

TV FICTION CLASSICS

“CAMPING IN CURLS”

A SUMMER OF FEMININE EDUCATION!



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“CAMPING IN CURLS”

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**“ONE IS NOT BORN A WOMAN,
ONE BECOME ONE.**

SIMONE de BEAUVOIR

CAMPING IN CURLS

By ALICE TRAIL and SANDY THOMAS

When I married Linda, I was actually excited about becoming a father. Why, because Judd, her sixteen year old son from a former marriage, was a nice kid. My ex and I didn't have any kids, so I hoped to get along with my new son and do all the things my father NEVER did with me.

You know, things like going to baseball and football games, tossing the ball around, fishing, and watching sports on television. All in all, I wanted Judd to be the perfect addition to my life. At first glance, he appeared to be a bit of a rebel...just like I had done in my own youth. He wore his straight blonde hair stylishly down onto his shoulders. He was a bit frail for a boy his age, but I assumed that was because he wasn't into athletics.

As for Linda, I really hadn't known her for all that long. We meet at a seminar, and before I knew it, we were in the sack. After that, a hot and heavy relationship began. The marriage was quick, and we moved into the tiny house she had received in a settlement from her divorce. My friends laughed and teased me about my "love at first sight" courtship, but I shrugged it off because everything just seemed so perfect. Yes, everything was perfect!

You can imagine my astonishment when I came home from work one Friday and found Linda and Judd in the kitchen preparing dinner. On the surface, that might not be peculiar.

But this night was different! To my surprise, Judd...my new son...was wearing a dress!

It's not like he was helping his mother pin up a hem or anything normal like that. He was wearing a close fitting pink and white knit sheath over an obviously padded bra, his normally shoulder length straight hair had been curled and pinned atop his head, and his face was fully made up with blush, eyeshadow, and mascara. His nails were even polished in a pink shade to match his lipstick!

At first I didn't realize the figure before me was Judd, but when I saw the terrified expressions on his faces, and the clown like expression, I knew something was amiss. "What the hell!" I gasped as the reality of the situation hit me.

Despite my shock, Linda remained cool. Taking her very distraught son lovingly into her arms, she said, "Don't fret so darling. I know this is not easy for you, but we agreed--**NEED TO KNOW!** He needs to know now. He is your new father, and if you intend to continue to indulge in your little hobby, he had to find out sooner or later."

"I..I know Mom, but I'm so embarrassed for him to see me like this!" he stammered. "He'll think I'm a sissy!"

"Oh, don't fret!" she chided. "Of course you're not a sissy! Now just calm down, and I'll help you explain like I promised."

"You mean he likes to wear girl's clothes?" I gasped as it all hit me in the head. "OK. OK, we'll get him some help! I know this shrink..."

She interrupted, "Been there, done that! I've been told that many men like to dress as females occasionally and that there's no apparent harm in it. Therefore,

since it makes OUR son happy, I simply allow him to dress up once in a while.”

“Why didn't you tell me?”

“That was Judd's wish,” she answered. “He said he would be terribly embarrassed for you to know his secret, but since we're married, I felt deceitful hiding things from you and over ruled him.”

I was shocked. Our relationship had developed rapidly but she should have told me about her son being a NUT. I rambled on about the problem probably being that Judd didn't have a strong male image in the house when growing up...about how I'd fix Judd's problem with a few baseball games, boxing lessons, and the like. “I'll make a man out of him in no time!” I boasted.

Linda listened politely, and when I calmed a bit, she advised, “By all means darling, he'd like that. Please try to help him, but be kind and don't ridicule him if it doesn't help. He's really a wonderful son, and I love him very much.”

Judd appeared to be uneasy with our frank discussion about him, and he excused himself to go to his room and change.

While he was gone, Linda told me all about Judd and his eccentric hobby. I guess all this made sense in a way. Judd had been raised by his mother, a woman, to do the things she told him, but somehow he just had to re-learn them in a manly way. How could any boy be raised by a woman to be a man? Failing to be like the other boys, he identified with his mother.

The kid looked stupid in a dress and I knew...from now on, it would be up to me to teach him to be a man!

It was more than I bargained for but I knew I could do it! Someday he'd thank me for it.

Judd was back in his boy clothes by dinner, but still appeared totally embarrassed. As we ate, he glanced at me out of the corner of his eye and blushed whenever I returned his gaze. However, seeing his uneasiness, I chose to ignore the subject of his dressing up, and talked about sports. He loosened up a little.

When Judd was out one day, Linda showed me the secret closet where he had more dresses, skirts, bras, panties, slips, nightgowns, and high heels than most girls his age.

“We should trow it all out,” was my immediate reaction, but Linda stopped me saying, “You can try to get him interested in boy things, but you must promise not to FORCE him into anything. Otherwise, I won't allow you to interfere!”

I reluctantly agreed, and as time passed, I did what I could. I threw the ball around the yard with him, took him to several ball games, and showed him how to change the oil in my car.

One day when we were alone doing guy things together, I swallowed my pride brought up the subject of his dressing. “Your mother has showed me your clothes and told me her version of your hobby, but why don't you tell me your side of it? I think you're a great kid, and as your new father, I do want to understand.”

His face turned red and he said, “I just like it, I don't know why.”

“Wouldn't you rather be playing football, camping with your buddies, building model cars or something like that?” I asked sincerely.

He looked at me with doleful eyes and admitted, “I've never been very big or muscular, and I always get hurt when I do those things. Having a few dresses makes me feel contented.”

That was certainly true. He was small with delicate non muscular arms and slight shoulders. Even his hands were small with long dainty fingers. “Maybe we should fatten you up a little...Hey, how about a great haircut,” I suggested. “My barber is great!”

His fingers went up to the long straight locks that suddenly looked girlish to me even though I'd never thought of it that way before. “Oh no!” he exclaimed defensively. “I like my hair long!”

“How did you get started with all this feminine foolishness anyway?” I asked, trying not to be condescending.

“I don't know exactly, but I was very young when Mom and Dad got divorced,” he mused. “I think it all started when I would get real scared at night and cry in the dark. To keep me quiet, Mom would usually put me in the bed with her. When I snuggled up close to her for security, I would feel her soft nightgown. I asked if I could wear one like it, but Mom said boys were tough and didn't wear soft fabrics like nylon, silk, and satin.”

“She was right. You should have listened to her!”

“Maybe so, but I don't think it would have changed my desires. Anyway, after that, I would sneak into her lingerie drawers and take out a pair of panties or a soft slip to wear in secret. One day, I contentedly fell asleep

in some of her things, and she caught me. After that, the cat was out of the bag, and despite her insistence that boys didn't wear such clothes, I begged for a soft nylon nightie and panties of my own. Finally, she gave in, and I've been dressing as a girl at home in secret from time to time every since."

I appreciated his honesty, but I vowed to do everything in my power to break him of his unnatural habit!

About a week after that, Judd came to me and asked to talk. We went out into the back yard, and feeling more like a father than ever, I asked, "So my son, what's on your mind?"

"I'd like to go to camp this summer."

"Great! No problem with me." I answered, feeling on top of the world. My relationship with Linda was wonderful, and now I felt like I'd even helped her son. I said, "I'll dig out my old scout knife and canteen, then..."

Judd interrupted, "It's not what you think. This is a special camp...for boys like me."

"Like you?"

"Yeah," he answered, his face glowing red. "You know, with my hobby."

"There are others who do THAT?"

"Lots," he smiled apprehensively. "This camp is designed to help us cope with who we are. We talk about our sensations while dressed, our problems, and the attitudes of the people around us. Sort of like Alcoholics Anonymous. Mom has some literature on the camp you can read. My psychiatrist told us about it."

Not surprisingly, Linda was all for the camp. “His doctor says they have a very extensive counseling program, and after attending, some boys discard their dresses for good. Apparently, their type therapy is the nearest thing to a cure yet devised.”

For some reason, I had reservations about a camp, but if there was a chance that Judd could be cured from his desire to wear dresses, skirts and lingerie, how could I refuse?

As I skimmed through the brochures, I saw that the camp was run by professionals, and there were even several weekends set aside for parental visits. I agreed that this was a good idea.

My first indication that something was amiss was some credit card expenses. The amounts weren't too large, but the charges were at local teen shops...girl's clothing shops!

Once he was out of school for the summer, I began to notice some subtle differences in Judd, but they didn't register until about a week before he was to leave for camp. After taking a long look at his face, I saw that his brows were no longer thick the way a boy's were supposed to be. Instead, they were high pencil thin arches elevated above his shy big eyes...well sculpted and perfectly curved just like his mother's. His hair was also different to the point that it altered his face like the tresses of an attractive female!

“Yeah, I did his hair and brows,” Linda freely admitted when I questioned her. “I wanted him to look good at camp.”

“LOOK GOOD?”

“Didn't you read the brochure?” she asked. “It's all in there! The boys all dress as girls full time. It's an immersion/aversion therapy. Some boys get sick of the whole dressing up thing within twenty-four hours. It's effective.”

“I guess I didn't really read it,” I admitted. “Anyway, I thought the purpose of that place was to stop him from doing this feminine stuff. How can wearing dresses all summer make him want to stop doing it, for Pete's sake?”

“Some do stop, but the rest have to learn how to cope with who they are,” Linda answered curtly.

I gasped, “Then, all those clothes you bought weren't for Judd's collection. They were for camp! Maybe we shouldn't encourage him so much.”

“WE? I'm only doing what I think is best for MY son! I don't want him running around in dresses and frilly undies for the rest of his life any more than you do, but these people as experts. They make more sense than anyone I've found to date. If there's a chance to help him, I can't pass it up! I wish you could get over your hangups and do what's right here,” she huffed and stomped angrily away.

After that, you can be sure that I read all the material that came from the camp, and there it was! The boys would be required to dress, behave, and comport themselves as girls for the entire summer! They explained that the idea was a kind of immersion therapy. You know, like too much ice cream...or something like that. I could only hope that it would work!

I read more. It made sense. I knew if I had to wear curlers and do girlish stuff all day, I'd hate it! No more silky soft nighties for Judd...it would be the big time. Plucking eyebrows, shaving legs, curlers, fingernail polishes, walking in high heels...I gave Judd a week.

While I was reading the camp materials, I realized that Judd and Linda had disappeared upstairs earlier than usual that evening. After a while, I became curious about what they were up to, and I slipped upstairs as quietly as possible to sneak a peek.

I could see a light on in Judd's bedroom, and when I glanced in, I received the shock of my life! Right there before my eyes...my stepson sitting quietly in a pretty pink silk nightgown and negligee while my wife busily worked at putting his long wet hair up in rollers for the night! "For pity's sake!" I exclaimed, giving away my presence.

"Don't you dare embarrass him!" Linda spat. "He has to learn to do some of this before he leaves for camp, and I won't have you humiliating him. After all, this is for his own good!"

"His own good!" I exclaimed as I stormed out of the room and slammed the door. Still, Linda's message was clear. She didn't want me around, so I left her to her feminizing task. What was happening? Was this really supposed to cure Judd from wanting to wear dresses? At any rate, my wife was carefully and effectively changing her son's appearance from masculine to that of a pretty teenage girl!

Needless to say, I got a cool reception in bed that night as Linda made the extra effort to wash and put her

own hair in rollers for the night. Something she rarely did because she knew it infuriated me.

The next day was Saturday, and I had my usual early morning golf date with the 7:00 A.M. tee time. So, I left before Linda and Judd awoke.

Hours later when I arrived home, I found my wife and stepson finishing a late breakfast in near identical nightgowns and negligees with their hair still up in curlers. Judd was clearly uncomfortable that I was seeing him in his ultra feminine accoutrements.

“Maybe I should use his embarrassment to advantage,” I thought. “Who knows, increasing the embarrassment might help in getting him to dump all this nonsense!”

“Say Judd,” I said aloud. “How did you sleep with all those rollers in your hair?” I asked sarcastically.

He blushed a little but answered quietly, “Okay for the most part. Mom showed me how to use two pillows under my head for added cushioning. That's how she does it.”

“Looks like you might get great reception with that antenna on your head!” I added getting no laugh from anyone.

Linda must have guessed what I was up to, and I don't think she appreciated it too much. I saw her eyes flare. “Judd is learning that sleeping with ones hair up in curlers is just another discomfort girls have to put up with to make themselves beautiful. You know, just like plucking our eyebrows, shaving our legs, and doing our nails! It's not easy, isn't that right sweetheart?” Linda

coolly proclaimed without looking up from her fashion magazine.

Judd just mumbled an affirmative, “Yes Mom,” but I could see his embarrassment increasing. This kid wasn't only hiding behind his mother's skirttails, he was wearing them!

I saw Linda's tone change. I was about to be the one embarrassed!

Linda started to goad me by saying, “Oh Judd, look at this girl's hair! We should try this style on you! Your hair is even longer than hers. Don't you think it's cute?”

She gushed exaggerated sweetness as she showed her son a full page photo of a very attractive teenage girl in a hot pink prom dress. Her shoulder length blonde hair was pulled up to the back of her head where it cascaded down in a mass of precisely formed ringlet curls intertwined with a myriad of delicate curly matching pink silk ribbons.

Even I had to admit that it was an extremely attractive feminine hairdo...but for a boy???

Judd was being prodded for a “yes” answer by his Mom...an answer I assumed he would gush enthusiastically if not for my dampening presence.

“I guess so, Mom,” he replied sheepishly while looking at my expression. “She's very cute, but I think that style is a bit too elaborate for my use.”

Linda insisted, “But wouldn't you like to learn how to do something special like that for Camp?”

“I guess,” was all he could generate.

Linda gave me a look and saw my obvious disgust. I was about to express a derisive comment in response, but she didn't give me a chance to utter a word.

Looking me straight in the eye, she took Judd's hand, pulled him out of his chair, and said, "Come along sweetie, let's leave Dad to his breakfast. It's time we took our hair down. I'll do yours first, and then teach you to do mine. I'll also show you how to get several style variations from a basic roller set. I think we'll do a back combed bouffant style to start. Then for variation and practice, we'll change our hairstyles throughout the day."

Then turning to me, she asked, "Are you going to be home for dinner?"

I nodded and she gushed on, "For dinner, we'll dress formally and wear our hair up." Flipping a page as she spoke, she pointed to a picture of a couple of elegantly dressed models with their hair in sleek French twists.

I could see that Judd didn't want any part of our quarrel but he had to side with his mother.

I could easily see that this detailing of the feminine activities Linda had planned was becoming for my benefit not Judd's. Was she pissed off at me, or was she trying to embarrass Judd as well? Needless to say, I was somewhat confused!

Linda smiled at me and spoke in a commanding whisper. "That means I expect you to wear a suit and tie for dinner!"

After breakfast, I purposely wandered past Judd's bedroom door to see what they were doing, and I could see Linda from behind as she was engrossed in 'teasing' her son's hair that was now free of curlers. As she brushed it this way and that, I couldn't believe the apparent mess she was making of it. It was wildly

sticking up and out six inches over his head and down the sides as she kept teasing and obliterating the curled sections, one after another.

“AHH HA!” I thought. “I understand now! Linda is planning to make him look like a clown with the Phyllis Diller type hair don't. He'll look so silly that he'll beg to change back into his boy's clothes! Feeling a little better, I went back downstairs and settled into my favorite chair to read the newspaper.

After about an hour, I heard Linda and Judd coming down the stairs. I prepared myself for the boy's clown like appearance I knew Judd would be sporting thanks to his smart Mom!

Linda walked in first, looking great in her tight designer jeans and long-sleeved pink blouse. Her hair was curled and teased all over with a pink ribbon tied behind her ears to give her a very youthful look that I liked at once! “She's a very sexy woman. No doubt about that!” I thought.

When she got near me, she smiled mischievously and stepped aside so that I had a full view of Judd. I can tell you this, it's a good thing I was sitting! Instead of the clownish look I expected, there stood a high school cheerleader candidate before me!

I looked at Judd from the ground up and I'm sure my mouth was hanging open in shock. He was wearing low-heeled sling-back sandals, and the pinkish red nail polish on his toes glinted through his sandal foot stockings. His tight women's jeans were identical to Linda's, and he wore a baby blue silk blouse that matched hers as well!

The subtle mounds on his chest suggested that he was no doubt wearing a brassiere...a padded one at that. Most dramatic of all though was that his hair bore no resemblance to the Phyllis Diller mess I had seen earlier! It was a gorgeous mass of teased curls which stood four inches high giving him a taller appearance than usual.

Judd's hair was quite a bit longer than his mother's, and she had made sure it was styled to show off that advantage. Like his mom, he too had a matching blue ribbon encircling his coiffure and an additional blue bow tied low behind his head which gently gathered the back of his teased and curled hair into a very loose mass which hung down onto his shoulders!

Judd's face, like his Mom's, was very nicely made up for the day. Of course, that was a man's opinion. I wasn't completely stupid. I knew it could take longer to apply a subtle no make-up look than a glamorous one. Eyeliner and eyeshadow were applied to just bring out the shape and lines of their eyes while gloss made their lips seductively shiny. Of course, both had beautifully lacquered nails in a color to match their lips.

In short, Judd looked totally and completely like a very pretty high school girl!

“Why is Linda going to such extremes to make her son look more and more feminine,” I wondered. “Does she honestly believe this crazy “aversion therapy” will work?”

Because of the matching outfits and hairstyles, Linda and Judd could have been posing for some mother/daughter picture. I say that because that's

exactly what Linda had me do throughout the day...shoot several rolls of film of her and her son.

It was fascinating in a way. Here was a woman I was very attracted to and an replication of what she probably looked like at Judd's age.

At first, Judd had a tense embarrassed look about him because he knew I was barely able to tolerate his dressing like a girl. However, after I shot a few pictures of them in their jean outfits, he seemed to relax and enjoy the moment. Finally, they went inside to tend some routine weekend house cleaning chores while I mowed the lawn and washed the cars.

When I finished my chores and went back inside a couple of hours later, I found my wife and stepson pouring over cookbooks, looking for a new recipe for dinner. To my surprise, they had changed clothes as my wife had suggested earlier, and now, both were wearing cotton summer dresses in floral patterns.

Linda's dress had a long full skirt and was sleeveless because she didn't need a bra to fill out the front. Judd, on the other hand, wore a short-skirted teenage number that showed off his slim neatly shaven legs through his sheer tan pantyhose. His dress also had short sleeves and a higher neckline than Linda's.

While Linda hadn't changed her hairstyle, Judd's hair had been redone. It was now swept over in a long, curly, teased mass held by several combs to one side in what one might call a "romantic" look. I would have been sick to my stomach if it weren't for the fact that he really did look suitable...as a girl, that is.

“He really does look curiously pretty, but I could never tell him!” I thought while feeling glad that he was only my “step” son!

To my dismay and confusion, his image tended to trigger unfatherly thoughts about the “young woman” I was seeing!

After the photography session, I went to take a shower while the girls got dinner started.

By the time I was dressed, except for my tie and jacket, Linda came into the bedroom and shooed me out saying, “Judd and I have to dress in here where the lighted mirrors are. You can finish up in his room.”

As I was leaving, Judd entered the master bedroom carrying an armful of lingerie and a garment on a hanger in an opaque plastic bag with a store logo on it that read, “Shimmering Nights Salon Formals: Prom Dresses--Wedding Gowns”.

He caught my eye and saw that I had read the name of the store, and his cheeks turned bright red. Obviously, he still felt uncomfortable exposing this very feminine side of himself to another male. Well, maybe that was good! I still couldn't read Linda's motivations for all this, but I hoped her objectives were the same as mine. Since Judd was her son, I guess had tried many things in the past. Perhaps she was right. She should have first call on how to best cure him.

A moment after I left the room, Linda came out and motioned me to follow her down the hall to Judd's bedroom. When we were inside, she whispered, “There's no need to make any nasty comments to Judd tonight.

Please don't cross me on this because I'm following the orders of his psychiatrist and the camp counsellors. Until you get your doctorate, don't second guess the experts.”

“Okay, I'll go along with you, but you'll have to tell me what the hell is going on!” I insisted. “I'm interested in helping him too, you know. I just thought I could shame him out of his feminine hobby. Does that lady shrink have a better idea?””

“Of course she does silly! She's a professional. You don't know what's been happening, and your mockery is making matters worse!”

“W..what do you mean?”

“Last week Judd had two near panic attacks because he's never been seen dress as a girl by anyone but us, and with all your mockery of late, he's a nervous wreck. He fears that spending the summer in dresses among strangers will mean constant degradation and debasement. Upon hearing that, his psychiatrist suggested I train him in dressing, hairstyling, and makeup application to help him gain confidence in his appearance and feminine skills. She said if he backs out now, he might repress his dressing desires and lapse into a chronic debilitating depression...or worse!”

“Gee,” I grunted.

“So, please be nice! You haven't complimented him even once on how nice he looks, and whether you realize it or not, he would really appreciate a little praise from you...another male!”

“So, I was right,” I thought. “There is a plan!” You can't imagine how relieved I was, and since his

psychiatrist was involved, I was sure Judd would soon be on the road to complete recovery!

“Gee Linda, you should have told me sooner!” I apologized. “I feel like such a heel. You're working to help him, and I'm screwing it up. Trust me, I'll help as much as possible, OK?”

“You're a dear!” Linda squealed as she gave me a quick peck on the lips before dashing back to our bedroom.

