

TV FICTION CLASSICS

**“BLONDE  
& BLONDER”**

*THREE BOYS ENTER A BEAUTY CONTEST!*



VOLUME 38

Published By

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BLONDE & BLONDER -- 1

# TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

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by Dawn Bell  
Alice Trail  
Sandy Thomas

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# BLONDE & BLONDER

by Dawn Bell, Alice Trail and Sandy Thomas

## Chapter One

“Oh! This is too much!”, Joanne raged as her daughter Maureen related that once again Central High was capping off its Freshie Week with a festive dance and crowning of a Freshie Queen. “I told them I’d fight tooth and nail if they tried that male chauvinist pig garbage again this year. It’s that Carlson! He’s doing it just to goad me and the Movement! By god Maureen, we have to stop this and teach them a lesson. I’m calling an emergency meeting of the Society tonight. We have to devise a plan of action and put it into place immediately. Are you with me?”

“Right on Mom!” Maureen replied with a determined smile. “I’m with you all the way!”

To put it mildly, Joanne was a very outspoken feminist. Still in her thirties, she was the founder and leader of the city’s Society for the Advancement of Women’s Organizations and Feminist Fulfillment. . .aka S.A.W.O.F.F. She had been trained for her role well over the past seventeen years.

Maureen was entering her senior year in high school. She wasn’t an overly popular girl, not that she wasn’t attractive. It’s just that her mother had drilled into to her that wearing sexy clothes, a lot of makeup, and being flirtatious with boys was playing into their “trap.”

Joanne herself had faltered nineteen years before and married the proverbial chauvinist. Two children later; however, she saw the light and took up “the cause.” Seeing her change of attitude, her husband promptly took up his belongings and left for good.

Joanne was left to raise her daughter and her son Sam who was two years younger. Sam never knew his father and instead had the experience of being raised by a bitter woman who had only the lowest opinion of the male species.

She wasn’t mean to him or anything, she just continually harped about how men were somehow carrying out this great secret strategy to keep women obedient and subservient. The result was that Sam grew up confused.

On the one hand he was strongly discouraged about playing with his peers lest they try to "brain wash" him into the male dogma they were receiving from their fathers, and on the other, he was naturally drawn to them.

In the end; however, he grew up mostly in the company of women. . .his mother, his sister, and their friends. Of course, Joanne's friends were like-minded members of the Society, and Maureen's companions were mostly their daughters.

There was one boy his age who Joanne never objected about. His name was Paul Wainright, and Sam considered him to be his best friend. They were the same age and had known each other since kindergarten. Both were small of stature and had been subjected to the same propaganda by their respective divorced mothers. They even looked somewhat alike. Because they were discouraged from the usual sports interests that young boys have, they could even be described as delicate.

Sam had Joanne's thick brown hair, and he wore it quite long on purpose. On purpose, because he liked it that way, and on purpose because Joanne preferred the somewhat soft non-masculine, non-threatening look it gave him when combined with his slight build.

Paul was a natural blonde, and his mother was somewhat more domineering than even Joanne. She encouraged Paul to wear his silky hair long. Years since a real haircut, it had grown down to mid-back length which he usually wore in a simple ponytail. With his slight build, from behind, he was often mistaken for a teenage girl.

His older sister Wendy liked to tease him by calling him Paula in public thereby increasing the confusion for anyone passing nearby. Wendy, you see, was well on her way to becoming a militant feminist like her mother. She wore her hair short in a unisex style, and saying she would wear skirts when men did, always wore jeans, slacks, or shorts.

As plans for the Freshie Queen contest unfolded in River City the SAWOFF committee met late into the night. Mr. Carlson, the school's Principal, was well known to them and he was the primary target at the meeting. He and the Mayor were old cronies, and both had less than a sympathetic ear for the feminist movement. The women, for their part, were sure Carlson was pushing the Freshie

Queen idea just to spite them after their fiercely vocal protest the year before.

“Should we try and contact all the freshperson girl’s mothers and ask them to have their daughters boycott the event?” asked one woman.

“That would be nearly impossible,” Joanne replied. “Several of the mothers are former ‘prom queens’ themselves, and those airheads think nothing could be better than to have their precious little bimbos walk in their footsteps!”

“Then, what do we do? What can we do?”

The room was silent as the women concentrated on their dilemma. Finally, one exasperated woman sighed dejectedly and said to nobody in particular, “I wonder how those former queens and chauvinist pigs would feel if their sons had to parade in front of the crowd dressed like Barbie dolls?”

Joanne’s head shot up upon hearing that statement, and a devious smile spread across her lips. The others noticed and knew their leader had a plan!

“What is it Joanne? You’ve thought of something?”

“Maybe,” she replied slowly. “Listen to this! The law says a person can’t be discriminated against because of her or his sex. . .right?”

“Right.” Several women replied in unison, hanging on her every word.

“So, let’s use the law against them?” Joanne continued. “How do you think Carlson would feel if his little contest was embarrassed by having several boys competing for FRESHIE Queen along with the girls?”

“Freshie Queen boys??? What a howl!!!

“Yeah, but Carlson would never stand for that!”

“He would have to!” Joanne answered smugly. “It’s a public contest, and he can’t discriminate against boys anymore than he can discriminate against girls in other situations. . .like sports! Why, I’ll bet if we forced the issue and entered a few boys, Carlson would be so upset, he’d cancel the pageant!”

“Brilliant!” shouted one woman who couldn’t restrain her excitement.

Emma Wainwright, Paul’s mother, was more thoughtful and asked the obvious question, “On the surface the plan appears to be sound, but where could we possibly find

boys who would be willing to wear formal dresses and compete in a beauty contest? They'd have to at least threaten to do it, you know. We might be able to force Carlson to let boys enter, but they would have to be ready to go all the way!"

Joanne looked around the room, and declared. "My son certainly would, I'd see to that! How about you Emma? Would you allow Paul to compete?"

"Allow him?" she exclaimed. "If you can convince Sam, I'll guarantee that Paul will join him. . .even if I have to make him!"

"Alright, that's the spirit!" Joanne cried. "Now, who else besides Emma and myself have sons in the freshperson class this year?"

After a moment of silence and much looking about the room at one another, Sarah Cross raised her hand and said, "My Evan is a freshman. . .I mean freshperson this year."

"Great! Will he compete as well?"

Sarah wasn't so sure about her son being targeted as a key player in this endeavor, but the cause was worthy, and she didn't want to be the lone holdout. "I..I guess he'll do it. . .if. . .if Sam and Paul agree."

"Wonderful!" Joanne gushed. "We've found our boys! Since each individual mother volunteered her son, let her be responsible for overcoming his objections. Fortunately, all three live in fatherless homes, so that potential obstacle won't be a factor. Neither will getting them on the ballot. Our members have more than enough daughters that will be happy to make the nominations."

A basic plan was discussed late into the evening by the group. Once the boys were officially nominated, they felt sure Carlson and his cronies would back down and cancel the contest to avoid the inevitable embarrassment and adverse publicity.

## Chapter Two

"You want me to what?!" gasped an astounded Sam



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when his mother told him of his righteous mission.

"I want you to compete for Freshie Queen."

"What will I have to do?"

"Well, you won't have to actually do anything," she assured him. "Our plan is simply to put Mr. Carlson in a position that forces him to cancel that awful outdated sexist contest. When boys enter his precious event, he'll have no choice but to cancel the proceedings. You won't have to actually wear a dress or anything. It's just a clever deception, don't you see?"

Maureen, his sister chimed in saying that he would be making an important political statement as well.

"I don't care about political statements," Sam whined. "I'll be committing social suicide, that's what I'll be doing. If I enter that contest, all my friends will think I'm a sissy or...or...worse! Any guy who wanted to be elected Freshie QUEEN would be committing suicide. Boys aren't supposed to be queens, Mom!"

"Nonsense Sam! Anyway, it's not as though you'd be doing it alone," Joanne cooed in the soothing voice of a professional negotiator. "Two other boys are slated to compete, and they've already agreed."

Her last statement was patently untrue because as far as she knew, the other boys hadn't agreed to anything! But, who was she to stand on ceremony at a momentous time like this?

"Other boys? Who are they, a couple of sissies?"

"Sissies? No, not at all. Is your good friend Paul Wainright a sissy? And, Evan Cross do you think he's a sissy?"

"Paul's going along with this crazy plan?" Sam asked as the name of his best friend gave him a slight feeling of security.

Joanne sensed his resistance slipping with that information and moved in for the kill. "He is!" she bluffed. "And another thing, this would mean an awful lot to me Sammy."

"Aw, Mom." Sam whimpered. "Don't make me do this."

"I won't make you do it sweetheart, but if you do this for me, I'll do something special for you, like take you and Paul on that skiing trip you've been begging for over Christmas vacation."

"Really?" he beamed.

Game, set, match!!!

Meanwhile, Emma was using the same approach with Paul, and as the women had suspected, the skiing trip bribe and with the false news that the other had already agreed to enter the contest sealed the deal in both cases.

In the other house, Sarah Cross was not nearly as skilled or devious at persuasion as either Joanne or Emma. The boy's father, the louse, had disappeared when she announced that she was pregnant, and the experience had turned her against men. Thus, she had raised her son as a single mother, and her bond with him was very close. Having a son had been a bit of a shock since she had always dreamed of having a girl. Still, she accepted her fate and became a good mother.

Her son Evan was a slim lad, not too tall, with long wavy blonde hair, and a nice tan. Unlike the other two mothers, she laid out the plan to him in an open and honest way. Fully expecting him to balk, Sarah was surprised when he smiled and said, "Me, run for Freshie Queen? Cool. If I win, you'll have to buy me a whole new wardrobe, right?"

"Uh. . .," Sarah was caught off guard by his casual acceptance. Then, sensing he was kidding, she replied, "Of course dear, only the finest lingerie and dresses. . .but first, you'll have to win."

That was it! They shared a laugh, and he was in!

End of school on Friday was the close of nominations. Mr. Carlson's secretary handed him the entrance forms as he was packing his briefcase to go home. "How many?" he muttered with disinterest as his shapely secretary was leaving the office.

"Six total, but. . .," she stopped in mid sentence, thought for a moment, then smiled and added, "Have a good weekend Mr. Carlson, y'hear."

He mumbled something in reply, then grabbing his briefcase left the office in anticipation of a relaxing weekend. These first days of the new school year had been one big headache. Scheduling problems, staff complaints, and whining students with attitudes! He was about at the limit of his patience. Thus, he waited until Saturday to

review the forms at his leisure. Leaning back in his recliner, he read:

Cynthia Grange, age 16, 5'4", 100 lbs., blonde, blue eyes, hobbies - cheerleading, baton twirling, sewing.

"Hmmm. . .I like blondes. . .can't have too many in a contest!" he thought as he read the next two.

Janice Flynn, age 16, 5'6", 110 lbs., red hair, green eyes, hobbies - ballet, figure skating, piano.

Cheryl Stoyko, age 16, 5'8", 120 lbs., brown hair, brown eyes, hobbies - cheerleading, gymnastics, fashion design.

"Hmmm. . .fashion design? Good candidates." Then, when he read the next one, he did a double take as the name Miller caught his eye. The only Millers he knew of was Joanne and her daughter Maureen. Pretty, but who wouldn't be caught dead participating in a beauty contest! Anyway, Maureen was a senior! Looking back at the page, he reread the name. . .Miller. . .SAM!

Sam Miller, age 16, 5'6", 115 lbs., brown hair, brown eyes, hobbies - carpentry, guitar, reading.

"Sam? Samantha??" he thought, starting to feel his stomach tightening with tension. He knew Joanne Miller all too well, and he was getting that sinking feeling. Quickly he routed through his briefcase coming up with a neatly typed student body listing. Scanning the Grade 9 section he, found the entry he was dreading:

MILLER, Samuel A., Sex: Male, Birth date: June 8, Parent: Joanne Miller

"Shit!" Carlson spat as the truth burned itself into his mind, and a blood vessel pounded rhythmically in his temple. The next two entry forms only increased the pounding and radiated pain through his brain.

Paul Wainwright, age 16, 5'5", 112 lbs., blonde hair blue eyes, hobbies - model car building, baseball, reading.

Evan Cross, age 16, 5'7", 120 lbs., blonde hair, brown eyes, hobbies - music, sports card collecting, movies.

"That stupid woman is playing her femi-nazi games again," Carlson muttered to himself. "Well, I can play rough too!"

The Freshie Queen competition was one of the few highlights of Mr. Carlson's school year. As principal, he was not only a judge, but a close advisor to the contestants. As a bachelor who was getting over the hill, the attention of his Freshie Queens was always a treat. Now, SHE was

trying to end that! Women were supposed to be soft, delicate, and feminine. Now, that woman and her militant cronies were formally challenging the young girl's right to express those qualities!

Carlson settled back into his chair and closed his eyes deep in thought. A few moments later, he alertly sat up and smiled. Obviously, he had thought of something that amused him. Grabbing the phone, he called his friend the mayor. He was about to launch an all out counterattack! By the time the afternoon was over, in addition to the mayor, he had garnered the support of the City Council, the Commerce Club, as well as many of town business women who were opposed to new SAWOFF attitude.

