

THE **BOY** WHO BECAME
A **GIRL**

\$6.50
L.M.G. INC.
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1971

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As far as I can remember, it all started when I was 14. I went to a boy's boarding school, and I was chosen to play the part of a girl in the school play. It was 'The Importance of Being Earnest': I was Gwendoline. Mrs. Sayer--the wife of the British master who was directing the play--was responsible for helping those of us who were playing the girls' parts with our dress and make-up etc., and I can still remember the feelings I had the first time I saw myself in the mirror fully dressed and made-up as a girl. I looked so pretty; not only that, I felt so pretty. The brown wig, the pink lipstick, the mascara on my eye-lashes, my cream calf-length silk dress, the stockings (even though they were a thick denier), the high-heeled shoes: all made me feel so soft and feminine. Mrs. Sayer came up behind me and said--I remember her words to this day: You look so lovely it's impossible

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to believe you're anything but a girl'. And at that moment I suddenly felt that that was what I wanted to be: a girl. I felt somehow that the reflection in the mirror was me, in a way that it had never been before.

I don't remember very much else about that first year, except that Mrs. Sayer several times said how pretty I looked, and somehow seemed to sense my feelings--I can't explain how I knew this, but I did. The following year I was again the only one who came under Mrs. Sayer. The play had been written by Mr. Sayer himself: it was set in an army officers' mess, and I played the commanding officer's daughter, for whose attentions there was supposed to be considerable competition among the young officers. I had two scenes: one at a tea-party, and one where I was at home about to go out to a party with a young lieutenant.

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Since the play was in modern dress, Mrs. Sayer invited me to come to her flat to try on some dresses belonging to two young cousins of hers who lived nearby. I can remember going not once but three or four times: Mrs. Sayer would put on me the lovely long blonde wig I was to wear, together with some light make-up, and I would then spend an hour or so trying on different clothes, and practising walking and sitting in them. It couldn't all have been strictly necessary: the previous year the dresses had simply arrived out of the blue, and any alterations had been made on the spot. Whether it was at Mrs. Sayer's instigation or at mine that I came back so many times, I can't remember: all I know is that we seemed each time to find an excuse for another session. Eventually we decided that for the party scene I should wear a bright red cotton dress with a bouffant-

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style skirt, under which I would have to wear several pink net petticoats; and that for the tea-party scene I would wear a white wool skirt with a pink angora wool jumper. Both made me look quite stunning, and I particularly loved the feel of the petticoats as they swirled beneath the red dress.

The most exciting moment though came on the evening of the dress rehearsal. Up to that point I had always kept on my own pants and had worn a very plain white bra to shape my figure. But this time, after she had put on my wig and make-up, Mrs. Sayer left the room for a moment, and came back with a beautiful pink nylon slip with several inches of lace at the breast and hem, and matching lace-trimmed bra, panties and suspender belt.

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"How would you like to wear these?" she asked. I was speechless, and blushed furiously. "Well", she said, 'if you're really going to act the part of a girl you ought to feel like one -- from the inside out'. She helped me slip them on, and then, instead of the thick-denier stockings to which I had become accustomed, rolled on to my legs a pair of sheer nylons. I have never forgotten how it felt to wear beautiful lingerie for the first time: it was so silky, so sensuous against my skin. And once I had put my jumper and skirt over them for the first act, I had to pull up the skirt to pull the slip into place. I could feel the silky nylon clothes rustling against each other, and as Mrs. Sayer had turned away to do something else, I took a quick look at myself in the mirror. The sight of the lacy hem on my panties and slip, the golden brown nylons attach-

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ed to the pink straps of my suspender belt, and the thought that it was me inside all these sexy undies, sent a thrill of excitement through me that I had never experienced before--it was, I suppose, the first time I had an erection.

Eventually I was ready to go down to the hall for the dress rehearsal. "It might be a good idea for you to come up here to do your change at the interval", said Mrs. Sayer. "It will save any embarrassment". This made me suddenly realise how important it was that the other boys shouldn't find out what I had on underneath, and as we walked down the stairs of the block of flats and across the deserted yard into the gym where the play was to be held, I felt very self-conscious. It was just as well I did, because when we entered the gym and joined the rest of

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the boys the hubbub of voices that had been so loud as we crossed the yard suddenly stopped. They all turned round and looked at me: two or three of the younger boys started sniggering, and two or three of the older boys looked me up and down in obvious amazement.

