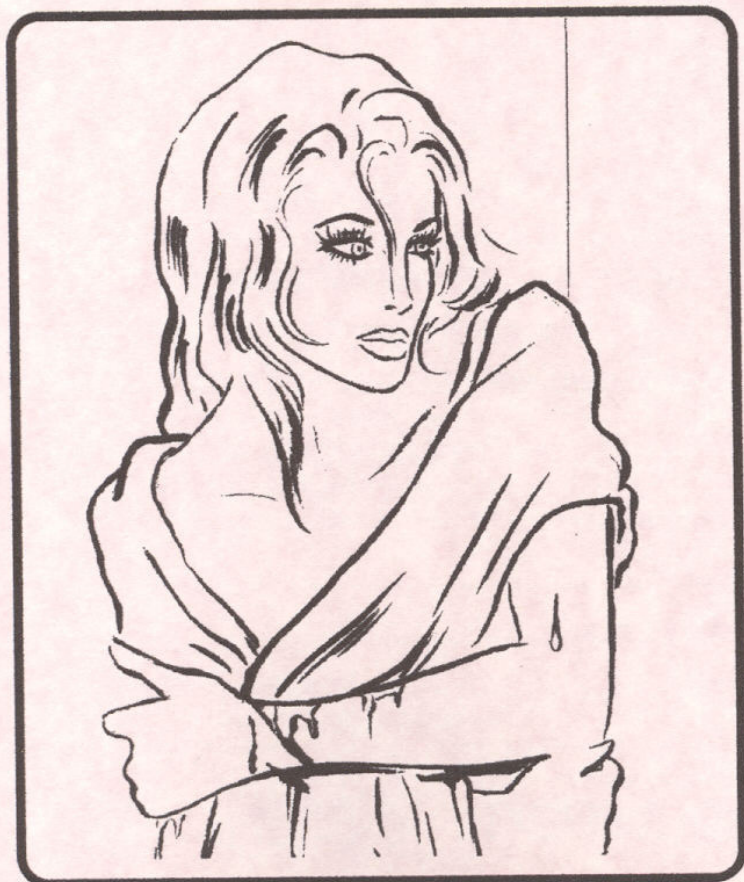


CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

Volume #15

"HIS FIRST DRESS"

A Day He'll Never Forget!



A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION

**CONTEMPORARY
TV FICTION**

Volume #15

HIS FIRST DRESS

By ANNE BLACKWOOD

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HIS FIRST DRESS



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**"TWO THINGS HAVE NO LIMITS. . .FEMININITY AND
THE MEANS TO USE IT"**

From the movie, LA FEMME NIKITA

HIS FIRST DRESS

BY

Anne Blackwood

"T.S., Elliot! You're the girl and *I'm* the husband!" Elliot cowered beneath the glare from the baleful eyes of Billie Jo Thornton. Billie always got her way when they played. Well, she was half a head taller, but at that age it wasn't unusual, and Elliot was a bit on the puny side. Still, Elliot liked Billie, and not just because she was the only kid his age in the neighborhood. He couldn't exactly say why, but he always felt safe around her.

"Why can't I be the husband this time?" he asked meekly, "After all I *am* a boy."

"Some boy you are!" Billie replied with a snort, "You run like a girl."

"I ..." Elliot stopped his protest because, well, she was right, he did run like a girl and he couldn't throw a ball any better than that cute Rita Heistakt who lived on the other side of the school. He kind of liked Rita, but not the way he liked Billie Jo. He couldn't explain that either.

"You gotta run with your whole leg, not just from the knee down!"

"I know," Elliot sat down on a log and put his face in his hands, "And I should throw from the shoulder, not the elbow." Elliot looked down at the earth just past his shoes. "I just ... You're right, you're better at being a boy than me, dang it."

"You can't even cuss right." Billie sat down next to her friend and put her arm around his shoulders. "That's all right, I like you anyway."

"Why can't I play the husband sometimes?"

Billie replied, "'Cause I'm taller, it would look funny if the wife was taller than the husband, wouldn't it?"

"I guess so," Elliot replied dolefully.

"Tell you what, when you get taller than me you can be the husband."

Elliot never did get to be taller than Billie Jo. Matter of fact, hardly any boys grew up to be taller than Billie Jo who grew to be six feet one inch tall. Elliot topped out at five eight.

If you haven't guessed by now, this is Elliot Kilmer's story. Billie Jo Thornton, although her real name was Rebecca Wayne Thornton, was his best friend.

By the time they'd reached high school he'd picked up the nick name T.S. He liked to think it was in honor of the poet, but it really stood for 'Tough Shit', as in "Tough shit, you're stuck with Elliot!" He was always the last one picked when choosing up teams.

He liked poetry, was always reading it and even tried his hand at it, and if truth be known he wasn't half bad. Oh, he weren't no Andre Codrescu, but he wasn't bad for his age.

Billie Jo was a "Tom Boy". She liked to rough house, and climb trees and play baseball and football. She hated her real name and had taken her great uncle's who had been a professional ball player, mostly AAA but he did start in a few Big League games, Billy Joe Foster was his name. Billie Jo liked playing with the boys, but the school wouldn't let her when she got to high school, so she had to play on the girls basket and baseball teams. She was the star girl athlete, and no doubt about it. Some might have called her pretty, but mostly she was called a handsome gal.

But, I'm getting ahead of myself. This story really starts when they were in Ninth grade, oh that bit at the beginning took place when they were in grade school. Elliot hadn't gotten his growth yet and was feeling self conscious about it.

"Dad bought me those weights for Christmas, and I've been working out *every day*. Four months, and look at me, I'm still ... puny." Elliot had mumbled that last word. "I still run like a girl, too."

"Don't worry about it, El, I won't let anything happen to you, you know that."

"Billie, a man should be able to take care of himself. Look at me, what girl is goin' to want to have anything to do with me?"

Billie smiled to herself then said, "There's someone for everyone, anyways, that's what mama always says."

"I saw your ma when she got back from the hospital yesterday, she OK?" Elliot asked.

"She's kind of tired, so I've got to help out around the house more, for a while anyway." Billie paused then kind of went blank.

"What was it she was there for?" Elliot asked. "I forgot."

"Hysterectomy."

“What’s that?”

Billie looked at Elliot with exasperation before speaking. “I *told* you.”

“I said I *forgot!*”

“She had her ... you know ... plumbing fixed.”

“What plumbing?”

“*You know.*” Billie would have rather talked about toe jam than this subject. “She had her womb and eggs out.”

“Is that serious?” Elliot asked not so much Billie, but the universe in general.

“Is it *serious*? It would be like having your balls cut off, that’s all.”

Elliot shuddered at *that* thought.

“Oh shoot!” Billie slapped her forehead, then reached into her jeans pocket and pulled out a piece of paper. “I gotta go. Gotta get to the Rexall.” Billie sprang to her feet and started running off.

“What for?”

“Gotta get this prescription filled for Mama!”

Elliot thought about running after her, but he knew he couldn’t keep up with her, much less catch her. He would see her later anyway, when he helped her with her English homework. She was pretty good in math though.

One mid spring day Elliot stopped by the Thornton’s on his way to school, as he often did. Billie Jo was just coming down the stairs when he knocked at the kitchen door.

“Didja eat yet?” she asked (he was early).

“No, I’m not very hungry.”

“Hey, breakfast is the most important meal of the day!” Billie Jo had echoed the words her father had pronounced just about every day of her life. “At least have a bowl of granola and an apple.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Elliot responded.

“Hey!” Billie Jo took a vial out of her pocket and took a pill out of it, “Here, take this.”

“What is it?” queried Elliot.

Billie Jo smiled at him, “It’ll help you develop.”

“Oh yeah?” Elliot was excited at the prospect, “Cool. Hey, it’s not steroids, is it?”

“No,” Billie Jo said then laughed a little.

Each of them scarfed down a bowl of granola drowning in milk and Billie Jo snagged a couple of apples from a bowl and tossed one

to Elliot as they left her house. It was a nice day, the grass was still dewy and the breeze cool. Billie Jo put her arm around Elliot's shoulders as they walked and ate the tart apples. Elliot liked it when she did that so he leaned into her ever so slightly. They walked quietly as they had since first grade. A couple of blocks from school she took her arm away from him and started talking.

"What're you going to do this summer?"

"I don't know, mom and dad were talking about renting a house on a lake for a couple of weeks in July or August."

"I'm going to have to look after mama, looks like."

"All summer?"

"Most of it. Papa said he might send me to a basketball camp, if he can afford it."

"Maybe you can come with us, if we go."

"Maybe, if you go in August. Mama ought to be well enough by then."

By this time they were across the street from school and their classmates were milling about waiting to be let in. Some boy called out, "Hey Billie! Hey *T.S.!*"

"His name is Elliot!" she fired back.

"Sorry Elli ... ot," there was a burst of laughter from a group of boys, "Ya little faggot."

Billie Jo walked over to the lout and asked, "What did you say?"

The boy said, "I said your *boyfriend* is a queer."

Billie Jo grabbed him by the shirt and slammed him up against a tree and told him, "He's not my *boyfriend*, and he's not a queer. You reading me?"

"Yes, sir!"

Billie Jo slammed him again, then shoved him into his friends. "Jerk!" She turned and walked back to Elliot and took hold of his upper arm and walked him toward the school door which was being opened by one of the teachers.

"Thanks," Elliot said, "But you shouldn't do that for me, it just makes it worse. Like I can't take care of myself."

"El, you can't take care of yourself," Billie replied, "At least not against boys like that."

"I'm going to work out all summer, that's what I'm going to do. Just wait until *next* fall."

"Sure El."

People didn't bother Elliot too much, Elliot the joke was old hat and no longer funny, and everyone knew you'd have to deal with Billie Jo if you made fun of him, and what boy would want the ignominious distinction of being beaten up by a girl, even if it *was* Billie Jo. Then of course there were one or two boys who would have liked to be beaten up by her, but that's another story. But just because they didn't bother him directly doesn't mean they didn't talk about him.

"I think that I shall never see a poem lovely as a ..." Ms. Swindell, the English teacher went on to read the entire poem. "Now class, what was Mr. Kilmer trying to say in this poem?"

"Mr. Kilmer? What kind of name is *Joyce* for a guy?!"

"Hey, Billie's *girlfriend's* last name Kilmer. You following me?"

"Yeah! After school we'll do the ... you know."

After school Jesse and Frank Ford, twins, found Elliot waiting for Billie and they approached him all sincere like. "Hey, Elliot," Frank started, "We wanted to apologize for calling you T.S. all the time." Jesse continued, "So we've decided to quit." Then Frank again, "So we've decided to call you Joyce instead." "Because you're *so pretty!*" Jesse said, and then kissed Elliot on the lips. Frank spotted Billie first and grabbed his brother and off they ran before Billie could figure out what they'd done. That was in eighth grade, now it was approaching the end of ninth grade.

"You know, I really *do* like it when it rains like this," Billie spoke her thought out loud with Elliot there to listen, "I just wish it would start before I got all the way over to practice."

"Meow! Woof woof! Meerowr!"

"Elliot, what *are* you doing?" Billie asked her friend.

"It's raining cats and dogs," Elliot replied, "Isn't it?" Just then a thunderclap peeled nearby. "Summer's great, isn't it?"

"Yeah, no school."

"Yeah, no school," Elliot echoed.

"I thought you liked school," Billie stated.

"I like *school* fine," Elliot said, "It's just ..." he let his voice trail off, not wanting to bother Billie with that particular thought.

"It's just what?"

"Well, I don't mind what kids say about me," he lied, "It's just that they always seem to make sure that I can just hear it."

"So bop 'em one."

"Yeah, me bop somebody," Elliot laughed. "I don't think those pills you've been giving me work. I haven't grown any yet."

Billie replied, "Don't worry, they will, they just take time."

"Billie," Elliot started to ask a question which had been nagging him for a long time, "Why do you like me when nobody else does?"

"I don't know, I just do."

"I'm really sick of everyone treating my like a girl. You're the only one who doesn't."

"They don't treat you like a girl, El, they treat you like a sissy. They pick on you and are mean to you and stuff. Boys don't treat girls that way, they look after girls. I'm the only one who treats you like a girl."

"No you ... I ... what?"

"I look out for you. I protect you."

Elliot looked at Billie for the longest time before he spoke again. He said, "You do, don't you."

"Yep." Billie looked back at her friend, "I like you, El, you're a good person. But you're just not equipped to take care of yourself."

"But ... I want to."

"I know you do, sweetheart, but ... look at yourself. You're slight, you're skin is soft and smooth and no trace of a beard. And you're pretty. I bet if you grew your hair out people would think you were a girl."

"No they wouldn't!" came Elliot's protest.

"Yes they would," Billie was speaking in a low voice, "Face it, El, maybe you weren't cut out to be a boy. Maybe you should stop trying to become a man and become a girl instead."

"*WHAT!*" Elliot was quite upset now, "I thought you were my friend! I'm not a girl, I'm a boy, damn it!"

"Elliot, you swore!" Billie took a moment to recover. "I only meant that maybe you'd be happier if you were a girl. Boys would treat you nice and girls would probably like you to be their friend."

"I'm a *boy!*"

"El, I only meant ..."

"And stop calling me Elle, that's a girls name."

"Well, all the boys call you 'Joyce' behind your back."

"Don't you think I know that?" Elliot's eyes were bright with pent up anger, "I'm not stupid, you know. I know what they say."

"I'm sorry El, I didn't —"

"I thought you were my friend. Good-bye!" Elliot slammed the door behind him as he stormed out. Billie —and no one else for that matter— had never seen Elliot in such a state. She was upset too, now. She and Elliot had always been together, they'd never had a serious fight. Now and then they'd have a tiff and not speak to each other for a day or two, but they were friends and always patched things up or forgot why they were mad at each other. This was different, and she knew it. It was up to her to patch it up, she knew this too.

Elliot ran home and straight to his room. He flung himself down on his bed and continued to cry, but without the help of the rain clouds now. Elliot cried his little heart out. Later he refused to come down to dinner and when his mother came up to see what was wrong he just shouted, "Leave me alone!"

Elliot stared at the ceiling. White. Blank. Empty, just like his life. No matter what he'd always had Billie's friendship, and now he didn't even have that, he told himself. "I'm a boy, aren't I? Where does she get off telling me I should be a girl? I'm a boy, damn it!" Then he thought about all the times other boys had picked on him and teased him, and how he had been unable to do anything about it, and how Billie had always had to come to his rescue. "I'm a boy, darn it. Maybe not a very good one, but I'm a boy." He cried himself to sleep.

The next morning Elliot's mother knocked on his door and asked, "Are you awake, Elliot?"

"No."

"Billie's downstairs, she wants to talk to you."

"Well I don't want to talk to her."

"Elliot, she's your friend."

"Not anymore, she's not!"

"Elliot, just—"

"Leave me the Hell alone!"

Elliot's mother was dumbfounded, he'd never spoken to her like that before. She didn't know what to say or do, so she closed his door and went downstairs. She told Billie, "He's a bit upset right now, why don't you come back later." Then when her husband came down for breakfast she said to him, "I think Elliot is doing drugs," and then told him of Elliot's behavior.

Mr. Kilmer said, "Let's have him tested, if you're worried about it."

"I think we should. I'll call Dr. Livingston this morning and have her arrange it."

"Good." Mr. Kilmer kissed Mrs. Kilmer on the lips and went off to work.

A couple weeks later found Mr. & Mrs. Kilmer in Dr. Livingston's office, Dr. *Mary* Livingston. Elliot had agreed to be tested for drugs and had come in a week and a half earlier to have blood drawn. Dr. Livingston had Elliot wait while she talked with his parents first.

"Well, you'll be happy to know that the tests came back negative for drugs. Frankly I was surprised you'd asked to test him."

"Thank heavens for that," Mrs. Kilmer said.

"What won't we be happy to know?" Mr. Kilmer asked.

Dr. Livingston put her hands on her desk and put on her best poker face. "It seems that Elliot has a bit of a hormone imbalance."

"What?" Mrs. Kilmer.

"Well, it's not too much testosterone, is it," Mr. Kilmer stated.

"No," Dr. Livingston replied, "If I didn't know better, I'd swear I was looking at a girl's hormone levels. You say he's been moody lately, and this may have something to do with it."

"What does this mean? Is he a hermaphrodite or something?" Mr. Kilmer again.

"No, he's not a hermaphrodite. I'm not sure what is happening. There are several ways of treating it, we could try to overwhelm the estrogen with testosterone, but the side effects are rather severe."

"Well, should we just wait and see?" Mrs. Kilmer.

"Perhaps, this may correct itself."

"He's a growing boy," Mr. Kilmer exaggerated, "Won't this make him grow a little ... odd?"

"Yes, he may develop small breasts. It's not an unheard of situation, in fact it's called gynecomastia. This is when a boy develops breasts, although they are usually rather small. The real problem is the kind of teasing he'll get from other boys especially during gym."

"Well, he's been enduring teasing from other boys all his life," said Mr. Kilmer, "But I hate to see it, just the same. Is there nothing to be done?"

"Not really."

"Is he a transsexual?" asked Mrs. Kilmer.

"No, transsexualism is a mental disorder," Dr. Livingston misinformed them, "He has a physiological problem. It's not terribly serious."

"Is this why he's so frail?" Mrs. Kilmer again.

"Possibly, but there are probably other factors," Dr. Livingston started writing down something on a piece of paper, "I want Elliot to see Dr. Lovett, he's an endocrinologist and specializes in hormonal disorders, perhaps he can be of more help." She passed the paper over to Mrs. Kilmer. "Now, do you want me to talk to Elliot; or would you rather take him home and have a talk with him?"

Mr. Kilmer spoke up, "I'll talk to him."

"Son," Mr. Kilmer said to Elliot, "I'd like to talk with you about ... er ... about your ... uh ... condition. Why don't you join me in my den."