For example, Dominique Laurent a former state beauty queen and 1979 Central High Freshie Queen was appalled at the assault being made on such a "sacred event" as the Freshie Queen competition. As one of the Freshie Queen judges and owner of Chez Laurent, the town's high class beauty salon, she instantly committed to help Carlson in any way possible.

Another who pledged her full support was Helene Schuwel, a former Miss America contestant, fashion model, Freshie Queen, and also a judge in the competition for the school's loveliest. She was the proprietress of Classique Boutique, the town's exclusive fashion franchise, and she felt the SAWOFF members had gone too far this time. Besides, she knew that if young girls stopped wearing beautiful styles, her sales would hit rock bottom!

The laser printer hummed in Bob Carlson's study late on Sunday night, and he eagerly picked up first page as quickly as it came out. To his amusement, it read: "FRESHIE QUEEN CONTESTANT PACKAGE" with a sub-heading, "RULES OF CONDUCT FOR PARTICIPATION." The page had many numbered paragraphs, and Carlson couldn't suppress a laugh as he read it silently to himself. The second page was titled: "SPECIAL JUDGING EVENTS."

Placing the two documents in his briefcase he thought to himself, "Here Joanne baby! Put this in your jock strap and see if you can take the heat!" Setting his now loaded briefcase aside, Carlson realized that he was very tired. He couldn't remember working so hard on a weekend since

he was studying for final exams in college. However, this time he knew that he had “aced” the situation. He fell asleep wishing he could see the expression on that woman’s face when her son gave her the Freshie Queen contestant’s package.

### Chapter Three

After their last period teachers received a note that directed the six Freshie Queen candidates to report to the principal’s office after school. Needless to say, the boy’s teachers were taken aback when they read, “The following Freshie Queen nominees are to report to the office at 3:30.” The names followed.

Paul’s teacher took him aside and asked if there had been some kind of mistake, and she almost dropped her teeth when he answered, “No, that’s not a mistake. A few boys are entering the contest this year.” From what his mother had told him about the plan, Paul figured his mission was nearly accomplished and that they were being summoned to the office to be told that the Freshie Queen contest was being canceled.

Sam and Evan also had similar thoughts when they heard the news. So, imagine their surprise when they were greeted by a smiling Mr. Carlson.

The three girls were dumbfounded to learn that boys would be competing to say the least. “What is this, some kind of stupid joke?” one of them asked.

“No, no joke,” Evan answered with a smile. “We are students at Central, and we have the same right to enter the contest as you girls, don’t we?”

“Absolutely Evan!” Mr. Carlson asserted before any of the girls could respond. “The law says that all of us are equal regardless of sex, and this school administration has no intention of discriminating against you on that account. In fact, I’m very pleased that we have a balanced representation for the first time in the history of the Freshie Queen Contest.”

Sam and Paul were aghast! The reply they received was the complete opposite of what their mothers had told them to expect.

“Here are your Freshie Queen Contestant Packages,” the devious principal continued with gleeful expression on his face. “Take them home and read them very carefully.

Of course, if there is anything you disagree with or object to. . .you can always withdraw without prejudice.”

Needless to say, the boys were quite disarmed by this turn of events as they took the envelopes with their names and the words “Freshie Queen Contestant” printed on them.

Still speechless, the contestants, both boys and girls, filed out of the office.

Sam turned to Paul and Evan once they were out of the building and said, “Great! Now what. He’s calling our Moms’ bluff!”

“Yeah, he’s trying to get us to chicken out,” sighed Paul.

“Well, it’s working with me!” Sam exclaimed. “I only agreed to do this because you two had already agreed and Mom’s promise that Mr. Carlson would call off the contest if we entered.”

“What do you mean I already agreed?” Paul inquired with irritation in his voice. “Mom said you agreed first!”

“What does it matter who agreed first?” Evan offered, speaking for the first time. “This is a game, and it’s not over yet. Mr. Carlson is just playing his hand. I think we need to talk to our mothers and let them figure out what to do next.”

Paul and Sam didn’t know Evan very well, but he seemed like a pretty decent guy, and he did make sense. With that in mind, they went their separate ways towards home.

An hour later, an ashen-faced Sam handed the papers to his mother who was appalled by the turn of events. “So! That bastard is calling our bluff!” she hissed.

Sam could see the shock on her face, and he understood fully. As a matter of fact, the shock was still giving his stomach flip-flops.

The RULES page read as follows:

1. The annual Freshie Queen contest at Central High is a decades old tradition, and the Freshie Queen is our school’s representative to the community at large. As such, he/she has a responsibility to present the appropriate image.

2. The Freshie Queen tradition mandates that the chosen student along with the runner-ups must be an

example of feminine beauty, charm, personality, and social responsibility. The Queen will be required to act as hostess of many school functions and represent the school at higher level region and state events.

3. The contest is open to any Central High student. However, by accepting the nomination, each participant must commit themselves to doing the utmost to excel in all areas that will be judged. Any contestant that is deemed to be acting frivolously, or participating in the contest for reasons other than to become our Freshie Queen by any faculty member will be eliminated from further competition.

4. Preliminary judging will begin Monday the seventeenth and continue for the full three weeks prior to the Pageant. All contestants should expect to be summoned to the school office at random times during school hours for evaluation before the committee several times during this period. At these sessions, points will be awarded for wardrobe, makeup, hairstyle, nails, and feminine comportment.

5. To assist each contestant in maximizing their feminine beauty, two local business establishments have extended their services. Chez Laurent beauty salon is offering unlimited services at no cost to all contestants from today until the crowning. Classique Boutique is offering a 50% discount on all clothes and shoes, as well as no-charge rental of a formal gown for the dance and crowning ceremonies.

The second page, titled "SPECIAL JUDGING EVENTS" was a list of dates and times that listed a variety of special events in which the contestants would be required to participate. These included a couple of noon hour fashion shows for the student body, acting as models for makeup, manicure, and hairstyling workshops for the Home Economics class, joining the cheerleading squad for a Pep rally, and working as hostesses at the upcoming PTA Tea.

After reading and re-reading the decree, Joanne sat down in the living room dejectedly. This was not what she expected! That bastard Carlson had pulled a real fast one. Was she about to lose out to that bum?

Just then the phone rang. It was Sarah Cross. "Yes, I

read the package. That son of a bitch Carlson!" Joanne hissed. "Any ideas about what we should do?"

"Well. . .uh, my Evan says he'll go forward with the bluff, but only if Paul and Sam will join him. He's a great kid, and he wants to help our cause any way he can," Sarah said much to Joanne's surprise.

"He will??? He's willing to play Carlson's game if the other two will go along with him?" Joanne gasped. "What a trouper!"

Sam heard one side of the conversation, but that was enough for him to figure out what Mrs. Cross had said. "What's wrong with that Evan anyhow?" he thought. "Is he some kind of sissy? Does he want to end up in a dress?" His knees were feeling weak because he knew his mother only needed a slight idea to get going where SAWOFF was concerned. If she was thinking what he imagined, he knew the next three weeks would be the most difficult and embarrassing of his young life!

Over the next twenty minutes Joanne was on the phone with several members of her committee, including Paul's mother. In the end, the Joanne Miller dreadnought was once again running at full steam. A special planning meeting of the three boys and their mothers was called for the next evening at the Miller home.

Sam didn't sleep well that night as his mind kept imagining the terribly embarrassing situations he could be subjected to thanks to Evan.

Paul felt much the same way, and the next day at school they had a chin wag with Mr. Cross.

"What's wrong with you Evan? Why did you volunteer to say that you'd go on with this crazy scheme?!?" Sam demanded.

Evan replied coolly, "Do you think our lives will be any easier if we drop out now? Word is already all over the school that we entered the competition. Anyway, I think it will be a laugh, and I'll bet it'll be something we'll remember for the rest of our lives. Besides, what better way is there to get to really know the three prettiest girls in school, not to mention the cheerleaders."

Sam and Paul were rendered speechless by Evan's cool reasoning in the face of what they were considering. "Yeah, right! We can trade beauty secrets with them," Sam spat sarcastically. "Do you realize that Carlson is demand-

ing that we wear dresses for the next three weeks. . .not just at the banquet!”

“Sure, so what’s the big deal? Girls do it all the time,” Evan countered. Just then, the class bell rang, and the trio had to break up. “Anyway, we can talk about it more tonight at the meeting,” he added with a cunning smile.

As expected, the three boys received large doses of ribbing from boys and girls alike that day. It was tough, and Sam couldn’t imagine surviving this for three weeks. . .especially if he had to wear a dress to school!!!

### Chapter Four

With Paul and Sam looking tired and dejected from their ordeal at school, clock, the Millers and Wainwrights waited for Sarah and Evan to arrive. At five after eight, the doorbell rang.

“Hi everyone!” Sarah exclaimed as she entered the room. The group noticed a somewhat nervous twang in her voice, but their reply froze on their tongues as a saucy blonde teenage girl stepped from behind her. At least, they thought it was a girl, but on second look, they saw it was Evan.

Boy, was he lovely! His blonde hair was pulled back above his ears with two blue combs, and a mass of fresh curls tumbled onto his shoulders. In addition, he was wearing a blue denim shirtwaist dress with a very full skirt that billowed to just atop a pair of feminine cowboy boots with raised heels. His face was highlighted with eye shadow, mascara, blush, and pink lipstick that matched the color of his polished fingernails.

To the surprise of the gathering, Evan was a cool one as he smiled and said, “What’s the matter? Cat get your tongues?” He then extended a limp hand to Joanne and added, “Hi, I’m Evan Cross, beauty contestant.”

“Pleased to meet you Evan,” Joanne finally forced out. She was stunned by how natural this boy looked. She would never have guessed that the “girl” in front of her was in fact a boy! “I think I can speak for the rest of the group. . .you look fantastic!”

“Thank you, but it’s all mother’s work,” he modestly replied, looking at his mother.

Sarah was visibly beaming with pride. She hadn’t been sure of the reaction they would receive when the others

saw her son in a dress, but the praise released her true feelings. She had just experienced the most glorious three hours getting her “daughter” ready to come here, and it had all been his idea!

Sam and Paul felt as though they were having an out-of-body experience. Things were moving in slow motion. Seeing Evan look so good in a dress would seal their own fates, and they knew it! They could see the effect of an obviously padded bra, and they were bothered by the nagging question, “What is Evan wearing underneath that dress. . .nylon panties. . .a soft lacy slip???”

In turn, Evan just gave them that same cool smile. He looked confident and unruffled. . .like he was enjoying this as he sat with his knees together beneath his full skirt!

“Mom, I’m not dressing up like that!” Paul insisted.

“Me neither!” Sam agreed. “When all this started, you promised I wouldn’t have to wear a dress! You said this was just a bluff, and Mr. Carlson would back down if we went along. What happened to that? The teasing we have to take at school is tough now, but if I show up in a dress like Evan. . .!!! Mom, I can’t do it!”

Evan’s appearance had broken the ice, and Joanne knew what had to be done to carry her plan forward. “Don’t worry sweetheart,” she cooed in a sympathetic voice. “Mr. Carlson has just carried his little game a step farther than we thought. When he sees you three boys in dresses, he’ll understand that SAWOFF intends to go forward despite his ‘Code of Conduct’. He’ll call this degrading contest off later instead of sooner. Now please, go along with me on this, and I’ll make it up to you afterward. I promise.”

“That’s right Paul, we’ve gone too far and come too close in our efforts to stop this sexist event to quit now,” Emma beseeched. “Please do me this huge favor, and I promise you won’t regret it. Anyway, look at Evan. He’s having fun.”

For the next hour, everyone pleaded with Sam and Paul to go along with the plan. Finally, feeling like traitors if

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they refused, the two reluctantly, and against their better judgement, agreed to give the plan a try.

Now, to the boy's exasperation, the discussion turned to the task at hand. Since judging would begin next Monday, there was clothing to buy, hairdo's to experiment with, manicures, leg waxing, jewelry to select, and of course shoes! By the time the group broke up for home, they had decided that the boys would abide by all the contest rules.

Evan said he would try and win, but even the mothers thought that would be too good to hope for in light of the fact that Carlson and his cadre of former Freshie Queens and last year's winners were the judges. Still, it was fun to imagine Carlson's girlie parade being won by a boy in a dress!!!

Watching Evan walk away hand in hand with his proud mother, Sam watched his blonde curls cascading over his shoulders and his skirt swaying from his hips. Seeing this feminine scene, and realizing that the same was in store for him, he shuddered. Worst of all, he had just caught himself thinking 'nice chick!' "If that wimp Evan hadn't agreed to go through with this craziness so easily, Mom would have folded her hand and given in to Mr. Carlson. Now, I'll have to do it too! I wonder if I'll look as much like a girl when I have to wear a dress?"

Since he first heard his mother's scheme to end the Freshie Queen contest, Sam had a premonition that it would become a disaster, and now, it was coming true. He had originally agreed to the scheme because he was assured that Mr. Carlson would promptly cancel the contest after boys were nominated. Instead he, Paul, and Evan, had become pawns in the battle of wills between his mother and the school principal. How could he back out now with Evan all gung-ho to go all the way with this crazy scheme. Concentrate as he might, Sam couldn't find a way out of this mess!

