

BOY WILL BE GIRL

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BOY WILL BE GIRL

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“BOY WILL BE GIRL”

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QUOTE BOARD

“Masculinity and Femininity do not blend together well...one must give in to the other.”

“Women who have what they want are fond of telling men who haven't what they want that they really don't want it.”

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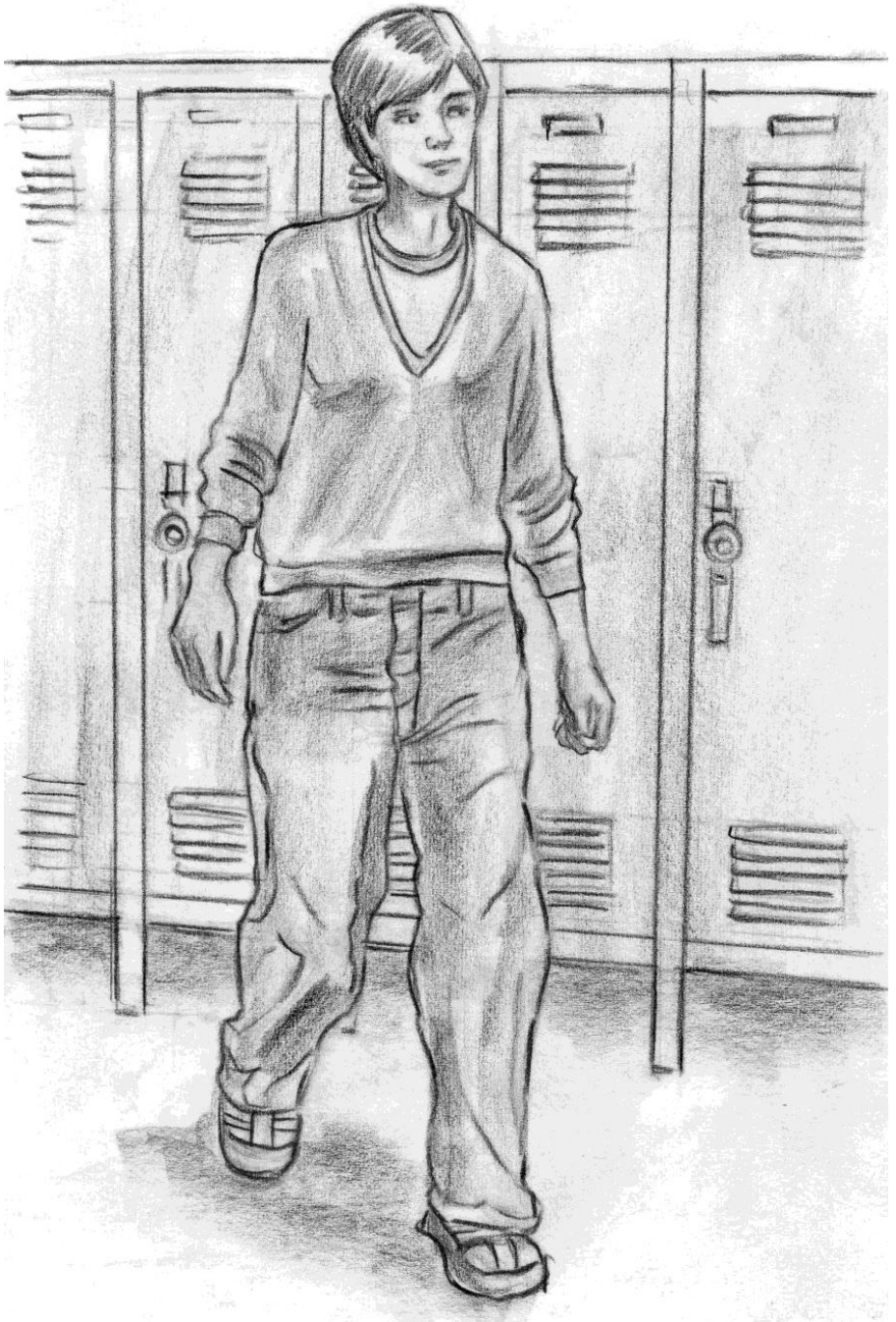
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BOY WILL BE GIRL

A LIFE IS DRESSES IS DIFFERENT....

Martin Cossey, who everybody called Mart, had a problem. It was something inborn. Simply put, he was roundish and built like a pear. While his thighs and calves were normally constructed and his waist was thin, his shoulders were narrow, his arms were frail and most accentuated were his hips and rump. They were wide. Wide and plump like a woman's. All through high school he had suffered the ridicule of his peers because with his build, Mart could be absolutely nothing but terrible at any sport. He was slow. He couldn't throw a ball. And he was weak. Just like a girl.

But to make it even more shameful for him, ordinary male pants would never fit him right. If he bought pants in his waist and inseam size, they were always much too tight at the rump and hip. If he bought pants that would fit his hips, they were much too large and baggy at the waist and would always keep falling down. The solution, of course, as figured out by his mother, was to put Mart into girl's slacks and jeans—which seemed to fit him better because of the wider fit for female hips and rump. But this made it even worse for Mart when he wore girl's pants to school. Most often, the jeans and slacks had no back pockets. The front pockets were small and little more than decorative. After all, girls didn't need any pockets in their jeans and slacks because girls carried a purse. And girl's jeans always seemed to have some kind of give-away label or appliqué on them that screamed of "*GIRLS PANTS!*"



Mart's pants were much too large and baggy at the waist and would always keep falling down...

“What a sissy,” other boys would say.

The teasing at school got absolutely ruthless for Mart—and even more so when his mother came up with the other idea that because his girl’s pants lacked big pockets, that Mart should carry a little shoulder bag. But even though his bag was plain and of black leather—much as any soft bodied attaché case would be—the teasing was simply too much for Mart to take.

“Hey guys!” the other schoolboys would say whenever they saw Mart walking by. “Look there at wide butt! He’s wearing girl’s jeans and he’s got a little purse!”

They also started calling him, “girlie pants”. “Hey girlie pants! Are you gonna be sitting to go pee-pee in the girl’s restroom, too?” they would all laugh and tease.

It was ruthless. In gym class, while all the other boys wore trim basketball shorts, Mart’s shorts looked almost like girl’s culottes because of the way they hung from his widened hips. He had to get a larger size to fit around his rounded rump and wide hips—and his mother had to take his gym shorts in at the waist so they wouldn’t keep falling down on Mart. The result was a lot of extra material to drape down his legs—much as girlie culottes would do. And then add to this all the fact that because of his in-born build, Mart was absolutely worthless in any kind of sport or activity with the exception of dancing—where he seemed to excel.

For his gym requirement in school, Mart had joined the dance group and found his niche. But the dance group was all girls. They did various ensembles at the football and basketball games and competed against other schools. Mart was the only boy on their dance team. The girls wore little shiny royal blue satin skirts in their school colors with pantyhose and black leather t-strapped, mid-heel dancing shoes. But for Mart, they got a special uniform which were like shiny satin royal blue culottes. And he had to wear tan ballet tights and shoes just like the girls wore. In his dancing team uniform, to any unknowing

observer, Mart looked like an absolute and total fairy. He *looked* like he should be called “girlie pants.”

“Hey you guys!” Mart could hear them yell from the bleachers at basketball games when the dance team was performing on the floor. “Look at the fairy in the middle. It’s a boy dressed up like a girl.”

“Aw, it’s only girlie pants.”

Because of this constant ridicule, Mart would almost break down. Sometimes he would come home from school crying from having the other boys follow him as he walked home from school—and pick on him—ridicule him—call him “sissy” and “pansy” and “fat ass” and “girlie pants”—and sometimes even dump his books. He befriended and learned to hide behind the girls at school and especially those girls that were with him on the dance team. Somehow, the girls took Mart under their wings and protected him from the recalcitrant bullyboys at school. Mart learned to always try and walk in groups with the girls—to hide in their group—to avoid being in front or in the back where the jackals could get at him. He had literally learned to hide behind the girls’ skirts. When there was any kind of gathering in the school gym or all-purpose assembly room, Mart always sat well in the middle of the group of girls—and never on the boys’ side. In classes, he always tried to sit in the front row with all the smart girls, while the unruly bullies always tended to sit in the back row of classes. It was yet another way where Mart learned to avoid the bullies and the constant ridicule.

He tried everything to change his body, but nothing worked. He exercised at home and dieted. But his enlarged hips and rump simply would not change. Doctors always told him that it was simply something happening as his body was maturing and that his body would likely change more favorably as he matured and got older. Endocrinologists probed him and ran tests. Although Mart showed somewhat of an elevated level of female

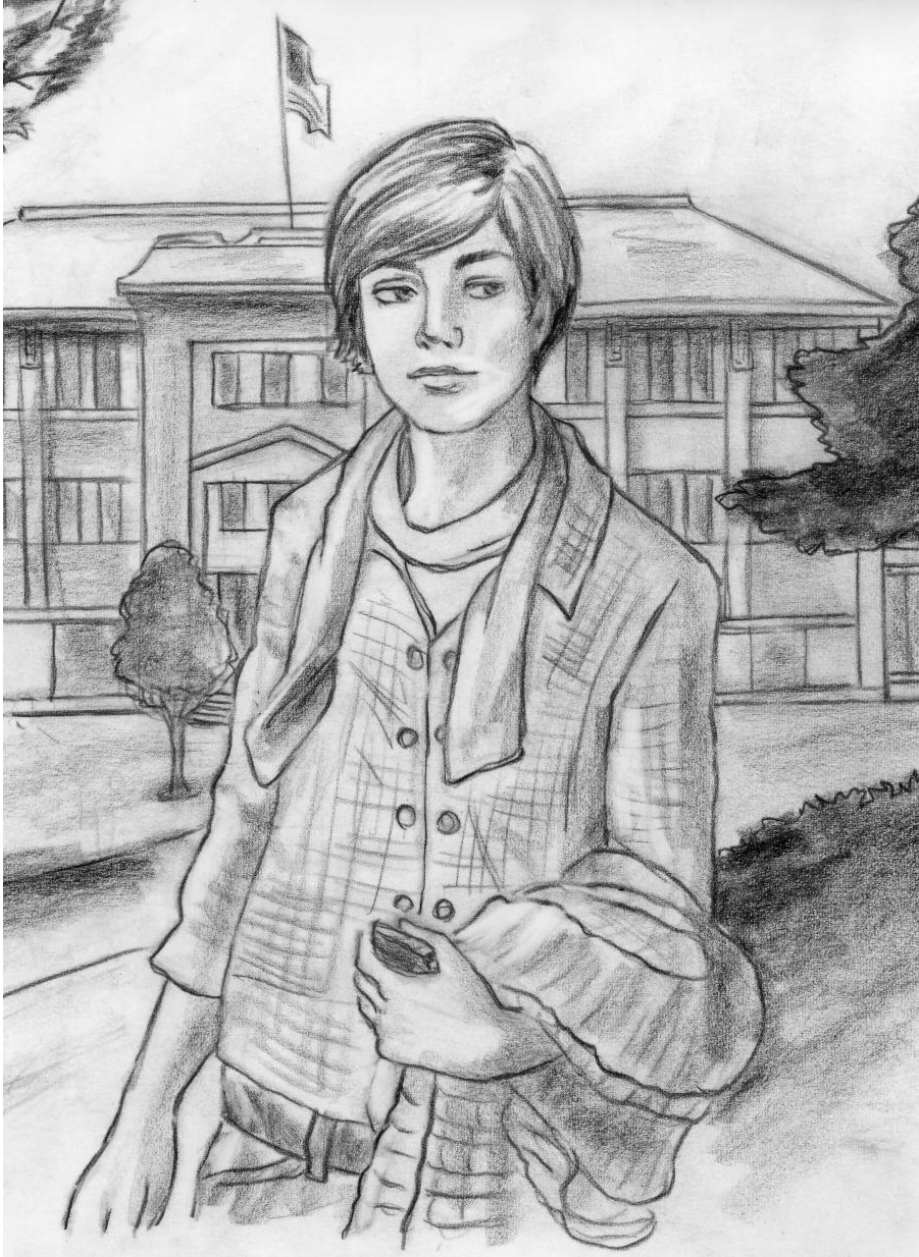
estrogen in his system and a bit of a lack of male testosterone, neither levels were that far abnormal and justifying any treatment at that time.

