

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

HEAD OVER HEELS

*ALL THAT GIRL-RAISING ABILITY GOING
TO WASTE BECAUSE SHE HAD A BOY!*



VOLUME 19

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“HEAD OVER HEELS”

by DAWN BELL

EDITED BY SANDY THOMAS



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"The difference between fact and fantasy. In fantasy, you go to bed with a much classier set of people."

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HEAD OVER HEELS

by Dawn Bell

Edited by Sandy Thomas

Chapter 1

How does one learn to be a parent? Those high school classes on parenting? Maybe those required college classes on raising children? No classes like that when you went to school?

Maybe we are to learn from our own parent's mistakes? No, the only thing most people learn formally in school is, "If your parents didn't have children, you probably won't either."

This is the story of one family. . .not a typical family, but a family just the same. Some might think an odd family. Thinking about how we learn to be parents makes one wonder how anyone stays sane.

Glen Williams was seventeen years old. At that age, most kids seemed to have endless numbers of friends with endless things on the go. But not Glen. It wasn't that he was shunned by his peers. Sure, he lived with his mother way out of town in the boonies in the house that his father had built but never lived to enjoy.

It was a half hour cycle from their property just to reach the outskirts of Clifftown where Glen had gone to school. His mother, Eve, worked in a women's clothing store at the Clifftown mall. His dad's life insurance hadn't been much, just enough to bring down their debts so that his mother's income could usually make ends meet.

Glen was considered a quiet boy. He was bright, but he kept to himself. He was somewhat delicate physically. At 5'5" and 115 pounds, most of the boys and many of the girls were larger than him. His male peers had long since shown the results of puberty with muscles and deeper voices, but not Glen.

But there wouldn't be a story without Glen's mother. Eve Williams lived for her boy. Losing a young husband to a heart attack had nearly devastated her. Now she had only one reason for living. . .Glen. She had dreamed of having many kids. Just before her husband died they were seriously trying for another child. . .a girl Eve hoped.

Eve had come from a family of four girls. Her mother had come from a family with six girls, her mother's mother from a family of eight girls. The girl were batting 100%. . .the girls had girls and that was how it had been for as far back as anyone knew.

Eve's sisters hadn't messed up the statistics. Each of them, in the family tradition had from two to four daughters.

Now you can understand what had shaped Eve's personality. Surrounded by sisters, raised by a woman who was surrounded by sisters and raised by a woman. . .and so on.

Eve had hoped for a son. . .but knew she would have girls. Now don't get her wrong. She was terribly thankful to have a healthy, reasonably normal (considering my integral involvement in the whole process) boy. It was that sometimes she got the "ruffles and ringlets, braids and bows" yearnings.

And why not, she was good at it. She had helped her sisters with their daughters up until their husbands were transferred far away leaving Eve and her son all by themselves. . .

* * *

Glen had graduated that Spring and immediately went out looking for a job. . .any job. But try as he might there were no jobs to be had in a small community like Clifftown. It seemed most business owners either had kids of their own that needed the work or else the work was physical and Glen's small build caused potential employers great concern.

He felt bad about this because he really wanted to help out his mother with the household expenses. She worked very hard to keep them comfortable, often pulling extra hours at the store. The store owners were not reluctant to take some advantage of her situation. Overtime was needed. . .but, gee whiz, they couldn't pay time and a half like the law stipulated.

However, they were open to paying straight time under the counter so to speak. . .no records, no problems. Eve Williams knew the game they were playing but she went along with it for the extra money.

Glen felt that the least he could do was to take over all the household duties. There was all the regular chores a boy would do. . .the large lawn to mow, the vegetable garden to till, and a big two story house to clean and tidy.

Yes, Glen had learned housekeeping. Eve taught him what she knew how to teach. Without a father, Glen had missed having toys like alien and mutant reptile figures skilled in the martial arts; he had few motor vehicles that could be transformed into an alien and mutant reptiles skilled in the martial arts. He didn't get

guns that shoot a variety of projectiles capable of shattering a mother's favorite, irreplaceable, antique candy dish.

