

AUNTIE'S HELPER

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# AUNTIE'S HELPER

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## *“Auntie’s Helper”*

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### QUOTE BOARD

**If I had to live my life again,  
I'd make the same mistakes, only sooner.  
Tallulah Bankhead**

## AUNTIE'S HELPER

Margaret English stood in her suburban living room and looked over her sixteen year old nephew as he stood before her with his only suitcase at his feet. She was a commanding woman at thirty-eight—over six feet tall in her black patent leather high heeled pumps—dark brown hair pulled back into a bun—bright red lipstick and nail polish--and conveying an aura of definite authority in her navy A-line skirt and beige silk blouse. She looked to her young nephew to be every bit the prominent divorce attorney that she really was.

“So this is Cass... Your mother told me that you are a bit frail, shy and apprehensive about everything, but now I can see for myself. Too bad about your family situation and the mess caused by your no-good drunken father. But we’re ‘gonna be fixing that. In the meantime, until your mother has time to get her financial life together—at least for this summer--you will be staying here with me and the girls in Maple Valley.”

“Let me look in your suitcase and see what things you brought.”

Cass timidly opened his shabby brown suitcase to Margaret’s examining eyes. It was just as she thought. The kid had some really ruddy looking, almost threadbare clothes—just a couple pairs of well worn pants, a few shirts and some shabby underwear and socks that were only worthy of the dumpster. It was all perfect trailer trash wear and was only a showing of the environment he had just come from.

“These clothes won’t do, honey. They’re almost un-wearable. We will need to get you some new things to wear as soon as we can. You can’t wear this trash. We’ll

do some shopping when I get some free time from work and hopefully your mother will be sending that support check she's supposed to be getting. In the meantime, I can look and see what the girls have that might fit you and that you'd be able to wear."

"Girl's clothes?" asked Cass with kind of a rather humiliated look in his eyes.

"Oh, the girls have all kinds of jeans and sweatshirts that I'm sure we can dig through and maybe find something that you can get by with for awhile and not look too girlish. Besides. Who cares? You won't be going out anywhere for awhile, anyhow, until we get you settled in. It will only be me and the girls that will see you."

"Now why don't you just follow me upstairs, to the room first on the right. It was Linda's room before she left for college. You can use it. It's not much yet. I didn't have time to get much of it ready for you. We'll work on all that later. It's still rather girly from when Linda lived here with us, but it will have to do temporarily. There's Linda's bathroom attached for you to use. Don't mind all the girl things in there, either. Just push them aside for now. We'll get all that straightened up later. Take a shower. Clean up, and then come back downstairs and we will have some dinner and talk about how you can get settled in here for a few months."

"Yes Maam. Thank you," answered Cass sheepishly before the towering and rather strict appearing woman. He followed her up the stairs... and got a good view right up the back of her A-line navy blue skirt as she walked up above him—and the lace hem of Margaret's snow white slip. Cass had never seen a woman's slip before. His mother never wore skirts or dresses and only shabby jeans or stretch pants. The floral lace on Margaret's slip

hem was one of the most beautiful things that Cass ever saw and he was immediately mesmerized. Not only that, but as Margaret stepped onto the landing above him, he got a quick glimpse of the back of her sandy beige nylons with her darker beige stocking tops and her white button garter tabs. It was another thing that Cass had never seen and put him into complete wonderment.

Cass Hodge had been getting bad breaks for almost his entire life. His mother had seemingly changed husbands like most people change socks--and her selections were always poor ones. Cass's real father departed for the unknown when he was a baby and for all Cass knew, the man had simply disappeared, was in prison or was already dead somewhere. Three step-fathers later and his sixteen years had seen him living in perhaps ten different towns, four different states, a dozen different schools and maybe ten different low-rent apartments or trailers. Finally, his mother agreed to her sister Margaret's offer for help and she sent Cass off to live in Maple Valley in Margaret's nice home while his mother tried to get her life and her finances back together. Margaret's twenty-one year old daughter, Linda, had graduated and gone off to college in Europe on a scholarship—and would return home only on occasion. Her other two daughters, the seventeen year old twins, Betsy and Mary were out and about and would be coming home soon. So, for now, Cass would stay in Linda's unused bedroom in the house while the two high school girls still shared their room down the hall.

Cass followed Margaret up the stairs and turned into the first room as directed. It was definitely a girl's room. The walls were painted light lavender. The curtains were white flounces and frills. There was the bed with its matching lavender comforter and silk, flounced pillow

cases. The furniture--a large dresser, a drawer front vanity with a large makeup mirror, and two end tables were of white French provincial. There was a fairly large walk-in closet that was cedar lined. In it hung four rows of nothing but girl's clothes—dresses and skirts on hangers, blouses, jackets and assorted feminine outfits. Cass could even spot a couple of white full petticoats on hangers and encased in plastic bag covers toward the rear of the closet. He just meekly put down his shabby brown suitcase in the middle of it all, took out his male cosmetics kit and sat down on the satiny cushion of the lavender comforter on Linda's bed.

Then Margaret left for a moment and then came into the room. She was carrying some pastel blue nylon shorty pajamas and a matching terry cloth robe.

"Here, honey. You can put on these pajamas and robe after you shower and until we can find you something better to wear. I think they're Betsy's but she won't care. She never wears them. Let me take these clothes of yours and put them in the basement." Margaret closed and then picked up his shabby suitcase.

"If you need any soaps or shampoo or colognes and things, just go ahead and use what you can find in the bath. It won't make any difference if it smells a bit girly. Nobody will notice. You just need to get cleaned up from that long trip. And if you'd like, just go ahead and lie down and rest for awhile. We'll come get you for dinner when it's ready in a few hours. Then we can talk some more after dinner and when the girls are home."

Margaret left with the suitcase as Cass literally watched and saw all his male clothing fleeing away. He looked down at the puddle of pastel blue nylon on the bed that was to be his pajamas. The top was a button front but had little feminine cap sleeves. The shorty pajama pants were boxer style but had no fly on the

front and were trimmed at the leg openings with just a hint of matching thread lace. They were definitely girly pants, but he had no choice right now. He'd have to wear them. He got up, picked up what little male cosmetics he had in his shaving kit and walked into the bath. There was a sink with a large pink laminate counter that was half covered with various shampoos, conditioners, mirrors, combs, lipsticks, eye shadows, bottles of cologne, and tubes and jars of everything. He looked into the shower-bath, behind the lavender curtains and found more bottles of soaps and shampoos. Not having any soap or shampoo of his own, he would need to use some of these girl things to get clean. So he went back to the bed, stripped off his clothes and carried the pastel blue terry robe with him into the bath to take his shower.

Not at all knowing what he was doing with all the girl's cosmetics in there, he picked up a bottle that looked like some soap and read the directions. Fortunately. They said, "FOR BODY WASH ONLY. DO NOT APPLY TO HEAD HAIR." He knew he saw some hair shampoo in the shower so he picked up this bottle that he thought was body soap and took it with him. Then he stepped into the shower, turned on the water and started applying what he thought was body soap to his body from the neck down. The soap seemed to smell a little sour to him. "*Probably just some girly stuff.*" he thought to himself as he slathered himself down with it. Then... as he stood under the water he noticed that what little body hair he had, had started to wash off and go down the shower drain.

"*What the heck?*" he asked himself. He picked up the bottle and looked at the directions again—this time more carefully. It was body hair remover. "*Shoot!*" he blurted to himself as he watched all his body hair come off and

flow down the drain—including all of his pubic hair. The hair felt kind of dry and scratchy and sappy as it came off. Then he picked up another bottle—shampoo this time—and used it to wash himself off and rid himself of the residue of the hair removal lotion. The shampoo was scented nicely and felt soothing on his skin. He used it until he felt squeaky clean. He shampooed his over-the-ears length head hair and rinsed himself off. Then feeling really clean, he stepped out of the shower, dried himself with a clean, pink terry towel he found on a towel rack and then stepped over to the mirror over the sink to look at himself.

What little body hair he had was now all gone. There was not even a trace of it left. Even his pubic hair and the little bit he used to have under his arms was gone. He felt funny, but *“what the heck,”* he thought to himself. *“Nobody would see anyhow and it would all grow back in a few days. He’d be okay. And besides... it felt rather nice in a way... nice and smooth and soft and sweet scented.”*

He brushed his teeth with his own toothbrush and some toothpaste he found in one of the counter drawers. Then he found some deodorant stick and used it under his arms and as a last thought added some sweet smelling cologne he found in a gold bottle on the counter. Cass grabbed the robe again, put it around himself and went back to the bed where he had left the shorty pajamas. The bottoms fit a little loose at the hips but they would work for the time being. He put on the matching baby blue nylon top, buttoned it up and once again looked at himself in the mirror. The little short cap sleeves seemed a bit girlishly short, but who would care for now, anyhow. He’d wear his robe down to dinner. Then, in his shorty pajamas he laid down on the bed—on the lavender satin spread, put his head on the

flopped lavender silk pillow and passed out into sleep in just a minute.

Cass awoke later that afternoon to what sounded to him like giggling. In a half sleepy daze he looked at the bedroom door and saw that it was cracked open a few inches and some girlish eyes were looking at him as he lay there on the bed.

“Who is it?” he asked them. Two blonde seventeen year old girls walked into the room. The twins, Betsy and Mary came into the room with broad giggling smiles.

“Hi. You must be Cousin Cass,” said the half smirking Mary. “Mom said to wake you up and tell you to come down for dinner.” Then the girls both turned and dashed out of the room and down the stairs in a flurry of fluttering skirts and giggles. Cass could barely hear one of them say, as they went down the stairs,

“They’re *your* pajama pan-tees he’s wearing, not mine.”

“Oh they are not! They’re Linda’s. You just shush.”

Then he heard a muffled adult woman’s voice downstairs through the floor—Margaret’s voice. “Oh quit it girls. I told you to leave him alone and be polite. And quit all your silliness. Take that sack of clothes to the basement with the rest.” It was then that Cass noticed that the clothes her wore to Maple Valley—and even his dirty underwear and socks and shoes—had been removed.

They were both seventeen year old girls—and with a boy in their house—a boy that they just noticed had smelled of girlish cologne and that they had just seen was dressed in nylon nancy-blue and was wearing a pair

of their older sister's panties. The whole scene to them absolutely screamed of *SISSY!*

Cass got up, put on his pastel blue terry robe over his femmy shorty pajamas and in his bare feet walked downstairs to dinner. Margaret immediately took hold of the situation.

"You can't be in bare feet for dinner." She looked at his bare feet. "Girls. Go get Cass a pair of flip flops to wear until we get him some new slippers. Go look in Linda's closet and see what you can find for him. Her slippers should fit for the time being."

The two teenaged girls jumped at this opportunity to further sissify a boy. For them, having a male their age in the house was an exciting novelty all in itself, much less them also having opportunity to amuse themselves by making him look as sissy as possible. They immediately found their selection—a pair of low heeled, open-toed, canvas espadrilles in a pastel blue that would match his femmy pajamas and robe. They giggled as they brought them downstairs to put on their cousin.

Cass put on the obvious girl's shoes and sat down at the dinner table in embarrassment in front of the smirking girls. Margaret jumped on them again.

"You silly girls, quit it. We'll get Cass some clothes when his mother sends that support check. In the meantime, leave him alone. It's not his fault that all we have for him are girl's clothes. They will just have to do until he gets some new pants and shirts to wear.'

Dinner was uneventful. They all knew Cass's story about how he grew up in trailer towns and in a life of drunken abuse. That subject wasn't even brought up. Cass ate voraciously. It was the first decent meal he had in many days and the best in a very long time. After dinner, the girls got up to take the plates and serving

dishes away to the sink for washing. They both put on their pinafore aprons for the chore of washing dishes.

“Cass...,” added Margaret, “You might help the girls with the dishes. It’s a chore of theirs and you may as well help them, too. We all have to share chores around here, so you should, too. The girls will show you how.”

So Cass got up and walked into the kitchen with the girls. Mary was already waiting for him with a broad, mischievous smile and holding forth a white flounced pinafore apron for him to wear.

“Do I have to wear this?”

