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## **“A LIVING DOLL”**

by Dawn Bell

*SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING*



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"We are never afraid of what we know."

"Most men haven't a clue what women want."

# A LIVING DOLL

by Dawn Bell  
(with Sandy Thomas)

Lori Miller sat at her vanity putting her hair up on rollers. It was a sunny Saturday morning and her sixteen year old son, Danny, was stretched out across the room on her bed casually flipping through a comic book.

Lori enjoyed his company but she couldn't help but notice that something was on her son's mind. She could see that he seemed to be carefully observing what she was doing. Since her husband had died six years ago, she and Danny had lived alone and had become very close. Something was bothering Danny now and she needed to find out what it was.

"You look lost in thought Danny."

"Hmmm?"

"I said that you look like you've got something on your mind. You keep looking at me funny."

Danny looked up from his comic with a sheepish look. He looked like he was trying to find a way to say what he was thinking.

"Naw. I was just wondering. Wondering how all that stuff you do with your hair makes it curly?"

Lori felt relief at the inanity of his concern. Here she was dreading that she was about to be asked that dreaded childhood question, "Mom, where do babies come from?" She laughed.

"Is that all? I thought it was something serious. You just want to know how I curl my hair?"

"Yeah. Like I mean. . .did you have to do anything special to your hair before to make those curlers work?"

Lori smiled as she looked at Danny. What strange questions run through the minds of teenage boys!

"Special? Not really. Though I do get a permanent wave every few months. That helps the set last longer."

"What's a set?"

"A set silly, is what I'm doing now. I wash my hair, put some setting lotion in it. That's just something that helps the hair hold a curl after it's dry. Then I wind the hair around these round rollers and wait until it dries. The hair has a kind of shape memory that when you wet it, it relaxes. If you wind it around a roller when it's wet, then let it dry, the shape memory holds the hair in the round shape. Presto, you have curls."

"Cool," Danny said then went back to looking at his comic.

"So. . .I guess girls' hair has this special shape memory, that's why they can curl their hair, right?"

Lori was just fastening the clip to the last hair curler. She looked at Danny in the mirror and realized that there was something more to Danny's questions. Maybe it was mother-son ESP but she thought that she was starting to guess what it might be. It seemed a little unusual but what the heck she'd check it out.

"Hair is hair Danny. It doesn't matter if you are a boy or a girl."

"Really? You mean even my hair would curl?" he asked and Lori thought she could hear a nervous twinge in his voice.

"Of course. As a matter of fact because you've grown that mop of yours out since Christmas it would probably make a big improvement."

"You really think so?"

"I'm sure. Hey, are you saying you want to try and have your hair curled?" Danny's mother finally asked with a grin. Danny's cheeks grew visibly rosy.

"Uh, gee. . .I don't know. It probably wouldn't work anyway."

"Of course it would work. You have lovely, thick hair. I have another set of rollers that I can use. I think you would look great with some body and curl. Are you game?"

"Well, maybe just for a laugh to see what it would look like."

"You realize that it means you'll have to wear your hair up in curlers until about the middle of the afternoon?"

"I guess so."

"Okay then. Go take a shower, shampoo your hair and use some of my conditioner too."

Lori noticed how quickly her son jumped up to do this task. There was an obvious sense of excitement in his eagerness to let her curl his hair.

"Oh well," she thought to herself, "at least he'll be one of the few men that realize how much effort women have to put into their looks."

Danny was back in less than fifteen minutes wearing a pair of cutoff shorts and a T-shirt. His light brown hair hung dripping over his ears and almost touching his shoulder tops. His mother motioned for Danny to take a seat in front of the mirror. His eyes looked over the dozens of different sized hair rollers laid out on the vanity. These were different than the smooth plastic rollers his mother wore.

"I forgot to warn you that my older set of rollers are the

brush kind. They're easier to roll because they grip real well, but the brush part tends to prick your scalp a little," Lori said as she picked up a wide-toothed comb and began to comb out her son's wet locks.

"First, you carefully comb out the tangles. I usually work from the bottom up so that you don't split the ends." Danny watched attentively as his mother performed this step. It had been quite a few years since she combed his hair like that. It felt nice. It reminded him of when he was a little boy.

"Next, you spray the hair with this setting lotion and comb it through." Danny could smell the slightly flowery fragrance of the pink lotion that his mother was so liberally applying all over his hair.

"Now I'll just comb this through to get all the hair coated." Lori used a rattail comb to spread the lotion through his hair. Finally she was finished.

"Okay, we're ready to begin. But first we have to decide what kind of hairdo we're going to give you."

"Hairdo? Do I need a hairdo?"

"I mean, what setting pattern should I use. Depending on how I place the rollers, you can get different hairdos. Do I make a side part? A center part? Hair swept off your forehead? Or bangs? Curled under? Or curled outwards like a flip? Will it be an updo?"

"An updo?" Danny said alarmed.

"Just kidding. Okay, you just leave it to me. You'll look lovely."

Danny noted the word "lovely" and had a shiver of excitement. His heart was definitely beating at an accelerated rate. He watched as his mother combed out sections of hair studying the various lengths in different parts of his scalp. His last haircut had been over six months ago and it had grown out every which way.

"To do a proper style you should get it trimmed a little. Would you let me snip a little here and there?"

"Okay, but don't cut a lot."

Lori produced some scissors and placed a towel around Danny's shoulders. She snipped here and there mostly evening out the ends and trimming the bangs to about mid-eye level.

"There, that's an improvement already. Now for the fun part." Lori used the rattail comb and carefully combed all of Danny's wet hair to the back. "I think I'll keep it simple and style your bangs up and back out of your eyes." She divided off a section of Danny's bangs and stretched it straight up. Danny watched in fascination as his mother combed through

the section then picked up one of the 1 1/2 inch rollers.

"Now you watch carefully so you know how this is done. These are especially easy rollers for beginners like you to use. See, now I'm winding the hair smoothly until the roller just touches the scalp. See the direction I wound it in? That's the way the curl will turn out when your hair is dry." Danny just nodded as his eyes were glued to his reflection in the mirror.

"Hold the roller in place then take one of these plastic picks and push it through the middle of the roller in the opposite direction on an angle so that the roller can't unwind. See?"

"Neat, that didn't look hard."

"Want to try the next one?"

"Gee, I don't know."

"C'mon I'll help."

Gingerly, Danny took the comb and divided off another similar section of hair right behind the roller. His mother helped a little to make it nice and even.

"Now comb it out straight. Good. Take one of those larger rollers again and center it at the top of the section. Gently smooth the ends of the hair around the roller. That's right. Now wind the roller down to your scalp. Here, slide this pick through the roller and through the one in front of it. That will make it more secure. Excellent!"

"Hey, that wasn't hard at all," Danny exclaimed as he proudly looked at his first effort of putting curlers in his hair.

"Well then keep going. Practice makes perfect."

The boy continued sectioning, winding and pinning roller after roller into his hair. His mother was right there every step of the way, helping him select the right size of roller and setting pattern. Lori caught herself thinking about how much fun she was having. If she had had a daughter, little mother-daughter moments like this would be routine.

Even though Danny was her son, she couldn't help but feel that they were having a very female to female experience. Finally, Danny let his mother put the last two rollers in place. Lori had this wicked grin as she completed this task. She was happy that his hair in front of his ears at the temples was a good three inches long. She took a couple of smaller smooth plastic rollers and placed them vertically in front of his ears. She wound the hair spirally from the top down and secured each little roller with several bobby pins.

"There, all done. How does it feel?"

"It feels weird. Like I have some sort of helmet on my head. And I can feel all those prickly brushes."

"Yeah, but thanks to those brushes you were able to set

most of your hair yourself. Next time I'll make you try these," she said as she pointed to her head. Danny gulped. Did she say "next time"?

"Let's go downstairs and do some house cleaning. We can't spend all morning just doing our hair."

Danny couldn't help but look at his reflection in the various mirrors and windows around the house.

"Danny, can you please take this garbage out?" Lori shouted from the other end of the house.

"Mom, like this?!" Danny whined when he entered the kitchen.

"Like what? You're dressed aren't you?"

"Yeah, but my hair is in curlers."

"I go out with my hair in curlers."

"You're a female."

"Remember, hair is hair. Having your hair up in rollers is nothing to be embarrassed about. Haven't you seen men getting perms in salons?"

"Yeah, once in the newspaper. But those are different. I've never seen guys in these kinds of hair curlers. And not even in a salon."

"Look out back. We're about one hundred yards from the Baker's house with dense bushes concealing them anyway. Our back lane has nothing but a steep hill and bushes on the other side. And on the other side is Auntie Lynn's house. She'll probably be by soon for her usual Saturday morning coffee. You're not embarrassed in front Auntie Lynn are you?"

Auntie Lynn! He had completely forgotten that she always comes by for coffee on Saturday mornings. Danny had been so caught up with the unexpected offer by his mom to do his hair that it had slipped his mind. Auntie Lynn really wasn't any relation to them but she was a friendly older widow whose three daughters had grown up and moved out years ago. She had known Danny since he was a baby and as many kids do, he had always called her his Auntie Lynn. She loved him like one of her own children.

"Oh yeah, Auntie Lynn's coming over. I forgot. Well, I guess I'm not really embarrassed in front of her." His tone of voice was one of resignation to his fate. He lifted the two plastic garbage bags and stepped out the back door into the sunny back yard. He quickly walked across the grass and placed the trash into the garbage cans. He kept his eyes straight ahead as he made a beeline right past Auntie Lynn's kitchen windows.

Sure enough, less than fifteen minutes later, as Danny was cleaning the bathroom mirror (for the third time) he heard the voice of Auntie Lynn in the kitchen.

"Good morning Lori. For a minute there I thought my glasses were failing me. I said to myself, 'My that Lori looks so young and coltish this morning. Then I took a closer look! Where is that munchkin?!'"

Hearing his mother call, Danny took one last look in the mirror. He looked at the neatly wound rows of curlers. The two small ones at his temples would have to be pink, wouldn't they? Taking a deep breath and forcing a smile he stepped out into the hall and entered the kitchen.

"What a good idea! I've been why Lori doesn't do something with that boy's lovely long hair!"

"He was watching me put mine up and I talked him into letting me do his."

Danny looked over at his mother, grateful that she made it sound more like it was all her idea that he was wearing these curlers in his hair.

"And now he's just like us." Auntie Lynn said as she patted her own curler covered head. "Well I can hardly wait to see how it comes out. I always loved to do my girls' hair when they were younger. I'm still pretty good at it."

"You should be good. You ran a beauty salon for 30 years?"

"Thirty eight actually. But I'm from the older school. When women started with those wash and wear hairstyles, I knew it was time for me to retire. When a woman came into my salon, she knew that she would leave looking like she had just had her hair professionally done. But with those sloppy shags and short cuts. . .hah, it was highway robbery in my opinion!"

"Well, Auntie Lynn, you are always a picture of coiffure perfection. I don't know how you do it."

"Thanks, flattery will get you everywhere," Auntie Lynn replied soaking in the compliment. "In fact, I came to invite you two over for supper this evening. I've got some fresh apple pies baking and I have a beautiful roast marinating."

"Why thank you Lynn. We'd be delighted."

After finishing up his chores Danny just relaxed watching some baseball on TV. At around four o'clock his mother called to him.

"Danny, it's time to take our hair down and comb it out. Come on up to my room please."

Even with bases loaded and a slugger at the plate Danny

didn't hesitate like he would have on any other day when his mother would call him during an exciting game. He had loved the new sensation of wearing curlers all day but the anticipation of seeing what it would look like finished was killing him. When he entered the bedroom his mother was just starting to remove the clips and rollers from her own hair.

"Wanna give me a hand?"

"Sure, what do I do?"

"Just take out the hair clips and slide the roller gently out of the hair." Danny tried it and soon was taking out the last roller from his mother's hair. He watched intently as his mother used a brush then comb to back-comb and form the softly curled hairdo that she usually wore. On special occasions she would do it up which made her look very elegant.

"Your turn."

Danny sat down and his mother began pulling out the plastic picks holding the rollers. She pulled them all out and to Danny's surprise the rollers stayed in place.

"How come they haven't fallen out?"

"Because your hair is now quite tightly curled and it's holding them on its own. Watch how springy your curls will be when I take these out."

Lori began removing his rollers from the back of his neck and worked her way up. Danny was amazed at how his normally straight hair snapped back into tight rolls when the curlers were removed. Soon, the last of the thirty plus rollers were out with the exception of the two vertical ones at his cheeks.

"I want to leave those in until just before we go over to Auntie Lynn's. Putting on clothes and such can mess up this kind of fairly delicate curl." Danny wasn't sure what she meant but he was too excited to ask.

"Watch how I use this brush to brush through the curls in the same direction that they were rolled." Danny felt the tug on his scalp as the tight curls strained against the brush. It seemed like his curls were being blended into a lot of bouncy, but smooth, waves.

"Now I'm going to use a little hairspray before I start back-combing."

"What's back-combing?"

"You'll see."

Lori took a rattail comb and sectioned off a piece of hair where the first roller had been above his forehead. He watched as his mother pulled the hair up straight then began to comb quickly downwards from the middle of the section towards his scalp. It looked to Danny like she was just

tangling the hair.

"Isn't that just tangling it?"

"In a way it is, but it won't be visible when I'm done."

He continued to watch as his mother went section after section from front to back and on both sides turning his head into a mass of stiffly standing out hair.

"Now I have the base, I can start the finishing."

Lori began to use a hair pick and small comb to form the curls above the teased base. Slowly Danny started to see his hairdo evolve. There were soft, precise rolls and curls following the pattern that his curlers had set in. The hair at his nape curled under precisely and over his ears it curled under and to the front a little. His mother stepped back and took the hairspray.

"Close your eyes dear."

He did as she began to spritz his hair with the fragrant mist. She used so much that he thought he was going to cough.