He had books, educational toys, quiet games, etc. He also had the cast offs of his cousins. No he didn't get the Barbies, and other dolls. . .his mother kept those. She had a complete collection of dolls, both new and antique. They were everywhere. Her bedroom and in display cases in every corner. . .and they continued to come. Eve's sisters knowing that she was the curator of the families doll nostalgia kept new additions coming and of course would "place an order" when a new daughter was born or as was just beginning to happen, grand daughters were being born.

It was like Eve was the family librarian of dolls, and other important pass-down items.

When his mother came home from work that first day of vacation she was very pleasantly surprised to find a full, three course dinner waiting for her at a neatly set dining room table. She hadn't grown up around males—everyone in her household were capable in the household arts! Glen had learned those chores naturally.

"Dinner is served madame," Glen spoke solemnly as he stood by the table with a white linen towel draped over one arm, the picture of a proper English butler. Eve couldn't help but laugh at the sight.

"My goodness Glen! You sure have become a good cook? A new recipe" His mother asked as she surveyed the rest of the main floor. She was proud of him. The place was neat as a pin.

"Sure. . .I tidied up a bit too," Glen replied happy that his efforts were noticed. Doing housework was natural to him.

"It looks marvelous," Mrs. Williams said as she sat down in the chair that Glen held for her. Glen seated himself in the other chair and they had the lovely dinner that Glen had spent hours preparing. He had made good use of the cookbooks that his mother collected. Remarkably, his first major attempt at cooking veal was a smashing success.

"Gee. . .I love being treated to a delicious home-cooked dinner by my son. I always wanted a second child, a girl, so that she could help around the house too. I could teach her so many things that it would be a waste to teach you."

"Like what?" Glen asked. He knew how to sew and practical things like that.

“It’s such a waste,” his mother said wistfully. “I have this wealth of highly developed skills going completely unused. I am a master of the French twist. The never-crooked bow is my specialty. And a wing of the Smithsonian already has been set aside for my nail polish collection.”

“Yeah,” Glen said, “And ‘she’ could have all those dolls and stuff in my closet.”

“Those are valuable things,” his mother defended. “I wish we had a bigger house.”

“It’s okay Mom. I know you work very hard for us, and it’s especially hard since Dad passed away. I wish I could have found a paying job so that you wouldn’t have to work so hard.”

“Oh, don’t worry about that. Mr. Richman says I can work till closing time each day next week. That will bring in enough money to make the loan payment this month.” Eve Williams said with a weary smile.

Glen knew what that meant. Sure, that bastard boss of hers would let her work until closing at 9:00 PM each day. Meaning from opening time at 9:00 AM until closing twelve long hours later!

After dinner, Glen’s mother came over and gave him a kiss on the cheek. “Thanks, that was wonderful. . .you’re my precious one. Don’t let my longing for a daughter get to you. There’s a lot of good things about having a boy.”

Glen looked at his mother and didn’t say a word as she continued, “No expensive prom outfits to buy; no chiffon dresses with satin trim and dainty bows. No high heels, lace stockings, beaded evening bags, pearl-drop earrings and matching necklaces. No need to draw your hair up in a French twist. Near daily manicures and pedicures, needless to say, aren’t necessary.”

She gave the boy a hug and then went over to sit on the sofa. Glen cleaned up the dishes and returned to the living room. His mother was already asleep. The poor woman was exhausted. Taking a blanket he gently laid it over her and put a pillow under her head so that she would be more comfortable. Leaving a light on so that she would see her way when she woke up, he went to bed.

He lay in bed thinking about what she had said at dinner. How could he repay her for the sacrifices that she was always making for him. Her husband had died very young, she had loans to pay off, a son who couldn’t find a job, and her one wish. . .to have a

daughter was now impossible. As these ideas tossed around in his brain he drifted off to sleep.

Glen was not one to have vivid dreams very often but that night was an exception. It was like being in a slow motion movie at first, things were hazy. His mother came through the door. She was smiling and happy. She came over and hugged him. She was talking a mile a minute but Glen could not make out the words. He hadn't seen her this happy in years. She was pulling clothes out of some bags that she had brought in with her.