“We've got to make sure he gets to that camp!” I thought, heading back downstairs. As I sat and watched TV, Linda would run down every fifteen minutes or so to do something in the kitchen and rush back up. What were they doing up there? They had been up in that room for an hour and a half already! Finally, Linda told me that they'd be down in a few minutes.

“How does he look?” I asked curiously.

“Oh...you'll soon see,” she replied with a sly wink.

When they came down the stairs, this time Judd entered the living room first. At least, I deduced it was Judd since it wasn't Linda! What looked like a tall slender young woman entered the room. It was Judd! He was at least five feet eleven inches tall as a result of his four inch heels. His face was beautifully made up into a perfect feminine version of my stepson's features. “Judd,” I gasped. “Is that really you or did some model sneak in the house when I wasn't watching?”

“Yes, it's me,” he replied in a soft shy voice.

“Really...you're absolutely beautiful!” I exclaimed with all sincerity...not because of Linda's warning...it was true!

Linda just stood back and beamed, obviously extremely proud of her feminized son.

Judd's look was completely different from that of the afternoon! His eyes were now exotically made up with richer colors, his lashes seemed almost too long and curly, and his skin was creamy smooth with faint blush color highlighting his excellent cheekbones.

His lips were outlined with a dark shade of lipstick in a perfect Cupid's bow shape and filled in with a dark plum red color, and his nails were lacquered in a matching color and were longer than I'd ever seen, even on Linda! They must have attached nail tips, because they were now over a half inch past his fingertips! Their length was accentuated against the background of the little evening clutch purse that he held elegantly in one hand.

On top of that, his dress...a short tight red strapless prom dress...was gorgeous! I couldn't believe it! I saw it, but I couldn't believe it! There, above the bust line of his dress, were two small yet obvious mounds of flesh with a little valley between them!

His waist was also reduced, giving his body a shape that would make any teenage girl envious! Linda had done his hair as she had promised earlier that day. It was smoothly pulled back and up into a precise French Twist which went all the way up the back of his head, and not a single hair was out of place! He wore a pair of gold loop earrings and a fine gold chain around his neck with a little heart-shaped locket that rested just above his cleavage...his cleavage!

I could see Linda was pleased with my reaction. She came up and put her arm around my waist and looked proudly at her son.

She looked stunning as well in a stylish cocktail dress, but I could see that she hadn't gone all out with herself as she had with her son. He was to be the shining star tonight, and she had no intention of distracting from his grandeur.

She beckoned for me to help her in the kitchen, and once we were alone and out of earshot of Judd, she turned to me and with a satisfied grin said, “Well, do I know my stuff, or do I know my stuff?”

“It's unbelievable!” I gasped, still awestruck by the cleavage my stepson was showing. “How did you do that...uh...that,” I stammered as I held my hands up under my chest as if hefting imaginary breasts.?”

“I knew you'd notice that!” she joked. “Just great genes I guess.”

“No, really. How did you do it?”

“We girls have mastered the art of illusion since the Garden of Eden, my love.” Linda teased. “A little tape here, padding, a tightly laced corset there, and a bit of massaging and prodding the loose flesh that's already there...and voila! Got your attention, eh?”

“Amazing...simply amazing!” I sighed still shaking my head in wonder. “It would get any mans.”

“I brought his waist in a full five inches,” she beamed. “He's about a 32-24-34, A-cup padded to a B right now. Not bad for a teenage boy I'd say.”

“Well, let's make sure he's ready for that camp.” I replied while wondering, “What's next??? Guys calling at the door for dates?”

Dinner was a pleasant affair. I guess my accepting manner relaxed everyone, and we had a good time, laughing and joking like any happy family.

Finally, as we all retired for the night, Linda and I could tell that the heels and the corset were taking a toll on poor Judd. He looked extremely tired, so you can imagine my surprise when Linda called out to him as we were about to close our bedroom door for the night, "Judd, don't forget?"

"What?"

"To rinse out your panties and nylons before bed! And try that other setting pattern on your hair tonight. Remember the one with the jumbo rollers?"

"Oh...I thought I might skip that tonight," Judd replied in a tired voice.

"No dear," Linda instructed with tenderness, "No skipping anything...remember our deal?"

"But...!"

"No buts," Linda answered firmly. "Girls don't complain about doing their hair...they think it's FUN!!!"

As we got into bed, we could hear the shower running as Judd had to shampoo his hair again before setting it.

"He'll be up for another 45 minutes to an hour setting his hair, and he will have a hard time trying to sleep on those large rollers." Linda whispered with a smile.

"Good thinking sweetheart," I replied as I leaned over to turn off the light. We made passionate love that night. I don't know why, but I was very turned on and horny this evening.

The next morning, I awoke early and looked in to see Judd sleeping in his pink feminine nightgown. I could tell he had not found it easy to sleep with a head full of curlers, especially the big plastic rollers Linda had insisted he use.

The covers were totally awry indicating that he had tossed and turned throughout the night...awakening often and probably thinking how easy it was to be a boy.

“Not much problem sleeping with a crew cut,” I whispered while he rolled over again trying to find a tolerable position to put his head.

There really wasn't much he could do except try to ignore what he was feeling. Still, the question remained. Why would any boy do this? The rollers were tugging on every strand of his hair, and the bobby pins were chiseling into his scalp. “This therapy has to work!” I thought. “Surely, no boy or ANYONE would want to do this for very long if they didn't have to!”

As the days went by, Judd seemed less enthusiastic but became more and more girlish in his feminine looks and actions. His mother had taught him how to shave his legs, and his longish fingernails were shaped and rounded...a coat of clear gleaming polish adorned them.

The day before he was to leave for camp, I came home to find Judd again fully dressed as a girl, and I diligently tried to hide my shock! He was wearing a conservative white linen blouse and a plaid pleated skirt that wasn't too short. The effect was that he looked a lot like a Catholic schoolgirl.

Noticing that I could see his bra and slip straps through the translucent blouse, I hopefully asked, "Sure you want to do this?"

"I guess I have to now...I'm committed," he answered with a tone that seemed mixed with bewilderment and excitement. "We've already paid."

That was a good sign. At least, he wasn't sure about this strange camp! "Just call me if you want to come home, and I'll be there in a flash!" I assured. "Have you packed any pants or jockey shorts in case you get tired of all this feminine business?"

"They're not allowed," he answered with some anxiety in his voice.

"These people know what they're doing!" I thought as I took a good look at the awkward boy in the skirt and blouse. "At least, they seem to know...."

In silence, I was now sure these people would cure him of his unusual hobby. So sure, I relaxed and said to Judd, "You look very pretty. I'm sure you'll be the 'Belle' of the camp."

"Thanks," he said.

The next morning, Judd was ready a full half-hour before he was to be picked up for his trip to the camp. He came down in a flowered knee length romper dress with full makeup and his long blonde tresses flowing femininely about his shoulders. I watched as he nervously paced about the room and continuously peeked out of the window, and I hoped he was as unsure about this camp with its aversion therapy as myself.

Finally, when Judd seemed on the brink of backing out, a car with blacked out windows turned into our

driveway. Seeing his ride, he hugged Linda tightly, kissed her on the cheek, and tearfully said he loved her.

Turning to me, he seemed confused...not knowing how to say goodbye...whether to give me a hug or a handshake! Saving him the embarrassment of making a decision that turned out wrong, I let him know that I still thought of him as a boy...as my son and I offered my hand. Judd eagerly grasped my hand, but considering the way he was dressed, he avoided making eye contact. "This is it," he gasp.

Turning away from us, he bolted from the door and sprinted to the car as fast as his fluttering skirt and heels would allow...almost diving into the back seat. I'm sure he was embarrassed to be outside in his pretty dress and deathly afraid some of his friends would see him and tease him unmercifully when he returned. Then, after a moment, he hesitantly got out, hurried back to Linda and me and shyly asked for help with his luggage.

Obviously, his return to the house and the time he spent exposed to the view of passersby in his feminine ensemble while I loaded his things in the trunk was unduly distressing for him. Apparently, the aversion therapy had already started!

"This treatment must be like those stop smoking clinics where they rub your nose in an ashtray filled with cigarette butts," I thought.

Linda and I didn't talk a lot about Judd in the four weeks that followed because she and I were enjoying having the house to ourselves. This was the first time

since our honeymoon that we had been totally alone, and after all, we hadn't been married that long!

Still, to be honest, Judd was on my mind more than I let on. We got a couple short notes from him, but they didn't reveal a lot about his activities. The letters basically stated that he was enjoying himself and learning a lot about himself at the same time.

Linda only said she was glad Judd was getting the therapy he needed, but by her reading his letters over and over, I could see that she missed him very much. For my part, I thought for sure we'd get a call begging us to come get him, but to my surprise, it didn't happen.

The weeks went by rather quickly, and in a flash, the time for our first visit arrived. As we drove along toward the camp, neither Linda nor I really knew what to expect. I was confident that a happy, healthy, suntanned boy in a pair of tattered shorts or a pair of Speedo swimming trunks would greet us upon our arrival.

My first surprise was that this camp was more like an exclusive resort as it was situated behind a tall security fence. There was even a large iron gate at the entrance that was tended by an uniformed guard who asked our names, checked his clipboard, and let us enter.

As we drove along the winding entrance road, we both saw that this place wasn't like a camp at all, at least in the conventional sense! There was no lake, woods, beach, canoes, cabins, or tents. In truth it was more like a spa with white columns and beautifully landscaped grounds with thousands of colorful flowers and neatly trimmed shrubbery.

When we reached the rendezvous point, there were several other parents and relatives mulling around waiting for the reunion luncheon that was to be held in the camp dining room. For the most part, these people appeared to be very nervous. They spoke cordially when we approached, but they said little beyond that and remained with their individual groups.

Upon entering the appointed dining room where we were to meet the boys, I received another shock. This certainly wasn't the backwoods camp dining hall I had in mind! This place was a ballroom that was elaborately decorated with murals on the walls, and lovely fragrant flowers were virtually everywhere. The tables were covered with delicate ornate tablecloths and set with real silver, china, and crystal. There were even cloth napkins!

“What kind of place is this?” I asked an equally astounded Linda.

“I don't know, but it's not like any camp I ever attended,” she whispered in near reverence.

Presently, when the large double front doors opened, the dining room where we sat was filled with a loud gasp! Out of these doors came twenty or thirty most attractive young ladies, all dressed in suits of varying colors with fitted skirts. Talk about confusion! Was I in the wrong place?

Over the cries of “MOM” and “DAD”, my heart started to pound with the realization of what we were seeing. My eyes darted over each feminine form, searching and dreading. Where was Judd? Where was our son???

“Oh my!” I heard Linda gasp.

I followed her gaze and saw Judd approaching. He was wearing an eggshell white suit with a pale pink silk low cut shell top. His face was beautifully made up, his hair was worn up in a glamorous style, thoroughly sheer stockings covered his smooth hairless legs, and he was perched on off white three-inch pumps.

“Oh no,” I exhaled softly watching the feminine figure in the tight short skirt wiggle our way. I was paralyzed as we reunited, and he joined us at our table.

Judd quite naturally put his leather purse on the table just like his mother, and the two hugged tearfully for several moments before he turned his attention to me. Unlike when he departed for the camp, he rushed into my arms and kissed me on the cheek without hesitation or apparent embarrassment. I about died!

When we took our seats, I watched the two chattered like mother and daughter, and I suddenly realized that Judd now looked like my wife's younger sister... if she had one!

“Oh mother,” he gushed girlishly, “This camp is so much fun! Look at my hair...they streaked it!” His painted fingernails played gently with his new do in an attractive and sensual way. As I watched the loose strands drift about his face, I realized that these people had feminized him more...not less!!!

My eyes observed his feminine gestures as he crossed one smooth knee over the other. To my amazement, his conservative suit's skirt was so short, I thought I could make out the flash of white lace panties!

Seated at our table was another family, the Reynolds. Their son Doug, who was a year or two older than Judd, had attended this camp the year before. Doug's mother beamed as she listened to his experiences, but like myself, I could tell his father wasn't very impressed with his son's feminization!

I have to admit, I couldn't see much boy in what I knew to be their son. From the way his pink tipped fingers adjusted the shoulder length auburn curls that floated about his face, to his other little preening gestures, he looked and acted totally like a girl!

I swear he smiled flirtatiously with me once. His figure was also most convincing as he occasionally ran his hand down his thigh, or over his rounded hips.

As we fathers sat back in our chairs with our arms folded, I could see that this Reynolds was my kind of guy! When he stood to stretch his legs and get some fresh air, I casually joined him as he walked out onto an adjoining patio.

“Hi, I'm Judd's step-father,” I said extending my hand to give him an extra firm, manly grip.

“Hello, I'm Reynolds,” he replied as we chuckled over not having any clue what our full names were. Maybe we were both sort of hiding because any guy with a son who wears dresses isn't going to be my future best friend anyway.

“I couldn't help but notice that you seem to have the same apprehension about this place as I do. Am I right?” I asked.

“You're damn right!” he blustered. “You don't like it either?”

“Hell no!” I exclaimed. “Y..you m..mean some of the fathers like for their sons to flit around like a butterfly in dresses? What kind of man would want to see his son turned into a sissy?”

“Yeah, some of them get off on it,” he cautiously admitted while covertly moving me farther out on the deck. “Whipped if you know what I mean?”

I nodded as he went on, “Too hen pecked to oppose their wife's efforts! I tell you, after all I've seen at this so called camp, it's good to meet a guy who has the balls to stand up and say he's against all this feminine stuff!!”

“What's with this place anyway?” I inquired. “How did your son end up here in dresses if you don't like it?”

“In our case, it's all his mother's fault,” he sneered. “She's the one who started this nonsense, and she's the one who has allowed it to reach this level. Why, if my business friends ever found out about my sissy son, I'd be a laughing stock. Laughing stock hell, I'd be out of business! And that damn woman shrink my wife takes him to...she's the one who recommended this place and says this so called therapy is supposed to help...ha! If anything, Doug is more immersed in this feminine business than ever!”

“Woman shrink, huh? That's interesting because, my wife has been taking Judd to some woman shrink who says the same thing,” I muttered. Now, here was a normal father...my type of down to earth guy! How in the world did his kid develop such a problem. I had to know. “Say, if you don't mind my asking, how did your son start all this?”

“Since you're in the same boat, I'll tell ya,” he stated disgustedly with a vague arm wave. “It all started about

three years ago, and I should have put my foot down then. I heard them talking about some Halloween costume party. Doug wanted to go as a vampire, but my wife kept nagging him to try her Scarlett O'Hara costume from the year before. She had spent a lot of time making this costume, and she said it would be a shame to waste all her effort on just one wearing. That damn dress was hanging in her closet, and she kept on until she finally convinced him to give it a try!"

Reynolds kept wiping his forehead as beads of perspiration kept surfacing while he went on with a subject that had been a hellish tirade for him. "I didn't pay them much attention until one Saturday morning when my wife asks me to give her and Doug a ride to her beauty salon!"

I shook my head.

He continued. "When I asked why Doug, she gives me this 'none of your business look' and said it was a Halloween surprise. Anyway, when I returned to pick them up a few hours later, I nearly had a bloody heart attack! My only son came out of the salon all made up like a young tart...for God's sake! His long red hair was curled and pinned up in back, and he was wearing heavy makeup and nail polish!"

I shook my head in silent empathy for his feelings. The poor guy! I knew the feeling of that initial shock from my experience with Judd.

"Well, we had a good argument about it later after he, or should I say she left for the Halloween party. Geez, did he ever look like Scarlett O'Hara in his southern belle gown with all those fancy petticoats and that tight corset!"

“It was just a party?” I asked.

“Yeah, but it all started from there!” he commiserated. “After that night, he and his mother spent more and more time together. She encouraged him to let his hair grow bloody longer, and the next thing I know he's going to get his hair done with her every weekend! Then, I find him sleeping in a nightshirt with his hair in braids and ribbons! Nightshirt my ass! I've never seen any man's nightshirt made of nylon with lace ruffled trim around the neck! Not long after that, they stopped sneaking around as much, and Doug started to openly share his mother's slacks and light weight sweaters.”

“Just around the house?” I asked.

“I wish!” he growled, then went on. “He would go out shopping to the mall wearing her tight sweaters with a padded bra underneath and pants that zip up the side! Finally, I came home one day and found him helping her clean the house in one of her house dresses, with his hair tied with a ribbon in a ponytail...like a dutiful daughter!”

“What did you do?” I asked.

“My wife and I had another beaut of an argument, and she finally admitted that Doug needed psychological help. But get this...not on account of his wearing dresses like a girl! But because I was so critical! Can you believe that?! I'm the bad guy because I complain when my wife decides to dress our son up in frills like a fairy princess!”

“Me too,” I added. “It's like they think this is normal like catching a kid smoking.”

“Yeah,” he grumbles. “Then she finds this ‘woman’ shrink, sets up some appointments for Doug, and the

next thing I know, he's getting all dolled up in skirts, heels, and makeup for these counseling sessions. DOCTOR'S orders!"

I was thinking about Judd's shrink.

"Then, that quack recommends he attend this camp. Now I ask you, how the heck can he be cured here of all places?! Hell, he doesn't want to be cured! He loves it! The whole world is going to hell in a hand basket, and this place is teaching my son how to coordinate his hairstyle to match his skirts and dresses!"

"I know exactly how you feel," I commiserated as he appeared to be getting somewhat emotionally drained. As he regained his composure, I gave him an account of how Judd got to be here. I must admit, it was weird, describing my son's feminine escapades with another father.

In the end however, Reynolds seemed to appreciate hearing my tale of woe. Maybe this was good, getting it out in the open. Somehow I felt better having gotten my feelings and emotions off my chest.

Suddenly, this place was making a little sense and appeared less bizarre. I saw a lot of people in this room who needed help!

What really confused me was how they had been able to teach these boys to sit like girls. Most had mastered the pretty behavior of crossing their legs, adjusting a flirty hem, shifting positions, and even revealing a slight hint of lace.

Their long silky hair seemed to inspire a bevy of preening gestures that were thoroughly feminine. One boy with shoulder length hair absent-mindedly twisted a stray curl, and Doug occasionally tossed his entire mane

with a motion of his head, throwing it's weight out of his eyes.

I watched the fathers and imagined how they must feel having hoped that their sons wouldn't grow up to be sissies and how they must consider themselves to be failures!

Of course, I couldn't be blamed for Judd because I didn't raise him. Still, I was sure every boy had been told, cautioned, and scolded with the fear of acting like a sissy by their fathers and peers alike as they grew up. So, whose fault was it that Judd preferred to dress as a girl?

As I looked around at the boys, I grew even more sad and confused. Boys are meant to run wild, climb trees, fight, get muddy, and play rough games, not to learn how to keep their hair ribbons neat, to sit quietly with their legs crossed, and to worry if their skirts were getting wrinkled!

Boys should sit sprawled in any way they want, not demurely, worried if they are showing too much leg! Would another weekend of fishing or an occasional afternoon ball game have made a difference for these lads? I didn't know.

As I watched silently, I realized something further. These boys weren't behaving like sissies, a most unattractive trait...but like girls, rather proper young ladies. Very attractive virtues...for females!

I looked closely and saw the boys blush if they saw me stare, but as any young lady, some seemed to enjoy a bit of flirtatious exhibitionism.

Around the room, various emotions showed on the faces of everyone. For the most part, the boys were

happy, the mothers encouraging, and the fathers hesitant. There were a few exceptions however.

For instance, at the adjacent table was a boy who obviously hated being there. “Please let me go home and stop this crazy girlish punishment, Mom!” he sobbed while nervously adjusting his short skirt. “I promise never to lay a hand on another of your friends. Just let me leave here and go back to being a boy. Please! Oh, please!”

“There, there sweetheart,” his mother cooed. “We've been through all this before. Let's not have another ghastly tantrum. Not here...in front of all these nice people. Besides, you know how tears streak and ruin your pretty makeup.”

I had observed that most of the campers were in their teens, but that wasn't totally the case! At one table, I noticed a man who appeared to be in his mid to late twenties sitting with an overly plain woman at least twenty years his elder. She wore little or no makeup, but he was made up to the nines with blush, dark mascara, blue eye shadow, bright red lipstick, and his full platinum blonde mane was stylishly curled and caressed his shoulders!

In addition, he was wearing a very short red mini dress, sleek gossamer nylons covered his smooth hairless legs, and red pumps with four-inch stiletto heels adorned his feet.

Judd told me that this man had been given the camp “experience’ as a gift. A gift he didn't want and couldn't take back!

There were others, lots of others. More than I ever imagined!

With the acquired knowledge that not all the boys were here by their own choosing, I had quite a lot to consider, and boy was I confused! If these males didn't want to be here, why did they need this "aversion" stuff they were supposedly teaching at this place? I mean, if a boy didn't want to wear girl's clothes, why did he have to be counseled not to? Obviously, the purpose of this camp was multitude and complex, with many odd motivations prominently among them!

"Do you have a roommate?" I asked Judd.

"Yes, but he doesn't like being here like I do."

"Why not darling?" Linda asked in a concerned voice.

"Oh, I'm not sure exactly," he explained. "His sister sent him here to qualify for some kind of inheritance or something. Anyway, despite of his objections, he's really very sweet. Would you like to meet him?"

"Of course we want to meet your roommate sweetheart!" Linda exclaimed. "We want to know everything about your friends and activities here at camp. What's his name?"

"His name is Lyndon, but his sister left instructions with the administration that he is to be called Lisa here at camp."

"Lisa? I stammered curiously. "D..do you have a feminine name too?"