“Well, of course. You have to keep your clothes from getting soiled and wet, Cass. Here. Take off that robe. You won’t need it,” said Mary with her smile. Betsy giggled musically when she once again saw Cass wearing Linda’s sleep panties. And she knew what else would be coming.

Cass took off his robe and hung it up on a hook on the door. Then Mary helped him get into the frilly white pinafore by first helping him put his arms through the wide flounced shoulder straps and then she tied the waist sash at his back into a nice white bow. In his shorty pajamas and his light blue canvas pumps—and with his smooth hairless legs--he now looked almost like he was a girl wearing a white flounced dress.

The girls both noticed how he looked immediately and both started giggling and smiling to each other. Just the thought of having a boy their age literally dressed in panties and a femmy pinafore, with girl’s shoes, sent them into total giggling amusement. When Mary went out to get more dishes off the table, Margaret snipped at her once again and loud enough for poor Cass, in the kitchen, to overhear.

“You girls quit teasing him. It only makes it worse for him.”

“But Mom... he looks just like a girl except for his hair.”

“Oh, so what! And who cares. Hopefully he’ll have his own new clothes to wear soon. I just hope his mother doesn’t blow that support check on something else and sends it here as she promised. Knowing her, though, that check is probably already gone and I’ll have to pay for everything when I get a chance and can get time from my work. So in the meantime, Cass will just have to wear whatever we can find for him. Just don’t tease him and make it any more humiliating for him. Be nice.”

But as the days went by, as figured, the check never came and Cass had to wear girl’s clothes. They found some girl’s pink pull-on shorts, some pinkish culottes with a daisy floral pattern and a few tops that barely fit him. Everything of Linda’s had a fitted waist which was too snug for Cass. The only things that would fit were those with elastic waists—and that included only the single pair of pink shorts and the culotte. The rest of her shorts or any of her pants were too tight for him.

Underpants were quite another problem. The two pairs of jockeys that Cass brought with him in his frayed suitcase were complete rags with holes in them. Margaret just threw them in the trash with the rest of his shabby male clothes and worn shoes. So that left only Linda’s girl’s panties for Cass to wear. Margaret selected some of the more practical plain ones—the ones not too overly decorated in femmy lace trim-in Linda’s dresser and put them out for Cass to wear. She chose only the full cut briefs of Linda’s as they were roomier and she felt that any bikini panties, hipsters or thongs would be too femmy for Cass and would make him just

feel more ashamed at wearing them. She had them on the bed when Cass walked in.

“Here, honey. You can wear these until we can get you some underwear. They’re girls’, but so what. Nobody will see them anyhow. Just wear them until we can do better for you.”

“But they’re girl colored and some of them have lace.”

“Oh, so what. Nobody will see. It’s just a little sprinkle of lace on some of the leg openings. You can barely even see it. Betsy and Mary won’t think you a sissy if you wear them. They know what the situation is. And besides... you may even learn to *like* them and *like* wearing pretty undies. Some men do. There’s nothing wrong with it. Why should only girls get to wear pretty undies? So here. Wear these until we can go to the clothing store.”

“And here’s one pair of Linda’s casual culottes that will fit with the elastic waist. They’re just like shorts. It’s all we have. So what if they’re pink with flowers on them. And here’s a couple of her skorts that you can wear, too. They’re just like wearing shorts and just have a flap across the front is all.”

So when Margaret left the room, Cass viewed his new expedient wardrobe. One pair of silky, loose fitting pink culottes with white daisys on them. One pair of pink pull-on shorts. Two skorts, which to him looked like pull-on skirts. One in light pink and the other in nancy-blue. A few pullover tops that looked like they’d fit a little tight and one short sleeved, button down cotton blouse in a peach color that fit him okay but had the buttons on the girl’s side. His shoes now consisted of the pair of light blue canvas, open toed espadrilles to wear in the house one pair of black flat slip-on pumps that they found that would fit him and a pair of open-toed, tan

leather sandals that had a low heel. For socks, he had only girl's socks and anklets to wear with his girly shoes and his skorts.

Cass took off his robe and hung it up on his bathroom door. Then he took off the femmy shorty pajama bottoms and for the first time in his life he put on girl's panties—a pair of plain white nylon full cut briefs that were once hardly ever worn by Linda English. The panties felt absolutely silky on him as he slithered them up his legs and onto his hips. They were full cut and had just a touch of lace thread trim around the leg openings. At first they fit him rather bunched as he wore them at a height below his navel, but then fit better on him when he pulled them all the way up to his natural waist. But when he looked at himself in the mirror in his new sissy pants, he noticed that his hairless winkle stuck out a bit when he pulled them up. There was less covering material in the panties than what would be in male shorts, so Cass had to tuck himself back in order for the panties to cover his genitals. He looked at himself again in the mirror. He now looked just like a girl in front! Were they making him into a sissy already? But the panties felt so soft and so sleek on his hips and bottom—and were quite unlike the course threadbare shorts he had been wearing before in his young male life. For some reason, Cass got kind of a tingling feeling in his loins. He *liked* them. For some unknown reason he actually *liked* wearing girl's panties—although he would not want to admit it to anyone.

So the days went by. Cass stayed at home in his girl's skorts and shorts with the panties underneath—and in his girl's shoes and socks while Margaret worked and the two twin girls went about their usual lives. Every morning, Cass arose to take his morning shower and

then put on another pair of clean nylon brief panties and would tuck himself. One day they were white, another nancy-blue and another day they were of some other pastel color. Some were plain and some had a hint of lace trim. Then he'd put on some sort of feminine top and either a skort or the one pair of flowery print culottes that fit him—and a pair of his girl's shoes—and he'd occupy the day.

Like the twins, he was given household chores and responsibilities. He learned to do his own laundry and was taught that silky nylon should be hand washed in suds, rinsed and then hang dried as opposed to being ruined in the washer and drier. The girls got great amusement from seeing the display of Cass's panties and his shorty nylon pajamas hanging on the line to dry in the back yard right alongside those of their own. Mary even had said to them all that the backyard clothes line "looked like Petticoat Junction," and this got Cass to blush in shame. Following dinner, in what had become routine, Cass put on his white flouncy pinafore and joined the other girls in the kitchen to do the dishes. For any unknowing visitor, it well might have appeared to be three teenaged girls working together in there.

The English twins, Betsy and Mary, were quite feminine and were brought up by their attorney mother, Margaret, to be ladylike. Unlike most of their teenaged peers that wore ragged and slovenly casual clothes, the English twins habitually dressed like perfect ladies—and this meant a lot of skirt and dress wearing. Margaret English mostly wore skirted business suits—as she wore in her many court appearances and to greet her clients. Mary and Betsy usually wore little dresses or skirts. Once in a while came shorts or casual jeans, but mostly they dressed nice and stylish.

When the novelty of having Cass among them and wearing his panties had faded a bit, the girls became less and less conscious of his presence and became less and less inhibited. Upstairs, once in a while, Cass would get glimpses of one of them through an open door in only her bra and panties—or perhaps in only a lace trimmed half slip. He'd get little wisps up the girls' skirts as they went up and down the stairs, where he'd be able to see the lace of their pretty slips or the tops of their stockings and their little garter tabs. In this, he began to wonder more and more about the pretty things that girls got to wear—and he began to explore Linda's dresser drawers whenever nobody was home.

When Linda moved away to attend college, she left an array of feminine goodies in her closet and drawers. Cass began to explore. He found panties and bras and girdles and slips and half slips in an array of colors and styles—things he had never seen before. In the back of the closet in clear bags hung Linda's square dance petticoats and Cass explored them, too. And when nobody was home... he began to try some of Linda's undies on. Before long, this became almost a daily thing. Margaret would leave for work. The girls would go out somewhere and Cass would be left home alone to run upstairs and put on Linda's panties, bras, garterbelts, girdles, stockings, slips and high heels. And her dresses...

It was also during this period that Cass learned that it was better for him to sit to pee. His borrowed female shorts and skorts did not have fly fronts. Neither, of course did the panties he was now wearing full time. So standing up to pee proved quite inconvenient and Cass started sitting to pee like a girl. This, of course, and quite unknown to him, only added psychologically to his now accelerating emasculation and sissification.

Then, one day came disaster. Mary and Betsy came home early and unexpected and decided they would surprise Cass with some candies they had bought at the mall. Instead of coming in the front door and making their usually girlish noise, they crept in the back, crept up the stairs and walked into Cass's room without knocking. And there he stood... fully dressed up in one of Linda's light blue cotton shirtwaist dresses.

The girl's first reaction was to be totally stunned. There was Cass... a boy... standing in the room right before their totally amused eyes—in a *DRESS!*

“Eeeeeeee!” they both squealed in total girlish delight.

At first, Cass tried to hide. He tried to stoop down behind the bed to hide the fact that he was wearing a dress. But there was no way for him to hide. Mary and Betsy had both already seen him and he was caught red-handed. The blonde Betsy immediately ran around the bed and caught his arm and pulled him up straight. Mary was right behind and got hold of his other arm.

“Oooooo! Come out and let us see,” they giggled with glee. “Let's see how pretty you look now in Linda's favorite dress.”

For several minutes the two girls held to him as he could only stand there in total abject shame and as they gushed over him. They eeeee'd and ahhhh'd. They giggled and cackled and cooed. And when Mary picked at the hem of Cass's skirts and found that he was also wearing one of Linda's white lace hemmed half slips under the pastel blue cotton dress, the girls really let out their total glee.

“Eeeeeee, and a pretty slip, too. Ooooo, how pretty. Are you wearing some pretty pan-tees, too. Come show us. Show us how you make such a pretty girl.”

Poor Cass could only stand there before them as they picked at his dress and squealed at the pretty snow white lace trimmed half slip and the matching cotton brocade garter belt; and the nylon, lace trimmed panties that he wore underneath the dress. Betsy held the skirt of his dress and his slip fully up over his panties as the girls had him turn round and round so they could see them.

“Oh, but honey....” Mary said. “You should wear your garterbelt *under* your pan-tees. That’s how we girls do it. It makes it so much easier when you have to go to the bathroom and you don’t then have to unhook and then re-hook all your garters. If you wear a dress enough, before long you will learn these little things.”

Cass couldn’t breathe, his face a bright red.

“Do you like wearing a dress? Have you been doing this very often in here when we are all gone?” asked Mary.

“I don’t know,” Cass answered sheepishly and almost on the verge of tears from total shame. What else could he say to some teenaged girls that had just caught him dead to rights wearing a girl’s dress? What could he possibly deny? There he stood before them, an undeniable sissy in his little pastel blue cotton shirtwaist with his white brassiere, matching lace trimmed panties, garterbelt, white lace hemmed half slip, sleek nylons and a pair of Linda’s black mid-heeled pumps.

“Ooooo, let’s put some makeup on him and make him *really* pretty. What say?” added the mischievous Betsy. “Eeeeeee, yes.” squealed Mary. So they took the hapless Cass by his wrist and led him down the hall to their room and to their makeup table. There, for what seemed like hours to Cass, the two girls gushed over him,

giggled and applied crèmes and powders and liquids to his eyes and lips and face. They even made an attempt to pluck his brows a bit. Betsy put a hairbrush to his hair and applied some kind of scented gel—and then brushed some more. When they were done, they put a mirror to Cass's face for him to look.

What he saw was truly amazing. He was now wearing mascara and eye liner and just a hint of light blue eye shadow to match his dress. The girls had applied makeup to his face and some powder and peachy blush... and rose-red creamy lipstick. Betsy had parted his hair in the middle and then brushed down some bangs in front—and had brushed and fluffed his hair over his ears to give him somewhat of a really femmy hairstyle. His dark brown hair seemed to shine and glisten from the sparkly gel that she had brushed in. And clipped to each of his ear lobes was a small pastel blue button earring that perfectly matched his dress. As a last effect, when he was not expecting, Betsy came up behind him and spritzed on some girl's cologne on his neck and behind his ears from a little spray bottle. The bottle said, "*Chantilly*."

"Ooooo, don't move," added Betsy. This scent is mother's favorite. She'll really like it on you. It smells so pretty and femmy. The guys like it too. Here, let me show you another little girl trick."