"Yes, father." Elliot and his father settled into the easy chairs in his father's retreat.

"Elliot, Dr. Livingston tells me that you have a condition known as 'gynecomastia'. You see, you have a hormone 'imbalance'. For some reason, for the moment, your body is producing more estrogen than testosterone, and so ... well, let me ask you this, are you having any ... uh ... discomfort around your ... um ... nipples?"

"My chest's been a little sore," Elliot replied, "But I've been lifting weights every day."

"I know son," Mr. Kilmer said, "I'm not asking about muscle soreness, I'm asking about ... breast soreness." There was an awkward pause. "Here, open your shirt." Elliot complied and his father firmly pressed his son's chest near his left nipple. "Ow!" Elliot exclaimed. "That's all I needed to know," Mr. Kilmer stated. "Son, I know this is not easy to understand nor accept, but you're developing breasts. Dr. Livingston assures me that they won't be very large, and this condition won't effect your manhood, if you know what I mean."

"I guess I do," Elliot said without much conviction.

"I know this is an awkward time for you, and this ... condition isn't making it any easier, but you are my son, and if you're having any problems I want you to know that you can talk to me about them." Elliot just looked blankly at his father. "Well, do you have any questions?" Elliot replied with, "No, I think I understand."

At dinner he picked at his food, but ate very little. That night as he lay in bed he thought to himself, "Maybe Billie was right, maybe it would be better if I was a girl." The thought depressed him even

more. "No, by golly, I'm a boy and I'll be darned if I'll just roll over and be a girl!" "Maybe Billie was right." "No, by golly." Elliot didn't sleep well that night, not until a storm rolled in and the thunder lulled him to sleep.

The next morning he ate about two spoons full of the oatmeal his mother had made him before pushing the bowl away. Then he put on his yellow rainsuit and hat and went out. He walked down the street to Billie Jo's house and knocked at the kitchen door. Mrs. Thornton answered and opened the door.

"What are you doing out in this weather, Elliot? Have you had breakfast yet?"

"Kind of. I'm not very hungry."

"Well, come in, come in. Let me take your things." Mrs. Thornton turned and hollered up the back stairs, "Becky, Elliot's here to see you! And your breakfast is getting cold!" Mrs. Thornton was the only one to call Billie 'Becky'. "Pull up a chair and join us for breakfast anyway. You do still talk, don't you?"

"Yeah, I guess." Elliot took off his rain suit and handed it to Mrs. Thornton.

Billie came bounding down the stairs and immediately went and gave Elliot a 'knucklehead'. "Where you been keeping yourself?" She had missed her friend and was very happy to see him. She didn't know what to say, at least not in front of her mother, so she sat down and chowed down. Just as she was finishing her father came into the kitchen.

"Hi Elliot, where've you been hiding?"

"Nowhere."

"You're in a talkative mood today," Mr. Thornton said.

"Yeah, well I've got things on my mind," was Elliot's response.

Mr. Thornton looked at the boy then said, "I won't pry then."

Billie got up and tugged on Elliot's arm, "Come on, let's go somewhere private where we can talk." He got up and they went upstairs to her room.

"I think Becky is getting a little old to have boys up in her room," Mrs. Thornton said to her husband after the younger pair left.

"Boys?" he asked, "Oh, Elliot! I don't think there's any harm in *Elliot* being up there."

"I've never seen Elliot look so down before," commented Mrs. Thornton, "Do you suppose something's the matter?"

"I expect that's why he's over here after a two week absence."

Upstairs Billie plopped down onto her bed and pulled Elliot with her. "You're not still mad at me, are you?"

"No."

"What's the matter?"

Elliot sat silently, gathering his thoughts.

"Are you still taking those pills I gave you?"

"Yeah." He was silent again. Finally he spoke, "Billie. Maybe you were right. Maybe I should be a girl."

"You don't have to if you don't want to."

"I saw a doctor yesterday. My parents made me take some blood tests, and we went to see the doctor about that. She said that I have a hormone imbalance."

"Oh?"

"Yeah, she said I have more girl hormones than boy hormones."

"Um, Elliot?"

"What?"

Billie didn't say anything for a moment. "Nothing." Then she scooted over and put her arm around his shoulders. "Maybe you ought to try being a girl for a while."

"But I'm a boy." Then he added, "Besides, what am I going to do, ask mom and dad to buy me some dresses? Oh, say mom, I think I want to be a girl for a while so could you pick me up a couple of dresses next time you go to the store?"

Billie laughed. "No, silly, I've got all kinds of dresses that my Aunt Sally gave me when she still hoped I'd grow up to be a 'sothun ba-elle'. They're too small for me now, but they should fit you." Elliot just gave her a blank look. "How are you going to know if you'll like or hate being a girl if you don't try it?"

"You don't like being a girl!" Elliot countered.

"Yeah, but I tried it. Besides, I'm no good at it just like you're no good at being a boy."

Just then Mrs. Thornton knocked on the door, then opened it half way. "Papa just left for work, I'm going to spend the day with Aunt Sally. Are you two going to be all right by yourselves?"

"Sure mama, we were just talking. Elliot ... you know."

Mrs. Thornton nodded. "I'll be back around supper time, don't forget to cook it now."

"No ma'am, I won't."

Mrs. Thornton closed the door and went off to her sister's.

Just that year Billie had shot up from 5'2" to 5'8" and was still growing, though it would be another year before she hit 6'1", Elliot

on the other hand was still 5 feet tall. It would take him another two years before he topped out. Billie rummaged through her closet until she found just the right thing, a white pleated skirt with a white and navy sailor's blouse. Then she found some panties and a bra which she'd never worn because they were too feminine. Then she found some white pumps with 2" heels. "Here, put these on."

Elliot looked at the clothes she's laid out on her bed.

"Go on," Billie said. "I'll sit on you until you do."

"If you sit on me how will I put them on?"

"You know what I mean," she growled. Then she moved over to Elliot and started to unbutton his shirt. In the process of taking it off him she bumped his chest.

"Ow!" Elliot complained.

"What's the matter?"

"My chest, around my nipples have been kind of tender lately," Elliot said, "I guess maybe I'm over doing it with the weights ... for all the good they do."

Elliot finished taking off his shirt and Billie handed him the bra. Reluctantly, he put his arms through the straps and she hooked it for him. "I feel pretty silly," he said.

"You don't look silly, it looks nice on you." That made Elliot blush. He reached for the blouse to cover up, but Billie stopped him.

"Take your pants and underwear off first then put on the panties, then the skirt *then* the blouse." Elliot complied. He liked the feel of the panties as he slid them up his naturally hairless legs and settled them over his bottom.

"Shouldn't I put a slip on before I put on the skirt?" he asked.

"Let me see if I've got one." Billie searched her closet again, and this time came up with a white skater's style half slip and a camisole that matched. She gave the items to Elliot who promptly put them on.

The feel of the nylon against his skin was exciting and confusing. He'd never felt anything like it, and liked it, yet he felt that he wasn't supposed to feel those feelings and like them. Then he put on the skirt and blouse and shoes.

"How do I look?"

He *was* pretty, just as Billie had said. "If I were a boy, I'd ask you to go steady with me."

"Isn't my hair too short?"

"You're pretty anyway."

"Really?"

"Really. Come on, I'll show you." Billie took Elliot by the hand and led him to her parents' bedroom where her mother's full length mirror was. Elliot was a bit disoriented when he looked into the mirror and saw an unfamiliar person looking back. In the mirror was a pretty girl. Just about as pretty as that Rita Heistakt from the other side of the school.

"I *do* look like a girl," Elliot said, "But I'm a *boy*!"

"I bet with a little make-up you'd be a knock out!"

"You think so?"

"Yeah. Too bad I don't know how to use it." Billie was a Tom Boy, she never wore make-up although her mother did and she occasionally watched her put it on.

"You have any?"

"Aunt Sally gave me some, I never opened it."

Then Elliot started getting cold feet. "I don't like this, I'm a boy, I shouldn't be wearing this stuff."

"I don't know about that, El. I think you like it."

"I do not," Elliot replied resolutely.

"Let me see if I can find that make-up," Billie said and went back to her room. Elliot followed. "Sit down while I look for that stuff." She found what she was looking for, a box with everything. Lipstick, eyeshadow, pencils, blush, mascara even foundation. Billie put the kit down on her desk and then motioned Elliot to sit in her desk chair. When he was seated she turned the desk lamp up so it shined in his face, and then she had at it. For a first effort it was pretty good.

When Elliot looked into the mirror this time he really didn't recognize himself. If he'd been disoriented before he was completely lost now. Staring back at him was a beautiful young woman. He ran his hands down his body and preened a bit. Then he stopped, "I don't have any boobs."

"You will," said Billie, then she left her parents bedroom for a minute and came back with a set of falsies, "Aunt Sally." Billie didn't need falsies. With the 'gay deceivers' in place the illusion was complete. "You should grow your hair out."

Billie was standing behind Elliot and looked at their images in the mirror. As she stood there she put her arms around her friend and held him tight. Elliot almost swooned in her arms. "You're beautiful."

"Thank you."

"You need a girl's name now, Elle."

"Why not Joyce?"

"It's already been used. I like Elle better."

"You already call me that."

"I know."

Elle turned around to face Billie. He looked up into her eyes and asked, "How long have you been planning this?"

"A while." Billie put her finger tips to his face and said, "I love you." Then she kissed him on the lips. Elle's breath was taken away from him. Billie slid her arms around him and drew him tight. Elle managed to get his arm around her neck and hung on. Billie was kissing Elle passionately and he was kissing back. Billie slid her tongue into his mouth and explored that cavity a while. Elle's heart pounded and he could hardly catch his breath.

They broke for a moment to breathe, then Billie kissed Elle on his lips, a light kiss, then she took his hand and led him over to the bed. Billie sat down and pulled Elle into her lap and they kissed some more, only now she ran her hands up under his blouse. Elle responded by unbuttoning her shirt and running his hands over her breasts. He had never felt a girls breasts before and he felt an ache inside. Billie moaned, then she lay Elle down on the bed and ran her hand up under his skirt.

Suddenly Elliot stopped her. "This isn't right."

"What's wrong?" she asked. "Don't you want to?"

"Yes, but I'm a boy and you're treating my like a girl."

"A very pretty girl."

"Billie, I'm a boy, darn it!"

"Didn't you *like* the way it *felt*?"

"Of course I did ... I mean no, I didn't."

"I think you did." Billie leaned over and kissed him on the mouth. Their lips lingered for a moment.

"Billie, stop!" Elliot jumped up and ran out of the room. Billie sat up but made no further effort to follow her friend, not until she heard the back door slam. She got up and looked out her window and saw Elliot running home. Then she looked at his clothes neatly folded on her chair.

Elliot ran, as best he could, up the street to his house. There'd been a break in the rain, so he didn't get too wet. He ran up the porch stairs, flung open the door, slammed it behind him and ran up to his room. He slammed his bedroom door behind him and flung himself onto his bed. Then he started to cry.

Elliot's mother, upon hearing the slamming doors and running feet went up to check on her son. She knocked lightly at his door. "Elliot, are you all right, honey?"

"Go away!" he yelled in reply.

Mrs. Kilmer opened the door a crack and peeked in to her son's room. "Ell - i - ot?" She wasn't sure at whom she was looking. "Elliot, is that you?" Elliot turned over and sat up. "What ... ?"

When Elliot realized that he was still wearing a skirt and blouse, *and* that he'd run through the neighborhood that way, he was mortified. It was bad enough that all the kids at school thought he was a sissy, but if they saw him like this he'd never live it down. He just looked at his mother without saying a word.

"Elliot," she spoke, "It is you? Why are you dressed that way?"

From downstairs they heard Billie's voice, "Hell-o? Elliot?" then they heard her coming up the stairs. When she got to Elliot's bedroom they saw she was carrying his clothes in a bundle. "You forgot these," she said quietly.

"Billie?" Mrs. Kilmer asked, "What's going on?" Elliot was still speechless.

Billie didn't say anything right away, instead she looked at Elliot, he looked back. Then she spoke to Elliot's mother, "We were just playing. I made him dress up and put on make-up. He didn't want to, but I made him. It's my fault. I ... I'm sorry." Then she went over to Elliot and handed him his clothes, but he didn't move so she put them down on his bed. "See you later, El?" He didn't respond. "You all right?" Elliot made a very slight movement of his head to indicate that he was OK, then Billie slipped out of the room and quietly down the stairs.

Mrs. Kilmer remained in place and looked at her ~~daughter~~ son. ~~She~~ He was so pretty, maybe he was supposed to have been a girl, she thought. Maybe that was why he had this hormone problem. Still, she could see that he was upset. Finally she spoke, "Do you want to wash up and change now?"

Elliot didn't say anything for a moment, instead he just stared down at the floor. "Yes."

"I'll leave you alone, then," his mother replied and then she retreated, shutting the door behind her. She went downstairs and to the kitchen where she found Billie sitting in the breakfast nook.

"I didn't mean to upset him," said Billie. "When we used to play house I always made him be the wife, and he would always complain at first, but when we got into it he seemed right at home. I've always looked after him and didn't let other boys pick on him, he was never any good at doing that himself. I just thought since he was so bad at being a boy he might be good at being a girl. I just thought he ought to try it."

"Perhaps you're right," Mrs. Kilmer said, "I've always worried about his future, what kind of life is there for such a delicate boy with no friends? Except you, Billie. He *is* such a pretty girl, too. Maybe we *should* encourage him to try being a girl. Although, how will we explain his transformation?"

"Why bother?," Billie said, "Nobody will notice if he doesn't come back to school next fall. Well, hardly anybody."

"I think you're exaggerating, Billie," replied Mrs. Kilmer, "The neighbors are sure to notice, and they all like him."

"Yeah, well *he's* never broken their window."

Upstairs Elliot was having a similar conversation with himself; although, his conversation was punctuated with the words "I'm a boy, darn it!" The image in the mirror made it difficult for him to believe his words, though. He was transfixed by the image looking back at him from the mirror. She was awfully pretty. Then the words. He liked being pretty. Then the words. He liked the feel of the clothes. Then the *words*. A pretty girl like her would be very popular, wouldn't she? If he were a girl would he be popular? But, the words. The skirt, blouse and panties felt so ... right. The words.

Then he thought about Billie. She seemed to like him as a girl, so if he did change, he wouldn't lose any friends. What *did* he have to lose? Nothing, no one seemed to want him to be a boy, anyway. He reached out and touched the mirror. "No, darn it, I *am* a boy!"

Billie shuffled home, she felt rather down after the episode with Elliot. No one likes having an estrangement with their best friend, but it happens sometimes. Billie just felt hollow. She'd wanted to make Elle feel better about himself, and she'd wanted to ... make ... love? ... with her ... him. Maybe she'd just pushed too much too soon. Boy, she hoped he'd forgive her. The overcast, threatening sky didn't do anything to improve her mood either. When she got to her house and went inside she just ambled into the family room and turned on the television.

"Transsexual Lesbians and the Women Who Love Them! Next on Herald!" blared from the speaker. The next hour proved to be both informative and inspirational for Billie. She found out that there *were* women who had been men, and that there were women who loved them, and she could begin to identify with them. "T.S. Elliot" took on a whole new meaning for her. Oh sure, he kept protesting that he was a boy, but he'd soon realize that he was wrong about that. What had that one gal said? That she hadn't known that she was transsexual until she was in her thirties. What a waste of time. Besides, if Elliot hasn't made up his mind, that Premarin will soon help him do so.

So, Billie sat back and started thinking about how she would go about convincing Elle to become a girl. First, she had to figure out how to get him to wear girls clothes and enjoy it. Well, first things first.

The next couple of days Billie was busy with practice for her softball team and Elliot was still hiding out. When practice was rained out the third day Billie decided it would be a good time to put her plan into action, not that it was much of a plan, but it was a beginning. So, she stopped off at the Kilmer's house on the way home from the ball field.

"Elliot's been up in his room for the last couple of days," his mother told Billie, "At least he's come down for meals."

Billie started up the stairs, then stopped and turned and asked, "Mrs. Kilmer, do you think Elliot would be happier as a girl?"

"Well, he certainly isn't happy as a boy," she said and then added, "He makes such a pretty girl, doesn't he?"

Billie just smiled a crooked smile and continued up the stairs. When she got to Elliot's door she knocked softly their secret knock. When there was no response she knocked again, a little louder. Finally the door cracked open. Billie gently pushed it fully open and stepped into the bedroom. Elliot was sitting down on his bed. "Hi" Billie ventured her greeting.

"Hi," came Elliot's response.

"They cancelled practice because of the rain," Billie said. "You still mad at me?"

Elliot looked at the floor and then at her shoes and then at his lap, "No, you were just trying to help."

Billie went over to the bed and sat down next to Elliot and put her arm around him as she always did. "I'm glad."

With Billie's arm around him Elliot felt inexplicably better, safe. All his anxieties ebbed away and he could relax. He leaned into Billie. Billie felt warm all over. She too felt ... *right* when she looked after Elliot. Having someone need her made her feel good. Not *just someone*, Elliot. Who would ever thought that such an unmitigated failure of a boy would do anything for such an achiever like her?

"Elle?" Billie started to speak, "You know, neither one of us if very good at being what people think we should be. I'm about as good at being a girl as you are being a boy."

"People don't make fun of you, though," Elliot stated.

"They wouldn't dare!" replied Billie. "I can beat most boys at just about every sport you can think of, and I've heard the way they talk about me sometimes. Maybe some of it's true, I don't know."

"What's true?" Elliot asked.

"Well, I'm not on steroids, that's for sure," she said defensively. "But, you know, what they say about me being like Martina, I think maybe that's true. I've never *been* with a boy, so how would I know? And sometimes I look at other girls and I get excited. Sometimes when I look at you I get excited, like the other day when we dressed you up. I could hardly control myself."

"You like me like that?" Elliot asked incredulously. "I didn't think any girl would be interested in me."