"Oh Danny, your hair is gorgeous! It styles like a dream. I wish I had talked you into this months ago. Here, look with this hand mirror." He took the mirror and looked more closely at the back and sides. His hairdo was at least three inches above his scalp on top and away from his head at the sides. It looked like a large, smooth helmet with neatly spaced undulations showing where each roller had been. Danny noticed that as he turned his head, the usual swinging of his long hair was missing. It remained motionless held tightly by the setting lotion and hairspray.

"Gee, it looks cool."

"It does, doesn't it? Auntie Lynn will love it! Let's get dressed and head over there. It's almost five."

Danny went to his room and slipped into a pair of khaki Dockers and a short-sleeved, white cotton shirt. It took his mother a lot longer to dress so he took the opportunity to savor his new hairstyle in the mirror. He touched his hair gently with the palm of his hand. It resisted somewhat like a soft sponge. When he removed his hand the hair bounced right back up.

"I'm ready. Let's go," Lori called from the hallway. Danny took one last look and left his room. As they were about to step out into their backyard Lori stopped her son.

"Hang on, I have to take these last two rollers out." The boy stood quietly while his mother removed the pins and ever so carefully slipped each roller out. He could see the broad smile on his mother's face as she did some arranging of these last two curls along his cheeks.

“Perfect! Let’s go.”

As they approached Auntie Lynn’s back door Danny felt nervous excitement about Auntie Lynn seeing his new hairdo. The door opened.

“Oh my gosh. He looks like a doll! Come closer and turn around!” Danny complied as the older woman surveyed his hair and touched it here and there.

“Well, that certainly looks as good as any salon do I’ve done.”

“Thanks Lynn, his hair takes a set unbelievably well. It figures a boy would get the best hair, right?”

As Danny turned around he saw himself in Auntie Lynn’s hall mirror. He was stunned. Those last two rollers that his mother had removed had created two dainty, ultra-feminine kiss curls spiraling down from his temples to below his ears.

“Mom, what’s this?” He groaned pointing at the feminine tendrils.

“Oh, let’s just call it artistic license.”

“I think they look absolutely sweet on him. He reminds me of my Sandra when she was his age. Now, there was girl who was compulsive about her looks! On the day of a date she would be trying on dozens and dozens of outfits. I’d have to do her hair sometimes twice before she was happy with it.”

Dinner was very pleasant. Auntie Lynn and Danny’s mother went on and on about how nice his new hairdo looked. As much as Danny felt his cheeks blush from embarrassment he couldn’t help but feel a strange sense of nervous excitement hearing their comments.

“You really should let your mother take care of your hair dear.” Auntie Lynn went on. “It looks so smart like that. Why, I’d love to do it for you anytime you like. You know I still have the magic touch.”

“That’s very kind of you Lynn. You’re so good with hair! I bet you could do wonders with it.” Lynn still had a shampoo sink, one salon chair and one hairdryer setup in her house. Every now and then she would do a friend’s hair. Even Lori had Lynn do her hair every now and then.

Danny put up with their good-natured teasing all evening. Finally, the Millers bid goodnight and went home. That night Danny’s mother showed him how to cover his hairdo with a hairnet for the night. That way it would be reasonably intact for another day.

By Sunday evening Danny’s hairdo was beginning to wilt.

"Danny, your hair is getting a little worn out. Why don't you go and shower."

"Okay Mom," Danny said reluctantly. He knew it had to end some time. He went upstairs and showered, shampooing his hair thoroughly to wash out all the hairspray that had held it in place. Danny wrapped a towel around his head and put on his cotton bathrobe. As he was walking down the hall to his bedroom his mother poked her head out of her room.

"After you're in your pajamas come back to my room please."

He wondered what that was about. However, he did as he was told and returned to his mother's bedroom. She was in her bathrobe with a hairnet over her hair. She motioned for him to sit at her vanity. Danny's heart skipped a beat as he saw the box of her own plastic hair rollers open on the dresser.

"I'm going to use my smooth plastic rollers so that you can sleep more comfortably at night. You'd never fall asleep with those wire brush rollers you wore on Saturday."

Danny was thrilled! He assumed that his day of curls was a one time affair as was the original 'just for laughs' intent. But his mother was talking about setting his hair as if it was a normal bedtime routine!

"You mean you're going to set my hair again?"

"Why certainly. Didn't you think it looked much better yesterday and today than in the past?"

"Uh. . .sure. I just thought that the setting stuff was a one time thing to give it a try."

"So, we gave it a try and it looked better. Why not do it again and keep it looking better. Don't you think that would make sense?"

Lori Miller was hiding her nervousness well. As Sunday evening approached she wrestled with her thoughts. Yes, it was great fun to curl her son's hair and imagine that he was the daughter she would never have. Her hysterectomy three years ago assured that. But on the other hand, should she be encouraging this innocent femininity that Danny was displaying? Her thoughts bounced from one side to the other. But, when Sunday evening approached her weaker side caved in. So what that he was a boy. This was just a little innocent fun, wasn't it? What the heck! His hair needed a little more management than just washing and blow-drying. And so Lori rationalized her actions through this thought process. Danny had long, thick hair. It took a set well. Why shouldn't he take advantage of this?

As Danny sat down at her vanity, she removed the towel and proceeded to comb out his wet hair, spray it with setting lotion and set it with row upon row of rollers. After giving them one final spray of setting lotion Lori placed a triangular hair net over the rollers and tied it tightly at the nape of Danny's neck.

"I'll give you an extra pillow for tonight. That should make your sleep more comfortable."

Even if the pillow reduced the poking and gouging of his dozens of rollers and clips Danny couldn't avoid the excitement he felt as he lay in bed "sleeping in curlers". How often had he heard women and girls referring to this misery of womanhood. "Sleeping in curlers". Now he was living it.

And so it came to be a routine. Every second night and every Saturday morning Danny would wash and set his hair. By the second week, after intently following his mother's patient instruction he was capable of setting his own hair without assistance. They had even gone shopping and bought him his own set of smooth plastic rollers. He didn't know if he should feel proud or ashamed. He got used to wearing his hair curled in public. Danny found that his mother could make his hairdo look like a naturally curly/wavy lion's mane if she didn't do too much back-combing. But on Sundays he didn't mind when she went "all out" as she called it and would comb out his hair like the first time with a very feminine bouffant look.

Two weeks after that first fateful Saturday Lori was at her regular Wednesday evening hairdresser's appointment. She went in for a shampoo, set and a manicure. Lori was bursting to tell her old friend Angie, her stylist, about Danny's "improved" hairstyle but she wasn't sure she could hide her true feelings about seeing him as a substitute daughter. This was the second appointment since it had started and her resolve to limit any possible spread of Danny's interests beyond the hair setting at home was weakening. Finally, she couldn't keep it in any longer.

"You know Angie," she began hesitantly, "I might have a new client for you for these weekly shampoos and sets."

"Really, that would be great. These evening time periods are quite slow. I could use a few other appointments on Wednesdays. Who is she?"

"Oh, it's not a she, it's a he. . .my boy Danny."

"Danny? Oh sure, I can do boy's cuts, but I thought you had said for a shampoo and set, that's why I mistakenly asked

who is she.”

“Well, I did say for a shampoo and set.”

Angie stopped winding the roller she was holding and stared at Lori in the mirror.

“A shampoo and set? For Danny?”

“Sure, why not? I set his hair at least three times a week at home. He hasn’t cut it since Christmas. You’d be amazed at how beautifully his hair holds a curl.”

“Really? That’s great. It’s nice to see a boy who doesn’t mind doing a little extra to have a nice hairstyle. Why don’t I write him in with you next Wednesday. I can give you a mother and son discount,” Angie said and grinned.

And so it was on the following Wednesday, after several days of coaxing and persuading, that Danny found himself walking into “Angela’s Beauty Salon”. His mother had to pull him slightly by the hand to get him through the doorway. The variety of aromas so typical of a beauty salon assailed his senses. Danny felt some relief when he saw that the small owner-operated salon was empty except for Angie.

“Hi Lori. Hi Danny. Gee, it’s been ages since I saw you in here last. You were only nine or ten years old then.”

“You’re right, he hasn’t been here since grade 5 or so.”

“Why don’t you have a seat Danny and I’ll just shampoo and set your Mom before I do you. Look through some magazines or style albums there. See if there is any style you might want me to try.”

Danny mumbled some affirmative response and sat down in the waiting area chairs. He half-heartedly picked up one of the large photo albums and opened it. Sure, he thought, pick out a style. The pictures in the album were of beautiful young women with all sorts of very feminine hairdo’s! Wouldn’t a typical guy drop the book back on the table with total disinterest? Why did he find himself quite the opposite.

He turned page after page staring at the attractive women with all kinds of feminine hairstyles. At one point he found himself wondering if his hair was long enough for a particularly cute updo he was staring at in the book. A shiver of guilty excitement swept through him at the thought. He looked up and saw that Angie was just about finished putting his mother’s hair up on rollers.

In a moment it would be his turn! The sign outside clearly said Angela’s BEAUTY SALON, not Hairstyling or some other gender ambiguous term. He was in a women’s beauty

salon where one went to be made "beautiful"! From across the salon he heard Angie speaking to his mother.

"We'll put you under here and set it for 35 minutes. Since I haven't done Danny's hair before I might need a little more time to figure out the best style."

"I think he might need a little trimming to enhance the roller setting. I've been making do with it as is, but it would look better with a proper cut to support the style."

"Oh, I agree." Then turning towards Danny she said, "Well Danny, it's your turn. Come on and I'll take a look before I shampoo your hair."

The boy walked over nervously and sat in the styling chair just vacated by his mother. Angie pulled a lavender plastic cape around his neck and draped it over his chest and arms.

"Hmmm, let's see." She spoke to herself as she began to gently brush through the boy's curls. "I need to get the back-combing out of your hair to better see its real length."

Danny stared in the mirror as the woman continued to run the brush through his hair. Gradually the teasing was out and she was brushing it smooth from front to back. He tensed as she took the brush and brushed up from the nape and caught his hair in her hand at the crown. She went around to the sides and repeated the move soon having all his hair in her hand at the crown of his head.

"Let's just hold this here for a moment," she said as he watched her pick up several long bobby pins and with a quick twist of her wrist she twisted his hair into a bun and slipped the pins in. Lori smiled as she watched her boy sitting there with his hair in a cute bun atop his head.

"To get the best effect from setting your hair I really should trim the ends here and there. It won't take any appearance of length away, but you'll find that the set will be much easier to style. Is that okay?" Danny was so mortified with nerves as he sat there staring at his reflection that he nodded his and said, "Sure, whatever you think is best."

"Good, I think if I trim the nape a little, even up the length around the top and adjust the bangs we should be able to do a lot of different looks. Why, with this length, as you can see, you'll even have the option of wearing your hair up someday." Angie quickly realized what she had just said and giggled, "Silly me, I'm sorry. I'm just so used to dealing with lady customers and telling them all the options of the hair-styles." Danny blushed but secretly enjoyed her absent-minded comment. His quick wit made him add, "Please, don't give my mother any new ideas!"

They shared a laugh and Danny felt the ice being broken. Angie was actually a very pleasant woman. She began by thoroughly shampooing and conditioning his hair at the shampoo sink. Danny thrilled at the sensation of lying back in the chair while the hairdresser massaged his scalp and ran warm water over it. She chatted endlessly as she worked. Even though she had heard his mother's version of how it came about that he had started using hair rollers she coaxed it out of him again.

The boy was intrigued as the hairdresser sectioned and put his hair up in large pin-curls before cutting it. Starting at the bottom of the nape, Angie undid a pin-curl and combed it out straight. She took her scissors and cut a little off of the ends. Following this same approach she worked upwards, unpinning, combing and snipping. In some areas she took a little more off, in others less. She trimmed his bangs so that they hung to just over his eyes when wet.

"Don't worry, the curl will bring them up just above your eyebrows. We can even curl them back this way." Angie did a final comb through of all his then stepped back and said, "One last thing." She took the comb again and swept all his hair off his neck. She twisted it and snapped a spring-loaded plastic hair clamp to hold it in place. Reaching onto her workstand she picked up a barber's electric razor and switched it on.

"Don't tell me," Danny joked, "short back and sides?"

"No, no silly. I'm just cleaning up your neck."

The hairdresser ran the razor up Danny's neck carefully cleaning away all the short, curly hairs at the bottom of his neck. When she was done Danny's neck was smooth and free of hair leaving the upswept hair to form a neat little V along the bottom. Angie unclipped the back and used her comb to lift the hair at his temples. Preserving the four inches of length there she cleaned away all the short fuzz which might be the beginnings of boyish sideburns.

"There, that's all for the cutting, now the serious work. How should we style it? You've got even a little more length than your mother. I can give you an overall soft curl like your mom's, or we could try something smooth along the top and much curlier in the back and at the sides?"

"Gee, I don't know. What do you think is best?"

"Hang on, let's get your mother in on the discussion." With that she went over to the dryers and switched off Lori's and tilted up the clear plastic hood.

"I'm ready to start setting Danny's hair but we're trying to decide on a style. His hair is a good length for a lot of different styles."

"I know, I've tried a few quite successfully."

"You know, it's always fun to get your hair done a little special when you go to a salon. What the heck, that's what you pay for. I was suggesting a softer, smooth look on top going to a curlier fluffy back and sides. What do you think?"

"I think it would look very nice. How about it Danny?"

"Gee, whatever you think is okay." He was holding back his nervous excitement. The thought that a real hairdresser, in a real beauty salon was about to do his hair special was thrilling.

"Okay, let's do it. Lori, you need a few more minutes yet," Angie said as she helped Lori back under the dryer.

Angie kept up a steady conversation as she worked but Danny was too enthralled watching what she was doing to provide her with any intelligent replies. She had first squeezed a handful of a thick, clear liquid out of a bottle that was labeled "Glamour Do Setting Lotion - Extra Firm".