They were beautiful dresses and lingerie! Glen was confused why she was so intent on showing him these women's things. Then she did an even more surprising thing. She took a blue dress from the bag and held it up to him! He was shocked and yet he couldn't move away. In slow motion he turned his head and caught a reflection of the two of them in the large hall mirror.

Shock! He saw a reflection of his mother holding up the dress to him. But was it him?! It was his face for sure, but why was he wearing a skirt and blouse?? Why was his hair in curls with a red ribbon pulling it back behind his ears?? Why was he dressed up like a girl??

With that image and shock he awoke with a start. His skin was damp with sweat. He had dreamt that he was a girl. Bizarre. It must have been their conversation earlier.

He came downstairs just as his mother was preparing to leave for work. Her tired expression caused Glen to have a flashback to the radiantly happy smile she wore in his dream. If only he could make her that happy.

"I'll be home late tonight dear. Will you make sure and eat a good supper?" She asked Glen.

"Sure Mom, but what will you eat?"

"Oh don't worry, I'll grab something at the mall." Eve Williams replied with a weak smile. Glen knew his Mom. She would probably save the money and just buy a candy bar or something.

"I'll have something waiting for you when you get home, Mom."

"Thank you, dear. But you don't have to go to any trouble."

He watched as she went out to their old car. If that rust bucket falls apart they would be in big trouble. It was their main link to the town. They couldn't afford a new one or any major repairs until that damned bank loan was paid off.

Since Glen had done a thorough cleaning of the house the other day his chores would only take him the morning to do. After

completing these he took a shower. As he was standing in front of the mirror blow drying his shoulder length hair he remembered that image from his dream. In the dream, his hair had bouncy curls and a red ribbon. It caused a shiver to go through him.

When it was completely dry he stared at himself. Slowly, he brought his hands up to his hair and tousled it so that it fell forward. Then he used the hairbrush and brushed it all over to one side. Something then possessed him and he went into his mother's bedroom. He opened one of the side drawers in her vanity. He knew where she kept those kinds of things.

The drawer had a couple of plastic bags of hair rollers, a long flat box of bobby pins, several barrettes and in another open box several colorful hair ribbons! With an unsteady hand he pulled out a long, red silk ribbon. He remembered seeing it in his mother's hair one day when they were on a picnic when he was just a little boy.

Glen pulled the ribbon straight then bent over towards the floor causing all of his the hair to fall forward. He placed the middle of the ribbon against the back of his neck then stood up straight. Taking the ends of the ribbon to the top of his head he tied a neat bow there. The pretty silk ribbon now held his shoulder length locks primly behind his ears. The ends of the bow just tickling the tops of his ears.

He looked in the mirror. His delicate features now enhanced with the maidenly hairdo and pretty ribbon softened his face. Dreaming was one thing but this was really him. Hastily, he pulled the ribbon out of his hair and put it back in the drawer. What had gotten over him to try such a thing??

He spent the rest of afternoon working in the kitchen. He even baked some cookies in order to get his mind off of that strange dream. When his mother finally got home around ten, dinner was waiting. She was so tired that she ate little. She did praise his efforts though. Then she said something which again jolted Glen.

"I told Mrs. Richman today what a wonderful homemaker you are. She was jealous. She says that she has two daughters and neither of them lifts a finger around the house, nor do they know how to even work the stove. What even impressed her more is that I told her that my son taught himself how to cook."

Glen heard her praise but to tell someone about his cooking. . . Without thinking he asked his mother quietly,

"Mom. . . would you have liked it if I had been your daughter rather than your son?"

"Oh Glen. . . I love you as a person. Don't think that I somehow prefer that you had been a girl. It's just that I always

wanted a girl so I could teach her girl stuff, go clothes shopping with, do her hair pretty. . .you know,” his mother replied and came over and hugged her son.

“You could teach me stuff if you like,” Glen said with a smile as he struck a feminine pose and fluffed his long hair with one hand. His mother laughed at this and played along with the joke.

“Of course! We’ll do each other’s hair and nails this weekend. . .it will be so much fun,” she said exaggerating her speech and hand gestures.

