced at my reflection in the window and was reminded of just how feminine I looked in lipstick and pearls. No wonder we were getting all this attention. We looked just like a pair of women trolling for men. I was torn between terror and pleasure as my stepmom reached over and dabbed at my mouth with her napkin. I blushed to see a red stain on the white linen as she pulled it away.

"Fix your lipstick, princess. You look a mess."

With trembling hands I did as I was told. Our two companions watched me as if I was performing a complicated magic trick. I was so frustrated to be in this silly situation. I mean, how did I let Louise talk me into this, anyway? You'd think by now, being fourteen years old and all that, I'd find some way to stand up for myself. It wasn't like I couldn't just get up and walk out of that restaurant, right?

I am so screwed, I thought as I fumbled with my lipstick.

Feeling particularly self-conscious, I looked around as I painted my mouth with the bright vermillion lipstick. My paranoia was justified. In addition to our two dates,

several other men and a couple of women were looking right at me. A glance in my makeup mirror showed even more eyes behind me, some glaring, some staring. I sighed and decided that I'd best just sit and keep quiet.

For all my fears and anxiety, I had to admire my stepmother and the way she handled herself. Here I was, on the verge of a nervous breakdown in the company of these two intimidating adult men and she deflected them with ease. They kept smiling and pressing us to leave with them, but with each exchange they had less confidence than before. Their expressions reminded me of a couple of mischievous boys who got caught with their hands in the cookie jar and had just gotten a scolding from their mother.

"How does she do that?" I mused as I tugged down at my hem in a vain attempt to preserve my maiden modesty.

My panic reached its peak when my balding paramour took me by the wrist and started to stand up.

"Come on, Roberts, let's get these two back to the room. This little tease has me so hot I'm about to bust a nut."

I looked at my stepmother, horrified and desperate. She just smiled. She then emptied her glass, burped an elegant, ladylike burp and patted her "boyfriend" on his five o'clock shadow.

"Guys, this has been fun, but my stepdaughter and I already have a date. It's time for you to leave. Some other time, maybe."

"Oh, come on, you can't be serious!" The hair man protested with a laugh. He whispered something in my stepmom's ear. She giggled and nodded, then shook her head.

"No, really. It sounds fun, darling, but what would your wife say?"

Hair Man sighed and shrugged. "Does it really matter?"

"I don't date married men," Louise said brightly. "Except for my husband, I mean."

Valiant in defeat, the smiling man nodded. He cupped my stepmom's hand in his and kissed it.

"It would have been fun," he said with a glimmer of hope. The look in Louise's eyes sealed his fate, however.

Unfortunately for me, I still had my own problems. The balding man looked at me and made a kissy face with his mustached lips. "You're not married, are you, princess? Of course you're not. So why don't you come with us? My friend won't mind. He does like to watch, though. I'll make your day, I promise."

"Louise," I croaked.

My stepmom refilled her glass. "It's up to you, princess. Do you want to go with the nice man? Like I said, it's up to you."

I stared at my stepmom. Was she serious??? I didn't even want to think about it. I

shook my head and bit my lip.

“No,” I whimpered. “I want to stay here with you.”

The balding man was not as gracious as his partner. “Fucking little cunt tease,” he muttered. I shivered as he put his mouth against my ear one last time. “Good thing you didn’t come. I would have fucked your ass then made you suck my dick clean off.” He pulled away and winked. “How’s that sound? Still not coming? Oh, well, maybe next time, princess.”

I was about to sigh a sigh of relief but was surprised when he kissed me full on the mouth. I about choked as his fat, long tongue passed through my lips and nearly strangled me. With one hand at the back of my neck and the other burrowed in between my thighs, he laid on a long, nasty kiss that would imprint in my brain for years to come. The taste of whisky and the bristling, hard hairs of his mustache made it all that much more ugly. It might have been pleasant under other circumstances, coming from someone else. As it was I just prayed for it to be over.

“Well, that certainly was fun,” Louise said as the forlorn pair departed. “Don’t you just love being a girl?”

I was so shaken by what just happened I could only nod and fight back tears of relief. I was so grateful to be out of that situation, and so proud of my stepmother for the way she handled those two bullies, I couldn’t help but smile. I finished off my glass of champagne and watched as my stepmom refilled it. I gulped that down, too, and sat quietly trying to maintain my composure.

Louise laughed. “Calm down, princess. You act like you’re not enjoying yourself. Have another glass of bubbly and take a deep breath. And smile. Don’t forget to smile.”

I nodded and took a drink of my champagne. I shook my head to see the red lip print on the glass.

“I hate when that happens,” I said weakly.

My stepmother giggled like a teenager. “You’re so adorable, I could just eat you up. I think your boyfriend want to do the same.”

I looked at her in disgust. “Louise!”

She giggled again. “I wonder what he would have thought when he got that dress off of you? You never know, princess. He might have liked what he found.”

“He sure liked my butt,” I muttered ruefully.

Between the champagne and adrenaline, I had to giggle as well. In retrospect I wonder if it was more from relief and fear than humor.

After we settled down a bit Louise held up her glass and waited as I did the same. It felt oddly grown up to be clinking glasses and sipping an alcoholic beverage.

“We’re going to have to do this more often, princess,” she said with a smile. “You’re more fun than any of my ‘real’ girlfriends. You get a lot more attention, that’s for sure.”

I replied with a bashful smile and took another sip. There was no escaping my situation, so I decided to go along with it for now. My stepmother obviously held me at her mercy and was enjoying herself immensely. I thought about my mom and took another drink. Whatever their differences, Louise and my mom both had a pretty mean streak in them; I was just glad neither my dad nor any of my buddies were around to see me.

We sat for quite a while, my stepmother chatting and carrying on as though I was just another girlfriend. She told me the funniest stories about everything from her childhood to going on a double date with her cross-dressing friend from college. I was as charmed by the way she treated me as I was fascinated to hear her talk. I actually felt like an adult in the company of another adult. It was a liberating experience, despite my girlish disguise and concern for secrecy.

Eventually Louise ordered us another bottle of champagne and I was actually beginning to enjoy myself. My acceptance of the situation allowed me to relax — with no little help from my first taste of alcohol, no doubt — and before long I was giggling and laughing and having a wonderful time.

"So, come on, princess, tell me something about you," my stepmother encouraged. She dropped her voice to a whisper. "Tell me about your little hobby. Today isn't the first time you've gone out in public looking like a girl, is it?"

My body language gave me away and for some reason I found myself telling her things that I would have never thought I'd ever reveal to anyone … except own my mother, of course. I meant to limit my stories to how my mom made me dress up when I was little. Louise was so sympathetic and so interested in hearing me talk — and the champagne was so good — I eventually let slip about Sadie Hawkins day. One thing led to another and I pretty much spilled the beans about other events, too, including how Danny and I sometimes played dress up together. Hearing that I had a cross-dressing friend really made her smile.

"Oh, good for you, princess! You've got a little friend to share your secret with! Isn't that sweet?"

I nodded. Something suddenly occurred to me. "You can't tell my dad, though," I whispered. "You can't tell him any of this, Louise! Please, promise me that you won't! He'll kill me if he ever finds out. You won't tell on me, will you? Please, say you won't!"

My stepmother glanced at her watch and giggled. "No, princess, I won't say a word. I promise. Your father will never find out your little secret from me. I promise. Cross my heart," she giggled again, "and hope to die!"

After all that champagne I had to visit the little girl's room. Louise accompanied me, chattering away as if I was her best girlfriend. I got more than a little teasing when she saw how adept I was in the bathroom. When I emerged from the stall tugging and adjusting my pantyhose and dress, she rolled her eyes and laughed.

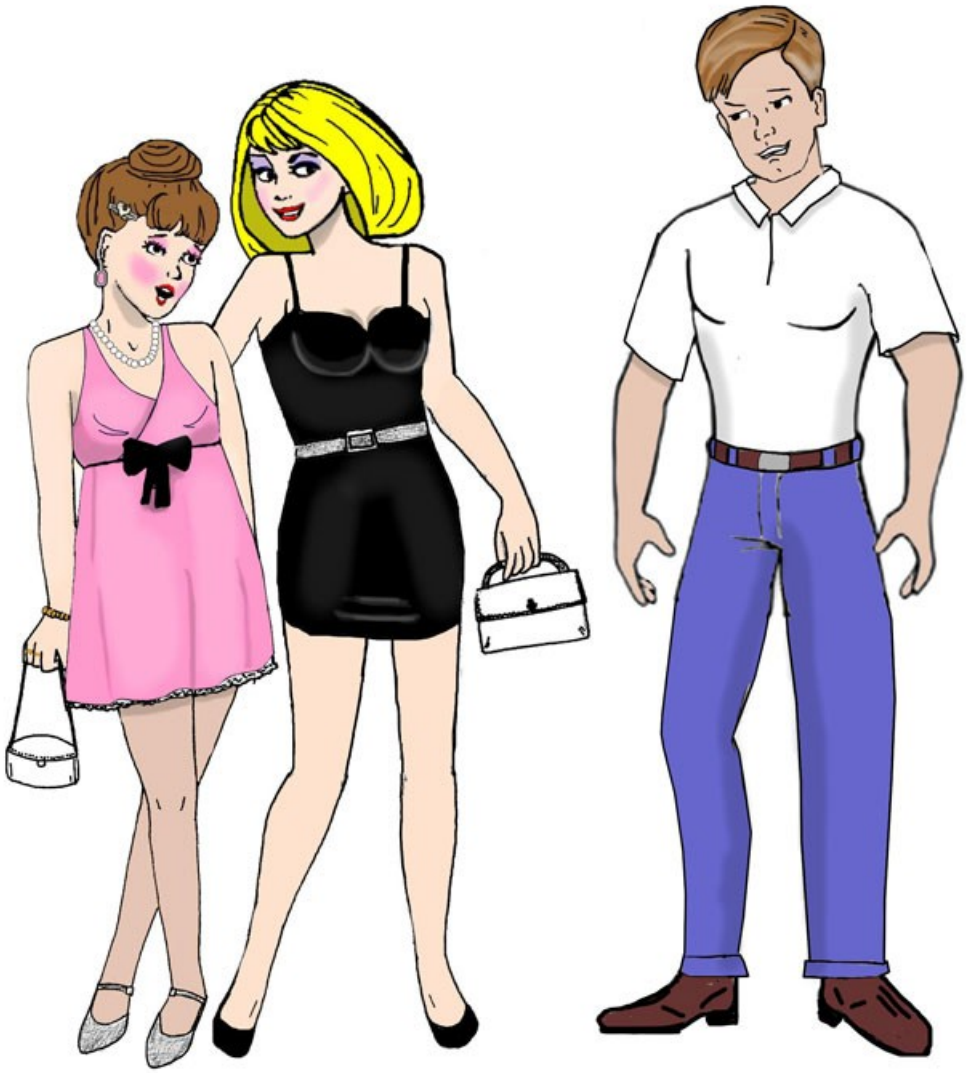
"You are such a girl! It is hard to believe that beneath all that silk and jewelry and lipstick there's a nasty little boy. I swear, Gregory Parker, if you were mine I wouldn't ever let you wear boy's clothes again! Never!"

After primping and touching up our makeup, the two of us headed back toward our table. Louise keep looking at her watch and scanned the restaurant as though she was

looking for someone. Through the mist of excitement and my first champagne I felt a familiar warning voice in my head.

“What are you looking for?” I asked warily. “You see someone you know?”