This was spread over Danny's hair and combed through. Starting at the front Angie sectioned off his bangs and wound them on large rollers like the ones he used at home. However, he was intrigued as he watched her set the sections on the top of his scalp with very large rollers. They were easily two inches in diameter. As she worked down towards the sides she switched and used only one inch rollers. Sensing his

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curiosity Angie explained.

"These big ones up here will give you smooth waves and body. These smaller ones I'm using at the back and sides will give you a mass of curls. You'll love it."

He noticed that she rolled the small curlers downwards for the first few rows and then the bottom three or four rows were wound upwards.

Finally, Danny stared at himself in the mirror, his head covered in the multicolored hair curlers. The panorama he could see in the reflection of the mirrors was most disconcerting to his male self.

Here he was, staring at himself with his hair entirely put up on hair rollers. Not perm rods which might be mistaken for a possible male hair service, but big curlers like those exclusively reserved for female customers. He was in a women's beauty salon and was about to be put under a dryer like his mother.

He knew that his hairdo tonight would be far from manly. Angie and his mother had talked about lots of curls at the back and sides. His excitement desiring this treatment was wrestling with his rational reasoning saying he should be cringing under some rock. Ready or not, Angie continued to set Danny's hair. When she was finished she led him over to the dryers and told him that he would need at least thirty five minutes like his mother.

The loud, blowing noise of the hair dryer made all other sounds disappear. He could see Angie's and his mother's lips moving but he couldn't make out any words. Finally, he gave up and picked up a magazine to read. All that was available were women's fashion magazines. He felt silly, but there he was, his hair in curlers reading a Vogue magazine!

After what seemed like an eternity, Danny looked up and saw that Angie was finishing up his mother's hair. It was beautiful with full curls all over and teased into a side-swept bouffant. They both looked at him and said something he couldn't hear. Almost on cue, his hairdryer switched off. Angie walked over to him and raised the hood of the dryer and unclipped one of the big rollers to check for dryness. "So, are you cooked yet?"

"Well done, I think."

"Your hair is dry and, yeah, those hairdryers can take their toll. But I think you'll love the final results of this set. If your hair takes a curl as well as your mother's been telling me, we'll be in business."

As Danny stood up from his seat the doorbell-like chime sounded that signaled the opening of the front door. He saw a woman entering, another customer! Danny was under the impression that he and his mother were Angie's only appointments that evening, but he was wrong. His stomach was starting to feel queasy. Then the woman turned to face the salon and Danny almost swooned. It was Miss Banting! The English teacher from his school. She was his and many of the students' favorite teacher.

Miss Banting was young, pretty and always fun. The general feeling was that she was very fair and open. Lots of kids went to her with their problems because she was never judgmental and always sympathetic offering practical, useful advice.

"Hello Kathy, you're early tonight."

"Hi, yes, I was done with my shopping sooner than I had thought so I thought I'd come by early."

"Kathy, this is Lori Miller. Lori, this is Kathy Banting, another one of my regular customers," Angie said as she made the introductions. Then she noticed Kathy's puzzled stare at Danny who was frozen on the spot where he had just stood up. At first glance Angie thought he could be introduced as a girl, Lori's daughter, but before she could say anything Kathy spoke up.

"Danny? Danny Miller? Is that you?"

The boy felt the blood rushing from his face as the impulse to turn and flee was building up in him. But Kathy's face lit up with that familiar smile of hers.

"That is Danny isn't it? Lori Miller? You must be Danny's mother. I teach at Danny's school. He was in my English classes last year."

Thankfully, Lori jumped in with the explanation of why Danny was standing there with his hair set on rollers. She did a magnificent job of taking all the blame on herself, having "coerced" Danny "against his will" to do something about his hair. How "she" had convinced him that a regular practice of using rollers in his hair was good for his looks. How this beauty salon visit was her idea "just for fun".

"I can't wait to see how it comes out," Kathy said.

"Have a seat Danny, let me finish the job," added Angie.

Slowly he sat down in Angie's styling chair. It seemed that the three women barely noticed he was there as they talked about everything and anything. Danny felt like he was on some kind of stage as the chair he was seated in was only a few feet away from his mother's and Miss Banting's chairs.

They were right behind him but they could also see him

from the front through the reflection in the big mirror he was seated in front of. Angie deftly began removing his rollers. Danny's hair snapped back to his scalp in tight, smooth curls. The setting lotion that Angie used really had done its job! The women didn't seem to be paying him any attention as Angie continued her hairdressing ministrations.

The big rollers on top left large, smooth waves compared to the very curly back and sides. Angie took a brush and began going through Danny's hair from front to back. Then she brushed up from underneath the hair at the back and sides.

Next, she began the now familiar back-combing and teasing. With this style however, the volume was focused more on the sides and in back where his curls were being pulled farther and farther away from his head. Angie had swept the top over to the left side. The smooth, over-the-brow wave met up with a dense cluster of curls over his ears.

The top hair from a right side part plunged into a similar mass of curls over Danny's right ear. As Danny stared in the mirror he finally noticed that his mother and teacher had stopped talking and were staring at him in amazement. He knew why. The hairstyle Angie had given him was beautiful---for a teenage girl. It could not in any stretch of the imagination be mistaken for a boy's style.

"Oh, that looks beautiful!" Miss Banting said. "Are you going to wear it to school like that this year?"

Lori jumped in to rescue Danny from what was an embarrassing situation.

"Oh, I think he'll save this look for private occasions. We just wanted him to see what Angie could do with his hair."

"It is beautiful. Isn't it a shame that boys are so constrained compared to us girls with what they can do with their looks?" Kathy replied. With that aside, the ladies went back to talking about things other than Danny's hair. It gave him the opportunity to stare in amazement at the feminine style that Angie had created.

For the rest of the summer, Danny continued to set his hair experimenting with casual styles that he would feel comfortable wearing to school in the fall. Finally, his Mom and him found a setting that gave him a really cool, "body permed" look.

The first day of school was a little nerve wracking for Danny, but he got a lot of compliments from the girls about his new hairstyle so he began to relax. Now, Danny was quite

the loner and never really found any friends that he wanted to hang around with outside of school. But he was also at that age when the opposite sex was starting to look mighty good.

There was one girl in particular that had his pulse racing. She was new to the school this year and her name was Wendy Baxter. Danny wasn't the first boy to have secret thoughts about Wendy. She was a knockout! Tight athletic body, cover girl face and thick, wavy reddish-brown hair down to the middle of her back.

"If only I could get up enough nerve to talk to her," thought Danny as he walked home. There she was, about half a block in front of him. She lived not too far from his house so they frequently were close on the walks to and from school.

Getting up the nerve to talk to Wendy wasn't every guys problem. Lots of the jocks and regular "popular" guys had taken their best shots and the word was getting around that she was not an easy catch. Unfortunately for Wendy, her popularity with the boys wasn't earning her any friends amongst the jealous girls. So there she was without any friends in a new school.

"I wish that cute, shy guy with the gorgeous long hair would talk to me," she thought one day as she walked home a half block behind Danny! "Hmmm, maybe he needs a reason?"

It was a few days later that Danny found himself, once again enjoying the beautiful view as he walked home only thirty feet behind Wendy Baxter. Little did he know that Wendy was aware that he was right behind her. Why shouldn't she know, she planned it that way.

Danny watched as Wendy came up to a cross street and stepped off of the curb. Her foot must have slipped because Danny saw her lose her balance and fall to the street dropping her schoolbooks all over the pavement. Without a second thought, he raced up to her and kneeled down.

"Hey, are you all right?"

"Owww, I tripped. What a klutz! My ankle hurts but if you help me up, I should be okay."

Danny took Wendy's arm and helped her to her feet. Standing so close to her he smelled her perfume and almost felt his own knees go weak. She tried to put her weight on the injured ankle but winced.

"I don't think it's sprained but it sure is sore," she said as she leaned over to pick up her fallen books. Danny saw the

difficulty she was experiencing and quickly stepped in to help.

"Here, let me do that," he said as he quickly picked up the books. She took them and once again tried walking. Her limp was very pronounced. She looked at him and said, "I really hate to be a bother, but, I was wondering if you might help me get home? I think if you can carry these books and let me lean on you I should be okay."

"Of course, I'd love to help," Danny said, quietly thanking whatever gods were looking down on him this day! He took her books as she leaned on his other arm and they started walking.

"My name is Wendy Baxter. You're Danny Miller right? We're in the same classes."

"Yeah, I'm Danny. How do you like the school so far?"

"It's okay. . .especially since there are such nice gentlemen as you to help out klutz's like me."

"Hey, you're not a klutz. And I'm glad that I was there to help."

And so Danny met Wendy. The walk to Wendy's home was an exciting time for both young people. They seemed to hit it off immediately. When they reached Wendy's front door Wendy gave Danny a little kiss on the cheek.

"Thank you, Danny. You are my night in shining armor."

"Oh, it was nothing." Replied a blushing Danny. Then he thought of something quickly. "Wendy, if you'd like, I could walk you to school tomorrow, you know, help you with your books if your ankle is sore."

"I'd love that. Come by around eight."

Danny left walking about two feet above the sidewalk. He had talked to Wendy and he was going to walk her to school tomorrow! Wendy waved good-bye and entered the house. Her mother was standing in the living room looking out the window.

"Aha, who's the cute boy?"

"That's my new friend, Danny," she laughed as she raced up the stairs to her room.

Walking to and from school soon developed into eating lunches together, then getting together many evenings to do their homework together. They hadn't really made any boy-friend-girlfriend type things yet, but the sparks were getting hotter all the time. Wendy and her mother lived alone since Mr. Baxter had run off with his secretary years ago.

They were somewhere in Brazil since Mr. Baxter had also

run off with 3 million dollars of his employer's money. Danny was the first male to hang around the house in years. Lori was happy that her son had found himself such a pretty, cheerful girl. She was surprised at seeing Danny setting his hair every night now. He wanted it to look perfect everyday.

Little did Danny know but Wendy had started to notice little things about his hairstyle that didn't quite click. He had said that he had a body perm, but she swore that she had noticed what looked like bobby pin marks here and there in his hair some mornings. She knew that sometimes happens when she sets her hair in rollers and uses bobby pins to hold them in place.

Thanksgiving was coming up and Wendy and her mother were driving out of town to be at Mrs. Baxter's sisters home for the occasion.

Thanksgiving dinner was always a big occasion at the Miller household. As in past years they invited Auntie Lynn over. Her daughters were on the other side of the country with their husbands' families and she had to settle for their long distance phone calls. They always tried to coax her into flying to visit them but she always declined.

"If God had meant me to fly he would have given me wings."

Early, on Sunday morning Lori Miller was just starting to set her hair on rollers when Danny came into her room.

"Danny, shouldn't you be washing and setting your hair. I'll need your help getting the house cleaned and dinner prepared."

"Ummm, yeah. I will I guess." He said somewhat hesitantly. Lori noticed that something was on Danny's mind again.

"Mom, how are you doing your hair today? Anything special?"

Lori always liked to get dressed up for special occasions like Thanksgiving. She was planning on wearing her hair in an upswept style today so she was setting it differently. The start of this conversation reminded Lori of that fateful morning months ago when Danny wanted her to try and set his hair. She suspected what he was getting at.

"You know I like to dress special for Thanksgiving and I'm having my hair done up special. How about you?"

"Huh? What do you mean?"

"Well, if this had been last Spring you would probably just be showering and blow-drying your hair. But since you've

learned how to style it and put it up in rollers three or four times a week, I guess you could try something special too.”

“Special? Like what?” Danny blushed as he asked expectantly.

“Oh, I don’t know. Why don’t you leave that to me and Auntie Lynn? Are you game?”

“Auntie Lynn?”

“Yes, I’m setting my own hair but it’s much easier for her to comb it out and finish it. She’s very good at these more formal styles. She offered to do it and I’m sure she’d love to do yours as well. She’s been bugging you for months to let her do your hair. So are you game?”

The nervous smile on his face gave away his answer. “Sure, I guess I’m getting bored with the same old style.”

“Well, if you’re willing to let us have some fun it will definitely not be like your ‘same old style’.”

“Okay, I think I’m ready to try a new look on Thanksgiving.”

“Good, then go take a shower, wash your hair and come back here. I’ll put it up for you.”

Danny bounced out of the room to do as he was told. He had been secretly anticipating this day when he knew his mother liked to dress up special. He knew that she always wore her hair in some elegant updo.

Half an hour later Lori was finishing the last roller in her son’s set. Danny had enough experience setting his own and his mother’s hair on occasion to realize that she had set his hair in a very different pattern than usual. As he compared his set to his mother’s he noticed that they were nearly identical. The large back and side rollers had been wound upwards rather than down and under as always. And at the crown she had placed many tightly spaced smaller rollers in a kind of circular arrangement.

“Well, my dear,” Danny’s mother said as she stepped back to look over her work. “The easy part is done. Now we just let our hair dry and let Auntie Lynn work her magic.”

Almost on cue they heard a knock on the back door and Auntie Lynn’s voice.

“Yoo hoo, anyone home?”

“Come on up Lynn. We’re in the bedroom.”

Auntie Lynn entered the room a moment later. She too had her hair up in curlers.

“So you managed the set okay?”

"I think so. I followed your instructions as best I could," Lori said as she turned around to let the older woman examine her rollers.

"That looks excellent. I'm sure you'll love the finished look."

"Lynn, I hope you don't mind, but Danny and I discussed his hair for tonight and he agreed that maybe he should try something a little more special. I just finished setting his hair using the same setting pattern you told me to use on mine. Would you mind handling his comb out later as well?"

"Would I mind?! Why, I've been after that imp to let me do his hair for months. Let me have a look."

Danny felt a little sheepish as he turned around so that Auntie Lynn could get a look at his set.

"Perfect. With that thick hair of his Lori, you'll be jealous."