Looking back on it--and looking at the pictures I still have of the play--I can see that for virile adolescent boys who didn't see a girl from one end of a term to the other, my appearance in a long blonde wig, soft pink jumper, long nylon clad legs, and stiletto-heeled shoes, must have been rather disturbing. Once I had got over my initial nervousness I started to enjoy their obvious interest in me. I was conscious of the nylon and lace of my slip and panties rustling against my skin beneath the soft wool of my jumper

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and skirt, and when I sat down I rested my hands on my knees, revelling in the silky texture of my nylons. My body felt alive with new and electric sensations.

Once the first act was over Mrs. Sayer took me over to the flat, helped me into my petticoats and red cotton dress, and touched up my make-up. She told me to keep on my slip so that the net of my petticoats would not ladder my sheer nylons, and when I was ready we returned to the gym. This time I was even more conscious of the older boys' interest in me: as I moved across the stage, allowing the petticoats to move gently around my body in the way Mrs. Sayer had taught me, I could see one of the boys in particular watching every movement. Again, for some reason that I couldn't understand at the time, I was excited by his interest,

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and--I suppose--played up to it.

The play ran for three nights, and each night I went through the same delicious routine. On the second night, though, Mrs. Sayer was busy during the interval, and she gave me the key of her flat so that I could go up there and change on my own. As I walked across the yard I noticed that Mark Jones--the boy who had kept looking at me during the dress rehearsal--walking a few yards behind me, but I kept going, entered the block of staff flats, and started to climb the stairs. I had gone up one flight--Mr. and Mrs Sayer lived on the second floor--when I noticed Jones at the foot of the stairs. I suddenly realised that he could see right up my skirt. I hurriedly started moving up the second flight, but on my stiletto-heeled shoes I couldn't walk too fast, and before I could

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get into the flat and shut the door he had caught up with me. He burst through the door, banged it behind him, and then turned towards me.

By now I was feeling really frightened. "Don't worry", he said, "I won't hurt you." He began to put his arms around me. "You make such a beautiful girl," he whispered.

I started to struggle and would have screamed if Jones hadn't put his hand over my mouth just in time.

"I wouldn't do that", he said firmly. "If you do that I'll tell all the boys that you wear girl's underwear." I blushed furiously. 'There's no point denying it', he said, "I saw your pink slip as I followed you up the stairs. Lots of lace on it

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too. Not the sort of thing you expect to find a boy wearing. "

I was trembling by now, but when he took his hand away from my mouth I didn't make a sound.

"That's better", he said. "Several of the boys have been talking about you, and how you're much more like a girl than a boy. They could be very nasty if they got to know. But if you're good, I won't tell them. "

He began to run his hands over my pink angora wool jumper, and then I felt them go up beneath it and stroke the silky nylon of my slip. At first my body was taut and rigid. But as he continued to stroke me, I began to relax, and slowly I started to realise that I was actually en-

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joying the new sensations. He moved me down on the sofa, and gently moved my skirt up to my thigh, until a few inches of pink lace and a pair of pretty fluted pink suspenders came into view. He ran his hands greedily over my nylon-clad knees.

"It's impossible to believe you're not a girl", he said softly. "You're so pretty. And you wear such sexy clothes. You love wearing them, don't you?"

I blushed again, and tried to turn away, but he took my chin and forced me to look him in the eyes, and eventually I nodded bashfully.

"I thought so. And I'm glad you do."

He moved towards me and started kissing me. I didn't understand what was happening at first, but he was so powerful as he

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leant over me that I felt all the strength go from my body. As I succumbed to his kissing, and to the hands moving over my body, I started to feel a warm glow inside me that I had never felt before. We must have lain like this for a full ten minutes,

before I suddenly realised that time was going by, and that I only had 15 minutes to go before the third act started.

"I must go", I said weakly. "I must go."

He lifted his head and looked at his watch, and then after a minute or so reluctantly moved away from me, allowing me to get up. I looked at myself in the mirror and was horrified to see what a state I was in, with my lipstick smudged and my clothes in disarray. I hurriedly pulled my skirt into place.