With that, she lifted up the back of Cass's dress and half slip and spritzed more perfume behind his knees and then turned him around to spray some on the front of his stocking tops. "It's a little trick we girls know. Now whenever your skirts will flutter in the breeze, the boys will all be able to catch the scent of your pretty perfume."

“Boys?” Cass could only think to himself. “Why should I care about boys when I *AM* a boy?” he could only mumble out to the girls.

“But you certainly don’t *look* very much like a boy,” giggled Mary. “At least not right now you don’t.”

“Fess up now,” smirked Betsy. “You *like* wearing a dress and being like a girl. I can tell from your eyes that you like it.”

“It’s okay with us,” added Mary again in somewhat of a feminine, motherly coo. “We don’t care if you like to be a girl. Actually we think it’s kind of neat and will be kind of fun to help you learn to be a girl. If you feel like you should be wearing a dress like a girl instead of boy’s ugly pants... then you *should* wear a pretty dress. And maybe when Mom takes you shopping for new clothes, we can buy some pretty dresses instead of ugly boy’s pants. Come. Come downstairs with us and be a girl with us. This will be fun.”

So for the rest of that afternoon Cass spent the time in the dress, with lipstick, makeup, and high heels. The heels were a bit of a challenge at first but the girls spent some time teaching him how to walk in them and how to move, stoop and sit like a girl.

“Take smaller steps, honey, and sway your hips a bit when you walk.”

“Keep your arms in closer to your body and your forearms up above your waist when you walk. Pretend like you are carrying a purse on your arm when you walk.”

“Don’t swing your arms at your sides like a chimp. Let them swing just weakly and diagonally across your body and hips. That’s how we ladies walk.”

“Keep your knees together when you sit and when you stoop—so nobody will be able to see your pretty slip lace and your stocking tops. Keep your skirts down. You don’t want all the boys to see. And when you stoop down to pick something up, keep your knees together and your bottom pointed away or to the side so nobody can see your pan-tee lines. Never just bend forward at your waist. Always stoop down gracefully like a lady with your bottom directed away from the men.”

This went on and on all afternoon. In very little time, Cass’s feminine comportment had improved greatly. While still having the usual inborn male rough edges, the girls could see that his former male mannerisms could indeed be broken with some good old fashioned, quality long term dress wearing. And to the girls, this was immense fun. They were having a ball in teaching Cass how to be a girl. They constantly giggled in their total amusement and cooed and clucked like motherly hens as they taught Cass some of the ways and wiles of being like a girl in a dress. The afternoon flew by and it would soon be time for Margaret to come home from work to find Cass in a dress. This happened.

## CONFESSION

“Well, la-dee-da! What do we have here!’ Margaret English exclaimed as soon as she came in the door and saw her twin girls standing in the living room on each side of the totally sissified Cass. “So it’s dresses now? Is that what we have now? What is going on in here?”

Mary spilled the beans. “We caught Cass wearing Linda’s favorite dress so we put makeup and lipstick on him, too.”

“And this is what you did all afternoon? I suppose, of course, that all the chores got done, too.”

“We did them,” said Betsy. “We even finished the ironing together. Cass helped.”

“Well, la-dee-da again. I can’t believe this. Auntie’s Little Helper. Now you get upstairs and get changed out of Linda’s dress, Cass. And clean off all that girly goop on your face. Take a shower and get ready for dinner. Enough of this nonsense. You girls go upstairs and clean up, too. You can set the table when you get done.”

“Yes Maam.”

“Okay Mother.”

There was a scramble up the stairs to various rooms with Cass going up first in his high heels and the twin teenaged minxes following him and looking up under his dress at the lace hem of his slip... and giggling musically to each other. Margaret looked up and saw his lace hem, too. Right now she didn’t quite know what to think about it, but she’d soon get to the bottom of it all.

Later, after dinner and with the dishes done, Margaret called Cass into the living room by himself. The girls were upstairs.

“Now Cass... what is all this about with your wearing a dress? Do you want to be a girl?”

“N... no,” he could only sheepishly answer as he stared downward and away from Margaret’s investigating eyes.

“Look. I know this is an abnormally strange situation. You don’t even have any clothes to wear. But it’s only temporary until I can figure out what’s going on. If your mother would ever send that check she promised and if I could ever get away from my case load for even a half day, I’d go downtown and buy you some jeans, shoes and underwear. But it’s just for the moment that things are in disarray.”

“Now, if you feel like you want to be a girl and that this episode was more than just a little dress-up charade, then you better let me know right now. With me, it has to be one way or the other and nothing in between. Either you are going to dress like a boy when we get you some clothes or you’re ‘gonna be a girl. I don’t want to waste money on more boy clothes that I will have to just throw in the trash. So now, what’s it ‘gonna be? Boy or girl? Let’s get this all figured out right here and right now.”

Cass almost started crying in his shame before the investigating and demanding woman attorney. He knew full well already that he really *liked* wearing a dress and would not quit trying on Linda’s clothes in secret. In more ways than one, he really had enjoyed spending this afternoon in a dress and with the girls. In fact, it was about the most fun and enjoyment he had in a very long time. In his dress, he felt so loose and so free and so clean. He felt belonged for one of the few times in his abused life. And the girls treated him so nice and they had so much fun with it. It seemed to him that the girls even liked it, too. Deep down, he knew that he really *liked* being like a girl and wanted to do it again and again. But he dare not admit it. Not now. He was simply too ashamed to tell Margaret the truth—that he really would like to try being a girl for awhile. So he hesitantly answered her and mumbled, “Boy.”

Another week then went by with Cass’s same routine as confined to home with no male clothes. But each day, Margaret could tell that Cass was not happy. He was not smiling and having any fun. She even tried giving him a break on any chores and let him just relax while the girls worked. If the girls protested, she only told them to, “Shush up. Let him be alone with himself. He’s had a tough life and a lot of trouble that he has to

forget.” But it got so bad with his moping around that Margaret finally had to confront him again. Plus, some news had come from his mother. There would be no support money coming. As figured, Cass’s mother had spent all the money and had gotten in trouble once again with her newest boyfriend. She was with him when they got caught driving a stolen car. When the car was searched, the police found cocaine under the front seat and right under where Cass’s mother sat. Her boyfriend also had an outstanding felony warrant against him and when the police searched Cass’s mother’s trailer they found more cocaine. Cass’s mother would be going to prison and Margaret would have to now care for him.

Margaret beckoned Cass into the living room again for another talk. This would be a tough one. She had him sit down in front of her and she told him the news about his mother. Cass just simply held his head low and didn’t say anything. He had lived through it all before and knew what was going on.

“So, honey, somehow we have to figure out how to get you to be happy. How can we do that? You have been moping around here for almost two weeks. Something is wrong. I can tell. What is it? What’s bothering you? How come you are not happy, dear?”

“I don’t know,” Cass almost cried. “I just don’t feel very good, I guess. I mean, you and the girls are fine and have been wonderful. It’s not anything you are doing. It’s just me. I don’t know what.”

Then Margaret’s feminine intuition struck her and her suspicions. “Was it that dress, honey? Did I make you ashamed when you were wearing Linda’s dress? Is that it?”

“No... that was okay.”

“So is that it? Tell me. Be honest with me. We only want to help you, dear, not hurt you anymore than you’ve already been hurt in life. We want to make your live a happy life for you for a change. What can we do?”

And with a tremendous amount of courage, Cass had to finally admit to Margaret. He had to confess. He just had to ask her, “Can I put on that dress again someday?”

Margaret, at first was taken aback. He had actually just asked her for a dress. But she was a very educated and liberal lady and even had some professional experience in cases just like this. She knew all about transgenderism and the lifetime of torment it could put upon an individual if not tended to properly at the earliest age. She tried her best now to put Cass’s mind at ease when she continued on.

“That took great courage to ask me what you just did. I know. But it’s okay. I understand. And don’t worry. There are lots and lots of boys just like you. It’s perfectly normal so don’t worry about that. Look. If you want to try being a girl for awhile, that will be okay with us. We’ll give it a try. But there can be no in between. You will either have to be a girl full time or be a boy. No half and half or going back and forth. If you want, we will go shopping on Saturday and we will get you some girly clothes of your own. Then you can be a girl. Or we will buy you some boy clothes and you can be a boy full time. No in between, as I have said over and over. I’m not spending my money to have half of it wasted. If being a girl and wearing a dress will make you happy, then it will be okay with all of us. In fact, I wouldn’t be surprised if the girls would like you that way better, too. We can get you some girl clothes and maybe by the end of the summer of being like a girl, you will have figured it all out as far as who you want to be. Now, do you still want us to put you in a dress so you can be like a girl?”

Cass stood and stared at the carpet and hid away from Margaret's peering eyes. He looked at her nyloned knees, her black patent high heels and her black skirt hem with just the hint of the candle glow lace of her slip.

"Look at me, honey. Look me in the eyes. Admit that you want to be like a girl?"

"Yes," Cass answered in a teary eyed muffle.

Margaret got up from her chair and went over to him and held him around his shoulders to console him. "That's okay, honey. I understand. Tomorrow you can put on Linda's dress again. I will have the girls help you again, if you want and you can be a girl with them. Then, on Saturday we will maybe take you to the salon and then we'll get you some pretty clothes of your very own so you won't have to wear Linda's hand-me-downs anymore. Now go upstairs to your room and I will tell the girls what we will be doing."

About an hour later, as Cass lay on his lavender bedspread in Linda's room, Mary and Betsy came in to see him. Margaret had just told them both about his mother and about how he now wanted to be like a girl. Both of them were smiling, but this time not in girlish amusement. Their smiles now were smiles of charity and comfort.

"We heard," Mary said as she sat next to Cass on the bed. "It's okay. We think it's cool. We'll help you. It will be so much fun. You can be just like our sister." Then she gave Cass a hug as he lay on the bed and Betsy did the same.

"We don't care if you wear dresses. In fact, we think it'll be kind'a neat and we'll have a lot of fun together. So tomorrow, let us know and we will help you. Just come and get us when you are ready and we'll see if we can't put you into another pretty dress."

The girls left. And with that, Cass fell off to an early sleep. When he woke, the lights in his room were still on and it was two o'clock in the morning. He got up and was going to change into his pastel blue shorty pajamas, but on last thought went over to Linda's dresser and pulled out her pink, waltz length night gown with the lace on the sleeves and on the hem. He stripped off his shorts and top and put the nightgown on over his peach colored full cut brief panties that he was wearing. Then he turned off the light and crawled under his lavender comforter and onto the silk sheets of his bed. His last gesture was to feel down upon himself and to feel the silkiness of his panties and the delightful sensation of the silky nylon of his nightgown as it slid smoothly over and around his panties. He then fell asleep again in total sissy delight.

### **PANTIED ONCE AND FOR ALL**

Starting early the next morning the events started moving fast for the budding sissy Cass. It was on a Tuesday when he really began on a regimen that would literally cause everything male in his former life to be completely relinquished, driven away and disposed of forever. For the twin girls, this was nothing but fun, fun, fun. They were more than willing to understand and to help with Cass's situation and seemed to take him immediately under their feminine wings--and one of the first things they did was to give him a feminine name.

"Cassie. That's what we decided. It's a pretty name and very practical and appropriate." Margaret approved. She knew, as an attorney, that if any legal paperwork ever had to be done for Cass, that such a simple name alteration as this would make things all the more simple to do. In some cases, the name Cass could simply be kept while everyone called him Cassie.

A selection as simple as this feminization of his original name would make it a lot easier on him, too. She had begun the legal process of her gaining legal custody of “Cassie” while Cassie’s birth mother served her time in jail for her felonies. Margaret would become Cassie’s legal guardian.

On that Tuesday morning, as usual, Cass came down for breakfast with the girls. Margaret had already left for her office and had left instructions for the twins. Their breakfast was usually light—just some toast and perhaps some fruit and some yogurt with coffee. Cassie sat there in “her” pastel blue terry robe with Linda’s pink waltz length nightgown underneath and a pair of Linda’s matching pink slippers, while the girls outlined Margaret’s instructions and what would be the schedule for the day.