As expected, the teasing at school didn't abate, and the three girl candidates gave the boys the cold shoulder whenever they met. They were angry that guys were trying to ruin something that meant a lot to them. Even worse, the girls spread word about the contest rules, and the teasing took a new twist. Now, Sam and his two

colleagues were being asked by boys and girls alike, "How are you wearing your hair next week?" or "You would look wonderful in a perm." or "I can hardly wait to see your legs in a skirt." or "What shade of lipstick do you plan to wear?"

The kidding bugged Sam and Paul no end, but Evan took the barbs thrown his way with a bright smile and a quick reply. At lunch on Thursday, when a group of girls began to tease him, he looked at them sincerely and asked, "What do you girls recommend, shaving or Nair for my legs."

The girls were caught off guard, but finally, one of them began to explain the pro's and con's different hair removal techniques, and the others joined in. By the time classes resumed that afternoon, the girls were busily making suggestions to the boys on hair styles, makeup, and clothing. With his positive attitude, Evan had turned an uncomfortable situation into an opportunity to make friends with some of the more popular members of the opposite sex.

His ploy worked so well that Andrea, one of the school's most popular blondes, offered to help with his new look at her house saying, "Since you don't have a sister like Sam and Paul, why don't you come over to my house Sunday afternoon? My parents will be out of town, and we can work on your new image."

Who was he to refuse? Andrea was a very pretty cheerleader at Central High. "Gee, any help you could offer would be much appreciated. Mom is great help, but she isn't up on all the latest teen styles and fads like you."

"Why don't you bring Sam and Paul and their sisters?" Andrea added. "The six of us could make this a lot of fun."

"I'll ask them and let you know!" Evan exclaimed breathlessly, never having had an invitation to visit the home of such a beautiful girl.

"Come on guys!' Evan pleaded with Sam and Paul to join him for dress up games at Andrea's house. "You know you'll be wearing dresses by then anyway. What's wrong with having some fun with Andrea? She's one of the prettiest girls in school, you know!"

"You know her reputation?" Sam asked.

"What?"

"Do you know the difference between Andrea and a

Limousine?" Sam laughed, "Some guys have never been in a limousine!"

Evan looked shocked. She was a blonde but she didn't seem like that now that he knew her. "Com' on guys?" he pleaded.

"Not me!" Paul spat. "I don't care who she is or how good she looks. I'm not going to bring my sister and priss around in a dress at her house so she can tell the whole school what a big sissy I am!"

"Me neither!" Sam agreed as the two indignant boys walked away from a disappointed Evan. "Anyway, we wouldn't be in this fix if you hadn't worn that dress to the meeting the other night!"

"That's right, our Moms would either have dropped their efforts to derail the Pageant or found some other tactic," Paul added with disgust. "They were only running a bluff. They never would have insisted that we actually wear dresses!"

While the boys were having their confrontation, the girls were having their own chat. "That Evan is a dream-boat!" Andrea whispered excitedly.

"Yeah, but the other two are just as cute," another purred.

"I can't wait to see Evan dressed as a girl, and I'm really looking forward to helping him look as chic and stylish as possible," Andrea sighed.

"Wouldn't it be funny if they went through with this contest, and one of them won?" squealed another. "I'll bet old Carlson would freak out if his precious Freshie Queen turned out to be a guy!"

To the boy's surprise, they were the object of much less teasing from girls on Friday. Sam and Paul noticed Andrea and her friends deep in conversation with various groups of girls, and they were surprised when girls they didn't even know smiled and spoke as they passed in the hallways. This was a pleasant change from the hazing, but it didn't make the thought of going to school next week in a dress any more palatal.

Adding to the trepidation of Sam and Paul, they received word from their teachers that they were to report to the principal's office before going home that day. As

they made their way down the hall, a question flooded their minds. "What's that old goat up to now?"

Upon entering their office, they were met by Evan and the three girl contestants who continued to give them the cold shoulder routine.

Finally, Mr. Carlson stepped out of his private office looking somewhat displeased. "Have all of you read the Freshie Queen rules I gave you?" he asked while glaring at the three boys.

"Yes sir," Evan answered politely.

"Do you understand them fully?"

"Perfectly," Evan replied, again without hesitation.

This response appeared to irritate the principal even more, but he kept his cool. "Very well, starting Monday at the beginning of school, you will all be judged on your femininity, personal grooming, and fashion perception. Oh. . .and don't forget that you have free beauty parlor services and clothing discounts at our sponsor business establishments. You may want to take advantage of them this weekend to enhance your image." He finished focusing his stare at the three boys only. In fact, he had summoned the three girls only so there could be no claim that he was treating the boys differently.

Evan saw through the principal's game, and he couldn't resist having the last word. "Thank you for the reminder Mr. Carlson, but I already have an appointment at the salon for Saturday morning."

The comment had its desired effect, and a barely controlled Mr. Carlson waved them off with a curt, "Very well, just don't forget. . .the judging begins Monday and lasts for three weeks."

Outside the school, the boys walked home together. "Are you really going to the beauty parlor?" Sam asked.

"Of course, the price is right isn't it?" Evan said. "Anyway, I think it will be a trip to be pampered in the hands of a woman for a couple of hours. Aren't you guys going?"

"Gee, I hope not!" Paul injected as he gave his long ponytail a toss. "The truth is, Mom will probably make me. She already said she knew what she wanted to do with my hair."

"My mother didn't mention anything except that she and Maureen would take care of all the details for next week," Sam sighed in resignation. "Your guess is as good

as mine as to what that means.”

“Cheer up guys!” Evan encouraged. “This will be a lot of fun. We’ll get to know more girls because of this than we ever would have by just being three average guys out of hundreds. I’m learning that you don’t have to be a football star to have girls fall for you. Just follow my lead, and you’ll see what I mean.” That said, he slapped the other two on the back in a gesture of encouragement. “Come on guys! Bring your sisters over to Andrea’s house Sunday afternoon. This will be a lot easier if we do it together.”

Sam and Paul both had the same thought. In spite of Evan’s role in getting them into this. . .he was really a very likeable fellow. Looking at each other and back at Evan, they slowly nodded their heads in agreement.

### Chapter Five

Emma was waiting for Paul when he arrived home on Friday afternoon, and she was pleased to learn that the boys were to meet at Andrea’s house to work on modernizing their feminine image. However, she planned that by Sunday afternoon, Paul’s feminine image would be quite far along!

“I’ve put out some fresh clothes for you on your bed,” she advised as she shooed him up the stairs. “Hurry and get dressed. We have to do a lot of shopping tonight because tomorrow we’ll be busy working on your hair, makeup and nails.”

When Paul walked into his bedroom, the full impact of what he had gotten into really hit home for the first time! On his bed, he saw a pair of lacy pink panties, a training bra, and a matching nylon camisole. There was an unopened package of pantyhose, a pair of girl’s jeans with pink embroidery, and a pink silk shell top with a button closure at the back of the neck opening. He recognized the clothes as belonging to his older sister Wendy and moaned, “Aw Mom. . .I can’t do this!”

“Don’t be silly, you’ll look great! Now get to it unless you want me to help,” she admonished as she began to pull his shirt from his waist.

Paul stopped her saying, “Okay, okay. . .I can do it myself!”

“Good! I’ll be back in a few minutes to do your hair and

makeup," she replied as she left his room. Over her shoulder, she added, "We're expected at the Miller's to pick up Sam and Joanne in 45 minutes, so don't dawdle."

Slowly, Paul removed his clothes and picked up the thin delicate panties. He noticed a white lining in the crotch area which would at least provide some coverage as compared to the nearly transparent lace inserts at the front. Carefully, he pulled the panties up his legs and over his hips, and standing with his legs apart he adjusted his male member to lie back between his legs.

Next, he opened the pantyhose package and removed the filmy tan hosiery. Having observed his mother and sister on many occasions, Paul knew roughly how it was done. He rolled the pantyhose down to the sandal foot toe portion, sat on the edge of his bed proceeded to unroll each leg of the stockings slowly up his calves, over his knees, along his thighs until the waistband was securely located above the top of his pink panties.

Paul caught himself admiring the soft sheen of his nylon encased legs. He was not hairy on his body at all and with the addition of the pantyhose his legs looked quite nice. . .for a girl. He felt an involuntary shudder run over him at his thoughts.

At that moment his mother returned with two pairs of her shoes. "You'll have to try these on to see if any of them fit until we can buy some of your own," she remarked. "I certainly wouldn't want you to have to wear you sneakers downtown."

Paul looked at the white low-heeled pumps and black open-toe mid-heel sandal that she held. "I don't know how to walk on high heels," he whined dejectedly.

"Don't worry, I'll make sure you get lots of practice. Anyway, if you can balance on a skateboard, you'll quickly learn to manage high heels. Now. . .let's try this bra," she mused as she lifted the pink garment and held it out so Paul could slip his arms through.

"Gee, Mom," he whined, "I don't need that!"

"You need it as much as some of the girls in your class."

"I don't know how to wear that?" Paul begged, searching for some way to avoid wearing a brassiere.

"Ah, a typical blonde. Just remember---T.G.I.F.," his mother giggled. "Tits Go In First!"

"T.G.I.F., eh?" Paul laughed, shaking his blonde hair

from side to side. "I can barely remember that Tits Go In Front!"

Reluctantly, he followed her instructions, and she promptly stepped behind him, adjusted the straps, and closed the hook and eye fasteners. Paul felt the pull of the unfamiliar straps and the cupping of his chest by the dainty, yet strong, garment.

Stepping back for a better look, Emma took some facial tissues, pulled back Paul's bra cups, and added the tissues to fill his bust line out a bit. "The tissue is just temporary," she stated matter-of-factly. "We'll have to get you some larger bras and proper breast forms. Now. . .arms up!"

"I shouldn't be doing this," Paul muttered as he mechanically obeyed and his mother slipped the pink camisole over his head and arms. As it settled over his body, he was very cognizant of the cool nylon covering his upper body and hips, while his legs felt the soft, omnipresent tension of his pantyhose.

"Don't worry sweetheart, everything will be fine. We've been all through this, and besides, Sam and Evan are going through the same thing," she encouraged as she adjusted the thin shoulder straps so the camisole would hang evenly.

Without a pause, she had him hold his arms up again while she slipped the plain, yet very feminine pink silk shell over his head. Its loose short sleeves reached almost to his elbows, and the neckline was wide showing a little shoulder. She then stepped behind her son, pulled his long ponytail from beneath his blouse, and closed the pink button behind his neck.

Despite his mother's encouragement, Paul felt strange sensations rushing through his body. He was a 16 year old boy old enough to get a driver's license, and yet he was being dressed by his mother like a little child. Not just like a child, she was dressing him like a girl! Another shudder ran through him.

"Are you okay?" Emma asked, sensing that his mind was a thousand miles away.

Her words brought him back to the moment. "Uh, yeah. I'm okay," he answered as he pulled the girl's jeans into place at his waist. "It's just that these clothes are so weird. Mom, I can't go downtown shopping with you dressed like this!"

“Don’t worry son, you already look very much like a girl, and we haven’t even done your makeup. Anyway, you’ll be going to school in dresses for the next few weeks, so you had better begin to psych’ yourself into thinking and acting like a girl. Understand?”

“I guess so,” he muttered with uncertainty filling his voice. “I just hope I don’t get laughed out of school or something.”

“Just wait and see! By Sunday you’ll feel differently,” she said with a motherly smile.

The jeans were on and they fit very snugly over his legs and hips, and he was fortunate that he was thin because these jeans had a nipped-in waist that required him to pull hard to button the front. The crotch also came up snugly between his legs pressing uncomfortably on his male equipment. The end effect was that his sister’s jeans gave him a girlish front that indeed implied that the plumbing was of the female variety.

Next came the shoes. “No, not heels?” Paul moaned. “I don’t know how to walk in them!”

“Not much to learn,” Emma smiled, “T.G.I.F. Toes Go In First!”

To Emma’s pleasant surprise, although both pairs were a bit tight, they fit reasonably well. After slipping each pair onto his feet, she had him take a few steps. To no one’s surprise, the higher heel on the open toe sandals definitely proved more challenging so she decided he should wear the white pumps. Anyway, their narrow rounded toes gave his feet a sufficiently feminine look. “Wonderful!” she exclaimed. “Now, over to my room so I can do your hair and makeup.”

Walking slowly, Paul took his first steps dressed from head to toe as a young woman, and even without makeup, most observers would casually read “girl” upon seeing the young lad as he looked with his current clothes and long swinging ponytail.

Motioning him to take a seat at her vanity, Emma thought as she slid the elastic off his ponytail, “Now let me see.” Taking a brush she began to stroke his hair from the roots to the ends. “I’m so glad that you’ve kept your hair long. There are dozens of things we can do with it, and I’m dying to see it done in long curls. Oh, for the big dance you could wear it up?”

Paul flinched then watched and listened in numb silence as his mother got more and more excited at his transformation. He was beginning to wonder if the original purpose of this ordeal had taken a back seat to some dark secret wish by his mother to make him into her second daughter. . .especially since Wendy didn't like wearing frilly feminine clothes!