The doctors simply agreed that Mart should allow nature to take its course as he matured naturally—and that he should not receive any hormonal treatment or alterations that could be more damaging than doing any good. The side effects of treating Mart, at his age, with testosterone or human growth hormones were simply too dangerous to his body and to his heart and liver functions. So the doctors simply passed. “Just let him mature and grow naturally,” they all said. “He’ll be fine in a few years as the rest of his frame catches up with his seeming accelerated hip and rump development.”

But there was one more thing that started making things even worse for Mart—if there could even be such a thing as worse. At age sixteen, Mart had started to develop little womanish breasts. At first, there was just tenderness in his nipples and some swelling. He learned to deal with it and not mention it. Sometimes he had to put band aids over his nipples to negate any aggravating chafing from his t-shirts.

But by the time Mart was almost eighteen and in his last year at school, his breasts had swollen even more to the point where anyone looking at him could see that they were abnormal for a boy. The doctors called it adolescent gynecomastia—and again maintained that it would go away and negate itself in maturity.

But to Mart, these “pointy lumps” were something to be completely ashamed of and humiliated. He always wore layers of clothes and sometimes a scarf to hang in front of the little swellings.



But to Mart, these “pointy lumps” were something to be completely ashamed of and humiliated. He always wore layers of clothes and sometimes a scarf to hang in front of the little swellings.

Maybe it was from the layers but the bulges constantly itched and chafed. He was always picking at his shirt front until one day his mother noticed his aggravation and made him lift up his shirt.

“Oh my,” his mother, Helen Cossey could only react. “Why it looks like you are fat but only on the chest like a girl? It’s like you are growing girl’s breasts, honey. Do they itch and bother you, dear?” She looked down at him as he sat on a chair before her and saw his blossoming and swelling nipples and areolas—and the beginning deposit of fatty tissue around them that cause him to have the appearance of little girl’s premature breasts.

When Mart confirmed that his blossoming little mounds were in fact quite aggravating and so bothersome he could hardly sleep at night, Helen came up with the only practical solution she knew. She suggested that he start wearing a soft cup bra.

“Well, honey...nobody will see. It will be under your shirt and it will prevent all that chafing that aggravates you so much. Look at your nipples, honey. They’re almost raw from chafing against the course material of your t-shirts. You need to put them into something soft and slippery to protect them. A simple, tricot cup bra would work perfectly, honey. And you will only have to wear one for a little while until the itching goes away.”

Mart’s face was bright red but the irritation was only getting worse.

“Don’t be embarrassed, honey. We can go down to Macey’s this afternoon and see Mrs. Fincher. She’s a good friend of mine and I do her hair for her. I know she will be glad to help and can fix you up with a nice smooth brassiere that you can wear. This is not a rare happening. We women know what to do in a situation like this.”

Very reluctantly, Mart agreed with his mother and that afternoon, they went together down to the big suburban mall and the lingerie department where Mrs. Fincher worked.

Alice Fincher was a middle-aged dark haired woman of the no-nonsense type. In her twenty-five year career at fitting women for bras and girdles and selling lingerie, she had seen it all. Nothing surprised her and certainly not when a teenaged boy came in with his mother to be fitted for a brassiere.

In fact, Alice had three other mothers that did the same for their sons. One lady had been raising her son as a girl from infancy, and the sissy girl now known as “Mildred” to all had even been attending a private all-girls middle school—as a girl. Mildred was frequently in the store with her mother and shopping for new frilly slips and panties and petticoats and brassieres and girdles for sissy Mildred to wear.

So when Helen Cossey came into the lingerie department with Mart, Alice Fincher, with all of her experience, knew exactly what to do.

Mart was mesmerized by what he saw in that store—display rack after display rack of silky lace trimmed panties and slips and chemises—and a whole section with nothing but pretty ladies’ brassieres in all colors and styles. He knew a little about ladies’ brassieres, of course, but never once thought he’d actually be *wearing* one.

Alice saw that he was embarrassed and said, “Oh, it’s really no big deal, honey. A brassiere is for protection and comfort. It happens, dear. So don’t be ashamed. We can fit you with a nice soft, simple one that will protect your breasts and nobody will see. It will be just our little secret—just us women.”

So Mart and Helen followed Alice Fincher back into a fitting room and they put Mart into a cubicle, drew the curtain closed and told him to take off his shirt. When he lifted up his t-shirt and Alice Fincher saw his blossoming sissy breasts, she could only say, “My goodness. I see what you mean. Why they look absolutely chafed raw.”



“You’ll need more than one,” Alice said to Mart standing there wearing his first brassiere.

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Alice put a cloth tape measure around Mart's chest in two places. He flinched when the cold plastic covered cloth tape touched his tender nipples.

"It's going to be okay, honey. I do this all day long. Relax and just let me take care of you. I know what you need. Just wait here while your mother and I pick out a nice new brassiere for you to wear." They closed the curtain behind them and left Mart to stand there in the cubicle by himself and think about his pending doom—his brassiere-wearing sissy doom.

"But Mom, I can't wear that," Mart mewled when he saw Helen and Alice come forth with a brand new shiny snow white Olga microfiber wireless soft cup stretch support bra. The women were both grinning amusingly as Alice Fincher dangled the delicate female brassiere in front of Mart.

"Well, of course you can, honey...just try it. This one will be perfect as it has a bit of a wider bottom band that will prevent any rolling or digging in. And the soft tricot lined cups will do nicely to protect your tender nipples and stop them from getting chafed and even more irritated. Here, I'll show you how to put it on properly. They can be a bit tricky, dear, and you will need to learn to put it on all by yourself."

Alice took the snow-white brassiere and had Mart place his arms through the straps and allowed her to put the straps up upon his shoulders. Then she delicately fitted the cups of the bra against his budding fleshy mounds and held them there for a moment.

"Oh yes. This one will fit nicely and be very comfortable. You must always put on your bra like this, honey. It's the proper way. First the straps, then fit the cups up against your chest. Then you hook the back like this. See?"

Alice easily fastened the back hooks of the bra. She then picked and plucked and adjusted the straps a bit before she stood back. Both women admired the fit.

“How many do you think you’ll need?”

“Maybe just wearing one at night would stop the irritation?”

His mother said, “Oh, that’s going to help, but you really need to wear one all the time. After a few days, you will learn to not be bothered by the straps. You just watch. Before long you will be wearing your brassiere everywhere and will not even be thinking about it. Ask Alice.”

Alice said, “My experience says that since you have a tingling and irritation, you’ll need the protection for a few months. Your tender nipples need lots of protection from stimulation. For the first few weeks, try not to expose your nipples to air or light. Wearing a well-fitting bra and taking warm baths will help.”

“And they will go away?”

“Your body appears to be going through quite a few changes. In a few months, your breast size should stabilize. Of course, every boy’s body is different.

“How many bras will I need?”

“I recommend having at least 3-4 bras, so you always have a clean, dry bra available. I’ll select 2-3 in a daytime style plus 1 or 2 of our sleep/leisure bras--perfect for sleeping, relaxing and for other times when you want or need a soft bra with less support.”

“But Mom, if any of the guys at school see me wearing a bra, they will kick the daylights out of me. And how am I going to get a job while wearing this?”

“Oh don’t worry, honey. School will be over in a week and all you have are your exams anyhow. You can wear a thick shirt to cover it up so nobody will notice. And as for a job, well... you can help me in the beauty shop. You can be our shampoo technician. You won’t need any license for that. You can just wash ladies hair for a while until you find something better. Nobody will care. Nobody will see you in the salon or even notice you. You’ll just be in there with a bunch of older ladies and none of them care even if

they detect that you are wearing a brassiere. And besides...so what if they do? They all wear brassieres and it's none of their business."

Mart looked in the mirror. The lacy straps of the bra were kind of scratchy, but the satiny cups felt wonderful over his sensitive mounds. He was trying to accept his fate of wearing a bra. He ran his hands over the cups and could barely feel the touch through their satin prison.

His mother was right in two ways. One, the women at the salon all wore bras. Two, Mart really didn't have any skills with which to attain any kind of high demand, career type job after high school. He would need additional training and education in just about anything but flipping burgers.

"He was really ready for a bra," Alice said, her glossed lips smiling. She reminded, "Do not fasten the bra in the front, and twist it around. Put the bra on the way it should be worn--straps over the shoulders. Then bend over and gently place both nipples squarely inside the cups."

Mart turned and faced the mirror, turning front, and then sideways. The small mounds were high and firm. Could they be muscular "pecks?" They were rather pointed, but they didn't hurt.

School was almost over. All he took in high school were mostly the girl's courses so he could avoid the bullies that made fun of his pear shaped build and his wide hips and bottom. He could certainly stitch a skirt hem or bake cookies for a tea party or prepare a roast for Sunday dinner. He knew all about color coordination and which kinds of clothes to wear for different body frames.

Mart could cut fabric from a pattern and then sit down on a sewing machine and craft a skirt. But there was no way he could repair a car or weld or make something out of wood or machined metal as the boys had learned in high school shop classes—the classes which Mart had

shunned. And with his weak, frail body, there would be no way he could ever get a high paying construction job or any kind of macho type job that would require physical labor.

It was his mother, the hair stylist, of course that suggested to Mart that he might attend cosmetology school after high school and get his license to do hair. The thought was in his mind. He had been in his mother's salon enough times to know how things went. And he knew it was the type of job where he could put his creativity and delicate hands to best use while not requiring any great physical labor. So maybe her suggestion that he start out in the salon as the shampoo "girl" was not that bad of an idea.

A NEW POSITION....

A week later, after school was out and after Mart survived the week without anybody detecting that he was wearing a ladies brassiere under his shirt, he took up on his mother's recommendation and became the "shampoo girl" at *The Hen House* beauty salon.

His mother, Helen had owned *The Hen House* for going on ten years. Five years ago she had moved the beauty salon to its current location right next to the big Westview Mall and within a block of two major retirement communities. It was an ideal location to gather in the clientele of the older ladies and their daughters coming from the retirement communities and on the way to shopping at the mall. It was a typical old fashioned beauty salon with twelve chairs served by three women stylists besides Helen, one nail technician girl and one shampoo girl, who had just left and had thus created the opening for Mart. It was definitely an all-woman sanctuary where they could go in and get their hair, nails and makeup done—could cluck and coo and gossip to their heart's content—and could be away from the men.

While only mid-scale in a renovated house just down the street from Westview Mall, Helen tried to keep her salon as upscale as possible for the mostly older ladies. One of her requirements was that her employees wear uniforms. The women all wore white polyester zip front service dresses with pink colored smocks. This was going to be a problem for Mart as, although the thought intrigued her at first, Helen could not very well expect Mart to wear a white uniform dress to work. So she settled for a less casual white short-sleeved service shirt and white shorts. But, as always, Mart had difficulty finding any male white shorts that would fit him because of his narrow waist and wide hips. If they fit at his waist, they were too tight at the rump. If they fit at the rump and hips, they would constantly fall down because the waist would be too big. So the dilemma once again had to be answered for him in women's shorts—or rather a woman's culottes. Unfortunately, for Mart, the only pair of white culottes that they could find for him was flare cut and had a side-zipper and no back pockets.

“Oh what difference is it going to make if they zip up on the side?” Helen throttled Mart as he seemed to bleat in ladies department at Macy's when they were purchasing his new culottes. “Nobody will even notice. Those ladies won't care what you are wearing. And besides, they fit you perfectly and they look nice.” But what Mart saw in the mirror in the try-on room in the store was something that screamed back to him of *SKIRT* and *GIRL* and *SISSY*.

Another dilemma he would have to contend with was that with his white polyester shirt, his bra straps would show through and everyone in the salon would immediately notice that not only was Mart wearing women's culottes but he was also wearing a bra. “Don't worry about that,” Helen responded to his worry. “Your smock will cover up your white shirt underneath. Nobody will see.”

Then, on the Sunday before Mart was to start work in the salon as the shampooist, and when he tried on his new uniform for his mother, yet another problem came to be. "Well, we can't have this. That looks tacky as all heck," commented Helen as Mart came into the living room wearing his new white uniform with his pink smock.

"What?" he asked.

"Well, those male underwear of yours, of course. They show right through your white culottes and they look so bunched and ugly. You will need to wear white underwear and ones that are thin."

"But I don't have anything like that. Mine are all colored."

But Helen had the practical solution once again. She went upstairs and came down with a brand new three-pack of thin white nylon ladies full brief style panties and handed them to Mart. "Here, you can wear these. I'm sure they will fit you and will be perfect under your uniform so all the ladies won't be seeing your underwear."