"Judd looked down, blushed brightly, and admitted, "Yes, we all do. They call me Judy!"

"Judy!" Linda exclaimed. "That's sweet sounding, and it's not very different from your boy name."

"JUDY!" I thought. "I have a son named JUDY!"

“Come, I'll take you to meet him,” Judd said diverting the conversation away from himself. Holding his mother's hand, he led us across the room to a table where a very distraught boy in a bright yellow skirted suit and a lacy white silk blouse was sitting with a young woman in her mid twenties.

As we approached, we could see that they were having a very heated argument, and Judd held us back saying, “It's not a good time now. Lisa is having a discussion with his sister. Let's wait a while, and I'll introduce you to him later.”

As we turned away, I couldn't help overhearing the boy arguing with his sister, and wanting very much to learn more about his plight, I hovered nearby to eavesdrop.

The boy's red lips moved rapidly and his hands with their matching nails flashed as he made his point with graphic animation. “The money is mine Tony, or it will be in three years when I turn twenty one!” he avowed. “You only control my estate until then, and under no circumstances will I consent to enlarge your share! You are my guardian, but you have no right to my money or to make me stay in this awful place and wear these stupid girl's clothes! I demand that you allow me to return home!”

“Oh yes! I have every right to select your camp for the summer, and I can readily see that being here has already done you a world of good. Before you arrived, you were an arrogant ass of the first order, but with only a few weeks under the calming influence of silk, satin, and lace, your demeanor has improved immensely! Anyway, after living with your superior macho

masculine ideas and attitudes all these years, I'm enjoying watching you become soft and feminine in your pretty dresses, attractive makeup, and soft lingerie. Who knows, with a little first hand experience as a girl, you might just develop a proper attitude toward women and come to realize that you shouldn't inherit the bulk of Father's estate because you're a male!"

"I don't want to be a girl, and I don't want to develop a proper attitude toward women! Boys aren't supposed to wear this yucky stuff, and it's not right to make me...even if some of the wimps around here do like it. Now, please Tony...please, let me go home," he begged, his voice becoming more whinny and less demanding.

A while later, the keynote speech was delivered by Miss Allison. As she talked, I noticed that she was most attractive. In fact, Linda kicked me under the table when I paid a little too much attention.

Miss Allison told us that the first two weeks at the camp were to educate the boys in all feminine things. She stated, "We've found there is a certain mysticism about being a female that many boys become obsessed with. After that, as with the second two weeks, each boy learns everything about being a female from clothes and makeup to hygiene and menstruation."

After allowing for a collective gasp from the male audience, she continued. "Yes, menstruation! With this strategy in mind, each of your sons, brothers, nephews, or husbands as it were, has been given a cycle for each month. Also, like real females, they will be expected to wear a sanitary napkin in their panties during their assigned 'time of the month' to accustom them with this

feminine ritual. Furthermore, as with about a fourth of you women, a like percentage of our boys are experiencing their periods and wearing napkins as we speak. Please note that each cycle is linked to a certain phase of the moon to vary the day of the week and time for month. As you women know so well, our 'curse' doesn't occur only when it's convenient!"

At her words, laughter broke out among the audience despite the seriousness of the subject! Every boy in the room had a scarlet face, and most of them looked down as this humiliating endeavor was announced.

Linda curiously looked at Judd and raised her eyebrow as if to ask, "Are you having your period and wearing a napkin now?"

Miss Allison went on. "Some feel we go too far in our instruction, but how can EDUCATION ever go too far? As a result of our intense training, your wards will understand femininity and find no mystery in it when they leave here. Our goal is to make our boys understand and feel everything that girls their age encounter. The more they know about femininity, the less obsessed they will be with it. Therefore, our goal here is to teach them to understand and accept themselves and femininity for what they both really are."

There was sporadic applause. Maybe it did make sense...in a crazy way. Still, I wondered if I was the only one who noticed that she didn't mention this aversion therapy that was supposed to cure these boys from wanting to wear skirts and dresses! And what about the

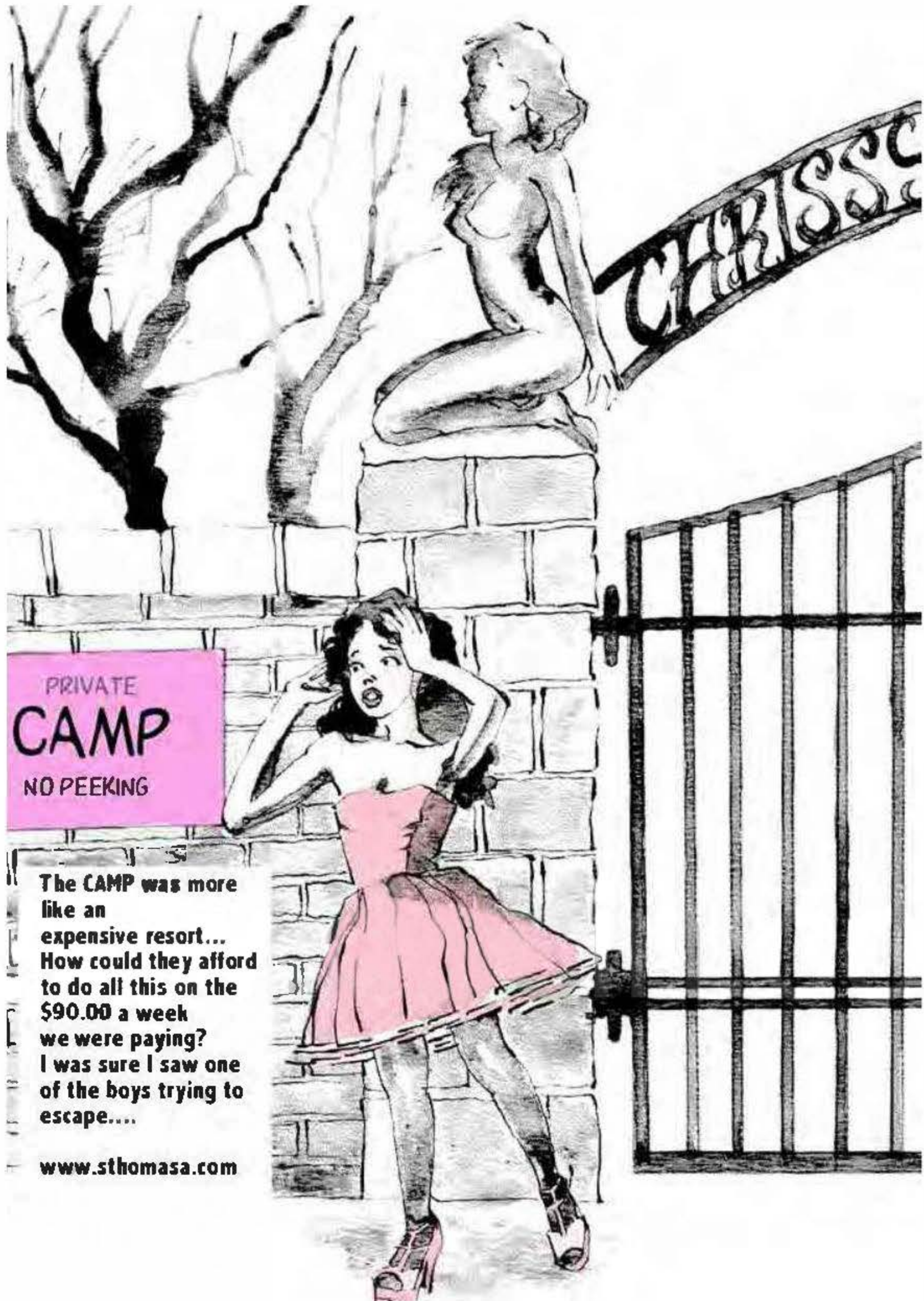
ones who were here against their will? She hadn't mentioned them either!

After the luncheon, each family pretty much stayed to themselves while Miss Allison mingled cordially among the curious assembly. When she came by our table, she raved over "Judy's" progress since his arrival at camp. She further said he was one of her best pupils and that she held out high hopes for his future happiness!

When Judd showed us around the grounds, we saw that this place was pure luxury. His "tent" at this camp was a beautifully decorated suite that he shared with the unruly boy he naturally and easily referred to as Lisa! Within this luxurious suite, each boy had his own bedroom and private bath. His room had fresh flowers, a feminine appointed bed with a lacy canopy, and a well-lit vanity that was covered with more cosmetics than his mother's! In Judd's bathroom was a sunken whirlpool tub that was to die for!

The view from his balcony was of the grounds and the resort style pool and tennis courts, and it suddenly dawned on me that I hadn't paid anywhere near what this place must cost. "Linda," I asked, "What did all this cost?"

"I was just thinking the same thing, but it wasn't all that expensive," she admitted as she looked into his closet. Even she was stunned at the array dresses, evening gowns, skirts, blouses...everything a girl would want.



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The CAMP was more like an expensive resort... How could they afford to do all this on the \$90.00 a week we were paying? I was sure I saw one of the boys trying to escape....

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“Where did you get all this stuff?” I asked.

“They give us some and some of it belongs the camp. You know, it's sort of like borrowing a canoe at scouts. Also, if we see someone with a skirt, dress, or anything we like, we're free to trade.”

“Wow!” Linda sighed holding a sequined evening dress up to her waist. “This stuff costs a fortune. I know!”

“Yeah,” Judd said, “They have some kind of endowment or something from some rich person.”

“What did they give you?” Linda asked.

“Oh, a few dresses, and this stuff.” Judd opened a drawer filled with lingerie. “They don't want us sharing lingerie.”

“Nice stuff,” Linda gasped while thumbing through the top drawer. “When you get home, maybe I can wear a few of your nice things...that is if you don't mind. Before Judd could answer, she held up a dainty looking strapped garment and asked, “What's this?”

Judd turned red and looked at me, then answered, “You know?”

“No. I don't!”

“It's to make me look like a girl...in front...you know. Smooth like...like a girl!” he hesitantly answered and looked at my pained expression. “I hated it at first, but I've gotten used to them now.”

“Let me see!” his mother demanded. “Raise your skirt.”

This was getting way too personal and too intimate for me, so I turned away and strode over to a comfortable looking stuffed chair and picked up a magazines...Vogue! Looking for something else...anything else, I found only, the current Cosmopolitan and several teen fashion publications.

With nothing of interest to read, my attention returned to Judd as he lifted his fitted skirt to show his

mother the little control garment he wore beneath his panties.

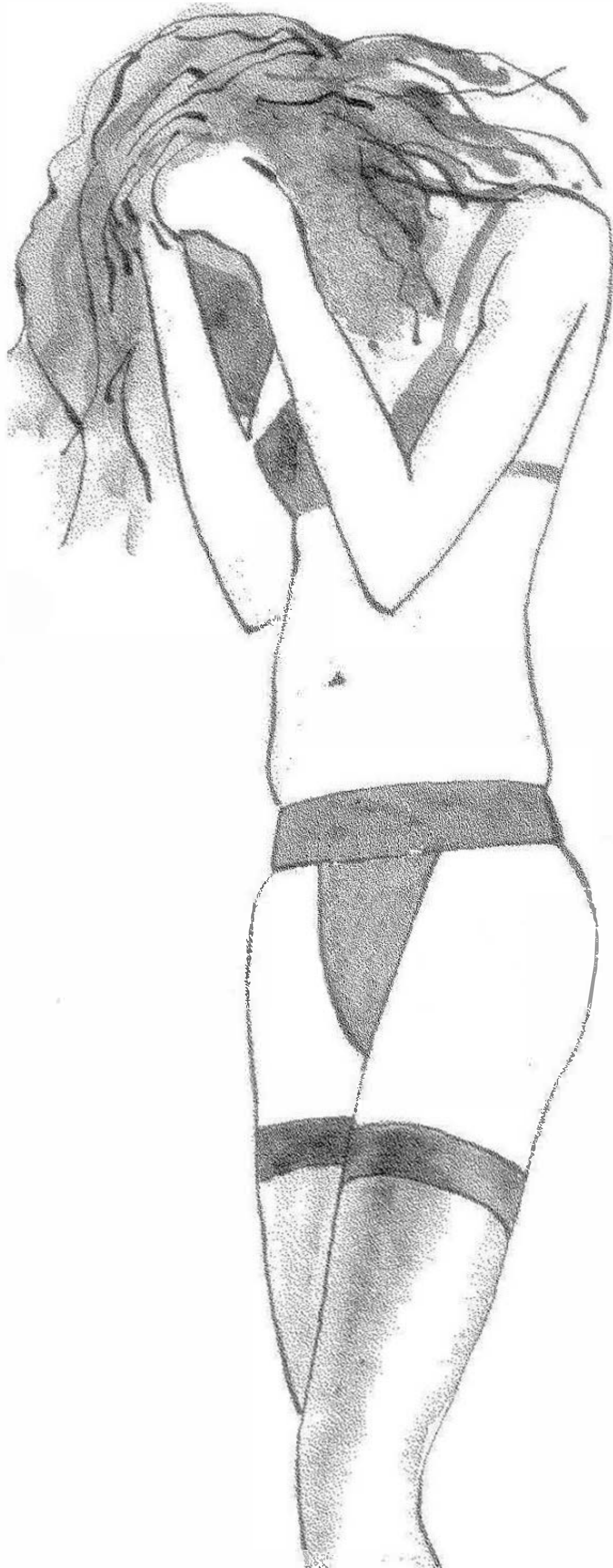
Linda gasp, “Look at this honey!” I was amazed at its effectiveness, seeing only a smooth, flat, sleek panty line. My stepson looked like he'd been castrated! I guess they couldn't have the boy's little things flopping around under their tight skirts or making bulges if they got excited!

“Do all the boys at this place wear those things?” Linda asked.

“Yes...all the time,” the boy blushed. “They say if we want to dress like girls, we have to be gaffed so we won't embarrass ourselves with boyish lumps or erotic sensations.”

I tried to not appear interested, but I knew all this had to have an effect on these boys...especially the ones who didn't want to be here! Surely Judd would be wanting out of this place and out of those clothes and all the confining contraptions soon!

Worst of all, I knew, with that gaff, Judd no longer could stand to relieve himself. I could see that part of his therapy was to make these boys crouch, uncover themselves, and therefore hide: a shameful and inconvenient procedure. Also, they knew they were boys who looked like girls... with pretty faces, sparkling eyes, rosy cheeks, delicate complexions, dimples, and prominent curves. They wore tight dresses with short skirts that displayed their lovely calves and smooth nylon covered thighs. I was sure this was all a part of their aversion therapy, but it hadn't worked very well so far!



“Are you experiencing your period now?” Linda inquired of her femininely dressed son in an effort to keep him making embarrassing admissions about his feminine lifestyle at this strange camp. “Well...are you?” she inquired further when he was slow to reply.

Judd glanced nervously at me, looked down into his lap, then shrugged his shoulders and spoke in a hushed voice, “N..no, not now. M..my period started on Saturday the 22nd, three days after the full moon, and ended last Friday.”

Linda asked, “Was it uncomfortable?”

“I had to wear those bulky pads in my panties for six days. Next month, I start on Monday the 20th. I've already counted the days past the full moon and marked my calendar.” He blushed brightly at having announced the schedule of his assigned feminine menstrual ritual.

“That's the ticket!” I thought. “I'll bet a few months of wearing sanitary napkins in his panties, sleeping with his hair up in rollers, and all that other sissy stuff he has to endure will change from novelty into drudgery and make him want to return to being a boy...for good! Maybe these wacky people know what they're doing after all. At least, I hope they do!”

“The other boys...the ones who don't want to be here, do they have cycles and wear napkins too?” I asked.

“They do, but did they ever object when we first learned about it! Some of them even went so far as to vow that they wouldn't do it, but Miss Allison was adamant. She said, ‘You wear a skirt! You have a monthly cycle!’ That ended all debate on the subject, I can assure you! Oh, there was a lot of complaining and whining in private, but in the end, they all gave in. We

don't talk about it much because the subject is so embarrassing!"

"What happens if they refuse to wear them?" I asked.

"The matrons squirt red dye on the front and back of their skirts, and they have to wear them all day, for one thing!" he admitted with a chuckle. "I don't know what else they do, but not one of them had a red blotch the next day."

"When will we get to meet your roommate Lisa?" Linda asked, changing the subject.

"I don't think you will, not..not today," Judd stammered. "In fact, I probably won't see much of him for at least a week myself. Miss Allison takes serious exception to angry masculine tantrums. If I know her, she'll be especially strict on Lisa because he did it in front of the families and other benefactors!"

"Why won't you see him? What will he be doing?" I inquired curiously, wanting to gain insight into the methods this place used to subdue rebellious males.

"He'll probably get at least a week of maid duty and have to sleep in the servant's quarters! If I do see him, in all likelihood, he'll be wearing one of those short french maid's dresses, dark nylons, and those awful five inch spikes! The housework around here is hard enough without having to totter around on those ridiculous stilts while you perform your duties, I can assure you!"

"Why, have you had to wear them?" Linda asked.

"Yeah," he admitted with a blush. "I got housework duty twice but only for one day each time. I just know Linda will get extended duty because of the severity of

his offense. I feel so sorry for him. He's really a nice guy, but he really doesn't want to be here, you know!"

"What about the boy behind us who was pleading with his Mother to let him leave?" I asked. You know, the one with the henpecked father. "What's his name?"

"Oh, that's Jenny. He's Doug's roommate. He swears that he did nothing wrong and that his mother and some of her friends framed him with a molestation charge. He says they somehow conspired with the cops and the judge to send him here instead of jail."

"Why would a mother do such a thing?" I gasped.

"I don't know, but Jenny swears that's what happened. He hates being here as much or more than Lisa."

"And Doug...what's his feminine name?"

"Dedee!"

"What a group of boys!" I thought disgustedly. "Judy, Dedee, Lisa, Jenny, and other sissy names!" I longed to grab Judd by his pretty little ear, take him home, and burn every stitch of his delicate sissy silks and satins. With the confident thought that he would thank me some day I considered enrolling him in military school, but alas, I said and did nothing because he was only sort of my son. Linda was his mother, and she believed in the camp's. Therefore, I suppose I really had no say, but, if he were really my son!

I suppose any father would be terrified to witness his son's or even step-son's increasing sissification as each step brought him closer to abstinence. In my anxious state, I had no doubt that having to walk around in skirts, blouses, panties, and bras would ultimately cause him to revolt. At least, I hoped the little feminine tasks

he was daily being taught would soon change from fun to drudgery!

About that time, a chime went off, and it was time for us to leave. Linda shed a few tears, and I awkwardly shook hands with Judd.

Linda asked, "What are you doing this afternoon?"

Judd flushed and softly said, "We're off for the rest of the day, but tomorrow, I have feminine speech and inflection patterns, hairdressing, evening makeup, and clothes coordination."

During the next four weeks, Linda and I discussed Judd but maybe not as much as we should have. I think we both were confused well past our concern. I know I was! As I thought over his situation, it became apparent that all this was much more complex than I originally thought. Even Linda was puzzled. Oh, she openly admitted that she wanted him to be cured of his strange hobby, but she also said that she would miss Judd's sweetness if he suddenly decided to wear pants and become a macho man.

"But he has to, he just has to!" was my only comment.

The next month, we visited Judd again and found him very happy and congenial. He even had a rosy glow to his face which I assumed was from the summer sun. He was wearing a short pleated skirt and flaxen colored nylons that, along with his three inch pumps, made his legs look longer. Under his proper "school girl" blouse, I could make out the design form of his lacy bra. His hair tumbled in curly waves down around his shoulders, and

he wore tiny gold hoops that were designed to look like his ears were pierced!

I was sure Judd felt confident in his role as a girl by the way he dressed, the way everyone treated him, and even the way he carried his handbag. Why wasn't I sure this was good for him?

On the surface, everything at the camp seemed to be about the same, but something was different. Time and training had taken its toll. The expression on the boys faces and their movements were absolutely and unquestionably feminine...even the ones who had been reluctant to be there a month earlier! Obvious was their smooth gentle grace in handling their bodies. There was no longer the bouncing jerky hip movements...only a confident, liquid smooth roll to their hips. With few exceptions, the boys now had flowing rhythm in their movements. They walked beautifully, so much so that I had to remind myself that they were boys!

All this was in sharp contrast to the way I envisioned this camp in the beginning! I imagined boys rough housing, fishing, climbing trees, boating, and playing ball...not learning the puzzling habits of femininity and the domestic roles of ironing, cooking, and sewing!

In this bizarre institution, boys acting like girls were treated with the greatest openness and simplicity. They walked around with triumphantly thrust out padded breasts, even though their own nipples were mere tiny buttons.

Further enhancing their feminine image, their genitals were folded and constrained back between their

legs causing them to walk with bashful wiggles and tight skirts to display their feminine wares!

No, this camp wasn't set up to make boys strong, energetic, muscular, and initiating. Its purpose was to teach them what girls learned as they grew into young women, to experience a membership in a most exclusive club. A club where breasts grow, hair is curled, legs and under arms are shaved, monthly cycles are observed, and various other behavior where the outcome is matrimony and motherhood!

Most girls only have to wait, learning what Judd and his friends were being taught, and someday, they would attract a man and have a baby. What good was that knowledge to these boys? They certainly wouldn't be having children of their own...not like real girls!

Yet, why were they being taught such things? The extent of these lessons was underscored when Judd showed us one of his classrooms with strange illustrations for teaching boys posted around the room. His face turned a bright red as he explained, "This is where we have our pregnancy class."