Meanwhile, at the Miller household, a despondent Sam was similarly sitting at his sister's vanity while his mother and sister worked on his feminine look. He was wearing a casual pair of his sister's white linen pants with a matching jacket over a soft navy blouse, and dark blue pumps with two inch heels adorned his feet.

Like Paul, he was wearing nylon panties, a bra with padded "B" cups, and a silky camisole. At the time, he was submitting to having his eyelashes curled with an eyelash curler, and his shoulder length hair was wound up on his mother's hot rollers. Because he had two "helpers" in his mother and sister, they had the time to even shape and polish his nails a demure shade of pink. . .which was about to be matched with the same shade lipstick.

"I think you should get your ears pierced tomorrow." Maureen said as if the procedure and its implications for a boy were as simple as buying a pair of shoes.

"Have my ears pierced?!" Sam exclaimed. "That's going too far! This crazy bluff wasn't even supposed to go this far, and now, you want me to have my ears pierced? Boys don't pierce both their ears, that's for girls!"

Maureen pretended to be offended by his outburst. "Oh, I see. . .it's okay for girls to go through that kind of stuff, but it's wrong for a boy? Well, you're wrong! There are lots of guys who have both ears pierced, and you don't even have one!"

"Maureen's right Sam," Joanne said, taking her daughter's side of the argument. "Many men have pierced ears, and unless they're wearing earrings you can't even see the holes. Anyway, it would make your appearance much better next week."

"I still can't believe that I'm supposed to saunter into school dressed as a girl next Monday!" Sam complained.

"It's too late to back out now," Maureen countered, getting on 'the soapbox'. "We can't let Carlson beat us that

easily. Anyway, everyone at school is expecting you to wear a dress, and it's not the big deal you think. All the girls, except the contestants, think having guys competing in the contest will be a lot of fun. They're smart enough to see this contest for the disgusting exploitation of women it is! After the initial novelty, I think the student body will accept and support what we're doing. Then, the teasing will just die down, and you'll be respected for your courage. . .you'll see!"

As Sam sat in a daze after Maureen's diatribe, she did his makeup that included lipstick, blush, mascara, and eyeliner. Meanwhile, Joanne began removing the clips and rollers from his hair and watched as the curls sprang back against his head. With all the rollers out, he looked like a little girl with a Shirley Temple hairdo. Joanne; however, took a brush and soon had his locks brushed into a wavy pageboy that curled under a shoulder level. She then took two hair combs and put them in just above Sam's ears pulling his hair up and back so that it cascaded behind his ears in a very feminine way. A mist of hair spray set the style and both women stepped back to look at their creation.

"Stand up, and let's have a look," Joanne directed to her feminine appearing son.

Doing as he was asked Sam stood and took a few steps across the room to a full length mirror, and the full impact of the women's efforts made his knees weak. The smart pants and jacket outfit combined with his makeup, the increased height due to his heels, and his thick brown hair that was pinned back with combs on the sides and rested in waves on his shoulders accented his appearance elegantly. To his surprise, he looked older than his sixteen years, and even though he knew the answer in his own mind, he asked the question. "How do I look?"

"Awesome!" Maureen replied sincerely. "I wish I looked that good."

"Oh, you're beautiful," Joanne Miller said as she came over and hugged her son. "I'm so proud of what you are doing."

"What? Dressing up like a girl?" Sam asked, pretending naivety.

"No, standing up for a principle. . .to a principal! You know, now that I see how good you look, I really believe

Carlson has met his match this time.” The doorbell rang. “Oh, that must be Emma and Paul. Let’s go downstairs.” Joanne said rushing her son out the door.

Sam had to take the stairs slowly as he wasn’t accustomed to the height of his heels. By the time he reached the landing, his mother had already opened the door. As Emma Wainwright walked in followed by the transformed Paul, both boys stared at each other, obviously shocked at what they saw.

Paul’s face had the perfect subtle makeup for a casually dressed young woman, and he looked closer to eighteen than his true age. His long, blonde hair had been pulled up high at the back of his head, fastened into a long ponytail, and braided with a pink ribbon for color. Finally, his hair had been wound into a tight bun that made him appear very feminine.

“Wow, Paul. . .you look. . .real!” Sam managed at last.

“So do you bud! Nice hair.” Paul replied.

“Enough admiring your looks, we have a lot to do tonight,” Joanne said as she reached for the door. “We have to get to the boutique and get you your clothes.”

With much trepidation, Sam and Paul were off for their first sojourn in public dressed as girls, and both of them had butterflies the size of eagles as they rode into the heart of town.

That evening, while Paul and Sam suffered embarrassment after embarrassment trying on skirts and dresses, Evan was relaxing at home with his mother. After dinner, he had used Nair on his legs and had shaved his underarms and all other places a girl might.

Nylons went on easily over his shiny legs. Running his hands up the smoothness of the nylons on his legs made his fingers tingle. He sighed at the pleasant sensations.

He looked perfectly comfortable in the flowery house dress his mother had loaned him. The caress of the soft dress about his body was intoxicating. Evan looked down often over his pert breasts to the flowered print and adjusted the skirt over his smooth legs.

Now, as they sat at the kitchen table preparing to do each others nails for the weekend and talking about the clothes and make-up he should wear on Monday. His

mother pulled out several lipsticks and said, "Pucker out your lips, now, that's a girl." They tried various shades of lipstick until they found just the right one. "Now it's your turn to do it." his mother said handing him the gold tube.

He put on the lipstick as carefully as he could, but even then it took several wipings and attempts before he and his mother were satisfied. "This is harder than it looks," Evan said studying his bright red lips.

"All it takes is practice, practice and more practice," his mother giggled. "If my son is going to wear lipstick, I want it neat."

Still not satisfied, she told Evan to put his hands on the table and she filed then painted his fingernails a bright red to match his lipstick. "Why are lipstick and fingernails red?" Evan asked.

"For a woman, red means both stop and go!" Sarah was both ecstatic and a little worried. Ecstatic because she was having fun playing dress-up with the daughter she had never had and because Evan seemed to like his new role.

Sarah loved being a woman and all the little wonderful components of femininity. She worried because of what this experience might do to her son. Would he ever be happy going back to being just a boy.

## Chapter Six

Friday evening while they were shopping, Sam and Paul found out that their mothers had indeed made beauty salon appointments for them the next day. That really helped them sleep better that night. . .that and the night-gowns they were told to wear. . .to get them thinking like girls day AND night.

Saturday morning, both boys went through the depilating ritual that Evan had endured. . .and enjoyed. . .the night before. They had to because they were informed that they would be wearing skirts to their salon appointments! Protests were countered with the reasoning that they should get all the practice they could before the judging started on Monday.

Sam felt like an army volunteer must. You join voluntarily, and from then on, everything comes as orders.

For simplicity and to save time, both boys wore the same hairdos as the night before. Only this time, Sam wore a new denim dress he had bought the night before.

His outfit was complete with a B-cup bra and silicon filled breast inserts that moved just like the real things. He could already sense that the shoulder straps of the unfamiliar garment would be hurting by the end of the day.

Emma had selected a very feminine, sleeveless sundress for Paul. It had a bright design of flowers on a yellow background. The full skirt had a ruffle that tickled his knees as he walked making him feel foolish and self-conscious.

The first thing both boys had to be taught was how to wear a skirt. They were taught how to smooth their skirts before sitting, so they wouldn't wrinkle their skirts.

Next they learned that when wearing a skirt, they had to sit with their legs, knees, and ankles pressed together. Their mother's warned them that, if they sat with their legs apart, "Nasty boys will try to peek up your skirts to see your panties.

Each mother showed their sons how to walk in a feminine manner, how to take small, dainty steps the way a girl walks. No more of those long, aggressive strides that boys and men use.

One of the most unaccustomed sensations was learning to delicately carry a purse. "It's not a football!" the mothers admonished, "it's where all your essential makeup goes. . .you don't want to bang it around!" The boys just followed instruction with a bewildered look on their faces.

On the way to the beauty salon, nothing happened. They were able to get to the salon without incident. That's not to say they weren't seen. . .they were.

Being out in public in a skirt, carrying a purse and having everyone think the two boys were girls was appalling. Neither boy could think of a time in their lives so full of repulsion than at being stared at by other boys. Being dressed as a girls in public made them feel ashamed and embarrassed but both realized that keeping a girlish simulation was their only way out.

Needless to say, both boys entered the salon with great apprehension. The immediate odor of hair spray and other hair care products, drove home the point that this was very much a feminine place. Their nervous glances into the interior observed a number of women and girls in various stages of hairdressing and manicures.

Dominique Laurent, the salon owner, met them with a broad smile saying, “Ladies. . .” She emphasized the word much to the boy’s shame. “I’ve been expecting you----your friend Evan is here already. And, my don’t you look lovely. I can assure you that work on such pretty girls will be a distinct pleasure.”

Despite themselves, Joanne and Emma were eating this up this praise. Their feminist armor let them down, and pride for their ‘pretty daughters’ got the better of them for a moment.

“Ah. . .Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Wainwright, there is no need for you to stay here while we work on them. Why don’t you come back in. . .say two and a half hours, and let me surprise you with the full effect, no?” Dominique purred as she virtually pushed the two mothers out the door. “Shop, have some Cappuccino at the cafe, and relax. The girls are in good hands, trust me!”

Joanne and Emma had hoped to participate in this major event of their sons’ metamorphosis, but Dominique’s persistence persuaded them to leave. Turning to their panicky sons, they said, “Cooperate with Ms. Laurent, and we’ll be back shortly after noon.”

“Tres bien! Now follow me, I’ve assigned two of my best operatives to look after you girls,” Ms. Laurent said taking Sam and Paul by the hands and almost dragging them into the heart of this ultra-feminine salon. As they neared the rear, they were approached by two stunningly beautiful women dressed in beautician’s uniforms. The apprehensive boys were pleasantly surprised as these sexy young women each took one of them led them to fully equipped salon cubicles.

As they passed a bank of hair dryers, both boys did a double take as one of the young women sitting under a dryer with her hair set on huge rollers smiled and waved at them.

“Evan!?” Sam mouthed in surprise.

Evan just smiled and made a gesture with his hands indicating ‘in person!’. To their surprise, he looked completely feminine with smooth shaven legs crossed at the knees peeking out from beneath a blue suede miniskirt. On his feet he wore open toed high heel sandals that displayed pink polished toenails, the same shade as his fingernails!

Above his skirt, a white cowl-necked angora sweater hugged his curves. And, they were curves! The final thing Sam noticed as he entered his assigned cubicle was that Evan was wearing gold hoop earrings. . .in his pierced ears! What was happening to them?

While Sam was deep in thought, the woman fastened a plastic cape around his neck and turned him around to shampoo his hair. "This is your first time getting your hair done, right?" she asked, making small talk.

"Yeah, well at least in a place like this."

"I heard about what you guys are doing, and I think it's pretty brave! Those so called beauty pageants are nothing but meat markets! I wish you the best of luck in getting it cancelled. For my part, I promise to make you as beautiful as possible."

"Thanks, but I'm beginning to think stupid is more appropriate than brave."

"Oh no, you'll love it! If you were big hairy jocks, then it would be stupid. You three guys will look terrific, and I'm betting one of you will win."

Sam took the last comment as being ridiculous because he still didn't believe they would last the first few days. Mr. Carlson was bound to find a reason to disqualify them.

As the woman worked with scissors and comb for a long time, Sam became worried about the amount of hair she was cutting off. When he voiced his concerns, she assured him that he would look great. When she was done cutting, she began applying some kind of goo out of a squeeze bottle and worked it into his hair. Then, before he could complain, she wrapped some plastic over his head and put him under a dryer.

While under the dryer, he met up with Paul who also had his hair covered in plastic, but they couldn't talk much because of the noise. After a while, they were taken back to the cubicles by their stylists, and their hair was rinsed and shampooed again. Sam was beginning to wonder when this was going to end when the woman said she didn't plan to put his hair in rollers. Instead, she worked away with a brush and a blow dryer.

Paul found himself staring at his reflection in the mirror as his stylist finished drying his long hair. He was amazed to see that it shone like corn silk, in fact, it was now beautifully highlighted with silver blonde throughout.

The ends had been trimmed so that his tresses cascaded smoothly down his back ending in a precise crescent shape around his shoulder blades. In a daze, he started to rise, but the stylist pulled him back saying that she wasn't finished.

As he sat back, Paul watched as she began combing sections of his hair out and doing something behind his back that he couldn't see. Twenty minutes later, she was done and handed him a mirror so he could view the results. As he gazed into the mirror, he almost fainted! His light blonde streaked hair was woven into a soft French braid that draped sensually at the sides right to his shoulders where it ended. The rest of the braid was pinned underneath and hidden.

"Any girl would envy your hair!" she exclaimed obviously pleased with her efforts. "It's like corn silk. Now, we do your face."

Paul then felt himself being tilted back so she could work overtop of him. The plucking of his eyebrows was painful, but she just shushed his complaints saying, "All this is just routine stuff for girls."