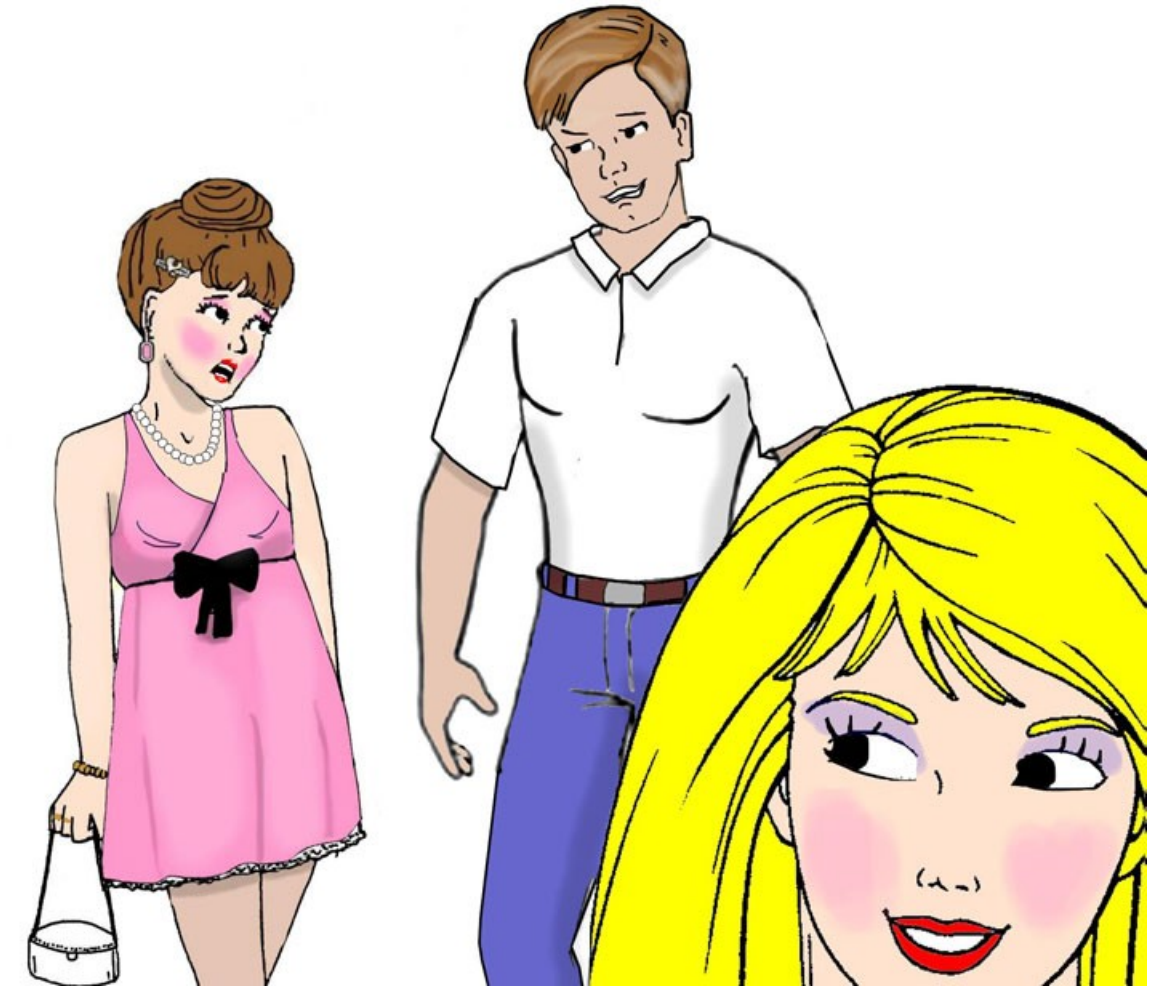
My stepmother shook her head, paused, then nodded. “As a matter of fact, I most certainly do. He just walked in the front door.”



I glanced around the room, not knowing exactly what to expect. I had lost a lot of my fear after our encounter with Hair Man and the Mustachioed Molester. After all, I didn’t know anybody in this town, so what did I really have to worry about?

Well, my father for one thing. And there he was, not more than twenty feet away, scanning the crowd, looking – no doubt – for us.

I cannot describe to you the feelings that hit me at that moment. I wish I could because they were so powerful, so overwhelming, that this story is not complete without a full and detailed inventory of just exactly how I felt at that moment. But the truth of the matter is that I cannot remember. All I do remember is my father's image at the entrance to the dining room and someone, the hostess most likely, pointing us out to him. I also remember him walking toward us, a huge smile on his face, his eyes wide with delight as they locked in first on my stepmom and then me.



This is where things really got jumbled. I remember us standing alongside our table as my dad walked toward us. He looked so happy, I couldn't get over it. He smiled at Louise, then at me as if we were his long lost best friends. At first I couldn't figure out why he was being so nice, especially to me. I was confused because I thought – um, no, I just KNEW! – he'd be pissed off to see me dressed in girl's clothes. So I smiled back at him and waved – a little too enthusiastically, I later discovered. As he got closer it occurred to me that he might not recognize me in my girlish costume. And so my smile faded and I stopped with my little wave.

It wasn't until he was right on top of us that things hit the fan. Dad gave Louise a little kiss on the cheek and whispered something in her ear. She giggled like a high schooler,

caressing his broad chest playfully and let her hand linger affectionately on his waist.

I just stood there, silent and mortified, as my father then looked me up and down with appreciation and pleasure in his eyes.

“And who is this gorgeous young thing?” he crooned smoothly. “I don’t think I’ve had the pleasure ….”

He held out his hand. I stared at it, then glanced at Louise. She was all grins, but nothing else. No words came out of her mouth, no advice, no witty quips to save me from another angry, resentful adult man. I was on my own, apparently. I tried to clear my throat as I help out my hand and let my dad take it in his huge meaty paw.

“And you are?” he said after a moment of silence.

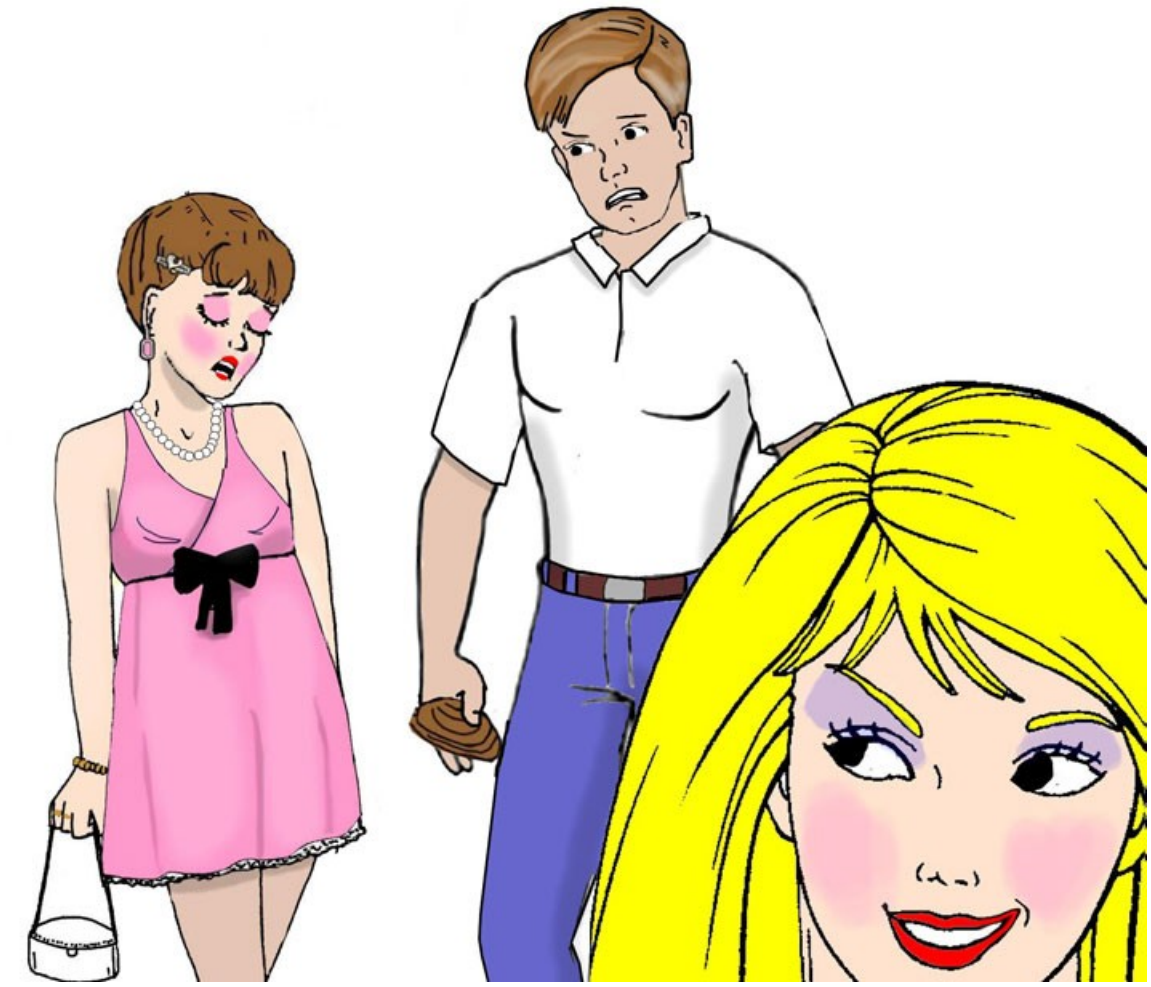
I could feel tears of shame welling up in my eyes. The next thing I knew my eyes were burning.

“Louise?” I whimpered.

“Hey, I promised he wouldn’t find out from me, remember?” My stepmother giggled. “Go ahead, princess. Tell your daddy who you are.”

What happened next was a blur. I felt the dizziness coming on again but I remember the smile on my father’s face disappear, replaced with a look of incredulity and then a scowl. An ugly, despicable, hateful scowl.

“Daddy?” I whispered as my knees gave way.



The next thing I knew I was sitting at the table, my father across from me. All he could do was stare at me, as if he could not believe what he was seeing. No words were exchanged, no blows were delivered. Just one long, caustic staring session with me at the prime target.

This was the longest moment of my life. And the worst. I know you've probably heard me say that before, but considering the severity of what was happening, this was as bad as it gets.

The long we sat there the more uncomfortable things became. The expression on my father's face turned twisted and ugly, transmogrifying from a curious grin to pure horror to complete disgust and anger.

"I should have known. I turn my back for a few minutes and look what happens. Instead of a shortstop I get a pansy for a son."

I was certain he would hit me, but he didn't instead he snatched the hairpiece from atop my head.

"Holy fucking shit! How could you wear this? What the fuck were you thinking, son? Do you actually want to suck cocks and let men fuck you in the ass?"

I sobbed to hear my father talk to me like this. Meanwhile, my darling stepmother, Louise, laughed her ass off.

"Did you have anything to do with this? You bitch. You fucking whore. You knew about this ... and you didn't do anything to stop it?"

“There was nothing to stop, darling husband.” Louise looked at me and winked. “He is what he is. All I did was let him be what he already was.”

My dad frowned. “What the fuck does that mean? Goddam it, woman, you never make any sense when you’re drunk.”

My stepmom giggled. “I’m not drunk. Well, maybe a little bit. I’m just telling it like it is, darling. Your precious little boy is a panty wearing tease who likes lipstick and flirting with men that look just like his big strong daddy. That’s what I know for sure!”

That's when he slapped her.

"Dad, no ... please ... don't ...!"

"What were you thinking, goddammit? You stupid bitch ... you could have stopped him!" SLAP!!! He hit her so hard it made my head hurt. "That's my son, goddammit, not one of those little faggots you hang around with!"

"Daddy ... no-o-o-o ...!"

By this time we’d attracted too much of the wrong kind of attention and we left the restaurant. Out in the parking lot my dad drug me to his car, cursing and fuming all the way. Louise followed behind, chattering and laughing about how cute I was and what a great girlfriend I was. I wanted her to shut up so badly, but I was too terrified to say a word.

"I can’t believe you!!! You are my son! My SON!!!! Not some goddammed faggot queerbait little cocksucker!!! What the hell are you thinking, dressing up like a goddamned whore! What has your mother done to you? Do you at least have your balls? Or did she cut them off, too?”

“Daddy, please …!!!”

My father stared at me, his eyes red with tears and his teeth bared in some sort of frightful grimace. I winced as he raised up his hand. I flinched as he pulled at my dress, yanking down my top and exposing my borrowed brassiere.

“What the fuck? Greg, son, what the fuck are you doing wearing all this … this … stuff??? Jesus Christ, you’re even wearing women’s underthings. How can you be doing this?”

“Please, Daddy, don’t be angry,” I sobbed. “You … you weren’t supposed to know. You weren’t supposed to know.”

“Well, that’s pretty fuckin’ obvious,” my father said, spitting the words as though they had a bad taste. “You’re nothing but a goddamned faggot, you know that? My son is dead to me. Goddammit! Goddamn you both to hell!”

And with that he drug me into his car and took me back to the house.



Chapter 43 — Giving Up and Giving In

The next morning we packed the car and got ready for the long drive to take me home to my mom. Louise was nowhere to be found. I later discovered that she'd spent the night with one of her girlfriends. That left me and my dad to face each other and work things out. Which, of course, we did not.

The night before seemed like a bad dream. Neither of us said a word about the scene at the restaurant or anything that happened or was said. The only reminder was the sore jaw I had from my father slapping me. I'd scrubbed and soaked and scrubbed some more to make sure that all of lipstick and perfume and nail polish was gone from my body.

Before taking me back home my dad insisted we make one final stop: the barber shop!

All week long he'd complained about my long "hippy" hair and how it looked "prettier than a high school cheerleader's." The incident the night before apparently pushed him over the edge.

Wanting desperately to get back into my father's good graces, I told him how much I hated my long hair. I said something about it being my mom's idea and how she was always making a big deal about taking care of it and stuff. I didn't dare tell him the whole truth, but I made it pretty clear that I wasn't at all happy about how I was being treated by my mom. True to form, he insisted on treating me to a haircut. Drunk with power, I agreed.