Glen saw a real smile on his mother’s face and it made him happy. This joking around seemed to make her forget how tired she must be.

That night Glen once again had a startling dream. He was walking through the mall. He found himself turning into the beauty salon. The large glass door reflected his image. He was in a knee-length summer dress and wearing high-heeled pumps. His hair was pulled up into a high ponytail and tied with a wispy scarf. The lady at the counter called him “Miss” and he heard his voice say “. . .I have an appointment for a shampoo and set.”

He woke up once again breathing fast and damp with sweat. Two nights in a row!

Chapter 2

It was Saturday and Eve Williams had the weekend off. The weather was almost unbearably hot and humid. Even with all the windows open the thermometer in the hallway read 95 degrees. Glen saw his mother coming down the stairs with a heavy laundry hamper. He jumped up to help.

“Hey, I can do that for you. Today, you just sit and relax,” he admonished.

“I don’t mind. Housework relaxes me sometimes,” his mother replied with a forced smile but she let her son take the basket. She watched as he sorted the laundry by colors. Most of it was her clothes and she grinned as he picked up her brassiere. He seemed to handle it like it was burning to the touch. Glen’s mother watched her son work and noticed that his long hair was wet from the sweat on his neck and cheeks.

“See, that long hair you grew over the winter makes you cook on a hot summer day like today.”

“That’s for sure,” he replied as he pushed it off his face for the tenth time. “I don’t know how you women put up with it.”

Then he looked up at his mother and remembered that she had her hair up in a tight chignon today. She noticed his look.

“Well we don’t put up with it, we put it up. If I had a daughter, she would too,” she teased, then asked, “Why don’t we put yours up?”

“Oh sure! Better yet, maybe I should just cut it all off!” Glen grumbled almost under his breath and continued with his laundry sorting. He didn’t see that strange look his mother gave him, nor the ‘I have an idea’ expression that crossed her face.

Not saying a word, Eve Williams went up to her bedroom and returned in a couple of minutes just as Glen was turning on the washer.

“Come over here for a minute and sit down,” his mother said as she pulled a kitchen chair out from under the table and turned it around, “I’ll take care of your problem.” Glen could see that she had her hairbrush in her hand and had placed something on the kitchen table behind her.

“What are you going to do?” He asked nervously.

“Fix the problem, dear.”

“Huh? FIX?” Glen said but obeyed his mother and plopped down in the chair. He actually thought she might cut his hair off. . .even that would have been okay.

“I’ve got an idea.” His mother reminded him. “Didn’t you say that you’d let me teach YOU things last night?”

“Oh yeah.” Glen now recalled the conversation about how his mother missed not having a daughter to do girl-things with. Well. . .if it made her happy.

He felt the bristles of the hair brush on his scalp as his mother stood behind him and slowly worked them through his long hair. She must have been enjoying herself because she spent three minutes just brushing it.

“My, I hadn’t realized how long its grown,” she remarked to herself. “Hmmm, yes, it definitely has many possibilities.”

Glen didn’t ask what she meant by possibilities, but what she was doing now sure felt good. She was brushing all his hair up and off his neck and cheeks. He could feel the air breeze across his uncovered skin.

He expected that soon his hair would be covering his neck again so he enjoyed the moment. But then he felt his hair getting tighter as his mother seemed to be pulling it up and back. He felt her doing some kind of twisting or something then something poked him up there.

“Ouch!” he said more from surprise than anything else.

"Sorry, I'll be more careful but don't be a baby," his mother teased. Glen felt her pushing something else close to his scalp several more times. Finally, he noticed that his mother was standing a few feet away smiling with a very happy look on her face.

If she was over there. . . what was keeping his hair so tightly up off of his neck? With a nervous grin he stood up and cautiously put his hand up to the back of his head where the tightness was centered. His hand touched a tennis ball sized knot of hair.

"Go up to my room and have a look. It looks very cute on you," his mother said. Glen didn't need much prodding as he quickly went up to her room and picked up a hand mirror and walked over to the full length mirror on the closet door.