Heeding her advice, Paul relaxed and rested quietly until the plucking was over. At least, the rest didn't hurt as bad. She was working on his face with all kinds of creams, brushes, and powders. Finally, she lifted his chair upright. Shock! Total shock! Staring back at Paul in the mirror was a beautiful young woman! No! It was him! His delicately arched brows framed eyes that were made up with golden brown shades, and his lips were outlined with a reddish brown color and filled in with a lighter shade of the same. "Is that me?" He finally managed to say.

"Yes," she replied, somewhat in awe of what she had created. In the beginning, she had been somewhat skeptical when her employer explained what was happening and what she was to do with her "client." However, once she saw that Paul was excellent material for this project, she put her all into it. Now, seeing the results and knowing that this was a young man, that she had successfully turned into the perfect image of a woman, gave her a strange naughty thrill. Still, she wasn't quite finished.

"One more job," she said as she took his hand and pulled over a table covered with many colored bottles, files, and emery boards. With that, Paul sat dazed, alternately

looking at his image in the mirror and at the manicure process that this beautiful woman was performing on his fingers. On the one hand he was feeling normal sexual attraction for this gorgeous blonde that was holding his hand, and on the other, he would glance at the mirror and wonder how could he think such thoughts. His image was at least as feminine and sexy as hers!

Finally finished, she removed the cape and let him stand up, and for the first time, he saw the whole picture! Silky blonde hair, a soft feminine face accented with makeup, glinting rounded oval nails polished in a shade to match his lips in addition to his dress! There was no sign of boy here, only a pretty teenage girl!

She led him back out to the waiting area where more shocks were waiting. There, he saw two beautiful girls his age talking together, and at once he recognized them as Sam and Evan!

Evan look absolutely delectable! His blonde hair had dazzling highlights and was swept up into an elegant French Roll in back showing off his new gold earrings, and his face, with soft bangs, plucked eyebrows and skillful makeup, radiated a soft feminine glow.

Paul's greatest shock was when he saw Sam. They had cut his hair to a style that could only belong to a girls! It was a long pageboy that was cut shorter in back, then falling in ever-lengthening degrees to below chin level in front. And more, Sam's normally dark brown hair had been color enhanced to reflect bright red colors throughout.

Maybe he and Evan could change into boy's clothes, wash off the makeup, remove the nail polish, brush their hair back, and return to a normal guy's appearances, but there was no way that Sam could possibly hide his totally female hairdo! Until he had a radical haircut, Paul knew his friend would have an impossible time passing for a boy.

"Hi guys," Paul said weakly.

Sam looked somewhat distraught, as he looked at Paul and answered breathlessly, "Hi."

Evan; however, appeared relaxed and filled with confidence. "Hey! They did a great job on you guys!" he offered as a compliment.

"Thanks, you too," then, Paul stammered to his now auburn haired friend, "Sam, y. . .you look. . .different. I hardly recognized you."

“Yeah. . .different is right!” Sam hissed through clenched teeth. “Look at this!” He exclaimed, taking a lock of his hair between two bright crimson tipped fingers. “They cut my hair into this style and dyed it red! This is no temporary look that I can change in three weeks unless I cut it all off!”

“That’s okay, it’ll grow back,” Paul offered in consolation.

“But, it took so long for it to grow out, and I had it just the way I liked it. . .!”

Just then, they heard the door open and saw Joanne and Emma walk in. Not recognizing their sons, they almost bumped into Paul who was standing near the entrance. The two mothers looked at the three very attractive girls, and suddenly realized who they were.

With mixed emotions, Joanne looked at her son and gasp, “Oh my!” His hairdo, face, clothes, and especially his exceedingly feminine hairstyle and color made it difficult for her to think of him as a boy.

Emma looked at Paul and also thought that the level to which they had feminized his appearance was unbelievable!

All this time, Evan was cool, calm, and collected. He was an obvious natural. What else could one say? Not only was his appearance totally feminine, his personality and attitude seemed to have taken a completely girlish turn as well!

“Ah, bon jour ladies,” Dominique purred graciously as she came over to greet the two mothers. “Your sons have matured into beautiful young women in just a few hours, oui?”

“They look amazing,” Emma replied, finally recovering from the shock turned to Paul. “You will turn heads!”

Dominique bragged, “I would not want to be the judge of these contest. The choice is tres difficult!”

They offered Evan a ride home as his mother had to work, but he declined saying he wanted to do some window shopping on the way home.

Paul and Sam were aghast at his bravery.

In the car, Sam let off some steam. “Look at me! Is this what you planned?” he demanded from his mother. “If it is, you lied to me!”

She was surprised at his unusually assertive tone of

voice with her, but realizing that he had ample reason to be angry, she answered, "No dear. I didn't plan this. You know Mr. Carlson pulled a fast one on us, and we had to alter our plans. I still think our strategy will beat him at his own little game."

"Oh great, and in the meantime, I'll strut around in dresses and makeup with my hair in this feminine style. That should give the guys plenty to tease me about. . .for the rest of mu life!" he huffed.

"Now, Sammy dear, let's not get too excited. They only cut and dyed your hair. A haircut takes only fifteen minutes, and you're back to normal. Anyway, your hair does look beautiful that way," she added sincerely.

Sam received this complement and couldn't help but sneak a look at himself in the side view mirror of the car. In the back of his mind, he was shocked at his new appearance, however he couldn't help but realize that he did look good. . .as a girl!

In fact, he wanted to really look at himself in the mirror at home. This new look fascinated him in a carnal way. He was now dressed and possessed the kind of hairdo he found attractive on girls!

## Chapter Seven

The next morning, Andrea called Evan and said, "My parents left earlier than expected, so why don't you come on over. I'm sure we can find something to do until the others get here at one o'clock."

"Sounds great!" he answered. "I'll be there shortly!"

Before long, Evan arrived at Andrea's house as promised. He was wearing a new pair of girl's khaki walking shorts with an ivory blouse loosely over the shorts. A narrow brown belt cinched the blouse in at the waist while his padded B-cup bra gave him a figure to whistle at, and a pair of brown girl's penny loafers and white ankle socks adorned his feet. His hair had been set in rollers overnight, and now the mass of curls was pulled back behind his ears by a brown silk scarf used like a headband. Of course, his makeup and manicure was flawless.

"WOW!" Andrea gasp, "You are. . .delectable!"

Andrea was so pleased to see blushing Evan in his feminine outfit that she couldn't resist hugging him around the neck and kissing him full on the lips. As their

bodies pressed close together, Evan couldn't help noticing how their bosoms collided, but never having been kissed by such a beautiful girl, he did the natural thing and returned her passionate kiss.

"How does it feel to be a girl?" Andrea asked.

"It feels nice," he said honestly.

"That's so great!" she energetically announced. Still, the question remained. Why did this enchanting girl like him to be dressed as a girl?

As for Andrea, she couldn't keep her eyes off this beautiful, femininely clad boy. Confusing thoughts and feelings were going through her mind and body. Standing before her was this alluring "female" that was very sexually attractive in several ways. She had to find out more about her feelings!

She asked, "I guess you've heard about my reputation."

Evan nodded.

"It's not true," she said with a unemotional tone that convinced Evan that she was being honest. "Guys think blondes are easy and stupid. They can't admit that they've struck out with a blonde. I'm on the honor roll and I'm saving myself for someone special. . .I don't know why the guys are all over me?"

"Because you're perfect," Evan said in awe of the blonde beauty.

"I'm not perfect," Andrea said fluffing out her curls. "Perfect is a deaf and dumb blonde nymphomaniac whose father owns a pub."

Emma was so delighted with Paul's French Braid that she insisted on doing his hair that way again Sunday morning. However, it took three attempts before she was satisfied with her handiwork.

Given a choice about which of his new feminine ensembles he "wanted" to wear, Paul picked the "least of evils." He hesitantly picked the "ruffleless" new stretch summer dress in a sky blue shade that he would like to see on his girlfriend. . .if he had one.

Being very slim, the stretchy material was nicely suited to enhance a girl's figure. . .the A-cup bra and its silicon breast forms jiggled so realistically that he was embarrassed. He almost looked as if he had tits and was braless under that sexy dress. "Maybe I should change," he

thought, thinking about the ribbing he would surely get. He sighed, "Oh well. . .this is as good as any."

With the clingy, straight skirt, he had to wear extra tight stretch panties to hold his male parts securely up and out of possible view. His smoothly shaved legs were bare beneath his skirt, and his 2 1/2" heeled sandals made his buttocks move in a most provocative manner.

Paul had blushed a deep red when on the walk to Sam's house, some young college boys playing street football sent wolf whistles and suggestive comments his way. If not for his tough appearing sister Wendy walking beside him, he was afraid he might have been attacked!

Sam hadn't slept much the night before. Many times he woke up and turned on the light to see the tantalizing red-head in the mirror. It was all so unfamiliar.

"That can't be me," he exclaimed, staring at himself in the glass. His little nighty twisted and a mess among the ruffled sheets. He would adjust the hem prudishly down over his thighs. It had taken Sam a long time to get ready that morning but his efforts showed.

Sam looked like a young woman at least 18 years of age with his sophisticated hairstyle. He had been told how easy this style was to take care of. . .just good conditioning and blow drying, and his hair would fall precisely into place with a simple sway of his head.

"Can't I wear pants?" he pleaded with his mother. "You do!"

"Okay," she said thinking, "but I'll pick out the outfit. You'll need one more little item."

"Anything," Sam said.

With that his mother came back with the smallest panty-girdle he'd ever seen. . .almost like a thong. "With pants," she said, "you'll need this. . .T.G.I.F."

"What?" he asked scrutinizing the tiny garment.

"Tuck Genitals In First!"

To compliment his new reddish hair tones, he wore brick red cotton blouse and denim jeans with a black belt. The sleeves of his blouse were rolled up part way up the forearm showing off a heavy gold link bracelet borrowed from his mother and a gold ladies watch.

At the open neck of his blouse a matching necklace that caught the light and reflected it luxuriously. Peeking just

above the top button of his blouse was the black and red lace bodice of his camisole. His B-cup bra and the bouncing silicone breast forms pushed out the light fabric plainly for all to see. The concept of sporting breasts gave him disturbing thoughts as he balanced on his three inch pumps.

Sam wished the day was over. He knew his buttocks would ache, his thighs and legs tender from hours in heels. He almost had to pinch himself to see if this was all real.

Without a doubt, Sam gave the appearance of a much LESS innocent type of girl. Quite amazing when one considered Joanne's opinion of that type woman. It seemed that the recent transformation of her only male child into "daughter" status brought on a whole new set of rules than what her real daughter Maureen had been forced to live by at home.

Sam was cleaning up some dishes after breakfast, when he heard a voice at the kitchen door.

"Hi Maureen," the voice asked as it came through the door. "Where's Sam?"

Sam turned around to see his good buddy Alex. They often just walked into each other's houses. Alex stopped, looked at Sam and recognized him. "What the . . ."

Sam wanted to die. Alex's eyes went from his crimson hair and plucked eyebrows, to the obvious bosom, to the white bibbed apron Sam wore to protect his blouse.

Sam had not told his best friend about this. . .he never thought it would go this far.

Sam sat Alex down and explained all about what was happening with the contest. Alex just gawked at Sam. "Who else is doing this," he asked in amazement.

"Evan, Paul and myself," Sam said removing the apron. He could feel Alex's eyes watching his figure as he finished up around the kitchen. Sam tried to be as boyish as possible, but how naturally can a boy be sporting a suggestive, abounding bosom?

"Man, you guys are in trouble," Alex stated. "You aren't really planning to go to school in dresses, are you?"

Sam blushed, he was humiliatingly conscious of his scrutiny. Sam shuttered as he saw Alex surveying his tight jeans. Attempting to ease Sam's embarrassment and his own as well, Alex snickered, "You look good. Turn around."

Sam pirouetted, trying to strike a feminine pose.

“Real GOOD,” he said joking. “You show up at school like that and you’ll get an ‘F’ in sex!”

They joked around and Sam felt much better. Sam had leave for Andrea’s but Alex asked, “Can I come over tomorrow? I want to see you in a dress.”

When Andrea answered the door to Sam and Paul and their sisters Maureen and Wendy, she was again taken aback by the feminine appearance of the boys. There was a long moment of silence as she looked at the “boys.”

In her wildest dreams, she hadn’t expected anything like this! These boys weren’t just potential girl impersonators, they were absolute knockouts. . .the kind of girls that you always steer your boyfriend as far away from as possible.

Wendy, who as usual wasn’t wearing makeup, was the first to break the silence. “Ding dong. . .we’re representing Avon. How are you today?”

The comment was so spontaneous and natural that all six of them burst into hysterical laughter. Laughing through tears, Andrea motioned them into the house, unable to breathe from laughing so hard. “Un. . .be. . .leaveable!” she finally exclaimed. “How did you do it? Two days ago, you were regular guys, but now you’re drop dead gorgeous, ready for the runway model material.”

“Only our hairdressers know for sure,” Evan joked from behind her while primping his hair with one hand.

“Oh Sam, that’s a beautiful wig,” Andrea complimented. “Is it your mother’s?”