"But Mom....! These are girl's pants! I can't be wearing these. They even got lace on the legs."

"First of all, they are called pan-tees, dear. And yes you will be wearing them. I simply won't have you looking like a slouch in my salon with your bulky colored men's shorts showing all the time and grossing out all the ladies. And a little bit of lace won't hurt you either. A hundred years ago, it was the men that wore the lace. And besides, nobody will see the little bit of lace stitching anyhow.

So Mart, in shame, went back upstairs to his room and put on the white nylon tricot panties under his culottes and then came back down. Helen was right. Now his underwear no longer showed through the white material of his culottes—except when he bent forward and when a thin line of lace stitching around the legs of his new shiny white panties could be detected. But of course, his mother was telling him wrong.

The ladies in the salon *would* notice the lace. They *would* immediately be able to tell that Mart was wearing ladies panties and a woman's culottes. And they probably *would* then detect that he was also wearing a brassiere under his smock and shirt. But Helen knew those women and knew their gossip and knew it would not hurt Mart.

In fact, Helen knew, once she explained the dilemma to those women, they were most likely to just cluck in approval of the very practicality of her solutions, if nothing else, and also being that her solutions were something that only a woman could come up with in the first place. Men would have had Mart not wear the panties and bra and ladies culottes at any price. If up to men, Mart would have been in sweat pants and a football jersey—and *not* working in a woman's hair salon, either.

They'd rather see him unemployed and laying at home on the couch and drinking beer rather than working in *The Hen House*. Only a woman, or women, could ever come up with the practical and logical solution that would get Mart employed, in proper and acceptable uniform for his job and protected from the irritation on his tender breasts. And this, Helen knew, is why the women in the salon would certainly only approve of when they saw Mart's bra and panties.

The first week in the beauty shop went fast for Mart. He was busy in his white culottes, white short sleeved shirt, wearing his pink smock, and with bare legs and white tennis shoes—washing and rinsing women's hair in the basins behind the beauty salon chairs. In fact, he was even complimented by the women for having such delicate hands. But then the topic of his tennis shoes came to light when Helen said, "You know, honey, those tennis shoes simply will not do. Not only are they getting ratty from just one week of work, but they don't match up with what the other girls wear. The other girls wear black shoes."

"But Mom...I can't afford another pair of shoes right now."

“Well, why don’t you just wear your dance team shoes—you know—those black t-straps that you used to wear for the high school dance team. Those would be perfect and you know they fit you and would be absolutely comfortable.”

“Yeah, but everyone will make fun of me and say they look like girl’s shoes. They’ll call me a fairy.”

“No they won’t, not my ladies. Have you heard any of them demean you in any way for wearing your bra and pan-tees and ladies culottes?”

“Well, no...” But of course Mart had thought he had caught some comments one day from a line of ladies sitting under the hair driers, when he heard the subtle remarks of “*brassiere*” and “...*he’s wearing girl’s pan-tees, too.*” But when he turned around to see which of the ladies was making the comments, the line of ladies just smiled at him and seemed to just nod in their motherly approval.

“And what’s more,” Helen said, “you should wear some tights under your culottes, too. They would look better and be warmer outside.”

“I don’t have any more tights. My last pair of men’s dance tights got torn in the wash. And now that I’m not on the dance team anymore, I don’t even know where to get another pair.”

“Well, you can wear pantyhose, dear. They’re virtually the same thing as those men’s tights. They just don’t have a fly in front. Who would know? It wouldn’t make any difference.”

“Well... I guess...” Mart sheepishly agreed.

So the next Monday, Mart was in the salon and dressed in his culottes with his black t-strap, mid-heel dancing shoes that were, for all intents, girl’s shoes—and was wearing a brand new pair of suntan colored ladies shiny nylon pantyhose. And because Mart had no hair on his young legs, he looked just like a girl from the neck down. About the only giveaway was his still short boyish hair. And with that, Mart looked like an absolute and

total sissy. About the only thing he lacked was makeup, pierced ears, plucked brows, a ribbon in his hair and lipstick to make him look like a total pansy.

By now, the women were commenting. They were really beginning to wonder whether Mart was just another beauty shop swish as they all had seen many, many times before in other salons. The other beauticians were the ones that really commented and whispered the gossip to the women.

“Well, look at him in his pan-tees and a bra and stockings. You’d think he was a girl.”

“I heard it’s a medical thing. He actually needs a bra. But if she’s ‘gonna make a girl out of him, she may as well just put him in a dress once and for all and get it over with.”

“Yeah, I mean, who cares? If he wants to be a sissy, let him learn to be like a girl in a dress. Let him wear a slip and dress to work like we all have to. *Then* see how much he likes being a girl.”

And finally, disaster happened for Mart. One Monday when business was slow, Helen decided to meet with some vendors to purchase more beauty supplies. Mart was cleaning the shelves when a bottle of some kind of chemical hair lotion broke and spilled all over his white shirt and culottes. It stained them with a big yellowing stain that would not rinse out.

Disaster. His only uniform was now ruined and he’d have to patrol the stores in hopes of finding another. It was then when Connie, one of the beauticians—a dark haired 30’ish lady—said, “Well why don’t we just give him a uniform dress to wear? There are extras hanging in the back room. He’s already wearing a bra and pan-tees and pantyhose, so what would be the big difference? We can just put him in a dress.”

The other beauticians and the two ladies in the salon absolutely started cooing at the very idea of putting Mart in a dress. By the time Mart figured what was really

going on, the beauticians and the two ladies had Mart in the back room and out of his shirt and culottes. When they saw the white lace trimmed Bali bra he was wearing and the matching Vanity Fair full brief nylon white panties with even a bit of lace trim, the women literally broke out in giggles and clucks of both amusement and approval.

“Well, look at him now. Isn’t he a pretty one in his little brassiere and his pan-tees and pantyhose and girl’s shoes? Let’s put a uniform dress on him, girls, and see what a pretty girl he can really be.”

“Ooooo, yes,” said Connie. And maybe a little makeup and some lipstick and maybe we can fluff out his hair a little and make him into a girl. This is going to be fun, girls, and what a surprise to his mommy when she comes back from town.” The women cackled and clucked and cooed as a white uniform dress was lowered down over Mart’s head and zipped up the front. Women picked and plucked at Mart’s dress hem as he now stood there before them all in abject shame in wearing a dress.

“Oh, but look,” added one of the women. “The material on that white dress is so thin, you can see right through it. You can even see the lace trim on his pan-tees.”

“Well, of course,” clucked another woman, Greta Marston. “He needs a slip to wear, maybe a pretty little half-slip to wear under his new dress.”

“I’ll run down to the mall real quick and get him a nice pretty half slip to wear, girls, while you see what you can do with a little makeup and touch-ups to make him look and feel like a girl. Be right back,” Greta said as she grabbed her purse and scampered out the door of the salon to the mall down the street.

In the meantime, the women led Mart in his new uniform dress back out into the salon and put him into a salon chair. Then they put a pink vinyl smock around his

neck to cover the bodice of his dress. Connie stood back to examine her new client.

“Well, at least he doesn’t have any ugly facial hair and we won’t have to deal with that. His skin is smooth. Maybe just a light foundation and some eye makeup will do for now. If he wants to add more later on to be a girl, he can do that on his own at home. I’m sure that Helen will be delighted to show him how,” she laughed.

“Yes, just wait when she gets back from town and sees what we women have done to her pansy son,” one of the women whispered to another.

“Well, just as well,” whispered the other one back, “*He was already such a sissy already, anyhow. He may as well just be in a dress once and for all and be like a girl. He’ll probably be better off, anyhow.*”

In an hour and a half of makeup application, Connie had worked wonders on Mart. She applied a light liquid foundation and some light coral blush to his cheekbones. For eyes, she kept it simple with just a bit of dark brown eye liner and mascara, with just a hint of a coppery pink colored eye shadow with some cocoa added for effect and just a hint of pearly white right under his brow. She had already taken about a half hour to apply some witch hazel to his brows and to pluck them into bewitching female arches.

Mart, of course, protested hard to this, but soon got used to the little pricks of pain as the girls literally had to hold him down in the chair as Connie plucked.

“Being pretty takes time and some pain, honey...as you will learn. It’s what we girls have to go through now and then. You’ll get used to it. Once I get a nice arch on your brow for you to work with, it will be easier for you to do yourself at home. You’ll see. You’ll get used to it, honey.”

Greta came in right at that time from her trip to the mall. She was carrying a pink plastic bag that said “Macey’s Lingerie” in dark pink lettering. The women’s

eyes all opened wide in total amusement as Greta reached in the bag and pulled out a shimmering snow white nylon Vanity Fair half slip with a half inch of floral lace at the hem. When the women saw the lace hem, they started cooing and clucking again.

“I thought about getting him a tailored slip with no lace, but they really didn’t have any that were that pretty. And all their half slips had at least a touch of lace trim at the hem, so I figured, what the heck, I’ll just get the Vanity Fair to match his pan-tees.”

“Oh, a little bit of lace will do him good, girls,” added another woman. “It will be good for him and teach him skirt management so his lace won’t show. He’ll have to learn to move and sit like a proper lady now. It will be good practice for him in his new dress.”

The women giggled and cackled at the very thought of how Mart will now have to learn to mince around so his slip lace won’t show and reveal what is really is under his dress.

“Very pretty, ladies, now he will know why girls and ladies *want* to be pretty ladies...to wear such pretty undies.” The women cooed and clucked again their approval.

In a moment, Connie had Mart wearing lipstick—a shiny rose red. For the first time in his life, as he sat in the beauty chair before the women in his dress and his brand new lace trimmed half slip, Mart sensed the creamy, soothing sweet taste of lipstick on his lips. Then another beautician started working on his hair. She brushed and snipped with a little trimming scissors and when she finished with some scented spray, the women had Mart as dressed up and as girlish as he could be. While his hair was still boyish short, the beautician had trimmed it, brushed and combed it out into somewhat of a pixie wedge cut style. “This will have to do until he lets his hair grow out a little,” she said. Then he can start curling it and forming it. It will take a few months.”

“Ooooo, let’s look,” one of the ladies said as they took off the pink smock and had Mart stand before them. One of the ladies again was picking and plucking at his dress hem and plucking at his little lace hem of his half slip. “HEeeeees, so pretty! Just like a girl.”

“When he’s wearing a dress, we can’t be calling him Mart, can we? I have an idea,” Connie quipped as she went scurrying off to the back room and then came back in a minute with a uniform nametag.

“Let’s give him a new name.” She held up the nametag for everyone to see. “Let’s call him Martha. Mart can now be Martha,” she smiled as she pinned the new nametag onto Mart’s new pink uniform smock.

“Pants to pan-tees,” another woman clucked. “It’s only ‘gonna be good for him.”

Helen Cossey came back to the shop about two hours later. At first, she didn’t notice anything unusual as she simply walked in and went to the back with a carton of supplies. The salon seemed as usual with the beauticians working at their stations or at the cash register, the nail technician at her station with a lady and ladies sitting under the driers reading women’s magazines and gossiping away. All the women *were* smiling though as Helen walked through the salon. Then she caught sight of her new “shampoo girl.”

“Ahhhhhhh...! What is this? In a dress, too, are we now? And lipstick.”

The women started explaining how they had got the idea of putting Mart into a dress once and for all after he ruined his culottes’ uniform. Helen just smiled in amusement as they had the new “Martha” come forward and stand before his mother and show off the new uniform dress and half-slip.

“Oh, and lace too? My, my, I don’t know what to say, but the dress fits you well. It’s perfect for your wide hips that you always had trouble with. Maybe we should have tried some dresses before.”

Mart was red faced as Helen shook her head. "Well, just take care of the ladies and we'll talk about all of this later," Helen said.

Then... about three in the afternoon came disaster of disaster for *Mart* when in the door of the salon came two girls that he had gone to high school with and had been a member of the dance team with—Trish Hubley and Sara Stewart.

At first the two eighteen-year-old girls just went to the cash register to schedule a hair appointment. Then, Trish glanced in back and spotted Mart before Mart saw her. Trish whispered to Sara and then both of them put their hands up to their lipsticked mouths to stifle their exasperation at seeing the sissy Mart in a uniform dress and washing a lady's hair.

"Eeeeeeee!" they both squealed at once. "It's Mart...! And in a dress," they giggled with glee. "Being like a girl."