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"There's no point doing that", he said. "You'd better change." He sat back on the sofa, and obviously had no intention of leaving. I tried to persuade him to go, but eventually I realised that I would simply have to change in front of him. So I slipped off my jumper and skirt, stepped into my pink petticoats and red dress, tidied up my hair and make-up, and put on the necklace and bracelets I wore with the dress. All the time I was conscious of Jones ogling at me, but I had no time to be disconcerted by it.

At last I was ready, with about four minutes to go.

"Look," he said. "Before you go. I want to see you tomorrow night. Up here, immediately after the final act.

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Mr. and Mrs. Sayer will be bound to be talking to various parents then, so it'll be all right. And make sure you're here: otherwise, don't forget, I'll spread some stories about you."

I said nothing, but dashed out. But that night, as I lay in bed, I could think of nothing else: and the following evening, whether because of his threat, or because I secretly realised how much I had enjoyed it, I did as he had said.

This time he forced me to walk around for him and then turn round and round, swirling my dress and petticoats around me as I did so. He watched me for a couple of minutes, then beckoned me to come and sit on his lap, and started to kiss and caress me as he had one the previous night. This time I was more responsive, and started to move my

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body in tune with the stroking. This encouraged him, and eventually I felt his right hand reach beneath my silky panties. At first I tried to push the hand away, but as he stroked the silky nylon of my slip and panties against me, I started to feel a throbbing sensation that I had never felt before. I heard myself moan deeply, and then suddenly I came. For a moment, I didn't understand what had happened, but as my breathing began to return to normal, I realised that I must have had my first orgasm. Jones had meanwhile been moaning and throbbing himself while he continued to run his hands against my nylons and my lingerie, and eventually he too came, in a hankerchief which he had considerably managed to lay his hands on at the right moment.

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At length he moved away from me. I looked down at my pink lace-trimmed nylon panties, and saw them covered with a thick white fluid.

"What am I going to do?"

"You'll just have to wash it off as best as you can. I've got to go now. But remember: not a word to anyone about this" He got up, and then bent down and stroked my knees for a final time. "You're very beautiful", he said. Then he got up and walked out.

After he had gone I took off my clothes, cleaned the panties as best I could, wiped off my make-up, and eventually went back to the school. What Mrs. Sayer thought when she found the panties, I never knew: she never said anything.

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And I never spoke to Jones again after that: he was in the senior school, so I was able to avoid him. But every night as I went to bed I dreamed of those few days, of the silky lingerie and nylons caressing my body, of Jones's hands stroking me. I longed for it all to happen again.

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II

The following summer I went to stay with my aunt at Bournemouth. My mother had died when I was about 8, and I didn't get on very well with my father: he was a big, extravert man, and was clearly disappointed that I wasn't more like him. So I enjoyed going down to stay with my aunt, who was divorced and now lived on her own, her only daughter--Sandra--having been killed in a car crash a year previously.

I took with me a copy of the school magazine which contained some photos of the school play. When she saw them she couldn't believe that the girl in the photos was me: "But you look so pretty", she kept saying. She particularly kept looking at a photo of me sitting down in my red party dress, the

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hem of my pink petticoats plainly visible around my slim nylon-clad legs.

"You remind me so much of Sandra", she said. She hesitated. "Would you dress up as a girl for me: I would so love to see you in the flesh, as it were." My heart missed a beat. "You could wear Sandra's clothes: they're all still in her wardrobe upstairs."

She spoke in a very matter-of-fact voice, but I could sense the emotion behind her words. She missed Sandra desperately, and had left her room exactly as it had been the day she had been killed. I had several times been tempted to go in there to see her clothes, but had always resisted it--partly because I felt it would be rather creepy to dress in a dead girl's clothes, and partly be-

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cause I felt my aunt would be angry and hurt if she found out. Now, however she was inviting me to do it, and I just couldn't believe my luck.

"Please", she said earnestly, taking my hand. "I would love you to."

"All right," I said, trying to sound as decently reluctant as I could.

We stood up, and walked upstairs together. She opened the door of Sandra's room, and I was amazed at how fresh and pretty it still was, with her make-up still laid out on the pink dressing-table, and some frilly pink curtains drawn back to let the sunlight stream through. My aunt opened the wardrobe, and revealed about a dozen dresses and suits hanging up, as well as shelves full of

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blouses, jumpers, scarves and shoes.