"What?" I exclaimed in shock and disbelief.

"They teach us all about getting pregnant, carrying a child, caring for infants. You know like bathing, changing diapers, and feeding...even nursing," he admitted sheepishly. "I had no idea being a woman was so demanding!"

Linda smiled and goaded in a teasing, yet deliberate voice, "Now you're learning that being a woman isn't all silk, satin, and lace!"

"Yeah," he sighed absentmindedly. "Boy have it easy!"

The keynote speech again was given by Miss Allison who talked about how sex characteristics differ and how men all assume Gawd is a person of our own gender.

This time Judd showed us all around the “young lady camp”, and we saw that it was like a small shopping center with simulated dress shops, lingerie counters, beauty parlors, and teen fashion outlets. The purpose of these shops was to teach the boys not only to be knowledgeable in the purchase of feminine apparel and accessories but to be comfortable in these feminine bastions as well.

Back in Judd's room, he and Linda talked while I watched the baseball game on television. I couldn't help watching my wife sitting next to her son in an over stuffed chair idly playing with his long curled hair. Judd, on the other hand, played the role of a perfect young lady, occasionally pulling down at his short skirt, and once, he absent mindedly freshened his lipstick.

Both mother and son sat similarly with thighs drawn close together in a most feminine manner. Yes, my stepson's style had changed quite a bit since we last saw him.

As they chatted, his mother tapping his tummy saying, “My, what a cute, thin figure you have. Mine was like yours before I had a baby...you!”

Undoubtedly, his figure wouldn't be changing because of that!

About that time, Judd's roommate and his sister came into the room, and I received another shock. This boy, who I knew was dressing as a girl against his

wishes, was wearing a cute pink and white sundress with spaghetti straps tied at the shoulder with neat bows.

Why, if someone pulled the strings to loosen the knots, the dress would fall right off him! His makeup was very neat, and his long light brown hair floated neatly down onto his neck. Upon seeing us, his red lips spread into a bright smile, giving the appearance that he was very happy and content with his fortune, but a hint of sadness in his eyes that makeup couldn't disguise, affirmed his true feelings.

“How do you feel about Lisa and those other boys having to wear dresses against their will?” Linda asked Judd, voicing a question that weighed heavily on my mind as well.

“I don't think it's fair to make boys wear girl's clothes if they don't want to any more than I feel it's right to deny boys like me the opportunity to do so,” Judd replied candidly while his face turned as red as his lipstick. “Still, I can't worry about that. I'm having trouble enough dealing with my own feelings. I feel sorry for them on one hand, but on the other, maybe they'll come to love wearing dresses and soft lingerie as I have.”

Later, we walked out on the terrace and met some of the other boys and their parents or benefactors as they were called. As I looked around, I couldn't help noticing that the boys appeared more comfortable in their feminine guise than the last time I saw them.

While there, we ran into the Reynolds and their son Doug or Dedee as he liked to be called at the camp.

After the last time I saw him, I wasn't surprised to find him wearing a flowered sundress with a full skirt, subtle makeup, and white high heeled sandals.

He looked like this girl I had a crush on in college. I stared and he saw me.

When Linda commented on Doug's dress, he pivoted elegantly around showing off the fullness and cut of his skirt, and happily gushed, "Thanks, I love it too. This is my mother's dress...I just love being able to wear her clothes!"

His mother smiled with pride while his father silently grimaced and gave me a "look" like his son was crazy.

As the boys and their mothers chatted about clothes, hairstyles, and makeup techniques, I motioned Doug's father over to the balcony, and I asked, "Do you think these people can cure our sons?"

"CURE? HA!"

I was confused. "You think that's the purpose of all this excess femininity, right? To cure them?"

"The purpose is to cure all right! Cure their anxiety, frustration, distress, and complaints...not their desire to dress as girls! Believe me, I know first hand what I'm talking about!"

"But, I thought..."

"Oh, some boys actually stop dressing up...but not my son. Like I told you before, my wife is the problem. She's always buying him stupid stuff and inspiring him. I've tried to stop her, but she refuses!"

"Stupid stuff?" I asked.

"She buys him things a sexy woman would wear...you know, lacy panties, brassieres, slips,

camisoles, garter belts, and even nightgowns,” he sighed in a defeated tone. “What can I do?”

“Stop it...just say NO!”

“I can't,” he replied in a hushed voice as he blushed brightly and looked down in apparent shame. “It's too late. She's got her hooks in me now, and I don't dare challenge or defy her. She says she'll put Doug in one of his little dresses and drop by at my work! My co-workers would kill me!”

He ended by kicking the patio railing in a gesture of emotion that I couldn't identify. Was it disgust...defeat...exasperation?

“Your own son wouldn't want you ruined, would he?” I asked in astonishment at his words.

Reynolds said, “I don't think he knows how silly he looks...he thinks he looks good!”

When I saw Reynolds a month earlier, like me, he had been against the idea of this absurd camp! He was even on the verge of forcefully removing his son from the premises over the objections of his wife and the boy himself.

What could have happened in a short month to change his mind, and what did he mean that his wife had her hooks in him? He looked scared, very scared.

Reynolds shuffled his feet, looked off into the distance, and cleared his throat before saying, “Can you imagine what would happen if your son showed up at your work in a dress?”

“I die.”

“I'm cooperating. It's not worth the embarrassment? Yeah, I cooperate! That means I had to stop ridiculing Doug for his choice of clothing.

I watched Reynolds cringe and his eyes fill with anger at the frightful prospect of his son's effeminization becoming public.

Seeing how cowed he had become in only four weeks, I knew I had lost a friend in the fight against the methods of this bizarre camp.

“Why are you telling me this?” I asked, thinking any red blooded male would rather die than admit he was so totally browbeaten and intimidated by his wife and sissy son.

“I had to,” he stammered with obvious embarrassment. “My wife knew you and I objected to the camp and the fact that our sons were here. She was afraid we might join forces and covertly break them out, and she ordered me to let you know that you no longer had a comrade in arms, so to speak.”

I listened, but I couldn't believe what I was hearing! This wispy pretentious smuck had NO BALLS! At least in my family I still wore the pants! Then again, I was the only male in my family wearing pants...the only one who wanted to.

That didn't give me much to brag about, but at least, Linda hadn't suggested Judd show up at my job dressed as a girl. Anyway, after my conversation with Reynolds, I surely wouldn't fall into that trap if she tried that tactic on me!

Back home, the time flew. Linda and I got along wonderfully. She was really the perfect wife. A clean house, delicious meals, ironed clothes, and best of all, great and frequent love making! On the down side, she started having frequent headaches which had to be from

the pressure of Judd's problem. Still, all in all, life was great, and I wasn't about to "rock my cushy boat" to save her pup even if he was the son I never had!

The next weekend was mother-son make over day, and Linda went to the camp alone while I played golf with the guys. When she returned I was in shock. She looked ten years younger and exactly like her son...same hair color, style, and makeup. I actually thought it was Judd when I saw the short skirt, smooth trim legs, stylish tank top, and new hairdo.

"Do you like it," she asked?

"You look like Judd!" I gasped.

"THAT YOUNG? I guess I do at that," she smiled patting at the sprayed 'do' with her long pink nails. "They did our 'colors' and said Judd and I have the same shape of our faces, skin tone, and even aura, whatever that is."

I realized that the makeup probably made Judd look older just as it had made his mother appear younger. Why, that crazy place had probably made them look like twin sisters!

"Judy likes the frilly and ruffled styles," Linda gushed. "They gave me this diet, and if I lose about ten pounds, I'll be able to wear most of his stylish dresses when he comes home!"

"They let him keep all that stuff?" I queried in total astonishment.

"Sure...most of it. By next season they'll all be out of style. Why should they keep them?"

Looking at my wife, I saw that she looked thinner already. Must have been the style or makeup. She came over and sat on my lap seductively, but I must tell you, I

was very apprehensive because she looked more like Judd than herself.

“Well, want to make it with the new me?” she purred.

For some reason, our lovemaking was unfamiliar...yet somehow strangely seductive...almost like I was committing adultery! I seemed to be with someone familiar, but this sexy blonde did not seem like my wife. The make over had changed her some way...some way exciting!

As the end of the camp neared, we got a letter from Miss Allison detailing the graduation procedures and what would be expected from the guests. This time, instead of a day visit, we were to arrive on a Saturday morning, stay all day for various activities, and stay overnight. One page even stated that during these ceremonies, the male guests were encouraged to wear kilts...KILTS!!!

“I don't care what you say, I'm not wearing a kilt!” I exclaimed after reading the letter.

“That's about the way I thought you'd respond to that aspect of the graduation ceremony,” Linda laughed teasingly. “Okay...okay, I won't insist that you wear a kilt. I just wanted to watch your reaction when you read that part.”

Seeing Linda and Judd together the weekend of his graduation was remarkable! The subtle changes that had occurred made them look even more alike than I remembered. To my surprise, Judd looked amazingly

like his mother, the woman I'd been making frequent and passionate love to for the past weeks!

As a joke on me, they wore the identical dress for this occasion! Their pert breasts were held outward by lacy brassieres, their bellies flat and elongated.

Both in miniskirts, they kept their thighs close together, their delicate nylon covered knees slightly bent in graceful self-confidence.

As we walked, every step revealed mother and son's identical hip movement...accentuating the roll of their protruding buttocks beneath tight short skirts. Even the pinkish white of their slender arms was the same.

When Judd saw me, his momentary bravado caved in, and he put his hands over his face to cover his deep blush. His body recoiled, and his tight little dress clung to his figure in the precise way as his mother's. Seeing this, I had to laugh which made Judd even more embarrassed.

Inside; however, I wasn't laughing! To his credit, Judd quickly recovered from his initial humiliation, and he kept in stride with his mother. As the coquettish pair walked forward, a feminine affected laughter echoed from them, and from behind, one couldn't be sure who was mother and who was daughter...SON! Damn! Despite myself, I was falling into the same trap, thinking of Judd as a girl!

I couldn't help wishing for a second that Judd was a girl. If he was, all this wouldn't be a problem for anyone!

Later that afternoon, we had an appointment with Judd and his advisor. The counselor sat us down together and stated, "I'm sure you can see by now that

your son's behavior isn't just going to go away. He's been a fine student, and as you can see, he now presents himself naturally as a young lady.”

From the beginning of this conference, it was evident that their plan to make Judd voluntarily give up his feminine finery was a dismal failure. I knew he wasn't showing any signs of rejecting his frilliness, but I had just assumed that, like his friend Doug, it might just take more than one session at this strange camp.

The advisor said, “We trained him in every feminine responsibility and he's performed well at all.”

I looked at his bright young face that was blushing brightly beneath his makeup at the notorious praise.

The counselor went on, “After serious consideration, we recommend that Judd continue with counseling and the therapy protocol ‘A’ after returning home.”

“Therapy protocol ‘A’?” I asked.

She put a paper in front of us that listed what “A” meant. Weekly meetings in a group, at home treatment, and hormones!”

“Female hormones?” I gasped, looking at Judd with his head hung low as his cheeks flamed. He knew what was coming as he and this woman had obviously talked privately prior to our current meeting.

“Yes,” the counselor said matter-of-factly. “We have found that a light dose of female hormones prevents our boys from growing beards or developing certain other male pattern characteristics while they wrestle with repressing their current desires.

“Will he grow breasts?” his mother asked with a worried look on her face.

“Heavens no. Not at this level. We just want to make sure his own male hormones don't cause him to 'toughen' up and make him miserable. You see, once he grows a beard, his ability to convincingly portray a woman as he does at present, will diminish greatly. You must understand that until he decides to give up dressing as a female forever...by his own choice...appearing to be a male in a dress would make him unduly miserable and extremely depressed.”

“What's wrong with toughening him up a little?” I asked earnestly. “Wouldn't that make him forget this foolishness and want to be a real boy quicker?”

“My dear,” the lady said like I was stupid. “We don't want to make the feminine option at all emotionally charged. Remember when you were a kid, and your mother told you couldn't touch something? You couldn't wait to get your hands on it...right?”

I nodded. It was all so complex. I asked, looking for reassurance, “You're sure this will help him stop wanting to dress like a girl?”

The brusque woman gave me another wide-eyed stare, “I told you, we want Judd to make that decision for himself...when the time is right. Some boys give it up right away, some never do. It's not for us to impose our beliefs on someone else. We just want them to find themselves.”

I got it. I winked at her that I understood. We all had the same goal. We all had to act as if Judd was not being maneuvered but was making his own decision. Make all this neutral, and one day, he would give it up on his own.

I guess these people were smarter than me, so I decided to give them the reign and go along with their program. “If they think it best, I guess hormones are okay with me,” I said.

“I don't know,” Linda said in deep thought.

I kicked her under the table and acted like I was all for it. I was trying to convey the thought that, “Kids hate anything their parents want.”

“If you go through with this Judd, you understand that you won't be shaving your beard like other boys?” Linda asked.

He nodded while blushing and playing nervously with the hem of his short skirt.

“How else will these hormones affect him?” Linda asked.

“At first, the light doses will be hardly noticeable. His skin will probably get softer, and his hair will grow faster. Any acne will clear up, and his arm and leg muscles will become sleeker. Also, some fat redistribution will take place. His shoulders will appear slight, and a thin layer of fat will appear at his hips, thighs, and sometimes under his nipples. All in all, the changes will be hardly noticeable, but in the interest of keeping his peers from noticing, we'll give him a letter excusing him from gym classes. As you know, boys that age can be so cruel.”

I remembered my gym classes and how we teased the fat boys about their nipples. I can imagine what they'd do if they saw Judd's shaved legs and effeminate figure. Despite myself, I made a crack before I could catch myself, “Will he be wearing dresses to school?”

“No, but we are sending him home with a large wardrobe of dresses, skirts, blouses and lingerie!” she answered in a frosty tone. “At home, he should be encouraged to wear these things in private. Further, we expect him to wear the gaffette to school underneath his panties. Yes panties! He should dispense with his jockey shorts and wear panties exclusively. He should also be allowed to sleep in the nightgowns we have given him.”

I almost yelled, but I restrained myself. He would be sleeping in nightgowns? They were merciless in their approach. Surely, he would hate wearing a that gaffette to school!

Almost in a daze, we heard more details of Judd's continuing therapy. The hormones would be cycled naturally. He would be given a supply of pills called HormNormettes that came in a 'birth control' type dispenser. His were to be HormNormettes 12.

The counsellor explained that the 12 meant the hormone levels equalled those during the cycle of a girl that age. To my surprise, these pills were manufactured for each age from ten through age eighty. They were originally made for women producing the wrong levels for their age, and they had been discovered to be easily adapted for feminizing boys with problems like Judd's.

We were given a little flyer told of precautions, danger signs, and explanations of cycle creation. Each day's pills had the exactly right levels of all important estrogens, progesterones and other female development hormones.

At the bottom was a list of their products which included specialized HormNormettes. HormNormettes

22M-1 meant twenty two year old female levels, maternity first month. HormNormettes 24N meant hormone levels of a twenty four year old female who was nursing.

Judd was to begin a 28—day cycle like any young girl! His cheeks turned bright red when he was reminded in front of us that he would have to wear a napkin for six days each month.

“To school too?” his mother asked in astonishment?

“Yes, but the ultra thin ones are fine for school,” she answered calmly as if nothing was out of the ordinary. “Just make sure he buys them himself. Most boys are embarrassed and try to get their mother to do it.”

After our “family conference”, we retired to our room to get ready for the end of camp banquet that was to be held in the main dining room that evening. Since we had over three hours before the festivities were to begin, I assumed we would relax for a while before we had to start dressing, but boy, was I ever wrong! No sooner were we inside when the two of them started talking about how much they had to do in so little time.

When I made a joking comment about there being no reason to panic since we had all afternoon, Linda scolded me saying, “For you, yes! All you men have to do is shave, shower, and jump into your trousers! We girls have to do a lot of primping and painting to get ready for such an important event as a graduation ball, and you had best stay out of our way.”

Following her advice, I found an easy chair and turned to the baseball game on television, and it's a good thing because, like Linda said, the room was a flurry of

activity! Rushing around in feminine undies and semi-transparent negligees, they rolled each other's hair like mother and daughter instead of mother and son!

They even bathed and shaved their legs together! With all this rushing around, I barely had time to get into the bathroom myself. Linda was right," I thought as I adjusted my red bow tie and slipped into my tuxedo jacket, "Compared to them, I don't have much to do to get ready."

Finally, with time running short, my wife and her son came out of the bedroom and pronounced themselves ready. Looking them over...seeing their beauty and how much they looked alike...I was at a loss for words! They both wore their hair 'up' in similar styles, and only their gowns made them appear different.

Judd was wearing a fire engine red silk dress with a full length straight skirt that was so low cut that I swear it was being held UP by his cleavage! His lips and nails were red to match his dress, his jewelry consisted of an expensive diamond necklace, matching pendant earrings and bracelet, he carried a tiny red purse, and he was perched atop red satin slippers with four inch heels that he handled very easily. Linda wore a similar style, but her gown, handbag, and shoes were silver.

"There is so much to do, we could have used another hour," Linda sighed. "Oh well, we did our best in the available time."

"You're both very beautiful, and I'm proud to be your escort," I pronounced to their great pleasure as I walked outside with a candidate for Miss America on each arm.

I walked slowly in the warm summer air with long easy strides as we strolled across the campgrounds while Linda and Judd were forced by their tight skirts and high heels to take short rapid steps to keep pace. As I strolled nonchalantly along listening to the rhythmic clicking of their heels on the sidewalk, I made an observation that took my breath away. Despite the dim twilight, several figures that I knew to be males...fathers or benefactors of some of the campers...were wearing skirts! “Wh..what the devil is going on here?” I sputtered.

“What's the matter darling, did you forget about the kilt contest for the men?” Linda asked as she and Judd giggled at my reaction. “You could be wearing a kilt and be competing for prizes with them if you hadn't been so obstinate when you read the brochure, you know.”

“That's right Daddy,” Judd answered with a teasing lilt to his voice for a change. “Wearing kilts is the way some fathers publicly demonstrate their love and support for their sons around here. Besides, I'm sure you'd look nice in a kilt.”

Despite myself, I felt a stirring within my trousers and blushed brightly at the thought of wearing a skirted kilt in public...even if it was a badge of honor in Scotland! “What do they wear underneath those things?” I wondered silently.

As I expected, all the boy campers and the real women were dressed to the nines in evening gowns, full makeup, and heels like Linda and Judd, but to my amazement, I saw more and more men wearing the tartan skirts! By the time we entered the ballroom, I had counted more than two dozen of them! However, in

the bright lights of the ballroom, I observed that few of them were wearing the traditional woolen knee socks and buckled shoes.

A few of the fathers had shaved their legs and wore shiney slip on pumps and a couple even had on sheer nylons like the women and boys!

In addition to that, some of them wore soft lacy blouses, feminine makeup, pink lipstick, and had their long manicured nails painted to match! Some of them even sported feminine hairstyles!

I hated it! They looked comical! Maybe if a male wants to wear women's clothes--he should go all the way and not this bizarre half and half.

"Some show of support for their sons!" I thought disgustedly as I envisioned what some of these men must be wearing under their kilts. "These boys need a strong show of masculinity from their fathers...not a sissy exhibition of femininity!" I reflected. They would never catch me reassuring my son that dressing like a girl was a marvelous pastime.

Men were men and...well, at least outside these walls.

As we observed the social amenities prior to the actual ceremonies, Linda and I mingled and chatted with now familiar members of the crowd. We had come to recognize many of the faces over the summer, but still, we knew very few of their names. Our common bond was the fact that our sons were learning to dress as girls and, in effect, become daughters!

During this time of tranquil fraternization, I noticed that some of the kilt wearing men blushed a lot, remained mostly quiet, and kind of hid behind their

wives' skirts as we passed by and chatted. I can't say that I blamed them!

Moving about, we accepted drinks and appetizers from the beautiful young girls who circulated throughout the crowd. I noticed that these girls were perfectly made up and manicured, had neat stylish hair styles, wore short black dresses, dark nylons, and extremely high stiletto heels, but they said little that wasn't related to their duties.

While Linda and I circulated, Judd disappeared to be with his friends, but when time came for us to be seated for dinner, he joined us with his roommate Lyndon and his sister Tony, the Reynolds and their son Doug, and the parents of Doug's roommate Jenny.

As we got reacquainted, I was surprised to see that Jenny's father was not only wearing kilts, but nylons, heels, and makeup as well! Out of the three boys and three men at our table, Reynolds and I were the only one dressed in a traditional masculine tux!

I guess I shouldn't have expected different from Jenny's father after seeing how henpecked he was during previous meetings.

I was really surprised to see Reynolds so quiet and repressed! Seeing my bewildered expression as I curiously looked him over, he looked down and seemed to be blushing, but he said nothing.

“Where's Jenny?” Lisa asked his mother.

“Oh he's one of the servers tonight,” she answered casually as if nothing was out of the ordinary. “Miss Allison called and said he had broken some of the rules, and as punishment, she requested that he serve in that

capacity for tonight. Since he's here to learn respect for females and their obligations, I felt her request was reasonable, and I gave my consent.”

So that was it! These servers weren't girls at all! They were boys who had been disobedient, and as punishment, they had to act as waitresses at their own graduation ceremony! “With all the other weird stuff that's been going on at this crazy place, I should have known,” I thought.

“Are all of the servers boys who are being punished?” Linda inquired further.