After my haircut things were going so good between my father and I, it was as though the night before had never happened. Well, sort of. Behind the boisterous laughter and tough talk I could see the doubt in his eyes. He still had serious questions about what was happening with me, why I'd dressed up the way I did. A blind man could see that he had a million things to say to me, but he was too ashamed to bring up any of it.

My stomach hurt as I thought about my father. I wanted so badly to shout out, "That wasn't me!!! I ain't like that at all!!!" But I didn't say a word. I didn't think he'd believe me; I don't think I would have either, not after what happened the night before. I guess I just thought it best to leave well enough alone.

I found myself getting ill at the thought of having to go back home. The idea of giving up baseball for housework and chili dogs for lipstick literally made me sick; I had to fight back the tears when I realized that in just a few hours I'd be standing in front of an ironing board; I much rather preferred standing in line to buy an autographed picture of my favorite batter.

During the drive home the next day my mouth was dry as ashes and my heart was going pitter-patter. I ran my fingers through my shorn locks and bit my lip.

"Maybe I've gone too far," I thought. "Mom is going to kill me when she sees me. I wonder if Dad can talk his wife into letting me move in with them ....?"

As we crossed the county line I took a deep breath and I asked Dad if I could come live with him. His eyes turned from bright to dim in the time it took to ask the question, and I knew the answer before he even opened up his mouth.

"We'll think about it," was his answer. "I'll let you know."

The air was somber as we pulled into the driveway.

"Oooo, how manly you look with your new haircut," Mom said when she saw me coming into the house. The air just oozed with sarcasm, but Dad didn't seem to notice. "Honestly, Gregory, this makes you look so masculine. I'm surprised you haven't done this earlier. I think it makes a big difference in how you look. I bet Kathy is going to love it!"

Dad glanced at me, his eyes bright with pride.. "Kathy? You have a girlfriend, li'l buddy? Why didn't you say something?"

I looked at Mom. She raised an eyebrow and smirked.

"I, uh ... I guess I just forgot."

The truth was, I was afraid he'd find out that I'd worn a dress on the only date I ever had in my life. That might be a little tough to explain, I figured.

Mom was quick to rub my nose in the mess I was making for myself.

"Oh, you should have seen them when they went to the Sadie Hawkins' dance. They made the cutest couple! You would have been so proud. I've got pictures somewhere ...."

"Please, Mom ... don't ...." I whined pathetically. I braced myself for the inevitable ... but it never came.

“I can’t stay,” Dad said, looking at his watch. “Sorry, little buddy. Maybe next time.”

"Oh, well, never mind." My mother smoothed my hair where it was sticking up in the back and winked. "I can see I'm embarrassing our little man. Still, I can't wait to see Kathy's reaction to your new macho haircut. I bet she'll just go wild with she sees you."

None of that was true, of course. Mom was just playing with me. I knew she was upset, and I knew she'd get even with me for cutting my hair. It was just a matter of time.

Anyway, on his way out the door Dad couldn't keep his mouth shut about our "boy's week" together. He bragged on and on about all we did ... he made it sound as though we had more fun than we really did. I was just grateful that she didn't know the whole story. It's hard to say how she might have reacted.

That night Mom didn't say anything else about my haircut. Nor the next morning. I got up and readied myself for school as though nothing happened, and she acted as sweet as syrup, if a bit cold. I could tell my haircut bothered her, not to mention the fact that I'd done something so rebellious; it was as though she was more disappointed than angry. And for that reason I actually felt kind of guilty.

Kathy, however, wasn't nearly as kind as my mother.

When I got on the bus that Monday morning the love of my life just stared at me. She was appalled to see me shorn of my long brown locks and she didn’t care who knew it. When I told her about my vacation you'd have thought I'd told her I'd contracted smallpox.

"But, you had such pretty hair," she lamented. "It was prettier than mine. How ... how could he do that to you? How could you let him?"

"Oh, come on, Kathy ... all that hair, it made me look like a fairy," I said in my best "Dad" impression. "I'm not like that. But that's what my mom wants me to be like. My dad, he's a great guy and he says I could pitch for the Reds one of these days."

I thought I was impressing her, but I was just fooling myself. She sniffed the air as though I smelled bad.

"Well, good for you, Mr. Sports Hero! I thought you were different. It turned out that you're no better than any of those other sports crazy jerks. I hope you're happy with yourself."

And with that she turned away from me. For the rest of the day at school she acted as

though we were complete strangers.

With no Kathy to compete with, Danny offered to share his lunch with me. At first he expressed sympathy at seeing my haircut, but when I gave him the same story I'd given Kathy, his demeanor was the same as hers.

"You mean you actually like your hair this way? You've got to be kidding! It's so butch. It … it's not like you at all! I … I thought we … How can we …? I don't understand."

I shrugged off his concerns as if they didn't matter a hill of beans to me. "Yeah, I like my hair this way. And why not? My dad thinks it looks cool. That's all that matters."

Danny's face went from worried to pouting. "But, I thought you liked playing dress up with me. How are you going to do that with your hair all cut off? You looked so cute with it up in ponytails and stuff. I loved fixing it up for you. And I thought you liked me doing it for you."

I frowned. "I don't think I'll be playing dress up any more, that's what I think."

Danny looked like he was going to cry. "Well, okay. If you don't want to dress up any more, that's cool. We can still be friends, can't we? I mean, if you want to, you can come over and maybe I'll dress up and we can, you know … mess around? You be the boy and I'll be the girl?"

"I don't think so," I said in as gruff a voice as I could muster. For some reason I was feeling bad about saying all this to my cross-dressing friend, but I was determined to stick to my guns. "I'm going to dating real girls from now on. That's what my dad does and that's what I'm going to be doing. I don't have time for any more sissy stuff."

My stomach fell as I watched Danny's face turn from soft innocence to angry bitterness. His eyes welled up with tears and his nose dripped and his mouth trembled erratically. I was shaken by this reaction and I reached out to do something, I'm not sure exactly what.

"Don't touch me! Don't even look at me! I thought you were my friend! I thought you were special, that you were different! You're just like all the others! You're just another asshole!"

And with that one of my dearest friends got up and left, a trail of gasps and whispers in his wake. I looked around the cafeteria and mumbled something like, "Gee, what's his problem?"

Yeah, I was real smooth. And a great friend on top of all that.

For once I felt like I was in control. The truth, however, was quite different. Little did I know things would do a complete turnaround within a matter of days.

* * *

One afternoon I arrived home to find no one was there. I was relieved until I found a note on the kitchen table telling me to change into the clothes laying out on my bed. A

list of chores was included, along with instructions to meet my mother at Mrs. Johnston's house when I was done. A shiver went down my spine as I went to my room.

It was pretty much what I expected. Well, worse, I guess, considering that I thought I'd put a lot of this foolishness behind me. Laying out on my bed was a familiar outfit. I felt my stomach do a flip-flop as I looked at the bright blue tube top and the elastic yellow skirt. A sense of déjà vu hit me hard and square in the stomach. This was the same exact outfit Louise had me try on when I was visiting my father.

“What the fuck?” I said out loud to myself. “Where did this come from?”

I blinked my eyes and looked again. Yep, they were still there. Not only that, but there were plenty of things to go with them, too. There were some tiny bikini-cut panties, ankle socks and a pair of shiny black Mary Jane heels. The whole outfit just screamed GIRL!!! My fairy pendant and some bangles lay out neatly next to the folded clothing. I felt my cheeks burning as I realized what was expected of me.

"I'm not doing it!" I yelled out in frustration. The house was empty, which made it easy to scream out like that. "I'm not dressing up like a stupid girl anymore! That's it, that's all ... I'm just not doing it and she can't make me!!!"

I may have been mad and I may have been desperate, but I wasn't completely stupid. Mom wasn't going to be happy with my decision and I knew from painful experience that she was going to give me hell for being so disobedient. I knew I was going to have to appease her, so I quickly got busy ... just in case.

Before leaving the house I did all my chores just as I was told; I cleaned the kitchen, ironed my mom's uniform for the next day and I folded and put away the underwear that hung on the line on the back porch. Then I did my homework. The only thing I didn't do was change my clothes.

As I locked the door behind me I wondered what would happen when Mom found out I wasn't going to cooperate any longer.

The walk to the Johnston's house was long and dreadful. I rehearsed my speech over and over again. I wasn't going to let Mom run all over me anymore. I wasn't going to let her push me around or abuse me or anything. Above all else, I wasn't going to let her turn me into a sissy again! The weekend with my father had gone far in rekindling my boyish spirit and I was not about to take a step backward. I’d given both Kathy and Danny a taste of the new me and I wasn’t going back! I was fourteen years old, not five, and it was time I took a stand!

The scene that took placed at the Johnston house wasn't pretty. Mom didn't seem surprised to see that I'd refused to change my clothes; in fact, the smile on her face glowed with amusement as I stammered out my explanation for my appearance.

"Mom, please, don't get mad. I ... I did all my chores. You can check when we get home. I did everything on the list. I'm just not going to wear those stupid clothes anymore." I paused and licked my lips. "Dad told me I had to learn to stand up for myself, so that's what I'm doing. I'm fourteen now, old enough to make my own decisions. So, I'm not wearing lipstick or dresses anymore and you can't make me!"

From my position in the foyer I could see Mrs. Johnston and Rita sitting quietly, sipping their iced tea. I felt bad about creating a scene in their house, but doggone it! My mom

was the one who started it, right?

Mom looked down her nose at me, the smile on her face crooked and curled. "Stand up for yourself, is that what your father said? I don't think so. You're barely a boy, much less a man. You don't know anything about what it takes to stand up for anything. And your father is hardly the person to teach you. The only reason he came to see you was that whore of a wife of his kicked him out of bed. He's lucky some poor woman hasn't put him in the poorhouse. Or jail."

"That's not true! He told me ..."

She cut me off with a harsh poke at the base of my throat with a sharp fingernail. "Lies. All lies. Listen, sweetie, your daddy couldn't stand up for himself right now if he had crutches. That ... woman ... has him wrapped around her finger and he couldn't care less about you or your little brother. He's gone crawling back to her as we speak and you won't see him for another six months, if not a year. He doesn't care about me, you, or your brother, or anything about any of us."

I screwed up my face in an attempt to keep from crying. Deep down I suspected what she said was true. She was building up momentum and I knew if I wasn't careful I'd be back where I started. "But, Mom ...."

CRACK!!! Tears flooded my eyes as my mother rapped her knuckles right on that sensitive spot atop my skull. Funny, how she knew exactly where all my vulnerable places were.

"Wake up, little mister! You don't know him anymore than he knows you. But we can fix that if you want. I can let him know just what a big strong man you really are. What about what a little pervert you are? Or a thief? Better yet, I was just showing Mrs. Johnston and Rita your photo album. Maybe you can come and help me pick out some pictures to send to your daddy. Pictures of his pretty daughter, 'Pamela'! Let's let him see how manly you look in your girlie clothes. Then we'll see what he thinks about you."

True to form, I looked over and saw the white satin covered album Mom cherished so much. The name "Pamela" was embroidered across the front, which was decorated with fairies and sparkling flowers. She often referred to it as her "wish book," and kept it in her room as a record of my upbringing; in it were all of the pictures she'd taken of me, from the first time I wore lipstick to my recent excursion on Sadie Hawkins' Day. I'd come close to destroying that source of blackmail on several occasions, but I knew that would only make things worse in the long run. Right then, however, I wished I'd burned it in a big bonfire fueled by every piece of feminine clothing that I'd ever touched.

Another rap on top of my head brought me back to reality. Mom was talking very slowly, as though I was having trouble understanding the words coming out of her mouth.

“Or maybe I don’t have to. From what I understand your daddy got a look at his precious ‘daughter’ already.” She shoved a photograph under my nose and spat out the words. “You honestly didn’t think I wouldn’t find out about this, did you? I found this in your suitcase along with that slutty little outfit you tried to sneak into my house. I called your stepmother to find out what had happened and guess what she told me? Go ahead, take a wild guess!”

I didn’t bother guessing. I was busted.

“I’m sorry, Mom.” I sucked in a huge lung full of air and sighed. “I … I didn’t mean to keep it from you, honest. But when she saw the stuff you put in my suitcase, she figured it all out ….”

My mother tapped her foot and stared at me. “Go on, tell me all about it.”

I went ahead and made a full confession. I told my mother pretty much everything that had happened during my visit with my dad. I told her how Louise had found my girlish undies in my suitcase and how she’d teased me into trying on some things for her. I confessed that we’d gone out shopping and that I’d even dressed up and gone out to dinner as a girl. I wasn’t completely honest, but there was no way I could tell her everything that happened. It was just too shameful.