"I guess not too many girls have gotten to know you," Billie paused a moment, "Elle, I know when we used to play house you liked being the wife. Oh, I know you always complained about not being the husband, but once we got going I could tell you like the way I treated you."

"Well, yeah," Elliot admitted sheepishly.

"Well, I was thinking we could do that for real. We'd be a couple, I'd be the husband and you'd be the wife," Billie paused to gauge Elliot's response, "And you wouldn't have to dress up, unless you wanted to, and only in private."

"Are you asking me to be your girlfriend?"

"Yeah, I guess I am."

Elliot didn't say anything.

"Elle, you've gotta do what you do best, and be who you can be best. I know you don't like to hear this, but you'll never be any good as a boy ... you've tried. So why not be a girl, you could be wonderful at it."

"I *know* I'm no good at being a boy, you don't have to remind me, but the point is I *am* a boy."

"Do you really believe that?" Billie paused a moment, "Inside, do you think you're a boy or do you think you're a girl?"

"I'd be better off if I *had* been born a girl, that's for sure."

"So, *be* a girl and be happy!"

Elliot looked at his friend, "Did you see Heraldo the other day?"

"No."

"He did a show about transsexual lesbians. When I was watching I thought, 'that could be me.'"

"See, you're not alone." Then Billie changed the subject, "Dad's sending me to a baseball camp this summer. Two whole weeks. But, I leave Saturday so I won't see you much before I go."

"This Saturday?"

"Yeah. Well, think about what I said and when I get back you can tell me what you think."

"We're going on vacation too. Three weeks up at the lake, but we aren't leaving for two weeks. I guess we won't see each other for over a month."

"Yeah," Billie thought about that for a moment, "You have enough of those pills I gave you?"

"No, I only have about two left."

"I'll bring you some more tomorrow."

The next day Billie brought a vial of pills by and an apple box which was taped shut. She told Elliot not to open the box until she had left for camp. For two days Elliot wondered what was inside the box, it never occurred to him to look until after Saturday.

Elliot saw Billie off as her parents drove her off to the baseball camp. He was going to miss her. Five whole weeks, that seemed like ... like ... an awfully long time. After waving good-bye he wandered back to his house and went down to the basement where he's set up his weights. Then he worked out, then showered. After that he went up to his room and opened the box.

Elliot didn't know what to think when he saw what was in it. He pulled out a couple of skirts and blouses and several dresses, all with matching under things, and a pair of black pumps, and at the bottom, in a separate box was the make-up kit.

Elliot hadn't dressed after showering, so he stood with only a towel wrapped around his waist, a habit he'd recently adopted in his attempt to be more masculine. (Unfortunately it was a wasted attempt.) All he could do was stand and look at the clothes as they lay on his bed. He was at once compelled and repulsed, he was of two minds and one yearned to put them on and the other to burn them.

Eventually one hand reached out tentatively and touched a dress. It was navy rayon with white dots, about 3/4 of an inch in diameter. His finger tips glided over the silky material pausing at the bottom of the neckline. Slowly he picked it up and looked at it and it seemed to hypnotize him. It was a frilly dress with a flared skirt that stopped an inch or two above his knee.

He turned it around and held it up to his body, and just then his towel fell to the floor. He felt the cool fabric against his body, he felt it slip across his thighs where it hung loose. The sensations were electrifying and he almost started to shiver.

During the next two weeks Elliot spent time every day trying on Billie's gifts, and he even tried his hand with the make-up. He didn't think anyone was wise to him, but his mother had noticed traces of mascara and lipstick on him in the mornings at breakfast.

She didn't say anything, and even thought that perhaps Billie was right, that he might be happier as a girl. Then when his family went up to the lake he secretly packed the polka dot dress along with the matching bra and panties and the black shoes. The make-up stayed behind. At the lake Elliot slept with that dress folded up beneath his pillow.

He loved wearing the dresses and skirts and he loathed himself for loving what he was doing. He was a *boy*, he kept reminding himself, and boys just didn't like to be ... girlish. Yet he loved being a girl. And his nipples were awfully sore and his chest seemed to be getting larger, but not firmer. Were his hips getting wider? He wasn't sure, but his pants seemed to be rather snug lately. Why couldn't Billie be there, when he needed someone to talk to?

"Hell-o Mrs. Thornton," Elliot said, "Is Billie home?"

"Why Elliot," Mrs. Thornton replied, "How was your trip?"

"Fine. Is Billie home?"

"Elliot, you look fit to burst," Mrs. Thornton said, "No, Becky's at practice. Basketball, I think. She should be back presently, though. Now tell me all about your vacation."

"Well, we stayed in this little house across the street from the lake. The small part of the lake. Dad said it was a stone's throw from the house, but I tried and the best I could do was bounce a rock onto the shoulder. ..." Elliot continued describing the house and the lake and the people he met and about this clam, well two clams really, but one was real small, that he kept in a sauce pan as a pet but it always squirted him when he picked it up. And then Billie got home.

"El!" "Billie!" They hugged and Billie nearly mashed the wind out of Elliot. Billie grabbed a couple of oranges from the fruit bowl and practically dragged Elliot up stairs to her room. "Did you like my present?" she asked when she was sure they were alone. To anyone else he would have been too ashamed to express his true

feelings about that box, but he knew he could tell Billie anything, and he did, "Yes, but you shouldn't have."

"What was I going to do with them," queried Billie, "Besides, you look better in them than I ever did."

Elliot looked at the floor. He mumbled something and Billie had to ask him to repeat it. "I said, I've been wearing something every day." His face flushed red with shame. "Don't tell anyone."

Billie put her arms around Elliot and whispered conspiratorially, "It'll be our secret." Elliot relaxed in his friends arms then put his around her in return. "Have you been practicing with the make-up?" she asked and he nodded. "Let's go to your place and you can show me what you've learned." Elliot said, "OK."

The rest of the summer was spent with Billie stopping by after practice and helping Elliot learn to dress and do his make-up. Once in a while Billie would bring a magazine that had an article about make-up or wardrobe and they'd learn, Billie didn't understand a lot of it, but Elle seemed to just soak it up. By the time school started they'd refined his make-up so that it looked "natural". Billie asked Elle if he was going to enroll as a girl.

"I can't do that!," was his reply, "I'm a boy. Besides, what would people say?"

Billie said, "I don't think anyone would notice."

Elliot looked at Billie and then said, "At the lake," he paused, "People kept mistaking me for a girl. Well, I'm not a girl, I am a boy." And that was that.

Once school started Elliot had less time to spend dressing up, although he felt the urge often he rarely followed up on it and usually only when Billie was around to help.

Elliot had taken to wearing lingerie to bed though, until someone noticed the marks from his bra straps in the locker room during P.E. After that he only wore a bra on weekends. It was a surprise that no one noticed that his breasts were starting to push out a little or that his hips were filling out. But then again the attitude would have been, 'T.S., Elliot'.

Every year Trinidad High School had a big costume dance on Hallowe'en, actually the dance was on the Friday that fell nearest to Hallowe'en. This particular year Hallowe'en happened to fall on a Saturday and so the dance was to be the night before.

Planning for the dance started almost as soon as school began, and of course private parties for the following night were being planned too. There were prizes given out for the best costumes, one for boys and one for girls. Billie had already figured out what she and Elliot were going to wear, the problem she faced was talking him into it.

A few weeks before the dance Elliot was over studying with Billie. Once they'd finished their English homework Billie asked, "You want to go to the Hallowe'en dance?"

Elle didn't answer right away. "I guess so, but who'd want to go with me?"

"Elle, I was asking if *you'd* go with *me*."

"Oh! Sure, but —"

"Good! Because I got two tickets before they sold out." Now came the tricky part, she thought. "Do you have any ideas about costumes?"

"Costumes? Gee, I don't know, we don't have much time to put them together, do we?"

"No, I guess not," Billie concurred. "Say!" Billie feigned inspiration, "While you were at the lake this summer I came across something we could use!"

"What?" Elliot asked.

"Let me show you," Billie went into her closet and came out with white tails and tie, and Elliot thought they were for him. Then Billie went back and came out with a beautiful gown and veil. The gown had a fitted bodice overlaid with lace and big puffy sleeves that came down to a point over the back of the hands, the skirt was done in layers of tulle that swept the floor and a bow perched itself above the train. The veil was like a puff of clouds above all this.

"Wouldn't your mother's gown be too small for you?"

Pretending disappointment Billie replied, "Yeah, you're right." Then she looked Elle over and said, "My luck, I bet it would fit you perfect, though."

Elle laughed and said, "Probably. I bet you'd fit right into your father's suit, too."

Billie realized that her strategy was working perfectly. "Yeah." Then she said as she acted as though a great thought was dawning in her mind, "Say! Why don't *you* be the bride and *I* be the groom?" The suggestion was greeted with silence. "Come on Elle, you're much prettier than me."

"I won't do it." Elliot was adamant. "It's bad enough that everyone makes fun of me as a boy, I won't be made fun of as a girl too."

"No one will make fun of you," Billie stated, "I guarantee it."

"Oh yeah?" Elliot replied, "With what?"

"OK, if anyone makes fun of you *I'll* wear a dress ... every Monday for the rest of the school year." Even the school board had given up trying to get Billie to wear dresses finally setting the limits at jeans, she couldn't wear jeans to school, so she usually wore pleated cotton gabardine slacks, mens dress shirts and ... Air Jordan's. White.

"Billie, I'm a boy not a girl. And I'm a puny boy at that. Everyone would have a field day if I went to the Hallowe'en dance in a wedding dress."

"Nobody will know it's you!" Elliot just looked at her. "Elle, I'm serious, no one will recognize you. We can even say you're my ... cousin from out of town."

"Billie, that's the oldest trick in the book, no one is going to buy that. No one's going to believe that I'm your 'cousin-from-out-of-town'." Billie paused, "Besides, I thought we had an agreement, that I would only dress like this for you."

"Well then, do it for me," Billie replied, "Please?" Then she went over to Elle and put her arm around him, "Please?"

Well, Elliot could never refuse Billie even if she weren't his only friend. He was still not a happy camper about this situation, but what could he do? Finally he answered her, "All right," he said, "But just this once, and *only* because it's Hallowe'en!" Billie just gave him a hug and said, "Thanks."

The next day after school, before Billie headed off for basketball practice she asked, "El, don't you think we ought to try on our costumes in case they need some alterations before the dance?"

Elliot agreed, "Homework at your house this evening?"

"Yeah," Billie answered, "See you around seven."

When he arrived that evening he found the wedding gown and the tie and tails hanging on Billie's closet door. On Billie's dressing table he saw some new containers of make-up. Elliot asked about them and Billie just said, "Aunt Sally", but it was a lie. Billie had gone out and bought some expensive cosmetics, Lancôme for the most part, as a gift for Elle, but she hadn't wanted him to know.

Because he knew he'd be trying on the gown Elliot had worn a bra and panties under his clothing. When he'd put the bra on he almost decided not to wear the falsies because the cups were half full with ... breasts? No! Hmmm.

Billie asked, "Do you want to put on your make-up before you try on the gown?"

"Why would I want to get made-up?" he asked, "I'm just going to try it on to make sure it fits."

"Well, I thought you'd like to see the full effect with the veil and shoes and make-up."

"I don't know," he replied, "It's an awful lot of work."

"Tell you what," she said, "I'll do it for you, you can just sit back and relax."

"No, I'm better at it than you, I'll do it." Elliot sat down at the seldom used mirror and began dabbing on the foundation and was pleasantly surprised at how light it felt compared to what he had at home. It took him about half an hour before he was finished, and by then Billie was wearing the white tie and tails of her father. For the most part it fit well, but it was a bit tight in the tush, but not enough to let it out. Elliot said, "You look *tres elegante*."

Billie brought him the gown and handed it to him. Elle held it and they looked at one another. Finally Elliot said, "I can't change with you in the room." Billie just said, "Oh!" and left. As Elle removed each article of clothing he carefully folded it and laid it on Billie's bed. Then he took the gown off its hanger and unbuttoned the back. There were over twenty buttons and Elle wasn't sure how he'd button them all, then he supposed that this was one reason a bride needed bride's maids. He stepped into the gown and felt the silky fabric as it slid up his legs and over his body. He managed to button a few of the lower buttons, but knew that he'd have to ask Billie to do the rest. The shoes fit him perfectly, and he thought how odd it was that Mrs. Thornton (Mary Kate to her friends) shoes fit him. Then he called to Billie to come in.

"Button me up," he said, and Billie complied. Then they went down the hall to the master bedroom so that Elle could look at himself in the full length mirror. Like the last time, he couldn't recognize the woman looking back at him from the looking glass. Although he hadn't had a hair cut since before summer began he said, "My hair's too short."

Billie had brought the veil along and put it over Elle's head and settled it in place. Elle felt a certain euphoria when he looked out at a softened world that the mesh created. It was as though he were looking out through a soft focus lens. He felt giddy. The gown, the

veil, the shoes all fit perfectly. It was in that state of elation that he realized that he had his best friend's *mother's* build. How wonderful, he thought.

Billie lifted the veil up away from his face and then took Elle's hands in hers and said, "May I kiss the bride?"

Softly Elle said, "Yes." Their lips touched in a long, slow, smoldering kiss. Finally Elle stepped back and put his right hand to his breast and said, "I feel ... faint." He then collapsed to the floor.

When he awoke, Elle was lying on Billie's bed. "Are you OK?" she asked.

"I guess I swooned," he replied.

"What does that mean?"

"It's like fainting, but it has a romantic overtone to it," he explained.

"Oh," Billie thought a moment, "Oh!" Then she leaned over and kissed him again.

Elle put her fingers to Billie's lips and said, "We've got homework to do." Elliot then got up and turned his back to Billie, "Unbutton me," he said, she complied. He put his clothes back on, but did not remove the make-up. Then they attacked their homework.

Elliot left the Thornton house rather tired and he walked slowly home, when he was about half way between Billie's house and his own a couple of high school boys cruised by in an old MGB, when they saw Elliot one of them gave him a wolf whistle and the other yelled, "Oh Baby, let's get *busy!*" Elliot ran, as best he could, the rest of the way home with their laughter echoing in his ears. He'd recognized the boys, they were a couple of tough guys from the car crowd.

He ran up the steps and through the front door slamming it behind him. By the time he'd gotten safely to his room he was in tears. He was used to being teased, though it always upset him when he was, and sometimes people would say he looked or acted *like* a girl, but no one had ever treated him like *this* before. When he caught a glimpse of himself in a mirror, though, he understood why. Elliot wasn't in the mirror, Elle was, he forgotten to take off the make-up he'd put on at Billie's, and even in boys clothes he looked like a pretty girl. In anger he rushed to the bathroom and scrubbed his face clean.

That night as he lay in his bed, his head went round and round in circles. He liked being a girl when he was with Billie, he felt safe

with her. Those boys had scared him, and when he realized that they'd thought he *was* a girl they scared him even more. What if they'd decided to rape him? What would they have done when they found out he *wasn't* a girl? ... and around and around and around.

The next day Elliot told Billie that he'd changed his mind about the Hallowe'en dance. He would not go as a girl.

"Elliot," Billie replied, "You already said you would. I was counting on you."

"Please, Billie," Elliot responded, "I just can't."

"Why not?"

"Because."

"Because why?"

"Just ... " Elliot knew that this was futile, when ever Billie got this way there was no way to win. So, he told her why, how the boys for the autoshop had scared him and what he'd thought about all night.

"Elle," Billie told him, "Girls don't go out alone at night. I'll be with you at the dance, no one will bother you."

Elliot was not convinced. On the other hand he knew he could not get his way with Billie on this.

"Elle?"

"Don't make me, Billie."

"We'll talk about it later." Then the bell rang and they had to get to class.

Later that day Elliot had to go past the autoshop on his way to PE. Standing outside the shop were the two boys from the night before and a couple of their friends. Although one of them looked right at Elliot, he ignored him completely because the boy didn't recognize Elliot as the girl he'd whistled at the night prior.

For some reason it bothered Elliot that the grease head hadn't recognized him. It wasn't so much that the tough hadn't recognized him so much as he had behaved as though Elliot wasn't even there. He'd have *noticed* Elle, that was for sure!

Elliot had never liked being invisible, though he thought he'd come to terms with it, but now that he'd had a taste of being noticed, as scary as it was, he *was* sure that he liked being noticed. He then realized that for him to get attention it would have to be as Elle. He *would* be a bride at the dance after all, and he'd show everyone that, "I am a somebody!" A couple of classmates were startled by his declaration in the hallway. "Sure you are, Kilmer."

"Billie," Elliot said, "I don't know about going to the dance in that ... gown. After all, I *am* a boy."

"I know you're a boy, El," Billie responded.

"And that's another thing," Elliot was getting his dander up, "How come everyone is still calling me a *boy*? Most people are calling the jocks, 'young men'. Heck, I even heard someone refer to *D'Arcy LaLance* as a 'Handsome young man.'"

"I don't know," Billie replied, "You're not very manly, El, and I don't think anyone expects that you ever will be. Be happy they're not calling you 'girl' the way they sometimes talk about D'Arcy."

"That's just what I mean," Elliot stated bluntly, "They probably will if I wear that wedding gown to the dance."

"Elle, you promised." Billie knew her friend would not go back on his word. "Besides, no one will know it's you. Heck, if it was D'Arcy, he'd make a point of letting everyone know it was him."

"Yuk! He'd make a terrible looking girl," Elliot opined. "I just wish I didn't look so much like a girl, I mean it's not right, is it? If I was an ugly girl maybe I'd feel differently, but I'm not and I don't." 'Well,' he thought, 'if I've got to be a girl for Hallowe'en I'm going to do it right.' He resolved to practice with his make-up until he got it right.

One evening few days before the dance, Elliot had gone upstairs to get ready to study as Billie was coming over to do homework. As he passed the head of the stairway he heard his parents having a heated discussion, and so he crept down the stairs to get a better ear on it.