“No,” she answered matter of factly. “Some are performing the duty at the request of their benefactors who have reasons of their own.

When everyone had finished eating, Miss Allison stepped up to the podium. She was wearing a severe long black dress and looked very much in command as she tapped on her glass for attention. As order was restored, she smiled brightly, welcomed the guests, and congratulated the campers for successfully completing their summer of femininity. “Before announcing our special awards and handing out the hard earned certificates, we will begin our program with the unique activity that has become a popular and exciting tradition in our end of camp ceremony...the graduation gifts!” she announced.

I looked at Linda and she whispered, “I've taken care of it.”

“Now, if the contestants will come forward, we'll begin this special event. Will all the graduates come forward and receive you certificate and your family's congratulation's gift.”

At her words, the feminized boys began to rise, most of them reluctantly, and make their way to a small platform adjacent to the podium. They gathered around Miss Allison.

I looked at the smooth, nyloned legs and each boy had an appropriate bosom proudly displayed. There wasn't any sign that these were boys.

As the smug director called them in turn, the red faced boys walked slowly to the center of the platform, turned and walked to a microphone. The first one said, "Hello, my name is Norman and I like to dress and act like a girl. I am called Nancy here at the Camp."

Miss Allison was busying opening "Nancy's" graduation gift from his parents...Parents? Like Judd's graduation gift, I assumed that Norman's father had no idea what was coming.

Opening a large box, Miss Allison held up a short, plaid skirt and read the card, "To our son...now you know how to 'handle' one of these!"

Everyone laughed and then applauded.

How weird. This was like an AA meeting where they got up and say, "I'm JOE and I'm an alcoholic." Then given a shot of whiskey!

I watched as each boy got up and announced his femininity and Miss Allison open the family's gift. To my surprise, Linda had bought Judd a short, white nightgown with lots of lace and the card said, "Sweet dreams!"

Many of the presents were more racy. One of the boys got a "wardrobe" of 52 different types of panties with a card that said, "A year of pleasure is ahead."

Each boy blushed and turned away from the audience, and then turned and walked off the other side then returned to their place next to their parents. Their panty-clad bottoms wiggled smoothly in their skirts as they sauntered off the stage.

When the last of the graduates, number thirty-two, had been presented, Miss Allison joined a group of women at the head table, and a few minutes later returned to the podium as promised and announced, "I am pleased to proclaim a few achievement awards."

"The first award is for best legs." The boy who won wore a short black skirt with sheer nylons.

As he stood before the gathering, Miss Allison presented him with a plaque proclaiming his victory. This apprehensive fellow hesitantly accepted the award with a spirit as jovial as he could muster under the circumstances. When the applause subsided, Miss Allison further announced that he was to receive another prize...free leg waxing for a year!

"No..no!" he exclaimed as he turned and walked toward Miss Allison to pick up his prize. "I..I don't want my legs waxed all year! I've got school!"

I laughed to myself...not everyone was getting what they wanted.

However, before he could step down, Miss Allison said, "Be a good sport, and raise your skirt a little more so we can see why your legs won!"

"Very sexy," Miss Allison declared as if nothing were out of the ordinary. "Much too shapely to be on a boy!"

The intimidated fellow reluctantly raised his skirt high enough for everyone to see his entire thighs to the bottoms of his panties. Making matters more shameful

were the catcalls and the popping of flash bulbs from the audience!

“Alright, alright!” Miss Allison finally announced while motioning for this poor fellow to lower his skirt.

They had many categories. Actually almost every boy got an award. They ranged from “Most feminine walk” to “Most beautiful hairdo” to “Most Improved” to “Best Natural Bosom” to “Most Feminine Attitude.”

Frankly, I was getting bored. At our table, Doug got the “Most Nurturing and Organized.” Judd got the “Most helpful.”

During the graduation ceremony, each “camper” received a certificate, but in addition, there were several individual awards. Doug also won the Most Beautiful and was named ‘Miss Camp Queen’. Mrs. Reynolds was ecstatic at the announcement, but her husband wasn't nearly so happy.

Judd was elected by his peers as Miss Congeniality, and despite myself, I felt very pleased at his popularity. At least, he was a hit among the other boys!

The next day as we were preparing to leave, I watched as Tony helped Lyndon pack and load his things into her car. Lyndon appeared to be happy, but again his eyes gave his true feelings away. “I'll be attending modeling and charm school starting in two weeks,” I heard him tell Judd as they hugged and kissed goodbye like girls.

“Please Mom, don't make me go to school in dresses!” I heard Jenny, who was staying next door, beg his mother when I carried a load of suitcases outside. “Maybe I could wear pants to school and change into a

dress when I get home! All the kids know I'm a boy, and they'll tease me to death if they see me in a skirt!"

"Certainly not!" she answered harshly. "Your sentence for molestation is to dress as a girl for five years or be sent to jail! No, I'm afraid you'll just have to get used to a certain amount of teasing. You will go to school in dresses and skirts and endure the heckling, and that's final! However, to save you some embarrassment, I guess you could consider attending the Hillside School for Girls to complete your senior year."

"Oh yes Mom!" he exclaimed while brightening up a bit. "Let me go to Hillside if I have to keep on wearing dresses. With all the training I've had here, I'm sure I could pass as a girl! That way, no one would tease me!"

"I don't know," she answered. "We would have to buy all those school uniforms and everything if you went to Hillside. You know, the little short pleated skirts and tunic dresses. Do you really want to go to all that trouble?"

"Yes, oh yes!" he cried in a begging tone. "You and I will have a wonderful time shopping for my school dresses and skirts. I don't want to be around boys like this! Please let me attend Hillside!"

"We'll see," she answered with a triumphant smile as she opened the car door for her son who sat on the seat, held his skirt in place, and turned into the car like a girl. "We'll see." She winked at me as she opened the door. Closing the door, she walked around the car, slid behind the wheel, and drove away.

About that time, an expensive limousine drove up, and an uniformed chauffeur began loading parcels into

the spacious trunk. As I wondered who this elaborate vehicle belonged to.

Having seen about all I could fathom, I turned my attention to my own chores and finished loading the car. Back inside Judd's room, I saw that he and Linda had decided to wear matching floral sun dresses for the trip.

I gave him a dirty look.

“I know, I know. I'll have to change to pants when we get home, but I want to wear skirts as long as possible,” Judd explained in a sad voice.

I was anxious to get away from that weird place and try to forget everything I had seen, but just as I helped Linda and Judd into the car, I heard Reynolds whisper, “Hey come here.”

He was over behind a bush and I went over to where he was hidden. “I just want you to know that I'm going to take over when we get home. Enough is enough! We just can't encourage the boys anymore!”

“I agree.”

“If I hadn't seen it myself, I never would have believed that a strong virile man could be brought down so far in so short a time,” I thought as I watched him slink around in the bushes hiding from his wife.

After that, I quickly finished packing the car. As Linda and Judd got the car, for the first time, I noticed that Judd was wearing a short summer sundress and that his hair was pulled back out of his face with bright blue clips. I was filled with trepidation as I watched him elegantly pull his long smooth, tan legs into our car. Judd's transition into manhood was certainly much more complex than mine. I knew he needed professional help.

I just hoped against hope that these camp people knew what they were doing!

Our life at home began okay, I guess. Somehow, after his feminine summer, Judd managed to look like a boy when school started. For my part, I was working really hard on a new project at work and wasn't home much.

During my absence, Judd really changed. He became sullen and sulky, pretty much staying in his room. Even his mother started nagging at him, harping about this or that.

I saw him come home from school one day in tears and I didn't know what to say and the tears flowed on. I assumed this was the beginning of his aversion to being unmanly, but was I ever wrong!

Linda mentioned that it was his "time of the month" trying to explain his erratic behavior.

I asked him once if there was something I could do to help, and he slammed his door in my face and yelled, "You just don't understand!"

To his credit, he was right. I didn't understand. However, the most telling statement was when Linda commented, "I was the same way at his age."

That was it! He was acting like a pubescent girl.

The only person he seemed to laugh and talk freely with was his old roommate Lyndon who was living at home with his sister and attending charm school. Also he was in touch with Doug who was older but sometimes, those two would spend hours on the phone gabbing...sometimes crying. "Boys just don't spend their energies on such melodramas!" I mentioned to Linda.

Also, I observed a growing tension between Judd and Linda. He was moody and acted like he was always mad at her, and they screamed at each other about the smallest things. Judd had been given household chores such as ironing and the dishes which never seemed to get done. Linda was feeling the pressure to the point that she would take it out on me during the day. As a result my once wonderful sex life suffered immeasurably!

On the plus side, Judd saw his therapist weekly, and we were told that he was making progress... whatever that meant.

The first time I saw a sign of the “cure” was after Judd had a long phone conversation with Doug. Judd told me that Doug was having trouble in school because the real girls (who were very aware of chests) were teasing him about his budding breasts.

It seemed that Doug had begun taking HormNormettes his first year and was moved up to a higher dose the second. He was now on 16s. As a result, his flat chest had expanded into little jellylike mounds that were impossible to hide, and his jeans fit snugly over his rounded, ample bottom which now flared outward with a feminine curve.

The body changes were causing Doug a lot of remorse and confusion, not to mention the embarrassment of having small pointed nipples showing at school.

By Judd's reaction, I could see that the therapy was beginning to work. His attitude about his body was changing, and he seemed to have complete horror at

what was happening to Doug. The idea of developing a feminine figure that someone might notice frightened him.

He was almost in tears as he squealed, "My therapist wants me to take HormNormettes 14."

"Fourteens?" I gasped. "I thought you were on twelves?"

"I was, but they moved me up to thirteens a while back because I was getting too emotional. Now, they want me to take fourteens. Doug said they calmed him down, but after that, he started getting `curves'. I'm scared."

I smiled to myself. The therapy was working! "I guess you should do as your therapist advises. After all, she's a professional and knows best."

"I...I guess so," he admitted.

"Is Doug happy?" I asked.

"No, he's really confused, but his mother is encouraging him to keep up the treatment," Judd admitted.

Here was my son telling me that he didn't want to grow breasts and that he was tired of periods. The therapy was working! Surely, it was only a short time before he'd be back to boy clothes and interests full time!

Over the next few weeks I saw many mood changes in Judd. He came home with many booklets but rushed off to his room without letting Linda or me see them. Once when he was out, I stole into his room and skimmed a few out of curiosity.

One was titled, "Your monthly period, a wonderful part of womanhood." In his bathroom was an open box

of “Light Days.” I tried to picture him buying them on the way home from school. He was obviously still ‘on the program’. Another book, “Transition from boyhood to womanhood; Handling the turmoil.” It looked like a “pep talk” book.

As time passed, Linda would occasionally borrow Judd's pads if she forgot hers but never replaced them. He always had to buy his own.

However, a mother borrowing her son's sanitary napkins was a bit much for me, and as I thought over the situation, the whole aversion therapy thing made less and less sense. In a nutshell, I was losing hope that anyone outside of myself was seriously looking for a cure for my son!

As for Judd, I could tell when his time of the month arrived because he became pale, listless, and irritable. One night after taking the twenty third pill in his dispenser, he realized he had started his period and discovered that he was out of pads because Linda had taken his supply. He was to start wearing a pad after taking that pill, and he came to Linda begging to borrow one of hers. She politely refused, stating the rules. “Besides,” she said, “You hate my brand, remember?”

Feeling the pressure of not having a pad to wear in his panties, he flew into hysterics, and in the end, I had to drive him to the local store to buy sanitary napkins. When we arrived at the store, he was mortified at my comment, “No way am I going in with you to buy those things!”

I could see him in the store windows as he searched for his awkward “need” then went to the young female clerk and paid.

After Judd's next counseling session, they call Linda and said that Judd was perceiving her as rejecting his femininity and that it would be fine if she loaned him pads in the future. He could now borrow napkins like any mother and daughter...but this was her son!

After that, Linda and Judd seemed to grow closer and closer together, and I was pushed farther away until my sex life became near-existent. When we made love it was great but it was only twice a month. She always had a headache!

It was happening very slowly but very surely! Linda and Judd developed a closer relationship. His grades were excellent, but he was rapidly becoming more feminine.

Even I had to admit that Judd made a dreadfully pathetic boy as the HormNormettes did their job. His breasts had budded to the point that when he wore a tight sweater, his swollen, little nipples nudged outward like a pre-teen girl.

I noticed changes in Mike's body. He grew an inch but not in a lanky way like other boys his age ... just longer legs. His face seemed fuller and more round. His hips and thighs were fleshier and his face took on a more rounded, curved shape.

All this added to my continually losing hope for an eventual cure and compounded my marital problems. I kept hoping things would improve between Linda and me, but my hopes were in vain.

I tried. I tried baseball games, even teaching him golf! He wasn't interested.

Instead, Linda and I grumbled and complained to each other about the smallest things, driving each other farther away. This went on until I learned that Judd had advanced to HormNormette 15, and I hit the ceiling. "I can't stand this...this freak show any longer!" I screamed in a fit of rage. "Boys taking shots and pills to emasculate themselves to look more like girls...this is insane!"

Linda agreed but said, "He's happy, doing well in school, and contented except for the moody part...like any teenaged girl."

"We got to try something else," I yelled, "Look at him, he's going to be a freak! Not a hair on his face, curved hips and have you seen him in a golf t-shirt?"

Linda smiled at me. "But he's happy," she said, "Don't make him feel that there is something wrong with not being a brawny football player...he'll probably never be built like that. Especially now."

Just as I was about to "take charge," my step son developing titties became less important. The problem? My wife and Judd were no longer having their periods at the same time ... Linda's had stopped. She was pregnant!

We hadn't done it much but we must have done it well!

Suddenly we had a common goal. The new baby! She and I were distracted getting ready for the new addition to our home.

Room was a problem so we decided to add a large wing off our bedroom into a nursery, bath and recreation room so feedings wouldn't be such a chore.

Not at all jealous of the new highlight in our life, Judd was more than helpful, actually excited about the whole process.

The month flew! I suppose I should have noticed that his breasts continued to swell and stand out more. I should have noticed that his nipples were larger and the areolas wider and darker in color. He sometimes wore tight t-shirts and tops, almost like he was proud of them. I should have noticed, but I didn't ... I was going to be a real father!

The pressure at work was also increasing and everything seemed to hit at once and I was getting a little freaked out. Judd usually wore oversized shirts and sweat pants but I saw him in tight t-shirts a couple times and it was like he had frivolous little bumps under his nipples. His body language appeared like they hurt or were sore.

I saw him flinch like they were tender when I was showing him how to play golf and his arms rubbed them. Most of the time he sat with his arms crossed over them. I knew he was still taking the HormNormettes and was frankly confused about where all this was leading. One thing was for sure, he was "popping out."

I would have done more but I had my hands full with work and future family.

One Saturday, we were out at the mall looking for furniture for the nursery. Judd was wearing an oversized, fluffy sweater and jeans. As we walked through the mall Linda noticed Judd's chest...a

perceptible jiggle when he walked fast. He had a new layer of fat tissue on his hips, thighs and buttocks that gave him a more curved, girlish shape.

I guess I was just getting used to it because it was Linda that noticed. “Oh my,” Linda said, “I think it's time...” Turning to me, Linda asked, “Do you mind if we stop in the lingerie section...we might as well get THIS over with.”

Judd's face was ruby red. He knew but it took me a second. As they walked into the lingerie section, I immediately skidded to a stop.

“Can't you just buy them for me,” I heard Judd whisper.

His efforts were to no avail, as she was adamant! “These are your first, dear, I want you to pick them out and we have to make sure we get the perfect size. This is your first bra that NEEDS to fit. There's no padding to fill the cup.”

It hit me. Judd was getting his first necessary bra...this one wasn't for fun, it was for movement and jiggle!

When his mother held up a bra up to his chest, Judd about died. She said, “No one's looking. I think you should try them on...there's no returning lingerie. You sneak in the room with me.”

In spite of his objections, Judd soon found himself naked from the waist up in one of the dressing rooms with his mother carrying several slightly padded and unpadded training bras. He had never looked so mortified in his entire life.

Coming out of the dressing room, with several clerks watching, Linda picked out about six brassieres in

various colors and replaced the styles that didn't fit. Judd's face turned fire engine red and in a state of near panic, he anxiously looked around for an avenue of escape. Seeing none and realizing that he had nowhere to go, he went to the counter with his mother and she paid.

I pretended like I didn't know either of them.

They caught up to me in the mall, Judd was carrying the large pink bag. "This is such an important day," Linda emotionalized to Judd. "We should have had you wear one but that would have been hard to explain to the clerks."

Once home, poured the colorful garments on the dining room table and she asked Judd, "Which one do you want to wear first?"

"He's not going to wear them around here is he?" I asked. "He doesn't really need them yet."

"Of course," she said, ignoring my comment, "He's worn them before around here...he just didn't need them then. He might as well get used wearing them now...if he keeps taking that medication, he may really need them."

Seeing the frilly, padded cupped 'practice' bra his mother had picked out made Judd cringe. He didn't want me to see him 'choose' any of the delicate items. That would infer to me that he wanted to wear them!

For my benefit he pleaded, "Oh Mother, maybe I should wear one of these flat cupped, plain nylon ones?"

"Alright sweetheart," she answered. "They won't be comfortable but if your heart is set on a basic one, that's okay...but you really should start wearing one all the time. You can wear the padded ones around the house

and the flat ones under your male clothes. I afraid it won't be long before you don't have a choice...take a look at what happened to Doug?"

I had noticed Doug when he dropped over. Even his flat training bras were overflowing with a softness pressing outward into little mounds that moved with every lively motion.

I cringed. NOW Judd needed a bra to minimize the bounce so he'd look like a boy! I kept my mouth shut.

In resignation, Judd selected a baby blue nylon brassiere that was sweetly decorated with a pretty bow at the front. His mother showed him how to put it on as I read the newspaper. The thin elastic cupped (one size) bra stretched over his prominent nipples, smoothing the points into little flat mounds. With his sweater back on, his chest was actually LESS noticeable but oozed femininity.

"OOOHHH it's darling", Linda gushed as she lifted his sweater and adjusted the straps a bit. "I remember needing my first bra. Of course I couldn't wait to show it off at school...doubt if you'll be doing that!"

Judd was in his senior year and luckily wouldn't have much longer because he was looking a bit strange as a boy. The flat cups bras would help for a while.

I saw a tingle of excitement in her eyes as she watched her son study his reflection in his new, most feminine garment. He but his sweater back on.

"It doesn't show, does it?" Judd asked feeling more confident.

"Not that style, dear." Linda stated.

"Should I wear it to school?"

Linda sweetly added, "This isn't like before...brassiere's are very pretty things dear, but they're not just for decoration. They serve a purpose now...just watch your straps."

Judd nodded his head.

What Judd didn't know was that his mother adored wearing sexy lingerie. After her comments, he quickly took his new garments to his room. His hands delicately folded the frilly items to be put in his drawers. He was wearing a plainer version of the same article. He stretched his shoulders, trying to get comfortable.

"I'm sure you'll get used to them easily darling," Linda gushed, again causing him no end of embarrassment. "Today's brassieres are so light, airy, and pretty...not like when I was your age."

Judd gave her a "not one of her long story" looks.

"I'll never forget my first training bra," she reminisced, "I could hardly wait to have breasts, so I looked like a lady. It's different wearing a brassiere because you need one"?

Without being told again, Judd accepted his fate. Each morning he strapped a brassiere around his chest and gradually got used to them. He wore a padded ones around the house. The unpadded, flat cupped ones repressed the eye-catching twitches outside the house.

Linda had told me that these first developments were reversible and that many boys find this stage so uncomfortable that they quite dressing up. The padded bras were to give him an indication of what his future figure might bring.

Like most men, I had hoped to mold her son into a 'better' clone of myself and I could easily have become incensed seeing my efforts fail. I just couldn't accept that my step son was so different. I even blamed Linda for being too protective and too quick to mother the boy.

It wasn't fair...

Again I was busy: at work, building the nursery, or sleeping ... I didn't have time or the energy to take on Judd's mental problems. I had to leave him in the hands of the professionals and his mother.

I was just glad his earlier emotional ups and downs were more level. He peacefully went about his chores, calmly doing them and his homework. He didn't seem to go out much, preferring to read and stay around the house helping his mother.

Linda needed help too. She didn't feel good right from the very beginning and was horribly morning sick with more terrible headaches. Luckily Judd was right there to help her since many days Linda didn't even get out of bed. Her doctor didn't seem to think anything was wrong...just normal pregnancy.

For the nursery to be finished on time, I had to hire some dry wall installers and a finish carpenter. I was a little embarrassed when the carpenter, Alex, first asked, "Is that your son?"

Judd was vacuuming up so me dust that had gotten into the bedroom. He had on jeans, a plaid wool shirt and his hair pulled back into a ponytail. He looked girlish, effeminate and like a sissy compared to these manly muscled workers. I nodded but felt embarrassed

for myself and for Judd who didn't seem to notice that Alex was laughing at him.

Over the next two weeks, I was surprised to see how well Judd got along with the workers. When not at school, Judd would serve them coffee in the morning, run out and get them lunch, and sometimes just chat with them when they worked.

Alex and he laughed a lot. Judd always helped them clean up for the day making sure that all the dust was gone. Their conversations were mostly Alex boasting about something and Judd agreeing.

In our conversations about the work, Judd would say, "Alex said we should do it this way." Judd was adopting Alex's values, and thoughts. I had to think this would be good to have Judd find and admire a male role...even though it wasn't me. The friendship also seemed to increase Judd's self confidence.