Fortunately the stuff I did tell was more than enough. Mom nodded her head as I sobbed through my sad story, prodding me here and there for more details. She seemed particularly pleased to hear about my father catching me at the restaurant. She was a little sympathetic to hear his reaction, but not much.

“See? I told you not to lie to me, didn’t I? That’s what you get when you sneak around behind my back and try to get away with things. If you’d just done like I’d told you, none of this would have happened. But, noooooooo, you had to be all sneaky and lie and what did that get you? It got you smacked around by your brute of a father, that’s what it got you! Well, welcome to the club, daughter dear. I got mine and now you got yours. I hope you’re happy now.”

I was crying through most of this, of course, my eyes burning and my breathing uneven. I tried to calm down enough to defend myself, but it was hard to do.

“I can’t believe you called Louise,” I managed to say once my breathing was under control. “I thought you hated her.”

Mom grinned. “Oh, I don’t hate her. She’s a bitch and I’ll never forgive her. But she’s got her burden to bear, too, sweetie. After all, she’s still married to that bastard and has to put up with him for the rest of her life. I, on the other hand, have you to worry about. I can’t fix him, but I can certainly fix you.”

I sniffed and nodded. “So, did she tell you anything else?” I asked meekly.

My mother gave me a sneering look. “Silly boy. When will you ever learn? Louise didn’t tell me a thing, Miss Priss. I didn’t call her. I didn’t have to. All I had to do was ask my darling little boy and he told me everything I needed to know.”

My mouth went dry and I would have started crying again if I’d been able to do so. As it was I just sighed and nodded. I was doing a lot of that lately.

“I knew you were hiding something, sweetheart. You always are. When you’re Greg, that is.” Mom reached over and touched me on the cheek. “Funny, how ‘Pamela’ never gives me any trouble. Isn’t that interesting?”

I nodded again. I had nothing to say to that.

"Here's what's going to happen, dearest. First you are going apologize to Mrs. Johnston and Rita for your behavior. After that you're going to excuse yourself and you're going

back to the house and put on the clothes I laid out for you."

"But, Mom, please ..."

CRACK!!! The tears rolled down my face as a shot of pain pierced the top of my head.

"Do you want me to slap your face? Right here in front of our friends?"

Of course I didn't. But I didn't want to be humiliated anymore, either. I gritted my teeth and waited for the next blow to fall. Instead, this is what I heard:

"When you're properly dressed I want you back here to help with dinner. And bring a smile when you return. No pouting, no crying, nothing but a pretty smile. Don't even bother putting on your makeup. You can do that when you get back here. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, mommy," I said, sobbing back the tears.

"Oh, stop crying. You made your bed, now you're going to sleep in it. I am not putting up with any more of this nonsense. I didn't put up with your father's nonsense and I am certainly not putting up with any from you!"

I cleared my throat and tried to look tough. I'm pretty sure it didn't work. "What happens if I don't do it?"

Mom blinked, then smiled. "If you don't get going, I'm going to wear your bottom out right here and now. Rest assured that's going to happen. But before I do, I'm going to call your father, and I'm going to tell him what's going on. I'm going to start out by telling him about you shoplifting, I'm going to tell him about you lying, I'm going to tell him about you being a little pervert. Then I'm going to show him this photo album. I'm sure he'll be really impressed by everything I tell him. And show him. He'll be so proud, especially after the little show you put on for him last week."

"Mom, no ... please .... don't ...."

SLAP!!!

A single blow across my face was all it took to make me cry like a little baby. I fought to keep from sobbing, but the tears flowed as freely as a garden hose. The room was quiet, except for the sound of ice clinking in glasses of tea. I remember Rita giving me a sympathetic look. Mrs. Johnston just smiled.

"There! Are you happy now? You want some more? There's plenty more where that came from, you know. Your father gave me plenty and I'll be happy to give it all back to you!"

It took me a second to catch my breath. When I did, I managed to sob out a pitiful, "I'll do it." That seemed to be enough to make my mother happy.

With a deep sigh and slumped shoulders I did as I was told; I wiped my tears away as best I could and then I apologized to Mrs. Johnston and Rita for causing such a scene. It had to be obvious to everyone in the room that I was defeated. Mrs. Johnston said she just didn't understand why I was putting up such a fuss.

"You look so cute when you dress up, Gregory," my mother's best friend in the world said with matronly warmth. "I think you'll enjoy yourself once you get back and are one of the girls. I know we enjoy having 'Pamela' visit us."

As I stepped out the door my mother called after me. "Don't forget, change your clothes and get back here right away. And don't bother with your lipstick. You can do that after you get here. Do you understand me?"

"I understand," I muttered in frustration.

On the way home I tried not to cry, but I just couldn't help it. After all that had happened in the past couple of days, and I was right back where I started. Maybe I ought to just give up, I thought bitterly. Just change my name to "Pamela" and forget all about being a boy! Maybe Mom would be happy then and she'd leave me alone!

I was gone about an hour. The Johnstons lived several blocks away from where we lived and I had to take as many back alleys and side streets as possible to keep from being seen. Then I had to struggle into my clothes and check my appearance and headed back before I got into even more trouble.

I felt so stupid as looked down at myself in that stupid outfit. It was so skimpy, so embarrassing, I could hardly stand it!

"Who wears stuff like this?" I lamented as I tugged down on my skirt and up on my tube top.

I looked in the dressing mirror before leaving; with my short hair and ugly frown and no make up, it was obvious that I was just a fourteen year old sissy-boy wearing girl's things.

"There's no way I'm going to pass as a girl," I thought desperately. I tugged at my short haircut and sighed. "Especially with hair like this! I look like some sort of queer or something!" For the first time I wished my dad hadn't even mentioned the term "barber shop."

Normally I did all right wearing a skirt — I should, with all my experience — but this stupid little yellow elastic thing was the most aggravating thing I'd ever worn; as tight as any panty girdle, it was a lower-cut hip hugger design that barely covered my butt and privates. The entire width of my hand could cover the skin exposed below my belly button, and I had to push down my panties to keep the lace from showing above the waistband.

Worse yet, the tight stretch cloth dragged everything up so much I had to tug constantly at the back to keep the crack between my butt cheeks covered up. As I minced along in my high heels, I worried fretfully that my pants were falling down; honestly, if it wasn't for the fact that they were so tight I think they might have. The skimpy electric blue top did nothing to hide my chubby breasts. I was so ashamed to see my pointy nipples press against the shiny material.

"She can't make me wear this in public," I whispered to myself. "I can't do this!"

Despite my fears of wearing such a shameful wardrobe in public, I did as I was told. You have to understand that I was far more scared of my mother than I was of looking

foolish in the eyes of the world. Don't ask me why. That's just the way it was for me at that time.



The walk back was long and fretful. I got plenty of stares and curious looks, but thank goodness I didn't run across anybody who recognized me. I was terrified of having to explain why I was dressed in something that just wasn't feminine, but that looked so ugly. It was almost as bad as being naked in public, that's how awful I felt wearing that stupid scanty outfit.

When I got back everyone made a big fuss over how cute I looked in my new clothes. I rolled my eyes and tried to keep a good humor, but I knew I looked like an idiot. Mrs. Johnston said it was just adorable how I was showing off my belly button and Rita declared that I looked pretty enough to make her sorority sisters jealous!

None of that made me feel any better, of course.

"I look like some sort of stupid fairy," I said. I tugged at the bottom of my skirt, pulling the hem down so it wouldn't slide up over my pantied bottom. "Nobody's going to believe I'm a girl."

My fan club quickly put a stop to that. Mrs. Johnston shook her head and said, "That's just not true, honey. Short hair on girls is really in style right now. You look very sweet. I wouldn't worry about it."

Rita nodded enthusiastically. "With a cute figure like yours, no one will give your short hair a second thought. Just don't cut it any shorter!"

Mom, of course, didn't care if I looked like a boy or a girl. "It's not my problem, it's yours. You're the one who made the decision to cut your hair all off, not me. If you want people to think you're a sissy boy instead of a pretty girl, then that's your problem, sweetie-pie."

The highlight of the evening came just before supper was served. Mom had noticed my fingernails were "naked" and she asked Rita if I could borrow something bright and cheerful to spruce them up. And so I was sitting in the kitchen painting my nails bright red when Kevin, Rita's younger brother, came stomping through the back door.

I didn't pay any attention at first, but when I saw him standing there before me, a wide-eyed look on his face, I squealed and knocked over the bottle of polish. Rita, who just happened to be in the kitchen with me at the time, laughed at my reaction. After helping me clean up my mess she made an elaborate production out of introducing us to each other.



I knew Kevin, of course, from when Rita used to babysit me and my little brother. We'd never really hung around each other much because of the difference in our ages. And now, well, now I felt like such a wimp as I waved at him with a hand showing bright red fingertips.

In truth, Rita's younger brother was fifteen, almost sixteen, and actually very good looking if you really looked at him. A shock of blond hair framed his face; blue, almost violet eyes shined directed into mine and a pair of full lips formed a wide, fascinated smile. If I hadn't been so ashamed of myself I'd have thought him a pretty neat guy.

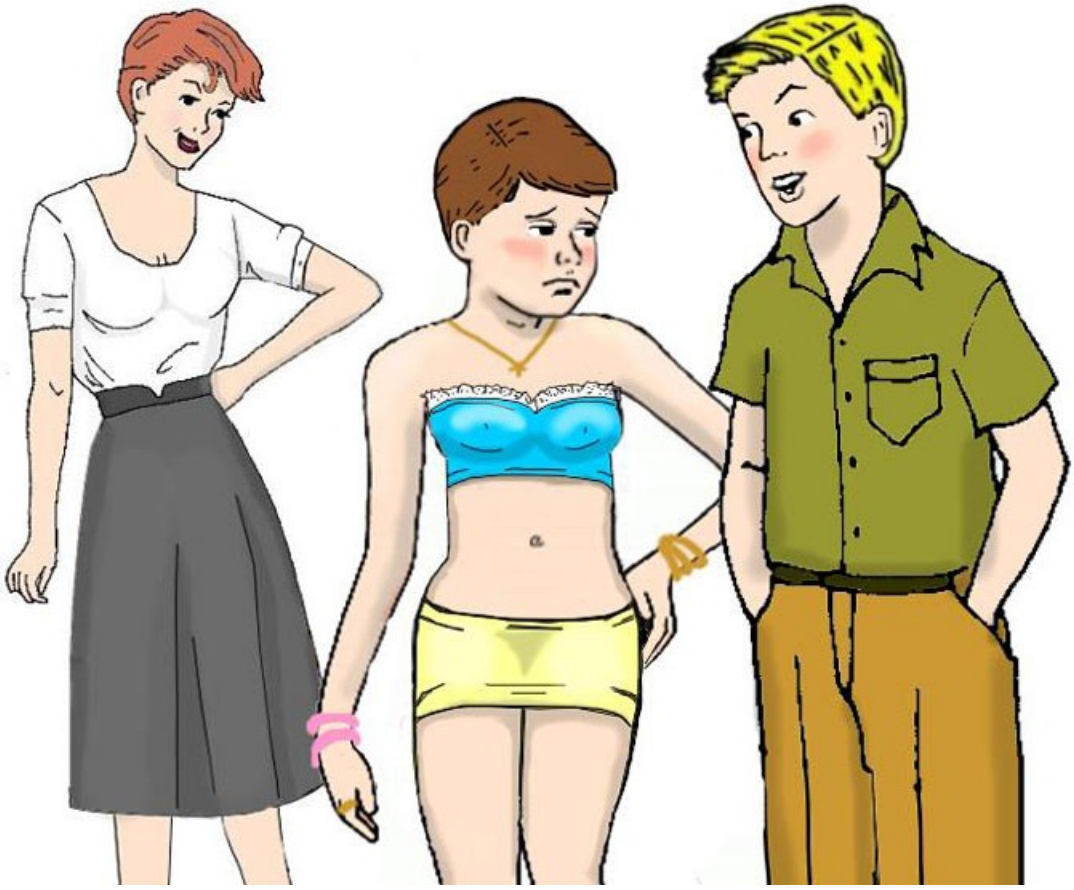
Amazingly, Rita introduced me as "Greg," which upset me. I don't know why, of course. Had she introduced me as "Pamela" I would have been equally angry, so the point was irrelevant. What did matter was the way Rita made such a big deal about us meeting.

"Greg's pretty cool, probably the coolest high schooler I know," she told her brother. "Isn't that outfit just wild?"

Kevin nodded, his eyes going over me like an electron microscope. Feeling self conscious, I attempted to cross my arms in front of my bosom, trying to cover up at least some of what he was looking at. The problem was some of my nails were still wet and I just ended standing there looking like a complete idiot.

"Cute. Really, really cute," was all he said.

Rita kept up the momentum by taking us both by the arm and leading us to the living room. "Hey, look who I found in the kitchen!" she announced, and with that she shoved us both into the living room, pushing us together as though we were a couple.