“It’s not a wig,” Sam answered with a blush. “They cut and dyed my hair this way.

“But how do you make it look like a boy?” she asked.

Sam turned darker red and muttered, “I can’t.”

Again, Andrea gasped in astonishment. She had planned to have fun teaching the boys makeup secrets and hairstyle tricks, but judging from the appearance of this male trio, that wouldn’t be necessary. Instead, they spent most of the afternoon on Andrea’s patio sipping sodas and talking about the whole predicament facing the boys with the contest.

Finally, Andrea said excitedly, “You’re supposed to practice with the cheerleading squad for the big Pep Rally

this Friday at noon. Miss Jackson told us that the contestants will work out with us at our regular aerobics class that is followed by cheerleading practice. From what I've seen already, you'll look great in our uniforms. . .won't you Evan?"

"I can hardly wait." Paul spat sarcastically.

"My uniforms are upstairs. Just wait here, and Evan and I will give you a preview right now!"

The others gave each other a curious look as Evan answered, "Sure, why not."

After a while, the two returned, and what a sight! Evan wearing a gold pleated cheerleader's skirt with a blue sweater emblazoned with a gold megaphone. Andrea was wearing an identical outfit but with a white skirt.

Evan's smoothly shaved legs were quite exposed by the very short, pleated skirt, and his blonde curls were pulled up into bouncy, fluffy pigtails at each side of his head and tied with blue and gold ribbons.

"Yaaaaay! We'll show you some moves!" the two girls cheered on their entrance while the boys only sat in awe of the scene before them.

Andrea whispered something into Evan's ear and he nodded with a grin as they put their arms over each other's shoulders and proceeded to do a series of high kicks that exposed the identical blue and gold ruffled panties they wore. On Andrea's signal, they turned around and fin-

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EVERYTHING SENT FIRST CLASS IN UNMARKED ENVELOPE.

ished their routine by bending over and flipping up their skirts at the audience.

“Ooooh, too risqué!” shouted Maureen.

The two boys squirmed in their seats. Seeing Evan’s pantied behind accented their own predicament. The two “cheerleaders” played flirtatiously with their short skirts, flashing panties and wiggling their bottoms.

“I don’t think we’ll try those moves in Miss Jackson’s practice,” Andrea injected as she and Evan started another cheer together.

Flipping at their long blonde curls, they cheered, “We’re blondes. Sexy blondes. . . Give me a ‘B’. . . Give me a ‘L’. . . Give me an ‘O’. . . Give me a ‘N’. . . Give me a. . . ahh, you know blondes. . . yeah, yeah, yeah!”

Everyone laughed and relaxed. Seeing Evan making fun made the occasion less of a burden. The two kept their arms around each others waist in a manner that clearly indicated that they now closer than ‘just girl friends’. Furthering that belief, later that afternoon when the others left, Evan stayed behind ‘for a few minutes’.

On the way home, Maureen and Wendy sensed the mounting tension in their brothers as the upcoming school week was now only hours away.

Evan had come home quite late that evening and seemed to be exceedingly happy about something, but Emma didn’t inquire into his reasons. At bedtime, she heard him taking a shower, and shortly thereafter, he was sitting at her vanity casually putting his hair up in rollers.

“Do you need my help?”

“Thanks, but no thanks. I might as well learn to do this on my own,” he replied casually, immersed in his image in the mirror and making sure the rollers were aligned correctly.

Sarah watched as he copied the setting pattern that she had used on him that first time. As she watched farther, she noticed that he had tied a towel around his body in the manner that a girl did. . . that is around and above the breasts rather than at the waist.

She shook her head. “He has accepted this girl thing so well that I’ve got an idea,” thought Sarah. Going to her closet she withdrew a white silk nightgown and asked her son, “Evan. . . That towel looks out of place. Would you like

to try this for the night?"

He looked at what she was holding and answered without hesitation, "Could I? That would be great!"

Finally, he finished pinning the last of the more than two dozen rollers covering his entire head. Then, picking up a large triangular wave net, he asked his mother for help in tying it on securely.

"Sure, I'm glad you need me at all," she replied, taking the net and carefully lowering it over his front curlers before draping it over the top, sides, and down to the back. Next, she slowly pulled the ends of the net and tied the bottom ends so that it now held all his rollers snugly in place.

Evan felt a little tingle of excitement as he felt the weight and tension of the rollers in his hair. Asking his mother to turn her back for a moment, he dropped his towel and put on the silky nightgown. It had thin spaghetti straps that attached to the bodice which had a plunging neckline and even more plunging back. The pretty little gown stopped well above his knees to display shapely, smooth thighs. As he pirouetted before the mirror trying to get a better look at the back he chuckled, "Not exactly built for warmth is it?"

"Not really," Emma laughed back. "I'm not even sure why I bought it. It's meant for the eye of the beholder, and it's lovely on a trim young body like yours and the color goes with your blonde hair. I don't wear it much. . .if you want it, it's yours. . .you know, for the contest."

"Thanks, but your body is hardly old and decrepit."

"I have to admit, it looks better on you. You're having fun with all this aren't you?"

"I'll almost hate it to end," Evan said with a bit of a blush. "I like wearing dresses. I almost wish I was really was a girl."

Evan sat so that he could see his reflection in the mirror. Sarah thought it was amusing to see Evan continuously looking at himself, check the curlers and make faces at himself---preening just like a pretty girl would do. Evan was fascinated with his girlish beauty, and the pretty, fluffy negligee he had on, made him look so daintily feminine.

"Evan, do you know you are a very fortunate young man?" Sarah said without thinking about the idea of en-

couraging him. "Not one boy in thousands can dress up successfully as a really beautiful girl. Many a real girl would envy you your looks."

"Do you really think I'm beautiful?" he asked. Sarah noticed that unconsciously he had raised and softened his voice, so that it sounded quite girlish.

It seemed that the clothes and make-up were having a unthinkable effect on him and he was imitating a girl's voice and mannerisms. It seemed to come naturally for him.

Evan saw his mother observing his actions and he said, "You'll have to excuse me. I never dreamt that I would make such a pretty girl and I can't get used to it." He was looking in the mirror, staring at himself. He raised one hand and adjusted a curl about his face to make sure it was perfect and smiled.

His smile was so charming that it made the image Sarah saw all the more beautiful. She smiled too. Seeing her son so concerned about his hair and trying so hard to arrange it more attractively almost made her laugh out loud.

He changed his position into what he thought was more feminine and attractive. He crossed his legs above the knee in a girlish manner and smoothed his lovely negligee carefully over his knees.

"Where'd you learn to sit like that?" his mother asked.

"Andrea's teaching me," he said proudly sitting up with grace and ease as though he had been a girl all his life.

"What else is she teaching you?" his mother asked coyly.

"Just girl stuff."

Sarah thought, "Such beauty is wasted on a mere boy." She had never realized how girlish her son was until now. Not the figure of a Miss World candidate but with decidedly feminine features: thin, muscleless arms, small delicate hands, and a long slender neck. The little nightgown clung to the plump cheeks of his girlish bottom.

It was all so odd yet spontaneous. In this short time he had apparently mastered the art of feminine impersonation.

With a little more happy exchange they both retired for the night, Evan in a mood that was so in contrast to that of his two friends.

## Chapter Eight

“Hurry dear, it’s getting late,” Joanne cautioned as Sam was trying slowly and carefully to roll a new pair of pantyhose up his smooth legs. His fingers were shaky this morning and his stomach was in knots. . .for obvious reasons. He felt as though he was in some kind of waking nightmare as he stood before the mirror in a new white lace bra with his jiggling breast inserts pulling the thin straps down into the skin of his shoulders.

Beneath the thin pantyhose he could see the outline of the tight white panties that matched his bra. His deep red manicured nails contrasted boldly with the whiteness of his bra. His hair hung still wet and shapeless after his shower, but his mother was motioning for him to sit at her vanity so that she could once again blow dry it into its totally feminine style.

Ten minutes before Sam was to leave for school, Alex showed up at the back door apologetically. “I can’t go with you to school today but I had to see what you look like in a dress.”

“That’s okay,” Sam said knowingly, “I’m going with the others.”

His mother and sister walked into the kitchen and were surprised to see Alex. “What do you think of your baseball ‘buddy’ now?” Sam’s sister asked him.

Alex grinned and joked, “Hot! I had no idea he had such good legs. . .I might have asked him out!”

Sam felt uncomfortable as Alex kept watching him. From Sam’s short cream-colored skirt, light-weight matching knit top, to the three inch heels on patent-leather pumps, Alex didn’t miss a element of Sam’s feminization. With its back zipper, Sam’s skirt draped tightly over his fleshy bottom and the wide leather belt accentuating his waist. The knit top did nothing to hide his eye-catching bustline. Sam’s makeup was perfect and not too overdone for a high school girl.

Sam’s mother noticed Alex’s curiosity and said, “I think Sam is a very good sport about all this. The world will be a better place without chauvinistic manipulation of young girls. Besides, I think he looks attractive and believable.”

Alex nodded agreement. Sam was beginning to get used to his heels, skirt and added weight on his chest. This presence improved his posture, making his walk more of a

girlish saunter.

With an expression like he'd never see his friend alive again, Alex said, "Good luck. You'll understand if I don't 'hang' with you today. . ."

A couple of blocks away at the Wainwright home, Emma was just as busy helping Paul, "her new daughter" get ready for school. If Sam was nervous, Paul was terrified! Fortunately, his mother had wakened him very early that morning, because she had to spend half an hour arguing and pleading for him to go through with this masquerade. Also, after eating a piece of toast before his shower, he promptly had to run to the bathroom where his tense stomach rejected it.

At long last, she had him calmed down enough to put on his new pink panties and bra set and a pair of oh so feminine pinkish white pantyhose that had a delicate clockwork pattern of lace. His lingerie was covered with a pink slip with elaborate lace at the bodice and hem.

While he was dressed to this stage, Emma sat him down and lovingly brushed his mid-back length hair while he sat staring at his daintily clad body in the mirror. He also saw his mother meticulously combing and sectioning his silky hair in the creation of the lavish French braid that she adored. She carefully completed the braid, and in the process, poked and jabbed him with the many bobby pins that she inserted to hide the long tail of his braid underneath at the nape of his neck. Finally, she stepped back with a pleased look and just whispered, "beautiful!"

During the next fifteen minutes, Emma focused her efforts on her son's makeup. Paul complained but to no avail as she insisted on cleaning up his eyebrows. Then, eyebrow pencil, eyeliner, shadow, and mascara were applied to give him beautiful doe like eyes. Again, she was very pleased, or one could even say that she was visibly excited at being able to create such a feminine being from her son. Blush and dark pink lipstick completed the image, and Paul was no more.

He stood up as directed and submissively held his arms up as his mother carefully slid the pink and white dress over his head. It was very modern in design and had pink and white geometric patterns that flowed across the tight bodice and full just above the knee length skirt. As she

adjusted the short cuffed sleeves and zipped up the back, Paul felt the dress hugging his body, and he felt as though he was now a prisoner locked into it.

Finally, he stepped into the white two inch heeled sandals and waited while she kneeled and fastened the ankle straps to his trembling legs.

“OH, mom,” Paul pleaded, tears coming to his eyes. “I can’t do this. I look stupid!”

“Shhh, you’ll ruin your makeup,” she said taking a tissue and blotting a tear. “You look wonderful in that dress.”

The time had come face the public. Paul wasn’t sure know how his day would go, but he had no doubt that it would be the most difficult day of his life!

Sarah played a different role than either Joanne or Emma had with their sons. She found that she was there only to advise her Evan as he was doing quite well on his own. She also noted that his good mood from the night before continued. Also, she was quite nervous about the upcoming day. “I hope you don’t have any trouble,” she said.

Evan just shrugged it off saying, “It’ll be a laugh Mom, don’t worry.”

Watching him get ready for school, Emma got the feeling that her son was going through a well practiced morning routine. First, he took down his hair which fell in tight ringlet curls all over his head. Then with a hairbrush, he combed through the curls first down then with his head bent over from underneath. To her amazement, he deftly pulled his hair back, and with a quick twist and some bobby pins, he created a puffy little chignon that was surrounded by wispy ringlets and curls.

“How did he learn that?” she thought to herself.

Fussing with the curls at his forehead and temples, Evan finally appeared satisfied with the results and proceeded to spray a generous amount of hair spray to lock the style in place. To her surprise, he had selected his own clothes for the day and was quickly dressed in lingerie and pantyhose.

Emma watched him select a white high collared blouse which needed her help to button as it had a dozen small pearl buttons up the back. The full sleeves ended in tight

five button cuffs. "A very feminine selection," she thought as he stepped into a black linen skirt that was quite slim and fell to mid-thigh. A small slit at the back allowed him a bit more room for walking. He finished off his clothing with a pair of simple black pumps.

She continued to watch as her son sat at the vanity and methodically applied all his own cosmetics. He was good, damn good! "Evan, where in the world did you learn to do your own hair and makeup so well?" she finally asked.

"Oh. . .I read some of your fashion magazines the other day, and. . .well, Andrea showed me some stuff too." he replied sounding a little bit embarrassed to discuss the pretty cheerleader.