I guess it was my great idea. I went to Alex and asked, "Could you show Judd how to do some carpentry or something. I hate to ask but he's a little confused and you seem to have your life together.

To my surprise, Alex defended Judd saying, "He's all right. He just needs a friend. I'll take him to the tool show at the Civic."

Surprisingly, Judd wanted to go. The next day before Alex arrived, I noticed Judd studying himself in the mirror. He was wearing an flannel shirt, oversized sweater and tight blue jeans. Nothing bulged from his jeans, a fact I hoped only I would notice.

Next to the Alex's tanned, muscular torso, Judd appeared even more pale, delicate and rounded.

Wearing jeans, his fleshy hips made him like some member of a 'lost sex'. A boy but a decidedly feminine one who could burst into femininity at any moment.

I wanted to mess up his hair of something but Judd still clung to his mother's skirts whenever I made any major moves to interfere with his "hobby."

Just before Alex arrived, Linda took Judd to the mirror and rearranged his hair which was held back in a boyish ponytail. A few wisps had escaped and were captured and tied back by his mother. I was beginning to see that Linda had subconsciously added to Judd's problem. Just before Alex showed, Linda said, "Stand up straight, and don't walk like a duck."

I hoped a day with Alex would give him a pride in his manhood. Alex was a man's man. His whole carriage said, "I'm going to show you how men do it ... how men work ... how men feel."

I knew that Judd would want to be like Alex and give up all this girlish foolishness. It was like a second weaning!

I just hoped that Judd didn't embarrass Alex. From behind he could easily be mistaken for a girl. Worst of all, I knew that Judd no longer stood to pee. Part of his 'therapy' was to crouch, uncover himself, and therefore hide: a shameful and inconvenient procedure. "Standing," he was told was reserved for males. This I was sure was a part of their aversion therapy...it hadn't worked very well so far.

The tool show must have been interesting because they didn't come home until after dinner. Alex's only comment to me was, "Have you ever thought of buying Judd some weights?"

The months flew. Judd was most interested in the baby's development. In camp he had learned more than that babies aren't delivered by storks, in fact, he'd learned every detail of motherhood and rather than be frightened like most boys, he was amazed and fascinated. His mother explained every pain, spasm, twinge to her son in intimate detail.

I have to say, he did his part. Linda was sick with headaches and morning sickness so much that Judd did most of the housework. How embarrassing it must have been for him to be seen sweeping, dusting, peeling vegetables, making beds and ironing in front of Alex and the other workers.

I had hoped that the building would have been completed but as usual, it went over budget and over time. Judd was taking care of the house singlehandedly.

With Linda being so sick, it was necessary but I felt bad that he didn't have the freedom to run out to play like other boys. "I'm just happy I can help," was his response when I suggested he take so time off or maybe send to laundry out to be done.

Linda spent more and more time in bed leaving Judd to take more of her duties. He seemed to take pride in his womanly duties, he gave orders to the workmen and even me about keeping the house clean. He assumed an air of authority like the "woman" of the house would have.

I couldn't help but have great affection for Judd's commitment to the family. He took on Linda's chores including shopping, paying bills and I gave him credit cards which he was free to use. He could see my pride

and confidence in him. Yet I felt guilt with him chained to the “rock.” He was like trapped in our castle with only his hobby to seemingly give him enjoyment.

He was spending more and more on lingerie, and clothes. Many of the clothes were bought at girl's shops but were unisex. He took enthusiastic care of his appearance, almost an obsession that his hair be clean, and neatly pulled back. His complexion was clear and his eyes bright under his highly arched brows. Under a few sweaters I could see the straps and I really didn't care that he wore his padded brassieres at night...he was careful never to wear them around the workers.

Then there was Doug, the boy from camp. The only enjoyment in Judd's life seemed the time spent with Doug either at his house or ours. It was a friendship, a best friend that he could confide his secrets, comparing their latest clothing finds and what they were learning about being girls. They'd giggle, make fun of guys at school and the workers at our house. They scorned the macho guys as much as they would a couple sissies.

Judd preferred visiting Doug who lived across town and he deserved to get away from the pressures of household duties.

Seeing the two boys together was like seeing a strange form of matter, ever changing, indefinite. Not male but not female, the HormNormettes had created some kind of hybrid. Both had heads of hair rippling like silken ribbons; but the conspicuous growth at their armpits and fleshy soft hips that were markedly girlish.

Doug's breasts were noticeable and he didn't do much to hide them. In themselves, you'd think breasts on boys would be useless and intrusive lumps. As with

their brawnless arms, soft skin, even the rounding full bottoms on which they sat. No longer secret and invisible to others, under their sweaters and shirts their breasts were making a disclosure ... a statement.

Doug's influence on Judd was obvious. He stopped going to the great lengths to hide his figure. No longer ashamed of his fleshy body, he wore tighter sweaters and straightened up his posture. His awkwardness disappeared and he didn't blush as often.

When we entered a restaurant, Judd's long hair bouncing in great curliness with each step, I felt as though all male eyes were centered on him, watching him to see if it was a boy or girl. Dressed like a boy, he'd divest himself of his coat to reveal his small, neat, waist and rounded figure - a feast for their eyes.

Sometimes he restlessly blush as he carefully and elegantly sat down, carefully adjusting a stray hair, trying, as far as possible, to be a boy.

Linda always grinned as she noticed the attention Judd was receiving, and how he was reacted, so shyly and demurely, sitting with his tight jeaned legs together, his hands in his lap, sometimes hiding behind a menu.

His mother made him sit correctly upright, his brassiere making the front pout out as if he was a girl...making him unable to do anything about hiding his eye-catching protruding prominences.

"That sweater does things for you," Linda would say, as she looked at the demure, high neckline, offset by nicely rounded shoulders.

Judd wasn't shy with Doug. It was with him that he had his first face-to-face purchase of nylons and lingerie

at the department store. “We just went in and bought them,” he bragged to his mother.”

I should have realized that something new was happening. I assumed that the transformation was a “planned” thing ... a way to make Judd hate his growingly girlish figure. Surely a boy having breasts would be strange and bothersome...a constant reminder that he “wasn't much of a man.”

I looked at Judd and wondered how he felt knowing that each pill was mutating him. Each day his chest was a little more sensitive, a little more pronounced, a little more responsive, and a little more filled out. I read in one of the HormNormettes's “information sheets” that having a bosom might occasionally quiver painfully during strenuous activity. Wouldn't that change anyones thoughts of acting like a girl, right?

Not Judd. There seemed to be a lot of conflict between Judd's narcissism and the experiences to which the “Camp” had destined him to. He loved to see his image as a feminine idol in the mirror but the shame of being an swishy boy was always present...wasn't it?

On top of that, men were beginning to stare, wondering if the rounded figure was a girl or what. He looked more like a girl looking boyish that a boy looking girlish.

One day, I saw Alex's truck pull up to finish some molding. I looked over at Judd who was cleaning up the living room and said, “Here comes Alex...you better go change out of that padded bra!”

Judd had a strange look on his face. His hands smoothed down his over the significant swellings and

gasp, "Oh my, I'm not wearing a padded one!" The badges of femininity were becoming indisputable...

"You got to do something," I complained to Linda, "He's showing all the time!"

"He needs a real bra with real cups," Linda said shaking her head knowingly, "I'll take him to get some tomorrow. I'm afraid that we can only postpone this so long. As long as he's taking those pills, he's going to get bigger and bigger."

"And THEN?"

She looked me in the eyes, "He'll have to start dressing like a girl."

"Gawd! Let's postpone THAT as long as possible, okay?" I don't know what miracle I was hoping for. It was okay for those other boys but this was MY SON!

I didn't give up completely. When I saw the chance, I thought I might embarrass him. I pointed out that he was catching male interest.

Watching him try to hide his unmistakable mounds, I asked, "You know that men get excited by breasts?"

That seemed to revolt him and he blushed shamefully. Men's stares both hurt and flattered him simultaneously. Hence an inconsistency. He wore tight jeans and sweaters displaying his unmanly curves, yet when they looked, he recoiled in disgust, blushing.

Too complex for me! Judd continued taking the HormNormettes; his face, figure and flesh were showing their effect. Sometimes frightened and vexed, other times audacious, his attitude took on a feminine disposition.

The new “real” bras his mother bought didn't help either. He was neither here nor there. It was like when he was boyish, people took him for a girl and when people took him for a girl, he tried to acted boyish.

Once in a while, I'd say to his mother, “He started out as a boy...that's where he should stay.” But it wasn't my decision...he was in the hands of EXPERTS.

It was his body and the experts said, “Let him find his own identity.”

Judd graduated from high school and was just beginning the summer with no plans for college. I had hope!

I watched Alex around Judd. He'd sit down next to Judd on a bench, much closer than males did. Showing Judd how to do carpentry, Alex showed him like he would a girl; holding Judd's hands around the hammer and gently showing him how to hit the nail. Maybe Judd would get a summer job in carpentry?”

It was only the next week when I learn that wasn't in the cards. “Now Judd,” his mother said, “I know it will be embarrassing for a while but your counsellor recommended it. I'm going to have your father remove all your boy stuff.”

“Oh my, NOW?” Judd said thoughtfully, “What about Alex and the workmen? Shouldn't I wait until they finish? They're almost done?”

“Look at you. I don't think you're fooling anyone anymore.” Linda said taking his hands in hers. “I'm going to give you a manicure. While I'm shaping and polishing your nails, I want you to make sure this is what you want.”

“No more boy clothes at all?” Judd asked, a quiver in his voice. It was the moment of truth.

“None. You are to be as feminine as your heart desires,” his mother said sympathetically as she shook a small bottle of polish that matched hers.

“But what about Alex?” Judd asked.

Still with some hope that this might change his mind, I said, “You’ll have to tell him that you are going to be a girl for a while.”

Judd was in a trace! Once Linda was finished putting on the last coat of a shimmering pink polish, she asked, “That’s it...are you ready to join us girls full-time?”

“Oh Mom. Are you sure this is the right time?”

“No more hiding.”

I was so embarrassed I didn’t know what to do. Linda told Alex and the workers. “Judd is going to be a girl for a while...” was all she said. Nothing else was necessary.

Judd was a little self-conscious in front of Alex. Linda was always there to gently remind him to sit in a feminine way; his hands lay demurely folded in the lap of his soft dress.

Stand offish at first, Judd was soon friendly with Alex and the workers. The little girlish giggles coming from the new construction area reminded me that this unpleasant situation was real!

The only comment I heard was Alex say to Judd, “You seem so instinctively feminine...I knew there was something wrong. I guess you’ve found your rightful place. You looked out of place with a hammer.”

Judd blushed at his words. “Yeah, I guess I look better...”

“A LOT better,” Alex whispered.

It was weird. Even I was amazed at the naturalness of Judd's appearance. His hair was curled and lovely, his eyes shining with excitement, his bust (no longer repressed by small cupped bras) was an enigma to see as they rose and fell with his breathing. He mostly wore little print dresses that clung to his curves and their short hems caressed his thighs.

To my indignation, Linda seemed to resign herself to having a daughter. “We girls, are going shopping,” she'd announce, or “Look at the cute skirt I bought for Judd.”

“Yeah,” I sulked, “He's going to grow up into a LOVELY woman, just like you!” She mostly just ignored my snide comments. All this had made her closer to Judd. They'd giggle for hours, having girl to `girl' chats while cleaning the house or cooking some new recipe.

Linda still didn't feel well often and Judd was more helpful than ever. I about hit the roof when I found out he took some seminars from the “camp” on birth, motherhood and raising babies.

“My kid isn't going to be raised by Judd,” I announced. What if it's contagious?

“I'll need his help when the babies born,” Linda said to me, “You are worthless around the house.”

Relieved if his “boy” facade, Judd became more prissy and more girl-like. I noticed that he was taking HormNormettes 18M's. I forgot what that meant but I

think it meant it was for eighteen year old girls! His own age.

He was emotional and sometimes got carried away and ran up to me, “Daddy. Do you like this skirt? It was Mommie’s and she showed me how to hem it up.”

“It’s nice.” I was trying to get along in the chaos.

CHAOS! Let me tell you how crazy it was getting.

I heard Linda say, “Every new mother feels awkward the first couple times she puts her baby to her breast. As a mother, you have to learn an entire new set of movements and sensations.”

I had seen pictures of mothers nursing before but it’s very different when you see your son doing it yourself.

I stuck my head in the den. Judd was flushed red as a very realistic doll suckled at his swollen nipple.

He squirmed and said, “I can’t do this for a week!”

“Be patient, dear,” Linda said, “It takes time. But it’s like riding a bike, once you learn, you’ll never forget the experience. Now let me help you get comfortable. Mothers spend a lot of time doing this.”

I wanted to yell but they didn’t see me. I just stood there listening.

Judd whispered like he might wake up the DOLL. “I feel fascinating sensations originated at my nipples and flowing throughout my body. It feels strange mother.”

“It should dear,” his mother said. “A baby’s suckling stimulates the nerves that join the hypothalamus and the breast. With the right hormone mix it would produce prolactin which causes a chain of events creating milk ducts.”

“Only to females, right?”

His mother laughed, “Sort of, but with the right hormones even males have all the right equipment just the wrong hormone mix.”

“Wow! I can't believe they want me to do this for a whole week, six times a day...whenever the timer inside makes the doll cry!”

Linda smiled sweetly watching her son breast-feed the doll. “By the end of a week,” she said, “You'll notice that when ever the doll starts crying, your nipples will promptly become erect and you'll get a warm flush.”

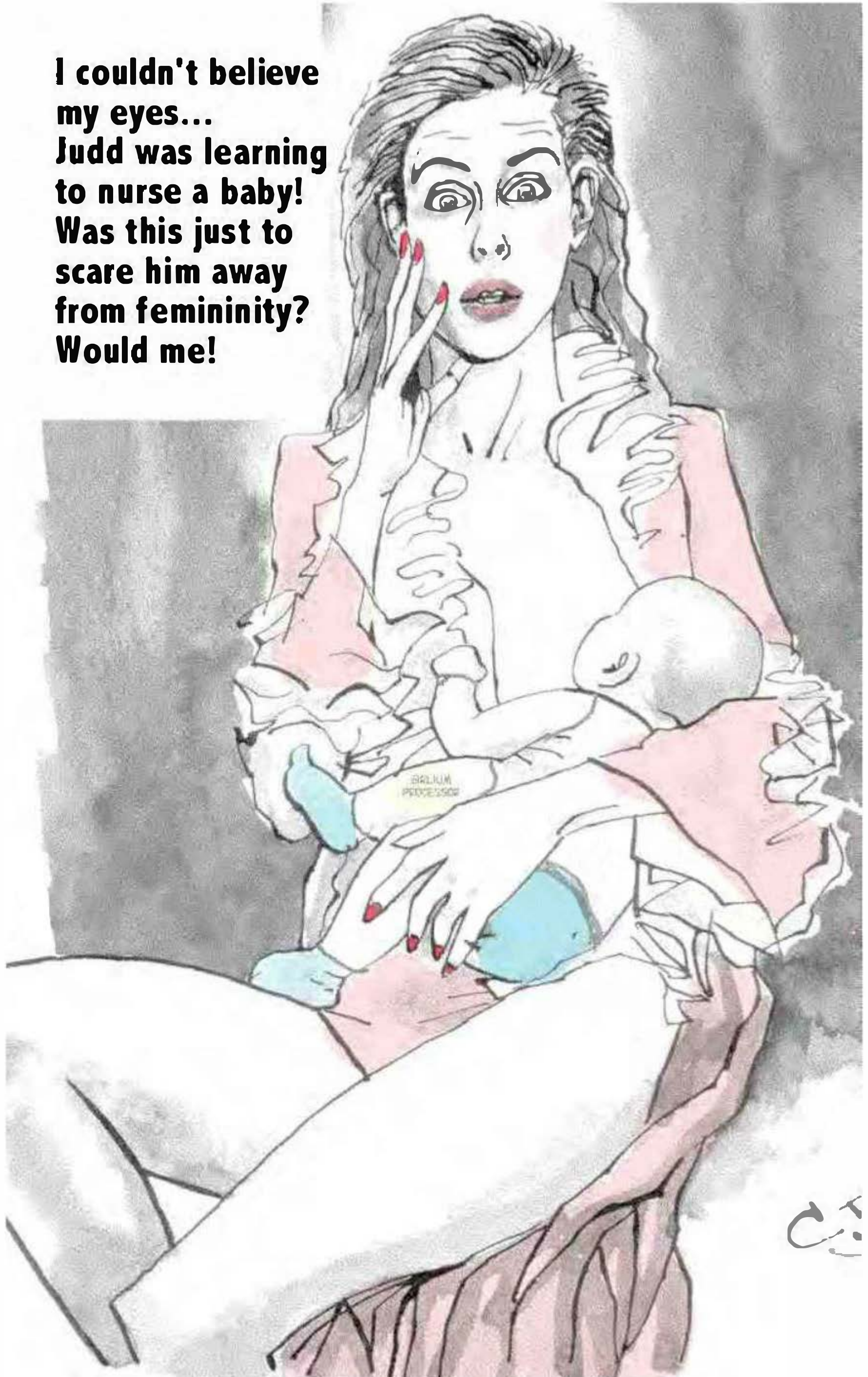
This was wacky. Linda warned me of Judd's therapy “homework”. This time some of the boys were taking a class in motherhood. They weirdest part was this ‘demanding’ mechanical doll that was programmed to cry and do most everything a real baby would do.

It would sleep, cry, demand to be held in the haphazard routine of real baby! It looked real and he had to take the eight-pound doll everywhere!

I guess they were going to the real aversion now.

“It's only for a week,” Judd rationalized as that gawd awful doll started making a realistic crying. He would drop everything and make preparations to nurse. A comfortable, quiet place. He'd open his blouse, unhook the cup of his nursing bra and position the doll on the nipple. His nipples were swollen right from the beginning and never really went down...they actually were considerably bigger than when he started.

**I couldn't believe
my eyes...
Judd was learning
to nurse a baby!
Was this just to
scare him away
from femininity?
Would me!**



I began to wonder if this might convince him to quit all this foolishness. That doll went off at all hours and I knew that Judd was required to get up 'be a mother'. The experience of nursing was changing him. He looked very tired. He was learning what it meant to be a woman and a mother.

Watching him nurse, I asked, "Do you like being a mommy?"

"Of course not," he laughed. "It's just something they want me to do."

He didn't want to be a mother but I wondered as the doll suckled at his dark circle of flesh what this was doing to him. I realized that he no longer thought anything of wearing skirts, lingerie, curling his hair and even having breasts.

How could he ever be a boy again. Many of the visions boys hungered for were now commonplace. A lacy slip, the top of a bra, smooth legs and even panties were no more than a mirror away. I still considered him a boy but I had slipped into complacency. All my priorities had changed.

His appearance and grooming were now very important and now this baby doll was all consuming. It was like a natural instinct was awakened but he couldn't possibly have an inborn instinct for motherhood.

But he was like a mother bird, consumed in nurturing his ward. I found him cooking our meals, baking bread, and trying to create a warm comfortable atmosphere. He had learned the meaning of a house dress. He had several cute cotton dresses, comfortable enough to work in and he usually wore them with an

apron. They all buttoned up the front so he could nurse when required.

Linda would say little things about how he'd changed but I even noticed it. His appearance, manner and nature gave off a new quality of softness and delicateness. His femininity was furthered by his mother's encouraging him to function as a mother.

She accented the differences between what wives and husbands did. Such as, "Husbands wear cotton and wool dear. They require as much care as our, silks, lace, and satin."

Linda said to me, "Weird as it is, isn't he a joy to have around the house?"

I had to agree. In his "little homemaker" mood, he added feminine touches to his daily chores. Flowers when he could find them and lacy tablecloths that he made out of excess fabric. He added lace, ribbon or embroidery when ever he could to the trim of his dresses. It all felt so warm and cozy.

He spent a lot of time and effort looking pretty. He'd primp, glance in the mirror, fix his hair or touch up his makeup whenever given an extra moment. Combs, curlers, hair pins, dryers and makeup were no longer alien to his skillful fingers.

Why would a boy do these things? I guess when you dress in feminine clothes and are well-groomed, it increases your self-esteem. He felt better about himself when he looked pretty.

His mother didn't encourage him to act more feminine in the way he walked, moved his hands, sat and conducted himself. He just did it naturally.

With his mother's help he made several feminine dresses in soft colors with full skirts, let his nails grow quite long. Sometime he wore his hair up in demure styles with soft curled tendrils. He was such a contrast to a typical boy.

His white supple hands could work endlessly to get a stubborn ribbon molded just right in his hair. A new world of feeling and sensations ran through him as he coaxed the charming embellishment into place. I caught him purring and cooing, especially when nursing.

He had a new confidence and his airy, graceful walk showed it. Linda caught him experimenting...I mean wearing low-cut, scanty clothes. She took him aside and nicely explained that nobody respects women who expose too much of their bodies. He blushed at her references to his "lack of modesty".

She said to Judd's shamed red face, "I want you to cultivate a refined taste in the way you dress, style your hair and apply make-up. That's not to say you can't be a bit provocative once in a while."

"Provocative! What was next...getting married to a man!" By this time I had washed my hands and accepted that Linda's son was gone!

She sat him down and went over his "report card" from the therapist. They analyzed his feminine manner, making a list of his best features and his worst. They took his weakest points and worked on them daily.