His neatly wound hair formed a perfect ballerina's bun at the back of his head. As his fingers explored it further he felt the ends of several hair pins that held it firmly in place. He didn't realize that his mother stood watching him admire himself in the mirror. He also didn't realize that his smile gave away that he liked it.

"Well? What do you think?" his mother asked expectantly. "When it's hot and you have long hair, a girl's way is the best. That style is called a chignon."

"It's nice and cool. . . thanks. But wouldn't just tying it back in a ponytail work?"

"Not as well. This is almost as cool as a crewcut and it's less damaging to your hair. Besides, now we have matching hairdo's," she said while pointing to her own chignon and smiling.

"Yeah, it's okay as long as nobody sees me," Glen admitted. In fact he was quite thrilled. He didn't know why, but then he remembered that strange urge that had driven him to tie the red ribbon into his hair the previous day.

He left his hair "up" in the feminine topknot for the rest of the day. His mother seemed thrilled with her handiwork and kept patting it and adjusting the hairpins that held it together. She even showed him how to adjust the pins if it loosened.

At bedtime Glen's mother said, "You should take your hair down for the night. It will be more comfortable. I can do it up for you again in the morning if you like."

"Ok, I'll do that. Thanks Mom."

With his bedroom door closed, Glen stood at his mirror and slowly pulled the long bobby pins out of his hair. As the last one was removed he gave his head a slight shake and revelled as his

long hair tumbled onto his shoulders. It curled quaintly from it's day long bondage.

Sunday morning was a repeat of Saturday as far as the weather was concerned. . .hot and humid.

"I have an idea," Glen's mother said as they ate breakfast in their bathrobes. "Why don't we pack a picnic lunch and go down to the clearing by the creek?" Their property covered thirty acres, mostly forest. Through the forest there flowed a picturesque stream. It was one of the features that had attracted Eve and her husband to this piece of land.

"Sure, that would be nice," Glen answered thinking about the last time they had picnicked out there. It was over two years ago, that his father had died.

"And put on some shorts, not those hot jeans you wore yesterday," his mother instructed Glen as he went off to shower and get dressed.

Thirty minutes later Glen was finishing drying his hair with the blow dryer while just standing in his underwear. With a final toss of his hair he clicked the dryer off and picked up his old elastic waist shorts.

They were several years old and had seen many clothes washings. As he slipped his fingers into the waistband to pull them up his legs he felt a soft snap and suddenly the waistline of the shorts sagged.

"Damn! The elastic's busted," he muttered to himself. Tossing the useless garment on the floor he opened his door and shouted down the hall. "Mom! Do you have any elastic? The one in my shorts just broke."

His mother came into his room and examined the shorts. "These are finished. You can't fix that. Don't you have another pair?"

"No. Remember? I spilled engine oil on them while changing the oil last summer. We tossed them out."

"Hmmm, well you can't go out on a picnic on a day like today in long jeans," Mrs. Williams stated matter-of-factly. "We've got to get you some new ones but that won't help us now, will it? Oh, I know, I'll loan you a pair of mine. They fit perfectly. We're about the same size."

Before Glen could make any comment his mother was out in the hall and back in her room. Glen followed thinking that he really didn't have any better options. She was right about the heat. Anyway, he was glad that his mother seemed to be so interested

in doing something relaxing for a change. She was going to work herself to death if she didn't slow down.

Glen stood in the middle of his mother's room feeling somewhat naked just in his brief underwear while she rummaged around in her large walk-in clothes closet. Finally, she came out with a pair of red, cotton shorts and a short-sleeved, red cotton blouse. She held the two items, still on their hangers, up to his body. That dream from a few nights ago flashed through his mind.

"There. . . these should fit just fine," she stated after surveying him up and down.

"I'll just wear one of my t-shirts," Glen said as he took the hanger with the shorts from her hand. He saw the obvious look of disappointment replace the smile she had a moment ago.

"It's an outfit," she said.

"Whatever you like," she said in a quiet dejected sounding way. Glen could have kicked himself for not thinking.

"On the other hand. . . if you're not worried that I might get some stain on that shirt. . . maybe it would be better than one of my old t-shirts," he said extending his hand to take the hanger. Bingo! Her beaming smile returned as fast as it had faded.