First of all, their friends Marsha and Kim would be coming over in an hour or so. Marsha was a hairstylist in town and had gone to school with their older sister Linda. Tuesday was her day off and she had agreed to come over and to style Cassie’s hair. Kim was a teenaged friend of theirs who had a knack for doing nails. Her mother was a nail technician and would allow Kim to use her professional tools and tray. Kim would be coming over about noon. So this first day would be spent with hair and nails and from there the girls would start with the shopping. The plan was for them to pick out some basic clothing for Cassie—just a basic wardrobe—and to simply put their selections in lay away and where Margaret could pick it up and pay for it that Saturday when she was free from her work.

Marsha came over first with a suitcase full of tools and necessities for styling Cassie’s hair. The girls sat Cassie down in one of the dining room chairs; put a pink vinyl smock over Cassie’s night gown and Marsha

spread out her tools on the dining room table. Cassie had already washed and rinsed her hair thoroughly in the shower. It was only just a bit damp for Marsha, but was perfect for what she wanted to do. She looked over Cassie with trained hairstylist eyes and then came out with a selection of pictures of various feminine styles for which Cassie and the girls could choose from. Cassie's hair was just long enough that Marsha could create a pretty feminine layer cut with some curls over the ears. From this hairstyle, she could adapt it to other styles as it grew out in the coming months. This was just going to be a basic feminine foundation for which to work with further later on.

Cassie sat in that chair for perhaps an hour and a half while Marsha worked with clippers, scissors, curlers and various gels and sour smelling chemicals. When she finally allowed Cassie up to take a break, Cassie could see in the mirror that she now sported an array of little rollers around her ears and what looked like little pieces of foil. These were used in the process of tinting Cassie's ends, Marsha explained, and Cassie's hair would have to set a bit before Marsha would take everything out and comb out Cassie's new girlish style. So the girls sat and had coffee for some moments and made girl talk with Cassie in curlers.

"The girls tell me that you're 'gonna try being a girl for awhile. That's really interesting. I have several guys just like you that come into my hair salon pretty regularly. Most of them are older, but I have one mother that has been bringing her son in at least once a month since he was in grade school. She raised him as a girl and he even went to public school as a girl for several years. Now "he" attends a private all-girl's school somewhere back East and I don't see him as much. But they still come in once in a while to say hello. He's

turned into a pretty girl now. His mother said that he even has some boyfriends. So how long have you been a sissy?" Marsha asked pointedly.

The question hit Cassie like a slap. For some reason, Cassie had not thought of "himself" as being a sissy—or at least he had not yet thought to admit it.

He blushed. "I guess I'm just starting." The girls gave out a quick little giggle at the admission.

"Oh well, don't feel ashamed," added the beautician. "There are lots of nancy-boys that would be much better off as girls, just like there are girls that would be better boys. I see it all the time in my profession. *Lots* of boys would rather be pretty and are not cut out for all that macho garbage that men like to profess all the time. We even had a few of them in beauty school and now, I understand, they are working as women in hair salons. It seems that there is at least one sissy in every neighborhood and at least one in every high school. It's just a way of life, I guess, and really nothing unusual."

"We had this guy named Cody in our school that was kind'a like that," added Mary. He was preeeeety! His mother did his long hair for him and he even wore makeup sometimes to school and girl's earrings. All the girls liked him and he used to hang out with us, but all the guys picked on him so bad that he had to switch schools. I think he moved to San Diego or somewhere."

Marsha then took out Cass's curlers and then rinsed his hair. Then she dried it with a hair blower, applied some kind of finishing gel and then brushed it out. When she was done, Cassie sported a pretty feminine layered cut, with some curls over the ears in his dark brown hair with just a hint of light brown frosting at the ends.

“Good luck,” Marsha said. “You have a lot of courage and I’m sure you will be happier as a girl. After all, being a girl can be fun. Just try and enjoy it and have fun. I’m sure that Mary and Betsy and Margaret will be teaching you a lot.”

Marsha just gave Cassie the basics of makeup during the session and further instructed the girls for when they would be helping Cassie until Cassie learned to do her makeup on his own every day. She applied the usual facial cleanser, followed by a base, peachy blush and powder. For Cassie’s eyes, she used a dark brown liquid eyeliner and mascara with just a hint of peachy shadow.

“This will be just an all-around shadow that you can use for day wear. You can apply different colors, if you like, to match your dress for any special occasions. The girls will teach you. Now this lipstick I’m going to apply is more of an indelible lip stain that you use as a base. It won’t come off easily. You can wear it alone or you can add some regular lipstick over it. You can even wear it to bed and it won’t come off on your pillow. I just use it as a base and to outline the lips and then I finish with a creamy lipstick.” She finished with some creamy rose colored lipstick.

“It makes your lips look puffy and smootchie. The boys will like it.”

“Boys?” Cassie immediately reacted.

“Well, of course boys, silly. I’m sure you will be meeting lots of boys because you will be so pretty. As a girl, honey, you will simply have to learn to deal with them. It’s all part of being a pretty girl. Mary and Betsy need to talk to you about boys.”

The girls giggled. They could only *imagine* what Cassie was going to do with boys. They had heard what sissies have to do with boys but never gave it any real

thought until just now. They only knew that they would have to be teaching Cassie a *lot* about what to do with the boys to keep them all at bay.

Right after Marsha left the house, Kim came over. She also carried a case of tools and set up at a little portable table. She had Cassie sit across from her at the table and looked at Cassie's nails. First he had the girls bring a container of warm water and Cassie commenced to soak and then scrub out Cassie's fingernails with a nail brush. Then she cleaned them thoroughly and dried them before starting with her sculpturing.

"You need to do this every day. Give your nails a good brushing and use an orange stick like I'm doing here to clean them and to shape the cuticles. Once we shape them and put a good base on them, your daily maintenance will be easy. The object is to always keep them looking clean and fresh."

She gave Cassie a little French manicure with a blush pink coat of polish and with white nail tips. She added a nice shiny clear finish coat of polish and had Cassie sit still for an hour while her polish dried. During that time, the girls made more femmy chit-chat.

"Well, you're lucky to have such pretty nails to start with. We thought about giving you a colored coat of polish—say like a rose or a pink, but thought this would be better and more appropriate. We didn't want you to look too trashy as a girl to start. Bright red polish is okay for certain occasions and for professional ladies in business suits, like Margaret, but not so cool for day to day wear for girls our age. This style will go good with any outfit you decide to wear."

So Kim left after they had sandwiches for lunch and then the shopping commenced. First, as instructed by Margaret, the girls took Cassie's measurements with a

cloth tape and consulted some catalog charts to determine Cassie's feminine size. This would give them all a basis for which to go shopping at the mall that afternoon and in the days following.

For their first shopping trip at the malls, Cassie would wear one of Linda's elastic waist denim skorts with a peach button down blouse that seemed to fit and a pair of Linda's strappy leather open-toed, mid-heeled sandals. Under the skort, Cassie would have to wear pantyhose. While dressed in only a pair of snow white full cut brief panties in Linda's room, which would now be Cassie's room, Cassie sat on the bed while the girls instructed her about pantyhose.

"You'll get used to putting them on," said Betsy. "At first they will be a hassle to not get them all tangled up on your feet, but you will learn if you're gonna be wearing pantyhose a lot. Just be careful and gentle so you don't yank them and run them. Fit the feet first and then just kind'a scrunch them up and smooth them out."

"But Mom says that she thinks that Cassie should learn to be a girl and wear dresses with garter stockings. That's what she told me. She's going to buy Cassie a garter belt and maybe even a girdle to wear on Saturday at Macy's. She knows a lady who works there that will be helping fit Cassie."

"Oh that will be nice," Betsy said. "Then at least you will have a proper fit. I hate when my bra doesn't fit and I have to fight with it all day... and when the straps dig."

"Most girls don't hardly wear garter stockings anymore, except with special dresses for special occasions," Mary added. "Most girls just wear their pantyhose."

“Yes, honey. Put your pantyhose on over your pan-tees. That’s how most girls wear them. It’s supposed to be more sanitary and better for you that way.”

“Some girls don’t even wear any pan-tees on hot days, especially. But you better, dear, so you can keep that little thingy of yours tucked away and hidden.”

Both girls had been focused on any evidence showing of Cassie’s hairless little peenie under Cassie’s snow white nylon panties. This, to them was the most amusing of all. Most seventeen year old girls had never even *seen* a real one but had simply gossiped about them with the other girls or had heard stories told about what the men have down there. So Cassie’s little peenie would be the source of continuous feminine amusement for the twin teenaged girls.

“Oooooo, that must almost hurt when you have to tuck it back like that. But you better keep it hidden. Maybe Mom can get you some pills that will shrink it for you and make it really, really little. That would make it much easier for you to be like a girl.”

“Or maybe you should wear a little spandex thong under your pan-tees like the ballet dancers wear. We will have to see if we can get you some. They are called ballet gaffes.”

Cassie could only blush in shame at such female talk about gelding and infibulating what he had between his legs. “She” just wanted to keep her little hairless peenie hidden and out of sight and out of mind from the girls and all the women that would be seeing her in the next few days in all stages of undress. Cassie had not really started to feel any sensations down there as other more mature boys had already begun to do—and her peenie was not yet the center of her life as in other boys, but was simply still a thing of mere curiosity. All she knew

was that girls didn't have one down there and that to be a girl she would have to keep it absolutely hidden. She had already experimented with "tucking" in front of the mirror and so her panties would fit better, so she was somewhat already prepared for the girl's examining female eyes.

The pantyhose felt wonderful on Cassie--so sleek and so slippery on her hairless legs. And her short denim skirt that she wore seemed to glide over the nylon on her legs and gave her a feminine rush. The girls just had her wear one of Linda's spandex sport bras under her blouse, just "so her nipples wouldn't show through her blouse" and until Margaret could get her fitted for some real brassieres to wear.

"Under a thin blouse like this, Cassie, you should always either wear a camisole or a full slip over your bra, if you're wearing a skirt," Mary said. "It's much more ladylike. You wouldn't want the boys to be able to see your bra through your blouse, would you?"

"N...nooo," Cassie mumbled sheepishly at the almost mortifying thought of having any boys see her wearing a bra.

"You have to learn to always keep your undies hidden. They are to be enjoyed only by you and not to be seen by others. That's why you always have to be careful how you sit and stand and move as a girl, so as not to show off your undies. We girls all love our pretty undies. It's something that only we girls get to enjoy to make us feel pretty."

"But the boys like them on their girlfriends, too," smirked Betsy. "This I *know*. They're always trying to look up our skirts in school on the stairways and when we sit in class. But, I mean, what are they going to see? The lace of my slip? My pan-tees? I mean why is that so

much different than seeing me in a bathing suit or something?"

"It's just the idea of it, I guess," answered Mary. Boys are weird that way. Maybe it just gives them a stiffy from thinking about what a girl has under her dress." Betsy and Mary giggled together at the thought while Cassie could only sit there and blush and be a little ashamed of the sissy pants she was now wearing every day.

For all intents, Cassie could almost have stayed at home during their shopping trip to the mall as Betsy and Mary literally took over and made all the decisions for her. Margaret told them to pick out just the basic wardrobe to start out with, like tops and skirts that could be mixed and matched. She did put one insistence in there for the girls advising them that no pants would be bought. Cassie would have to learn how to be a girl from wearing skirts and dresses. So, from store to store they went together looking for skirts and blouses, sweaters and shoes in just the basic colors that could be mixed and matched—and put their selections into Lay Away for Saturday when Margaret could come and pay for all of it—or reject it.

At first, Cassie just stood aside as the girls made all the selections. Mary took the cloth measuring tape with her and used it to measure waistlines and such on the clothes on the rack—to determine the fit. In some stores, they had Cassie try on skirts and tops in the dressing room. Finally they had a pretty good idea of Cassie's size and that speeded up their shopping.

By the end of the week, they had it down and had picked out several nice things for Cassie to wear during her first months as a girl. During that week, Cassie spent her full time at home now wearing Linda's elastic waist skirts with a half slip and some new panties that

the girls had bought for Cassie. Now dressed full time in skirts at home, Cassie was taught the mannerisms of ladylike dress wearing. Over and over again, the girls corrected her and within days, Cassie was catching on. In fact, at times she even seemed to go a bit overboard with her mincing and swishing.