On his list was 'submissiveness'. She said to me, "As a girl, he needs to be more trustful and adaptive--yielding qualities which would add to his feminine self-image. He's like most boys and trying to withhold his tender feelings."

“Haven't we seen enough of his feelings?”

She shook her head, “He needs to let them come to the surface and be easily awakened.”

She gave Judd several books with tragic ending to read. Instead of holding back the tears, he let them flow. I caught him crying over the most stupid things but Linda said the release was wonderful.

Linda would never let Judd do any masculine work such as fixing things or carrying large items. She even had ME take out the trash.

The outcome of all this influence was a foundation of fresh, radiant health and a joyful spirit. With sparkling eyes, radiant hair, and a fresh rosy complexion, Judd was enjoying the sparkle that good health brings to the face.

In her ninth month, Linda was weaker and more frail than ever. The headaches just got worse and Judd had to do all the house work. I felt guilty that he had no time for anything. Only his fun was his friend Doug would come over and they spent some time together.

Doug had also given up male clothes and was taking the same classes as Judd. Doug would bring over his doll and they would compare nursing schedules.

They spent many hours in Judd's room. They'd play games, try on clothes, do each other's hair and makeup.

When I suggested as to when Judd might get a job and move out of the house, mostly he just said, “Mom needs me now.”

That was true. His only diversion was go to the classes and therapy but he appeared happy and healthy. Linda said, “Maybe that is enough.”

For me the embarrassing part was over. Everyone close knew that my son was dressing like a girl. Because he looked so natural, few said anything. Even Alex once said, “Nature made a mistake, it's obvious that Judd was meant to be a girl. Is he going to have it cut off?”

“I don't know,” was my single response. “It's complex.”

Alex wouldn't let it rest, “It must have been awful small. His tits are getting bigger? How big are they going to get anyway?”

“I don't know, it's complex.”

“Does he want to go out with guys?”

“I don't know.”

Seeing me glare at him made him back away. He shook his head, “It's complex isn't it?”

Nine months. It seemed like both a day and a hundred years but we were ready. The baby's due date came and went.

A week later the doctor announce that he was going to induce labor because the baby was getting too big. He made us an appointment for the next week.

We never made it. The very next morning when I arrived at the office. My moronic secretary announced, “Your wife is at the hospital!”

“Why didn't you page me!” I yelled running out of the office.

“I didn't think about it...”

When I arrived at the hospital, I knew something was wrong. The delivery birthing room when I my wife was supposed to be was empty. I looked around for Judd

but remembered he had left for Doug's even before I left for work.

“Where is she?”

“OR#6,” the head nurse said, then ordered a nurse to show me where to scrub for surgery.

The nurse seemed in a real rush and I asked, “She needs a Cesarean?”

“Judd?” I said.

“Where are you guys?” Judd asked when I called. He was just home from Doug's.

“Hospital.”

“I'll be right there,” he bubbled.

“No. I'm coming home. Stay there.”

“Did mom have the baby?”

“Yes. I'll be right home.”

“And Mom?” he asked.

“Bad.”

“What?”

“It's very Bad.”

“What do you mean?”

“Bad.” was all I could choke out.

The next few weeks were a blur...a horrendous bewildering blur. Not the happy event Linda and I had planned for. There was the funeral, a new baby, well meaning relatives, new responsibilities.

It seemed that the headaches were NOT normal. Linda had a brain stroke. She went quickly and painlessly. Doctors were able to save the baby...an 8 pound, seven ounce baby boy.

Judd were both destroyed at our loss and I was overwhelmed by the gain. I picked up the baby the next day and for the first time realized what being a parent meant. This little needy bundle of “joy” was going to take 200% of my energy just to survive.

The baby cried and cried and cried and then cried some more. The relatives that showed up helped for a few days and then left.

It was just Judd and I trying to adjust to a new, most horrendous responsibility. I took several weeks off from work but knew I had to find help to raise my son.

Without Linda, he was all I had now. Oh, yeah, Judd. He was surprisingly strong. I expected him to break apart making this horrible time worse. Wrong. He was broken up and I hear him crying in his room alone but he made the best of it right from the beginning.

That first day after Linda died, Judd came out of his room in his male clothes. He looked funny but he announce, “With the relatives coming for the funeral, I don't want to be the center of attention.”

That wasn't all. From the very beginning, Judd had a way with the baby. When I couldn't handle the baby, he knew just what to do. Those classes in baby care were a stroke of luck.

He knew how to handle the baby, knew about formula, diaper changing, everything. It was like Dr. Spock was living in our house.

To form, the minute the last relative left, the effeminate boy turned back to his dresses. I commented, “I thought maybe you had given it up?”

“I really need it now,” he said cheerlessly. I knew it gave him comfort and I couldn't deny him anything that would help with our loss.

Adding to the help was Doug. He came over often and took care of my son. I must say, between the two of them, the house was never cleaner, the meals more tasty, and the baby more contented. I was learning more about family. Poor Doug was still having trouble with his father and enjoyed being at our house. Doug was becoming one of us. I couldn't help but treasure the sweet, girlish boy's unselfish support and awareness of my needs.

I never heard word one from my other “helpful” relatives.

I had to go back to work. Since Judd didn't have a job, he offered to stay home and take care of Christopher, my son. I didn't have a better choice but vowed to help Judd get his own life back soon.

It wasn't easy but a routine took over and life got easier.

I had time to play golf, and yes, Judd still wanted to be pretty.

He had a lot of responsibility in keeping the baby happy. He took over the post-birth clothes Linda had bought. Cute but functional outfits, lingerie and dresses.

I could tell he still was enjoying his little dress up games. At times he and Doug would spend hours doing their hair, make-up and dressing in frilly little dresses.

They amused themselves by being coquettish and charming. Other times they dressed in oversized sweats

and post maternity tops and demurely held a fussy baby with their hair a mess of tangles.

I had stopped judging and the boys talked openly around me about their feelings. They laughed at the way “other” boys acted and their awkward moves.

They were making a game of having their feminine bodies by ridiculing men...a way of disowning their sexuality maybe? “Ecch!” How gross?” was a favorite declaration.

Judd had moved up several years in his HormNormettes. He was now taking the 20N dosage. I think the “N” meant normal. Doug was taking 23N.

It wasn't physically hurting them. Their sparkling eyes, slightly flushed faces and above all their innocence. Both appeared to be ravishing young women but their frolicsome giggles gave away their unworldly development. Most boys this age were out poking maidens, feeling soft round boobies and enjoying virility. Not Doug and Judd.

Why not? Everything a boy would want was right there on their chests. Under their tight, thin sweaters, the nipples of their kinetic bosoms stuck out stiffly like tiny spouts. With knees always nipped tightly together, they tugged primly down on their short skirts...do they know how flirtatious that was...was it something they had learned or was it now a natural gesture?

The room addition interior had been done but the exterior was finally being finished. Alex and the workers watched Judd and Doug with a villainous eye. They knew they were boys but they looked like girls. Pretty faces, sparkling eyes, rosy cheeks, delicate complexions, dimples, and the obvious curves. Both boys

wore short skirts that displayed their lovely calves and smooth nyloned legs.

During the months after Linda's death, I buried myself in my work in a supreme effort to divert my mind from the strange lifestyle my son was leading.

As things worked out, my strategy worked on two fronts. First, I succeeded in blocking my thoughts from Linda how Judd was living, and second, my hard work paid off in a promotion, a raise, a larger office, and my own private secretary that I was to personally select.

While I was busy moving my things to my new office, one of the older executives stopped by and said, "No, no, no, my boy! You shouldn't be doing all the dirty work! Why isn't your secretary helping you?"

"I..I haven't hired one yet," I admitted.

"Then, do so immediately!" he exclaimed. "As an executive, you must learn that the first order of business when assuming a new position is to either bring your old secretary along or to hire another one! If you get a good one, she'll know how to arrange your office comfortably and efficiently, and she'll also share in the moving chores. Take it from someone who's been there many times, before you move or arrange another thing, call Personnel, and tell them to start sending them in!" With that, he slapped me on the back and strolled away laughing, "You'll learn my boy, you'll learn!"

His advice made sense, and within the hour, I was interviewing my first secretarial applicant. As I interviewed my last applicant, I was becoming kind of jaded, and I paid little attention to her resume.

None were very good and didn't really want to be secretaries...they wanted to be president of the company! Making coffee was "asking too much."

On top of everything else, they were all homely.

At dinner that night, I commented to the boys about my day and the lack of approachable and cooperative secretarial help.

"Hire a guy!" Judd said, "Women don't do that kind of work anymore."

"I would if he didn't feel filing was under him."

The next morning I saw more of the same. "All the good girls are taken," one executive said to me.

After lunch, I was determined to find just the right girl. I saw her coming. She walked through the file area with confidence. Upon her entrance, I saw that not only was she much younger than the others, she was a knockout! Since my Linda's death, I had been without female companionship, looked forward to having someone at least bearable to look at!

She wore an attractive business suit with a straight mid thigh length white skirt, frilly blouse, navy blazer, and dark blue pumps with three inch heels. Her golden blonde hair was pulled up and back in a professional manner, her light makeup was appropriate for office wear, and her red lips perfectly matched her long stylish fingernails.

The gold hoops that dangled from her pierced ears enhanced her beauty and reflected light with her every movement almost to the point of being hypnotic.

I saw a few of the other executives come out of their office to look.

It was Doug!

“What the...” I muttered as he sat opposite me and crossed those long slender nylon covered legs, I was awestruck!

“I'm applying for the job!” she whispered upon observing my agitation for a few moments.

Looking him over carefully once again, I answered, “Here, with me?”

Then, looking down at the resume I held in my hands, I saw the name Dedee Reynolds, and I stammered, “Dedee Reynolds???”

“Yes! I had it changed,” he insisted while adjusting his short skirt. “I'm legally ‘Dedee’ now, and you know I dress full time as a woman. What you don't know is that I've completed secretarial school, and I have four months experience working at the Camp's office. I'm fully qualified for the position as your secretary, and I'll do a good job.”

I whispered, “Gee, I can't. I know you...and.”

He begged, “Please give me a chance to prove myself. What better place to get it than from someone who knows about me? Besides, personnel sent me here...they tested my skills and promised me a job somewhere! I'm going to be working here! One way or the other.”

“What if someone finds out?” I asked, stalling for time to collect my thoughts.

“I never knew you before!” he said with confidence. “I promise they won't find out! You know I'd be the perfect secretary, I'm very organized!”

I knew that and I took a deep breath. Doug had helped me more than anyone except Judd. I looked out

my door and one executive flashed me the “thumbs up” sign.

It made me comprehend something I'd been denying. With the help of the HormNormettes, Doug had developed a very feminine figure and had become an extremely attractive young lady.

So, I had made my decision! “If I give you the job,” I asked out loud, changing the subject away from qualifications, “when could you start?”

“Oh, right away!” he exclaimed excitedly. “Tomorrow...today...now!”

So, that was it. I hired a boy who wore dresses as my secretary!

Over the next few months, as promised, Doug made an excellent secretary and girl Friday. Unlike most modern secretaries, he never complained when I asked him to bring me a cup of coffee, and on top of that, he fixed it precisely the way I liked it and with a smile!

He was very happy and I was grateful I could repay him for the help at home that he continued to do. He had a little placard on his desk that said, “ALWAYS WITH A SMILE!”

As a result of Doug's excellent help, my work drew raves from the higher-ups who said I was on the fast track for advancement.

“I don't see how you keep your mind on business with a secretary like Dedee,” my immediate supervisor teasingly commented one day. “She's the sexiest thing in the division, and you must be keeping her satisfied because no one else can get to first base with her. Don't tell anyone, the president inquired if she'd work for

him...she turned him and a raise.” He shook his head, and said, “You really know how to pick em. Beautiful and LOYAL!”

Obviously he was wrong about the implied romance between Doug and myself. I knew something none of the other jocks knew! My beautiful secretary wasn't the lovely girl she appeared to be.

Still, he did have a way of crossing his legs and allowing his skirt to accidentally creep up when no one else could see. He also would often bend across my desk to point out something or the other and give me a close up view of his fully developed feminine breasts.

I began to think of him as a woman. Considering my lack of recent sexual fulfillment, one might imagine my difficulty remembering that this alluring feminine creature was in reality a boy!

One night, We were working late and searching through a file archives together. There wasn't much room and I got a whiff of Doug's perfume. He moved suddenly and backed full body against me.

“Sorry,” he said, his eye lashes fluttering.

“I'm not,” I whispered putting my hands around his small waist to get by in the cramped quarters.

“Really?” he said, looking up into my eyes.

I stopped, still improperly close. I whispered, “You smell so good, I could almost forget...”

He looked up into my eyes and breathed, “I've forgot, I wish you could?”

Instinctively, I bent down and kissed him on forehead then as he looked up...

“Ohhhhh,” Doug purred as our lips met. “Over the past months, I've watched you exercise your authority,

give commands, and demand action from others. You're so strong and masculine...something I never was.”

“To hell with this work! It'll wait until tomorrow!” I exclaimed as the sexual abstinence took its toll, and my male instincts took over. “Let's go to dinner.”

“I thought you'd never ask!” Doug uttered. “Let's go!”

Dinner was quick, touchy and I responded to what I was seeing and feeling. We also had a frank discussion about what Doug wanted out of life.

It hasn't been easy,” he said, casually running his hands over his hips. “but my figure has come along nicely.”

I asked, “Do all the boys at the Camp grow breasts like yours?”

“Oh no,” Doug said looking at me like I was stupid. “One has to be committed! It takes proper exercise, massage and medicines.” He blushed as he boasted, “Mine are now as pretty as any young lady could ask for.”

“What if you change your mind...and want to be a boy again?”

He looked down and said, “I have a girl's bosom and figure for life now. I can't just take them off like a pair of my mother's high heels.”

I drove him home and he showed me his place. It was you would expect...for a girl! Lots of lace and everything in its place.

We ended up in his bedroom. He began to tickle me and we wrestled playfully falling into his bed. I rolled

over and pinned Doug's hands up over his head. The points of his nipples became erect and goose bumps covered his torso.

"Let me go," he said batting his eyes in a flirting gesture.

"You aren't very strong."

"I never was."

He struggled as I rolled over on top of him, straddling his hips while still holding his hands over his head. "What if some guy didn't want to take no for an answer? In your weakened condition, you couldn't fight him off very well."

"I know," he answered. "I'd have to negotiate...like any girl." He winced and bit his lip, a crimson flushing flowed over his face at his admission.

"Are you ready to negotiate?" I asked, looking him right in the eyes. I thought I might be scaring him so I backed down and asked, "All kidding aside, most men would expect you to do what girls do!"

"I know. They teach us all about THAT at the Camp...only I've never tried anything."

I loosened my grip, but he made no move to leave my restraint. His skirt had risen to his waist, and I could see that his thighs were finely developed like a girls...soft and white! His eyes fluttered as he writhed and twisted in a most lascivious manner and rolled over on his stomach and squirmed his big, soft girlish bottom in a suggestive way.

"What a tease," I smiled and grabbed him. "Isn't it your birthday?"

Sensing what I was about to do, he struggled delightfully and playfully to get away, but I held him tightly and easily pulled him across my lap.

“Please don't spank me,” he pleaded. I'll be a good girl!”

“Good or Bad...I missed your birthday.”

Be gentle...please be gentle!” He was begging now!

The noise of the spanks on his flimsy skirt seemed to give me delight. “FOUR! FIVE! SIX! How old are you?”

He winced again, and went limp on my lap. “Ohh...I'm nine!” he suggested.

“Oh no, you don't,” I corrected playfully. “You're twenty something! SEVEN! (SLAP) EIGHT! (SLAP) NINE! (SLAP)...”

“Ahhhh,” he moaned. “Please! No more! I can't stand it!”

His skirt had risen higher and I found myself pushing it to his waist and spanking his panties...smooth pink nylon panties that snugly fit his beautifully rounded hips that tapered downward into a femininely flat genitalia.

I was spanking firmly but in a gentle manner, and he ceased to struggle as my actions seemed to release some kind of internal bliss. In my horny state, his squirming movements stirred me into a state of heightened excitement.



All I saw was sumptuous hips and the delicious coolness of feminine lingerie. I felt his responsive bosom squeezed against my legs.

Those of you who are “judging me” now only have to remember that all I was feeling and seeing was femininity. I saw no boy and he didn't want to be one.

His breasts were jiggling, and his nipples were at a high state of arousal as they rose and fell under my bouncy handling. “TWENTY-TWO, and a pinch to grow and inch!”

“Ohhh,” he sighed breathlessly, not moving a muscle.

The shape of his legs and thighs kept me entranced as I gazed at the extreme feminine loveliness. I was excited by what I saw.

Doug had a half bewildered look on his face as he realized my state. “Oh my,” he smiled as he brushed through his hair which hung down over his face and turned over but stayed on my lap. So highly were my passions aroused it was obvious what was between us. He laid back in such a way that my hand brushed his bosom then crept up caressing the womanly flesh. He moaned softly and whispered, “I'd love to have your baby.”

“That's impossible,” I groaned with frustration.

“We could try...”

My hand went under his lacy bra and found his snowy breast and strawberry tipped, erect nipple. The sweet little creature was so passively tantalizing. We kissed, tender turning into passionate. His lips opened inviting my probing tongue. I whispered, “We shouldn't, I could hurt you.”

“I'm not frightened,” he said panting. Please, make love to me!”

Before I knew it, I had him in a position to “make a baby” but I was so amorous and his virgin grotto so lusciously tight and small that it wouldn't work.

After two or three tries, each of which failed, he breathlessly whined, “Please don't stop trying! I want your baby!”



He took my maleness between his lips and wet it smoothly. I was in heaven. He rolled over on his back, pulling me on to him. I know I'm woman enough! I want you! I have to have you!"

I was responding to want I saw and felt and had turned off my brain.

His smooth calves were up around my neck and his full round, soft hips wiggled invitation. He bit at his lips and his eyes rolled as I pressed forward instinctively.

The pain of the invasion seemed almost too much for him. "Oh gawd," he gasp as I entered a heady portion. His eyes rolled, and he nibbled on his bottom lip. I didn't want to hurt him, but to my surprise, he made a sudden downward plunge of his body, which made him whimper in pain, but we were half way there.

I was about to call it all off when he gurgled, "Never mind me...I want all of you...now!" He braced himself, clenching his teeth firmly, his long gleaming eyelashes fluttering.

Shutting his eyes, he whispered, "I need this!"

I raised myself a little and came down with all my force. I was so well planted that the plunge completed my possession of his ample soft bottom.

He squealed as he was impaled to the root of my lance, then almost swooned, awaking with a sigh.

I impulsively confided, “You feel so good!”

He opened his eyes, smiled, and purred, “REALLY? I'm so happy that I can please you!”

The pressure was delightful, the warmth magnificent and the consequence without comparison. I commenced to move slowly out as I felt the feminine creature move downward. I plunged up to the hilt again and again he almost fainted from emotion. The lovely effeminate Doug was responding to my thrusts, moving his bottom a little to meet each insertion. I picked up the pace slowly and was soon hedonistically taking his maidenly bottom.

“I want to make babies...I'd love making babies with you!” he moaned as I was making my one last lunge forward, gasping, then filled his innermost parts with a shower of boiling, pearly essence.

“That's IT!” he moaned feeling the heat of the burning solution I was injecting. “THAT'S IT! I feel it. It's in me...I feel it!”

As my ‘love reservoir’ percolated, his juices and mine, I realized I had dissolved what ever was left of the ‘Reynold's boy’.

I had lost my inhibitions and hedonistically directed my torrid frustrations toward this demasculated being.

Love making was now proclaimed the order of the night. With the extraordinary lubricity aroused in his belly, by morning what was difficult, was now wanton.

Placing himself in the most suggestive positions, we mated and mated and mated to the point that I became hooked on this darling feminine creature. My passion frightened me...seeming so unnatural...yet neither of us could get enough.

After that night of passion, he spent many nights in my arms...in his bed. We were like rabbits, and less than a week later, he moved in with me. Judd didn't know what was happening between us except that we worked late and Doug was moving in "to save money and to help with the baby." We made it be Judd's idea.

Doug took the new bedroom off the master suite. Most nights, Doug came into the bedroom wearing a sexy little nightgown, pulled back the covers, and snuggled against me saying, "Brrr, it's cold!"

As he squirmed his hips against mine, I asked, "Do you think Judd will turn out like you?"

"You mean will some man make a woman out of him like you have me?"

"Yeah," I answered, blushing at his sassy manner. He had me hooked.

Doug shook his head. "First of all, you should accustom yourself to calling him Judy, and second, maybe some man will deflower him, but don't count on it," my bedmate purred. "It's true that he does look like a very sexy woman, but that doesn't mean that he'll enjoy men. In fact most crossdressers like women."

"Judd?" I said. "He's very feminine and the HormNormettes have...well, I just hope he'll find someone understands him and loves him for who he

is...not what he wears! But why would a woman want a man who wears dresses?”

“Believe me, there's a lot you don't understand,” Doug laughed. “The Camp has a long list of women who prefer their men to be soft, feminine, and devoted instead of macho, abusive, and unfaithful.”

Boy, did I ever have a lot to learn!

That was the beginning of an affair between Doug and I. Between my drought of intimacy and Doug venture into a new sexuality, we were rabbits. Judd, of course, did not know but he probably wondered why we sent him to the store so often...we wanted him out of the house.