She ran her eyes up and down me. "I think they should fit very well," she said. "Try them on and see."

"All right, auntie," I said. "But I'd rather do it on my own, if you don't mind."

She smiled, "I understand," she said. "I'll leave you to it: you come down when you're ready." And she walked to the door and shut it quietly behind her.

Left all alone in the room, I started to examine the clothes more closely. I pulled out several of the dresses one by one, holding them against my body and looking at myself in the mir-

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ror. I could hardly contain my excitement as I swirled around, and imagined myself wearing them.

But just wearing a dress was no good. I walked over to the dressing-table, and opened the drawers one by one. It was more than I could have hoped for. In the top drawer were lots of stockings, suspender belts and bras; in the second were several frilly petticoats, and beautiful lace-trimmed slips and panties; and in the bottom drawer were a few nighties and negligees. At first I just stared at these riches in wonderment, not daring to even touch them. Then, having quietly locked the door, I started to pull them out one by one, to feel their silky texture, and to hold them against my body.

At length I could bear the suspense no

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longer. I quickly stepped out of my trousers, shirt and pants, covered myself in scented talc, and slipped into a pair of lavishly lace-trimmed light-blue nylon panties. The sensation as they settled around my hips was exquisite. Then I slipped a matching lacy light-blue bra around my shoulders and put some stockings inside it to fill it out. Already I was beginning to look amazingly like a girl, and I combed my blonde hair over my forehead to accentuate the effect. Next I picked out a lacy pink suspender belt, affixed to it the sheerest dark stockings I could find, and then stepped into a beautiful light-blue slip, with about five inches of lace trimming at the hem, which matched the panties and bra perfectly.

Now came the moment of truth: apply-

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ing make-up. I had never put on my own make-up before, but I had watched Mrs. Sayer very closely, and remembered her saying that for other than stage purposes the important thing was to wear as little make-up as possible. So I simply put mascara and blue eye-shadow on my eyes, a full pink lipstick on my lips, and a little rouge on my cheeks. I made some mistakes, and it took quite a bit of time, but in the end I felt the result was pretty good--not as professional as Mrs. Sayer's had been, but perfectly passable. I also--for the first time--painted my nails pink to match my lipstick.

Having completed this, I got up, walked over to the wardrobe, and after a certain amount of deliberation picked out a black silk party dress with a slightly

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flared skirt and chiffon sleeves. It was ravishing to look at, and ravishing to wear. Finally, I put on some bracelets and a pearl necklace, picked out a pair of black open-style stiletto-heeled shoes, and put some French perfume behind my ears and under my neck--as I had seen my aunt do.

Then I went over to the mirror and looked at myself. All the feelings I had experienced during the school play were flooding back to me: the sensuous feelings of the soft silky clothes against my skin; the narcissistic feelings of the soft silky clothes against the pretty girl in the mirror, and then realising that the person inside that silky black dress, those soft sheer nylons, that pink lipstick, was me. I

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swirled around, and caught a glimpse of the lace of my slip as the black dress moved against my body. I ran my hands up and down the front of my body, so that I could feel the nylon lingerie rustling beneath the silk of the dress.

I must have stood admiring myself like this for about a quarter-of-an-hour. At length I realised that I must go down to my aunt: she must have been waiting for me for well over an hour. I suddenly felt very nervous, but eventually I summoned up my courage, opened the door, and gingerly began to walk downstairs, feeling a little unsteady on my stiletto-heeled shoes. My aunt must have heard me, because she came out into the hall. She watched me descending, and then, when I at last stood at

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the foot of the stairs, stared at me for what must have been a full minute.

"Y-you're lovely", she said at length. "I just can't believe you're a boy. You look so pretty, and so feminine." I blushed. "Walk up and down a little, so that I can see you." I walked through into the drawing-room and then moved around for a little while: on the level floor I was able to walk much more confidently and naturally. I took care not to allow my dress to swirl too much and reveal that I was wearing beneath--I was worried what my aunt might think if she found out.