"Have you thought about what you'll wear with the elegant hairstyle I'm going to give you?"

"Ummmm, no, not really," Danny muttered.

"He really hasn't got any appropriate dress clothes for his age," his mother added.

"I wouldn't expect that he would have clothes to match that hairstyle in HIS closet," Auntie Lynn said with a sly wink to Lori. "Maybe we should see what I have in my closets that would be more appropriate."

Before the astounded boy could answer, Auntie Lynn added "I'm sure that my daughters have left enough stuff in my cedar closet to offer a big selection."

"Mom! Auntie Lynn! What are you suggesting? That I wear girl's clothes?"

"Oh, come on," The older woman spoke soothingly as she put her arm around his shoulder. After all, you'll look smashing with your new hairdo. Think of it as a rare learning experience for a boy."

"Aw, c'mon you're kidding?" he moaned.

"No, really. Let's have some fun, okay?" Lori asked cheerfully. Both women stood and stared at Danny waiting for his response. Inside, he was torn between dread and intense excitement. He dreaded that he was about to lose the struggle he had within him to resist what his subconscious was fiercely pushing him towards. Damn, that subconscious was a strong pusher!

"Well, all right. But promise you won't make me look stupid."

"Absolutely! You'll look as elegant as any young woman could hope to. Why don't we all go over to my place and look

through my girls' outfits and pick some that you can bring back over here?"

"I guess we should. But Danny and I need to get back here and still do a lot of work."

An hour later Danny and his mother had finished the last of the two trips they had to make to carry all the "outfits" that Danny could choose from. Lynn's daughters were certainly very fashion conscious and liked to have a big selection. Being very popular girls they had lots of occasion to go to dances, proms and other events that provided them with an opportunity to dress up.

The clothes had been left behind as they grew older and larger. The Millers must have hauled fifteen dresses and equally as many skirts and blouses. There were also two shopping bags full of shoes. Lori Miller was quite caught up in the opportunity to see what it would be like to have a teenage daughter. Danny was too overwhelmed with the tingly, nervous anticipation he was feeling to complain about the volume of clothes being foisted on him to "choose" from.

It was with much distraction that Lori and Danny could get through the cooking and cleaning chores they had to complete before supper time. But by two o'clock they had things under control. Now the task of choosing clothes for Danny was at hand.

"First things first. I need to shave the hair off of your legs. It is certainly light and fine, but they really need to be done."

"Really?" Danny gulped.

"Yes, really. I'll get my Epilady razor while you get out of those sweatpants."

Five minutes later Danny was sitting on his mother's bed as she knelt before him and used this device called an Epilady. It smarted as the twisting metal coils basically plucked the fine hairs out of Danny skin.

"Ouch! That hurts!"

"Now, now. Are you saying that being a well-dressed young woman means some discomfort?"

"I don't know, but this hurts!"

"Just think how much better you'll appreciate it when you look at your girlfriend's or wife's smooth legs in the future."

Danny kept quiet for the rest of the procedure. He couldn't help but admire the silky sheen his legs now displayed. He caught himself wondering how sheer nylons

would feel against such smooth skin.

"Here, go into your room and put these on please," Lori said startling her son out of the reverie he was involved in. Danny looked up to see his mother holding out a silky, lace embroidered pair of pink bikini panties and a matching knee length slip. The boy swallowed hard. This was what he both feared and dreamt about. However, it's one thing to bask in the beauty of a fabulous dream but quite another to be faced with the actual realities of living it out. He took the delicate garments.

"Come back here when you're done and we'll complete your lingerie. Then you can try on some dresses. Once we have one selected you can just put my chenille robe on over your lingerie and wear that until Auntie Lynn has done our hair and I do your makeup."

"Makeup?"

"Of course silly. What's the matter? You think we'd do your hair up in a fancy hairdo, have you wear lingerie and a dress but wouldn't brighten up your face with some makeup?"

Danny returned in a few minutes, timidly holding his mother's robe around his body.

"Come now dear, I don't think you need to be so coy in front of your mother. Take off the bathrobe."

Danny reluctantly complied as he slipped the robe off of his shoulders and stood before his mother in nothing but the panties and half slip.

"Hmmm, that fits nicely. Let's add the matching bra and camisole."

Lori held out a pink bra by the shoulder straps motioning Danny to slip his arms through. Slowly he lifted his arms and let his Mom pull the bra up over his shoulders and onto his boyish chest.

"Turn around please." He did as asked and immediately felt his mother pulling the straps tight and fastening the hooks in back.

"You are obviously a late bloomer! We'll just add some of these tissues in front here to fill out the cups. Now, let's try the camisole."

Danny, once again lifted his arms high as the matching pink camisole was lowered over his head. The soft, silky material slipped over his shoulders and chest causing him to shiver with pleasure.

"Chills, eh? It looks like you like the feel of silky clothes?"

"I'm just cold from not wearing anything warm."

"Sure. It's time to pick something to wear. Auntie Lynn

will be here in a few minutes to finish our hair."

Good thing that Auntie Lynn was a little late, because Danny and his mother went from dress to dress, skirt to skirt, unable to decide. Finally, the choice was made. Both agreed that the navy blue crepe cocktail dress with the flaring, knee-length, pleated skirt looked and fitted best. This was combined with a nice pair of black, mid-heeled dress sandals.

"Well ladies, are you ready for your comb-outs?" Auntie Lynn asked as she entered the Miller household.

"Come on in, Lynn. We just finished picking Danny's dress."

That comment, "Danny's dress" caused the boy to blush again. He felt so vulnerable. Here he was a boy, wearing pink lingerie, his hair up in rollers while these two women were discussing the dress he would be wearing that evening!

"I want you two not to see each other until I've finished both of your hair. In fact, I'm not letting Danny see his finished hairdo until you two come back here and stand in front of this big mirror. I want you to be surprised!"

"Your the boss Lynn. Who goes first?"

"I'll do yours first so that you can work on your makeup and nails, then I'll do Danny's hair in his room."

With that Danny was sent out of his mother's room and the door was closed after him. He took the opportunity to head off to the main bathroom where he closed the door and taking a hand mirror carefully examined his set. The thought that he and his mother had the same set and knowing that his mother was planning on having some elegant updo sent a shiver through him. Ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty, finally after thirty five minutes he heard the door opening again and voices.

"You take your time and finish getting dressed. I'll need at least half an hour to finish Danny's hair."

Auntie Lynn stepped out of Lori's bedroom and closed the door. She was carrying a plastic tub filled with various hairstyling aids.

"Come on Danny, let me finish your do."

The boy accompanied the older woman into his bedroom. She took his desk chair and slid it out for him to sit in. Before she began, she took a towel and draped it over the only mirror in the room.

"I don't want you sneaking peeks at yourself before I can get you and your mom together. Now have a seat."

Danny sat down in front of Auntie Lynn. His back was to

the desk and she stood behind him. Handing him a plastic bag and a smaller plastic container she told him,

"I'll pass you the rollers and the clips. You put them away, okay?"

Danny found himself being handed roller after roller and clip after clip as Auntie Lynn took down his hair. In a few minutes his scalp signaled that all the rollers were out.

Danny could feel the soft bounce of curled hair around his neck and cheeks. He could remember that first time his mom had done his hair. That feel of the brush pulling through the tight curls. She had brushed his hair down in the normal direction he brushed it. But now, Auntie Lynn was starting on a hairdo that he had secretly fantasized about! Danny felt her gentle pressure with her hand on the back of his head. He obliged and bent his head forward.

She slowly and methodically brushed his curls up towards the top of his scalp. From the back up and from the sides up. The excited boy heard the distinctive rattle of bobby pins being picked up from a plastic tray on his desk. There was a mild pressure at the upper back of his scalp followed by another and another rattle and pressure.

As he felt Auntie Lynn's hand pull away he realized that his hair in back was firmly held up high by bobby pins! He, Danny Miller, was getting his hair done up in an elegant updo!

After at least a dozen bobby pins had been put in around the back and sides of his head Auntie Lynn asked Danny to sit up straight again.

"There, I've got the base completed, now comes the delicate work. You can sit up straight for the rest of it."

Danny could feel section after section of his hair being taken, gently combed out, back-combed then somehow formed and held to his head followed by the addition of more bobby pins. He now realized why they had taken over half an hour completing his mother's hair. Whatever Auntie Lynn was doing seemed to be intricate and meticulous.

"Gee, Auntie Lynn, it sure seems to be a lot of work."

"It is but I love it! Your hair is a dream to work with. In my days when a girl like you. . .uh, I mean when a girl with hair like yours came into the salon, we used to argue over who would be allowed to do her hair. I could show you all sorts of lovely styles we used to do."

"Really?"

"Oh, my, yes! Someday we should surprise your mom. You come over and I'll do your hair into a perfect Beehive."

"Beehive? What's that?"

"Oh, it was a giant teased-up and pinned hairdo that looked like a beehive, you know, a large rounded cone on top of your head. It was popular in the 50's".

"Sounds weird. Maybe I should get you to do it next Halloween," Danny chuckled nervously.

"That would be fun!"

"You know, I think your hair is turning out better than your Mom's. You can't sleep on it tonight though. It will be ruined."

"I can't sleep on it?!"

"Just kidding. We used to say that to ladies when they had their hair done up. I think you and your mother will have to take each other's hair down tonight. There are too many bobby pins in there for you to do it without each other's help."

Finally, Danny could tell that she was nearly done. She covered his eyes with her hand as she sprayed his hair with lots of hairspray.

"This is an unscented spray so it doesn't clash with your perfume later on."

"Perfume?"

"Yes, don't you think with this lovely hair and that dress a little perfume is appropriate?"

He hadn't thought of that.

"Auntie Lynn, can I see my hair now?"

"Yes, I think it's time."

She took Danny's hand and led him out the door to his mother's room. She motioned him to wait while she knocked on the closed door.

"Lori? Danny's ready. Can we come in?"

There was a muffled "Come on in."

"Now Danny, I want you to close your eyes tightly. I'll lead you in."

The boy grinned but followed her instructions. As they entered the room Danny heard a gasp from his mother. He continued to keep his eyes shut and his heartbeat picked up with anticipation.

"Lori, stand in front of the mirror. Now, Danny just move over a little." Danny felt Auntie Lynn's hands on his arms as she moved him into position.

"There, ready?"

"I guess so," the nervous lad replied.

"Open your eyes."

Danny slowly opened his eyes and saw that he was stand-

ing in front of the sliding mirrored doors of his mother's large clothes closet. His mother was standing next to him. Both of them were in their bathrobes which created a stark contrast to their current hairdo's.

Danny took a step closer as he examined the work of art that Auntie Lynn had created on his head. As he turned his head from side to side he saw that his hair in back and on each side was perfectly smooth and sleekly swept up to the top of his head.

There, precisely formed curls formed an intricate, spherical crown of hair just like he remembered seeing in pictures of high fashion runway models. Twin tendrils curled gently along his cheeks. His hair was done in a style perfect for a girl to wear with the most formal prom gown. He was thrilled even beyond his wildest imagination.

"Oh, Danny! You look so sweet," his mother said as she put her arms around him. When she stood close to him, Danny could clearly see that her hair was done up in the same style. They indeed had mother-daughter hairdo's.

"Lynn, you did a fantastic job!"

"Fantastic? Thanks for the compliment but his hair is nicer to work with than any of my daughters. He's agreed to let me have some fun and show him how I can do some other fun styles, right?"

Danny was caught off guard and still engrossed in looking at his image in the mirror. Without really thinking about what he was saying he nodded his head in agreement.

"Well, I better go home and finish my makeup. And you girls, finish making yourselves beautiful too. I can hardly wait to see her. . . I mean him in that dress and with makeup."

The older woman left them alone to complete their dressing.

"Well, what do you think Danny? I guess we literally started from the top down in making you look like a beautiful young lady. Shall we put some makeup on and do your nails now?"

"I do look kinda like a girl don't I?"

"Kinda? That's an understatement. When I'm finished dressing you up, you could go into any fancy restaurant and nobody would ever dream, or believe, that you are a boy."

Lori took her mesmerized boy's hand and led him over to her vanity.

"Women put their makeup on before getting all dressed. That way there's no chance of getting something on the

clothes.”

For the next twenty minutes Danny watched and followed his mother’s direction as she applied cosmetics to his face.

“A young girl like you has such nice skin that you don’t need much makeup, but for a more formal look your face needs some color and highlighting.” Lori used eyebrow pencil, eyeliner, mascara and eye shadow to make his eyes look more dramatic.

“Your lashes are gorgeous! Again, you’re a boy and you have hair and lashes that girls would love to have. I’m just going to curl your lashes with this eyelash curler.”

Danny cringed a little as his mother brought the strange device up to his eyes. He had to concentrate to hold his head perfectly still as she clamped and release his eyelashes forming them into a saucy curled upwards curve.

The mascara also made them seem a lot longer than normal. Moving on to his cheeks Danny’s mother brushed a powder on with a large soft makeup brush. She used a light pink powder to highlight his cheekbones.

“Now let’s see. We have to pick a lipstick and nail polish color for you. You really need some colors that I don’t have. If this becomes a habit we’re going to have to buy you your own cosmetics that are more appropriate for a young woman.”

“You’re kidding right?”

“Oh, we’ll see. At least I’m having fun doing this, aren’t you?”

“It sure is different. I almost feel like I’m another person.”

“That’s okay. For the rest of the day let’s just pretend you’re my daughter, Danielle. Okay?”

“Gee, I guess so.”

“Good then. How about this color then Danielle? It’s kind of a light red. Not too pinkish because that wouldn’t go with your hair color or that blue dress. Not too dark, which I think would make you look too mature. You’re still a young girl. No need to rush into trying to be a grown woman. Enjoy these years while you can,” Lori chuckled at her comment. Taking the matching nail polish she put it on the vanity and then sat down beside her son.