He had to wonder why I wanted him to go to many of the Camp's weekend seminars and Doug didn't want to because weekend office work.

Yes, Judd and Doug weren't as close. I'm sure he must have noticed it but we were all busy.

“What should I do about Judd?” I asked Doug. “Is there any chance he could be a boy again?”

Doug didn't even answer. I knew the answer. Judd made a stunningly beautiful girl. The Hormnormettes had done their job well. His breasts had developed to the point that when he wore a lowcut, tight sweater men would walk into walls.

The “N” on his HormNormettes meant nursing! Thus explained the mysterious disappearance of the baby's allergies to formulas. Doug had helped for a while as Judd's hormones and HormNormettes worked to make enough milk to support the baby.

His breasts had fullled in and a milk duct work had replaced the glandular tissue. The effects of nursing weren't going to go away.

“He's a girl now, isn't he?”

Doug nodded. “I don't know when it happened to me but I know it will happen to Judd. When you've learned everything about being a girl AND the HormNormette's go to work, you wake up one day and feel like you've always been a girl. My maleness was withered yet the rest of my body was tingling from excitement.”

He went on, “Suddenly, I liked the way I looked in a tight dress. My full buttocks had grown and just the slightest wiggle could make men swoon. Now I understand why...and I like it. You aren't comfortable having guys with the HOTS for your son, are you?”

I shook my head.

“As his father, you need to let him know he's attractive as a female.”

“Attractive?”

“Desirable. If he doesn't get that from you, he'll find it with the first slug that comes along.”

“What should I do?”

“I'll let you know.” Doug smiled.

We were doing our best to keep our relationship from Judd. I didn't want to admit that I couldn't get enough of the feminine creature that wiggle into my bed nightly. I'm surprised that Judd didn't notice the feminizing effect of a nightly lay on Doug.

One night while I was fooling around with Doug, I asked again, “What can I do for Judd?”

I looked down into Doug's eyes. He was thoroughly enjoying being fill with my essence. He whispered, "Lets get him laid!"

The next time I was alone with Judd, I asked, "Any of the workers...or Alex ever asked you out?"

"DAD?!?!"

"No, I'm serious," I said, "You've become a stunning beauty...you must see them looking."

"REALLY," he said standing up to look in the mirror. "You think I'm a pretty girl?"

"A very appealing young lady."

A broad deep smile came to his lips. He admitted, "One of the workers has hinted that we go out but I thought you'd hit the roof. If they ask...should I go?"

"If you want," was all that was necessary but I added, "I guess we can't keep a pretty girl like you away from the boys forever."

He smiled, a smile that made me feel wonderful. I owed him so much.

Doug told me, "He'll love it! It's the right thing to do. He's got to grow up sometime."

Okay. I was allowing Judd to go out with Alex. I just didn't know if I was doing the right thing by buying him a cute, little dress.

Doug held the dress up to himself and said, "I'm going to help Judd get dressed for his date," Doug said in a very syrupy sounding tone. "This is the perfect little dress...I know what he needs."

I looked at the, very dainty, 'little girl's' dress feeling somewhat confused. A short time ago I didn't want

Judd to be seen wearing one of these sissy things and now, I was about to buy him a sweet dress so he's be desirable.

“What's happening to me”??? I wondered.

“What a pretty dress...I'd love to have you take me in this dress!” Doug cooed as he examined the delightfully feminine little garment. “It's just perfect for such an important date! You simply must get it for him!”

Doug was holding the frilly garment up against him. It was short, little girl short, in yellow silk, with delicate satin shoulder straps and an edging of tiny yellow ruffles surrounding the bodice top. The single layer of lined silk fell in an “A” line shape, flowing outward from the high satin ribbon “Empire” waistline which was decorated with an accompanying pretty yellow bow in the center. Along with the dress came a flowing frilly slip that held it's “A” line shape through the use of several ruffled ribs sewn vertically under the silky fabric.

“It looks like a little girl's dress,” I said.

“Trust me,” Doug winked, “Judd will like wearing it and it'll get him in the mood.”

“Ohhh,” I groaned. The mood?

Doug had insisted I watch as he worked on Judd's hair. “How could a boy possibly look like THIS???” he said gesturing at Judd. “Just look how dainty and feminine he is. Tell me, should he have any guilt about going out with Alex?”

“I shouldn't have said anything,” I thought. I guess I had said something that made Judd uneasy. “I'll go watch TV,” I said weakly, hoping to get out of there.

“No! You just stay here. Pull that chair over here and you can watch. Maybe if you see what we do to Judd's hair, you can point out if you see any BOYISH charm showing.”

“I haven't seen any boy for quite a while...I'm sure Alex will be pleased.”

Doug combed up a lock of Judd's hair, clamped the curling iron around it. Judd asked sweetly. “Do you really think it's okay that I go out with Alex.

“Do you feel girlish around him,” I asked.

He nodded and added, “Alex makes me feel funny inside when he looks at me. I feel so foolish in my skimpy girl's things.”

Judd looked at me as Doug said, “We'll show Alex. We'll fix your hair up...full of pretty, pretty ringlets, and then we'll pin a few bows into your curls. That should show Alex that you belong in a dress and are ready to date a BOY, do you agree?”

Judd blushed, Doug waited for his reply.

Judd hesitated as he wondered how to answer. He could see that I looked uncomfortable. A boy doesn't even want to be around his father he's having his hair curled. Hair curling is such a totally unmanly, girlish, and feminine ritual, no boy, wants his father to watch it.

At the same time, Doug was thinking the same thing. Doug knew that Judd would probably feel squeamish while I watched but had a purpose in mind.

“Good,” Doug mused. “As I sat there listening to the narration of what Doug was going to do to make Judd the most attractive girl Alex had ever seen, I felt my stomach turning.

Most boys absolutely hated and despised curling irons, but not Judd and Doug.

The curling process which lasted a half hour, seemed to take forever. I could see Doug turning Judd's hair into a sweet and dainty girlish style.

Worse yet, I had to sit there smiling, pretending to enjoy Judd's preparations. When his hair was finally "curled" it wasn't over. Doug still had more in mind.

Doug began pinning ribbons into the boy's hair. Finally, he stood him up and primped at his hair.

"How adorable," Doug sighed. I just shook my head.

"Hold out your arms dear so I can put it on you," Doug told Judd. The outfit was a "surprise" and I was fidgety to say the least.

Judd agreed, slipping out of a negligee, keeping his back to me...only Doug could see his chest. I turned my head.

While slipping the dainty bra around my son's chest, Doug called out to me, "NO PEEKING." I blushed.

Judd could see Doug going through the bags in the mirror, so by the time he came back with the panties Judd had already got a good idea at what he would be wearing.

The sight of the panties made my stomach churn, and even Judd let out a quiet moan. These were little girl panties, yellow, just like his bra, with rows of little rumba ruffles running across the backside, and around the leg openings. Above each leg were satin bows, and lace embroidery.

Judd should have noticed earlier, when Doug made the "He looks younger already," comment about his curly hairdo that something was up...something was different.

But obviously, he was still too innocent. It was only now, after putting on “little girls panties”, and a matching frilly brassiere, and looking at his Shirley Temple hairdo that Judd realized something odd was happening.

“You can turn around now dear,” Doug said sweetly as he fluffed up the ruffles on Judd's panties. “You're dressed enough to let your father see you”.

When he turned around he saw me smiling as we looked him over. “That is such an adorable bra,” Doug said, adding, “Your father knows how to pick such pretty, pretty things.”

“Dad picked these out?” Judd asked wide-eyed.

“Everything...the whole outfit!” Doug was already holding Judd's stockings.

“Doug helped but I want you to feel pretty,” I mumbled not wanting to participate much.

“Here honey,” Doug said, “Sit down and let me put these on for you”.

The palest white nylons, with lace trimming around the top were slipped on Judd's smooth legs. Then yellow high heeled pumps. Little by little Judd was looking younger and younger.

As soon as his shoes were on Doug was ready. “Arms up Judd, lets put your pretty slip on.”

Judd was almost eager to put on the slip, if nothing else than to cover up the sissy ruffled panties and matching sissy brassiere. I could tell the look on my face was making him feel self-conscious.

He lifted his arms obediently and allowed Doug to ease the dainty slip over his head. He felt the cool silky

fabric caress his body as it glided into position, giving him goose bumps.

I was dealt another surprise, and now I really felt self-conscious watching my son being sissy 'sweetened up' for his date with a man.

The slip, was so extremely short, it left part of his panties visible. The pretty ruffles around his legs and at least one row of ruffles on his backside could be seen. He was just about to complain, but Doug stepped forward and started to fuss with his shoulder straps.

"Shhh," Doug whispered, "They won't show in the dress...if you're careful."

Judd felt relieved and offered a smile towards his friend. Judd's attention had been diverted from worrying about having me see his panties, because Doug was walking towards him with his lovely new dress. Doug took hold of the dress and eased it carefully over Judd's head, watching out for his hair and makeup as they did.

As Doug buttoned up the back of Judd's dress tugging lightly on his skirt, getting it to settle properly over the slip.

"I look like a little girl...shouldn't I be more womanly?" Judd pondered with concern.

As he was about to voice another complaint when Doug said, "Hold still dear", as he covered Judd's lips with a bright shade of red lipstick. "Little girls don't wear a lot of makeup, so I'll just put some darker lipstick and rouge on you. This way you will look older...trust me he'll like it." I had heard that before.

This was definitely styled like a teenybopper's dress, a little girl's party dress to be more specific. It had to

make Judd feel just like a little girl wearing it. Judd bit his bottom lip as he looked at himself in the mirror.

The dress was nylon, yellow nylon, and one sheer layer of yellow nylon. That by its self was awful, but worse, when Judd bent over at all, his dainty slip was charmingly exposed. All the girlishly dainty accents were in full view right through the sheer fabric. The dress had the latest 60's revival look...sort of hippyish but really more girly.

It was of an "Empire" design, meaning high waist, just like his slip, and the skirt was also like his slip, an "A" line styling. And it was short, only an inch or two longer than the slip itself. It barely hid any portion of his slip's ruffled hem. It was like the juvenile style preferred by mother's who liked to show off their little darlings pretty lingerie...which if Judd wasn't careful with its skirt, WOULD!

Doug finished buttoning the back of the dress and turned his attention towards Judd's short poufed sleeves, fluffing them up, pulling them down, adjusting the nylon bows. "You look so pretty sweetheart. Isn't it fun dressing up...being a little girl? Don't you feel cute?"

Judd looked at the little girl image that reflected in the mirror. The outfit while girlish was very stylish. The evening makeup gave it that vogue, trend appearance. At first glance you weren't sure whether this was a girl with heavy makeup trying to look like a woman or a woman looking girlish. There was NO boy showing at all.

Not waiting for an answer from the embarrassed boy, Doug handed him a dainty yellow purse to carry, and finally sprayed a touch of rosy perfume.

“Turn around! Show us how you look dear,” Doug asked sweetly.

I felt sick to my stomach. I knew that it was long past the point where I should have been complaining. All I could do now was to go along with the program.

Suffering from a case of consciousness and incertitude over the way he was dressed, Judd walked with his eyes looking down. “Doug,” he asked, his dark pink lips gracefully curved, “Are you sure this dress doesn't look too silly?”

“NAW!” Doug answered. “Alex is taking you to a fancy dress dance. It's almost like a prom, you can't wear a plain dress...you have to be spiffed up and stylish...all Alex's friends will be there. Look at your VOGUE magazine?” On the cover was a girl in a comparable dress.

Alex was right on time. As they readied to leave for the dance, I watched Judd's pale honey-hued hair bounce in a mass of tight ringlets cascade over his shoulders and down his back. The dress's neckline and high waist, cupped Judd's bosom most enchantingly.

If there was any question in Alex's mind about taking Judd to a dance, his eyes told all. They swept downward to where the delicate nylon and silk dress molded itself to the full curves of Judd's bosom. The soft, yellow peaks strained against the gossamer thinness of the fabric, making Alex aware of his womanliness.

I wasn't sure I was doing right...by Judd, by his mother and even for myself. I was confused yet no one around me was? Triggered by a few little pills, Judd's

mammary ducts had enlarged, his hips widened creating that distinctly female soft flesh instead of the muscle, trim mass associated with young men. Judd had been treating his body like a girls, Alex had been attracted to his figure and even I was now involved with a 'hormonal' woman. Were genetics so easy to ignore?

At the dance, Judd's developed bosom would be tightly squeezed against Alex's robust chest as they danced. As the music would play, Judd's rotund hips would sway against his Alex's loins creating a flush to both their cheeks.

As they walked to the car, Judd's "A" line skirt swung up and back with each mincing step he took. His slip and ruffled panties would most likely show with any spirited dancing.

"Do you think this dress is too short Dad!" Judd exclaimed as he tried to adjust his skirt and sit modestly without exposing his slip or especially his panties! "Alex might see my panties."

I smiled and said, "Do your best, dear, but if Alex sees a flash, it's okay...it's the style and shows Alex how feminine you are."

Doug just smiled at me. He knew "WHY" girls wore fancy, frilly panties, and that's why Judd had to wear them too. Secretly, Doug took my hand and placed it on his rounded bottom. I felt the ruffles nudging under his short flaring skirt. I had bought Doug a similar 'girlish' dress with matching frilly panties. The thought of taking him out to dinner in such an outfit was intriguing.

Alex was right on time. The expression on Judd's face was one of apprehension. He knew what dating a male really meant.

Alex was his amiable self and Judd relaxed. I noticed that Doug cast a sly glance toward Alex but it was Judd who was the most coy. He gently pushed aside a long curl and moistened his lips with the tip of his tongue.

“You look wonderful!” Alex announced.

A big smile came to Judd's red lips, his cheeks flushed. Captivation then quickly turned to a giggle. He leaned down to get his purse and the dress revealed a bit too much cleavage for my tastes.

I watched as Alex walked Judd to the sparkling clean truck and his hand went to Judd's waist...a caress...a delicate pleasure, almost a tickle.

Judd was radiant. He looked so small and helpless against Alex's brawny frame. His curls tumbled about his shoulders, his thin, little dress barely covered his bottom. His soft thighs and his long legs were a delight to behold as his short skirt fluttered like angel wings.

Somehow all this had Doug and I excited. We were quickly in bed. I asked, “Do you think Alex will get any tonight?”

“I don't know...depends how he treats Judd.”

Doug laid back and assuming his girlish position. The only evidence of what was happening was Doug's sharp little cry as I broke through. I held Doug firmly down, his head back, experiencing my seduction. Doug's subdued cries of pleasure were real.

I was sure my big weapon couldn't be comfortable but I had won my way and wasn't about to stop now. I began to feed my ordnance in a slow but foreboding fashion.

Doug struggled a bit but his faint efforts were useless against me when I was having his way.

Doug moaned, “They make a handsome couple, eh?”

“I saw you looking at Alex,” I gasp, “Are you jealous?”

“You are ALL I need,” he flinched as I picked up the pace.

I thought of Judd and wondered if he could handle the manly Alex. I could tell Judd's senses were confused by what he was doing. Dressing up was one thing but being the focus of a man's attention would bring up strange emotions.

I whispered, “You're such a pretty girl, I love you.”

Doug about swooned at my words. Flushed with excitement, Doug's snow-white bosom heaved with each thrust against his plump girlish buttocks and thighs. I increased my thrusts solidly and firmly until it caused Doug to cry out.

“I want to marry you?” I moaned.

“Oh YES!” Doug gasp as I appeared to grow with each move, tearing at virginal defenses. Passion flashed from Doug's eyes and took over his frenzy.

Doug realized what was about to happen. Ready or not he was taking it like a good wife and again whimpered, “OH YES!”

Concentrating my energies for my final throw, I grit my teeth and lunged upward as I held Doug's hips firmly down. “Ahhhhh,” I wailed as I drove my passion home,

causing Doug to make little jerks as surge after surge of hot pearly male essence boiled into him.

“OH, I'd love to be your wife!” Doug explained, his hands went instinctively to his belly like he could feel the warmth.

It was over!

Work was sure different. I couldn't take my eyes off Doug as he moved about my office doing my drudgery. His long, nyloned legs tapered up to his round, soft buttocks covered with panties and a little skirt.

Doug would say, “What can I do for you now, sir?” and run his manicured hands over his rounded belly and hips.

Our relationship had given Doug a new confidence in his girlish attractiveness. He certainly was woman enough to keep me happy and contented.

Sometimes we talked about the Camp and the other boys. I was beginning to understand more. I was even intrigued by Doug, Judd and the other's motivations.

Enough about them! All this talk has made me horny...make love to me!” Dedee demanded in a soft sexy voice.

It wasn't only my guilt and the stigma of this unfamiliar relationship that I had to cope with...

“Now don't make a scene,” Doug cautioned as we entered his parents home for our inevitable first meeting since we became lovers. “I'm sure everything will work out fine if you just remain cool and collected like you do when you're under fire at work.”

I moaned. I didn't want to do this but Doug needed his mother's approval. Doug said, "Don't worry. From previous meetings, you know Mom is kind of eccentric, so just keep that in mind."

"Okay, okay!" I promised raising my hands in resignation. "I'm not looking forward to seeing your father!"

"Neither am I," Dedee giggled while fluffing out his skirt and checking his appearance. "But I can't wait to see his face!"

Inside the house, we found Dedee's mom in an easy chair in the den relaxing with a drink and reading the newspaper with her feet up. She appeared very comfortable in her grey slacks, mannishly cut open neck blouse, and flats. Her hair was 'up', and she wore little or no makeup. "How is Judy these days?" she asked after Doug introduced me as his boss and Judy's stepfather.

"I..I don't see or hear from him very much these days," she admitted.

"He very busy with the baby." I said.

"I was so sorry to hear about Linda...lucky you have Judy."

"And Dedee was a big help!" I couldn't help but add.

She stared at me and said, "My husband said you hated Judd dressing up and yet, you're having a love affair with my son who does the same thing...only to a greater extent. That's hypocritical at worst and inconsistent at best!" she rebuked.

"Maybe so, but I accept your son," I answered defensively.

Before she could continue her criticism, her husband walked into the room!

There before me stood this man...this Reynolds...who had been so dead set against his son wearing girl's clothes.

Now his son was wearing a dress I had bought for him. A sleeveless lavender A-line style dress with a fitted bodice, that clearly outlined a soft, full bosom, and a short skirt that revealed smooth nylon covered legs. His feet were encased in purple three-inch pumps.

“Wh..what's going on here?” Reynolds stammered as my face turned the shade of Doug's bright red lipstick and fingernails. “I thought you were against all this feminine stuff, and now you're using my son as your mistress! What gives?”

“Go ahead and tell him dear,” Doug prodded when I was hesitant to answer.

I stuttered, “I'm involved with your son, and you have a right to know.”

“Involved?” Reynolds spat. “He's a girl to you, right?”

I nodded as Doug hung on to my arm and said, “Daddy, he makes me feel good...I want to be his wife.”

Reynolds was suddenly silent. His face turned red and I thought he'd blow! “Wife?” he bellowed.

“WIFE!” Doug said confidently turning to me. “I'll make a good wife, won't I?”

I nodded as Reynolds grabbed his coat and stormed out of the house with the last words, “I'm never coming back!”

Doug's mother said calmly, “Let's have dinner and you two can stay here tonight...in Doug's old room.”

“That's a wonderful idea Mother!” Doug exclaimed before I could come up with an excuse to refuse. I kept looking at the door and felt somewhat uncomfortable that I had torn this family apart.

Mrs. Reynolds saw me and smiled, “Honey, don't you worry about him...Doug and I have been trying to get rid of him for years! I think he's finally gone and we can have some peace!”

Doug nodded, “He's always been in the way. Mom, can we stay over?”

“Sure!” Mrs. Reynolds declared happily. “I'll help you re-make the bed in your old room.”

“Sounds great, Mom!” Doug confirmed happily.

The trauma was complete. The experiences and ordeal of the last years had its crescendo. Life, death, birth, became re-birth, awaking, and elation. CONFLICT and FEAR had become LOVE and RESPECT. Growth was going to continue...but on a different plane...a higher more heavenly one.

If my son Christopher should come to me one day and have any feminine inclinations, I now know what to do...KILL HIM!

THE END

If you liked this story and would like to see a sequel, write to me!

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**DEAR EDITOR**

I have been an avid bodybuilder for five years. I have an unusual body-building tip to share with your readers!

Since the beginning I have had difficulty adding shape and definition to my calves. My wife, on the other hand, has gorgeous calves. One day she told me why: she wears high heels almost continuously. About two years ago I returned home from work to find my wife grinning. . .and a package from a well-known women's mail-order house addressed to me. Inside was a pair of black pumps with 5-inch heels in my size. Needless to say, I was surprised.

To make my story short, I have seen great results! I wear my heels around the house, on average about an hour a day, especially after have done my calf workout. The idea of high heels for men to produce shapely calves may seem pretty far out, but I can attest to the fact that it enhances appearance of legs.

My wife and I (pictured above) have been working out together ever since. There are several other items she has added to my workout routine. Not all her secrets have worked as well as high heels but the brassiere has worked wonderfully for my pectoral muscles!

EDITOR: No surprise here. Bodybuilders have known the “high heel secret” for many years, even though they don't like to talk about it much. Not all the guys do this because it's hard to find heels big enough to fit. But those who can, we recommend black patent leather stiletto-heeled pumps. The higher the better. Goes to show that not all athletic's sprained ankles are caused by football! P.S. The brassiere is a new revelation. . .I'll pass it around.

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