"On hearing this, Mart could do nothing but stand in the open. There was no way to run off and hide—no way to deny, from how he was dressed and made up. There could be no denial—no debate. Mart was caught red handed at being the "shampoo girl".

"Ooooo Mart! You actually look pretty. Come here and talk to us." Mart shyly stepped toward the register to talk to the smiling girls. Then Sara saw the evidence of slip lace through the thin fabric of Martha's white polyester uniform dress and she immediately reached down and plucked at Mart's dress hem and lifted it about six inches in back...making him jump.



Sara saw the evidence of slip lace through the thin fabric of Martha's white polyester uniform dress.

“Oho!!! Pretty lace slip, too. And look at those plucked eyebrows! You *like* being a girl, don’t you?”

“So how long have you been a shampoo girl?” asked Trish directly with rather a no-nonsense question.

“I...I don’t know,” Mart could only answer her sheepishly and in total shame. “S...since this morning, I guess.” He started to explain but was interrupted.

“Oh, poo!” Sara exclaimed. “Everyone at school knew you were a sissy. You may just as well have been wearing a dress in Home Economics class. For all intents, you certainly would have been better off with all those boys always picking on you and calling you names all the time. You should have just gone ahead and been a *girl* at school, too. We would have helped you, honey.” Sara said with her little mischievous yet seemingly empathetic doe eyes.

“Sure we would have,” Trish agreed. “We girls at school could have put you into a pretty dress, dear, and helped you be like us girls. Actually, I think it’s kind of neat.”

“So do I,” Sara agreed. “A dress fits you nicely with your wide hips. Look how nice the skirt hangs. I wish my bottom looked that good in a dress...maybe you would you like some of my old dresses?”

“I... I don’t know,” Mart stammered sheepishly again. “I’ve only been in a dress for a couple hours....”

“What wrong with wearing a dress? Is it beneath you?” Sara demanded.

“I guess they are okay. Everyone is nicer to me.”

“Well, sure they are, honey. Women *like* seeing pretty sissies. What they hate seeing are those bully-boy macho men in their filthy t-shirts and drinking beer and watching football. They’d rather see a clean and pretty and mild mannered and polite sissy any day.”

“Lots of sissies go in the beauty shops,” Trish added. “I’ve seen lots of them, especially in the mall. Some of them are really young, too. They go in there with their

mommies to get their hair and nails done. It's really lots of fun to see them."

"And they're in the dress and lingerie shops, too," said Sara. "I saw one in Macey's about a week ago trying on a petticoat. He was only about ten years old but looked like he had been in dresses forever by the way he acted. The lady clerk told us that he was even going to public grade school as a girl. We all thought it was neat."

"Do you have any of your own clothes Mart? Oops, I see your nametag. Do you want me to call you Martha?"

"I don't know," Mart's face flared red again.

"When you are wearing a dress everyone should call you Martha. It's quite fitting, really, and a perfect girl name for you," Trish smiled. "Do you have any other dresses to wear?"

"No, just this uniform dress and these shoes."

"And your pan-tees and slip that I can see through your dress—and pantyhose—and what is this? A brassiere, too?" she quipped as she plucked at Mart's bra strap at his shoulder.

"Yessssth," Mart lisped like a sissy, which made both girls giggle musically.

"Mart has swollen and tender nipples," the beautician, Connie added as she overheard the question about Mart's bra. "He needs to wear a soft cup bra to keep his nipples from chafing and itching. You know...."

"Ooh, we girls know what that's like, don't we?" giggled Sara. "When I was in seventh grade, my nipples were killing me and I had to get my first bra, too. But the itching will go away, dear, when your titties grow and swell out. But then you will *need* a bra. Are you growing titties, too?"

"I don't know," Mart answered in shame.

"Well I bet you are, dear. That's why your nipples itch. Maybe you have a lot of female hormones in your system and maybe that's why your hips were always so round and girlish looking. Maybe you should have been a girl in

the first place, honey. Heck, why not just do it? Just go ahead and be a girl. Being a girl is fun. It's more fun than being some scruffy jerk boy. And you get to wear pretty things."

"Yeah, we can help you buy some dresses and skirts and blouses, Mart. We can go to the mall. That would be fun."

The talk with the two former high school girl friends went on for a half hour and finally ended outside on the sidewalk in front of the salon as the two girls left for the mall. It was then, outside in the sunshine and the breeze that Mart for the first time sensed what every cross dresser, every sissy can always remember and relish—the feeling of the little breezes poofing and fluttering and billowing the skirts as he stood in the sun—and the free feeling of sunshine on his nyloned legs. Along with the taste of his own creamy lipstick, Mart experienced at that moment what others never forget—their first feeling of being like a girl—like a total sissy in a dress—in public and out in the open for everyone to see—in total outward admittance.

Mart felt the little wispy breezes flutter the lace hem of his little half slip against his nyloned thighs and served only to remind him of what a total pansy he really was in wearing a ladies dress. It was the feminine feeling that he, like every other sissy, will never forget. It was a feeling that he soon began to absolutely love and relish.

Before the girls left, they made him promise to wear a uniform dress the next day for their appointments. Sara begged, "Please, I love seeing you like this."

Almost immediately, the business at the salon started increasing as the younger girls in town started coming in to see boy in the dress. The word had spread like wildfire among the girls he had gone to school with that Mart was now working as a girl. Seemingly everyone in their

feminine amusement had to go to the salon to see for themselves. With all the girls came the tips.

The beauticians and Mia, the nail technician, had always split the tips at the end of each day. A typical day might earn six or eight dollars each for the girls from the older ladies that used to populate the salon. But now, with all the younger girls, the tips had tripled. Everyone was tipping the new “shampoo girl”.

Helen, of course, was pleased with all the added business and income, and as a result was very busy in managing the salon—too busy to give very much mind to her former son and now new “shampoo girl”. She noticed that almost every evening after work that Mart would run off with some girls his age and would come home late in the evening and often carrying bags of newly bought things from the stores.

Mart was also going to the mall on his lunch breaks and coming back with “things”.

Then one Monday, on Mart’s day off, Helen came home and found that Mart was wearing a new gingham day dress at home rather than his usual lady’s culottes or shorts that fit his hip size. And Mart was also sporting full makeup even fingernail polish.

Helen also noticed through the thin cotton gingham material of Martha’s zip front day dress, the evidence of slip lace. Mart was wearing a lace-hemmed slip under his dress.

“Well, lah-dee-dah!” Helen teased. “Are we now wearing dresses entirely?”

“Mia did my nails last week and frankly the dresses are more comfortable around the shop,” Mart answered with a bit of hesitation in his voice.

“Well, it’s okay, I guess,” Helen responded, looking at his perfectly manicured nails. “I guess there can be no half way about it. Either you’re going to have to be a girl full time or go back to being a boy. Part time with either won’t work. The townspeople will probably forget about

this once their amusement wears off. They might even accept you as a girl...eventually. But that means no boy stuff at all...if you try and go back and forth between boy and girl, you will always be labeled as a sissy. So what's it 'gonna be, all boy or all girl?"

"Maybe it would be easier being a girl," Mart stuttered in humiliation as he looked down at the frail hem of his yellow and white checked gingham sheath day dress.

"Being a girl is NOT easy," Helen said looking at her son as he crossed his stockinged legs girlishly as he sat on the couch.

"I'd rather be like a girl. I wish I was a girl."

Mart had almost started crying in shame at what he had just admitted to his mother. But Helen was there quickly to console him. "It's alright, honey. I know what you have been through in school and how all those nasty bullies used to make fun of you with your build and your swishy hips. It does seem that dresses and skirts simply fit you better. From a practical standpoint, that alone dictates that you *belong* in a dress. But you have to *feel* like a girl, too, dear. Just putting on a dress doesn't make you a woman. There's a lot more that goes with it, as you are probably finding out. As you are learning, not everything is fun. Like plucking your brows...being pretty takes a bit of pain on occasion."

"I know."

"There will be a lot for you to learn in a short time, dear. Girls start learning to be girls when they are infants. They learn from their mothers and the other girls—and by the time they are teens, they almost have it all down. But you had none of that and you will have to learn in weeks what other girls learned and refined over years of practice. But I will help you with what I can—and so will the other women. I'm sure those girls that you know already are, too."

"They are very nice to me."

“Is that a new padded bra? And how are your breasts, dear? Do they still itch and aggravate?”

“Yes, more so than ever it seems. Sometimes I can’t even sleep.”

“I guess wearing a bra isn’t a problem anymore since you are wearing dresses. Well, we could try a nice soothing estrogen crème for your nipples, dear. That will help.”

“A cream? How will that help?”

“Rubbing a small amount of the cream on your nipples will help ease the irritation. Grit your teeth and stick it out -- the soreness will go away. I will get you some at the drugstore tomorrow.”

Then one day when Helen went home by herself during her lunch hour, she decided to explore into Mart’s room to see what was really going on. The first thing she noticed in Mart’s room was that all signs of male stuff had seemingly been removed. There were no pictures or posters or anything that would indicate a male lived there.

In Mart’s bathroom, Helen saw makeup on the counter and feminine cosmetics. It was all feminine and nothing male. She even found a tube of a feminine estrogen crème that Mart was evidently applying to his nipples. There were various eye shadows and blushes and foundation crèmes and eyeliners and mascaras and lipsticks on the counter. Some were samples, but Helen knew now what Mart had been buying in the past weeks.

Also, curiously, Helen found a prescription jar of purple, oval shaped pills and recognized them immediately as female hormones. Evidently Mart had been getting these from the girls. “I think he wants to be a girl.”

She went over to Mart’s closet and saw his new dresses and a few skirts and blouses. She read the labels on them. It looked like Mart had been buying feminine clothes, not

only at the Goodwill store, but also new at the malls. Down on the floor were some ladies shoes—a pair of black pumps, a pair of navy pumps and some strappy city sandals in various colors of beige and white and black and navy.

One of Mart's dressier dresses that he had bought was a navy polyester short-sleeved shirtwaist with white pin dots and a full flowing skirt. Helen could tell that Mart had help in selecting it because he had also bought the matching navy blue pumps and city sandals to go with the dress.

He had girls helping him. This was good. And Helen could see what Mart had been doing with his windfall of tip money at the salon.

It was in Mart's chest of drawers that Helen's attention was really captured. In the top drawer were Mart's stockings—brand new packages of them—and not only his pantyhose for work, but gartered stockings, too.

She looked into a second drawer and found the garter belts—two of them—one in white cotton brocade and one in pink cotton with a lot of lace trim. And the brassieres! Mart had gone far from his first brassiere. Helen found that now her son owned a dozen of them in various colors of white and pink and beige. Bali...Warners...Glamorize...Goddess...Olga... All the labels were in his drawer.

Part of her thought of all this as a waste of money, but it was his money. In another drawer, Helen found Mart's panties and slips and half slips. Full brief style panties—mostly Vanity Fair or Dixie Belle with lace trim and in pastel colors as well as in white. Martha had seemingly graduated from the plain white brief panties that Helen had given him to wear at first to pink and candle glow panties as well as some panties in Nancy blue. Almost all of them were sleek nylon with some kind of trimmings in lace and feminine appliqués. One pair of Mart's pink panties had little white daisies appliquéd to the loin and

had white lace trim around the legs. “*More like little pansies,*” Helen could only think and giggle when seeing Mart’s girlish accumulation.

It was evident that Mart really liked wearing slips and half slips because one drawer was almost overflowing with them. It would be a delight to any woman to have such a pretty wardrobe of slips and petticoats. Again, the labels: Vanity Fair, Maidenform, Lorraine. Shadowline. Nylon slips mostly in snow white and always with lace at the hem and bodice. Lace hemmed nylon half slips in white and pastels and in various lengths up to mini-length. Helen held up one little sliplet. It was pink nylon with floral pink lace at the hem and only about twenty inches long. Was her son now wearing a little mini-skirt with a mini-slip underneath—perhaps like his schoolgirl minx friends? Was Mart trying to entice the boys now? These thoughts could only enter Helen’s mind as she looked over Mart’s new lingerie.

Helen took note of Mart’s sizes and on her day off she went back down to the Macey’s lingerie department and to see her old friend Alice Fincher. “I’ve been meaning to call you,” Alice said. “Mart has been coming in a lot and buying a lot of new things. I thought you’d perhaps like to know. Just today he came in with some other girls and was fitted for a new open bottomed girdle. I usually just sell open bottoms to the older ladies, but evidently the younger girls are wearing them too on occasion. So your son walked out with a brand new white, side zip Crown open bottom, a beautiful girdle. And he has also been frequenting the dress department upstairs.”