“It looks like you’re overdue for a nail trim. Hmmm, really overdue,” remarked Danny’s mother as she took one of his hands and noticed that his nails were a good eighth of an inch past his fingertips.

“I guess I just never got around to trimming them,” he lied as he had been secretly admiring their new length. Had this Thanksgiving not gone as he had planned he would have trimmed them. But his dreams were all playing out now.



Still in his mother's chenille robe, Danny stared at his image in the mirror.

"I look like a girl!" he cried.

"That's the idea," his mother said.

Lori used a file as she methodically shaped each fingernail into a smooth oval.

"Wow, they look perfect. Good thing you did overlook trimming them. It sure came in handy." As she said it, it suddenly dawned on her that maybe it hadn't been such a coincidence after all.

She started to realize that the hair setting, now this, was

not just a mild curiosity on Danny's part. Had it not been for the fact that he was obviously very interested in someone of the opposite sex, that is Wendy, she would be overly worried. But if he had a girlfriend, and still enjoyed being her daughter from time to time, it was like the best of both worlds! She continued working on his cuticles and then began applying the red nail polish.

"While that coat dries I'm going to do your toenails as well. You'll be wearing sandal-foot stockings so the nails will show through." After completing his toes, Lori applied another coat to his fingernails. While that was drying she went to her drawers and took out a pair of sheer nylons. She also brought out a pink garter belt.

"Well, god knows, I probably won't have an opportunity to wear this anymore."

Lori finished Danny's nails with a clear, high gloss top coat.

"While that's drying I'm going to find you some jewelry. Too bad you don't have pierced ears because then you could have a wider choice. But I do have some clip-ons."

Soon after Danny watched in the mirror as his mother clipped a pair of earrings on his earlobes. They were clusters of imitation pearls with sparkling stones intermingled. A matching three string imitation pearl necklace was also draped around his neck.

He marveled at the constant feel of these two new additions. Danny realized that a girl had a whole lot of constant sensations when she was dressed up. He could feel the pull of his hair as it sat so firmly pinned up on his head in an intricate updo, the feel of mascara on his curled lashes and now the weight and pull of his earrings and necklace. The snugness of his bra gave him a constant reminder that his chest was showing off to the world what appeared to be a pert pair of girlish breasts.

"Now the lipstick," Danny's mother said bringing him back to the reality that he was not finished dressing yet. Lori outlined his lips with a small lip brush before filling them in with the red lipstick. She showed him how to blot his lips to get the excess color off. Finally, taking a small spray bottle she sprayed her favorite eau de cologne along Danny's neck.

"Ummm, smells nice Mom."

"I know, I just love it. There, I think that will do for today. What do you think? Is our new girl complete at least from the top of her head to her shoulders?"

"It looks amazing, Mom. I would never have thought you

could make me look this real.”

“Real enough that I might have a daughter to go out shopping or to dinner some night?”

“Go out? Dressed like a girl?!”

“Sure, why not?”

“What if somebody we know sees us?”

“They’ll wonder who the girl I’m with is.”

“What if they come over to talk? Even though I might look like a real girl, I’ll look like a female twin sister of Danny. They’d put two and two together.”

“I guess you do have a point, but maybe we can try this on a vacation trip or out of town somewhere. You know, we’re planning that vacation this coming summer break.”

“You mean we could go out as mother-daughter when I’m on vacation?”

“I mean, we would go on the entire trip as mother and daughter.”

Danny couldn’t believe what his mother was saying. She was suggesting that he spend an entire vacation living as a girl! “The whole trip?”

“If you don’t you think you could handle it. . .but you have a lot of time to practice before then. And you’re definitely off to a good start today.”

The boy was stunned. This must be some dream. Even in his dreams, where he had been fantasizing about just having his hair done up in some fancy updo, he hadn’t imagined that he might have an opportunity to get fully dressed like a girl. And now, not only was he getting very dressed up, but he was being offered an opportunity to spend a whole week pretending to be a girl.

“I’d be scared to death.”

“It would be different but after some chance to practice, I bet you would relax and get comfy in the role. Think about it for a while.”

“Okay,” Danny said feeling the lump of hesitation at the back of his throat. Disoriented, he looked in the mirror and fought to control his confusion.

“And now we have to finish dressing you up. Auntie Lynn will be back any minute.”

Lori took the sheer nylons and pink garter belt and had Danny stand up.

“Take your half slip off for a minute so I can show you how to fasten this garter belt around your waist.” Following her directions her son removed the slip and stood while his mother put the very feminine garter belt around his waist and fastened the hooks. There were eight long garter tabs

that hung down from the belt, four for each nylon. Lori showed Danny how the tabs were supposed to go through the inside of his panties.

"That way when you have to use the bathroom, you can pull your panties down without taking off the nylons." Danny nodded in understanding trying to remember all these little tips that he had to know about dressing like a girl. His mind refused to register the significance of what was happening.

"I bet there are even a lot of girls in your school that haven't worn their first garter belt. They're very sexy aren't they?"

"Yeah, they look like those ones that the girls in Playboy wear."

"Playboy? And where have you been looking at Playboy young man?" Lori said in mock anger.

"Uhh, I saw one or two once. . .at the barber shop."

"Then I guess it's good that you have no more use for going to the barber shop isn't it. I think you can learn a lot more useful things reading the fashion magazines at the beauty salon instead." They both laughed at that. Lori motioned for her son to sit on the vanity bench again as she instructed him in the proper way to roll on a pair of nylons.

She finished by attaching the top of each nylon to the garter tabs. As Danny stood up he realized another new sensation had just been added. Just by standing he could feel the silky, compression of the nylons up his smooth legs and the tight pull of the garters as he walked.

Lori thought that it was probably good for her son to understand what those girls in Playboy felt being half naked in lingerie. It would probably be good for all boys to do this a couple time. She said, "Now my dear, since we are not modeling for Playboy today. . .are we are ready for a dress?"

"I guess so," Danny said pointing to his hair, nails and lingerie, "I guess putting on a girl's dress is only natural now. I'd sure look crazy in a boy's suit."

"No, you'd look like a very attractive girl wearing a boy's suit. Even if you did wear all boys' clothes, the hairdo, makeup and nails would tell everyone that you are a female."

Lori opened up the zipper on the back of the blue crepe dress and held it up high over Danny's head. "Be careful, I don't want to muss your hair or makeup. That's it, just slide your arms in and I'll pull it down over your hips so that I can zip you up."

The boy shivered as the dress slipped down over his body. He could hear the zipper being pulled up in back as the bodice of the dress tightened over his bra and camisole.

“One last item and you are finished,” Lori said as she went back to the closet and brought out the pair of black midheeled sandals. As Danny’s head swirled, he held onto his mother’s shoulder and she slipped first one shoe then another on his feet. A thin strap was buckled around his ankle.

“Welcome to a woman’s world, my dear. Come take a look in the mirror and see how pretty you would have been if you were my daughter.”

A little wobbly on the heels, the boy walked over to stand in front of the mirror. He couldn’t hold back his smile.

The very pretty young woman smiled back to him from the mirror. The soft material of his skirt floated against his silky thighs. His red nails, now shaped in purely feminine oval tips glistened in the light. All the lush sensations of his hairdo, lingerie and makeup flooded Danny’s senses to his delight. He noticed a tear of joy in his Mom’s eyes as she looked at her child.

“It’s like suddenly finding out I have a beautiful teenage daughter as well as a son. I’m so glad you let me dress you up today.”

“It wasn’t as if you twisted my arm Mom,” he said catching a glimpse of his blushing cheeks in the mirror. “It’s a trip.”

“It’s okay if you like the way you look. . .you do like it?” she asked attempting to ease his embarrassment and hers as well.

Danny stood, quietly gazing at the lovely image he presented. Why lie he thought. “I like the way it makes me feel.”

“There’s nothing wrong with that. Maybe you’ll want to spend some time experiencing how the other half lives?”

“Is it okay for me to feel like this?”

“Maybe it will make you a better man in the future. You’ll be able to understand a woman’s feelings to a degree far beyond what most men do.”

“What if Wendy found out I wear a dress? She’d freak!”

“Oh, don’t be so sure. She might think you’re cute.”

Danny wasn’t so sure of that but he stopped worrying and continued to admire himself in the mirror.

“Okay princess, you can look in the mirror downstairs. I need to finish my dressing. Go check on the turkey, it’s probably done by now.”

Walking carefully on the narrow heels Danny made his way down the staircase. As he was closing the oven door Auntie Lynn walked in.

“Oh my, you look sensational. Turn around so that I can have a better look.” Danny proudly pirouetted for Auntie

Lynn causing the skirt of his dress to flare outwards.

"Aha, I see you're wearing nylon stockings not pantyhose. How elegant and sexy but I didn't let my girls wear garters and stockings until they were eighteen," the older woman teased.

Soon Lori was downstairs and the supper production was underway. Danny was enjoying the sensations of being treated like a girl immensely. The two ladies continually referred to him a "her", "she" or Danielle.

He even caught himself moving in a more feminine way; copying the gestures he saw the women making. After supper, Lori insisted, "We must have pictures as memories of the day my daughter came out of hiding."

Soon Danny found himself doing poses and smiling for the camera as flash after flash blinded him. There were pictures of just him, pictures with his mother and pictures of him and Auntie Lynn.

"Enough already," he pleaded. "I feel like a movie star."

Finally the evening was ending. The dishes had been cleaned up and it was time for bed.

"Thanks so much for having me over Lori. We'll have to do it again."

Lori said to Danny, "Thank your aunt for doing your hair. I couldn't have done that classic style in a million years."

"Oh, it was my pleasure. Next time I'll teach you some other hairdo's. . .if you want?"

"I do Auntie Lynn!"

They turned off the downstairs lights and went upstairs.

"I'll unzip you and you can unzip me. Then when you've changed I'll show you how to remove your makeup and I'll take down your hair. Then you can return the favor and take mine down, okay?"

"Sure Mom."

Danny let his mother lower the back zip of his dress and then did hers. He slowly walked into his room and stood in front of the mirror. He couldn't get enough of his girlish reflection. It was sure going to be sad to have to get back into



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boy's clothes. As he stood there he heard a quiet knock on his door and his mother entered.

"Danny, all things considered, I thought you might want to wear this tonight. Just to finish the day right so to say." He stared at the long, cream-colored, silk nightgown his mother was holding out for him. It had lots of lace at the bodice and on the broad three-quarter sleeves that reached to just below the elbow.

"Wow, Mom. That's your favorite nightgown isn't it?"

"Yes. But I'd be honored if you would like to borrow it." Danny didn't hesitate for more than a second.

"I'd love to," Lori smiled and left the room to let him change. The boy stood in front of the mirror to watch himself undressing. He was able to wriggle his hips and let the dress slide down over his thighs. Carefully, he stepped out of it and hung it up on a padded hanger. His pink slip and camisole were definitely elegant and sexy.

Slowly he pulled the camisole off over his head, still careful not to mess up his hairdo even though he knew that it would soon have to come down. Next he lowered the half slip and stepped out of it. He posed in front of the mirror reveling at the pretty "girl" with the elegant updo, pearl necklace and earrings, makeup and red nails wearing nothing but sheer nylons held up by eight, lace-trimmed, pink garter tabs, a pink garter belt and lace-trimmed matching panties and bra.

He almost wished he had the courage to ask his mother to take one more picture now. He didn't want to take the rest off but then he remembered that he would be putting on the beautiful silk nightgown which would feel delicious against his smooth skin and shaved legs.

He put one leg up on a chair and slowly undid the garters and sensuously rolled the stocking down his leg while he made a pouty look and licked his lips. Thinking of what his mother would think if she saw him doing this, he caught himself.

After a struggle to undo the bra hooks in back he was naked except for his jewelry. Taking the earrings off was easy but undoing his necklace was a little tricky. "Boy, you need to be a Houdini or something to put on and take off some of these girl things."

Finally, he picked up the silk nightgown and raised it over his head. It floated down over his body and as it went over his face Danny could smell the subtle perfume that permeated the gown. His mother used scented beads in her lingerie

drawer and now he could faintly smell the feminine fragrance all over his body. As he folded the clothes he had just removed Lori entered his room wearing another one of her silk nightgowns. Danny noticed of the two of them, his gown was the more frilly and feminine.

"Come to the bathroom and we'll cream our makeup off." Danny followed his mother and watched as she used makeup remover and little makeup pads to first remove her eye makeup, then lipstick and all the other cosmetics she had applied. After washing with a feminine soap and rinsing with water she applied a moisturizer and worked it into her skin.

"You should use this every night. It certainly won't show at school and it will prevent acne and dry skin."

"Whatever you say Mom." Danny then had to repeat all the steps he had watched on his own face while his mother coached. "Sure, it's easy." He didn't ask if she meant he would have makeup to remove tomorrow or was she just referring to the moisturizer.

"Let's go to my room and we can take each others hair down."

Once again Danny found himself seated in front of his mother's vanity. He watched intently as she began to remove bobby pin after bobby pin and uncurling the precise curls and rolls Auntie Lynn had created. Once the top curls had been let down, his mother began to remove the pins that had held up his hair all around. Soon all of his hair was hanging down in many twisting, still curly and wavy locks.

"I think you've had your hair up in rollers enough for one day. Let me fix it differently for tonight."

Taking a brush Lori began to slowly brush through Danny's hair from front to back. It had been quite a while since Danny had seen his hair dry and not curled. It was always either wet from the shower or up in curlers, then full and curly the rest of the time.

"My it's gotten long. It's a lot longer than mine now."

Lori put down the brush and began to rummage around in a box she kept in a drawer. Then she took a comb and proceeded to part her son's hair right down the middle from forehead to the back of his neck.

Sweeping one side over his shoulder she took the brush again and proceeded to brush the other side up and into a bunch high above his ear on the side. When all the hair was smooth and tightly pulled up she took a ponytail elastic and caught the hair into a high ponytail. She repeated the same on the other side.