“You don’t have to swish so much, honey, like a sissy with limp wrists. You’re not a sissy. You’re a girl. Be like a girl.”

“I don’t know. I guess I just do it that way sometimes. I just seem to feel that way sometimes.” Cassie would say.

“Okay, I guess,” added Betsy. “Just be loose and natural. Don’t be so tight and rigid in your movements. If it comes out with limp wrists and overly mincing, so be it I guess. Maybe you’re just going to be more of a little priss than we figured. But that’s okay.”

Margaret noticed the difference, too. With just a few days of quality skirt wearing at home, Cassie was developing rapidly into an absolute, over-the-top pansy in her mannerisms and motions. With just a few more days of skirt wearing, she’d easily blend in while in public and would be accepted as a girl. *“It’s amazing,”* Margaret thought to herself one evening after dinner, *“how just a couple weeks of being pantied and a couple days of skirt wearing can literally in itself emasculate the inborn mannerisms of a male into those of a mincing, swishing little femme.”*

On Saturday, they took Cassie to Macy’s, where a lady friend of Margaret’s worked in the lingerie and foundations department. Margaret had called ahead to Carol and had made all the arrangements for a fitting for Cassie. With somewhat quivering knees, Cassie was

led by Margaret and the two girls back into the lingerie department, through the various displays of panties and bras and slips and girdles—and toward the back dressing room where they met Carol.

“Ooooo, so this must be Cassie,” Carol gushed. She was a middle aged lady with dark brown hair with just a hint of gray and worn in a shoulder length page. She wore a navy A-line skirt with a paisley print blouse and black high heeled pumps.

“Did you have a chance to look at any of the pretty brassieres that we have, dear?”

“N...nnn...no,” stammered the quaking sissy.

“Well, you go back in to the dressing room with the girls and take your skort and blouse off and I will come back and measure you. Then maybe Margaret and I can select some pretty brassieres for you to try on, that you can wear.”

Linda and Betsy led Cassie back into the ladies dressing room. It was a fairly large pinkish-beige carpeted room with some stuffed chairs and a couple couches for the ladies to sit—and with a few wooden benches up against the wall in the back. There was even what looked like a little children’s area—evidently as a place to occupy small children while their mommy tried on lingerie. Along the wall on one side was a row of curtained cubicles. Linda and Betsy had Cassie go into one of them and Cassie was instructed to take off her blouse and her skort and put them on the hooks on the wall. Within minutes, Cassie was standing in there, naked from the waist up and in just her snow white, full cut brief panties with a little lace trim around the leg openings.

Carol and Margaret soon came in and Carol went right to work in a complete no-nonsense manner. She

put the cloth measuring tape around Cassie's bust line in two places. Then she measured Cassie's back, her side hem, and from the small of her back, down through her pantied crotch and to the front of her natural waistline.

"Well, here's what I recommend," said Carol. "I have seen quite a few kids just like Cassie and I know what usually works out for them. You should start out with an "A" cup or a padded "A" for general wear. I think a simple training bra would be a bit juvenile at her age. Later on, if she develops, you can go to a larger cup size. I'd also recommend some spandex nylon thong pan-tees for her to wear for awhile under her regular panties—in order to keep her modest down there, if you know what I mean—until she learns to properly tuck. Some girls like Cassie use these and add kind of a little sheath to them that they sew on themselves to make them into a little ballet gaffe. Those girls make them for themselves in various colors, as well as in plain flesh tone to wear under their various colored pan-tees. Or they simply can wear flesh tone with any color pan-tee. I'd also recommend only full brief style pan-tees for maximum coverage. I know that the other girls will be wearing bikinis and hipsters but for girls like Cassie, full cut briefs are always the best and the most durable. We have some really nice pairs from Vanity Fair. A lot of girls even add more lace trim to them on their sewing machines to make them even more fancy and pretty under their dresses. Perhaps Cassie will even learn to sew some nice lace and appliqués on her own panties. Basic sewing is always a good thing for a girl to learn to do and stitching on lace trim is very easy on a machine."

So for the next two hours, Cassie stood in only her panties in the dressing room while the women brought forth various selections of brassieres and panties for

Cassie to try on over her own panties. In the end, they had selected an array of pretty lingerie. A wardrobe of undies any young girl would be proud to own.

“She should have a few slips to wear, too, with her dresses,” added Margaret.

“Why yes,” agreed Carol. “Proper ladies should always wear a nice little slip under their dress, not only for practical purposes to help their dress hang properly, but to make them feel pretty under their dress, too. Would you like us to pick you out some pretty slips to wear, Cassie.”

Cassie almost lisped like a total sissy at the thought when she answered, “Yesth.” And with that Margaret smiled and the girls giggled.

Then before long the women had picked out and came forth with an array of pretty slips in various colors of snow white, peach, pink and candle glow beige. “I think we should start her out with a little bit of lace hem on her slips. It will make her feel pretty and will be better as she learns how to be a girl,” Margaret said. Again, the girls giggled and eeeee’d at the very thought of Cassie wearing a pretty lace hemmed petticoat under skirts and dresses.

Margaret had insisted that Cassie learn how to be a girl while wearing gartered stockings, as opposed to elastic thigh highs or pantyhose. Carol agreed. “Having to learn to deal with garters will be good for her and will help in her comportment and her skirt management. It will teach her to keep her skirts down in a ladylike manner when she’s sitting and her lingerie hidden from view when she moves. It will help her learn to move properly like a pretty lady in her skirts and dresses.” So the women brought forth some garterbelts for Cassie to select and an old fashioned open bottom girdle.

“A good girdle will be good for her, too, to learn in—not only for support but to teach her mannerisms and posture. There’s nothing to make a lady feel like a lady than an old fashioned girdle. And I always recommend the old fashioned open bottomed type for siss... I mean girls like Cassie to learn in,” Carol almost slipped. She will feel the sleek girdle under her dress and her slip and will be constantly reminded to act ladylike. It’ll be good for her.”

So they selected some garterbelts in snow white cotton and spandex with side and back hooks for Cassie. Carol recommended more of the girdlette type of garterbelt having more material in the apron as opposed to just a wispy little thing that would not hold up in the laundry and not hold up her stockings as good. “If you would rather have pink or blue to match your pan-tees, honey, you can always dye your garterbelt to match. Some girls do that. Pastels are hard to find these days as most girls now wear only pantyhose. But white goes with anything, dear. So a white garterbelt with pink panties is perfectly pretty. And unlike your garterbelt, which should be worn under your pan-tees, as American girls traditionally do, you should always wear your girdle *over* your panties. In England, the girls there usually wear their garter belts--they call them suspender belts in England--*over* their pan-tees, but American girls do it the opposite. You will learn, dear. You’ll learn in your very first trip into the ladies room. Believe me,” she clucked.

“We prefer that she start out as an old fashioned type girl,” said Margaret. “I think she will be more apt to learn proper ladylike mannerisms if we keep her away from any mod look while she’s learning how to be a girl.”

“Why yes, I fully agree,” Carol said. “I have a couple of other mothers that bring their *girls* into the store and

they always insist on only garter pan-tees and sissy pants and lace hemmed slips and petticoats for their *girls*. They don't allow their *girls* to wear any pants at all. This one seventeen year old that comes in has never worn pants. Her mother has kept her in dresses and skirts since she was an infant. And you should see her now. She's an absolute lady and I'm sure that she has lots and lots of boys after her and seeking her favor. It would probably be nice for Cassie to meet her. Her name is Priscilla and she's very pretty now."

Just the thought of boys made Cassie blush in shame again while the twin sisters giggled at that same very thought.

"Oh, you should get her a pretty dress to wear today. The dress department is right next door. She can just walk over there through the back corridor in her new slip. She will look so much prettier in a dress."

So, after paying for the many articles of new lingerie and some new panties for Cassie, Carol led them through the back and into the dressing room for the dress department—with Cassie only wearing a new snow white, lace hemmed Vanity Fair full slip over one of her new brassieres and her panties. The dressing room was similar, only with even more couches for the ladies to sit upon. There were already a couple of middle aged women in there and trying on dresses. One lady was in a beige snip-it slip and was trying on a black dress in front of her young daughter and before a mirror. Another lady in her thirties was in her white bra and her white, lace hemmed half slip and was in a cubicle with the curtains drawn open—while two other ladies that were with her sat on one of the couches. They all looked at Margaret, the sisters and Cassie in her new slip as they walked in, but literally thought nothing of it as of yet. It was only when Mary blurted out, "Oh,

Cassie. Quit being such a scardy cat little sissy. Just be a girl. Nobody will care," that the women all took notice and smiled. The two thirtyish women on the couch started clucking like hens at the sight of what they immediately then perceived of Cassie as a pantywaist sissy in a slip.

"Ooooooo, he's preeeeeeeety." one of the women clucked. "He'll make a good little girly," remarked the other. Then they all watched as Margaret and the girls went out into the store to pick out some dresses for Cassie to try on while Cassie had to just stand there in her frilly slip in front of all the observing and clucking women.

"So how long have you been a sissy? Is this going to be your first dress?" asked the woman in the beige snip-it slip with her young daughter. The young girl just stood there and had little idea of what was really going on.

"Yes," Cassie could only answer to the strange woman, who seemed to be cooing in approval.

Then the little girl asked, "Mom? Is that really a boy?"

"Why yes, honey. But he's gonna be a girl today. *Lots* of boys like to be like girls once in a while and wear pretty slips and pan-tees and dresses...just like you. Isn't he pretty?"

"Yes," the little girl smiled broadly. "But he gets to wear lipstick."

"Yes, dear. You will be allowed to wear lipstick, too, when you get older."

"One of the women on the couch added, "All sissies like to wear lipstick. It makes them feel more femmy

and like a girl. Plus, I think it attracts the boys and the men.”

“What do you mean?” asked the lady next to her.

“Well, don’t you know what some sissies do? They learn to be like girls with the men?” the other giggled. “Most sissies can’t be with women so eventually....” She leaned over and whispered in the other lady’s ear and then they both giggled as the second lady’s eyes got wide and she made a puckering “O” with her lips toward Cass.

She then laughed. “It’s what sissies do.”

“Well he’s too young and pretty for that,” added the lady in the beige slip. “And I hope he never has to. He can just wear pretty dresses and ....”

“Impossible,” interrupted a sitting lady. “The dresses make them feel so girly and eventually that attracts the men....and the sissies learn to like that too.”

Cassie by now was in total shame and just stared down at the lace hem across his thighs—the lace hem of a lady’s slip that he was now wearing like a total hopeless pansy in front of everyone. More than at any time ever before he felt the lace hem and the soothing silkiness of his panties on his hips—and his first sensation of nothingness in the silken panty gusset between his legs. He felt totally dickless and a complete and utterly hopeless pansy in front of those women. Fortunately for him, Margaret and the girls came back in with some dresses and rescued Cass from the women’s humiliating remarks and they had Cass begin to try on some dresses in front of all the women.

After an hour or so, Cass was wearing a peach cotton shirtwaist with full skirt over her new white, lace hemmed slip. They also had put her in stockings and one of her new white cotton garterbelts. Even with the

sandals she wore on the shopping trip, she now looked like an absolute lady in her new dress. And little did she know, as she now stood there in her new cotton dress, that she'd probably never wear any pants again for a long, long time to come. On their way out of the store as they passed outside onto the sidewalk, a little breeze caught Cassie's hems and billowed the skirt of her thin cotton dress in front of her—and displayed a good glimpse of her lace hemmed slip.

“Ooooo, watch your skirts, Cassie,” Betsy squealed. “You can show the boys a little bit of your undies if you want, but you don't have to show them *everything!*”

Cassie could only blush deeply in shame as she fought down the front of her dress in the wind and hoped that none of the men saw her panties.

“Here, honey. You can carry my purse. Just act like a lady now and watch your skirts. You will have to learn, dear,” Margaret said to her.