Emma now thought she understood! This Andrea girl was the catalyst that was making her son so cheerful and accepting of this strange adventure he was about to embark on. Hmmmmm.

She saw Evan differently now. He had always had a delicate soul in a boy's body---but that was about to be changed. For about a week, he could be a girl in girl's clothes, and act as girlish as he wanted.

## Chapter Nine

The Miller minivan slowly pulled up to the curb in front of Central High, and the casual onlooker would have thought that the driver was a mother about to drop off her daughter and her five very pretty girlfriends at school. They were indeed pretty girls, but two of them looked more than a little nervous.

"I can't do it," Paul whispered as the van door slid open.

"Yes, you can Paul. You're a knockout!" encouraged his sister Wendy. "Honestly, no boy has ever looked as beautiful or as feminine as you."

Somehow that compliment sounded more like an eulogy. Still, it took a shove from Maureen to prod Paul out of the vehicle.

Sam took it more stoically, but wouldn't exit the van until Joanne said, "Go ahead dear. Watch your short skirt when you get out of the van."

Andrea and Evan just smiled at each other and held hands as they stepped out. An instant of shame stabbed at Evan as a few guys looked toward the "girls". Holding his small purse containing his lipstick, brush and makeup,

Evan's teeth suddenly chattered. He whispered, "I'm scared of the boys."

Andrea laughed, "You'll soon discover that boys can be lots of fun for a blonde!"

The crowd of arriving students at first didn't notice anything unusual as the six girls walked up towards the main entrance of the school carrying their books against their bosoms. Then all of a sudden, one of the guys noticed the strange girls in the group and made some suggestive comments to his buddies.

As they wondered aloud who these new chicks were, one close observer exclaimed, "They're not girls! That's those sissies who are competing in the Freshie Queen Pageant!"

Similarly several girls eyed the newcomers accompanying Andrea and company, and upon the boy's revelation, they began to squeal excitedly. In seconds, everyone was chattering to their friends who were taking second and third looks at the "new girls." In five minutes, the news of the "new girls" had spread throughout the school like a prairie fire.

The first insults were barbed and hurtful. Exactly as anticipated, teasing was intense from the boys, but to their surprise, many of the girls were friendly and supportive. The girls had talked among themselves over the weekend, and most of them were against the sexually exploitive beauty contest.

In turn, they appreciated the boy's objective. . .cancellation of the Freshie Queen Pageant! As the day passed, ever increasing numbers of girls informed their boyfriends of their support and asked them to cease harassing the male contestants.

There were notices posted everywhere suddenly. It said: "If we girls tolerate making fun of the boys in skirts we are really saying that SKIRTS (feminine items and interests) are laughable and beneath male interests. If we ever want equality, men must be able to do and wear feminine things." This lobbying effort resulted in a virtual cessation of hazing by the end of the day to the delight of Sam and Paul in particular.

The next day, was not any easier for Paul and Sam. Both had sore feet but flats were not an option for any

future queen. Besides high heels illustrated the sexual domination and manipulation men had over women. . . exactly what this fight was all about!

Evan was determined not to be intimidated by the nasty, mean-hearted boys. To Paul and Sam, he had a nonchalant, casualness about the way he wore dresses, as if he'd just reached into his closet one day and donned the first thing he's found. . . a dress! Confidence was seeing him fluttering through a crowded hallway between classes, his hips swaying like any of the coquettish girls.

Paul was trying but caught himself wanting to run from the building. His shining hair, flashing with golden highlights, swished around his shoulders as he walked and was most distracting. He wore a short flowered dress of clinging rayon that unmistakably profiled his girl-like curves. Paul had to resist the impulse to cross his arms over his prominent bosom; his mother had warned him NOT to do that!

Sam wore a silk blouse and slim tight skirt. It seemed like a good idea. . . wear the knee hugging skirt and not have to worry about it flying up. Just before he nearly fell and broke his nose, he realized his mistake. . . it was difficult to take much of a stride and move his legs. He had to adjusted his walk, taking smaller, mincing steps that were more suitable for a slim skirt and heels anyway. Sam had no idea this made his hips swivel femininely as he walked.

His friend, Alex, came up to him at lunch and asked, "What are you guys wearing under your skirts?"

Sam flushed, his eyes darkened as if to say "I thought you were my friend?" But Sam just swiveled quickly, shrugged his shoulders in mock resignation and walked away. His fanny wiggled in the tight skirt he was wearing. Sam's bottom appeared bigger, more feminine in appearance and Alex just wanted to know if he was wearing padding or something.

One circumstance did made it easier for the boys. . . they didn't stand out quite as much. The reason; more girls left the pants at home and wore skirts and dresses. Was this a competitive reaction to boys wearing skirts?

Toward the end of the week, as the boys got more skilled at their impersonation, the student body began to get

behind their cause.

A groundswell of endorsement for their efforts was building within the student body. To Mr. Carlson's surprise and disdain, the pep rally with the contestants joining the cheerleaders was a resounding success with thunderous vocal student participation.

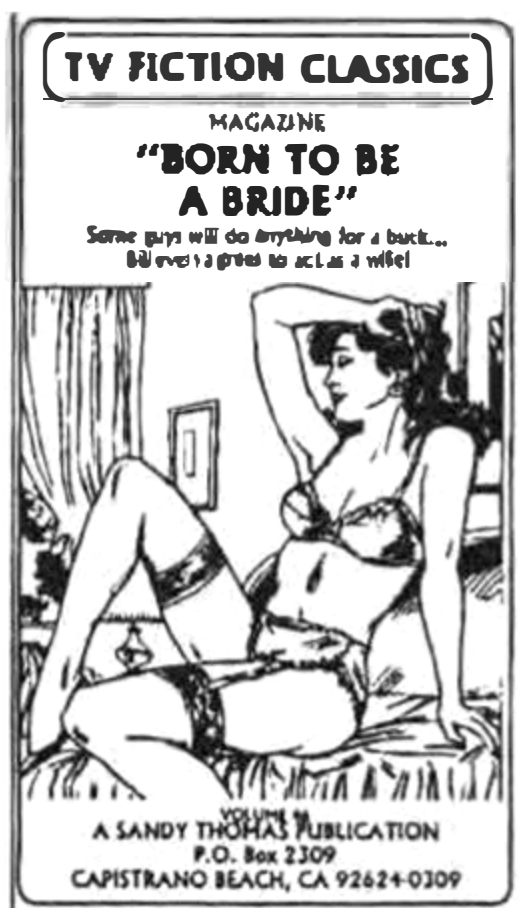
"Damn!" Carlson cursed under his breath as he surveyed the positive acceptance of the "candidates" by the student body. "We'll see how they make out when they are required to serve as hostesses for the PTA tea next week!" The PTA tea was a fund-raising event where the Freshie Queen contestants were required to appear in formal attire to pour tea for the various dignitaries and prominent alumni of the school.

Whereas Evan had been the most accepting of the feminization process so far, the other boys found themselves getting more and more comfortable and caught up with their girlish appearance.

The boys car-pooled whenever possible for mutual protection. Sam rode with Evan and his mother. Evan asked his mother, "Can we stop at the mall. . .you promised."

Sam tried to convince them not to stop. "Going into a store dressed like this is crazy," he pleaded.

"It'll only take a minute," Evan said, "You can stay in the car."



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At the mall, there were a lot of guys hanging out, drinking sodas, laughing and giving Sam fishy looks. They would talk real low for a minute, then all of a sudden they'd look his way and start laughing. He decided to go in instead of sitting alone in the car.

Sam was nervous about going into the mall, but figured out that he'd pretend he was looking around for a new sweater or something because they have that stuff out on tables and don't need a clerk to help.

Evan made a sprint for the nicest girl's store leaving his mother window shopping at one of the great big display windows out front filled with mannikins in the season's new fashions. Evan went in and Sam followed, wishing he'd gone home with Paul.

Sam stiffened, momentarily mortified when Evan went directly to the lingerie counter.

"Can I help you, girls?" an older clerk gushed, the way they do when they think you're going to buy something.

Evan stuck his chin up in the air and said, "Yes, I'd like to see some lingerie, please."

Sam thought he'd lost his mind or something and didn't know whether to stay with Evan or sneak off.

"Right over here, dear." She moved toward a counter where they had slips and panties and things in little frames sitting around on the glass top. "Now, what is it you need, dear? Panties, or a new slip?"

She was talking to Evan like he was a adult woman.

Evan didn't bat an eye. "No, not today. I need a new brassiere."

"A brassiere! A new brassiere!" Sam gasp. Evan sounded like he had about a million old ones at home! Sam assumed that Evan had never owned a brassiere in his entire life. The clerk just looked real sharp at Evan's front and squished up her lips and said, "Well now, what size would that be?"

"A thirty-two, in white lace with padded cups, I think." Evan sounded like he'd been buying bras for years! The clerk laid two or three out on the counter and Evan picked them up and turned them over, and they talked about cups, padding, support and comfort.

Sam about died when the clerk suggested, "Perhaps were should have you fitted?"

“Not this time,” Evan said softly, “My friend is in a hurry. . . maybe next time?”

He finally picked out two, one with a little pink rosebud on the middle part of the front and another strapless one with push-up padding.

While Evan was fishing his money out, the clerk looked at Sam and asked, “What about you, dear? Anything today?”

Sam started to blush and folded his arms across his noticeable chest. “NO! No, ma’am . . . not today, thank you.”

Evan got his package and they left meeting his mother by the front of the store. Seeing the bag in Evan’s hand and the smile on his face, she giggled and said, “See how easy that was? Now you don’t need me to get what you want.”

For the P.T.A. tea, Paul asked his mother to try a new look for him.

“Mom, you know even though I like the French Braid you’ve done my hair, I’d like to try something a little different for a change,” he asked sheepishly.

“Really?” His mother replied, pleasantly surprised by his innocent interest. “Any idea what would you like to try?”

“Well, I was thinking,” he said slowly looking for the right words. “I’d like to see how I’d look with loose curls. . . you know like some of the other girls.”

“Oh, like the other girls?” his mother quipped. “I’ve been thinking how cute you would look with long ringlets down your back!”

She had taught him how to take care of his hair, which had grown rapidly. If he wanted a cluster of ringlets at the back he’d have to learn how to use a curling iron, and how to do his hair in curlers for the night.

And so Paul found himself that evening sitting at his mother’s vanity as she lovingly set his long blonde hair in curlers. Because of its length she had to use small sections and a firm setting, semi-permanent perm gel. Each roller was wound vertically to produce the desired spiral ringlets. It took over forty rollers to fully set Paul’s hair! Before going to bed he was required to spend an hour under his mother’s bonnet hair dryer. Even so, it would need another

hour in the morning.

She pointed out to him that with such feminine curls “permed” he would be so feminine and beautiful that he could not just comb it out and be a boy again. With his girlish face and slender body, the additional curls might cause him to be sort of “stuck” as a girl for a while.

Blushing, Paul couldn’t deny it. “They’re already making fun of me, I might as well have some fun. You should have seen Evan today. He wore stretch pants and a cashmere sweater with short boots. . .I don’t think I could pull that off?”

His mother looked at her feminized son and stated, “That’s too modern for you. Maybe you’ll let me put a bow in your hair like some of the most feminine girls wear. What do you think?”

Paul turned a vivid scarlet. . .blushing at his own excitement. The idea of bows and ribbons sent the pit of Paul’s stomach into a wild swirl. He decided to ignore the mocking voice inside and answered softly, “I’d like that.”

Curls and bows and frilly things; it was what being a female and being feminine was all about!

The PTA tea was a resounding success. Attendance was nearly double that of any previous PTA event. Word had gone around that the Freshie Queen “girls” would be there and the whole community was curious to see these brave young men. The boys did not disappoint.

Sam wore an elegant green cocktail dress that complimented his red hair. His mother was wearing a matching dress for a mother/daughter expression. For the first time, Sam’s schoolmates saw him with his hair up in a smooth French Twist which made him look much older than his true age. More than one male received an elbow in the ribs from their spouses for staring too hard at the sultry image that this “girl” presented.

Paul looked smashing in a “little black dress” that offset his stunning blonde curls. He used his mid-back length hair to advantage as it spilled in a mass of feminine ringlet curls over the smooth bare shoulders presented by his dress. His mother accented his already classic features with bold red lipstick and evening eye makeup to present a look that defied anyone to say that Paul just looked like a school boy in a dress.

Evan, as usual, had picked out his own clothes and had mostly done his own makeup and hair. Unlike the other two boys, he seemed to have slipped most naturally into the feminine lifestyle. His mother just watched as he went about his routine. Cosmetics seemed to be second nature to him and he could do things with his hair that most girls couldn't master even after years of practice.

For the PTA tea he had selected a Chinese style dress of mid-calf length in black and red silk. His makeup was much bolder than anyone had seen on him before. For once Evan had abandoned his usual natural girl look, for that of an oriental temptress. Bold eye makeup and a tightly pulled back hairstyle made him look like a blonde Far East beauty. Gold earrings and a matching gold pendant around his neck accented the shiny silk fabric of his dress.