Mrs. Johnston's eyes lit up and my mom had an odd smile on her face. Kevin grinned and stuck his hands in his pockets and said something about getting ready for supper. The teenager then bolted for the stairs, leaving me at the mercy of three very giggly women.

Supper went rather well, considering the absurdity of my situation. I said little while Mom and Mrs. Johnston gossiped incessantly about people at the clinic and whatever. Rita would join in with an occasional, "I know what you mean!" or something equally insipid.

Kevin, on the other hand, was as quiet as I was. Occasionally I would glance in his direction and see that he was looking straight at me. I was mortified to find that I'd been

caught looking at him, but from his red face it was apparent he was experiencing similar feelings of awkwardness. All in all, it was an unnerving experience.

When dinner was over Mom tapped me on the shoulder.

"Gregory, honey, if you're going to dress up in your pretty clothes you really need to put on some makeup. You know you look so much cuter with lipstick and mascara, especially whenever you insist on wearing a skirt."

To hear my mother say this out loud, especially in front of another boy, was almost more than I could bear. I started to excuse myself, but she put her hand on my arm. "No, it's all right. You can do it here and we'll keep you company."

I managed to keep control of my emotions — just barely! — and do as I was told. The main problem was the audience I had. I tried to focus on what I was doing as I opened up my purse and got out my compact and took the top off my lipstick, but it was difficult. Out of the corner of my eye I could see that I was being watched with great curiosity. Kevin's eyes went wide with amazement as I coated my lips with the bright red pigment, and I couldn't help seeing the bright smiles coming from Rita and her mom; I think they were as tickled with Kevin's reaction as they were with me making up my face in front of him.

Before we left for home something odd happened. My mom, Rita and Mrs. Johnston were in the kitchen and I was in the living room waiting patiently to go home. Kevin came into the room, picked up a magazine and flopped on the couch opposite where I was seated. He pretended I wasn't there, but I could see him glancing in my direction. Finally, he looked up and smiled. I looked at him and he looked at me once more, and then he just kind of blushed. I felt so stupid sitting there in my little high heels and that stupid tube top and tiny skirt; I just knew he was going to say something to make me either mad or cry.

"My sister say's you're fourteen?" Fumbling with my shiny nails, I nodded. He thumbed through the magazine and tossed it aside. "Cool. You look older. Like maybe you're sixteen, seventeen at least."

A nervous "Thanks," was all I could muster. That was a strange thing to say, I thought.

"You, um, dress like that all the time? I heard you wear stuff like that to school, too."

I felt my heart in my throat. I shook my head, ignoring the pounding in my ears. "N-no. Just around the house and stuff. I did dress up a couple of time for school. My mom's idea. It's ... it's a long story."

Kevin nodded. "Well, you ... er ... you look pretty good. Like in my mom's fashion magazines. You're as pretty as any girl. You, uh, you could probably be a fashion model if you wanted, you know?"

I blinked. That was something I never thought I'd hear. "Really? Um ... thanks, I guess."

"No problem." The blond youth nodded again, and then he grinned.

"Uh, you coming back over sometime? We got a pool."

"I know, I've been in it." I said softly. I thought about the time I spent at his house in that

silly bikini his mom gave me for my birthday. My stomach ached at the memory.

Kevin's eyes went wide. "Really? Hey, uh, maybe next time you can bring your suit. If you wanna go swimming, I mean. It's heated, so we can still use it this time of year."

I just nodded. I couldn't imagine why in the world a fifteen year old boy like Kevin Johnston might want to go swimming with some wimp like me, but I nodded anyway. The look on my new friend's face was as mysterious as the questions he asked.

"You really could be a fashion model," he repeated.

For some reason I giggled. Yes, I giggled. I don't know what came over me. I think it was because I finally noticed that I was not the only nervous person in the room. Maybe it was because of the ridiculousness of the situation. It might have been the adrenaline coursing through my body. Whatever the reason, I giggled. Then I giggle some more.

"You're silly," I said, my throat raspy and hoarse. "I don't think I've ever met anybody quite as silly as you."

Kevin grinned. "You're not quite like anybody I've ever met, either," he replied.

There was an uncomfortable silence. I felt like I was supposed to say or do something. I fidgeted with my bracelet and gave the tall blond boy a sidelong glance. His eyes had a dreamy, romantic look and his smile was so cute. I thought about his mouth for an instant. I suddenly felt a twitch down between my legs. My face burned as I realized I was getting aroused.

"Can I tell you something? I secret, I mean?"

Kevin nodded, the dreamy look in his eyes making him look so vulnerable. I felt that twitch again. I squirmed my hips to accommodate that growing feeling, but it didn't help matters.

I moved closer to him and whispered in his ear. "You know I'm a boy, right?"

He nodded again. "I … I know. You … you're still pretty cute."

It was my turn to nod. I looked around the room to see if we were alone, then I took a deep breath and closed my eyes for just a moment.

And then I kissed him.

I have to admit, I wanted to kiss his mouth, but I didn't. The way I was feeling down between my legs, I might have had a horrible accident if I'd done that. Instead, I kissed him on the cheek, a long, wet kiss that left a bright red lip print. When I pulled away he had a surprised but pleased look on his face. The lipstick on his cheek looked adorable and I felt compelled to add to it.

Kevin apparently had the same idea. He put his arm around me and started pulling me closer. I really, really wanted to … well, I don't know exactly what I wanted to do, but I resisted. Just a little bit. I held him off, mere millimeters from pressing his lips against mine.

"Not here, not now," I whispered, nodding toward the door. "My … my mother …."

My new friend sighed, then nodded. He gave me a hug, pressing my body against his. I was shocked to feel something poke me in the belly. Then I giggled. Apparently I wasn't the only boy in the room who was aroused. I wondered for an instant what would have happened had he felt my excitement pressing against his. As we pulled away the expression on his face made me wonder if he had not.

"Wow," was the last thing he said before our mothers walked into the room.



I don't remember much else that happened that day. I do remember an awkward conversation with my mom and Mrs. Johnston. I say awkward because Kevin kept his arm around me the entire time. That silly grin on his face never left and my lip print on his cheek just added to the surreal quality of the conversation. Mrs. Johnston and my mom both commented on it, but neither of us would respond with anything more than a bashful smile and a lame shrug.

I do remember Mrs. Johnston saying something like, “See what happens when you leave two teenagers alone? They just can’t keep their hands off each other.”

The ride home was a blur, as was the remainder of the evening. Mom chattered on and on about catching me kissing Kevin and seeing me in his arms. I didn’t think she actually saw me kiss him, but I didn’t argue with her. I couldn’t have denied any of it even if I tried. I was just too tired and confused and excited to do much more than smile a submissive smile and say, “Yes, Mother. Yes, Mother. You’re right, Mother.”

“See, I knew you would find a nice boy. I knew it all along. I don’t want to hear any more fussing and complaining from you, ‘Pamela.’ You’ve shown your true colors and proved me right all along. I knew you were a prissy little tease all this time and the truth finally came out, not just to me but to Mrs. Johnston and Kevin, too. He is just perfect for you and you’re perfect for him.”

“Yes, Mother. Yes, Mother. You’re right, Mother.”

“I’m glad you agree with me. This is just the beginning, my darling daughter. You and Kevin are going to spend a lot more time together. His mother has been looking for someone like you to make him happy. She’s been looking for years for the right person. I knew you were just right for him and tonight you proved it. You two are going to make the perfect little couple. You just wait and see, ‘Pamela’!”

“Yes, Mother. Yes, Mother. You’re right, Mother.”

That night, alone in my bed, I had the most horrible time going to sleep. I so wanted to jerk off it was crazy. I ended up hugging my pillows so hard that I came over and over again until I was exhausted and able to sleep. I kept thinking about Kevin and how handsome he was and how nice he treated me. No other boy — Danny doesn’t count as a boy … well, not one hundred percent boy, all right? — had ever been so nice, so affectionate with me. He knew exactly what I was and who I was … and still he seemed to like me. That really moved me, so much that I laughed and I cried and I humped my pillow like a horny teenaged girl, all while thinking only of the tall blond boy with the red lip print on his face.

“This can’t be,” I whispered as I messed my panties and drifted off to sleep. “This just can’t be ….”

Chapter 44 — Back to Basics

The days that followed were bewildering. Where I once held hope that things would eventually go back the way they once were, back to when I believed I was all boy and not one bit a sissy or faggot, I’d pretty much given up. The courage I’d gotten from my visit with Dad quickly evaporated and — just like my mom said — he expressed absolutely no interest in following up on the relationship I’d thought we’d started. The rebellious fire I’d rekindled soon died down to a fizzle, and I was no better off than when I started.

I can’t tell you how many times I paused in front of the mirror while in lipstick and mascara and a dress and lamented over how ridiculous my short hair looked; putting on

panties and making up my face each afternoon was a tortuous reminder that I'd failed as a boy, that I'd blown my big chance to shed the sissy bonds my mother used to control me. When I should have been out running the bases with my ball team, I was trapped in the house hiding my face in my skirts like a frightful little fairy.

What made matters even more unbearable was seeing my little brother doing all the things I wanted to do. While I was being quizzed on the latest "Seventeen," he was watching wrestling on television; if I was scrubbing the kitchen floor he was tracking in mud; when I was trying on one of my mom's dresses or a pair of her high heels, he'd be suiting up for a game of "war" with his friends.

And then I thought about Kevin and those few precious moments we spent together. As much as I hated the rest of my life, I loved how he made me feel. Even in that ridiculous, tacky costume my mother made me wear, Kevin Johnston seemed to truly like me. The gentle way he talked to me, the way he looked not just at my malformed girlish boy body but the way he looked me in the eyes, it was so heartwarming. I once imagined that feeling with a girl like Kathy, but now I found it in a tall, handsome blond boy that for all appearances was "normal."

"Is this the way it's supposed to be?" I asked myself a million times a day.

The way I finally handled all of this was simple: I gave up.

That's right, you heard me, I just plain old gave up. I mean, what choice did I have? Between my mother's constant badgering and the strange thoughts in my mind, I decided to go with the path of least resistance. Sure, I might have raised a fuss and complained and threatened to run away. I suppose I really could have run away. But I didn't. It just wasn't in me. I guess all the years of conditioning, of giving in and letting my mother have her own way is what did me in. Well, that and the way Kevin looked at me when I was in his arms. I wasn't exactly happy about what was going on, but I did learn to keep my mouth shut and at least pretend to enjoy myself.

I'll never forget the day I officially gave up. I'd just gotten a slap across the face for backtalking my mom. As usual, it was over something silly; Mom caught me watching television when I was supposed to be doing my homework. She told me I was grounded and I said something stupid. The next thing I knew, I was on the floor seeing stars. To be honest about it, what hurt me the most wasn't the slap to my face as much as it was the look on my mom's as she stood over me.

A little while later, after taking my evening bath, I was called into my mom's room. She was sitting at her vanity, brushing her hair and looking kind of sad. We started talking, and the next thing I knew, she was handing me her hairbrush.

"Here, sweetie," she said, turning her back to me. "If you're not still mad, would you mind brushing my hair for me? For just a little while?"

It was kind of an odd thing for a fourteen year old boy to do, but how could I refuse? "Uh, sure thing, Mom. No problem." I glanced in the mirror before us and was rewarded with a flashing smile and a wink.

And so there I was, all powdered and perfumed, clad in my nightly bra and girdle ensemble, brushing my mom's hair as if this was something I'd done my entire life. After a while we switched places and she brushed my hair.

“I can’t wait for it to grow back out,” she said warmly. “I have some great ideas about how we can style it. You’re getting old enough you can wear it more like a woman and not like a silly little girl.”

“That sounds neat,” I said softly.

I could see my mom smiling in the mirror. It was as though she realized she’d won. She really seemed to enjoy pampering me like that, and to tell the truth, I kinda liked it, too. Funny thing, by bedtime we were both laughing and sharing a special time that most teenaged boys would never — and could never — recognize. I remember thinking that my mom had never looked so pretty. My boyish ego bruised and my face still sporting the trace of a handprint, I promised to do whatever it took to keep her smiling like that.



It wasn't easy, but within a few days I did it. You just don't know how hard it was for me to put a smile on my face knowing I'd given up all of my ballgames on television for soap operas or would never pick up another comic book in favor of a copy of "Glamour." Just knowing my buddies were all out raising havoc while I was in panties and a bra and working on my nails was enough to make me cry at one time. But not any more. With Mom looking over my shoulder I just nodded and carried on as though I was having the time of my life.

"What are you grinning about?" she asked me one evening after supper. "You're acting different lately."

I just shrugged and smiled. "I dunno. I feel different. I can't help it."

"You better not be up to anything sneaky," she warned. "I'm keeping my eye on you, 'Pamela.'"