At length she beckoned me towards her to hook up my zip, which she said was beginning to slip down. I turned round to allow her to do it, and then as I was

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about to move away she slipped her hands down to my hips and moved her hands against my dress in such a way that she could feel what I was wearing beneath it.

She gently turned me round towards her, so that she could look me in the eyes. "I thought so," she said.

"Those aren't boys' pants underneath. You've gone the whole way, haven't you: undies and all?" I blushed furiously. "There's no need to feel ashamed; you look so feminine that you deserve to feel feminine. Do you mind showing me what you have on underneath: I'd like to see".

She sat down on the sofa, and although I tried to stall, eventually I resignedly lifed up the skirt of my dress so

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that she could see my light blue slip and panties and the tops of my nylons attached to the fluted pink straps of my suspender belt.

"My", she exclaimed. "You've picked out some of Sandra's prettiest undies, too". At the mention of Sandra's name, her face suddenly dropped, and her suppressed grief began to show. "She so loved her clothes. And you remind me so much of her." She touched her nose with her hankerchief, and then smiled rather wanly at me. "You've all I've got now," she said. "Perhaps you can make Sandra live again for me. Come and sit down next to me."

I gently lowered myself on the sofa, taking care to keep my nylon-clad legs together as Mrs. Sayer had taught me to

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dc. She looked at me for a little while, smiling gently, then ran her eyes up and down my body a couple of times, and then looked me in the eyes again.

"No one looking at you could think you were anything but a girl. Even with your own hair you look completely feminine. And if we bought you a long blonde wig you would look quite ravishing. How would you like a long wig?"

I hesitated, and then asked: "Like the one I wore in the play?"

She looked again at the photos, which were on the coffee table. "Yes, but perhaps a bit longer, and with lots of curls in it. You'd look lovely."

I blushed, and ran my fingers nervously over my nylon-clad knees.

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She smiled. "You really enjoy being dressed as a girl, don't you? I didn't reply. "It's all right, you don't have to tell me: I know you do." I looked up at her, feeling suddenly very fragile and vulnerable. "Look, so far as I am concerned, you can wear Sandra's clothes as often as you like. I prefer girls to boys anyway."

So I spent the rest of the day in the black silk dress, and when I went to bed that night I couldn't resist wearing one of Sandra's long pink double-nylon nightdresses, which was lavishly trimmed with white lace. It felt so sensuous that I woke up several times in the night, excited by the sheer feel of its silky texture against my skin. I was though fast asleep when my aunt came in with my early-morn-

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ing cup of tea, and although I tried to stay beneath the blankets until she left the room, she insisted that I should sit up and drink the tea before it got cold.

When I sat up, revealing the thin pink straps of the nightie against my slim boyish shoulders, she laughed. "It's all right: I knew you wouldn't be able to resist wearing a nightie. And even without your make-up, you still look just like a girl."

I sipped my tea.

"Look, if you want to dress up as a girl again today, you can. We'll go out into the car later and drive over to Southampton to buy you that wig:

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there'll be no chance of anyone recognising you there. And after that, you can live as a girl while you're here if you like; I'll say that my nephew has gone home, and that you're my niece."

I couldn't believe what she was saying: it was just too good to be true. But she was good as her word, and after breakfast she drove me to Southampton. When I first got out of the car, and walked down the road dressed as a girl in public for the first time, I was convinced that everyone must be noticing that I was really a boy, and giggling behind my back. I felt very vulnerable in my white blouse, short black skirt and white high-heeled shoes, and conscious of the soft breeze against the gap between the top of my stockings

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and my silky pink lace-trimmed panties--I had chosen to wear! all pink lingerie beneath the blouse and skirt, and the lacy outline of the slip was discreetly visible under the blouse. Certainly I noticed several men staring at me not because they realised I was a boy but because they were attracted by me as a girl. Two boys in a car confirmed this by giving me a loud wolf-whistle as they drove past.

"This is something you're going to have to get used to", my aunt said with a smile. "Pretty girls tend to get a lot of attention." I smiled back at her, and suddenly felt new confidence. I looked down at the two long slim legs in their sheer nylons moving forward in short steps on their high-heeled shoes, at the right hand clutching a

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pretty white handbag in its pink-enamelled fingers. And it didn't seem at all bizarre or strange. It was as though I had been a girl all my life.

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