Needless to say that the three boys were the center of all attention at the PTA tea. The three real female contestants were steaming mad as they barely got a glance from the people attending!

The boys, smothered with attention, almost forgot how humiliated they should be. Their skirts swished across their legs as they walked, swinging and swaying with each step. Each boy did their best to be "too feminine" to be a sissy.

The whole evening was filled with an endless barrage of questions from the ladies (and some gentleman) at the function.

One handsome gentleman, a friend of Sam's mother came up to them and asked Sam, "I have always found it inspiring to see young ladies dressed like their mothers? It's too bad you can't do it more."

Sam's mother interrupted, "I could just see us now in our matching dresses. . .we could even wear our hair the same way!"

Sam let out a deep sigh and heard the man say, "I just have to say that Sam's so adorable when he's dressed just like his mommy. Maybe sometime I could take the two of you out to a fancy dinner and dancing?"

"I don't know how to dance," Sam said shyly, blushing as the man went on about how much they looked alike and even how the color of their dresses accented their beauty. Sam fluffed his hair with his pink tipped fingers and was startled to see his mother making the same gesture. Sam

was starting to behave like a girl.

"I used to teach ballroom dancing," the gentleman said, "If it's okay with your mother, I could teach you to dance."

"As a girl?" Sam said, his eyes opening and his cheeks aflame. Was the man assuming he liked wearing dresses?

"Of course," he said, his voice had a degree of warmth and charm. "It would be fun. The three of us could go to dances all over town!"

The suggestion sent waves of excitement through Sam. His mother was quickly infected with the man's enthusiasm. "It would be nice for Sam to learn to dance."

After he left, Sam's mother whispered, "Amazing! I've been trying to get him to ask me out for years!"

Carlson once again felt totally frustrated! Instead of making clowns out of these three punks he had made them celebrities.

### Chapter Ten

"We have to do something!" Dominique Laurent exclaimed as she and Mr. Carlson met over dinner to discuss their declining fortunes. "That damned bunch of militants is destroying our traditional Pageant."

"And, I know exactly what we should do!" Mr. Carlson snarled. "Listen. . ." He laid out his heinous scheme in a series of whispers and belly laughs. When the devious pair parted, evil sneers enshrouded their features.

Sam, Paul and Evan had survived. It was Friday night, less than twenty four hours before the Freshie Competition and crowning ceremonies for the Freshie Queen. As each of the boys prepared for bed, creaming off their makeup, braiding their hair, slipping into feminine nightgowns, they contemplated their situation.

None of them, even the laid back Evan, had believed that this charade would go on this long or to this degree. Instead of becoming the laughing stock of the community as Mr. Carlson had planned, the three boys were gaining



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in popularity. The community was buzzing about the contest and the brave boys who dare to enter.

Tomorrow all three boys had a hectic schedule. There were appointments at the nail salon and beauty parlor, followed by a rush to change into their formals at home then off to the school for final judging and photo sessions.

The day at the beauty parlor was different than before. There was a tension between the boys. . .was it competition?

Seeing Evan in a flirty sundress with a full skirt, Paul wished he had worn something a little more eye-catching. He felt a little drab so he reapplied a darker shade of red lipstick. Straightening out his short leather skirt and smoothing down his silk blouse, he was not completely displeased with his reflection.

Sam was with his mother who was having her hair styled and colored to match his. . .his new shade. . .auburn blonde with golden highlights. They were wearing new matching outfits, a pink open necked blouses, pleated navy skirts, with navy tights and pumps. It was the first time many had seen Sam's mother in a skirt and she looked good. She talked about an upcoming "big date" and wanting to look perfect.

The six contestants walked nervously onto center stage in the Central High gym, the crowd cheering loudly for their favorites. Each entrant on stage was tingling with excitement. The contestants were resplendent in their long formal gowns and high heels. Each was stunningly made up and wore elegant upswept hairstyles as a result of having spent hours at the beauty salon that afternoon.

The ecstasy of winning, or the agony of defeat was just moments away. The winner was guaranteed an entire year of adoration and attention at a variety of school and community functions, not to mention the attention of the most popular boys in school. The "Queen's Court" of runner-ups would be nearly as delighted with the prestige of being one of the most popular "girls" in school.

However, three of the contestants had more disturbing thoughts going through their minds at this moment. They were even questioning their own sanity at being up here in the first place. After all, what were three boys doing

competing with a group of girls for the Freshie Queen title?

The boys masculinity was no longer in question. . .they display none! The boys in the audience reacted to them as if they were girls, whistling and stamping their feet when measurements were announced. It was as if the whole school had forgot that these were boys.

When the last of the contestants had glided across the runway and they stood in a line on the stage, Mr. Carlson strolled to the podium and pronounced, "Let's have a huge round of applause for our beautiful candidates for this year's Freshie Queen Contest!"

"Now for the announcement of the winners," he continued when the room quieted. Opening the envelope, he proclaimed, "Our fifth runner-up is Miss. . .ah. . . Evan Cross!"

Again, the auditorium filled with applause as Evan walked up to receive a sash banner and a large bouquet of flowers. The audience went wild. . .one of the boys had beat one of the girls!

Everyone expected the boys to finish last even though they had fulfilled the contest requirements and had become quite proficient in their impersonation over the last three weeks. The only question on their minds was the order.

"The fourth runner-up," Mr. Carlson announced, quieting the assembly, "is Miss Cheryl Stoyko!"

What was this? A moan arose from the crowd as a very unhappy Cheryl made her way forward. The unexpected had happened! Several of the girls had obviously finished below TWO of the boys! The audience was so stunned by what they had heard that they almost missed the next announcement.

"The third runner-up is Miss Cynthia Grange!"

What was happening? A much louder rumble rolled through the audience as they realized the impact of the situation. With two boys remaining and only one girl, the possibility that one of them being named Freshie Queen was substantial!

"The second runner-up is Miss. . .Janice Flynn!"

That was it! A boy would be selected as Freshie Queen for the first time in the history of the event!

With that realization, both Sam and Paul felt as though

they would sink into the floor! In fact, they wished they would!

“The first runner-up. . .the one who will carry out all the duties of Freshie Queen in the unlikely event that the Queen cannot. . .”

A voice yelled out from in back ---- “Yeah, if the Queen gets pregnant!”

“Shhh!” Mr. Carlson ordered but even he thought THAT was funny. He continued while trying not to laugh, “The first runner-up is. . .Miss, yes, MISS Sam Miller!”

As Sam walked uneasily to the podium to receive his banner and flowers, the full impact of the moment hit Paul full in the face! His nylon covered thigh was clearly visible through the long slit in his sequined skirt, and he stood wavering on his heels as if he were about to faint. As the other five contestants came rushing over to congratulate and kiss him, he snapped back to reality as they led him forward to accept his crown.

When the last award was passed out and the last announcement made, everyone went home. . .after hundreds of pictures and several interviews with local newspapers. It was obvious, the boys were celebrities.

Everyone would see their pictures, their dresses and know that they could achieve the pinnacle of feminine beauty.

A very distraught Sam and Paul entered their bedrooms and plopped down on their beds in total exasperation! They kicked off their high heels and rubbed their feet and toes. After another long debate with their respective mothers about the ordeal they faced, they got up in total resignation and removed their lovely long gowns.

Sam was looking in the mirror surveying his prominent cheekbones, full lips and his long, thick lashes. . .so much like his mothers’. It was not all bad. Spending time together with his mother doing girl things was not only fun for him, she enjoyed teaching him the secrets of becoming a lady.

They had settled into a regular routine. He would join his mother and sister in his nightgown and negligee for breakfast. Afterwards, he would bathe, then go to his mother’s room where she would pick out their feminine outfits for the day, help put on his makeup, and style each

others hair. Sam followed his mother's instructions and was growing accustomed to dressing and behaving like her! Her persistence and the hours and hours of practice made him very proficient at dressing myself, applying my own makeup, walking in heels, and swinging my hips.

His mother's words rang in his ears, "Just walk like me." or "Cross your legs like this, dear." or "Straighten your skirt the way I do."

The routine at night entailed: removing his makeup, rolling his hair, and creaming his face and body for the night just like his mother.

Sam climbed into bed, his nylon nighty covered his thighs and caressed his body. The seductive scent of sweet perfume still levitated around him. He realized that he would miss some aspects of feminine life. The soft nylon panties, gowns, and slips felt nice, on the other hand, he was still uncomfortable wearing a bra.

"Paul won," Sam thought. "I can be out of all this if I wanted." He wondered what it would mean to be first runner-up. With a giddy sense of fascination he imagined attending all those functions like games and dances as one of the girls?

A cool shiver went up Sam's spine as he felt the cool, dainty nylon encircling his body. His fingers went to the delicate lace at the nightgown's bodice and found his pert little nipples erect. He was intensely conscious of the loss of his boyish virility as he pictured himself all sissified, standing in front of the student body.

The emotions were as thrilling as they were frightening.

The foremost "bad part" was all those guys gawking at him just because he wore a little lipstick, a dress, high heels and did his hair in curls. That was creepy but Sam knew he'd have to get used to it. He knew what to do. Tomorrow when his skirt hiked up a little, exposing his nylon encased thighs, he would just cross his legs as femininely as he could and be proud of his femininity.

Paul also looked in the mirror and wondered at it all. Paul ran his hand through his long, thick blonde hair, feeling it luxuriously fan out over his shoulders. This was too hilarious to believe. Skinny and unpopular, the boy with few friends and fewer talents had been chosen by his

peers to represent his school for the coming year. It was an honor he couldn't take lightly. He bit at his lip and examined his face in the glass.

Totally confused and bewildered, Paul removed his lavish makeup, creamed his body with moisturizers, slipped into a soft nylon babydoll nighty, and rolled his hair for the night. Tomorrow was the sponsor luncheon and he would be expected to look especially ladylike and feminine.

Confused and in total bewilderment, Paul straightened his nighty and crawled into bed with the thought, "This crazy girl stuff was supposed to be over, but it's just starting!"

With that thought running thru his head he went to lay down, but there was no way he could sleep. If he was going to be queen for a year, he would need a dresses, he would need lingerie, and shoes, and several purses. He would need lots and lots of girl's things.

"My oh my," the boy thought as he wrapped his smooth legs around one of his big fluffy pillows, snuggling himself more comfortably into bed. As his beautiful silky nylon nightgown caressed his body, he couldn't help but admit to the excitement he felt as he walked down the runway in his high heels and hearing people comment on how feminine he looked.

He admitted that getting dolled up for school was kind of fun.

Evan came home much later. Andrea had taken him out to celebrate in spite of his disappointment in fifth place. Andrea said, "It's all politics and who you know. I voted for you but some thought Paul was 'sweeter' and some voted for Sam because of his mother's militant feminism. The main thing is that you placed and are on the Queen's Court."

"What's that mean?"

"You will have to be at all the school's functions and games with the Queen. . .at least once a week, you'll be in skirts and who knows, maybe we can make it even more?"

All three boys went to sleep thinking about their new identities.

"I would like to propose a toast to the most successful

and profitable contest we've even had and to the man who concocted the diabolical plan to save our Freshie Queen tradition, our own principal, Bob Carlson!" Dominique Laurent proclaimed to the celebrating crowd.

When everyone had toasted and added a few of their own, she asked, "How did you go about selecting the winner and first runner-up?"

"It was easy! I saw that Andrea liked Evan better the more feminine he became, and she worked hard to see that he did become more feminine. With that in mind, I figured she would make him into a pantywaist sissy, and that would be enough revenge."

"Hear! Hear!" arose from the crowd.

"As for the other two, it was a toss of the coin. As you know, the first runner-up has to present a feminine image until next year's contest along side the Queen."

"And weren't their expressions precious as they listened to the bombardment of promotional awards from every dress shop and hairdresser in town. They won't have a problem with a lack of clothes or hairstyles!" Dominique exclaimed.

The five thousand dollar "winner and runner-up" award was in cash and "prizes." Actually there was only one hundred in cash and the rest were in "prizes." Many beautiful prizes of clothes, lingerie, stockings, jewelry, and many makeup aids that the boys would need since they had to maintain a proper image for a queen and her court.

Evan loved his prize of a beautiful nightgown and robe set of light blue nylon with lots of lace.

"That's right!" another cheerfully agreed. "Those two boys won't have to pay for a single dress or skirt for the entire year!"

"Why not!" Dominique stated in a false indignant tone. "I already do their hair free."

"How do you think Joanne Miller and her band of feminists of hers will feel as they reap the harvest of their militant actions. . .two of their sons prancing around in the most frilled feminine fashions imaginable for the next year?" the Mayor added with a puff of cigar smoke and a belly laugh then added, "Next year let's add a swimsuit competition!"

The room bellowed. Mr. Carlson called for order in the jovial surroundings and added, "You're all right! After the

student body sees what those two look like after a year of monarchy' in glamorous dresses, skirts, makeup, high heels, and Dominique's lavish hair styles, do you think another boy will volunteer to compete for Freshie Queen. . .ever???"

"They wouldn't dare!"

Would you?

THE END

**If you liked this story, We might be able to do a sequel. Let me know. Write:**

**SANDY THOMAS**

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**Sam**

**Paul**

**Evan**



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