It didn't take long for me to really get into the spirit of things. From the moment I came in from school each day I worked hard to pretend I was my mother's daughter, shedding my pants and sneakers and slipping into bra, girdle and heels without being told. On my own I experimented with my cosmetics, trying on different shades of eye shadow and lipstick and actually having a little fun with the exotic looks I came up with. More than once I came down to the dinner table with my face painted in such a way as to evoke a double take from both my mom and my little brother.



After a while I decided to take things even further; since I knew I was going to have to dress up anyway, I figured I may as well be the one who decided what I should be wearing. Of course, up until that time Mom picked out everything I wore, as if I was her personal dressup doll. While I wasn't crazy about many of the choices I might have to make, I wanted to have at least some say in the matter. Funny thing, it was a lot easier than I thought it would be. All I had to do was close my eyes, take a deep breath … and jump in!

"Mom? Do I have to wear that ugly old orange dress again?" I whined one Friday afternoon after school. "I hate that old thing! Can't I wear something else?"

As usual, my mother was quick to react with frustration and a threat. "Am I going to have to get my switch? I am getting so tired of going through this every day. Get your butt in there and get in your girlie clothes! If I have to come up there somebody's going to regret it."

I bit my lip and waited a moment before saying anything. "I … I am in my … my girlie clothes. I just wanted to know if I could wear a different dress instead of that old orange thing. You know, like maybe the one with the red print? The one you said you used to like so much?"

The house was so quiet you could hear a pin drop.

Standing at the top of the stairs in my usual bra, girdle and hose, I waited for my mother to reply. Instead, I heard the clak-clak of her heels on the hardwood floor as she walked to the base of the steps. Looking up, she considered me for a moment; she actually seemed surprised to see me already in my girlish underwear. Frowning a bit, she nodded. "Did I hear you right? Does my teenaged son actually want to wear his mommy's little sissy flower print sundress?" she asked. "I thought you hated that one."

I shook my head. "No, Mom, not the sundress. The other one … the white one with the red polka dots. You know, hanging in the back of your closet? You don't wear it any more, I thought it might look good on me."

Mom furrowed her brow. She started to speak, and then paused. For a moment it seemed like she was speechless.

"What happened to the red polka dot dress I bought you last summer? Why don't you wear that one?"

I shrugged my bare shoulders. "Well, um, it doesn't fit any more. It's kinda tight around my boobs and I can't get it to zip up the back."

My mom stared at me. She gave me the look she usually reserved for those times when she thought I was lying. I thought for a moment I was in trouble.

Finally, she nodded. "Oh, well, that makes sense, I guess. Sure, okay, that's fine." She thought for a moment. "Before you do, let's try something. I've got an idea."

The next thing I knew I was sitting at my mother's vanity. I remember looking at my reflection and feeling regret about my hair. If only it was just a bit longer, maybe I'd look more like the thing my mother had turned me into.

That's when I saw the tall white box in my mother's hands.

"Here, let's do something different tonight. You've been a good girl these past few days, I thought maybe you deserved a present. It's the weekend, so let's try something different with your hair. Here, put this on. I don't wear it anymore, so you may as well."

The box opened up to reveal a wig. I was shocked. I hadn't expected to see anything like this. It looked very grown up, not at all like anything a girl my age would have worn. It was an upswept beehive, almost a perfect match for my own hair color. I felt my mouth go dry as Mom pulled it off the display head and held it over my own.

"Sit still, 'Pamela.' Let mommy make you pretty."

It took a lot of tugging and pulling, and at one point I thought my head was going to snap off, but we got it on. When I finally got a good look in the mirror, well, I couldn't believe my eyes. Gone was that prissy, fruity little boy with the short hair and lipstick.

Gone was the faggoty boy in his mother's lingerie. Instead, the fantastic creature before me was a woman, dark-headed, mature … smiling and mysterious. I fluttered my eyelashes and was pleased to feel them brush against the feminine bangs that covered my forehead. What looked just plain stupid in my mother's hands was so natural, so womanly atop my head. If I had not known it was me in the mirror, I would never have guessed in a million years.

"That … that's really me?"

My mom nodded. "Yes, dear, it's really you. I don't know why you're so surprised. I've been telling you all along this was the real you."

I nodded, fascinated by my reflection. As many times as I'd seen myself in feminine disguise, this topped them all. Even the teenaged drag costume I'd worn out on the town with Louise couldn't compete with this.

"I … I look beautiful." My voice choked with emotion as I tried to think of something else to say. "Thank you, Mother," was all I could come up with.

My mom rolled her eyes. "Okay, okay, enough gawking. Get dressed, you prissy thing. We're walking next door and having dinner with Mrs. Henderson. Hurry up. You can stare in the mirror some other time."

I nodded. I actually wanted someone other than my mother to see me looking like this. Our next door neighbor was the perfect person. I was about to make my debut as my mother's favorite daughter.



After slipping into my borrowed dress and a pair of three inch heels, I primped and powered and painted myself up in my best girl fashion before coming downstairs. I even put on some of that really strong perfume my mom made me wear on Sadie Hawkins Day. Oh, and my favorite angel earrings and plenty of bangles and some rings.

The look on Mom's face told me that I'd succeeded. I clip-clopped down the stairs in my heels and went right up to her and asked her to fasten a couple of buttons up the back that I couldn't reach. She just looked at me and nodded, still befuddled by my sudden change in attitude. I guess after all the fussing and arguing we'd been doing I caught her off guard. I kind of liked that. That's when I really poured it on. As I got my purse I acted out the role of 'Pamela' as best I could, talking about how much I liked her old dress and how cute it made me look. I was determined to be the best "daughter" I could, even if it killed me.

"See, Mom, it's not too tight and the fit really shows off my figure." I put my hand on my hip and struck a girlish pose, just for effect. "What do you think?"

"Yes, sweetie, it does look nice on you. After tonight you can put it in your closet if you want. I certainly can't fit into it anymore. You can put the wig there, too. Lord knows I don't wear it anymore." She sighed. "Maybe we'll give your old dress to Goodwill. The orange one, too. I have to admit, it is pretty ugly."

I made a big fuss, pretending to be thrilled, which I actually was; I'd always hated that orange dress, and if it took dressing up like a prissy fairy to get rid of it, then I was willing to pay the price.

"I like this one so much better," I said in my best girlie voice. "Don't you think it makes me look a lot older?"

Mom looked at me and shook her head. "You're awful cheerful tonight, pretty boy," she said. "What are you up to?"

I stuck out my bottom lip and pretended to pout. "Oh, Mom! Don't call me a boy when I'm dressed like this, please? I worked hard to look nice for you. I'm 'Pamela' tonight, okay?"

"Okay, little girl. Fine." Her eyes narrowed. "You didn't answer my question. What are you up to?"

"Nothing. I just feel good, I guess." Giving her my prettiest smile, I tilted my head in a mock innocent manner, like I'd seen the girls at school do. I then twirled around, making my skirt flare out above the tops of my stockings. "Maybe it's my hair. It looks awesome. Then again, it could be the new dress. It feels really nice. Thanks for letting me wear all this."



"Hmmm, I see. Well, ‘Pamela,’ since you feel so good, how about us girls going to the big Friday night football game for a little while after supper? We need to pick up some things at the store after dinner and since that takes us over by the stadium, I thought that we could go and see how your team is doing. Maybe we’ll see Kathy there," she added with a wink. “We might even run into Kevin while we’re out.”

My stomach felt like it dropped into a pit. It took me a few seconds to realize she was testing me, seeing just how far I’d go. She couldn't have been serious, could she? I thought for a minute about the prospect of attending a high school football game in a dress and my blood felt cold. She had to be kidding me, right? I started to make some sort of excuse, but the look on my mom’s face dared me to back out.

"If I’m careful, maybe I can get away with this," I thought to myself. I squirmed a bit and forced myself to smile.

"Uh, sure thing, Mom. The football game? Oh, why not? It’ll be fun."

"Fun, huh? Well, we’ll soon see," was all she said.

I didn't like the sound of that at all.

Before we left Dave came downstairs and asked Mom for money to go to a movie. I watched jealously as my little brother counted out his money and got his instructions for the evening. What I would have done to spend the night running around with my friends! Just imagine, doing boy things and having the time of my life. Instead of riding my bike and eating pizza with the guys, however, I was wearing panties and lipstick and getting ready to sip tea with my mother and one of her ladyfriends.

"Greg's wearing a wig!" he said with a stupid grin on his face. "You look stupid! You're the biggest sissy I know!"

"Go away, little boy," I said, stifling my anger and replacing it with a smile. "Go find a first grader to beat up or something. Mother and I are spending the evening together and you're not invited. It's for women only."

Dave gave me a weird look. My reaction apparently caught him off guard. He mumbled something like "fat butt" and left.

My mom shook her head. "That was different," she said with a laugh. "I never thought I'd hear you say something like that, 'Pamela'."

I just grinned, picked up my purse and said, "I know." I flashed a bright, toothy smile at my mother and left it at that.

Dinner with our neighbor was a bit of an adventure. Mrs. Henderson had just had a baby and hadn't been getting out of the house much. With her husband gone on business all the time she was glad to have some company. I liked her a lot. She'd seen me running around in girlish clothes since before high school and had thought it rather cute, even if I was a boy. She'd never teased me – well, not too much – but instead always treated me as though a boy wearing dresses was the most natural thing in the world. That night was no different. While we ate she lavished me with attention, making a huge fuss over me being such a good sport and dressing up so nice for her.

"You are so sweet to play your little 'dress up' game for me like this, Greg. Your hair is just gorgeous! I can't believe it's a wig! It makes you look so grown up! And that dress really shows off your figure. You are so cute I just can't stand it!"

"Thanks, Mrs. Henderson. I do look cute, don't I?"

Our neighbor laughed to hear me carry on in such diva fashion. My mother, on the other hand, gave me a strange look.

"I think I've created a monster," my mom said. "My 'daughter' has become so vain lately."

Mrs. Henderson giggled. "Well, I think it's sweet. You're a lucky woman to have a son with such a sense of humor." The grin on her face made me smile. "Thanks again for dressing up for me, Greg. This is the most fun I've had in months! You make such a wonderful 'daughter.' I always knew you were talented. Most boys your age are such a pain in the rear! I'm glad you turned out so well."

Prompted by my hostess' remarks, I did everything I could to play the role of the teenaged girl from next door. I giggled and said "neat!" and "awesome!" a lot, and I

played with my jewelry and primped my hair and touched up my makeup every chance I got. I loved looking at my reflection in my makeup mirror. And just think, a few days before I couldn't stand it.

The look on my mom's face said I was probably overdoing my little act, but that was all right; as far as I was concerned, "Greg" was hiding at home, and "Pamela" had center stage. I felt as silly as heck, but I was determined to keep it up for as long as I could.

Then I got a taste of reality. Most guys would have hated sitting there with two grown women and listening to them gossip and chatter away, but I have to admit, it was pretty educational. Between listening to all the things my mother and Mrs. Henderson had to endure during childbirth and having our hostess' two year old son, a hyperactive little demon, climbing all over me and tugging my dress up above my legs and wanting me to get down on the floor and play, I was a nervous wreck. Within ten minutes I swore that I was never going to have children, not even if someone was going to pay me a million dollars.

"I'd rather have Mrs. McCuddy's poodle climbing on me instead of that little brat," I fretted silently as I tugged my skirt down around my knees.

Before we left Mrs. Henderson offered to let me hold her baby. I wasn't too keen on the idea, but Mom insisted.

"It'll be good for you, sweetie. You've never held a baby before. Don't worry, you can't hurt him," she assured me.

Hurt him!? Somebody should have told him not to hurt me! I'd held the little darling in my arms no more than five seconds when he grabbed one of my earrings and started tugging. "Ow-ow-ow!" I cried out, and it took a second for Mrs. Henderson to free me. Our embarrassed hostess apologized profusely, but Mom just laughed, saying that the same thing happened to her all the time when my brother and I were babies.

"It's just something you have to get used to," she said matter-of-factly.

Once that immediate crisis was over, I kind of had fun, though I wouldn't admit it in a thousand years. Holding that little baby turned out to be natural for me, and I found myself moving and adjusting myself as he squirmed, like I actually knew what I was doing. In turn, I was shocked at how easily he took to me, snuggling in and making himself at home in my arms.

The only other problem I had was when he turned his head toward my bosom and rubbed his nose against the tip of my breast. I started to panic as he grabbed for me with his mouth, and Mrs. Henderson laughed and said it was getting close to feeding time. I thought I was going to die when I realized what she was talking about!

"You want to see what it feels like, honey?" she said with a giggle. "You can drop your top and let him have a little nibble. It won't hurt, I promise."

"Um, I don't think so," I replied. My face burned hot with embarrassment at the thought of exposing my mutant girlie-breasts to this young mother.