Danny blushed as he realized that she was doing his hair into girlish twin ponytails high at each side. Lori used the brush and managed to bring the curl from his set back a little causing each ponytail to have a saucy twist to it. She was smiling now as she picked up two white satin ribbons and tied them around the elastics making two floppy bows.

"How's that?"

"Pretty girlish."

"I know, that's the idea! It makes you look very cute."

Danny smiled, thanked his mother and then bid her goodnight. He lay awake for a long time. The events of the day were replayed in his mind over and over. He had actually spent the day completely dressed like a girl. What worried him as well as thrilled him was that he was totally believable as a girl. Danny knew that he wouldn't be able to resist the next time his mother might suggest that he go out with her as Danielle.

Morning came and Danny awoke a little confused as he felt the delicious silk of his nightgown caressing his skin. The familiar feel of his hair in curlers was also missing. Then he remembered the past twenty four hours and smiled. He could hear voices in the kitchen. It was Auntie Lynn and his mother. Taking a quick look in the mirror he decided to give his ponytails a quick brush then go downstairs. He was not only unembarrassed to be seen by Auntie Lynn dressed as he was, but he hoped that he could manipulate the situation to spend the last day of the Thanksgiving holiday dressed as a girl.

"My that looks so cute on you," Auntie Lynn said when she saw him enter the kitchen.

"Did you sleep comfortably?"

"Very well Mom, thanks for loaning me the nightgown. It was fun."

"Auntie Lynn and I were just talking, do you think we can talk you into being our girl for one more day?"

"That sissy stuff again?" Danny faked mild irritation. However, the smile on his face gave him away.

"Please, just for us?" Auntie Lynn teased. Both women knew that Danny quite enjoyed the experience yesterday.

"Well, okay. Just to please you." They laughed and began planning the boy's clothes for the day.

By bedtime as his mother put his hair up in rollers for the night, he had worn no less than six outfits chosen by his mother and Auntie Lynn from her daughters' substantial collections. With each outfit he had to undergo another

makeup change and hairstyle. Even the women laughed about it being like they were young girls again playing with their girlish dolls. And what a fine dolly Danny made.

The weekend had been the most exciting one of Danny's life. He was dying to share his adventures with Wendy on Monday but knew that it would be disastrous. How he wished he could show her the pictures of him in that blue crepe dress with his hair worn up.

Over the next few weeks Wendy began to notice that Danny was much more observant about what she wore or how she did her hair. It was surprising coming from a boy but she was pleased that he noticed and began to dress more carefully for that reason. "My," she thought, "he really knows the right terms for fashion and hairstyling."

It was getting close to the Christmas break and the weather was getting pretty miserable. They were predicting the possibility of snow that day! As Danny and Wendy left school heading for her house where they planned to have a pizza and watch some TV they felt the first few icy drops of sleet and rain.

"Oh great, just in time for the walk home," Wendy grumbled. She hadn't noticed the sudden panicky look on Danny's face. He had realized that he was wearing just his fall coat and not the hooded sweatshirt that he had religiously worn anytime that the day had predicted rain. He couldn't afford to get his hair wet!

How would he have explained why it suddenly lost its curls and waves. If he didn't have naturally wavy hair (which most people who knew him from before already knew) and he had had a body perm then his hair would dry out frizzy and wavy. But Danny knew it would dry straight. The girls would quickly realize what that meant. "Danny, do you set your hair on rollers?? Ha, ha!"

"We had better hurry."

"Please, Danny, I can't run in these heels. Don't worry I won't melt. It will probably blow over anyway."

Thirty seconds later the clouds opened up with a torrential downpour. Danny was sunk. They walked as fast as they could but by the time they reached Wendy's house they looked like they had just gone for an impromptu dip in the pool.

"Yuk!" Wendy exclaimed as they stepped into the warmth of the Baxter house. "It's freezing!"

"You kids are soaked," Mrs. Baxter exclaimed as she took

Wendy's soaking jacket to hang up.

"Gee, I'm wet too. I'd better get home and change."

"Nonsense Danny, it's still pouring. You'll get pneumonia. You can dry off and we'll find you some sweatpants and sweatshirt that you can put on while I put your stuff in the drier."

Danny struggled with his decision. Rational thought said, "Danny get out of there." But subconsciously something was telling him, "What the hell. Here's the opportunity. If she's your friend she won't be upset, if she is, at least you'll know where she stands. Anyway, blame it on your mother."

"Well, I don't know. It's too much trouble for you."

"Oh, be quiet you silly. Take off your shoes and go in the bathroom and get out of those wet clothes. I'll find something you can wear. I'll try to make sure it's not too feminine," Wendy said that last sentence with a cute giggle.

Ten minutes later Danny stood in his briefs towel drying his soaking hair. He could see that it was back to being poker straight. "Damn, maybe I should have gotten that body perm." There was a soft knock on the door.

"Danny, try these on. They should fit." The door opened a crack and Wendy's hand passed through a cozy looking sweatshirt and matching sweatpants. They were baby blue with white piping.

"Thanks Wendy." The door closed and he pulled on the warm garments. They did fit. He already knew from his regular wearing of Auntie Lynn's daughters' clothes that he was quite small for a boy. And yes, wearing those clothes had become more regular.

"Remember, you need to practice for our vacation," his mother would nag.

A few minutes later Danny sheepishly stepped out of the bathroom. Wendy's mother was just coming down the hall.

"There, that fits well. I've put your clothes in the dryer so they'll be dry when you have to go home."

"Danny, come on in here. I'll blow dry your hair for you," Wendy called out from her bedroom. As a knot in his stomach tightened up he entered her room. Wendy was wearing a fluffy white, angora sweater and black stirrup pants. She was just beginning to blow dry her fiery, reddish hair. As she looked at him she smiled.

"You look cute in that. Would you like to help me dry my hair? I'll return the favor."

The thought of drying and brushing the beautiful girl's hair thrilled him but he also realized that the thrill would probably follow with ridicule as she realized that the boy she had befriended wore curlers every day. *C'est la vie*. Taking the blow dryer Danny began working on her hair. He had many lessons from his Mom and Auntie Lynn on hair and his experience was obvious.

"Wow, you really know what your doing don't you?"

"A little I guess."

"With that fantastic hair you've got it's not surprising. It must be more work than mine." Wendy was being sincere but she also started to recall her earlier observations that his hair some mornings almost looked like it had roller marks. "Naw, couldn't be."

"Thanks for the compliment."

"No, really Danny, I've never asked you before but how do you get your hair looking so great every morning? You said you had a body perm?"

"Uh, why yeah, back in July."

"July? That's almost six months ago. Your hair's grown about three inches since then. You haven't had one more recently?"

Danny was getting cornered, he wasn't sure what to say.

"No, that was the only one."

"Hmmm, I see." Wendy knew that he was lying. Soon she would have definite proof. After ten minutes, Danny was finished with her hair. It once again hung down her back in a glossy mane.

"Okay, your turn."

"Gee, it's okay Wendy. It'll dry on its own."

"Why, I'm right here. Anyway, you know how your hair will frizz if you just let a perm dry naturally."

Danny found himself sitting in front of the mirror as Wendy stood behind him and began to brush and dry his hair. She took long brush strokes following with the dryer as his hair began to go from soaking mess to gleaming cascade. She worked in silence. Danny could see that his normally curly, wavy mane was now a silky, straight hair reaching several inches below his shoulders. What would she say? Was she about to explode? Laugh?

"It's weird, but I think the rain neutralized your perm?" Wendy was standing back looking at the very attractive smooth hairstyle he now wore. Then Wendy giggled, "Wait a minute. . .you sneak! You've been fooling me and everyone with the perm story for months. I bet half a dozen guys in

school have gone for perms because a lot of girls have been talking about what cool hair that Danny Miller has. I thought I noticed roller marks in your hair several times in the mornings. Are you putting your hair up in curlers?"

Danny turned a bright red.

"How come you never told me your little secret?"

"I thought that you would freak and dump me as a weirdo," replied the amazed Danny. She wasn't grossed out.

"Why? I think you're the nicest guy I've ever met. Why should it make a difference that you curl your hair every day. I think it's cool."

"You do?"

"Sure, I like the fact that you can talk about fashion and hairstyles as well as any other topic. Most guys haven't got a clue unless it involves double plays, touchdowns or earned runs averages. And by the way, I think your hair looks just as cool like this. In fact, it's exciting to see you look so different. Wouldn't it be boring if I always wore my hair the same way?"

"No, I think you're the nicest girl I've ever met."

"Well, I think this is long overdue." With that Wendy took Danny's shoulders and turned him in the chair to face her. Her lips met his in a long sensuous kiss. Danny was thrilled! She kissed him! They heard Mrs. Baxter in the hall so they broke it off and Wendy gave Danny a suggestive wink.

"All done?"

"Yes, Mom. What do you think of Danny's new hairstyle?"

"Why, it's very nice, but how did you manage to straighten it?"

"Mom, it's not how we straightened it. It's how we never curled it. Danny sets his hair to get the waves and curls."

"Really? In curlers? I did think it looked curlier some days than others. It's nice to see a boy who takes all the steps necessary to look good."

"But please don't tell anyone else, okay?"

"Of course not Danny, your little secret is safe with us" replied Wendy.

"The pizza will be ready in about twenty five minutes kids."

"Okay, we'll be down shortly."

After Mrs. Baxter had left Wendy gave Danny a devilish look. "You know with your hair like that you bear a remarkable resemblance to my girlfriend Heather back east. She had hair like yours. We always liked to fix each others hair. Uh. . .do you think you'd let me play with yours?"

Danny resisted jumping up and shouting, but said, "Play?"

Sure, why not, I don't mind."

Taking her brush again, Wendy brushed all of Danny's hair back from the forehead. Then she took a comb and sectioned off a large section at the front of his head.

"What are you going to do?"

"A French Braid. Ever have one?"

"Of course not."

"Oh, I don't know, if I had asked you did you ever curl your hair. . ."

"Okay, okay. No, I have never really had my hair braided."

Wendy paused and continued her intricate weaving along the top of the boy's scalp.

"Ever had your hair done in any other styles besides the one you've been wearing since school started?"

"Sure, I used to just have your basic 'run a comb through it once a day and run' look."

"Come on, you know what I mean. Has your Mom ever done your hair differently. . .like I'm doing it now."

There was an obvious extended silence before Danny responded. Wendy already guessed the answer. "Well yes, once or twice."

"Really, tell me all about it," Wendy egged Danny on. She continued to gather more sections of his long hair as she worked on the French braid down the back of his head. Hesitantly, he proffered the story of his visit to the beauty salon making it out that he let them try the different style 'just for laughs'. Eventually Wendy squeezed the Thanksgiving story out of him as well. And finally in a moment of weakness he told her about the clothes he wore.

"What fun! And you've been hiding all this from me?" she exclaimed with mock indignation. By this time Wendy had completed the braid behind his head. With a little manipulation and tucking she managed to hide the tail of the braid underneath the plaits at the nape. This she fastened with several bobby pins.

"Your hair is wonderful to work with! Have a look." Handing him a hand mirror, Wendy turned Danny around so that he could see the hairstyle from the back.

"Oh wow!" Danny felt that same excitement he had felt that evening on Thanksgiving, except this time he was here with the girl he loved. That made it even better. "It looks so complicated."

"It's pretty easy once you learn the trick. Want me to teach you?"

"Uh, sure, I guess."

For the next twenty minutes Danny found himself standing behind Wendy as he followed her instructions. Being less than a novice with hair, he quickly caught on and couldn't help but smile at the reasonable job he was doing. After receiving compliments and a kiss from Wendy for a job well done they sat and talked.

"I bet you looked cute," Wendy said. "If you ever dress up again, you have to promise me I can watch."

Danny shyly mentioned the summer vacation and Wendy about went nuts! "The whole week as a girl! WOW! What are you doing for clothes?"

"I have a bunch of stuff from my Aunt and Mom's going to buy me a few more things if I want."

"Tell her you WANT!"

### Tales from the "FIRST DRESS" Shop

Had someone told Nicole Fredricks that her small women's clothing boutique would be such a gold mine a few years ago she wouldn't have believed it. She'd loved feminine fashion since she was a young girl and opening the small shop was a dream come true. She called it the "Dress First" shop but the sign maker got the sign mixed up so that it read the "First Dress" boutique. After a screaming match, the sign maker gave her the sign but wouldn't work for her again.

Since it was free, she changed the name of her shop. A buck was a buck, right?

She expected that she could make a modest living selling good quality women's fashion at reasonable prices. But it was a somewhat strange day when Danny and Wendy walked into her store.

Her stock had expanded from reasonably priced quality "designer knock-offs" to sky-high priced designer original women's apparel including lingerie, shoes, casual attire, prom and bridesmaid dresses, all the way to bridal gowns.

Even having a young boy and his girlfriend walk in was not unusual. . .but this boy was different. There was something in his eyes.

It was 10 minutes to closing one Wednesday night about two years ago. Nicole had just finished counting the day's receipts and was feeling pretty good. She estimated that she would actually show maybe a hundred dollar profit this week. Not bad for a startup business.

"Oh, great. Lookie-loos, right at closing time," she thought watching the girl float through the aisles with Danny close behind.

Even with her exhaustion after a long day on her feet, she

did her best smile of greeting. As she got a closer look at the two, her intuition sparked. As the two scanned the various racks of dresses and skirts, the girl seemed to be looking in the wrong size section.

"May I help you find something?" Nicole asked.

The two looked at each other like this was the continuation of some argument but the girl had won. "I'm Wendy and this is Danny. I know you're almost closing."

"Oh, don't worry about that. Shop as long as you want."

"That's just it. I wondered if it would be possible to shop for a few minutes after you locked the door?"

There was a puzzled look on Nicole's face. She hesitated in answering and Danny thought she was going to reject the request.