“I know. I’ve seen the new dresses in his closet.”

Alice went over to the girdle display and came out with a Crown open bottom like Mart had bought for himself. She held it up for Helen to see.

“We used to have to wear girdles like this back in the sixties. My mother even wore one like this. We mostly sell

these to the older ladies. Looks like he's really building a womanly wardrobe," Alice said.

"He says that dresses are more comfortable with his wide hips."

"I can believe that. He looks wonderful in a dress—and so feminine. I wish I could look that good in one with my narrow hips. Is he going to be a girl forever?"

"Well, I don't know, but I really appreciate your helping him. These girls are the first friends he's ever had. And he needs all that he can get."

"Oh, we're used to it in the store. There are a lot of sissies that come in here. People just don't realize how common it is. Some of them live as regular women and even wives. We don't discriminate in this store."

"I never gave it much thought. We've had a few boys come into the beauty salon, too, now and then. One mother has been bringing her young son to the salon to get his, er her, hair done since he was about five. He has really pretty long hair. I bet he'd look good in a dress too."



Mart realized that dresses were more comfortable with his wide hips...

“I have this one lady that comes in to the store pretty regularly and sometimes even with her husband. He just stands in the back while she tries on lingerie or gets fitted for brassieres. One time when she was trying on a new girdle, I noticed that she was not exactly womanly between her legs. But just looking at her otherwise, you would never tell. She looks just like a typical suburban wife that you’d see any day in the supermarket or working downtown in any office building or bank.”

“Oh well. Maybe that’s what Mart is going to become. Mart seems so happy now. He was never happy in school when all the bullies picked on him. Perhaps he will be better off as a woman and maybe even one of those typical suburban wives, as you described.”

“Does he have a boyfriend?”

“Gawd, I don’t know. I’ve never seen any indication of it. He mostly hangs out with those girl friends.”

But, in fact, Mart *had* been thinking of boys and differently. Of course, the girls were always talking about the men and Mart could not help but listen and hear. These girlfriends of Mart’s were eighteen to twenty years old—sexually ripe—and dating and having sex with men was a normal part of their culture. They loved to talk about sex.

“What are you going to do, honey, when some guy hauls out his thingy?” one of the girls teased Mart during a gab session at one of the girl’s homes.

“I’ve never thought about it. That probably won’t ever happen to me.”

“Well, you better start, dearie. It’s ‘gonna happen. If you want to be like a real girl, Martha, you will have to learn how to tend to guy’s needs,” she giggled.

“I doubt that will happen, but what should I do?” stuttered Mart at the very thought of being confronted with some guy’s stiff maleness.

"Honey, if you want to wear dresses, you will just do what we girls do...learn to handle it. It's part of being a woman, dear. You have to take care of a guy if you really want to be like a woman and if you want the guys to keep asking you out on dates."

"I've never thought about dating men, either. Remember why?"

"Well, you aren't going to get a date with any girls," she laughed. "I can tell by the way the men look at you in the mall that you are enticing them with your pretty dresses and your pretty, smooth legs. Men like pretty legs and love ample bottoms and you have a honey. It will just be a matter of time before a man asks you out."

"No way! I'd be scared to death..."

"Dating is fun, dear. You should try it. It's fun to get all dressed up and go out to nice restaurants, to movies and even dancing with men. You will see. A girl can't go out to many places by herself for entertainment without appearing as a pick-up. And it's dangerous to be walking alone at night. Women simply do not do it because of the danger. It's much better to have a male escort to protect you...."

"But I don't have a clue what to do on a date as a girl. I wouldn't even know where to begin."

"You just do your hair, shave your legs pretty, and put on silky lingerie and a short dress. Nothing you aren't doing everyday now."

"No, it would be too scary. What if they found out?"

"Found out that you are feminine? Men love being with someone feminine. It's all they think about. It's just inevitable that they will ask you out and you just have to be totally feminine. Worst thing, they might want to kiss you...at first."

"Maybe I could do that."

"But eventually they want more."

"Ugh," said Mart. "That's silly. Even if I wanted to, I would have no idea what to do."

“Just use your hand on it, honey. Sometimes that’s enough. Otherwise you can use your mouth. Boys like that better than anything.”

“Eeeewww! My mouth, you mean put it in my mouth?”

“Why yes, dear. It’s really not that bad if the guy is clean. You just put your lips around the neck of it and let the guy do all the work. If he shoots, you just swallow. It can be messy though. It could stain your dress. Make sure you carry some Kleenex in your purse.”

“You mean swallow his....? Yuck!”

“Of course, dear, it’s really not that bad. It tastes like nothing and it’s part of being a pretty girl. All us girls have to do it once in a while. Some girls even like it.”

“Yeah,” said another girl. “Every once in a while I get in the mood for a nice fat sausage.”

“I had no idea,” squeaked Mart again.

“You really had no idea what really went on in high school. Some of the girls have been taking care of their boyfriends for years. What do you think really goes on after our dance rehearsals when the guys came around—or sometimes even in the bus during the football games or basketball games. Why do you think those guys were always following us around? Do you think they went to watch the football game?”

“I just tried to keep away from them,” said Mart. “They just used to make fun of me in my dance costume.”

“Well, of course they did. What did you expect? Now if you’d put on a real dress then and stuck with us girls more, the guys would have treated you much better. They’d have treated you like one of us girls.”

“But I would have had to....”

“So? It would have been better for you. As I said, dear, it’s simply something that girls have to do now and then. You need to try it sometime. I guarantee that you will feel sooooo feminine afterwards.”

“Oh, I don’t know. I don’t know what I will do. I hope it doesn’t happen for awhile.”

“But it will, honey. Trust me. I can tell by the way guys are looking at you at the mall. They’re looking at your legs and at your pantied bottom. You just need to be ready for it when it happens. You’ll like it as much as getting a new dress!” The girls laughed.

Another girl giggled, “What’s he going to do if a guy wants to put it inside of him?”

“Oh... I hope that doesn’t happen. There’s no way...” Mart gasped.

“Well of course there is, dearie. You will have to learn to use the qualities that you were blessed with—your fat bottom,” she giggled. “A lot of girls do it that way so they won’t get pee-gee. I used to know one girl that only did it that way. She said it wasn’t bad. I never tried it, but I know a lot of other girls that have and they all say it isn’t bad once you get used to it.”

“No way!” Mart said innocently.

“In fact, honey, having sex with a guy can be really beautiful if he treats you nice. And I know you would feel absolutely womanly afterwards and warm and feminine inside. We all do. It’s just the idea that you have male seed, a man’s sperm inside of you that makes you feel so womanly. One of these days you might really want that feeling.”

“Yuckie,” Mart could only think. He knew about intercourse, although he had never done it before. He knew what the role of the female was in receiving a man. But he never thought that he could be the female in such a thing. But in another sense, the thought intrigued him. So far he likes feeling feminine and being womanly. He’d worn uncomfortable high heels, had his eyebrows plucked and other uncomfortable things. The thought of receiving sperm like a real woman was a silly, but intriguing concept.

Helen, being busy with all the business in her beauty shop had not much time to pay attention to Mart and

what Mart was doing. Then one Saturday evening when she went to the mall after the beauty shop closed, she spotted Mart in the food area with a bunch of girls—and one guy in particular—a tall Italian looking guy. As the group was talking, the guy seemed to keep putting his palm on Mart's fat fanny and stroking his silken panties thru the thin material of his navy blue and white polka dot, full skirted, shirtwaist dress.

Helen noticed that while Mart made some attempt to bat his hand off his fanny, his attempts were only slight to his persistence. Then when the group parted, Helen noticed that Mart walked off by himself in the company of that guy. He held Mart possessively close as they walked—like Mart was *his* girl—and Mart minced along beside him with his delicate feminine high-heel city sandals clicking on the mall--and in his lead with Mart's pretty skirts swishing about his stockinged legs.

When they passed through the glass doorway of the mall to the outside air, Helen could see Mart's skirt billow in back revealing the pretty lace trimmed white nylon slip he was wearing and also giving a glimpse of Mart's dark cinnamon stocking tops and his rear garter tabs.

Helen could only wonder, "*Oh my! Does my son have an Italian boyfriend?*" Just the thought was somewhat alarming to Helen, but she knew that Mart was now old enough to make his own life and his own decisions.

Mart seemed happy and so dedicated to being un-male. Basically he was getting comfortable at being a girl. He was pretty and Helen knew that meant social interaction with men would be inevitable.

What Helen didn't know was that Mart had been dating this guy named Anthony for several weeks. Their first date was to a simple lunch. Afterwards, Mart was on cloud nine. Anthony was nice and complimented Mart on everything from his dress to his pretty hair.

Their second date was to a movie where Martha had to fend off Anthony's hands as they tried to explore up his

dress in the dark of the movie theatre. But Anthony was still a gentleman and said, "Martha, I'm sorry, but you are just too beautiful!"

It was on their third Saturday night date that Anthony finally begged Mart to tend to his maleness. He whispered, "It means so much to me."

At first, in the dark car of the theatre parking lot after the movie, Mart was repulsed when Anthony took his femmy hand and put his manicured fingers around the neck of his stiffness and held them there.

Mart was shocked, but what he was doing. Anthony was so thick there that he could barely get his fingers around it. It was stiff, yet velvety and soft at the same time. Mart didn't know exactly what to do, so Anthony had to show him how to stroke up and down the neck in order to please him. "That a girl!" Anthony encouraged.

Strange as it was, Mart didn't have a clue how to do a man, but pretty soon, Anthony had Mart stroking perfectly. And then Anthony erupted.

Mart had no idea what would really happen. He had no idea how guys could shoot that much semen and with that much force. Mart was only familiar with his own little occasional dribblings into his sleep panties.

Mart was surprised by what he'd caused! Anthony's first ejaculation was so strong and explosive that it almost hit the headliner of his car with his first jet of semen. Then the second jet shot several inches into the air, followed by three more that flowed like warm lava into Mart's hand. Then he was done and he had Mart wipe him off with Kleenex.

"Oh yeah," he whispered hotly. "You do that good, girly. I knew you'd be good at that. A few more times and you'll be great!"

As Mart climbed into bed, he was feeling guilty about what he'd done. The memories of the embarrassing moment bothered him tremendously. He even hid under his covers and never wanted to come out again.

But Mart had had many embarrassing moments. One of the bullies at school had squirted ketchup in between his legs. Luckily he had a long sweatshirt that covered the red stain. As he was walking to his lockers, a nasty guy said, "Hey, lift your sweatshirt. You started your period?"

Mart just ignored him. But this was different. There was no gun making him wear a dress and panties. He got up and turned on the light. He stared into his length mirror.

The reflection was so innocent, and feminine, but a wee bit sexy as well. Mart was wearing a pink little nylon babydoll nightgown with two rolled spaghetti straps on each side. The neckline had a row of lace, a row of chiffon and a second row of lace with embroidery of tiny little pink rose buds between two obvious baby feeder mounds of flesh pressing outward. The flesh used to embarrass Mart, but no more.

Mart laughed at himself, "Well they are coming in handy now!" He ran a long, delicate finger over one of his thinned, plucked eyebrows. He repeated what he'd heard many times around the shop: "Being a woman isn't always comfy AND BEING IN CONTROL...."

Mart got into bed. He hadn't realized how tired he was from the evening. He looked over and saw his Monday morning dress uniform ironed and ready to wear. He thought about his job and wearing dresses. It wasn't so bad, he thought to himself. He had money, friends and even someone "special". He felt the soft hugging sensation of his nightgown against his bosom. Life was not all bad.

So when Mart accepted another date, he knew it would end with "stroking." And on each date after that, Anthony got bolder with his explorations to get under Mart's dress.

At first Mart was repulsed by his advances to get under his dress, but after several dates and after stroking his maleness several times, Mart became used to his explorations and finally just let him go.

Mart liked going out on dates. There was the dressing up to look as girlish as possible, being picked up, a dinner, movie, or concert then some quiet time. That would start out with heavy kissing and Anthony feeling up Mart's sissy titties, which had now surprisingly developed into almost "B" cups that he had to keep nestled in a pretty brassiere. Then Anthony's hand would go to the hem of Mart's dress and finger under it to the lace of his nylon slip.

"I like the lace," he had said, so Mart always wore a pretty lace hemmed slip for him on their dates.