With that, Cassie minced across the parking lot with Margaret and the girls and for the very first time in her life felt the breeze fluttering her skirts and the noonday sunshine on her nylons—reminding her more than ever before that she was now a sissy girl and wearing a frail and frilly dress. Her days of being a boy had just fledged away from her. She was a girl now—a total pansy—and would have to just learn to be a good one.

## AUNTIE'S HELPER

Day by day with constant skirt and dress wearing, Cass became more and more of a total pansy. It became almost routine for her to get up in the morning, take her shower, put on her panties and her brassiere, do her makeup and hair, and then put on nylons, garterbelt, slip, dress and shoes. Within a short time, Cassie's wardrobe had grown to where she no longer needed to

borrow any of Linda's things. Margaret and the girls spent one Saturday and packed up most of Linda's clothes and belongings and stored them in the attic in boxes. Cassie now had Linda's room all to herself as her very own girl's room with not a single bit of evidence of anything male in the room.

The girls still had their lives and their friends, so life went on in their household as Cassie learned to be a girl. After only a few weeks of constant dress and panty wearing, Cassie's mannerisms also changed and were becoming naturally femme. In fact, many times the girls made the remark, "Oh Cassie. You don't have to be so limp wristed and femmy all the time. You're such a sissy," they'd giggle. With these comments, Cassie could only blush in shame. But there seemed to be something about the constant wearing of panties, slip and dress that were really changing Cassie. Margaret even noticed that Cassie didn't even seem like the same person that entered their lives only a couple of months ago. She even seemed older and more mature. And Cassie began to notice how the panty wearing alone was seemingly infibulating her. She started noticing how much easier it seemed to tuck and hide her little peenie, which seemed to be getting smaller and more limp and worthless like a stubby little wet noodle—and how much better her panties seemed to fit.

She had indeed taken up sewing as the women had suggested. Margaret had gotten her a sewing machine with a box of accessories and notions at a yard sale and every day Cassie had practiced and read books on elementary sewing. In no time, she was well adept in adding lace trim to her panties—around the leg openings—and she did so with nearly every pair in her drawer. When the girls saw this, they giggled furiously and chided Cassie.

“Oooooo! Such pretty pan-tees! So absolutely sissy! Pussy pants,” they giggled. “You must really *like* being a girl, don’t you.” Margaret often overheard such comments and where she used to try and stop them so as not to cause Cassie such humiliation from their girlish teasing, she now let most of it go. “*Cassie will just have to learn to deal with the teasing and name calling,*” Margaret would think to herself. “*As a pansy, she will be getting lost of teasing in her life, so she may as well just get accustomed to dealing with it.*”

Cassie also learned to make her own little gaffes from spandex thong panties that they would buy for her. She’d construct a little sheath from nylon tricot material and attach it to the inside of the thong. Then, she could tuck her little peenie into the silken sheath, from the top of the thong, downward—and then tuck everything backwards into her crotch as she put the thong onto her hips and where the stretchy material would keep her tucked way back and invisible. When she was done and put on her panties over the gaffe, little or no evidence of her ever being a boy could be seen down there. If anything, it would only appear the she had a little *mons* in the gusset of her silken, lace trimmed, full cut brief panties. For all intents and purposes, she had absolutely nothing between her legs now and was just like a girl down there in her panty vee.

This too caused her to refrain from even thinking about it anymore. For all practicality, her peenie became nothing but in the way and something to be hidden away in shame. Unlike almost all seventeen year old boys, she never even fiddled with it or looked at it in the mirror. About the only time she really even touched it anymore was in the bath—and even then it was more of an attention that one would only give a shameful growth or something like that.

It was in her second month of wearing dresses that Margaret decided that she better take Cassie to see a psychologist and a physician, to make sure things were going to be done right. Margaret saw how Cassie was becoming more and more emasculated from merely being pantied and from constant dress wearing. The lady psychologist visited with Cassie and then referred her to another lady gynecologist and endocrinologist to begin a regimen of female hormones.

For that appointment, Cassie wore a little navy blue pleated skirt, one of her now many lace trimmed half slips—this one in snow white under her skirt and with just her panties and no stockings this time. She wore anklets and black leather pumps and carried a matching purse. Margaret had told her that she would probably have to strip for examination by the doctor and it would be easier if she didn't wear her garters and stockings for her medical appointments.

Sure enough, the lady doctor had Cassie take off her clothes in the exam room in front of the female nurse and then get up on the exam table. The nurse then put Cassie's feet up into the metal stirrups, much as any girl would have a vaginal exam. Although highly humiliating for the sissy, she was now getting her first true and practical experience of what it meant and felt like to have a pussy between her legs. The lady doctor examined Cassie's little peenie and took notes onto her chart. Then she put on a latex glove, lubricated it liberally with jelly and then examined Cassie's quivering bottom as Cassie could only lay back on the exam table with her legs spread wide and her ankles in the metal stirrups and receive it as the doctor checked her.

"Have you ever been penetrated here, dear?" the lady doctor asked her. "Have you ever had anything up inside you here?"

“Well, no,” Cassie blushed and could only whimper, knowing full well what the doctor was referring to.

“Well that’s good, honey. But you must always be prepared just in case. I imagine that one day you will. It happens to nearly all girls like you eventually and you must learn to take care of yourself and protect yourself down there. I’m going to prescribe some pills that will make it easier for you to accept a feminine role. Also, I will give you some nice lubricant crème that will help you take care of yourself...just in case...”

Cass knew nothing like THAT could happen but the suggestion was chilling! Cass had such high hopes and was putting his heart on the line. The concept made sense but he still found himself a little freaked. But he wasn’t about to let his jitters and insecurities ruin the exhilaration.

Cassie was allowed down from the table and was allowed to dress while the doctor talked to Margaret. The nurse was there in the room to help Cassie dress and even offered to help Cassie fasten her brassiere and help her with her white spandex thong gaffe that she wore under her snow white lace trimmed brief panties.

“Pretty pan-tees,” the lady nurse could only comment to the sissy when she saw them. “Isn’t it fun to be so pretty?” The nurse chatted about how exciting the changes in body would be and reassured that it was acceptable to ask “intimate” questions.

But Cassie knew that this was more than changing from flats to high heeled shoes. It was all so complicated being thrust into the world of women but the decision was no longer in his hands.

Cassie was given a prescription and some samples to get started, and was instructed to take her two pills, a

purple oval shaped one and a little yellow one, every morning.

“Don’t miss a one!” the nurse instructed. “Missing even a few doses greatly decreases their influence. It’s best if you take your pills at the same time every day, like brushing your teeth in the morning. Never skip a pill — even if you get headaches or feel queasy. All of these are normal side effects which some boys experience and which usually disappear after a few monthly pill cycles.”

Cass was in a daze. When walking out of the clinic, Cassie could now almost feel for one of her first times what it might mean to be “receptive” between her legs. She could still feel the lubricant from the doctor’s probing finger and could feel the soothing of the vaginal crème that the doctor had applied there. A frisky little morning breeze fluttered Cassie’s pleated skirt and as she walked to the parking lot she could feel the lace hem of her little half slip against her naked thighs. It was a totally girly feeling and one that would forever remind Cassie that she was all dressed up like a girl in public. But for some unknown reason, Cassie seemed to relish this feeling. She *liked* wearing a pretty skirt and slip in public. She really *liked* being so girl-like.

“Oooo, you’re such an absolute sissy,” Betsy said to Cassie in the car as they sat in the back seat while Margaret drove. With Mary and Betsy on either side of her in the back seat and with the feeling of the lace hem of her pretty half slip across her naked thighs and the knowledge that her bottom had just been examined by a gynecologist...a doctor that was encouraging and assuming that she would soon be entertaining men in a most intimate way...like a female. Cassie could only feel embarrassed—an absolute, hopeless and total pansy.

Cassie took the pills every morning. Within about a week she started noticing the effects. Her nipples started getting tender and sensitive and she had to start wearing tricot lined brassieres to relieve her of the tenderness there. She also noticed that she seemed to have to pee a lot more than before, like a girl, but this caused her little problem and she merely dealt with it like any girl had to do.

After about ten days, Cassie noticed that her sissy titties were starting to swell and her areolas were getting puffy and starting to get darker pink in color. Real visible effects were became apparent and there was plenty of action going on behind her nipples and areolas. The tenderness there was very exciting, and the little spurts of the sensitivity could take her breath away.

“Congratulations,” Margaret announced, “you’re on your way to being like a woman!”

What could have been a wonderful and exciting time full of changes, hopes, dreams was suddenly marred by the dreaded morning sickness.

The doctor was called and said, “Ninety percent of boys experience discomfort and nausea from estrogen. It’s a part of emasculation and will fade away.”

There were many mood swings, as Cassie’s hormones fluctuated and settled into being estrogen based. She was happy and excited one minute about a new skirt...then grumpy and emotional the next.

Simple things like painting her nails or picking out the wrong outfit could set her off. She’d yell and start crying, “I hate being a girl!”

“Too bad,” Margaret stated. “Sure there are a lot of disadvantages to being a girl...but look at you. You could never be a boy again.”

And there was the “change into something more decent” discussions. Margaret had to explain that in the wrong dress, being a boy wouldn’t keep Cass from becoming a rape victim.

The changes and the awakening kept coming. The bras Cass was forced to wear would push everything UP at the expense of her comfort. Sometimes there was a painful pinching sensation.

Cass found herself growing increasingly cranky. Then one day Margaret said, “Cass! That bra is too small for you! I’m buying you some real bras...you have a real nice set of titties going there.”

The moment the new bras cupped Cassie’s boobies, she was thrilled. They fit! The cups fit over the mounds and were a perfect fit! No matter how much she moved and wiggled, the bra didn’t slide up her chest.

And meanwhile, her little boyhood seemed to be shriveling into infibulation and became much easier to tuck back into her gaffe and hide in the gusset of her panties. Her panties seemed to fit better. She was becoming more and more emasculated by the day. Her arms seemed to become weaker and more limp and frail while her bottom and her upper thighs began to plump out a bit. Now, when she stood in her panties and looked at herself in the mirror, she only saw an expanding plump bottom encased in her lace trimmed panties and a very girlish appearing panty vee in front.

As a daily routine, Cassie seemed to take interest in and take charge of domestic chores. She’d put on one

of her flouncy bib or pinafore aprons over a house dress and seemed to relish in working in the kitchen or doing the ironing and keeping house. For this, Margaret was grateful. “Oooo, you’re such a pretty little helper,” Margaret would say when she came home from work and found that her house was completely maintained from Cassie’s efforts. In the afternoons, while the two twin girls went out and about, Cassie would confine herself to her sewing projects. She would spend seeming hours at her sewing machine, her ironing board and the layout table that Margaret had gotten for her. Almost every Saturday, Cassie would be in the local fabric store with the women and would be buying material or notions for her sewing projects.

Margaret could only smile to herself whenever she came home from the office and saw her little “Holly Homemaker” usually at work in the kitchen, wearing a pretty day dress with one of her flounced bib aprons and preparing their dinner. On one of these particular evenings, however, there would be a distraction. Literally from out of nowhere, Cassie’s birth father whom everyone thought missing or deceased—and who nobody in the family had heard from for some thirteen years, and decided to make his presence known. The doorbell rang. Betsy answered the door, Margaret recognized him from the many years that he had been absent, and she allowed him to enter. He had been in extreme Northwest Alaska and had been working on the oil pipelines all these years, had accumulated a bit of wealth and now wanted to make a comeback with his son. Needless to say, the man was in complete shock when he found him.

Cassie was in the kitchen when he came in and, of course, did not recognize her birth father as he had left the family when Cassie was but an infant. So, in her

peach colored, full skirted cotton shirtwaist dress and wearing her white flouncy bib apron that she had tied in back with a big white bow, she came forth to meet him. And as she came around the corner carrying some sort of tray into the living room, her skirts fluttered and the man could not help but get a quick glimpse through the thin material of her dress, of the pretty floral lace hem on Cassie's white nylon slip. Cassie was wearing bright rose lipstick and she had her dark brown hair pulled back and into a little peach colored scrunchie. When the man noticed her sleek nylons and her bone colored, mid-heeled open toed sling-backs that revealed evidence of her crimson polished toe nails through the dark toes of her nylons, the man flipped.