Leave it to my mom to push me out of my comfort zone. "Oh, come on, 'Pamela,' give it a try. Mrs. Henderson is right, it won't hurt at all. You might even like it."

I felt helpless as I felt my dress being undone. I thought I was going to cry as my bra came loose, but I managed to hold back the tears. The cool air hit my bare skin as my breast was exposed and I blushed to see Mrs. Henderson's eyes go wide with delight.

"My goodness, you're more of a girl than I thought, Greg. I had no idea you had such nice titties. Lucky you. My little man is going to love getting his lips on you!"

I felt weak in the knees as I was handed the baby. I barely had the chance to snuggle him in my arms before he turned and grabbed at my naked boob. The next thing I knew, he had my nipple in his mouth and was sucking away like there was no tomorrow.

"Yikes!" I squealed, just like a girl. I half-giggled, half-sobbed in awkward delight. "It tickles like crazy," I whispered anxiously.

"He'll get mad in a minute 'cause you don't have any milk," Mrs. Henderson said. "He's hungry as heck so he'll want to eat right away. Just sit still so you can get a taste of what it's like to be a mommy. I was right, though, wasn't I? It doesn't hurt at all, huh?"

I nodded, then winced as the tiny mouth did its best to take a piece of skin from my nipple.

"Ow! He bit me!"

Both women laughed.

"See? I told you he was hungry," our hostess repeated. "Sometimes I'm so sore, I can't stand for my titties to be touched at all."

I nodded again, doing my best to keep from swooning. The sensation of the tiny mouth sucking away at my nipple was overwhelming. I imagined for an instant what it would feel like for a boy to do that to me and I almost messed myself right then and there.

"See, sweetie?" my mom said with a smirk. "Even little babies think you're a girl. It's a good thing he doesn't have any teeth."

Mrs. Henderson giggled. "Isn't that the truth! My husband doesn't understand how much it hurts. I mean, he's worse than the baby! He's actually bitten my nipple more times than I can remember. One time he got so excited he even drew blood. Men can be so careless sometimes."

Despite my embarrassment I was fascinated to hear such talk. A shudder of pleasure swept over me and I looked down at that little baby sucking away at my boob. I felt that stupid tingling between my legs and all of a sudden my mind saw the image of Kevin Johnston nibbling away at my nipple. I closed my eyes and tried to block out the thoughts in my mind, but they only got worse. I shuddered as I imagined Kevin's hands roaming my body as he sucked away at my breast, his fingers fluttering over the front of my girdle and poking up between my lycra-covered bottom.

"Oh, my," I whispered in pain. A sudden erection pushed my aching penis against my girdle, forcing me to squirm in uncomfortable ecstasy. Mom looked at me and smirked. It felt like she was reading my mind.

* * *

It was just getting dark when we finally left Mrs. Henderson and her babies. Having survived my first experience as a nursemaid, I was feeling woozy but happy. While my mother drove us to the supermarket I primped and touched up my lipstick and acted generally like a big sissy, much to the amusement of my mother. But that was all right; I was determined to give her the show of her life, no matter what it cost me. As I got out of the car I upped the pace just a little bit, giving an added swing to my purse and my hips. I prayed that none of my friends were around to see me as I played my role to the fullest.

"Just wait 'til Rita sees me," I said with a hollow confidence. So far the store looked pretty empty of teenagers. "I bet she won't even know who I am in my new wig and your dress!"

"Oh, I wouldn't count on that," Mom said with a laugh. "She's a pretty smart cookie."

To my horror Mom led me straight to the feminine hygiene products and made me pick out some "necessities." I felt my face heat up as I rummaged through countless categories of tampons, feminine pads and douching supplies. My hands trembled as we made our selections and I felt my insides quiver and shake as I thought about how these little instruments of torture made me feel behind the closed door of my mother's bathroom.

We did manage to find my old babysitter working at the pharmacy. I stepped up before her and smiled. She smiled back and said, "May I help you?"

I looked down at the feminine products in my arms and sighed. I was in this far, why not go all the way, right?

"Oh, yes, thank you," I replied. "I've been having some terrible cramps lately and was wondering if there is anything you can recommend?"

The teenager frowned for an instant and looked at my purchases. She then smiled. "I see. Well, miss, I'm not exactly a doctor, but you might try …."

Rita's voice trailed off as she looked over and saw my mother standing beside me. She frowned again, then looked at me, then back at my mother. Her eyes went wide, then her frown brightened to a huge, beaming smile.

"Mrs. Parker? If that's you, then who is … Greg? Is that really you? Oh! My! God!!!! Greg Parker? It really is you!!! OH MY GOD!!!!"

I thought the poor girl was going to climb over the counter, she was so excited to see me. She buzzed herself around the security gate and rushed to hug me with so much force it scared me. Well, just a little bit. She squeezed me so hard I couldn't breathe. I was pleased, however, to feel her breasts and her hips pressing against my feminine clad body. It was a sensation that I would treasure for a long time.

"Gregory Parker, you little tease, you! What did you do to your hair? Where did you get that dress? You look absolutely amazing!"

I glanced over to my mother, who gave me that "I told you so" look. I in turn nodded and sighed my usual sigh of resignation.

Rita's reaction thrilled me to no end. Not only was she surprised to see me parading around in my mother's dress; she was equally pleased that we took the time to find her and show me off. Encouraged by her genuine enthusiasm, I gathered my composure and fussed at her as if I was a real girl.

"I'm sorry, but you must be mistaking me for somebody else. My name is 'Pamela.' I have no idea who this 'Gregory' is."

My response caught both Rita and my mother off their guard. There was an instant of silence, then Rita started giggling like the teenager she was. My mom laughed, too, shaking her head.

"I do not know what's got into you, Miss Priss, but you are certainly full of yourself tonight. It makes me wonder if I'll ever see my drab, boring little Gregory ever again."

Mom was right. I was indeed full of myself that night, making a big deal about posing as her teenaged daughter, and we all had a really good laugh over my performance.

Rita kept on gushing about my appearance. "You are simply gorgeous, 'Pammy,' simply gorgeous! I didn't recognize you at all with that big hair and those boobs. It's hard to believe you're really a little boy underneath all that woman!"

I blushed and looked down at the floor. I remember seeing my breasts heaving with excitement and I felt my heart racing.

"Thanks, Rita. It's kinda fun dressing up like this. You should have seen the look on your face when you finally figured out who I was. That was the funniest thing I've seen in my life."

That's when Rita sprung a small surprise of her own on me.

"You want to see funny? Before you leave you'll have to be sure and stop by and say 'hey' to my little brother. Kevin is working one of the cash registers out front. You can surprise him when you go through the checkout line. I really think he'd be interested in seeing you in that wig and dress. He'll love it, I'm sure!"

That caught me completely off guard. I hadn't known Kevin was there. I glanced at my mom, who in turn gave me a haughty smile. After the conversation we'd had about boys, I guess I wasn't too keen on seeing Kevin right at that moment. I mean, I thought about him all the time, but I just wasn't ready. Not yet at least.

The matter was out of my hands, however. I said something lame about not having time, but Mom stepped in and assured my old babysitter that we did have plenty of time and that we would be seeing Kevin before leaving the store. The next thing I knew, I was clip-clopping my way across the store to confront my worst fear.

"Don't be such a scaredy cat, 'Pamela,'" teased my former babysitter. "You made a huge impression on my little brother when you came to visit the other day. I don't know what you did, but he talks about you all the time."

My mother found that little tidbit interesting. “Really? That is so nice, isn’t it, ‘Pamela’? To think that Kevin has been talking about you all this time. I bet he’d be interested to know how much you’ve been talking about him?”

“Mother!” I fussed. “Please, don’t say anything else! Please?”

Rita laughed. “Now this is getting to be really interesting,” she said brightly. “I always wondered what kind of person my little brother would find attractive. I guess I now know.”

My performance for Rita’s little brother wasn’t going to be as enthusiastic as it could have been. It was one thing being silly for my mom and her friends; but to show off like an idiot in the presence of a boy — especially a boy who liked me that way! — that kind of bothered me. Mom must have sensed my reluctance; she told me that she expected me to keep up my prissy act no matter what.

"This is your chance to convince me you’re sincere, little miss," she said with a smile. "Back out now, and I’ll know you were just trying to buy me off until the next time you go see your father. I hope that's not the case."

"It isn't, Mom," I said weakly. "I'm trying to be good. I promise."

"Then don't disappoint me, sweetie pie. Be nice to Kevin."

I’m not sure how well I did. My head was spinning when I spotted Kevin working the cashier station and my knees nearly gave out as I got in line. He gave me a curious glance as I handed him the box of tampons but didn’t say anything. I thought I was going to get by without him recognizing me, but Mom poked me in the ribs with a sharp fingernail.

“So, um, Kevin, you don’t … you don’t recognize me?” I stammered awkwardly. “Do I look that different from the other night?”

The tall blond boy stared at me for an instant. His eyes drifted from my face down over my body, then back up again. I noticed him looking slightly down. I thought he was staring at my boobs, but I remembered my necklace. I fingered it nervously and smiled. He smiled back and nodded.

“Nice trick,” he mumbled shyly. “You almost got me on that one.”

As excited as I was to see him, I kind of hoped I wasn’t going to have to talk to him. It was time for his break, however, and after checking us out he followed me and my mom to an empty lane where we talked for a few minutes.

Kevin didn’t say much, but he kept looking at me and grinning, nodding his head in answer to my mother’s barrage of small talk. After a few minutes Mom gave me another nudge in the ribs and I forced myself to make some small talk of my own while she went back to get something she forgot. I felt like a fool, but at least he didn’t openly laugh at me or punch me in the face.

"I guess you think I look pretty stupid, huh?" I finally said. I clutched my purse to my bosom, as though it might protect me from anything he might say. "I wouldn’t blame you if you did."

I remember Kevin's eyes flickering, as though he was trying not to look too hard at me. I felt kind of funny as they wandered over my body for a moment, and then finally fixed on my own eyes.

"Oh, uh, no. Not at all." His face turned red as he glanced away. He acted like he was embarrassed to be caught looking at me. "I … uh, just think this is all pretty interesting. You know, with the big hair and all."

"Interesting?" I actually found myself pouting. "I guess that's one way of putting it."

Kevin frowned and shook his head. "That's not what I meant. I mean, you look awesome! I just, well, I never thought you could look like this. You look so … so sophisticated and all. I still think, uh, that you could be a model … that is, if you really wanted."

The grin on his face was shy, almost sweet.

I blushed as I realized what was going on. Kevin was flirting with me — again! — and to make things even more confusing … I didn't exactly hate it.

"Well, that makes sense," I thought to myself. "He's probably gay and I'm some sort of fairy-freak running around in my mother's dress. So why not?"

For some reason I felt a tingling in my nose. I resisted the temptation to wipe my eyes as I knew I'd end up smearing my mascara.

There was an awkward silence, and then I said something dumb about playing my dressup game with Mom. Kevin answered by flashing me the neatest smile. I had no idea what he said to me, but for that one moment, with that one look … he made me feel as though I wasn't as dumb as I thought I was.

* * *

After leaving the drug store, Mom drove the car over to the high school stadium, just like she had promised me. I thought we were headed home and I couldn't believe it when she pulled into the school parking lot and shut off the engine!

"Omigod, she's calling my bluff!" I thought as we sat there in silence.

"Why don't you freshen up your makeup, sweetie," my mom finally said. "You want to look nice for your friends, don't you?"

I felt like I was in a bad dream, but I did as I was told. My mouth was dry as an old rag as I got out of the car, but I held a steady course and joined my mom, our heels clicking loudly as we walked along the pavement. As we lingered in front of the trophy case out front of the school, I saw my reflection and felt myself getting dizzy. I looked nothing at all like Greg Parker. It wasn't just the big hair wig and polka dot dress. It was the way I stood and moved. Or something. Whatever.

I took a deep breath and felt a burst of newfound courage as we approached the stadium. I was resolved to keep playing the girl to the bitter end, even though I was terrified of

being recognized and exposed.

As we passed through the gate I didn't attract too much attention. The man taking up tickets kind of stared at me for a moment. I felt a wave of shame hit me as I realized he was looking at my boobs. I just clung to my purse and prayed that something awful didn't happen.

It seemed that we walked forever, my mother leading the way in that slow, sauntering gait that made my life so miserable; I was so worried I focused my eyes on her feet, not daring to look up for fear of being humiliated.

At long last we emerged from the stairwell and made our way through the crowd and took our seats on the bleachers. I was so nervous, I couldn't tell if that was my heart or the bass drum in the band that was pounding so loud. It took me a minute to get up enough courage to look around. Mom finally nudged me in the ribs and told me to sit up straight.

"What's the matter, sweetie? I thought you wanted to come to the game." She gave me a quizzical look. "Aren't you enjoying yourself?"