Anthony would finger the lace of the slip while he kissed and then his hand would move up Mart's stockinged leg and then further up under the dress to above the stocking tops where he seemed to like feeling garter tabs and the smooth bare skin above the tops of Mart's stockings.

Somewhat confused by the attention, Mart would try to sit with his legs clamped tightly together as Anthony explored his girlish clad body. Sometimes Anthony would get his skirt up in front towards Mart's silken panties.

There again, Anthony almost always found lace trim on the leg openings of the most girlish panties and he fingered it as they continued to kiss. And now, almost as if to compare, he almost always had his stiff maleness hauled out of his pants.

Mart knew that there was a stiffie there. He could almost sense it as they kissed. And Mart knew that only too soon he'd have his fingers around the neck of it.

Occasionally, Anthony would sneak a little fingering upwards onto the silken gusset of Mart's panties—where Mart made sure he'd feel nothing but smooth, silken

surface. "I love the way you wear your panties! Just like a girl," Anthony would whisper.

Anthony, of course, knew that "Martha" was not a genetic girl. One of the other girls had told him Mart's most intimate and embarrassing secret. But that didn't keep him from advancing onto "Martha" and it may have even fueled his interest and determination.

"Most guys *love* girlie stuff and some guys don't care even if it's on a sissy," one of the girls had once told Mart during one of their girl gab sessions. "I heard that some guys even marry them. I guess they get tired of playing all the dating and rejection and divorce games with real women and are content to just have sissies be their wives. I have heard that such a thing is a lot more common than people realize. Who is to know, that suburban wife down the street might have what Martha has in her panties? Who is to know?"

"Yeah," said another girl at the gab session, "I knew a guy once that told me he liked the sissies because they would always be 'up for it' while the real girls he tried to date usually had some excuse. So he dated the sissies whom he could control. Guess they try harder at being girls?"

Then, on about Mart's sixth date with Anthony, as he was kissing and exploring onto the pretty panties and under the open bottomed girdle, Anthony whispered, "I want you to kiss me. I want you to kiss me there."

This time they were petting on the couch in Anthony's apartment after a dinner date with some dancing and they were both in an amorous mood. Anthony said it again, "Just put your lips around it.... I'll buy you a new dress."

That was the ultimate, "carrot and the stick". Mart knew that this day would someday come if he continued to date Anthony and started allowing him to explore under his dress to his panties.

Anthony stopped his kiss and placed his big Italian hand gently at the nape of Mart's neck and gently pushed him down towards his lap.

Mart gasped and wanted to ask what kind of a dress, and where they'd buy it, but there wasn't time. "Be a good girl and I'll throw in a pair of new high heels," Anthony whispered.

Mart got a much closer look at it. It was long and stiff and was a crimson colored plum at the end with a little winky in the middle where he knew that semen shot out. Already a drop of it could be seen in his winky.

Mart just looked at the end of it for a moment and took a deep breath. He had liked most everything about being a girl so far. It was part of being a girl; something all girls must eventually do.

Mart put his lipsticked lips around the plum and then slid them down to just below the crown and around the thick neck of Anthony's big weenie.

"Oh yeah that feels good," Anthony moaned. "I knew you'd be good at this. Now do me, girl, do me like a real girl."

Anthony had basically just called Mart a sissy and he heard him say it as he had his rose colored lipsticked lips wrapped fully around the neck of maleness. But, for some reason, Mart didn't seem to care that Anthony knew that he was not a real girl. He was doing what girls do. For some reason he just went down with it and started to what the girls had told her they did.

Mart remembered them saying, "Always drag your lower lip on the neck of it and especially right under the plum—as that always gets the guy to shoot faster. Get it done and get it over with."

Mart looked up in a last ditch effort to reject the offer, but Anthony said, "Look honey, you need this as much as I do."

So Mart began to bob on it, down and then up. He felt Anthony's hands on his head making him go down with as much he could take into his mouth.

"Yeah, that's good!" Anthony yelled. "I have a nice little gift for you. Something you really deserve...."

Mart thought he might have already bought a dress, but then Anthony laughed, "That a girl. I will soon give you a nice surprise to take home with you."

Mart sucked and gagged and gurgled on Anthony's big weenie. Very soon it became even stiffer in his mouth and thicker—and it began to pulsate. Mart could only guess what was soon coming and all he could do was to brace for it and to wait. Then it came.

Anthony's first jet literally coated the back of Mart's mouth and throat. It was followed quickly by the second jet of his semen that literally filled Mart's mouth with warm bubbling crème. Then came the lava flow as he tried to seal his lips around the thick neck to keep it all from dribbling, but he could not stop the flow and control the massive volume.

It seemed like he had just shot a full cupful of seed. It was seeping and bubbling out the corners of his lips and down onto his chin as he finished. Then when he finally released Mart from his maleness, a dollop of semen ran down Mart's chin to Anthony's total amusement.

"You are certainly a good little girl, and I hope you liked it because you can expect to do it a lot from now on."

Then he asked a most humiliating question as Mart tried to clean up with a Kleenex from his purse. "Did you like it, honey? Do you like being a girl for me?"

Mart could only lisp and softly answer with a mouth still coated with sticky, fresh male seed. "I guessth so. I guessth it was okay."

For a second, Mart felt sick to his stomach. There was a film on his tongue and everything smelled and tasted like Anthony. But like the girls had said, it really was

nothing and not that bad. And it didn't taste bad, just kind of strong and basically unusual.

Mart wanted to brush his teeth and tongue, but within minutes, he began to feel soooooo feminine and warm inside. It was more than just wearing a dress, it was knowing that he could please a man in a way that a woman does.


Mart as male was really "gone" now, but that didn't seem to matter because he felt so womanly after doing it. More than ever before now, Mart could feel the lace of his slip around his stockings and could feel the silkiness of his panties on his hips and bottom, the sweet tug of his girdle garters on his stocking tops and the seeming nothingness inside his panty gusset.

Now more than ever before in his life, Mart felt like a real woman: Martha. And "she" *loved* every single new girlie experience.

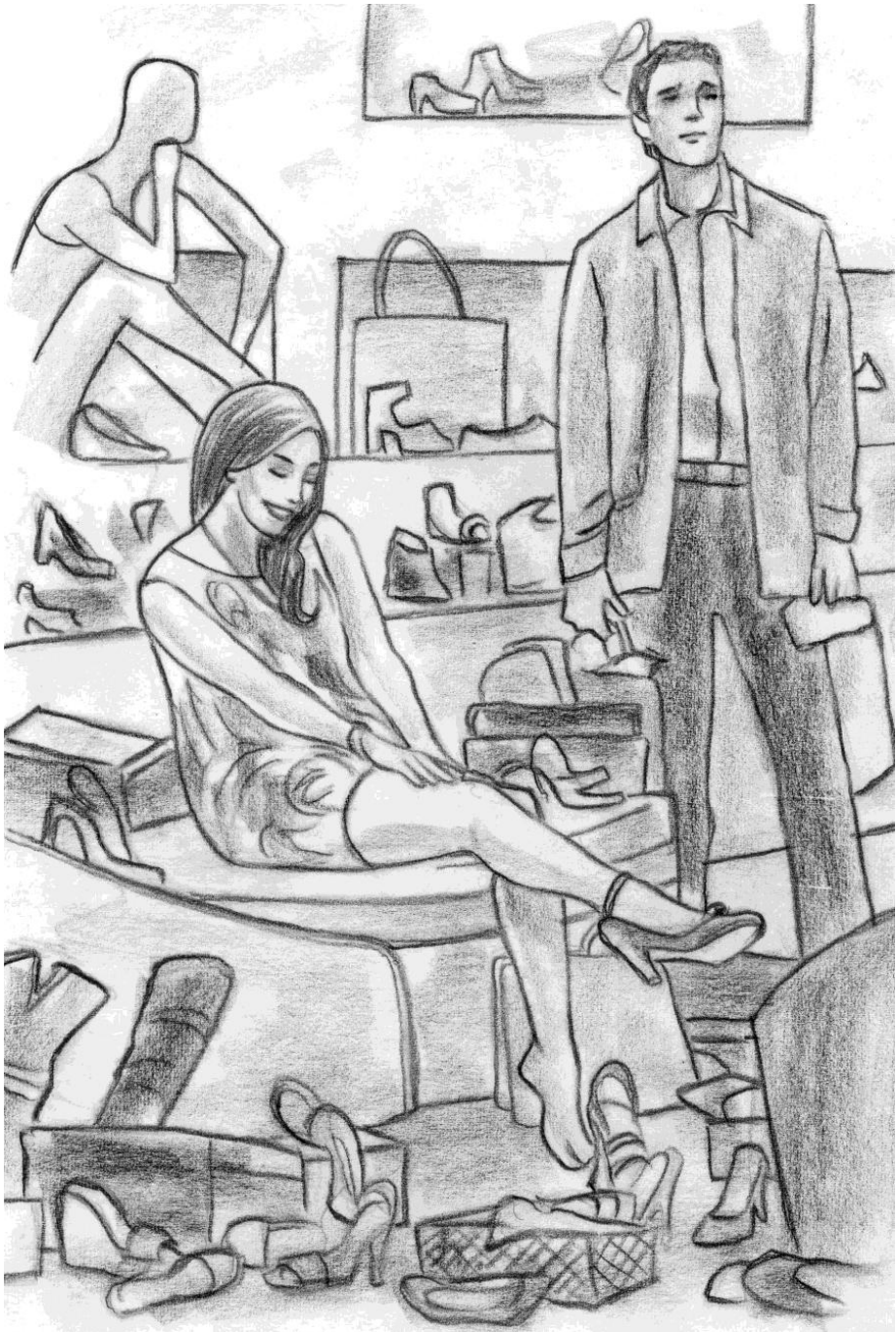
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“Be a good girl and I’ll throw in a pair of new high heels,” Anthony whispered. A perfect reward for being so delightfully girlish with a man.

THE REWARD

Every date ended the same way. Martha at first felt guilty afterwards, but within a day, she was already looking forward to their *next* date when she would again be putting on lipstick and a pretty dress and a pretty lace hemmed slip and some fancy sissy panties—and *again* enjoy every inch of being a girl.

Helen began to notice changes in Martha too. In the beauty salon, in her white uniform dress, Martha had become more womanish and more limp wristed than ever before. She no longer complained about her itching nipples and Helen couldn't help but notice how Martha's breasts had blossomed out and grown. Whenever Martha moved quickly laterally or up and down, Helen could see how Martha's breasts would jiggle and sway and bob in her brassiere. She also noticed that even when she saw Martha in shorts or one of her culottes, how her front was so womanish with an obvious smoothness down there in her pussy vee. Martha, it appeared, was now absolutely dickless.

This subject came to play at a get-together that Martha attended at one of her girlfriend's apartments on a Friday night. There were about a half dozen girls there with Martha—all drinking, gabbing, gossiping about men and becoming inhibited when one of them just out and asked Martha, "Do you wish you had a real pussy between your legs?"

Martha had been sitting on a couch with two other girls, and like them, she had gotten careless with her skirts as women often do when no men are around. Her chocolate brown, A-line skirt had ridden up her legs, along with her beige lace hemmed slip—and the women could all see the silken smooth gusset of her candle glow colored panties under the sheath of the white open bottomed girdle that Martha was wearing under her skirt. To all onlookers, there was absolutely no evidence of Martha having *anything at all* between her legs. Her

panty crotch appeared to be nothing but a smoothed over silken surface—much like a real woman would display in her panties.

“Do you want to be like a real girl?”

“I... I don’t know. I guess I have never thought of it in that way.”

“Well of course you have,” piped up a dark hair girl who was just starting to get tipsy from the Chardonnay she had been drinking. “I can see that. Look at yourself. There’s no evidence of *anything* between your legs anymore from your being in panties for so long now and from tucking whatever you have left down there way back and hidden away for so long.”

“Are you taking female hormones or something?” asked a blonde.

“Yes. I have been taking the pills that some of the girls have been giving me, plus some that my mother got for me. Maybe that’s it.”

“Ooooo, I want to see,” said the brunette again. “Show us girls. We want to see how girly you are now from the pills. Stand here and lift up your skirt for us. Don’t be shy. It’s only us girls that are your friends, honey.”

So with some further coaxing from the group, Martha stood before them all. One girl wasted no time and stood up with Martha and immediately took hold of the hem of Martha’s chocolate brown A-line polyester skirt and hoisted it up high, along with Martha’s beige, lace hemmed silken slip, to the waist of Martha’s white open bottomed girdle. Martha could do nothing but stand there in humiliation while the girl held up her skirt and slip for every girl in the room to see.