"What the hell is this?" the man could only ask. "Is this Cass? In a damn dress? What the heck have you women been doing to him? Turning him into a pansy fairy?"

As soon as the scene started to become evident to Cassie, she fled to the upstairs with the sissy giving her father yet one more glimpse of the lace of her slip underneath her peach colored cotton dress—as well as the dark tops of her cinnamon colored stockings—as she fled up the stairs. Cassie fled to her room by the stairs, shut the door, sat on her bed in shame and could not help but overhear the argument in the living room between her birth father and her Aunt Margaret.

"Well, what did you expect and what do you care, anyhow," argued Margaret in Cassie's defense. "You are the one that abandoned your own family. Who should even care about you or what you think about Cassie?"

"So its Cassie now, is it? Why not even more of a pansy name like Mildred or Percy? I suppose you got him wearing panties, too and are making him completely dickless."

“So what. We let Cassie wear what she likes and be whatever she likes.”

“Does SHE like to go parading around and shaking HER candy ass in a woman’s dress? Is that what you are raising my son to be? A damn fairy?”

“How dare you. Get out,” Margaret demanded.

Before he finally left with a slam of the front door, Cassie sat in her room and heard most of the arguing. She overheard him yell words such as fairy and queer and pansy and sissy—which brought Cassie to the verge of tears. She looked down at her stockinged legs as she sat on the edge of her bed. Her frail, wispy, peach colored cotton dress had hiked up a bit across her legs as she sat and she could see the lace hem of her silky slip peek out from under her thin dress and across her nyloned thighs. Whenever she moved, she could feel the silky sheen of her nylon panties against her pantied bottom as her panties would glide across the slippery nylon of her pretty slip. It was a sensation that only a girl or woman in a dress would ever feel. Then the front door slammed and it was quiet. Margaret came upstairs to Cassie’s room and found Cassie there sitting on the edge of her bed. Margaret sat down next to her.

“It’s okay, dear. Don’t worry about him. Who cares what he thinks. He’s a bum and you’ll never see him again. You don’t need him. We are your family now and it’s okay with us if you feel like you want to wear a dress and be like a girl. We understand, honey. So don’t cry. It’s all right,” as Margaret consoled the poor sissy with a motherly hug. “If you feel like you belong in a dress, then you *should* wear a dress. I mean, who really cares? It’s none of their business if you want to be a girl. And besides, you make a very pretty girl and a nice little helper and probably should be girl anyhow after all. I’d much rather see you grow up as a happy girl than to

turn out like a no-good, drunken beast like him. Let him go. He won't be back. Who cares about him?"

It took a few days for Cassie to come out of her mood—and when she came out; she came out more femmy and swishy than ever. The girls certainly noticed it and so did Margaret. Cassie seemed to be more mincing and limp-wristed than ever in her dresses as she worked around the house. And whenever they went to the supermarket, Margaret couldn't help but notice how much more Cassie seemed to be swishing her pantied fanny and fluttering her pretty skirts enticingly as she carried her little purse in front of all the young males.

It would be almost inevitable, Margaret could only think, before her newly pantied niece would be asked out and the men would truly be attracted to her girlish charms.

Margaret was fully aware that all the pills were just an elaborate scheme to increase Cass' estrogen levels to that of a girl. And that was working. The doctor had suggested the feminizing effects could be reversed once medication ceased but that depended on the dosage and the length of time Cass took them.

Margaret noticed how Cassie's bottom had seemingly become plump and how it seemed to jiggle through her thin dress, slip and panties when she walked in front of the men. And she noticed how Cassie's sissy breasts had also blossomed inside her pretty brassieres that she now wore entirely. Her face had softened, too, and with her thinly plucked eyebrows and her creamy rose lipstick and permanently stained lips, Cassie looked every bit the little bewitching female minx to the young men.

They were all the sign's of youth and fertility...only the symbols of a female at her most fertile. Cassie's

facial features were full, wide eyed, rosy cheeked with those full heart-shaped, pink lips that the boys would want to use.

Margaret walked into Cassie's room and there she was in front of the mirror staring at her chest. Margaret tried to act normal, even though she was surprised by the formed chest. She said softly, "You need to make sure you wear a top in front of other people."

Cass reached her hands up and touched her chest. "Do you like having boobs?"

"We call them breasts," Margaret corrected.

"Men like to look at them, right?"

Margaret could only know then that it would only be a matter of time before one of those men would come on to Cassie and would show her what it really means to be a girl.

Summer ended and it became time for school. Margaret intended to send Cassie to a private girl's school but there would be no openings for her until winter. So for the fall, she would just have to attend the local public high school. Margaret used all the power and influence she could muster as an attorney and managed to get Cassie registered into school as a girl. Papers were presented to the school administration from Cassie's physician and her psychologist that almost compelled the school to admit Cassie and exempt her from any physical education classes. She would also be permitted to use the girl's restrooms as one undergoing a program of sexual reassignment as long as she kept her secret and would cause no problems. But how long, in a high school full of gossiping girls, could such a secret remain?

**FIRST DAY...**

Cassie's first day in high school as a girl was very memorable for her and a day she would never forget. Margaret drove the girls to school on that first day. Cassie sat in the back seat with Betsy and could not help but be apprehensive about what awaited her in those halls. She looked down at the frail and thin paisley print polyester shirtwaist dress that she chose to wear for her first day at school. It was short sleeved, full skirted, and hemmed just at the knees in a very ladylike length. But the shiny thin fabric was thin, and through its opaque material Cassie could see the evidence of the lace trim of her pretty peach colored slip that she wore to school that day under her dress.

As an afterthought in the car, Cassie reached down to adjust her skirts and raised the skirt of her dress up a bit to check her garter tabs to make sure they were still attached properly to her stocking tops. Then Betsy commented to her, "You better keep your dress down today, honey, and don't let the boys catch sight of those garters and that lace—or you will have so many of them calling you that you won't be able to handle it." Cassie could only shuck down her dress back down over her stockinged knees and blush at the very thought of the boys in school.

They pulled up in front of the school and the girls got out and headed for the front door. There was already a virtual gauntlet of students for the girls to pass through on their way into the school and into the halls. A frisky morning breeze immediately caught the hem of Cassie's dark blue paisley dress and billowed it a bit in front—and almost surely gave all the awaiting boys a quick glimpse of Cassie's slip lace in front.

She could hear a few whistles as she walked up the stone steps of the school in her pretty dress, slip, nylons

and navy blue mid-heeled pumps. At the doorway, another little breeze caught the back of her skirts and fluttered them for the boys to see. But what Cassie probably remembered the most of that morning was her walking down the long hallway of the school on the way to her home room. The sound of her high heels clicking on the tile surface of the hall sounded almost like gunshots to her as they announced to all the boys the presence of a girl walking. To Cassie, every boy in that hall seemed to stop whatever he was doing and to focus his attention to the source of the sound of Cassie's high heels and the appearance of "a new girl in school."

As Cassie walked through and again felt the lace of her slip fluttering around her nylons just above her knees, she was once again reminded that she was all dressed up like a girl and wearing a sissy dress in public and in full view. She could also almost feel the nothingness between her legs and in the silken gusset of her pink panties where her little secret was kept tucked well back, hidden and gaffed. She almost felt like she had a little pussy down there in her pink lace panties as she minced past the lineup of boys in that hall. She was a dickless pansy and she was being reminded of it once again. She heard a few quiet whistles and noticed some amusing stares from the boys—and a few giggles from the girls. Did they already know her secret? She could only blush in shame and fear at the very thought of it.

Just like almost all high school girls, as soon as Cassie got to school and before home room, she headed for the girls restroom. Betsy and Mary had parted from Cassie and had gone off to their own classrooms. Alone now, Cassie went into the girl's restroom. The restroom was completely crowded with chattering and gossiping and squealing girls when she walked in. There was a lineup at the sinks and mirrors as the girls put final

touches on makeup and hair. Cassie could see a kaleidoscope of colors in there from all the colorful outfits that the girls wore. And she saw what would be an absolute smorgasbord for any boy—of girls raising their skirts and adjusting pantyhose, slips, stockings and panties. In only the presence of other girls, the girls would not even hesitate to hoist up their own skirt and slip and to adjust their panties while they continued to talk in front of the makeup mirrors.

“Hey, I heard a rumor that there might be a guy in school that is registered as a girl and is going to class as a girl,” Cassie could barely hear a little blonde whisper as she passed by the row of sinks and mirrors on her way to the privacy of a stall. As Cassie closed and locked the door of a restroom stall behind her she could hear giggling and light squeals—and could only wonder if the girls already knew that she was the one that they had heard rumors about—that the rumor was true and that the sissy in the pretty blue paisley dress in their presence was really a nancy-boy. So Cassie could only hike up her dress and slip, lower down her panties and her gaffe and sit on the cold seat to pee like a girl as she listened through the stall door at all the whispering, gossiping and giggling of all the high school girls.

“Eeeeeee!” one of them squealed and Cassie could only imagine what that was about. Did one of them figure it out? Did the girls in the restroom figure out that Cassie was actually a boy? She got another subtle hint when she left the stall and a girl with an auburn ponytail said to her, “If you need a fresh tampon, honey, the machine is jammed. But I have an extra in my purse if you need one.”

“No thank you,” Cassie could only respond in her best feminine voice. “I’m okay for today.” And that girl and a

couple of other girls smiled broadly as Cassie passed by them and went towards the door.

In her homeroom, she sat down in her assigned seat in the middle of the class. Her homeroom teacher, Mrs. Rath, was in her fifties and a veteran, no-nonsense English teacher. She made each new student to the school stand up at their desk and introduce themselves. When she motioned to Cassie, Cassie stood up and announced in a quaint voice,

“Hi, I’m Cassie Hodge and I’m new here this year. I’m from California.” Then she sat down at her desk and smoothed her dress as she could hear a few giggles from some girls in the back and some faint whistles from a the boys. She could only blush and feel completely vulnerable in her thin, frail, paisley shirtwaist and with her dainty lingerie underneath.

Classes that day and that first week seemed to go by rapidly for the sissy. Like most girls that were not planning on going to college, Cassie chose classes such as typing, shorthand, home economics and feminine hygiene and health. During what normally would be her phys-ed period, Cassie went to study hall. It was in there one afternoon where she drew the attention of her very first boyfriend.

She could tell that Paul had been eyeing her. He sat next to her in study hall and Cassie could almost feel his eyes focusing on her nylons. Being somewhat of a little minx and applying some tricks that she was learning from the girls, she purposely at times gave Paul little enticing glimpses of a bit of her slip lace as she would smooth out her skirts to sit down at her desk. She also noticed how he would almost wait by stairways so he could purposely follow her up the stairs and be able to look up her skirt. Finally, Paul approached her in the

hall after school one day. He introduced himself and asked her out on a date.

“Maybe we could study together sometime after school. My parents are never home until late and you can come over to my place and we could study together. I only live about two blocks from the school, so you could just tell your parents that you are going to the library or something, but instead come over to my house.”

“I don’t know. I’ll have to think about it,” Cassie answered sheepishly. “I’ve never been with a boys on my own yet, and am not sure what my Auntie would think.

“Oh, that’s okay. I promise I will treat you nice. You’re very pretty, you know.”

“Thanks,” Cassie responded as she felt so vulnerable before him in her frail dress and feeling the lace hem of her dainty snow white Vanity Fair slip around her stocking tops—and feeling more than ever before the absolute nothingness between her legs and in the gusset of her matching snow white lace trimmed panties. This was a real boy and Cassie felt like a real girl before him. “I’ll just have to think about it for awhile, first.”

Then things came to somewhat of a head in Cassie’s Home Economics class when one of the girls in class confided in her and revealed that Cassie’s secret was indeed known by some of the girls.

“So how long have you been a sissy?” a brunette girl named Alice asked her. Cassie was somewhat mortified at the question and merely froze and didn’t answer. “Oh, it’s okay, honey. We know. We’ve known since about the first week of school. But we girls—about ten of us--all think it’s kind’a neat that you would want to be a girl like us. And we want to help you. Would you like to be our friend—our secret girlfriend?”