"Oh, sure, Mom. This is great."

I forced myself to smile. Deep inside I wished I could run off and hide in the dumpster, but there was no way I was going to let my mother know how scared I was.

Funny thing … there we were, in the middle of the crowd, and nobody seemed to know who I was. On the other hand, thank goodness, I didn't see anyone I knew right off. Then I realized the gang I hung out with was probably running around in the lower levels. Most everyone sitting around us were either older kids or parents. Nobody seemed to pay me any attention, which was perfect. I guess it was because my mom was with me. For a little while I was even able to enjoy the game, though I had to force myself not to cheer. The last thing I wanted was to attract too much attention.

Our team was losing … again. But they were putting on a pretty good show for themselves. I'd thought about trying out for the freshman team at one time, but baseball practice always seemed to get in the way. And now … well, I tried imagining myself out on the field, running down that final winning touchdown. A glance down at the hem of my dress decorating my nylon-clad legs brought me back to reality.

At half time Mom gave me some money and sent me down to get snacks. I'd have rather jumped off the tops of the bleachers, but I just grinned and said "Sure, Mom. No problem." Somehow I managed to make my way down the steps in my heels without killing myself. I wondered how long my luck would hold up.

I about died when I saw several of my male classmates down by the stairwell. I steeled myself for the barrage of teasing remarks I knew was about to hit me. Pulling my arms close about my upper body to conceal my prominent breasts, I tried to remember the little speech I'd been practicing in my head. If that didn't work, well, I wondered how fast I could run in my heels.

As I made my way down the stairs I felt my stomach turn sour. There, right in the middle of the gang was a tall dark-skinned boy in a leather jacket. I recognized Joe instantly and I froze. My last encounter with him was violent and terrifying. I could barely move, my fight or flight instinct sending all the right signals through my

trembling body. The only problem was that I was in no position to either fight or flee. I glanced down at my high heels and sighed.

“Here it comes,” I thought fretfully to myself.

I gingerly made my way down the stairs and steeled myself as I stepped into full view of Joe and his friends. The tall boy looked right at me, his eyes dropping almost immediately to my boob and my butt. Judging from his smile he had no idea who I really was. I bit my lip, pulled my shoulders back and moved forward.

“Oh, baby, look at this,” my archnemesis said suggestively. “Mama, why don’t you come home with me tonight? Those are some fine titties you got there. I wouldn’t mind rubbing my face all over them.”

Joe’s comments made me blush and I had to force myself not to look at him. My reaction wasn’t exactly subtle and his friends all jumped in with stuff like “nice boobies, baby” and “lookit that ass!” I tried to lessen the sway of my hips and move as little like a girl as I could, but between my girdle, heels and weeks of repetition and practice, I failed miserably.

“Stuck up cunt!” Joe spat as I walked within his grasp.

I felt a frighteningly familiar sensation and realized that he’d grabbed the hem of my dress. For an instant my girdle and the tops of my stockings were exposed for everyone to see. A wave of whistles, groans and ugly comments drowned out the sounds of the game.

Fighting panic, I turned and gave the grinning boy an icy look. Despite my flushed face I must have done something right. He paused, then glanced down. For just a moment I could see the little boy that he’d once been. A burst of courage lit up inside me and I couldn’t help but grin.

“Are you done looking?” I said in my Louise impression. “Because that’s all you’re going to do, little mister, is look.”

I reached over and grabbed his arm. I was amazed to discover that the tough looking leather jacket he wore was nothing more than a cheap plastic imitation. A spurt of daring energized me and I pressed my sharpened fingernails through the thin material and deep into the muscles of his biceps. I was pleasantly surprised discover it was more fat that muscle. I pressed harder and got the reaction I wanted.

“Ow! Dammit, girl, that hurt! Fuck me, get them talons outta my arm!”



I turned my grin into a mocking pout, sticking out my bottom lip for the benefit of his rowdy friends.

“I’m sorry. Did the prissy little girl hurt the mean old boy? I’m sorry, sweetheart. Maybe you should go find a little sissy boy to pick on. From what I hear that seems to be more your speed.”

I don’t know exactly how it happened, whether it was my acting or my grip on his arm or the silly wig and dress I wore … or maybe it was just a combination of all those things. I could feel half a dozen pairs of eyes on me as I smiled and winked at his friends. I couldn’t believe it worked! I mean, it was like I suddenly in charge and they were all in on my little joke.

Whatever I did, Joe’s friends all picked up on what happened and they went after him like a pack of hyenas on a wounded lion. Still clutching his arm, the young black man forgot all about me and found himself in the midst of a riot of teasing jibes, insults and challenges.

I gave his arm a final squeeze, eliciting another yelp of pain. I then turned to walk away. Instead of giving me any grief his friends all stepped aside. I simply resumed my errand, blending into the crowd with as much grace and dignity as my racing heart would allow.

“Wow, that was something,” I thought as I reached the bottom level of the stadium. “I had no idea I could do something like that!”

My luck finally ran out at the concession stand. Some kids I knew from my homeroom were working there as part of some fund-raising effort. I suddenly found myself facing someone who would see right through my girlish disguise.

"You look awful familiar," the blond teenager said with a suspicious stare. "Do I know you?"

I took a deep breath and nodded. There was no sense in making this last any longer than necessary.

"Um, yeah, Christine. It's me. Greg?"

The Christine Watson looked into my eyes, then let her eyes wander over my polka dot clad body.

"Greg? Omigosh! Greg?" Christine said in a musical tone. "Greg Parker? That is really you, isn't it? What in the world are you doing …in lipstick … with that hair … and that dress? Oh … my … gosh! You're stunning!!!"

I cleared my throat and acted as though nothing was wrong. "Um, hi. May I have two popcorns, please? And two small diet Cokes?"

"Sure, just a second." The girl looked at me funny for a moment and gave the boy working the fountain my order. It was Robert Young, a sophomore who I knew from art class. I felt sick to my stomach as I thought about what would happen if he recognized me. I heard Christine mention my name, and I was looking right at him just as he was looked me right in the eye, a curious look on his face. I felt the blood rushing to my face, but I managed to keep my cool, giving him a blank look in return.

"Maybe if I act like I don't know him, he won't recognize me," I thought desperately.

My experiment was inconclusive. Robert furrowed his brow, finished fixing my drinks, and went on to the next order. He looked at me again as I paid for my purchases, but he was too busy checking out my boobs to bother figuring out who I was.

Christine didn't let me off the hook so easily. "You are absolutely stunning, Gregory Parker! Your hair looks awesome! Oh, my god! I wish Danny was here tonight. He'd just die to see you all dressed up like this! You were pretty cute the last time you guys got together, but you're beautiful now! How come you're all prettied up tonight? Did you come here with Kathy?"

I couldn't help but blush. As much of a pain as she was, Christine was genuinely happy to see me and I couldn't be mad at her for that.

"I, uh …. Not exactly. I'm here with my mom. She hasn't been to a game before, so we just got dress up and, well, here we are."

"Well, that doesn't explain the lipstick and purse," my new friend said with a grin. "Just wait 'til I tell Danny. He's been so mad at you ever since you cut your hair. Did you guys have a fight or something?"

I shrugged, then smiled. "Or something. I'd like to see him sometime. I hope he's still not mad at me."

Jenny stared at me for a second, then shook her head. "He won't be when he sees how awesome you look! My gosh, that wig is outrageous! I can't believe it's you! I just know that when Danny finds out you were here looking like that … he'll just kick

himself. Oh, boy, will you be in trouble then!"

I was a nervous wreck by the time I got back to where my mom was sitting. I'd passed at least a dozen or so of my friends as I'd climbed the stairs, but no one seemed to notice who I was. Joe and his gang were nowhere to be seen, thank goodness. I couldn't have been happier.

"I see you had a little trouble," Mom said upon my return. "That boy was a nice little challenge. You did well, however. Nicely done, indeed. Did anything else happen that I need to know about?"

I shrugged and shook my head. She pressed me for details, smiling brightly when I confessed that I'd been confronted by Christine at the concession stand.

"Sounds like you've got both boy trouble and girl trouble," she said with a laugh. "Danny obviously has a crush on you and Kathy seems like the kind of girl who likes things her way."

"Oh, she is. Believe me. And Danny is another story all together."

Mom sipped her drink and winked. "Don't forget about Kevin. I think the two of you will be seeing quite a bit of each other."

Blushing at that thought, I quickly changed the subject. "I can't believe how easy it was to handle Joe. What's even weirder, when I walked past all those other guys, I can't believe nobody recognized who I was. I mean, I walked right by them, Mom. I know they saw me."

"Oh, they saw you, all right, sweetie. They just didn't see who you were."

"What do you mean? They do know who I am, don't they? How could they miss me?"

My mother looked as though she felt sorry for me. "Don't you understand, you goofy thing? Oh, 'Pamela,' think about it, dear. Use that head for something more than a pretty place to put a wig. You mean to tell me that after all you've been through, you really don't know why those boys didn't recognize you?"

Feeling stupider than usual, I just shrugged my shoulders. "Okay, I don't know. You tell me. Why didn't they recognize me?"

"That's because they weren't looking at your face, silly girl! They were looking at your body." Mom glanced down at my bodice and grinned. "They're boys, remember?"

It took me a couple of seconds to get it. When I did, I didn't like what she was implying. "You mean they were looking at me … like THAT?" I felt sick. "Mom! No! Please, don't say stuff like that! Eeww, that's gross!"

Her laugh was so loud, I got even more embarrassed. "Well, it's true. Think about it. What do you look at when you see a pretty girl?"

I started to say something smart, but held my tongue instead. I didn't like where this was going. Not at all.

"Uh-uh! Don't go making anything up. I know you. You're just like your father, you

know that? The first thing you two see when you look at a girl isn't her face. It's usually her boobs, right? Or her butt. Why should those boys be any different?" Mom leaned close, whispering in my ear. "Just think, sweetie … tonight, when they're home safe in bed and jerking off, they'll be thinking of that cute little girl in the red polka dot dress with the long legs and big boobs."

"Mom!" The look on my face must have been something. The mental image of a bunch of guys masturbating while fantasizing about me — a boy! — was enough to make me queasy. To hear my mom talking like that — in public! — made me physically ill.

She grinned. "It's a fact. While they're pulling on their pathetic little wieners they'll be thinking about you and your cute boobies and fat little bottom. Imagine that. Really, you should be proud of yourself, sweetie. You're only fourteen and already you've got your very own little 'jerk off' fan club. Doesn't that sound like fun?"

I made an ugly face. "Ew, Mom ….! Please!"

As disgusting as all that sounded, I knew she was right. Heck, it wasn't like it was anything new; ever since the first time I got drug out of the house kicking and screaming in a dress, I'd been looked at and stared at and gloated over by boys. It wasn't exactly anything new, but that didn't make things any easier. It's exactly what I would have done if I'd seen a good looking girl. And for all intents and purposes, even I had to admit I looked like a cute girl. Despite my stupid haircut. I thought about what Mom said about my dad and I wondered for an instant what he'd think if he heard any of this … and I got this really queasy feeling in my stomach.

"I don't like boys looking at me like that," I muttered angrily. "I hate it! It's sick!"

My mother nodded. "And that's why you have to be careful when you're in public. Didn't you see that boy a little while ago, trying to look up your dress while you were going up the steps? The way you let your skirt flop around he had a perfect view of your girdle and hose."

I craned my neck around to see who she was talking about. The way I felt, I had a good mind to go punch him out.

My mom laughed. "Oh, don't bother looking, you silly thing. He didn't touch you. He was just being a boy."

"But Mom, he was being rude!"

"That may be. Of course, you do it all the time. I mean, as 'Greg' you do, right?"

"Not anymore," I vowed.

Mom gave me 'that look' again and laughed. "Oh, yeah. Right."

We ended up staying up until the final quarter. Throughout the remainder of the game I sat quietly, very ladylike, clapping at the appropriate times and paying careful attention to the game. I crossed my arms in a vain attempt to hide my boobs and I made sure to keep my knees together … just in case.

"A guy can't be too careful," I thought ruefully.



From that day on things began to change between my mom and me. As much as I hated to do it, I threw myself into being the best "Pamela" I could be. No more whining and complaining, no more trying to prove I knew better than she did, no more sneaking and planning behind her back. That was all in the past.

Life was now much, much more complicated. It was also more interesting and kind of fun. I mean, between the jealous looks “Pamela” was getting from other girls to my experiences with guys like Danny and Kevin and, yes, even Joe, I was never bored.

As "Pamela" I worked hard to please my mother, to keep peace in the family. "Greg" was somebody I left behind each day on the school bus. And the tension between Mom and me, well, it was still there sometimes, but it slowly began fading. It almost made my decision to give up fighting her worthwhile.

Almost.

To be continued ….

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