"I know it's an imposition. . .but it'll be worth your while if we can find some things." As Wendy said this she opened her purse and produced a white envelope. Wendy mechanically took the envelope and as it yawned open a little, Nicole could clearly see at least five \$100 bills.

"His mother gave me this money. . .let me explain."

"I'm Wendy and this is Danny. You see he needs to buy some girls' clothes."

"His mother gave you that money to buy him some what? Dresses?"

Danny was beet red by now but Wendy was determined. "He's going on vacation after school ends and needs almost everything. It's all very unusual I know, but anyway, he'll need to try on some dresses and he's just too embarrassed to do it in public."

The honesty of the girl made Nicole relax. All sorts of sinister motives had been going through her mind for a minute. She looked again at the money.

"Wendy, I would be more than happy to accommodate you and your little friend. I'm pretty tired tonight, would tomorrow evening at eight be all right. I'll close at my normal time, six o'clock, grab a bite to eat and have some dresses ready for him to try on at eight. Are you sure his mother knows about this?"

Wendy nodded.

"Hmmm, do you know what size he wears?"

"Not for sure," Wendy said as she put her money back in her purse. "His mother is an 8 and her clothes are a little too big on him. He's quite delicate for a 16 year old boy so I'm not sure in a miss's size."

"In that case, I'll have some dresses in sizes 5,6, and 7 ready. Oh, one other thing. . .what about lingerie? Will he

be able to bring some foundation garments. It will help to judge the fit."

"Yes, I'll make sure he's wearing the right underthings. He'll need some new things too!"

"That's what we're here for!"

Wendy seemed thrilled and said with a giggle. "I'm still arguing with his mother over how we should do his hair and I'm making him grow his nails out."

Nicole seemed to be relaxing because she kept on smiling and nodding her head. "Oh I can imagine. I see mothers in here with their daughters all the time. There are some real differences of opinion when it comes to what's fashionable or not. But if he's a size 5 or 7, I have some thing that should make him look very cute."

The next day, whenever business was slow, Nicole went through the store picking out some of the newest girl's fashions and hanging them on a separate rack. As eight o'clock approached her curiosity was building. Kids these days were certainly willing to try some pretty crazy ideas.

Finally, right at eight Nicole saw a car pull up in front of the store. She went to the front door to unlock it. Wendy stepped out the car and came around to the passenger door. She opened it and Nicole saw Danny wearing sunglasses and a hooded jacket sitting in the seat. Sunglasses at eight o'clock seemed a little out of place as well as the hood on his head. Casting a cautious glance up and down the street, the boy stepped out the car and headed straight for the door.

They swiftly stepped inside as Nicole closed and locked the door behind them. She took the extra step of closing the blinds on the stores windows seeing as how nervous the boy seemed.

"There now, the store is all yours," Nicole said.

"Thanks for helping us out Nicole," Wendy replied, then turning to Danny, who still had on his hood and sunglasses, she said, "You can come out now."

Slowly he pulled his hand out of his jacket pocket. Nicole saw that his nails had been filed into slightly oval shape and had the faintest pink polish on them. Wendy took the back of his hood and pulled it down with one hand while she removed his sunglasses with the other.

Danny was nervous and Nicole could understand why! He was wearing eye shadow and mascara. Nothing too heavy really, but just the amount a teenage girl would wear when out to do a little shopping. And his hair was all pulled back tightly, high up to the back of his head where it was tied into

a bouncy eight inch pony tail that looked like it had been curled with a curling iron.

With his light brown hair, soft features and small size he could have walked in and nobody would have guessed that he was a boy.

"Why Danny, you look very cute," Nicole said as she gave his shoulders a reassuring pat. "You'll make a beautiful girl." It was hard to tell how he received her compliment. His cheeks turned red and he kept looking down.

Wendy mouthed the words "He'll be okay," behind his back.

"Danny, don't be embarrassed. I've had boys in here before. There are a lot of parties, dances, Halloween affairs that have boys coming in here looking for dresses and the like."

He looked up and appeared to be intrigued so Nicole continued her deception.

"Yeah, I've had quite a few boys in here buying clothes. They say that it's part of the "cool" androgynous look." Nicole thought that she was really laying it on pretty thick but, what the heck, that's what being a salesman is all about.

"Really?" Danny said. His first words and they sounded like a plea for help in rationalizing this embarrassing predicament.

"Of course dear," Wendy added as she caught on to what Nicole was doing. "I think it's sweet." Danny appeared to be buying this and even cracked a weak smile. "Why don't we get started," Nicole said as she took Danny's hand and led him over to where she had moved the dress rack. "Hmmm, are you wearing the underthings that we need to make sure the fit is right?"

"Yes," Danny said quietly still avoiding direct eye contact. He removed his coat.

He must be wearing an A-cup bra Nicole thought to herself, "Very subtle and appropriate for his age and physique."

Actually the lightly padded training bra was one of several that Danny's mother had surprised him with only a few days before. She said to him, "It might be fun for you to get familiar with seeing two mounds straining outward against your shirts like other girls your age."

At first, he rejected the idea but after his mother acquainted him with the satin and lavish scalloped padded lace cups and adjusted each brassiere's adjustable straps, he was hooked. The smooth outward contour silhouette was so natural and smooth from the light foam pads that Danny's mouth

fell. Nervously, Danny ran his hands down the obtrusive bra's curves that hugged his body like a second skin. His mother had laughed at her son, "It's okay to touch them, they're yours!"

Nicole walked over to the dress rack and selected a beautiful red, silk party dress. It was sleeveless with a modest neckline but it definitely looked like a skin hugger. It was styled with an Oriental patterning in the cloth and cut.

"Oh, that's nice," Wendy gushed. "I already want to borrow it and you haven't even bought it!"

Nicole held the dress up against the young boy's body causing him to blush. "Maybe you and Wendy can go into the changing room and try it on. Then come out so I can see how it fits. I'm guessing I've got your size right."

Wendy took the dress and towed Danny behind her into the changing room. From outside Nicole could see below the door as Danny's pants and shirt dropped onto the floor. She had to smile as she noted that the boy's ankle and calf were encased in a sheer, white stocking with delicate patterns woven in.

After a couple of minutes of muffled discussion during which Nicole saw a pair of black high-heeled pumps being slipped onto Danny's feet the door slowly opened and a smiling Wendy led her boyfriend out for viewing.

"Very nice." Nicole looked the boy up and down. His slim body was just what this dress called for. And his long legs were so pretty in their sheer stockings stretched out from the short skirt.

Looking at the effeminate boy primping in the mirror, Nicole said, "Looks like a perfect fit. What do you think of it?"

"He's a doll!" Wendy gushed. "We should never let him wear boy's clothes again." There was a pleading look of panic at Wendy's last comment. "Just kidding, but really, don't you think you look great Danny?"

He stared at himself in the large mirrors. His thoughts were confusing him. He really DID look pretty. This might be fun after all. Just minutes ago he was still unconvinced that this was a good idea. If it hadn't been for Wendy's great enthusiasm upon hearing of his summer plans he wouldn't even be here now.

He caught himself unconsciously swinging his skirt as he turned to see the back view. Danny couldn't help the small smile that appeared on his face. The ladies caught it and gave each other a knowing look.

"That red goes great with his hair," Nicole suggested.

"Yes, he could get his Aunt to put his hair up into a cute

updo for the dance.”

“What dance?” Danny reacted with another look of creeping panic.

“Uh, yes. The summer Cotillion. It was another little surprise I was going to tell you about,” Wendy said a little sheepishly. “I already talked to your mother about it. It’s a week before you go on vacation. . .it’ll be our last time to be together before you leave.”

“But I might know someone?”

“Naw,” Wendy said, “They are having a big dance here that same night and no one will drive that far. Your mother said it was okay and I should pick you out a dress for it.”

“I don’t know how to dance!” Danny complained.

“by the time I’m through with you,” Wendy giggled, “That’s what will be fun!”

“Do you want to try a couple of dresses on now?” Nicole asked sensing a bigger sale.

“I want him to try them all,” Wendy laughed. “I’m not letting this opportunity pass me by. Most guys are schmucks and it’s nice to have someone to share things with. You know, like the newest fashions or to experiment with some new hairdo’s or nail polish.”

“Let’s not get too carried away,” Danny said still turning and parading in front of the mirror. Nicole was getting the feeling that Danny was in for more than he may have bargained for here.

On they went for the next hour and a half. Danny must have tried on every outfit in his size. They sorted the no’s from the maybes. And the maybes rack had 8 different dresses ranging from short and casual party to saucy cocktail dresses to a couple of prom formals. As the orgy of clothes try-ons went on Danny was dropping his boyish resistance and discussing each dress with more and more ‘unboyish’ enthusiasm.

Little comments about his figure or how a specific skirt fit his bottom no longer made him blush. Even the very short jean skirt that Wendy said, “I’m not sure I’m girl enough to wear that!”

Danny had pulled his hair up on one side with a big blue clip that looked like a poodle and gave Wendy a little girl “please” look and said, “I love this!”

“Maybe,” Wendy moaned, “We’ll have to see.”

Nicole sure hoped that after all this, they at least found a couple things they wanted to buy. They were her newest line of juniors. Finally, while Nicole was returning the no’s dresses to their racks, Danny and Wendy were quietly dis-

cussing something.

Nicole saw that something that Wendy was saying seemed to surprise him. He seemed perplexed but finally smiled and hugged Wendy. Danny went into the change room to put on his own clothes again.

Wendy approached, "We'll take them."

"Pardon me? Take them? Which ones?"

"All of these," Wendy said in a casual manner but couldn't help smiling seeing the look of disbelief on Nicole's face. "He has nothing pretty and his mother wants him to look nice."

"Ye..yes." Nicole stammered. A bunch of dresses for a boy! As Nicole started to tally the prices into the cash register Wendy couldn't help herself. She seemed almost giddy with happiness.

"You must think I'm a little cuckoo buying my boyfriend all these dresses but I can't help it. He's more fun than most boys. . .it's like having a girlfriend and a boyfriend all in one! He just needs some confidence. . .by the time I'm done, he'll be coming in here shopping by himself in the middle of the day."

"Yes, I can see that he enjoys it. . .he is very well suited to the role. I mean those nice features, slim body. . .his mother knows, right?" she said worrying about doing something wrong but still elated from the sale.

"Yes. Danny is very girlish and getting more so every day! He sleeps in curlers and wears a padded brassiere most of the time, you know?"

"What's his father think of all this?" Nicole giggled staring at the red faced lad who caught the end of their conversation.

"Dead," Wendy said unemotionally.

"Good," Nicole heard herself say as she rang up the sale on the cash register and counted the profits in her mind. At least there was "little" chance of Danny's father coming in and wrecking the place. . .but she was sure he was turning over.

With all the dresses carefully packed, Nicole "threw in" several extra pairs of her sheerest and softest pantyhose, some samples of perfume and a bright red nail polish. She wanted to keep this boy hooked!

She helped them carry them out to the car. Danny left his hood down now and didn't bother with the sunglasses. Nicole suspected that had Wendy suggested it, he might have even worn one of his new dresses home.

"Thank you very much," Wendy said. "You were so helpful."

"Recommend me to your friends. I'll let you know when I

get some new lines in.”

“That would be wonderful!” Wendy exclaimed. “Please do that.” And with a wave, they drove off. For Nicole, what had started out as more a curiosity, had turned into a most intriguing business transaction.

“Honey, you’re late,” Danny’s mother said seeing him carrying in several large bags.

Danny blushed knowing what the next question was going to be. “Did you. . .?”

“Yes mother,” Danny said, “Wendy told me. I can’t believe you’d tell her I’d go to a dance.”

“Did you find a nice dress?”

Danny turned a deeper red and handed his mother one of the plastic covered carry bags.

Taking off the wrapping, his mother fingered the pretty fabric of her son’s first “party dress.” Looking at her ruby cheeked son she said, “This is very nice. I hope you tried it on,” she said as she started through her son’s bags and pulled out the most dainty lingerie.

“Wendy said I needed all that fancy stuff to go with the dress,” Danny defended.

Since getting a taste of her son wearing “girl’s clothes” she couldn’t keep himself from looking at every girl she saw and wondering how their dress would look on him. Odd as it was, her son now had a party dress, just like all the other girls.

“You will have to learn to dance in this,” she said holding the dress up to him.

“Yes, mother. I know,” he cried, pushing the dress away.

“Well young man,” his mother stated, “You don’t seem very excited. These are now YOUR things and you better learn how to appreciate them.”

“OH mother.” Being expected to respond in a girlish way was fascinating but confusing. Danny was mostly in shock from the events of the day. He couldn’t help but feel “naughty” having so much lingerie and pretty girl clothes.

It took three trips to the car to bring in all the new clothes and over an hour to make room for them in Danny’s closet.

A few weeks later, on a wonderful sunny April afternoon Nicole was pleasantly surprised when she recognized Wendy’s car parking in front of the store. But the real surprise was when they entered the store.

Not only was Wendy dressed in another classic designer original but Danny was as well! There was no shy teenage boy here. Danny walked with a feminine sway. It looked like

he was giving Nicole a special demonstration of his new found skills.

A couple of other customers briefly glanced up at the two fashionably dressed young ladies but didn't stare or anything. Nicole looked at the boy more closely. His hair had obviously been styled, permed and set into a soft, curly bouffant similar in style to Wendy's.

No one would ever guess that one of these cute girls was a boy. Danny's femininely arched eyebrows framed the softly made-up eyes and sinfully lush eyelashes. Sparkling, thick gold hoops adorned his ears.

The dark pink lip-gloss matched Danny's femininely shaped and manicured nails. The billowy, knee length skirt of his parachute silk summer dress rippled as he walked through the boutique on four-inch high-heeled sandals. I could see that his toenails were polished through the sandal-foot stockings that he wore.

"Nicole, I want to introduce you to Danille," Wendy said, obviously very proud of her creation. "We wanted to stop by and thank you again. I think your understanding helped Danny to get comfortable with the idea. Danille will be around for at least the rest of the summer."