"... tell me he wasn't," his father was saying, "I have eyes, don't I? And those eyes saw traces of lipstick and eyeliner!"

"It's just for Hallowe'en," his mother was trying to calm her mate.

"Elaine!"

"Damn it, Frank, he's not very good at being a boy, I thought maybe he ought to try being a girl ... *something* that he feels good about."

"Well, he's not a girl, and I wish you wouldn't encourage him in that direction. He's had a tough enough time as it is!"

Elliot rushed up to the bathroom and looked in the mirror. They were there all right, just as his father had said, lipstick and eyeliner traces. Elliot's heart sank to the pit of his stomach.

That night when Billie came over to do home work she brought the gown in its storage bag and the shoes and veil in an equipment bag. "Mom said it should hang for a few days out of its bag to regain its shape." Then she took it out of the bag and fluffed it out before hanging it in Elliot's closet. Elliot felt something in the pit of his stomach and in his chest, he wasn't sure if it was a sense of a foreboding doom or euphoria. "I don't know about this," he said under his breath.

"Elle, you can't back out now! The dance is this Friday," she said, "Besides, you promised, and if I can't trust your word, whose can I trust?" She knew all of Elliot's buttons, and although she rarely did she could play him with a deft hand.

"I know," Elliot replied, "I'm just ... I'm just anxious, I guess. But I'm always the wife and you're always the husband and I'm never going to be taller than you and you'll never let me be the husband and I *am* the boy here."

"But Elliot," she responded, "Whether you want to admit it or not, you like that arrangement." This was an observation that had never been voiced before although it was apparent to both of them. Elliot just looked down at the floor in front of his feet and screwed up his face, but he remained silent.

Finally Elliot said, "Let's do our homework."

For the next couple of days before the dance Elliot was unable to eat and barely able to sleep. What Billie had said was true, he did like it when she treated him like a woman, and yet he was a boy and boys were supposed to do things and he couldn't do them no matter how hard he tried, and people had long since given up making fun of him and now just ignored him, although he was good in school and his English teacher did give him some attention because of his writing which he'd been neglecting lately, but all this confusion he was feeling inside was ... well, it was *confusing*, and maybe Billie *was* right about him being happier as a girl, after all those boys wouldn't have given *Elliot* the time of day, but the sure thought *Elle* was hot stuff, and if he decided to become a girl and use the name Elle, should he spell it E-l-l-e or e-l-l-e in a sort of tribute to e e

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cummings? and why would he even consider becoming a girl? Oh, it was confusing.

Friday night was the dance, but Saturday night were when all the *good* parties would be, and although Billie knew about them all, she hadn't said anything about them to Elliot, and Elliot being the nebbish that he was didn't know anything about them on his own. No one in their right mind would invite *Elliot Kilmer* to a party. Even Billie had a hard time thinking of Elliot at a party.

Friday morning kind of snuck up on every one as the sun never actually showed its face, hiding behind a threatening sky, which was terribly appropriate for Hallowe'en (even if it was a day early). Elliot didn't feel much better than the day looked, impending doom. How he managed to get through the day, he didn't know. Between classes everyone asked what everyone else was wearing to the dance and no one was telling except to say that they were sure to win the grand prize. No one asked Elliot, no one that is except Rita Heistakt, and she only asked sarcastically and hadn't waited for an answer. He heard her comment to a friend, "*She'll probably come as a french maid.*" Their laughter echoed down the hallway.

Billie and Elliot met after school to walk home. Elliot was rather quiet and Billie kind of rambled on. As they approached her house she said, "So, I'm picking you up at 8:00 tonight, right?"

"Shouldn't you come a little earlier?" Elliot asked, "The dance starts at eight."

"Elle, my mom's going to drive us, it'll take two minutes to get there."

"I guess I'm just nervous."

"You're not going to back out on me, are you?" Billie asked, "You'll be ready at 8:00?"

"Yes, I'll be ready."

"We'll have a great time!"

"I just wish I knew how to dance," Elliot stated. That was the one thing they'd both forgot in their plans.

"Dance?" Billie asked, "You can't dance?" she paused, "Can't be too hard, can it?" For all Billie's prowess in sports, she'd never tried to dance. By then they were standing in front of her house and so she said in parting, "See you at eight."

When Elliot got home his mother was in the kitchen carving up a pumpkin for the porch and for pie. Elaine Kilmer was quite a cook

and preferred to do so from scratch much of the time. "You hungry?" she asked.

He was, but he was too anxious to eat so he said, "No." Then he went to his room and did his homework. By the time he'd finished it was time to start getting dressed. He had all week end to do his homework, but he'd done it in order to not think about that evening and to put off getting made-up. But with his appetite gone and nothing else to stall with he had to face up the fact that it was indeed time to get *dressed*.

First he got organized, he hung the gown on the closet door and laid out the lingerie on his bed. The bra and panties lay just below his pillow, the stockings and garter belt just below them. At the foot of his bed he folded the petticoat and on the floor he placed the white satin shoes.

Then he went to his desk and set up the make-up mirror and laid out all the cosmetics he would use. He then took his robe to the bathroom and stripped. Billie had suggested that he might want to shave his body, but when he disrobed he knew that he would find a hairless body anyway and that shaving would be pointless. Elliot, at age fourteen, still had no body nor facial hair. At least he had *some* pubic hair.

He showered and when he was finished lathering and rinsing his body he shampooed and conditioned his not quite shoulder length hair.

After he dried off he put on his robe and went back to his room where he sat at his desk and stared at his face for a few moments. "*What the heck am I doing?*" He thought maybe Billie wouldn't mind if he decided not to go as a bride. That thought didn't last long. "*She'd mind.*" So he started with a light foundation, then did his eyeshadow, brows, mascara and liner, followed by blush. He didn't put on any lipstick though, that would be last, after he put on the gown.

The lingerie that he'd laid out beckoned him. He let his robe slip to the floor and then he picked up the white satin panties with lace insets and trim. He sat on the edge of his bed and slid them up his legs, they felt cool and silky against his skin and he felt kind of tingly when he slid them over his bottom. Next came the bra. It matched the panties, the lace of the insets matched the lace of the cups.

When he put the bra on, he noticed that the cups were ... well, they weren't empty, so he decided to forgo the falsies.

Next he hooked the garter belt around his waist and turned it around so it was on properly. Now he scrunched up one of the white

lace stockings and pulled it on over his naked leg, he took his time and relished the sensuousness of the act. Then he repeated the process on the other leg. Next he fastened the stockings to the garter belt and slid on the shoes.

The petticoat went on and he fastened the hook and eye closure with practiced hands. He'd tried it on almost every day since Billie had brought it over. Next he had to slip the gown carefully over his head so as not to ruin his make-up nor get make-up on the gown.

He had considered stepping into the gown and then putting on the petticoat, but that was more even trouble, so he struggled on and finally succeeded.

Next ... next ... next he had to button up the gown. Two dozen buttons up the back of the gown. He managed the first ten, but then he was stuck. He thought of calling Billie to help, she'd always done the buttoning before, but he thought that she would be busy getting ready herself. What was he going to do?

The answer was obvious, but he just didn't want to face it. He would have to ask his mother to help. He knew his mother knew what he and Billie had been up to, dressing him up, but he'd never said anything to her about it and she had never asked. He stood like a stunned deer in the middle of his room as he thought about what he was going to have to do.

After a couple of minutes there was a light tap on his door. "Elliot?" came his mother's voice, "Are you sure you wouldn't like something to eat before you go to the dance?"

"No, I'm not hungry," was his reply.

"Are you sure?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, "Mama?" He went to his door.

"Yes, sweetheart?"

"Mama," he said and cracked open his door, "I need some help with my costume." He moved away from the door to the center of his room. His mother entered and looked at him. "Could you button me up, please?" This matter of fact statement was the only thing he could think of to say and he had sort of blurted it out.

"Certainly dear," his mother said and then she came over and finished buttoning up the gown. "You need a bride's maid to help you with this sort of thing." Then she walked around to look at Elliot from the front. "Oh, you make such a pretty bride."

Not knowing what to say, he said, "Thank you."

"What are you going to do with your hair?" his mother asked.

"I don't know," he replied, "I'm wearing a veil."

"A veil is not a paper bag," his mother spoke, "It blurs, not obscures." She saw the veil hanging on the closet door and picked it up. "Come, let's go to my room where I can do something with your hair." She swept out of Elliot's room and down the hall, Elliot didn't know what else to do so he followed her.

His mother sat him down at her vanity and she started playing with his hair. "It's too bad it's not a bit longer," she said to herself, "Still, it has possibilities." She managed to make it appear to be upswept by combing it back and pinning it, which was not easy because of its length. Then she pulled the front forward and cut some brow length bangs and let some uncut wisps fall in front of his ears. "There, that should do, but I think you should let your hair grow out."

"Mama, I'm a boy," Elliot said, "Boys don't wear long hair."

"Oh Elliot," his mother sighed, "You're such an awkward boy and such a lovely girl, it seems a shame ..." She left the sentence unfinished. "Fathers always want sons and mothers always want daughters, regardless of what they say in front of their husbands, and we only had you, a little bit of both." Then she settled the veil in place on her son's head and then lifted the front back. "You make such a lovely bride, I'd always hoped that *my daughter* would one day wear my wedding gown."

Suddenly Elliot wondered if he would ever get married. He'd never thought about it before. Who would he marry? Who knew he was alive? Then he realized he wouldn't know where to begin finding a girlfriend, much less a wife. He also realized that the only role he knew was that of the wife, from all the years of playing with Billie, with her insisting on being the husband. Did Billie know how to be a girl?

"Are you feeling all right," Mrs. Kilmer asked.

"What?"

"I think you'd better eat *something* before the dance," she stated.

"I don't think I could eat a thing," replied Elliot.

Mrs. Kilmer looked at her ersatz daughter, and thought to herself how much she'd wanted a real daughter. Then she mentally shrugged and left. Elliot moved trance-like to his room, his thoughts having moved on to what horrors the dance would bring. He definitely had second and third thoughts about going as a girl, but it was too late. He imagined other kids making fun of him because he'd come as a bride, he imagined other kids making fun of him just because they always had. Billie always seemed to be there to protect him, even in his imaginings.

There was a soft tap at the door and then it opened and his mother came in with a plate of cookies and a large glass of milk. "They're oatmeal, with the apricot bits in them. You really need to eat something before the dance, sweetheart." She left the milk and cookies on his desk and retreated.

Elliot went to the desk and sat in his familiar chair. He looked at the cookies, and they did look good, so he picked one up and ate it and washed it down with a long swallow of milk. His mother had brought a half dozen cookies and they were gone in short order as was the milk. Elliot did feel better after eating, even if it wasn't a balanced meal. He applied his lipstick, and then settled the veil in front of his face. How long until Billie came to pick him up? Too long.

Finally he heard the door bell and Billie's voice, so he stood up and started for his door. Billie was half way up the stairs by the time he'd reached the top of the flight. "You look great!" Billie said with enthusiasm. "You do too," Elle replied, and she did look rather dapper at that.

Elle was quiet all the way to the school and Billie held his hand in a gesture of reassurance. Billie chattered a bit too, about nothing in particular adding in once in a while, "You look great" or "Gosh, you're pretty." While it did take more than two minutes to get to the school, it didn't take much longer and before they knew it they were climbing out of the side of the minivan that had been their carriage to the ball.

As Billie helped Elle out of the car, heads started to turn. Murmurs of "who's the babe?" and "woof!" started floating about. Rita Heistakt asked, "Who's that little bitch?" under her breath. They then made their way to the door and Billie produced the tickets from an inside pocket. They were among the first to enter, as most of the other students waited outside to see the arrivals. It wasn't uncommon for a few kids to hire a limo and arrive in style and act as though they were arriving for the Oscars. So, another tradition had been born.

Billie lead Elle over to the refreshment table and handed him a cup of punch and picked one up for herself. "I'm a little nervous," Billie said, "How about you?"

"Nearly sick," replied Elle.

"Billie Jo!," a hand slapped her across the back, "How's it hangin? Who's your friend?"

Billie turned and looked squarely into the chest of Zachariah Sledge, the basket ball team's center, captain, and star. Zach was nearly a foot taller and still growing, according to the coach.

"Hey! Zach," Billie shouted, "It's hangin'."

"Who's your friend?" Zach asked again.

"Oh! Allow me," Billie said while putting on airs, "Zachariah Sledge, this is Elle ..." she realized that she hadn't thought up a last name for Elliot's alter ego.

"Just Elle?" Zach asked.

"Yes," Elliot replied.

"Ooo, a mystery woman," Zach commented, "I like a good mystery."

"Elle," Billie said intent on finishing the introduction, "Mr. Zachariah Sledge."

"Mr. Sledge," Elle replied in a courteous manner.

"So," began Billie, "Where's Ms. Heistakt? I thought you two were an item."

Zach looked skyward, "Don't get me started on that!"

"She dump you?" asked Billie.

"Other way around," he responded.

"What happened?"

"Let's just say that I didn't relish being involved with the future first female Grand Dragon."

"Surely she must have notice that you are black before she agreed to go out with you in the first place," Elle commented.

"Like I said, don't get me started." Zach looked around the room for a minute and then said to Billie, "You going to try out for Varsity next year?"

"You know they won't let me play on the boys teams."

"Well, without some help my senior year is going to be a loser, and I don't relish that."

"Yeah, you just want to make sure a good basketball school offers you a scholarship," Billie replied, "Women's athletics don't get squat for funding."

"Aren't you an honor student," Elle said, "Mr. Sledge?"

"I am indeed," Zach looked at Elle and winked, "And I'd prefer you called me Zach."

"All right, Zach," Elle said, "Perhaps you should concentrate on obtaining academic scholarships rather than athletic ones."

"I plan on getting both," Zach replied, "Athletic scholarships pay more, and I do enjoy the game."

Other couples were filtering in and there were the greetings and high fives and laughter that are all part of a celebration. Tickets were sold in pairs, but often couples who had bought the tickets earlier in the school year had broken up by Hallowe'en, but they came anyway, you couldn't miss *the* event of the year. Billie introduced Elle to a number of her friends, and all the boys ogled the pretty new face and figure. Finally the music started and couples headed out for the dance floor. Billie wandered off to talk with some friends.

"Tell me about yourself," Zach asked Elle, "Where are you from, and why hasn't Billie mentioned you before?"

"Hasn't she?" Elle replied a bit coquettishly, "She hasn't mentioned her cousin from *Anytown, U.S.A.*?"

"I didn't know she had any cousins from that part of the world," Zach countered. "Don't tell me that Elle is your only name, or real name for that matter."

"It's not," Elle said, "It's short for Eloise —"

"Nice to meet you Miss Elle," Zach said then took Elliot's hand and kissed it.

"How chivalrous," Elle exclaimed, but he quickly withdrew the hand.

There was an awkward silence which was broken when Zach asked, "Would you like to dance?"

"Well, I'm afraid I'm not very good," Elle answered.

"Well, neither am I," Zach replied, "The only place I move well is on the court."

"Thank you for asking."

"Oh, come on, it's only dancing," Zach said, "We can't be any worse than that couple there," he indicated two teens who appeared to be slam dancing to a four step.

"If you don't mind having your toes stepped on."

"You won't step on them if you don't raise your feet above mine." Zach lead the way out onto the dance floor and the odd couple started 'dancing'. In a way it was fortunate that Elle had never learned to dance, since that meant that he didn't have to unlearn anything. For someone who had never been good at anything physical Elle picked up the box step easily as Zach lead. In the middle of their second dance Rita Heistakt came over and cut in, not because she wanted to dance with Zach, but because she didn't want anyone else doing so.

Elle started back toward the refreshment table but didn't get half way there before another boy asked him if she wanted to dance. This time it was one of the guys from the autoshop crowd, but not one

of the ones who had whistled at him earlier. He said his name was Steve. Steve turned out to be quite a good dancer.

"You're new at this," Steve asked, "Aren't you? Relax and let me lead, I'll guide you with my left hand on your back."

"All right," Elle said. He tried to relax and once she felt how Steve was signaling each move to him he *was* able to relax. Once he relaxed his movements became quite graceful.

"Now you're gettin' it," Steve told him, "You know, you're the prettiest girl here. I know all the good lookin' babes at this school, and you ain't one of them. What school you from?"

Elle didn't know what to say, and in his attempt to think of something he lowered his head and leaned into Steve. Steve responded by drawing him closer.

"Listen, if you don't want to tell me, that's all right. I don't play around with girls from other schools," Steve whispered into his ear, "They're G.U.D. and I ain't got time for that."

"G.U.D.?"

"Geographically UnDesirable," Steve informed him, "There are plenty of little fishes right in this pond, I don't need to dip my rod anywhere else." The song stopped and a up tempo one started.

"I'm afraid I can't dance to this," Elle told him and started walking to the sidelines. Steve was off to ask someone else to dance. Several boys came up to Elle and asked to dance, but he declined saying that he couldn't dance to fast songs.

After a short while Billie and Zach found him and rescued him from a very insistent senior. Billie had rescued Zach from Rita who now had a que of virile young men waiting to dance with her. Rita kept looking at Elle to see if the line of boys for her was as long as her own. It wasn't, but Rita didn't like it anyway.

"I told Zach our secret," Billie said to Elle.

"*Billie!*" Elliot whined.

"He won't tell anyone," Billie stated.

Zach followed with, "Hey, don't worry, your secret is safe with me," he laughed, "Besides, this is killing me, Rita Heistakt is jealous of you, she thinks you're her competition, her *only* serious competition."

"Isn't that *great!*" Billie said with enthusiasm.

Elliot shrugged, here he was pretending to be a girl, and although he didn't care for her now, he'd once had a major crush on the girl who now thought he was her competition. Oh God! what had he let himself in for?

Zach put his hand on Billie's back and said, "Excuse us," as a slow dance had started and he led Billie on to the dance floor. As soon as they had left another boy came up to Elle and asked him to dance. He was too stunned to say 'no' and so he let the boy lead him to the dance floor and they danced.