“Ooooo, and a girdle, too. How womanish. That’s definitely not something that some *guy* would ever want to wear or even be caught dead in.” She leaned forward in her chair and began to pluck at the white garter tabs on Martha’s girdle—and unfettered them in front and lifted up the front apron of Martha’s open bottomed nylon

spandex and cotton brocade sheath—to reveal to the girls Martha’s pinkish beige satiny nylon panties in front with Martha’s panty vee between her legs.

“Oh I don’t see anything,” giggled one other girl. “Is it even still there?”

The brunette fingered up between Martha’s legs—up into Martha’s silken panty gusset for a moment and said, “Yeah, I think I can feel a little something up in there tucked way back. But it’s certainly not very big. It’s like a limp little bean all way up in there.” The women all giggled musically to Martha’s abject shame.

“Why she wears pan-tees and wants to be like a girl. There certainly isn’t very much, if at all, up in there to make her anything like a male. No *wonder* she wears pan-tees.”

“Yeah, with a little thingy like that, she certainly wouldn’t be any good to any woman, now, would she?” a pixie redhead clucked. “She may as well go ahead and just be in skirts for the men.”

“Has that Anthony guy given it to you up the bottom yet, dearie?” another half drunken girl just up and blurted.

“N....no,” Martha stammered in total shame.

“Well I’m sure he will before long. Turn around, honey, we want to see the back.”

Martha turned around for the on-looking girls while holding up her own skirt and slip—all the way up to her waist and high above her girdle pants.

“Oh, what a nice, wide fat bottom you have, dear,” cackled the blonde drinking Chardonnay from a water glass. “So womanish. I just know he’s ‘gonna want a nice, hot, fat piece of *that* before long. I know this motorcycle guy named Rex would grab at it. He’d do the couch if it wore perfume. And he’s got a real loaf, too. I’ve seen it myself at a biker party. It took two girls to suck him off that night. One girl to suck him until her jaws got so sore she couldn’t take it anymore—then another girl to finish

him. Everybody was hooting. It was all so decadent. We were all really drunk.”

“The women certainly did the right thing in putting you into pan-tees and dresses, Martha. With that wide, round fanny of yours, you certainly would never look good in pants.”

“Unless they were ladies pants,” giggled another girl.

“And with pretty pan-tees,” quipped another to another round of musical giggles. “You may as well just go ahead and be like a girl. Who cares, anyhow? Besides, you have a boyfriend...”

They all giggled at the thought. One girl said, “Honey, you better start preparing yourself for Anthony, if you are going to keep dating him. He’s ‘gonna want to put his thingy inside of you. You better start getting yourself ready for it?”

“What makes you think that?” Martha asked innocently.

“That jingly bottom of yours, soft and round and begging for being taken.”

“W... what should I do?” Martha quivered at the very thought of a big, thick, stiff sausage going anywhere else.”

“Well, learn to keep yourself clean there, honey. Watch what you eat. Eat a lot of salads and fruit and yogurt. That will clean your system. Then use lots of crèmes and lubes on yourself, especially right before you go out on a date.”

“Yeah, and start preparing yourself,” laughed one of the girls.

Another cackled. “I heard those Italian guys have some really big Italian sausages.”

Martha knew this by now as she had already tasted that Italian sausage for several weeks. But just the thought of having that big thing sliding up inside of her made her knees quiver. But then again, she knew that it was something a woman had to do. A woman had to learn to receive a man to be a real woman.

And certainly, if Martha wanted to be a wife, as she had already started dreaming, she would be receiving her husband's worship regularly. So in one hand, she was frightened about it, and in the other she looked forward to getting it over with and getting used to it so she could be like a real feminine woman.

"Hey, look at her titties, too, girls. Are they real? Let's see."

The brunette, still standing next to pansy Martha who was still holding up her dress with the garters of her girdle now unfettered and her stockings sagging down before the women—started to unbutton the front of Martha's beige colored blouse to reveal the lace top of her Maidenform full slip and her matching beige colored brassiere. The blonde unbuttoned the blouse and lowered it down Martha's shoulders, followed by her slip and bra straps. The brassiere cups came down and Martha's sissy titties bounced out in front of all the girls to a collective, "Ooooooo!"

"Well, lah-dee-dah! Just look at them. They're beautiful. Look at them jiggle. No *wonder* you had to start wearing a bra. And no *wonder* you fit better into dresses. You look just like a twenty year old woman in front."

"What an absolute and total pansy," one of the girls mumbled. "Now I think I have seen everything. Her boobs are even bigger than *mine*."

"No wonder why she has been such a sissy all these years. She's been growing milk titties. Pretty soon, she may even be able to nurse a baby with them," the redhead swooned at the thought. "Just look at her swollen nipples and areolas."

"Why there is absolutely no *way* you can possibly go back to pants and being male, honey. You *belong* in panties and skirts like a girl--maybe more-so than even a lot of *real* girls."

For Helen, she could only keep noticing how Martha seemed to be getting more and more womanly as the weeks went by. She also noticed that Martha was spending more and more time in the kitchen and seemingly doing “wifely” things, such as learning how to bake cakes and cookies, and always with a pretty, flouncy, Betty Crocker type bib apron over her dress.

She even asked Martha one Sunday afternoon as Martha was in the kitchen preparing a Sunday roast. “Well aren’t we the pretty little wife type? Are you practicing, honey? You look like the perfect little Holly Homemaker in here in your print dress and bib apron. It would certainly make any good husband proud.”

Martha was wearing a full shirted, lavender print, silky polyester shirtwaist and an off-white flouncy bib apron with her nylons and high heels that Helen could hear going “click, click” as Martha moved about on the kitchen tile with the swish of her pretty skirts. Helen also got a quick glimpse of the lace hem of Martha’s pretty snow-white slip as Martha bent down to check on the roast in the oven. This made Helen smile as she pictured Martha preparing this roast in the oven on a Sunday like this, in her most wifely way, for a demanding and loving husband. Helen had heard some of the women in the salon make comments about how Martha would make such a perfect little wife for some lucky guy, and now Helen saw it and could even envision it.

What really changed were Martha’s mannerisms. Almost any sign of any inborn male mannerism seemed to be gone. Martha now seemed completely limp wristed and mincing in her pretty Sunday dress. Helen also noticed that Martha’s bottom, which had always been wide and plump, seemed even more so now after Martha had been pantied for all these months. Whenever she walked or moved, Martha’s bottom jiggled and wiggled thru the thin material of her silky dress in a most womanly way. With her plucked brows and almost permanently stained lips

from the constant wearing of lipstick, there was no way that Martha looked like anything boy. Her appearance now entirely screamed “woman” to any onlooker.

Anthony, of course, noticed this too, and was bound and determined to “woman” Martha at his earliest chance. He had Martha sucking his sausage now on a regular basis to where it became a routine thing for them. He even told a couple of his good friends what a first class fellatrix Martha had become. But it was her fat pantied fanny that was really attracted him now more than ever before.

It happened on a Sunday when Martha had an off day at the salon, had dressed up pretty in a Sunday print dress and gone to church, and had then gone over to Anthony’s home to make a nice traditional Sunday dinner for him. In more ways than one, it was Martha’s feminine attempt to show Anthony what a good little wife she could make for him. Martha would soon be finding out what it *really* would be like to be his wife.

Anthony came home from his golf match that Sunday to find pretty Martha in the kitchen preparing the roast chicken and potatoes for the oven. He liked what he saw. She was wearing a pretty white, short sleeve full shirt, silky polyester dress printed with lilac flowers. The skirt of her frail, thin, silky dress swished and swayed as she minced about in the kitchen trying to impress Anthony at what a pretty and traditional wife she would make for him. She was also wearing a white cotton flounced bib apron that made her look like a regular little “Betty Crocker”. Just looking at her got Anthony stirring inside and he decided to really show her what being his wife would be like.

He came out of the shower 20 minutes later wearing his bathrobe, and found Martha taking a break and sitting on the couch. He could smell the scent of roasting chicken in the oven and could see the salads that sissy

Martha had prepared on the counter. What he did next, even took Martha aback.

He simply walked up to where she sat on the couch, opened his bathrobe, and showed her his huge erection, which stuck out prominently in front of him. On seeing his large erect manhood, Martha screeched. But that was about all she could do because Anthony simply walked up to her, took hold of her head, and literally shoved his erection into her lipsticked mouth while she sat in her pretty dress and apron and high heeled lilac sandals, right there on the couch. Now, with several inches of maleness in her mouth, Martha could do nothing except what she had learned from the many weeks of dating Anthony. She began to suck.

“Oh yeah, that’s good,” Anthony grunted. “You are the best, honey. You are really a good little sissy cocksucker. And you look so good with my cock in your mouth. Now do it. Suck me, girlie. Show me what a good sissy you are.”

Despite just being called a “sissy cocksucker” causing her some humiliation, Martha continued to allow him to use her mouth. He began to piston as he continued to hold gently onto her head so he could set the rhythm.

About all Martha could do at this moment was to make a nice receptive sissy “O” for him with her rose colored lipsticked lips and to sit back passively on the couch to receive him. She began to make juicy, slishing sounds with her lips now fully wrapped around Anthony. In his gyrations, somehow the hem of Martha’s dress was pushed up on her thighs, giving Anthony a nice view of her slip lace, her cinnamon colored stocking tops with the little white garter tabs of her garter belt, and even an occasional quick glimpse of the lace trimmed, smooth silken gusset of Martha’s snow white silken panties. This little view made Anthony even more randy as he could look down at Martha’s panties and see no sign of anything between her legs other than the smoothed over panty surface of a woman. It was then that he decided to give

Martha a few inches just to show her what it really would be like to be his little housewife.

He pulled out of Martha's juicy lipsticked mouth with an audible *slup*. She looked up at him somewhat puzzled in not thinking that he could yet be done. Martha had sucked his weenie perhaps fifty different times for him already in their relationship and she knew that when he was done, it almost always resulted in a massive ejaculation of his creamy semen into her mouth. About the only time that Anthony did not explode into her mouth when Martha was sucking cock was when he chose to pull out at the last second and give Martha a nice creamy facial as she continued to stroke him and which he enjoyed seeing once in a while. Martha had become such an accomplished fellatrix for him that he even bragged a bit about it to a couple of his close friends.

"Man, you guys can say what you want about my pansy girlfriend. I don't care. Because she sucks cock better than any woman I ever knew. And she will do it at anytime and in any place. No strings attached, either, and no bitchy games like you guys always get with your women."

Anthony looked down at Martha's raised dress one more time and then took hold of her hands and lifted her up from the couch. Then, as she stood before him with her passive look on her face and her lipstick now a bit smudged from sucking his weenie, Anthony led her down the hall to the bedroom. In there, Martha knew what would be coming, and especially when he, put his hand between the back of her shoulders and told her to bend down and put her hands on the bed.

Now, knowing what was coming next. Martha passively bent down for him, put her stockinged knees on the edge of the bed, and as he always liked, she raised her fat sissy fanny up high in the air, as high as she could get it for him.

They had been through this drill a few times before on their weekends of “playing house”. So Martha knew what would be coming. On previous instances, Anthony had gradually accustomed her to receiving his maleness by giving her just a couple inches at a time so she could get used to getting it that way. In a couple weeks, he had her where she could receive the full length of it with little, if any, discomfort. So now he knew she was probably ready to get all of it this time, and all of it, unbeknownst to Martha was what she was going to get.

Martha kneeled down bent over with her knees braced on the very edge of the bed and with her sissy, finger nail painted hands flat down in front of her as she felt the palms of his big hands against the back of her stockinged legs and the back of her dress going up. Up, up, up. His hands pushed up her dress and her slip as they went up the back of her legs and stopped only momentarily as Anthony palmed the silken white nylon of Martha’s lace panties. Her dress and slip then went up over her pantied bottom and on up over the back of her shoulders. Today she was wearing her favorite slip for him—her Vanity Fair slip with the three quarters of an inch of floral lace trim at the hem. She felt her slip going up with her dress and then knew that Anthony would be able to fully stare at her up-thrust pantied rump with her matching snow white lace trimmed silken panties.

“Ooooo, not my pan-tees,” she could only squeal as she felt his hands take hold of the thin elastic hem of her panties and start pulling them down.

“Oh, quit your squealing and get that round bottom of yours up nice and high like I told you before. Face forward and get ready to earn those pretty panties!”