"Unbelievable! You look fantastic!" Nicole gasped as she walked around the proud teen.

"Do you like my hair?" he asked softly as he delicately touched it with his fingers.

"We just came from the beauty salon. He picked this style himself. He could have had any one of those wash and wear looks but he picks one that will need roller setting after every shampoo," Wendy explained then added with a chuckle. "But at least I will have someone who can set my hair too."

"Fine, and you can do mine," Danny replied with a smile.

It was obvious that Wendy and Danny had already learned that typical girlfriend way of kidding around. Nicole couldn't get over how feminine Danny had become in such a short time. She had to assume that there had been a little girl bottled up inside Danny just waiting for the opportunity to get out.

Danny and Wendy became regular customers. So much so that Nicole decided to add more of a selection of junior miss clothes to her line. She started off with a few youthful designer dresses and accessories. It seemed that if Danny liked them---they sold.

Seeing Danny proudly posing in a hot pink stretch organza t-shirt with a navy knee length tube skirt, made Nicole

smile. The skirt looked soft and smooth over his bottom enveloped in sheer stockings and perched in navy skyscraper pumps.

Along with Danny's self-confidence, his bustline had increased accordingly! He was now sporting a full "B" bosom and thanks to Nicole's new push-up/push-together brasieres, he was even exhibiting a bit of cleavage!

"What are we going to do with you," Nicole cried watching Danny adorn himself in the mirror.

The boy put his hands on his hipbones and puffed out his pert breasts then turned in the mirror. "I think I need a shorter skirt!" There was a whisper of nylon as Danny pulled his skirt's hem higher to show off his well-shaped, smooth legs.

Sure enough her sales increased. More and more young girls were coming in and seemed to have an unlimited wardrobe allowance. Wendy had told some of her friends and they told their friends. Nicole had to expand into more and more youthful stuff. The profits just kept on growing.

When school let out and Danny began dressing as a girl full-time, Wendy pointed out that the neighborhood boys would soon get suspicious, if indeed they hadn't already. Wendy and his mother talked about it and decided that a few of the neighbors needed to know.

Of course Wendy had promised not to tell anyone about Danny's little hobby. And she didn't. . .except for Nancy, her best friend. . .and of course, Betty who could be trusted. . .and Alexis who's brother was gay. . .and a couple more "trustworthy" people.

"If we tell your neighbors," Wendy told Danny, "you could be a girl all the time and not hide. We could even ask them to call you miss and stuff."

"AW gee," Danny moaned, "Not Frank and his gang too?"

"They already know you're weird," Wendy stated, "They just don't know how beautiful you can be in a dress."

"I'm scared enough about the dance in Victorville. Can we wait until after that? Maybe I shouldn't be wearing dresses during the summer."

"Nonsense! A dress is perfect for summer," Wendy said, "A light-weight dress is bright and crisp ---so it doesn't absorb heat when it's hot. A dress is the simplest and most uncomplicated article of clothing---perfect for summer. In one fell swoop, it eliminates the need for the skirt, shirt, and pants. It is a one-piece outfit. It can go from day into evening and look casual or dressy depending on the accessories it's paired with. . .!"

"That's not what I meant," Danny interrupted.

"I know, but I want you in a dress. What's the worst thing that can happen? They might treat you like a girl?"

Over the next weeks, lot's of little changes were beginning to take their toll. Danny's eyebrows had been shaped into high arches which opened up his eyes.

Since school was out, Danny mostly stayed around the house helping his mother. Seeing that he was spending too much time in front of the mirror, his mother said, "You need a hobby and with your nails growing out, model cars are out. How would you like to learn to sew?"

From a pattern catalogue, Danny selected a simple, short flaring skirt to make and his mother showed him how to measure himself and cut the pattern.

In less than a week after Danny started it, he was able to wear it proudly when Wendy came to visit. She gushed, "Oh, you darling little swish. . .making your own skirts!"

Danny spent the next few days sewing with his mother. They had picked out several patterns: one for a simple A-line dress and another for a baby-doll top.

As Danny sewed, he must have had the top on and off several times making sure the bodice fit neatly over his bosom. As Danny painstakingly put the finishing lace trim on the top's neckline, he asked his mother, "Do you think I'm becoming too much of a sissy?"

Seeing her son's pink tinted fingertips busily sewing and undistracted by his conspicuous bosom, his mother commented, "I guess most people would think you're a sissy, but it certainly brings out a sweet personality in you."

"I love it," Danny admitted, his eyes sparkling with pleasure as he pulled the baby-doll top over his brassiere and swished around. "Measuring, cutting, basting, and sewing--- all with the thrill of then wearing my creation!"

Danny found that he nearly swooned when his mother or Wendy would say, "You're much too feminine to be a boy," or "Nature made a mistake. . .you should have been a girl." or "With that girlish figure, I don't see how we can ever make you a boy again?"

Standing at the window of his bedroom, Danny gazed out at the garden in full bloom. The afternoon sky streaked with blurred clouds and he couldn't put it off any more.

It was time to start dressing for the dance. Danny turned away from the windows.

Earlier he had luxuriated in a bath for over an hour.

Carefully shaving his legs, he couldn't afford anything but silky smooth. Now he wore only his mother's thin nightgown of pale yellow nylon. On the bed was laid out the beautiful lingerie wardrobe his mother and Wendy had picked out. Hung on the door was his gown. Each garment had been carefully pressed, chosen with loving care to make Danny feel most feminine.

He took down the pale yellow silk dress and smiled, knowing that he'd look as fragile as a porcelain doll in it. As the minutes ticked, Danny became more concerned about the dance. He wondered about the other girls and worried if they would read him.

Moving over to the full-length mirror in its oak frame, Danny examined himself critically. For a dress, there was no question it was truly spectacular. . . the full puff sleeves falling off his shoulder, the form-fitting bodice cut daringly low. The waist was almost too snug. The skirt spread out in splendor. His hair was piled on top of my head in a stack of sculpted waves with three long ringlets girlishly dangling in back.

He applied a touch more pink to his lips and a little blush to highlight his cheekbones. His eyelids were lightly brushed with pale brownish mauve shadow.

The person who gazed back at him was unquestionably feminine but would that be enough?

He tried to smile but it came off as wry and self-mocking. He picked up one of his mother's elegant crystal bottles of perfume and asked himself, "Who do you think you're fooling?" But he went on. . .

The perfume was subtle as he dabbed it behind his earlobes, between his breasts, applying it a bit more generously than his mother suggested. If a little was good. . .?

His mother had opened his door so quietly he hadn't heard her. Standing in the doorway, she looked at her son with a distinctly appreciative expression.

"Are you doing okay?" his mother asked. "I can help if you want?"

Danny squirmed, his satin gown rustling softly. "I think I'm doing okay," he confessed. Wendy had decided that Danny should try to get ready all by himself.

"You'll dazzle everyone! Now easy on that stuff!"

"Nonsense," Danny said. "I just don't want to get caught." Danny replaced the crystal stopper in the perfume bottle and set the bottle aside.

"No boy has a right to be so gorgeous," his mother praised. "You look positively fetching, dear."

Danny's full lips were pouting, giving them a most coquet-

tish effect. "I hate this dress," he complained, picking at the short, puffed sleeves. "I don't know why I ever let Wendy persuade me to buy it. It's too low-cut."

"The gown is perfect for you," his mother smiled. "You look sweet and demure. . .the kind of young woman the boys will find interesting."

"Who cares what boys think?"

"You will," his mother told him. "They won't be able to take their eyes off you. . .and that will be fun, I promise!"

Danny gave his mother an exasperated look. "I wonder if I should wear some more jewelry," he said idly.

"At your age, a lot of jewelry isn't necessary. Just wear your earrings and a couple rings. We'll see if we can make you perfect. I'll get the diamond necklace your father gave me when you were born."

"It's magnificent," Danny said in awe.

"I don't know what your father would say but. . ." His mother moved behind him and lifted the long ringlets then fastened the necklace around his throat. It rested heavily against his skin, the gleaming jewels dripping in fiery loops, the heart pendant dangling, emphasizing the girlish swell of his bosom.

The necklace was like an incredible web of tiny diamonds, scalloped loops suspended from three interlocked strands. In the center and dangling at the bottom was a heart in brilliant diamonds.

"Now you are perfect! Are you ready to go downstairs?"

"I want to work on my hair a bit more," Danny said. "You go on down and I'll join you when Wendy comes."

Like in a daydream, Danny found himself moving down the graceful curving white staircase with its ruby red carpet. A magnificent crystal chandelier hung from a high ceiling, shedding radiant light on the hotel's ballroom below.

It was like a flower bouquet in a million colors. Stylish young ladies, skirts billowing to reveal well-turned ankles and shapely limbs, while handsome young men in dark suits watched from the ground level.

"I'm in way over my head," Danny whispered to Wendy while carefully entering the ballroom.

"It's not milk and cookies time here!" Wendy said, her attractive face aglow with youth and vitality.

"The way they are staring makes me a bit uneasy," Danny admitted.

"Pay your dues like a good little boy," Wendy whispered, "SMILE."

Danny felt as though he were trapped inside a birdcage and longed to flee, but managed to maintain a polite, social composure as the young men sized him up. He had never realized before just how boys could make one feel so. . .so female and fragile. He lowered his eyes, feeling a faint blush tint his cheeks and suddenly felt queasy.

"I feel ill," he said almost fainting. "I can't do it."

"It's trying even for girls to begin with," Wendy said taking his hand. "Relax. Soon it will be over."

Danny seemed to be having trouble with his breathing. Hyperventilating, his bosom rising, straining against its silken prison, as the men continued to check him out with piercing eyes.

Suddenly Wendy was off dancing and a young man asked, "Are you are okay?"

"Sure," Danny lied.

The handsome fellow was standing so close that Danny could feel the warmth of his body and smell his manly musk scent. The man looked at Danny and liked his full, fleshy, curving and pink lips.

Of the rest of the evening, Danny only remembered saying, "Yes, I'll dance." and how insistent, how assertive the



Danny lowered his eyes, feeling a faint blush tint his cheeks and suddenly a little queasy.

man's lips had been in forcing his own apart so that his tongue could thrust and probe.

Danny felt weak. He felt dizzy. He felt so darn girlish.

Something had changed. When his mother saw the expression on his face, her eyes clouded with apprehension. She asked, "Your cheeks are terribly pink. Is something wrong?"

Danny told her as much as any girl would tell her mother.

Getting ready for bed, he spent over an hour re-doing his hair in the mirror, pulling it back sleekly from his face and sculpting the waves in back, leaving a dozen long ringlets to spill down between his shoulder blades. "I should have worn it this way," he thought. He wanted to relive the night again.

Finally setting his hair for bed, he stepped back a few paces, turned this way and that, giving his nightgown a final inspection. Its narrow straps that dropped off his shoulders, its daringly low-cut heart-shaped bodice and snug waist, pleased him.

Everything pleased him.

With Danny's mother's help, Wendy made sure Danny had no chance of playing a normal boy's role that summer. Both felt that he was much too soft and sweet to be concerned with baseball and that other "boy" rough stuff. Besides, he seemed to be more interested in how to keep eye shadow from caking and the myriad of little feminine inconveniences.

The summer vacation he took with his mother, while enjoyable, was nothing compared to the experience of his first dance. He enjoyed playing the part of a beautiful young woman where no one knew any differently. What they saw was what he was. He and his mother would wander the narrow streets of the beautiful seaside village where they had rented a house for those few weeks. Wendy had chosen sexy, yet tasteful bathing suits for the beach and the local boys could not keep their eyes off the beautiful stranger. In the evening, Danny and his mother would dine in the finest restaurants where Danny turned heads with his beautiful hairstyles and enchanting dresses.

The possibilities seemed endless! By the end of summer, Danny was completely feminized. More than just wearing lingerie and high heels, Danny was walking and thinking like a young girl. . .Wendy's creation! A living doll.

When his mother suggested that he attend school as a girl, Danny's full, coral tinted lips parted slightly then turned to

the mirror. He blushed at the thought of the neighborhood boys seeing him like this. Would they notice how his low heeled sandals showed off toenails tipped with soft coral? Obviously those guys would know that under his short dresses were luxurious nylon panties and a brassiere like the other girls.

"Ohhh," he moaned, thinking about some guy trying to "feel him up." Just another thing he'd have to get use to! He sighed softly.

### Epilogue:

Obviously, Wendy had told some friends more than just what a great dress shop Nicole ran because she received a phone call one day.

"Hello, may I speak to Nicole please?" the woman's voice asked.

"Speaking. How may I help you?"

"Someone highly recommended you."

"Someone? Well, I guess I'm flattered"

"You see, uh, that 'someone' mentioned that you had been able to arrange a private fitting session... after hours," she nervously explained.

"Is this fitting for someone. . . male?"

If you'd like more of this story,  
let me know!!!

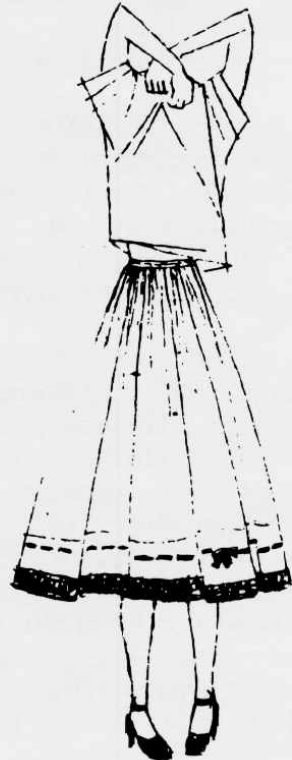
Sandy Thomas

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA

92624-0309 USA

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EMBARRASSING STORY!!**



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SWEATER? AND  
SHE'S DUE HOME  
NOW?

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“But I like where I’m getting fat!”



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