Through out the night a stream of boys danced with Elle and Rita. At first the boys who were asking Elle felt that Rita's line was too long, and darn if that cute girl from some other school wasn't cute, so they asked her instead. As the night wore on, Elle's line got longer than Rita's and the latter didn't like that one bit. The reason for this phenomenon was simple, Rita was an arrogant bitch and Elle was a very likeable, very modest girl. Billie and Zach were dancing closer and closer as the evening wore on.

With all the attention he was getting, Elle forgot herself. All those boys who were eager to make her happy. "You're very pretty." "I'd like to get to know you better." "Too bad that you don't go to Trinidad. Why don't you transfer here?" "I'll bet you have a lot of boyfriends there."

One or two boys copped a feel and were ecstatic about it. Elle was overwhelmed. And then it was midnight and the music stopped and everyone who was wearing one took off their masks and the boy that he was dancing with planted a big wet kiss on Elle and that really unnerved him, and he liked it. And then the dance was over.

Zach and Billie found Elle, which wasn't hard considering Zach's height and Elle's apparent popularity. He was surrounded by boys asking for her phone number and all like that. Billie waded in and rescued her friend from the mob and walked him out with Zach close behind. Just inside the door Zach stopped Billie and took her in his arms and kissed her lightly on the lips. "See you tomorrow?" "Sure." Then he let her go and hung back in the darkness for a few moments before leaving.

"Mom should be out here somewhere," Billie said to Elle, "Don't say anything to her about me and Zach, OK?"

"OK," replied Elliot, "If you won't tell my folks about all the boys that I danced with tonight."

Billie spit into her hand and extended it for a handshake, "Deal!" Then she asked, "Elle?"

"Yeah?"

"I think Zach wants me to go steady with him."

"That's wonderful," Elliot said.

"There's mom," Billie said as she pointed to her mother's car. "Remember, not a word." They hurried over to the waiting car and when they got in Billie's mother asked, "Did you girls have fun?" Billie just said, "Yeah."

When they dropped Elliot off Billie saw him to the door and gave her friend a hug and whispered, "I'll see ya in the morning."

Elliot's mother was still up watching Jay Leno and waiting for her son to get home. "Hi sweetheart, did you and Billie have a good time?"

"Hi Mama, yes we did," Elliot answered politely, "I'm tired, so I'll just take a shower and go to bed." Elliot knew that his mother knew that he hadn't eaten much all day and was going to ask if he'd like to eat something. After she unbuttoned the dress, and while he was in the shower she fixed him a sandwich and a glass of milk and set them on his desk. He ate them gratefully and then crawled under his covers and went right to sleep.

Elliot's was a restless sleep containing strange dreams. In one dream he was a chameleon in another he was a newt. In one he was Elliot and Elle, in another he was Billie, he was even Rita Heistakt briefly. The only thing common about all these dreams was an eroticism which he'd never experienced before.

In the dream in which he was both Elliot and Elle he was kissing herself, when he was Billie he was caressing Zach, Rita was trying to do something to Elle. It was all very confusing, or would have been if he'd remembered the dreams. Once the dreams were gone he fell back into a restful sleep and from this he was awakened by Billie.

"Hey!" Billie said in Elliot's ear, "Wake up, it's after nine, you goin' to sleep all day?"

"Hmmm?" Elliot opened one eye, sort of, licked the inside of his mouth and said, "Billie?"

"Who else?" came her reply, "You were quite a hit last night."

Elliot opened his eyes and sat up, "Elle was, you mean."

"You are Elle."

Neither said anything for a moment, just looking at one another. Elliot noticed something was different about his friend, but what it was didn't register at first.

"Zach and I are going party hopping tonight," she said breaking the silence, "He thought you —Elle, that is— might like to come along."

"Um," he was still in the fuzz mode.

"I'm going to meet him in about half an hour to play some one on one," she said with an undisguised excitement in her voice.

Then it hit him, what was different about his friend, not just the glow, but her clothes. She was wearing a nice shirt, white, and new jeans and Nikes. She never dressed like that before, and if she was going to play basketball why wasn't she wearing sweats? Was she wearing lip gloss? She was.

"I don't see how you could sleep at all after last night," she said, "I don't think I got more than half an hour."

"Mmm"

"Zach said that Rita Heistakt was having a fit after the dance."

"Why would she do that?"

"Why?" Billie asked with incredulity, "Because *you* were stealing her thunder, that's why. She figured on being the center of attention and *you* stole the spotlight. A couple boys called already to ask for your —Elle's— number."

Elliot was jolted awake by that last statement. "What?!"

"A couple of guys wanted to know how to get a hold of you."

"Oh no! Why did I ever let you talk me into doing it?"

"Elliot," Billie started to protest, "For the first time in your life people sat up and noticed you." Elliot fell back onto his bed, his head nearly hitting the wall. "And don't tell me that you didn't enjoy yourself, I saw you smiling and laughing and dancing the night away. You wouldn't have known what time it was if they hadn't made the announcement at midnight."

"Oh, I did have the most wonderful time," Elliot said, "All those boys dancing me around the floor, it was divine, even when that one boy tried to feel my tits," Elliot paused a moment, "Billie, boys aren't supposed to have breasts, girls are. I'm not sure if I'm a boy or a girl anymore. I like being a girl, or at least I like the attention I get as a girl, but I'm a boy, aren't I?"

"Oh Elle," Billie chided, "Look in the mirror, even without make-up you're a girl, a pretty girl."

"Remember when I told you about my hormones being ... like a girls?" he asked, "Well, that's why I have breasts, it's a condition called gynecomastia. When boys develop breasts that's what they call it."

Billie didn't say anything for a moment not sure if what she was about to say ... well, not sure if this was the time to say it. "Elle, you know those pills I've been giving you to help you develop?"

"Fat lot of good they've done."

"Well, I wasn't exactly honest with you about *how* they'd make you develop," she hesitated, "You know, for a girl you've got a very nice figure ... well, you're developing one. That's because of the pills. I've been giving you Premarin."

Had he been more awake he would not have asked this next question, "What's that?"

"You remember I had to get a prescription for my mom because of her hysterectomy? Well, it was for Premarin to replace the hormones she couldn't make anymore. It's estrogen."

"I've been taking estrogen?" Elliot gasp.

Billie just nodded in response as he muttered again, "I've been taking estrogen."

Elliot's lack of response frightened Billie, she had half expected him to hit the roof, but when he didn't do anything she got a little scared. "You all right?"

Elliot let out a short laugh and said, "I've been taking estrogen."

Billie got up and started backing out of the room. "I've got to get going. Are you going to be all right? I'll call you later, you can tell me then if you want to come with me and Zach tonight. ... Well, bye." Billie turned and left, closing the door behind her.

Elle lay in bed for a few moments nearly turning the phrase into a mantra, "I've been taking estrogen." Then he laughed, shook his head and got up. He'd been so tired the night before that he hadn't bothered to put on anything before going to bed and so he went to his closet and pulled out a somewhat worn kimono style robe which his mother had put in a box with other clothes intended for the Salvation Army and from which box he'd rescued it.

He put on the robe and went to his door and listened to be sure that neither of his parents were nearby. When he was sure that they were elsewhere he came out of his room and went to their room where he stood in front of his mother's full length mirror.

Once positioned he opened the robe and let it fall to the floor. He examined his body. He *was* developing a nice hour glass shape, he indeed had breasts—small, but still growing—and his maleness was—it seemed to him—getting smaller, not that it made much difference to him now.

He struck a pose that concealed his maleness all together and looked at the full image looking back. This was the image of a rather pretty girl on the verge of womanhood. His face had delicate, regular features which added up to a pretty face which was framed by a pageboy hairstyle—the result of his mother's attentions the

night before—and his body was that of an adolescent girl's, not of a boy's of *any* age.

"Well," he thought, if fates had conspired to turn *him* into *her*, "who am I to fight it?" If his destiny was to be a girl, then by golly he'd be the best girl he could be! No more Elliot, from here on out it's Elle ... or elle? ELLE? Elle, which was just French for woman, wasn't it?

He put the robe back on and marched off to breakfast. Resolved to be a girl from then on. His resolve held until he reached the top of the stairs and he heard his parents' voices from below.

Then he thought perhaps easing into the new role was perhaps the better approach, and so rather than going down the stairs to breakfast directly, he took a detour to his room where he dressed, not that boys clothes did much to disguise his femininity. By the time he got to the table, his parents had long since finished their breakfast and were gone.

When he'd finished his breakfast, he thought about whether or not he ... she (?) should go party hopping with Billie and Zach. Not since second grade had anyone invited him to a party, the exception being Billie. Elle certainly loved the attention, and it would undoubtedly be fun, but would his parents understand? *What was he thinking?* Tonight was *Hallowe'en!* With his hair being cut the way it was, he decided to wear the sailor blouse and skirt.

What to do with the rest of the day was the question for Elliot. He'd already finished his homework for Monday and Billie was off playing basketball with Zach and since he didn't have any other friends that meant he was on his own. So, he went to the library. For Elliot the library was a sort of second home where an awkward boy could escape the world that mocked him. "Let's see what's here," he uttered to himself as he approached the card catalog. After a few minutes he found himself at a particular drawer, "Transportation ... Transvaal ... Transvestism." He noted some titles and call numbers and wandered off into the stacks.

"Conundrum, here it is," he muttered and removed it from the shelf and after flipping through it for a few minutes put it back on the shelf, "I'll never be able to pretend that I'm a macho kind of guy." Then he looked for another title. Finally he found a book titled 'My Story' by Christine Cossey, and this seemed to be something Elliot could relate to. This last book he checked out and took to a *secret* spot where he liked to read in solitude.

When Elliot came to this spot to read he was likely to lose track of time and had on more than one occasion stayed there until dusk

when he lost his light. He read about this woman who as a boy had known something wasn't right and Elliot could certainly relate to that, but he hadn't ever worn girls clothes nor had he thought to do so until Billie suggested it. Then of course he and this Cossey woman both looked very feminine as boys. And so he read.

"I thought you'd be here!" Billie shouted, "Your mom said you'd gone to the library and when you weren't there I came here."

"Hi Billie," Elliot said, "Did you have a good game?"

Billie plopped herself down next to Elliot and sighed, "Yeah."

"Who won?"

"He did," she answered dreamily.

"Are you all right?" Elliot asked.

"He kissed me," Billie said still in her trance, "Right there on the ball court."

"What was it like?"

Billie looked at Elle and said, "Here, you be me," and she stood up and helped her friend up. "We'd just finished a game and he was patting me on the back like this," and she demonstrated, "And then he just did this," and she pulled Elle around and into her and then she kissed Elle on the lips and he felt a thrill up and down his spine, but he wasn't Elliot in that moment, he was Elle.

"Wow"

The two friends just stood looking at each other for several moments. Elle was relishing his first passionate kiss. It had taken his breath away. Billie was experiencing her first passionate kiss as

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the initiator and basking in the experience of her first passionate kiss as a receptor. Both felt as though they'd just awoken in a brave new world.

After a while Billie asked, "Are you going to come with us tonight?"

"Yes," Elle answered, "I thought I'd wear that sailor outfit."

"Wear?" Billie was panicked, "I don't have anything nice to wear. Shoot, and I don't know anything about clothes."

"Can you borrow something from your mother?" Elle asked.

"She's too short."

"And too old."

"What am I goin' to do?"

"Do you have any money?" Elle asked.

"Not on me, but I've got about fifty bucks at home," Billie answered.

"Come on, we've just got time to get you something to wear."

Billie would have run, but she knew that Elliot wouldn't be able to keep up, so she walked briskly and he managed to keep up. At the Thornton's house they picked up a couple of bicycles and rode downtown. The only dress shop that Billie was familiar with was the one her mother shopped at and so that is exactly where they went. When she and Elliot walked in the woman who owned the shop, Nicolette Tyler, was surprised. Nicolette didn't recognize the girl with Billie.

"Billie Jo Thornton, I never thought I'd see the day that you came in here on your own," she paused, "Unless you're buying something for your mother?"

"No," Billie blushed, "I have a date tonight and I need something nice to wear."

"Well," Nicolette looked Billie over, "You're height makes things difficult. I don't think I could fit you for a dress, so let's look at separates." She led the two over to a rack on which a variety of skirts hung. "Let's see, you look to be about a size 10, your friend their looks to be about a 6. Do you have anything in your wardrobe besides jeans?"

"No," Billie replied, then she looked at the price tags, "I only have fifty dollars."

Ms. Tyler looked at Billie a moment then smiled and walked over to the register where she picked up the phone and dialed, "Your mother has an account here, I'll just check and see if it's all right to put some of your clothes on it. Hell-o, Mrs Thornton? This is Nicolette Tyler, you'll never guess who just walked into the shop."

The conversation was brief, but the upshot was that Mrs. Thornton was thrilled that her daughter was finally showing some interest in *something* other than sports and that it was indeed fine to charge a reasonable amount for clothing. "I think we ought to start you out with something basic," and she proceeded to show her a couple of navy skirts and Billie settled on a short kilt style which had some red and green lines in it. When they went to try on blouses, Ms. Tyler realized that nothing she had in stock would fit Billie because of her height. The sleeves on all the blouses were too short, and it was fall, so short sleeves were out. The shop owner looked Billie over and finally said, "I don't think there's a thing I can do for you here, but if you go next door you can get a nice man's dress shirt that will go well with this skirt," then she walked over to an accessories rack and picked out a belt, "And you can wear it with this belt. Wear the shirt out and belt it in at the waist, you'll look lovely."

"OK," Billie liked the idea that she could wear *something* that was familiar, "Do I need anything else?"

Nicolette looked at her and said, "I'll bet all your bras and panties are industrial strength. You need some sexy lingerie." She led the way.

All this while Elliot was looking around the shop and deciding what he liked and what he didn't. He found one dress that he thought was particularly striking and he held it up to look at it.

Over in the lingerie area Ms. Tyler helped Billie select a satiny bra and matching panties both of which had lace insets. There was also a matching garter belt and some stockings. All this plus the skirt and belt went over to the counter by the register. "Let me call Sam next door and tell him what you need and I'll arrange to put it on your mother's account here." She picked up the phone and dialed once again, "Sam, Nic. I'm sending Billie Thornton over to get a shirt. Now, what she needs is a nice white Egyptian cotton dress shirt ... Barrel cuffs will be fine, I think, and make it over sized a couple of sizes. ... That's up to you. Oh, and I'll be putting on an account here. OK, bye." She put down the receiver and told Billie to go to the men's shop next door and Sam would help her find what she needed. And since she was going to be right back she didn't say anything to Elliot.

Nicolette approached Elliot who was still looking at the dress that had caught his fancy, "That's a very pretty dress, miss, I think I have it in your size." She walked a few feet down the aisle and

picked out the same dress in a smaller size. "Here we are," she said, "Would you like to try it on?"

Elliot was still stunned that the woman had called him 'miss', that she thought he was a girl. "Well," he started to say, "I don't know, I really can't afford it." It was an eighty dollar dress—quite reasonable really, though not for a teenager—a shirt dress in black with a bold floral pattern in *reds* and *yellows* and *greens*.

"Go ahead and try it on anyway," she encouraged him, "Maybe your mother will buy it for you. I think you'll look fabulous in it, and not too many women could carry it off. You have just the right figure for it."

What was he to do? Elliot wanted to, but somehow this didn't seem right. But it *was* pretty and he *did* want to. Then he remembered his resolve of that morning and decided, what the hell! "Where?" Ms. Tyler pointed out the dressing rooms.

Just after Elliot went into a changing room Billie came back in with the shirt and a receipt which she gave to Nicolette. "Where's—?"

"Your friend is in the changing room trying on a dress, it really does something for her," she commented, "What's your friend's name?"

"El ...," Billie paused, "Elle."

"Let me total this up for you," and she did and wrapped it too. "I just need you to sign this," and she turned another receipt around and indicated where she needed the signature. Billie signed, and Elle came out of the changing room. He looked smashing.

"Oh Elle!" Nicolette exclaimed, "That dress was made for you!"

Billie just stared and said, "Elle, you look great!"

Elle felt all goose bumpy, not only did the dress look great, but it felt great as it was made of a very fluid, sensual rayon. Elle wished he could wear it home, but ... "Too bad I can't afford it."

"Another time perhaps," Nicolette sighed.

Billie turned to the shop owner and asked, "What kind of shoes should I get?"

"Oh, just some basic black pumps, medium heel."

Elle reluctantly returned to the dressing room and changed back into his clothes. Somehow they just couldn't compare to that wonderful dress.

On the way home the two friends had to stop at a number of shoe stores before they could find shoes in size 11 for Billie, fortunately all she'd wanted was a basic black medium heel pump,

because that's all that the store had in her size, and they pretty much took care of the fifty dollars in Billie's pocket. "That was going to be a new mitt for next season."

They got home just in time to sit down for dinner at their respective homes. While Billie showered, her mother pressed the shirt and removed the labels from everything else. Mom was not too thrilled with the garter belt and stockings, too sexy she thought. Well, at least her daughter was finally showing some interest in boys. The thought had crossed her mind that she might have another *Billie Jean* on her hands, or was it *Martina*?

Up the street, Elle was making-up and getting dressed. He'd laid out his clothing before showering. The nautically themed outfit looked cute and he looked cute in it, he sighed wishing it was the dress from the shop. His auburn hair contrasted nicely with the white of the outfit.

Elle sat at his desk applying make-up, he was fortunate not to need any foundation, so he'd blushed his cheeks with a tea rose blush and some earth toned shadow on his eyes. He'd opted for dark brown eyeliner and brown/black mascara. His lipstick was just a shade or two redder than his natural color. In other words, to most men he was *not* made-up, but to any woman he was tastefully made-up.