Martha put her face down on the mattress and raised up her now smooth naked bottom as high as she could manage for him. Her panties had been shucked down to below her stocking tops and she could feel them now around her smooth, shaved knees like a dainty silken

puddle. Then, knowing what would be coming, she heard him lubing himself and felt as he placed a large dollop of it at the entrance of her bottom. She knew that all she could do now was to hold her bottom up high for him and to receive him like any good little wife would do. She sensed him step closer and felt the big plum of his staff as it was placed between the pink cheeks of her up-thrust and opened fanny. It felt wide and spongy between her bottom cheeks.

She gave another sissy squeal as the head of his maleness penetrated her sphincter and could feel several inches of length go way up into her bottom. "Eeeeeee," she squealed as his incredible stiffness was then slowly pressed full length up into her and held there while so she could get used to its thickness.

"Oooooo my, it's so big and so stiff," she squealed to him. "Please go slow."

"Well, of course, honey, but today you are going to get all of it. Nice and slow at first. Now keep that fanny of yours up nice and high and let me give it to you good. You ready for that, girlie?"

"Oooo, yesth," she lisped a sissy lisp to him as she could only feel his incredible thickness and stiffness moving a bit up and down inside of her at that moment. "Oh my! I don't know....okay...give it to me, dear."

Anthony stopped for a second and then pressed on. "You poor virgin...all the girls have to get this out of the way...."

"Okay," she answered breathlessly as she had been trained to do in their previous sessions. It was what Anthony liked. He liked his sissy girl to be fully receptive of him and for her to just hold her bottom up high and open so he could use her. That's what he liked and Martha had learned to play the verbal games that went along with Anthony's likes.

"Do you like it, honey? Do you like wearing pretty dresses and being my little girl?"

“Ooooo yesth, dear. I will wear pretty dresses for you and be a good girl for you. I promise.”

“Of course you will, girlie. And now you know what it feels like to be a real girl. Now tell me again,” as he shoved everything he had way up into her and held it there. “Do you still like being the girl now?”

“Eeee, yesth,” she squeaked, now with her face down on the mattress and the hems of her dress and slip now all the way up over her shoulders and almost down over the back of her head. If Martha cared to look peripherally, she would be able to see nothing except the frail lilac print hem of her own silky, full skirted dress and the white floral lace hem of her slip. If she looked down, all she would see was the front of her pretty dress aproning down from her waist in front of her. She could see little except the rose colored nail polish of her own finger nails as her hands were placed flat on the mattress before her and were gripping at the bed spread. And with his thickness all the way up inside now, she could only answer passively.

“Ooooo yesth, dear, please give it to me. Give it to me good. Pleasth give me all of it,” she continued to lisp to him like a simpering sissy in telling him verbally what he liked to hear when he screwed her.

And with that, Anthony began to give it to her—and give it to her good. He started out slow by withdrawing almost fully out of her, to her temporary reprieve, and then slowly pushing it all the way back in. In and out, in and out, deep and deeper. Slowly and methodically until she began to loosen up and relax for the man. When her bottom began to make slushing sounds—the unmistakable sounds of intercourse, he picked up the pace of his pistoning.

If there was any trace left of Martha’s little peenie that was probably dangling loose from between her legs like a little limp wet noodle, Martha could certainly not feel it or sense it. And Anthony could not see it or even

care. For Martha, all she could feel or think about was the stiff piece of sausage that was now pistoning almost relentlessly in and out of her behind. For all intents and purposes, to Martha, she was like a totally functioning and receptive female.

By now he had taken hold of the sides of her up-thrust fanny and was really giving it to her, in and out, in and out almost ruthlessly now. Martha squealed and squealed from inside the folds of her dress and her slip, and she begin to speak is sissy gibberish as Anthony laid her good.

“Geee gowk. Eeee the squimmish. Me gee coe,” she slathered in sissy gibberish to Anthony’s further entertainment as he gave it to her.

Then, somehow she felt his maleness seemingly get even more stiff and thick inside of her as she squealed. She could only assume what was coming. And then it came.

While she could not really feel him ejaculate inside of her, she could certainly sense it. She could hear his grunting and could feel his staff wiggling furiously up inside of her—and she could hear the wet slishing sounds that her sissy pussy was now making as it was now being filled up to brimming with hot, creamy sperm.

“Now if you want my baby, squeeze,” he told her as he held his now spent need deep inside of her. So Martha, in a vain attempt, tried to squeeze out even the last drops of semen. There she was...once a school boy, but now an absolute and over-the-top sissy girl in a frilly dress, slip and panties...all dressed up like a girl...and bent over before a man who was deep into her soul...and trying to squeeze out the last drop of his male seed.

Then he was done. With a wet plopping sound and an incredible sense of relief to Martha, Anthony withdrew from up inside of Martha—and left her there on the bed—bent over and now laying on her side with her dress and slip up and her panties down—and her behind now thoroughly opened and smooshed and filled up almost

impossibly with seeping and almost overflowing male wetness.

Martha could only get up, find and grab her purse, and get into the bathroom as fast as she could in order to stifle the flow. Anthony chuckled to himself as he watched Martha rise up and scurry off down the hall with the back of her dress and slip still somewhat bunched up in back and with her panties shucked down around her knees and hobbling her efforts to scurry off in her high heels.

In the bathroom, Martha would have to do what every woman would have to do after just being spermed. She cleaned herself and freshened up. She reached into her purse and placed a fresh feminine napkin into the gusset of her silken panties for which to stifle any creamy drippings from what was now way up inside of her and coating her insides. She felt a slight tingling in her belly.

The tingling in her belly gradually became a mild pulsation, but Martha staunchly tried to ignore it but the sensation in her belly became so intense she began rubbing her belly. Slowly the pulse went away.

She held her belly for a moment longer, making sure the throbbing was gone. As she waited, a new sensation began, like nothing she had ever felt before. It felt like her inside belly was alive. Like she'd heard women say pregnancy felt after a month or two.

"This is crazy," she thought. "This can't happen."

The light kicking sensation intensified, and soon Martha could see her belly was pouting out a bit just as if she were a month pregnant.

Martha noticed the tingling had returned, and was actually pleasurable like a teasing tickle.

Martha went to the mirror and fixed her makeup and touched up her smudged lipstick. She adjusted her garter straps and her full brief Vanity Fair panties, pulling them up high on her waist as her mother had taught her how to properly wear her panties. She straightened her slip and fluffed it out along with her dress and prepared herself to

go out again and be before her man... the man that had just hauled her ashes with his big, stiff and demanding Italian sausage.

As Martha went back into the kitchen to check on the slow roasting chicken in the oven, she felt like a wife now more than any other time in her life. Just the thought of Anthony's virile sperm wiggling around inside of her belly—her womb-- and looking for an egg to fertilize made Martha feel more feminine than ever before.

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Anthony made sure Martha knew she was now his to hold and enjoy at his will.

As she cooked, Martha again felt another twinge of discomfort in her belly. A little cramping that was a physical reminder of her commitment and determination to be Anthony's woman. Anthony could only get a kick out of Martha's girlish mannerisms as he watched her in the kitchen.

After being taken, Martha appeared to be more swishy and mincing and limp wristed than ever before. Even her voice seemed to him to jump up an octave higher. When she walked, Anthony couldn't help but notice, it seemed like she walked with the cheeks of her fanny clenched together. In truth, she did in order to stifle the wet, slushy, seeping feeling that she could feel in her now thoroughly smooshed and used bottom. Every twinge, tick and tingle in her belly was a confirmation of femininity.

Martha acted absolutely and totally sissyish. This only made Anthony, in his male empowerment, chuckle as he sat and watched TV in the living room while looking into the kitchen and watching sissy Martha.

Anthony thought to himself. *"I'm really going to enjoy keeping this pretty fem' on a steady regimen of dick."* Again, he chuckled as he watched her mince and flit around in the kitchen absolutely limp wristed and total girlie.

As the weeks went by, Martha continued to "play house" with Anthony almost every weekend. Each weekend, Martha would wear pretty dresses and skirts for him and be like a textbook little suburban wife to Anthony's total pleasure and satisfaction. And each weekend Martha could count on doing what a wife would do several times, depending on how Anthony felt.

Accepting a man became almost a routine thing for Martha. He would do her in the living room with her bent over the couch. He'd do her in the kitchen by the

counter—and once he even bent her over the ironing board and gave it to her while she was ironing his clothes.

That time *really* made her feel like she was his little wife. What at first had been disturbing and stressful, Martha could now receive without even any initial discomfort and Anthony didn't hold back. He made sure to give her every inch of it whenever he did her now.

Martha went about her housework hardly thinking about the sperm swimming around inside her belly. Anthony liked to tease, "I love trying to get you pregnant. If you do, don't worry...I'll marry you."

They certainly had sex enough to get any girl pregnant. They were having sex enough that Martha was always with seed. At first, after sex, Martha sometimes felt very light headed and felt sick to her stomach with a slight cramping and bloated feeling with twinges in her belly. Even her breasts were swollen and tender but that could have been from all Anthony's attention.

Of course, as the months went by, Helen Cossey could only notice how Martha had become absolutely feminine and womanish. She noticed that Martha was now entirely wearing dresses and skirts. No more pants, whatsoever. Helen had a suspicion that Martha had been playing house every weekend with Anthony, but never gave it much more thought until she started to realize how absolutely womanish Martha had become. Martha now appeared to be nothing but an average, pretty, dress-wearing, suburban housewife like Helen saw every day in her salon and at the shops and store and businesses in town.

Martha's mannerisms had become absolutely feminine and womanish and no longer even sissyish as they were a little before. In her mannerisms, there seemed to be absolutely no left over traces that Martha had ever once been a boy. Martha walked and stooped and stood and sat completely like a dress-wearing woman now. Her voice

even seemed to be more feminine. Whenever she got excited, like a woman, she might flail her limp wrists. She had become totally accustomed to purse carrying and dress wearing in every way possible. Martha had even hinted to Helen that there may even be a wedding coming in the future, a wedding with Martha as the bride.

Helen had some mixed feelings about all this. But her hesitations were always overcome by the outward appearance and visible happiness and total content in Martha.

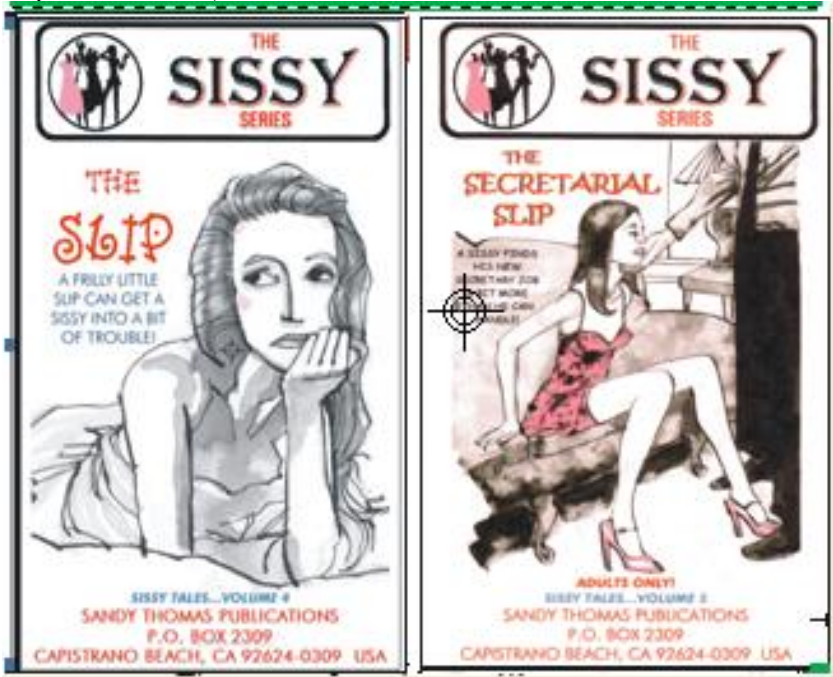
Helen could see now that Martha would not have ever been much of a man with her wide hips, weak arms and her little problem with her developing breasts. Helen could see now that Martha certainly would not have ever done much good for any woman from a male role. But as a female, Martha was not only happy, but she was also perfectly suited.

“*Some boys,*” Helen could only think to herself, and as she had heard said from others, “*are simply much better off as girls and being girls.*” For sure, she could only conclude, that her Mart—now Martha—was certainly one of them.

The End

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