"I guess that would be okay," Cassie simpered. "If you already know. But please don't tell. I'm afraid of what could happen, especially with the boys."

"Oh, don't worry about them. We girls will take care of you and protect you, honey. Those boys are all boast, anyhow. We girls know how to keep them at bay. You just hang with us for awhile and we'll show you how to take care of the boys so they treat you nice."

Cassie agreed and soon she had a group of about ten girls that she hung out with in the halls, in classes and after school. The girls, with their feminine motherly instincts, took Cassie under their wings and showed Cassie some of the ways and wiles of being a teenage girl. Cassie participated with them at their pajama parties and little klatches after school. She heard their conversations, especially about the almost constant subject of the boys and Cassie started to learn what girls really do with the boys and how to attract them.

Cassie soon began to emulate the other girls more and more. If one girl wore a particular skirt or dress that Cassie liked, she would ask her Auntie Margaret if she could have one just like it. She also asked that her skirts could be hemmed shorter and that she could have certain scents and perfumes to wear—or certain shades of lipstick. This, of course, got her Aunt Margaret wondering.

"You want shorter skirts because that's the way the other girls are wearing them? Well, I guess that would be okay, honey, but you will have to be even more careful how you sit and move in them or the boys will be able to see your pretty lingerie. You wouldn't want that, would you, dear?"

"N...no," Cassie answered shyly. But inside her mind she was already thinking about how she could tease the

boys with glimpses of her pretty lingerie as the other girls were teasing her. And she especially thought about how she would be teasing Paul, the guy that kept after her about going over to his house after school. For some reason, Cassie was becoming attracted to his attention.

So in the weeks that came, Cassie began to accumulate a wardrobe of shorter skirts and dresses to wear to school. They were not mini-length as a lot of the girls started to wear, but still a ladylike and manageable length at above the knees. She also had to buy some shorter length slips and half slips so her lace hems wouldn't show whenever she moved in her shorter skirts. And on her sewing machine, with the now refined sewing skills she had from continuous practice, she managed to shorten the hem on quite a few of her favorite dresses and skirts that she already had in her closet.

Margaret also noticed that Cassie was wearing even more makeup and lipstick to school now, and was giving more and more attention to her hair and her nails. Her hair had grown out a bit and she was now able to curl it even more. Margaret noticed that Cassie put up her hair in rollers now every weekend and slept in curlers like the other girls. It became common to see Cassie on Saturday morning at the breakfast table in her pink, waltz length nightgown and wearing her terry pastel blue robe and some slippers, with her hair up in curlers and wearing a pink hair bonnet over her rollers. Margaret began thinking that Cassie was becoming all girl now and that it would only be a matter of time before she found out about the boys and what it really means to be like a girl. That time would indeed come very, very soon.

At the pajama parties and after school parties with the other girls, Cassie really started to learn their ways and wiles from just hearing their conversations and gossip. As any high schools girls would do, the subject of their conversations were mostly about fashion, makeup, movie stars, music and boys—and mostly about boys. It's when Cassie really started to learn what girls *did* with those boys that got her wondering and thinking.

“Oh, that guy Robert in my English class is such an absolute animal,” one blonde girl named Annie said at a Saturday afternoon get together that Cassie was invited to at one of the girl's homes. “All he ever thinks about is sex and his weenie. I swear, sometimes that's where all his brains go.”

“Ooooo, is it big? asked a brunette named Ginger. “Has he showed it to you? I heard that some guys can be really big down there.”

“Ugh, it's big enough when it gets stiff. You wouldn't believe.”

“You make it get stiff for him,” one of the other girls giggled.

“I can't help it. I think he keeps it stiff all the time. It's kind'a fun teasing him when he gets like that, though. It's like he's almost in pain and needs me to relieve it for him.”

“Well, what do you do? What does he make you do?” asked Ginger again.

“Sometimes he just wants me to use my hand but lately he has been wanting me to use my mouth on it. That's what he really likes and he always treats me so nice afterwards.”

“Eeeeeewww! Your mouth? You let him put it in your mouth?”

“Oh, it’s not so bad. I saw my older sister doing a guy like that on our living room couch when I was younger. She told me that all girls do it eventually, so I just figured I may as well learn to do it for the guys earlier rather than later.”

“What does it taste like? Is it bad?”

“No. It really doesn’t taste like much of anything. Just about the same as sucking on your own thumb, I guess. It’s just a skin taste or a cologne taste if he’s wearing cologne. I don’t mind it at all unless he takes too long to shoot and then my mouth just gets tired. But if you learn to drag your lower lip just under the head of it, that always seems to work to get the guy to shoot right away and get done.”

“You let him shoot in your mouth? Eeeeeeee! Yuck!”

“Yeah, if you don’t, it can get kind’a messy and stain your dress. It’s not bad and doesn’t taste like anything. It’s actually just kind’a bland tasting and goopy is all.

“Oooooo!”

So this is what Cassie listened to from the girls—how to “please” the boys. And she soon found out that almost all of the older high school girls were doing it with their boyfriends. She also noticed that the girls that did it a lot were always the popular ones and most sought after by the boys—and were treated the nicest by them.

In her room by herself, Cassie began to think about having what girls did for boys and what it would be like if she ever had to do one. Was it the steady dose of estrogen? Was it the months of wearing dresses? Cass thought, “I guess doing THAT is part of being a girl?”

She tasted her own thumb to see what it would be tasting like. She looked at herself in the mirror and

formed her lipsticked mouth into a receptive "O" as the girl had told her they have to do whenever they do a boy.

The idea was embarrassing to think about but Cass knew that doing anything like a boy again was out. She even started to wear more creamy lipstick as the girls told her that the boys seemed to think that somehow lipstick wearing was an indicator of being open. One girl even justified the idea by reference to early Roman times when the women would stain their lips with berry juices to make them look like labial lips for use by the Roman warriors after their battles.

The next visit to the doctor, Cass reluctantly asked the doctor if doing a boy could be harmful.

"To you?" the doctor laughed. "No, dear. You are experiencing a wide flush of potent estrogens that have taken over. With each day now, your system is completing the process. As you go through a female puberty, you will notice all sorts of feelings taking place. Being boy crazy is a natural part of growing into a young lady and nothing to over obsess about."

"So doing what the girls do won't hurt me?"

"You are wearing pretty jewelry, a cute dress, make up, and hormonally fixed. Your body has already developed where it will only lure and entice males. So you might as well get used to being the object of the boys' lusty attention. I think it's time we gave you a little injection and finish you up...."



It didn't take long after that for Cassie. What really convinced her was when she came home unexpectedly early one day from school and noticed some light squealing emanating from the family room downstairs. She thought for a moment it was a little puppy or something for that is what it sounded like. Then she heard some talking and recognized her Auntie's voice and some grunting men's voices. For some reason, rather than making any noise, she crept halfway down

the stairs to see what was going on down there. That's when she saw it happening.

Two men were down there with Auntie Margaret. They had her bent forward over the back of the family room couch. The hems of her dress and her slip were both pushed up in back and well up onto the small of her back. One man was standing in back of her and was pistoning his thick, stiff maleness up under her white open bottomed girdle. Cassie could see the big veiny thing going in and out of Margaret as it took some effort on the part of the man to hold Margaret's bottom steady while he jogged his in and out of her from the rear. The other guy was standing in front of her. He had his trousers unzipped and his stiff one was buried deeply in and out of Margaret's mouth. To Cassie, it looked as big as a loaf of French bread. Margaret seemed to be squealing and gagging on the two men as they both used her—and as Cassie watched.

At first, it appeared like they had attacked her but Cassie quickly realized Margaret was an eager participant.

Cass watched for a bit then Cassie sneaked back up the stairs and went quietly into her room and did not come back out until Margaret and the two men had left.

*"So that is what the girls have been talking about and what women have to do with the men,"* Cassie could only think to herself in the days that followed.

*"It really didn't look that bad,"* she thought. *"In fact, Auntie Margaret actually looked like she liked it afterwards and was really happy. She was even smiling and joking with the men as they left. Maybe the girls are right. Maybe it isn't so bad after all and maybe it's even kind of nice to do what girls have to do and to be like a real girl,"* Cassie thought.

**A QUICK STUDY...**

In her after school “study” meetings with Paul at Paul’s parent’s house, they inevitably started to make out. At first it was just kissing, which Cassie actually seemed to like and didn’t mind. But then Paul started feeling Cassie’s budding sissy breasts through the cups of her brassiere and Cassie learned to just let him go. In fact, his feeling her breasts seemed to give her some warm, tingling feelings in her breasts and in her belly. Then he started putting his large hand on her pantied belly and whispered, “Your figure is soft and luscious. I love your hips...they are so womanly.”

Cassie liked the curves too. But in later “study” meetings, Cassie got worried. Paul was muscles and schmuscles...so strong and manly. At first she resisted his trying to put his hand up under her dress. But he seemed so determined and so dominating and strong. Finally she just let him go just so far before she would push his hand away and break off his kissing. She would allow him to examine and to finger the lace hem of her slip under her dress. Especially when he whispered to her, “I really like the lace.”

Then she allowed his hand to go up farther under her dress and to finger her stocking tops, her garter tabs and the bare skin on her smooth plump thighs above her nylons. It was when he lightly brushed her silken panty gusset and her hidden secret that she had to stop him.

“Stop,” she would tell him. “I can’t.”

“But I just want to touch it,” he would whisper to her. “I want to feel you through your panties. It won’t hurt, I just want to feel it.” But Cassie continued to say, “No,” and this frustrated her new boyfriend to no end.

He pleaded, “I really like you. I wouldn’t mind if you got pregnant. I would marry you....”

On another makeout session, Paul convinced Cassie to allow him to get between her legs on the couch and to mount her as any husband would do his wife. "I promise I won't try and put it in," he lied to her. "I just want to feel what it's like against you." So Cassie allowed him to lay her back and hoist up her dress and her pretty white lace trimmed slip in front. Then she spread her stockinged legs wide for him as he mounted her in a wifely position on the couch. As they kissed, Cassie could hear him unzipping himself. And she lay back with her legs spread wide around him as he rubbed his fully erect manhood against her silken lingerie.

Cass wasn't worried about what Paul would feel. The hormones and panty training had created a insignificant flatness that was totally without any male function and was tucked easily up with the silken panty gusset.

But Cass was shocked and impressed by what she felt between her legs. Pinned down, with Paul's full weight pressing down, Cass suddenly wanted up. But before Cass could express any fears, Paul shot his seed all over her snow white panties, slip and dress. The sticky mess was everywhere! Paul gasped, "I couldn't help it," and quickly left so Cass could clean up. Cass was really starting to learn what it meant to be a girl.

At first, Cassie was totally repulsed at what had happened. Then, for some unknown reason, it wasn't all that bad. In fact, she found herself becoming rather intrigued by the warm sticky lava that was seemingly everywhere. Cass took off her dress and ran off to the bathroom to wash the spots in embarrassment at what she had just done. In the mirror, her slip had a big wet stain at her belly and her panties were like she'd wet her pants.

But just like the girls had told her, it really wasn't that bad and really wasn't big deal as long as the stains

came out. From a bit of curiosity as she was washing his essence off her slip, she took a quick little taste of it. The girls had been right about this too. To Cassie, it just tasted like nothing and was just a little creamy but mostly just watery.

Cass wanted to make sure. She remembered what the girls had said about what girls have to do for their boyfriends—and how it wasn't that bad and how the guys liked it so much. She also remembered how one girl had told her how warm and feminine she would feel after doing it.

The girls were always so worried about getting pregnant...a problem Cass didn't have. She could still smell his manly cologne and got some feminine delight from the sensations. It reminded her now that she was all dressed up like a pretty girl and could proudly do what the girls do.

Walking to school the next day and Cass again felt her skirts flutter against her stockings and felt the lace of her pretty half slip around her legs and the soothing slippery nylon of her slip and panties. Cassie could only wonder as she felt a warmth inside and the totally feminine ambiance. She was thinking about the *next* time she'd study with Paul. She'd wear another pretty dress for him with some pretty panties and lipstick and wispy lingerie--and she'd again get to be like a real girl.

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