Once his make-up was finished he put on the panties and bra, garter belt and hose. The sensuous act of putting on lingerie had not lost any of its power from the first time. He slipped the skirt up his legs and he settled it into place.

Next he slid on a half slip beneath the skirt. He then realized that he'd meant to put on a chemise, and so he did. It matched the half slip and he had to tuck it in between the skirt and slip. Next he put on the blouse and slid his feet into the pumps that completed the outfit. His pageboy fell into place and that was that.

He went down to his parents' room to give himself the once over in the full length mirror, and was satisfied by what he saw. As he walked back to his room he heard someone trip on the stairs and a "damn it!" which he immediately recognized as Billie's.

"I'll never get used to these things!" Billie exclaimed referring to the pumps she wore.

"Put your weight on the ball of your foot and pretend you don't have a heel," Elle told her.

"Oh yeah?"

"Mm hmm," Elle indicated, "that simple."

"Listen Elle," Billie started to say, "I came over to get your help with make-up."

"You look fine," Elle responded.

"But I want to look great," Billie stated.

"All right," Elle said, "Come on in." He followed Billie into his room. All he did was put a hint of blush on his friend and some eye liner and mascara and a little colored lip gloss.

"How do I look?" Billie asked.

Elle fixed her collar and straightened the shirt hem, then tightened the belt one notch.

"Hey!"

"It will accentuate your figure more," he told Billie.

Billie nodded understanding and then said, "Come on, we've got to get to my house, Zach will be here any minute." And off they went.

They'd just reached the Thornton place when a car pulled up, and of course it was Zach, who got out of his car and came up the path to the porch.

"Hi!"

"Hi!"

"Hell-o"

"Come on in," Billie said to Zach, "My folks want to meet you."

"I was afraid of that," Zach said.

Elle said, "They're really nice people."

Billie held the door for Elle and Zach held the door for her and then closed it behind himself. Billie showed him to the living room where Elle had already gone and was sitting beside the Thorntons when Zach and Billie entered. Mr. Thornton stood up as Mrs. Thornton gawked at Zach's size.

"Zachariah," Mr. Thornton said as he extended his hand to shake, "Billie tells me you're an honor student."

"Yes sir," Zach replied, "I plan on studying biological science when I get to college, I thought I'd like to be a doctor when I grow up."

"I hope you don't plan on growing *up* too much more," Mr. Thornton said.

"I've got two uncles, one on either side, that are over seven feet, so ..." Zach shrugged.

"You play basketball?" Mrs. Thornton asked.

"Yes ma'am," he replied. "I've been hoping your daughter would try out for varsity next year, she's one of the most talented players in school."

"Well, you know how the school board feels about *that!*" he exclaimed. He was proud of his daughter's athletic ability and it irked him that she was not being given the opportunity to develop it just because she was a girl. 'Tennis' one board member had suggested.

"Elliot," Mrs. Thornton asked, "Who's your date?"

Elle blushed a bit and then Billie gave her mother a *look* and then Mrs. Thornton said, "Well, you kids probably want to get going." They all smiled and nodded agreement.

"Now son," Mr. Thornton addressed Zachariah, "There's to be no drinking, and I want my daughter back by midnight."

"Dad!"

Mr. Thornton looked at his wife and some non-verbal interchange occurred and he finally said, "All right, since it *is* a weekend, and a *special* weekend have her home by one."

"Yes sir," Zach answered.

"And *no* drinking!"

"You don't have to worry about that, sir. I'm an athlete and I take good care of my body, and alcohol is a poison. I don't drink."

"Well, run along kids," Mrs. Thornton piped in, "And have a fun time."

"Thank you, ma'am."

"Thanks mom, dad."

"OK"

And off they went to the first party.

The first party was with some of Zach's more studious friends and was very clean cut with party games and punch and dunking for apples, which was fine for them and they all were having a swell time, but in as much as Zach was a star athlete he had to make the rounds of parties and Billie and Elle went with him. Though a number of the guys were sorry to see Elle leave, none had made a pass but all had been very friendly. In fact one or two of them were acquaintances of Elliot's, but had no clue who the cute girl really was.

The second party was at one of Billie's baseball friends, and though not as clean cut as the first, it was still fairly innocent. The innocent games of the first party were replaced by games with a little bit of body contact. There were a disproportionate number of

girls at this party, many were jockettes, and they were sorry to see Elle leave, and one managed to cop a feel of Elle as they —Zach, Billie, and Elliot— said their good-byes.

Elliot ... or should I say Elle was having a wonderful time. People were talking to her and asking all sorts of questions and generally paying attention to her ... him. Even Elliot was confused about pronoun usage. Popularity is a heady experience, and when you consider that only two days before none of these people would have given him the time of day, well you can imagine how caught up in the excitement Elle got. And no matter what he was asked she seemed to have some very thoughtful answer. Cute *and* smart. Wow!

The third party was *the* party to be at ... no chaperons. The parents of the girl hosting the party were out of town (as they frequently were) and so everything went. Beer, vodka, weed ... you know. Although no one had yet gone into the parents' bedroom for sex, well, it was only a matter of time, but that is getting ahead of things. Our threesome arrived at around 10:30, but the next two hours would be something.

"Hi Billie!" "Hi Zach!" were repeated over and over along with knowing winks, as well as, "Is this the girl?" meaning the girl who had ruffled Rita Heistakt's feathers at the dance the night before. Rita had not yet made her grand entrance (she *always* made grand entrances) and some were speculating on what her reaction would be to Elle's presence. Still, Rita was not present and so the boys crowded around the new girl and bombarded her with questions. Some of the girls were feeling a bit put out, but mostly they were glad to have someone who could take Rita Heistakt down a peg or two.

Elle was as naive as Elliot, it should go without saying. All the attention was making him high and all the attention was pushing her to sensory overload. Then *She* made her entrance. *She* was wearing the dress that Elle had been admiring earlier in the day at the dress shop.

Rita played the crowd warmly greeting a person here and coldly ignoring some one there. Then she got to Elle. "I don't think I've had the pleasure," she said, "I'm Rita Heistakt."

"Elle," Elle replied.

Rita just replied with a half smile, a venomous half smile.

"That's a beautiful dress," Elle said genuinely, "I was admiring one like it earlier today."

"The Tyler Shop is the only store in *this* town that carries this line," Rita said as if it meant something, and it did, just not to Elliot.

What he hadn't known was that the shop he and Billie had been in was the best store in town for fashions, even if the prices were reasonable.

"Yes," Elle replied, "I tried one on there this afternoon, unfortunately I couldn't afford it."

Billie chimed it with, "Yeah, it looked *great* on her!"

Billie was about as unaware of the undercurrent of what was going on as Elle was. Neither had realized that Rita had declared war on Elle nor that Billie's last comment had made her an enemy of *Hers*. Of course all the other girls knew what was going on, and most of them were rooting for the new girl because despite the fact that she drew boys like a magnet she seemed genuine and unassuming; whereas, Rita ... well, Rita was a b _____. Beautiful, but a B _____.

"I thought it was quite reasonable," Rita said.

"She probably put it on *daddy's* account," came from somewhere under someone's breath. Rita pretended not to have heard the comment. The utterer was *not* referring to Rita Heistakt's father, either.

"Well," Elle said, "I'm saving up for college, and \$80 for a dress would be rather extravagant."

Another utterer said, "She told *me* it cost \$200."

Rita turned in dismissal of Elle and the people surrounding him and drifted off to another part of the party. In the mean time one young woman who had no love for Ms. Heistakt was studying Elle. Something about her voice and looks seemed familiar, but she couldn't yet place it. Some boy, anxious to meet the new girl stepped in and blocked the view.

Billie and Zach, in the mean time, were off in a corner, lost in their own little world. Neither had ever been romantically linked to anyone —Zach's brush with Ms. Heistakt notwithstanding— ergo this was a first for both. Billie was too Tomboyish and intimidating to attract boys, and Zach was too tall, too intense, and too black in a predominantly white neighborhood.

Zach was not a virgin, mind you, but until now he hadn't made the time in his busy life to include anyone else. Billie was the only girl who didn't seem to be intimidated by his size and athletic ability, and she was the only girl who could really appreciate just how much ability he did have. Zach was definitely smarter, Billie being only a slightly better than average student, thanks in some part to Elliot's help. Zach was a straight A student, Billie was a more or less B student, Elliot would have been a straight A student except for his dismal showing in PE.

That someone who thought there was something familiar about Elle shrugged her shoulders and turn her attention elsewhere. Actually she turned it several elsewheres and more than an hour later before she noticed Billie and Zach making out in a quiet corner. She thought, 'Isn't it nice that *those two* finally found each other. I wonder what Elliot Kilmer will ... !' She looked around to find *the new girl*, but couldn't find *her*. She wandered around the house until she found *her* on the porch with a number of boys surrounding *her*. She looked at Elle for a few moments trying to determine if her hunch was right, and when she was sure it was she made her way over to Elle. "I know it's you, Elliot," she whispered in his ear.

"Are you all right, Elle?" asked one of the boys, "You look kind of pale."

The girl wandered off slowly in the direction of the back staircase.

"I'm fine," she answered, "Excuse me." Elliot saw the girl go into a bedroom and when he entered the door shut behind him.

"I'd have never guessed that you'd turn out to be such a pretty *girl*," she said.

"Thank you," Elle replied, "Luanna. What are ... are you going to ..."

"Relax," Luanna Petersen said, "You're secret is safe with me." Luanna moved in closer. "So pretty *and* so popular. Rita really hates you." Luanna moved close enough that Elliot could feel her breath on his cheek. Then he felt her hand run up along his stomach and cup around one of his breasts. "If I didn't know better, I'd swear you were a girl."

Elliot was scared. "What are you doing?" Luanna didn't answer, instead she moved her left hand to his face and then kissed him aggressively on the lips. Elliot could feel his maleness stir in his panties. Luanna kissed him more urgently, inserting her tongue into his mouth and massaging his breast with her right hand. When, at last she came up for air, she guided Elliot to the bed and gently took off his blouse and skirt.

When Luanna realized that Elle's breasts were real she became even more aroused, "Why don't you undress me?" she asked. Elliot responded by unbuttoning her shirt and slipping it off and then undoing her jeans and pulling them to the floor along with her panties.

Then Luanna lay him down on the bed and pulled his maleness free of his panties. Starting at the tip of his unit she walked her lips up his body until they reached his bra, then she reached around and

undid it and pulled it away from his breasts. Then she sucked on first one breast then the other.

She whispered, "They are so sweet!"

Elliot moaned in ecstasy. Eventually her lips worked their way back up to his mouth and when she got there she reached down to her jeans and pulled a condom from her back pocket and managed to put it on Elliot, "You don't know me well enough not to wear one," she said. Then she made like a cowgirl on a morning ride. Yippee-ti-eye-o!

After Elliot was spent as Luanna curried him down after a hard ride she said, "Rita is going to hate me for this." She stretched out next to Elle and then added, "Screw it!"

"I feel ..." Elliot said.

"Mm hmm."

"Why is Rita going to hate you?"

"I'm her lover," Luanna said plainly, "And she hates to share *anything*."

"You and ...?"

"Ri Heistakt, my dear girl, is a lesbian."

"But ... ?"

"Why does she surround herself with boys?" Luanna asked, "Because she is so deep in the closet she can't even admit it to herself ... except when we're alone together."

"Then ... ?"

"She's always dumping one boy for another so she doesn't have to put out. She hates the thought of some boy sticking his wanker up her twat."

"Why do ... ?"

"I put up with it? Because she's the best lay I've ever had," she paused as she thought, "And I guess I like the abuse. Maybe that's why she's such a good lay."

"I wish you wouldn't ..."

"I'm sorry, I didn't realize my language bothered you. All us girls talk this way to one another. You'd better get used to it if you're planning on joining us full time."

"Luanna?"

"Yeah?"

"Do you think I should?"

"Why not?" she said, "But frankly, I like you the way you are. You've got the best of both worlds, and I go both ways."

Elle and Luanna lay quietly next to one another for a while before Elliot finally said, "We'd better get back to the party." Luanna disposed of the used condom before helping him dress, then she slipped on her jeans and shirt. Luanna said, "Hey girlfriend, you'd better fix your make-up," before she slipped out the door.

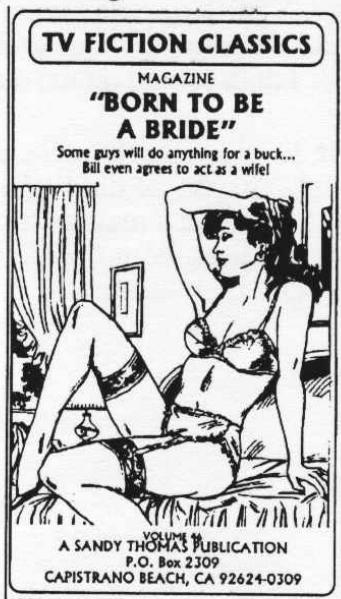
Elle found an unoccupied bathroom in which to redo his make-up before rejoining the party. When he did he noticed that Billie's hair was a bit mussed —nothing unusual— and that she and Zach veritably glowed. Elle was unaware of his own glow.

"There you are," Billie said to Elle, "We've been looking for you. Time to go, it's almost one."

"What?! She did what?!" Rita was shrieking as she entered the room. As it happened Elle was standing next to the boy who had brought *Her*, "Where is that little bitch!"

"Bitch Fight! Bitch Fight!"

Rita's glare pierced Elle, "You little whore, who do you think you are?" Because Elle was standing next to Rita's date everyone thought the fight was about something she'd done with him, only



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three people knew what it was really about. "No one poaches in my territory, no one!"

Rita glared at her adversary. Luanna, who stood behind her winked at Elle. Elle stood dumbfounded looking at his verbal attacker. The tableau was broken when Rita commanded the boy, "Take me home."

"What did I do?" asked a bewildered escort.

"What was that all about?" several people asked, "Are you all right?" "I'm fine," Elle answered and added, "I have no idea." Luanna winked at Elle then turned and left. Billie took Elle by the arm and said, "Time to go," and off they went over the protests of several horny teenage boys.

On the way home Billie and Elle chatted as Zach drove. Billie said, "Boy, I didn't think Rita felt so threatened by you." Elle just smiled to himself, thinking about how he'd just lost her ... his virginity. Billie asked, "You have a good time anyway?"

"Sure," Elle answered, "How about you?"

Billie looked over at Zach, "We had a fine time." Zach just grinned. Just then the car pulled up in front of the Kilmer house and Billie said, "We'll talk in the morning." The two girls kissed each other on the cheek and Elle got out and went into his house. Billie and Zach necked on her porch until her father turned on the outside light.

As Elliot lay in bed drifting off to sleep he thought about something Luanna had said and thought maybe he didn't *have* to choose between being a boy or a girl. Maybe, just maybe he could be a boy *and* a girl. This Hallowe'en had been both the strangest and happiest day of his life. *Her* life. Somebody's life.

THE END

If you like this story, write to me,

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"NEWS BRIEFS"

LIBERATED BEAUTY QUEEN

State High's Nicky Jones of Chicago sees no conflict in being a fit, congenial beauty contestant winner, a selfproclaimed feminist and a boy!

(CHICAGO, USTPI) By a SANDY THOMAS correspondent.

Beauty pageants always struck me as dated and surreal-like wearing a girdle or a pointy cupped brassiere? But everything comes back. . .sometimes with a twist!

The concept seems so '50s, so contrary to modern life and womanhood: parading down a ramp in stilettos, doing that elbow-leads-wrist wave, wiggling your hips, smiling a big, cheesy grin.

No one ever sent young men dressed in flashy suits down a catwalk to wow crowds with their "talents" and then crown them with cheap rhinestones.

That's probably because personal beauty has typically been absent on a man's list of primary concerns. For most people, the issue of beauty contests ends at getting a "M" on your birth certificate.

This leaves the girls in the stressful glorious high school years to be obsessed over beauty and the boys just trying to understand what all the fuss is about? Wouldn't any boy interested in developing feminine beauty have a rough time fitting in?

The term "sissy" has become as dirty a label among young men today as, well, being called a "beauty queen" among feminists.

So what a shocker it was finding a real live "beauty pageant contestant" and a BOY, who also dares to consider himself "sort of a feminist and a beauty queen!"

Spotlight on the young man, Nicky Jones. Besides the odd feminist label, the State High senior has been earned to be called Miss Congeniality, Miss Fitness, most photogenic and best speaker by judges at the four beauty pageants he's participated in the past two years.

This Chicago honors student articulates with ease. Good thing, considering he plans to pursue studies in fashion when he enters college this September. And it would be tough not to snap a good "glamour" shot of him. As for his fitness trophy, attribute it to years spent figure training and the right diet. That and squeezing an

accordion for almost half his life, which no doubt added something for his push-up bra to push up.

But congeniality? Like the word pageant, this term conjures an image of an agreeable scatter-brained type who grins and bears it all. Nicky, 16, speaks his mind with a determination and conviction fashioned more after a feminine role model like our first lady even when it comes to discussing pageants.

"A misconception is that you have to be a girl to enter beauty contests. The new equal opportunity laws forbid that. You also don't have to be a fake blonde, 5'10, and big breasted," Nicky says. "Most all know I'm a boy but I never let that hold me back from being the most feminine 'lady' on stage. If I'm the best on stage—I'm going to win."

Nicky's 5'5" and has abundant, shoulder length, brunette hair that he's been growing out for years. Originally the long hair was to be "rock and roll," but Nicky with a pink flush on his cheeks says, "Now it's mostly just 'roll and curl'. The longer my hair gets the more time it takes to keep it pretty."

So on stage he's a flirtatious, blueeyed doll with big fluffed hair and talks with girlish confidence of his future in fashion design. Amazingly, at school he's just one of the boys. Is this all an act?

"Everything I'm into has stereotypes. Pageants are for coquetish young ladies and I've learned to appreciate their efforts since competing with them," Nicky says. "A thousand little things have to be just right! Hairdo, make-up, earrings, stockings and lingerie, not to mention an expensive gown and several nice dresses!"

Nicky is certainly no priss. He's always been surrounded by guys but that's because he's one of them. Given a choice, he'll take a baseball game over a session at the beauty parlor any day.

Nicky says, "Spending the afternoon having my hair curled and nails done is something I have to do to compete on a girl's level. . . I'd much rather be rough-housing with my buddies."

An unusual pastime, he said it was his mom who first suggested he enter a beauty pageant because "it's something a small boned boy could do to get a scholarship."

"Mother saw me as a ungraceful, dreary adolescent. She thought it would be good to get me into an environment where 'refinement' counted—even though I had to learn to promenade in high heels and wear earrings. Mother said, 'Eventually every boy should to know some of these things. Not necessarily the heels, but to know what a girl goes through to make herself look pretty.'"

The first pageant was a nightmare, Nicky recalls. "It was one of those little local pageants that got kids to pay out a lot of money



A shy Nicky on his way to a pageant. He says, "I'm superstitious about too many people seeing my dress before the pageant."

to make their little girls into a model, a beauty queen, or a star. I did it at first as a joke mostly to get the entrants \$50.00 gift certificate."

Surprisingly, Nicky did well and was advanced to the next level. With a new hairdo and a borrowed sequined gown, Nicky took the first runnerup prize at the Miss North Chicago Teen contest, winning a \$500.00 scholarship and a beauty shop makeover worth \$300.00. The boy was hooked.

Legitimate beauty pageants, Nicky explains, are about "finding an allAmerican 'beauty' who's wellrounded, articulate, has ambition and who takes care of herself. I can do all that!"

However, the two major pageant systems, have dropped the "beauty" modifier to emphasize the other attributes of the title. There will never be a Miss "Brain" or a Miss "Cook" because femininity and loveliness is still very important.

Looks ARE important, Nicky notes. "During interviews, the judges have you prove your intelligence by asking your opinions and ideas but they are also looking to see comportment and femininity."

With a sparkle in his eyes, he continued, "The evening gown competition is about poise, grace and to prove you can handle yourself like a lady. The judges study every detail—the way the gown drapes across my shoulder and gathers at the waist to the smooth rustle it makes as I walk down the runway."

What part does Nicky dislike most? "The onstage questions show if you have a ladylike outlook on life," Nicky confesses, "That's still embarrassing to me."

And what does the swimsuit competition prove?

Nicky insists: "A swimsuit is the easiest way to see if you're fit. They're not sexy suits. I've been working on my figure and now can present the right curves. That wasn't easy!"

He's got a point there. A full leotard wouldn't reveal a toned figure. And Nicky says a voluptuous figure isn't necessarily what the judges look for.

A pretty face and a feminine hairstyle, on the other hand, is important. A good smooth complexion matters, so his mother's been trying to wean Nicky away from eating like a boy. "I'm hoping if I eat good food in small portions it will all balance out."

A typical boy when not in his finery, he has had to forgo most of his favorite fattening foods to keep a trim, slender figure and it's not over yet. Nicky was crowned Miss North Chicago Teen in November, a title that takes to him to the state pageant next month.

His friends, who are mostly all guys, have tried to be supportive, he says. But they just can't understand, what a boy is doing in a girl's beauty pageant. In contrast, the girl's in the pageant all seem to respect that a boy could enjoy their "sport" and even share their beauty secrets.

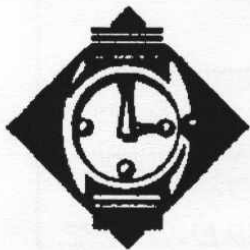
"I actually got into huge fights with my best friend. He can't understand the logic of being in a pageant even though he does come to them. He knows that I can't play varsity ball to get scholarships like the big guys so I do what I do well. . . be feminine, beautiful and compete with girls in pageants. It's not degrading," Nicky says. "The judges ask you about controversial and current issues. . . I just have to wear a shapely dress and make sure my legs are smoothly shaven!"

What Nicky thinks about pageants is that they're a positive experience for a boy, especially a slight boy who has the right size proportions. During those trying years of being a delicate-in-build teenaged boy, Nicky found that lingerie, a dress, make-up and curled hair makes a world of difference in how one's treated.

Before the latest pageant, Nicky says he wasn't sure if he'd continue competition with the girls. With each victory, the competition requires Nicky to become more feminine in posture and demeanor. Not to mention the time it takes to refine a wardrobe of tantalizing dresses and learn how to wear them.

"Life would've been easier," Nicky says, "if I'd been born a husky, large dude who played football well. Training for the pageants is gruesome. For weeks before the competitions, I only wear wispy little dresses and high heels. My buddies hate it when they come over and I'm curling my hair or practicing my runway walk in a tight skirt and pumps. They like watching me but I can't get any of them to join me."

After his latest accomplishment—winning a large scholarship and a generous clothing allowance, he's decided to devote more time preparing for the upcoming pageants. With the added sponsorship of a local department store and beauty salon, he'll have all



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the support he needs to become an even more unrelenting competitor and is sure to win further "MISS" designations.

Confusing, you say? "It's a big sacrifice but I'm more well-rounded now. I used to think you could only be a boy or a girl. That you either had to wear sassy ponytails, tight skirts and giggle or you could play basketball and be energetic," he says. "I know now I can do both well."

Maybe that's what being human is all about. When Nicky's mother burned her bra in 1970, did she ever imagine that her son would be trading in his baseball mitt for a push-up bra, cherry lipstick and four inch, spiked, high heeled pumps?

If you liked this "NEWS BRIEFS", or would like me to follow Nicky's future pageants, drop me a line!

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His boss forced him to join a women's social club hoping they would discriminate against men. Thompson heard the rules: "We expect you to maintain a high level of hygiene. Included are legs smoothly shaven, bras and nylons worn...." Could he face this challenge?

NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

Chris has to find two boys who are willing to be girls for their fraternity.

ALL DOLLED UP #12

Bill's sister Lilly needed a model for her beauty school training. Kelly, a neighbor boy, was willing to help. A few pictures later all their lives would be changed.

Could Bill resist this "dream girl?"

ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13

Ken was accepted into a Shakespearean drama college. He quickly learned that during Shakespeare's time, boys played the girl's parts!

MAID UP #14

John's wife has a few ideas to make him help around the house. He's soon a dapper domestic.

FLIGHT OF FANCY #15

Some men think they have complete control over women. This is the story of one such man. After a plane crash, women take control over him. Alex will never be the same.

DRESSED TO DANCE #16

Due to an accident, Dave has to "fill in" for Jessica at a dance contest.

GOING A BROAD #17

A father goes abroad to visit a long lost son. His son is now modeling bikinis.

What will Shelley's father do when he finds out about his son modeling bikinis? What any father would do.

NEAR MISS #18

In a small town, everyone knows

everyone's business. How could Jan possibly change her son into her daughter without everyone knowing? And why would she want to?

TIT FOR TAT #19

Two young wives make a bet: After dressing their husbands as women, the first one "read" is the loser. Jerry's dream marriage turns into a nightmare when he realizes what he and his buddy are being turned into-WOMEN!

THAT'A GIRL #20

A young boy spends the summer in Malibu as a girl. His father hopes that this will cure his unusual "hobby".

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Larry hated working on his father's farm. He found out that heavy labor wasn't the only work that never ends.

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Robin gets "into" his new job at the bridal shop.

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Glamour or hard work? Paul tells all about his life as a girl model.

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Marlon and Darwin are delinquent twins who have a choice...Jail or womanhood!

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The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

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Dale's experience wearing dresses for a school play and more.

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Mother & son check into a "fat farm" only to find it accepts only females!

MY SON , THE DEBUTANTE #30

Julian is invited to a fancy party where all the boys dress like girls...and the girls like boys!

MY SON, THE BRIDE #31

The lives of several boys are changed after attending a cross dressing party...One is going to be a bride!

PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32

A young man goes to work at his in-law's beauty salon...As a girl!

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We all know women can do men's jobs. . .how about men doing a woman's job-like strippers?

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A day in a beauty parlor turns into a new job, a new girlfriend and a new life!

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A young man is faced with a decision-will it be the Army or take his mother's place as a stewardess?

SLINK OR SWIM #36

David borrows his Aunt's swimsuit for a quick dip in the lake. . .No one will see him right? Wrong! How far will he go to hide his gender?

CAMPING IN CURLS #37

A family send their son to camp. . .to learn everything about being a girl! His father assumes that will end his interest in dresses! DOUBLE ISSUE

BLONDE & BLONDER #38

Three feminists force their sons to enter a beauty contest. Each boy has his own way of handling the trauma of being sissified and beautified. Could one of these boys win?

WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39

Nick finds that he likes helping his mother do "girl things. . .and she helps him learn everything he needs to know about being a girl full time! DOUBLE ISSUE!

GIRL BY CHOICE #40

After getting in trouble, the only way Pat's mother will let him out of the house is in a dress!

LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41

Jan's mother buys him some girlish things to keep his hair out of his eyes. . .his grandmother buys him the dress! Naughty Grandma! DOUBLE ISSUE!

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Carl's scholarship has a few strings attached. . .I should say bra straps! This very long (120 pages) has it all: the lady doctor, a man hating girlfriend, and the supportive roommate. DOUBLE ISSUE!

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Andy finds out that a friend cross-dresses

and to his surprise, his wife suggest he does it too! A tale of two wives and their husbands.

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#44 & 45

A sickly young man goes to spend some time with his aunt. Their little dress-up games get carried away and he becomes too feminine to return to masculinity. Illustrated!

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A twin is forced by his brother and mother to become the "girl" of the house! Illustrated!

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Reed heads off to the big city. . .in hopes of being accepted in an exclusive girl's school where the girls are not girls!

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Baily's mother need his help to run their little bridal salon. He didn't mind until one of the bridesmaids got sick and the dress fit!

LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55

Being a reporter is one thing but reporting on women's fashions required more than just a change of clothes!

MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56

Jesse mother gives him only one choice to keep his long hair-the beauty parlor! There he meets a very special friend.

THAT'S NO GIRL! & THAT'S NO LADY #57 & 58

That's actually their son and father! This two part, illustrated story is about two boys, their father and the women who force them into the feminine role. Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

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I have had many letters asking about that famous school where the boys become girls. These two books are about that school and its attendees. Illustrated 30+ great drawings!

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Racy! After breaking his mother's high heels, she buys Danny his own pair! And then a dress...who could encourage this? Surprise! Illustrated with many great drawings.

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What starts as a job opportunity turns to embarrassment as a young husband is forced to take a job as a busboy. His wife has an idea to get him more money! Promote him to "waitress!" Racy! Illustrated!

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After losing their luggage, a young wife teaches her husband how to be a lady! His wife doesn't miss a trick. Written by Tami, a new writer in the classic style. Illustrated!

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A mother finds a way to put her son through college - both financially and in style. Illustrated!

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A school has a program called "Walk a mile in her shoes!" The guys that sign up need a lot of help and they get it! School was never like this...Darn!

BIRTH OF A LADY #67

We all know about people who get married thinking they'll change. This is a story of a wife who thought her love of feminizing men would go away after she married. It didn't. So Robert must do the changing...and changing and change. 92 pages! Illustrated!

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Will Pete follow in his brother's high-heeled footsteps?

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Illustrated with 15 drawings by a new and wonderful artist. A favorite writer who's finally back writes this story. Terry's mother, aunt and cousin encourage him into the finer things of life.

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What would you do for a friend? Would you wear a dress?

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Aunt Helen makes her rude nephew learn manners, respect, obedience, and a "niecely" FASHION SENSE!

AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73

Dana's unique adventures in flirty dresses, fitted skirts, silky lingerie, feminine makeup, and high heels.

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74

In search of a roommate, a nurse is forced to let an old patient move in and she discovers a new girlfriend. Sharing clothes, makeup tips and much more! Great Classic!! Illustrated.

JESSE INTO JESSICA I #75 & II #76

By a wonderful new writer! I was hooked on this darling story from page one! Each day both mother and aunt add a bit of femininity to Jesse's routine...making sure that Jesse learns some new ways.

CALL HIM "MISS" #77 & CALL HIM "SIS" #78

Heather teaches a boy staying with her all about the pleasures and pains of a girl's daily routine. From hair curling to a first dress...it's all here. Sexy too!

GOING AS GIRLS #79

By a new writer, it's the story of a husband who gets tired of his wife borrowing his things. So...he'll just borrow hers. Illustrated.

SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81

This is a story about a panty raid gone really badly. The boys go from stealing the panties to wearing them! After stealing the panties, the sorority teaches the boys what being girls is all about. Wonderful illustrations!

MISS UNDERSTOOD #82

Tom never thought he had any feminine tendencies but that was the diagnosis. Why fight them?

PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83

Matt and Andy help their mothers with some hemming. Their mothers help them with their hair...Did they go too far?

GIRL'S GETAWAY #84

School was out for summer...perfect time for the boys to get into a little trouble. These boys get into more than that! Illustrated!

PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86

No one wants to get a pink slip at work. These guys get them with LACE! Too good for one book! Many Illustrations.

GIRLISH #87

What boy would carry his mother's purse at the mall? And then what? The women in his life would probably want to do his hair and then what? Great new illustrator!

SWISHFUL THINKING #88

Brad becomes Brandy with his mother's help! Illustrated.

GIRLHOOD #89

While most young men were growing into their manhood, one wasn't.

A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91

Boys can be crude and unkempt...but this one was taught to be a lady! Illustrated.

AUNTIE'S HELPER #92

Cass goes to live with his Aunt and her daughters. It takes a while before he fits in.

BOY WILL BE GIRL #93

What should a mother do when her son just doesn't fit in...neither his clothes nor his gender!! Illustrated.

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

CAN'T CUT IT #1

Medical science solves one man's problem without an operation. The hormone therapy changes his outlook on life not to mention his appearance.

SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2

Danny didn't know what Halloween costume to wear. His sister had an idea.

GOING TO THE BALL #3

One man's journey exploring the feminine side of his life.

UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4

Two wonderful stories of men experiencing the other side of life.

SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5

Brian didn't realize what a harmless day of flirting at the mall would cost.

EXCHANGING VOWS #6

Randy finds that being a "wife" for a weekend is harder than he thought.

Especially when his own wife is living as the wife of another man. By giving up his male role, does Randy also have to give up his wife?

CHANGING VOWS TOO #7

Randy and his wife move to live as girlfriends. While his wife works as a model, Randi tries to find work...and himself.

VIRGIN VOWS #8

Randy and his twin sister have a yearly picture taken when they're dressed alike. This year it's in prom gowns!

VOW OF FEMININITY #9

Randy is faced with decisions. Will he stay married to Mindy as a girl?

FRENCH DRESSING #10

Something had to change and Emile was it. A fully illustrated story.

THE NEW GIRL #11

A job is a job...unless it requires too much. Can Stephan be a good secretary?

THE GIRL'S PART #12

From a part in a play to a new role in life. Andy's feminization.

THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13

A young man takes a job in his aunt's flower shop. Everyone mistakes him for a girl...the flower girl.

MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14

He simply had to fill in for his twin sister. A simple task but...it was for her wedding.

HIS FIRST DRESS #15

A tomboy helps Elliot dress in clothes she'd never wear. They teach each other new things!

GIRLIES #16

Two couples find that they have a lot in common. Both husbands like dressing like women! They make plans for spending the summer as mothers and daughters!

HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17

A young man finds out his wife would rather have him helping with her catering business than being a bum at home. DOUBLE ISSUE

MY BOSOM BUDDY #18

Two long time friend's relationship is strained when one gets a job modeling girl's clothes.

HEAD OVER HEELS #19

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls from bows to the perfect hairdo. What a waste of talent since she only had Glen, right?

I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20

After getting caught in his mother's clothes, his mother buys him his own. He finds acceptance and find a new life.

DOUBLE ISSUE

REDTOES #21

Two young couples make a bet. . .Which wife can turn their husband into the most realistic looking girl? How far will they go to win?

TOO MANY SKIRTS #22

A young man joins an all girl band. The only problem is the uniform. . .they all want to wear skirts! But he looks like a girl in them??. . . DOUBLE ISSUE

FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23

A man gets help with this cross-dressing from another cross-dresser. But is it really help?

JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24

This is a fully illustrated story of a young man who is forced to attend the carnival in frilly petticoats. The drawings in this story are some of the best I have ever seen!

THE PAMPERED SISSY #25

What would you do for millions? Steven's rich aunt leaves him her fortune. . .with one catch. He must become a girl!

DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26

A wonderful fiction book exploring the intimate lives of males facing their femininity. Many different stories with many different motivations. Great!

GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27

Women wearing the pants and men wearing the skirts?? It just isn't done, is it? Would men ever be the ones to wear make-up and be submissive to their wives? Read this and find out!

A LIVING DOLL #28

A mother decides to show her son how to take care of his hair and gets carried away!! When his girlfriend finds out. . .

FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29

The story of a young man's transformation into a social and sexy young woman. A new writer with wonderful insight!

CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie company and things start to disappear. What will happen to the person who took them??

CLEAVAGE #31

After helping his seamstress mother with some swimsuit modeling, Shawn finds a hidden interest in girl things. His father has a secret and the fun BUSTS out!

JOINING THE GIRLS #32

Boys will be boys until two boys embarrass a group of girls and they find out boys are sometimes made to be girls!!

JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD#33

A young man, femininely distressed as a teenager, finds himself turning into a woman!

TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34

A man marries a stripper. . .she suggests he go into the business too!

A SUMMER GIRL #35

Tory is forced to spend his summer vacation as a girl with his cousin!

HORMONES FOR LIFE #36

It's death or female hormones for this man!

WINDOW DRESSING #37

A young man finds a new job in a department store-as a window mannequin.

FRILL OF IT ALL #38

A wife helps her husband become the woman of his and her dreams.

METAMORPHOSIS & META'**COMPLETED #39 & 40**

A transformed girl helps many femininely distressed young men search for the ultimate feminine experiences!

HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41

Many wives wonder why they have a husband when a girlfriend would be so much more fun! One wife decides to change her husband! Illustrated!

JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42

When poor Robin's mother finds out he's been cast as a girl in the school play, she wants to make him PERFECT! Illustrated!

SISTERS FOREVER #43

This is the story of two brothers who are forced to be sisters to help a sickly aunt. Ten great illustrations by Puyal! A summer of discovery!

FEMININE DESIRES #44

A reporter thinks that feminizing his nephew was a good story but before he knows it, the tables are turned on him. Great illustrations by Puyal.

TAKING HER PLACE #45

David is forced to take his sister's place...in mind and in body. His and his mother share many experiences! Many great drawings by Puyal.

MISTAKEN FOR A GIRL / MISTAKEN FOR A DAUGHTER #44 & 47

Wearing his sister's clothes, Steve is mistaken for a girl. Once seen, he is forced to assume the role of a daughter in a small town. Written by Nikki, a new writer who has a way of getting her heroine into some major trouble! Illustrated by Puyal!

SON TO SISTER #48

The story of a son that follows in his father's footsteps...actually his high heels! Illustrated by Puyal. A wonderful story.

A DIFFERENT KIND OF MODEL & A DIFFERENT KIND OF BRIDE #49 & 50

It starts out with a young man who helps his sister at a bridal fair by becoming a model. Illustrated by Puyal.

CHICKS RULE! #51

A great story. A dress is only a dress until your wife makes you wear it. A sexy tale of an "understanding wife" who takes her husband places he never imagined going!

SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53

Gone with his male clothes! We all know that Southern girls are trained to be ladies. But what about the guys? A summer vacation turns these boys into Southern Belles! 88 pages each with special pencil illustrations by Puyal.

GIRLIE GIRL #54

Who wouldn't want to be younger? Or even look younger? Norm's wife has a unique idea!

FEMININE BUDDY #55

Kit gets an opportunity that half the population dream about...the girl half. Illustrated.

PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56

Poor Steve ends up at school in his mother's dress. Illustrated.

BECOMING EMMA #57

An accident forces a family to treat Kevin like a girl.

HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58

A delightful story of a guy that is caught borrowing his sister's clothes. As a

punishment, his mother and sisters decide he should spend a little time in dresses! Illustrated.

MAKEUP MATERIAL #59

It's really three stories. Two delightful stories of guys facing their budding femininity and one...one very different newsy story of a little town called, ESTRO, Illinois. Lot's of drawings.

DRESSES & TRESSES #60

Bobby has a few problems. All the women in his life seem intent on getting him into dresses. But they'll stop soon, right? Wrong! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

A GIRL NOW #61 & THEY'RE GIRLS NOW #62

This great story is by a new writer. Randal and his friends are put through training that...well, lets say few guts go through. Nearly a year's work by three editors went into making this a masterpiece! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

LEARNING CURVES #63

Life throws a curve at two boys. In fact, it throws two curves their way...With their mother's help and a dance teacher, they learn a new way of life. Illustrated.

MY BETTER HALF #64

After coping with many changes....Rob decides to make a few changes in his life and the way he dresses. Illustrated.

DISCOVERING DRESSES #65

A male teacher learns that there is no substitution for experience in learning. He finds out all about being a woman! Illustrated!

BIKINI BOUND #66

Many, many great illustrations! The story of a boy who has to be a girl on a family vacation. His mother and three sisters make sure he's perfect...even in a bikini!

PURSE STRINGS #67

Tight finances force a boy to wear his sister's hand me downs...Why waste good dresses and high heels?

SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68

If an overbearing father calls his son a "sissy", there is only one way a mother can get back! Great illustrations!

DRESS UP DAY #69

Dressing up for a talent contest helps a

young man find a new interest that everyone encourages...except one. Who knows, maybe he'll even get into it? Illustrated.

LAVENDER & LACE I #70

A young man's journey from lavender to lace. Illustrated

LAVENDER & LACE II #71

Sometimes it's the little things in life that create the biggest changes...one young man's journey from lavender to lace! Part 2. Illustrated.

DRESS OR CONSEQUENCES #72

A game show where the winner is the boy who's most like a girl!

PRETTY FOREVER #73

Judd hoped he could return to college as a boy. Then his best friend, Ted came to visit and things became complicated. Illustrated.

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY

A boring life suddenly gets out of hand when a CPA's wife gets involved with a hairdresser.

FEMININE PROPOSAL

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL II

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL III

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL IV

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

LUCK BE A LADY

Parents are always hiding things from their kids but for Dad to suddenly start living as a woman! That is just too much...or is it?

A PARTY GIRL

Ryan hated shopping with his wife. All she was interested in was girl things...something had to change! Illustrated!

DRESSING DOWN

Cory had everything: a beautiful wife,

great job, and money. So why were things so messed up? A sexy tale of a couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS

What would a wife make a guy do for success? If their restaurant needed a woman...guess he'd be it! Completely illustrated and great fun!

EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS

QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1

A young man is picked up by a lady...and becomes the dress up toy for her and her friends. Can he escape? New illustrations and editing.

TV TRAINING CAMP #2

What if your wife really wanted you to cross dress? The story of two women turning their husbands into ladies!

TV VACATION #3

Spying on a slumber party gets Tom and Phil into more than a little trouble...It gets them forced into dresses!

BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4

A funny story of a longhaired boy who is recruited to teach the town's most beautiful girls to wrestle. They decide to teach him what they know best! Great illustrations and new additions.

BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5

By the best writer (in my opinion) that Empathy ever had. This is a story that touches everyone and every place. Francis' new wife had a way to make him quit flirting with the girls..."Flirt for a Skirt!" Great illustrations and new additions.

HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6

A longhaired rebel is forced into a parochial school where they wear uniforms. He refuses to cut his hair and wear those geeky boy's uniforms...so he's fitted for one that the longhaired students wear forcing a "Change of Habit!" Illustrated and re-written.

TRANSVESTIA FICTION

FATED FOR FEMININITY #1

"Why not let Lennie compete anyway, of course, he would have to dress as a girl from now on. We could spread the word that Lennie is not a boy, and never was. It might work..."

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2

John dresses in skirts to show the girl's at school how they should dress. His mother and father suggest he try it for the summer. Thus "Jane" is born. Many surprises!

TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3

Gerald is removed from his all boy school and is enrolled in a school of his stepmother's choice. He is enrolled to learn how to be dainty and feminine.

HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4

Joan always borrowed her husband's clothes. To get even, Stephen borrowed hers. Every passing day found Stephen more feminine in actions, dress, and conversation.

IF YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM #5 (DOUBLE ISSUE)

Merrill loses a bet and must dress as a girl for six months.

HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6

A young couple can only find an apartment that accepts women.

CHRIS TO CHRISSIE #7

A high school prank causes Chris to have to dress like a girl.

MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)

All three parts of a long story of Martin's experimentation at learning the role of "Marion".

A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

FASHION MODELS #10

A completely revised story about two boys who become fashion models! Their lives, loves and careers.

ACCEPTANCE #11

Erica's mother tries to stop her daughter from marrying a cross-dresser.

CHARM SCHOOL #12

After an accident, Alex fills in for his wife at their charm school. As a woman!

IDEAL MARRIAGE #13

In search of the "ideal marriage," Richard puts himself in his wife's shoes...also her dress, lingerie &...?

THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14

Paul and Amy's marriage was falling apart until they decided to switch roles. Paul eventually becomes Barbara.

MANNEQUIN #15

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress she's made and he finds he has a new position around her house.

FEMININE FORTE #16

Andy is forced to take his wife's place in a girl's dance group. Then he got "discovered!"

PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17

Patrick's story of growing up with the women who encouraged his dressing up.

THE MAKEOVER #18

To help his wife, a young man must take her job in a beauty parlor... as one of the girls!

BOYS TO BABES #19

The story of a show where the boys take the girl's parts! Each finds a different way to cope with their new identity.

THE PICTURE ALBUM #20

Over 100 pictures of CD's enjoying themselves "en femme". A historical pictorial.

THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22

On a bet, a reporter takes a bet. . .can he pass as a female well enough to try out for a part.

FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23

Many have asked for more of these wonderful tales from Transvestia. This book has two. "Wrong side of the Track" about a boyfriend who poses as a girlfriend & "Beauty Pageant," the story of a reporter who enters a beauty contest.

RED, WHITE & PINK #24

Two wonderful stories of two young men...one that is running from his responsibilities, the other is doing it for his country. Both end up where most men would dread, in dresses!

MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25

A summer at the lake turns into a summer of discovery. Joe finds out how the girls spend their summer...in dresses!

TITILLIATING TV TALES

HUSBAND TO SISSY #1

HUSBAND TO SISTER #2

HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3

This series has been the most expensive

to produce with drawings by Puyal on nearly every page. A collaboration of your favorite writers that took years to finish!

AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND

AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5

A wonderfully illustrated story of an Aunt who just won't stop buying girlish things for her nephew. He's faced with being a sissy or being a niece!

UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6

A man is forced to take on a feminine role and his wife wants him to be perfect! This is a wonderfully illustrated story of when things just go "too far!"

PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7

Why would anyone want a boy to model brassieres when there are so many girls? Maybe that is the point! Illustrated.

A WILLING WOMAN

How far would you go to help a friend? Would you put on lingerie, makeup and a cute little dress? Illustrated!

GIRLS' THINGS I & II

A couple guys call someone a sissy...there's nothing like a cute little dress and some girls' things for revenge!

THE STORE BRIDE

After going to live with his Aunts, a young man find comfort in his new job...in their bridal shop! Great Illustrations.

PRETTIER IN PINK I

PRETTIER IN PINK II

Based on the classic story of a young man whose mother gets confused and decides he's going to be her daughter! Great illustrations and great fun!

MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL

A summer in the big city turns a guy's life upside down! Illustrated.

WHAT SISSIES WANT

There's nothing like a bunch of sissy clothes to make a tough guy feel like a sissy...and then girl's clothes to make him feel like a girl! Illustrated.

WHAT GIRLS WANT

There's nothing like a bunch of sissy clothes to make a tough guy feel like a sissy...and then girl's clothes to make him feel like a girl! Illustrated.

HIDING BEHIND A SKIRT #17

Hiding in plain view. How...maybe a simple change of gender?

PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT ILLUSTRATED

SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS

A new sub series of the PPI. A detailed Puyal drawing on nearly every page spread!

#1 NORM:

This series will follow the lives of various students of the Sylvan School where boys are taught to be proper young ladies...Great illustrations on early every other page.

#2 VAN: THE BRIDE!

Van causes some trouble and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl! This book has a great Puyal illustration on nearly every two pages. Wonderful escape reading!

#3 BOB: PANTY THIEF

Bob steals panties and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl!

BILL'S HUMILIATION'S IN PANTIES

Eight volumes with illustrations on every other page.

A long story about a young man being punished. He thought he could take anything until the girls took over.

HENRY'S VACATION IN PAINTIE-FIVE BOOKS

A most classic tale of Henry and his Aunt. Almost every other page of this tale is illustrated with finely drawn pictures of every stage of his embarrassments. A must for collectors!

SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3

Over one hundred and twenty hand crafted drawings span these three books.

It answers the question, "What could be worse than being forced to go to school with the girls?" Poor Peter finds out...he's forced to wear their clothes too! Don't miss out on this one! Even one of the drawings by Puyal is worth the price!

BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4

An amazing story with a detailed illustration by Puyal on nearly every two page spread. This series is the story of two young men whose ruffian ways are

controlled via petticoats and pretties. There are over 150 professionally drawn illustrations. This is an amazing collection.

THE MALE MAID BOOK OF ABC'S

The Male Maid Book of ABC's, 'Male Maid' contains twenty-six new Juan drawings of male maids and pithy text by Carole Jean facing twenty-six classic full-page male maid drawings by Juan.

BOUND TO BE A MAID

Bound to be a Maid, 'Bound' was originally sold in the 1950's as a set of 40 photographs of "VanRod" (Gene Bilbrew) art. Its original title was "Bound Over or Missing Gwen de Lynn". No credit was given to the author whose brief text appeared above each drawing, nor was the publisher named

NOW HE'S LOUISE & THE BERIBBONED GANG

"Now He's Louise & The Beribboned Gang", 'Louise and Beribboned' are two classic Petticoat Punishment stories from forty years ago. I updated the text and hired Adam to illustrate it.

THE SARAH SCHOOL

"The Sarah School", 'Sarah School' is a new version of a classic Petticoat Punishment story from forty years ago. I updated the text and hired Adam to illustrate it.

CRAVEX - A WIFE'S REVENGE

CraveX - A Wife's Revenge". This (largely) original Petticoat Punishment tale with a twist or two was fully illustrated by Adam.

TV SERIALS MAGAZINE

AMERICAN BOY IN ENGLAND

Four volumes of classic CDing. You find out what is worn under Kilts and more!!! Considered one of the best stories ever written by many.

DESTINED FOR DRESSES-PARTS: ONE, TWO, THREE

The story of what happens to Terry and Kim are "drafted" to become cheerleaders in short skirts! Will they survive?

MANICURED TO PERFECTION #1

In search of a job, Rob can only find work in a beauty parlor. Will he find happiness?

PRIMPING TO PERFECTION #2

POLISHED TO PERFECTION #3

“DOMESTIC BLISS “ONE, TWO, THREE

A young man finds “domestic bliss” as a fashion model’s sissy maid. A very long and well-written story. 3 books.

FORCED TO BE A DAUGHTER #1

LEARNING TO BE A DAUGHTER #2

BECOMING A DAUGHTER #3

A three part series. After a problem with a girlfriend, Justin is sentenced to 9 months of dressing like a girl. His mother decides she doesn’t mind having a daughter! She makes him a daughter!

THE APARTMENT OF FEMININITY BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR

This VERY long story is about a landlady who rents a room to a cross dresser and finds him to be the perfect boarder. . .She soon rents to others and forces them to live as girls!

PUNISHED IN PINK BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR

His rich aunt and her maid discipline Gale. His unruly behavior is stopped by a sentence in girl’s clothes. He meets many others like himself!

SANDY THOMAS MAGAZINES

I BECAME MY SISTER (COMIC BOOK#1)

Man learns how to live the life of his sister. Fully illustrated, comic book style. Also includes “Tebby, Teen TV.

I BECAME A GIRL (COMIC BOOK#2)

Learn how his girlfriend turns a boy into a girl from several stories of his exploits. Also IS THIS THE END OF NIGHTMAN? Another super hero adventure.

I BECAME A SUPER BABE (COMIC BOOK#3)

Tebby, teen TV goes shopping the super hero adventure of Impressive Girl!

I BECAME A PRINCESS (COMIC BOOK#4)

Male Chauvinist becomes a girl and another man wakes up to find out he’s

now a Princess!

I BECAME A TEEN-AGE GIRL (COMIC BOOK #5)

The continuing saga of Tebby.

I BECAME MY TEACHER

A wonderful fantasy comic with a Tebby lead story and amazing illustrations and transformations. Completely illustrated.

THE SISSY SERIES

SISSY MAID QUARTERLY - #2 - #3 - #4 -#5

Informative guide to the unique lifestyle of the sissy servant. From uniform reviews, etiquette, and obedience. from curtsseys, gaffs, to aprons. . .it’s all here! Large magazine size. #5 has pictures!

THE SISSY MAID ACADEMY-PARTS ONE &TWO

A young man is feminized and trained to become a maid to the rich and famous! A day-by -day account of his life in the academy and how to be a maid?

WHERE THE SISSIES COME FROM

A fashion editor is curious about the trained sissy maids she’s seeing everywhere. You’ll learn about the training and preparation necessary to work in a young woman’s household.

THE SLIP

A new writer! A new style! Racy and one of my best-not for the weak at heart. This will only be sold direct. Limited edition! An incredible read! A frilly little slip can get a sissy into a bit of trouble!

THE SECRETARIAL SLIP

A sissy finds his new secretary job a bit more than he can handle.

CANDY, BOY WAITRESS

Getting the right job can be tough...but with the right training anything is possible. A racy and wonderful story.

HE’S SO SKIRT

NON-FICTION BOOKS

THE TRANSVESTITE AND HIS WIFE.

The best book ever written to explain to loved ones about cross-dressing. Written to make the reader understand this unusual hobby and how to cope with it.

By Virginia Prince.

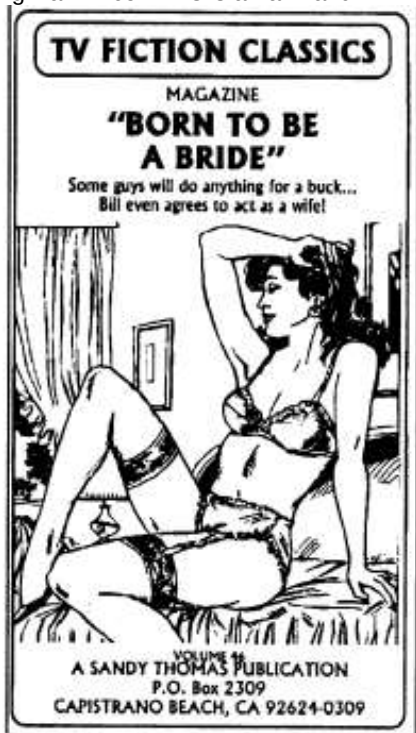
UNDERSTANDING CROSS-DRESSING.

A discussion from many points of view about cross-dressing and the men who do it and why. Perfect for someone trying to understand life options. By Virginia Prince.

FROM MAN TO WOMAN

A non-fiction biography of someone who was my mentor and changed my life: Virginia Prince. This is a frank and

honest biography by Dr. Richard Docter of Virginia's life; most of which was spent living as a woman. She published Tranvestia in the 60's and has been a leader of the TG movement. Fascinating reading.



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