"Oh, yes. It's a matching set and you'll find them both nice and cool," his mother continued happily as she took the blouse off of the hanger and unbuttoned the buttons in the front of it. She held it out for him to put on. Glen slid his hands into the sleeves and his mother helped him on with the blouse.

As he slipped it over his shoulders he realized that the blouse had shoulder pads which are so typical in women's blouses. The sleeves were very full and reached to just above his elbows. The blouse had a pointed collar and a rather open neckline design. Of course Glen found that the little red buttons closed right over left, backwards to what he was used to so his mother gave him some help in closing them.

The overall cut was very full and billowy with a big pocket over each breast which along with the darts in the design caused the front to sag a little on his flat chest.

"This blouse really needs some shape up here," his mother teased as she cupped her hands under his imaginary breasts. "Now the shorts."

Glen again allowed his mother to help him as he stepped into the red shorts. She pulled them up his legs to his waist tucking the blouse in, zipping the fly and buttoning the two small red buttons at his waist. She finished by fastening a thin, pink, leather

belt that ran around the top of the shorts. Glen hadn't even noticed that they had a belt until now. Well that pink belt made them much less unisex than he had first believed.

"Perfect fit. . .except for the top. Have a look in the mirror."

Glen stepped in front of the full-length mirror. It was the first time he saw the full effect of the matching outfit. Now he realized that these shorts came up to a higher waistline than any boy's shorts ever would. More importantly the pertly cuffed legs on these shorts flared out an awful lot.

They were close and snug at the hips and waist but very broad and open at the bottoms which just reached his knees. The broad legs of these shorts made them appear more like a skirt than short pants! With the addition of his freshly dried hair spilling onto his shoulders, he definitely looked refined and fragile!

The sight shocked him and yet he felt strangely excited. Between the heat from the blowdryer, the temperature in the house and maybe his increased heartbeat at that moment, he felt some perspiration trickle down his forehead.

It was if Eve Williams had been waiting for it, she immediately ran her cool hand over his sweating brow and asked softly. . . expectantly, "Let's put your hair up again?"

Glen sighed and said, "Gee, I don't know."

"Com' on, it'll be fun. . .and cool."

Eve Williams was very happy. "You know, it's so hot in here. I'll just pack my brush and stuff and I'll do it for you down by the creek, ok?"

Glen agreed and was about to head back to his room for his shoes when his mother stopped him. "Glen. . .one more thing. Why don't you wear these? It will complete the outfit. They should fit."

"Really?"

She nodded. He stared at the red skimmer-style flats that his mother held out to him. Without a word he took them and tentatively tried slipping one foot in. The light shoe fit easily. He took the other and put it on as well. That was it. He was now wearing a complete outfit of women's outer clothes! Would he wake up in a sweat any minute?

Half an hour later Glen and his mother walked through the forest down a winding path towards the sound of a babbling stream. The boy felt a little strange being outside while wearing women's clothes. But this was as private a place as their own home. He began to relax.



Blushing, Glen realized that wearing his mother's blouse and shorts made him look like a sissy! But there was also something pleasant !

They finally reached the clearing. It overlooked the most picturesque part of the creek. His father, Jim Williams had worked many weeks leveling the spot and laying flat stones to form a natural stone patio here. A well made wood picnic table with two benches stood silently where they had last used it so many months ago. Eve Williams pulled out a clean rag and brushed off the dust and debris that had deposited itself on the smooth wood.

"Isn't it lovely!" She exclaimed as she slowly turned around taking in the beautiful summer day.

"Yeah, it's been a long time hasn't it?" Glen replied.

"A beautiful view, a beautiful day, a beautiful son. . .what more could I ask for?" She mused.

Glen smiled for a moment, then offered. "Probably a daughter?"

His mother laughed. "Boy oh boy. I make one innocent comment and now you keep rubbing it in that I wanted a daughter rather than a son. Can't I have a bit of both?"

He looked down at his clothes and replied. "Today it sure looks like your trying to do that, aren't you?"

"Can't I have a little fun in my old age? Now come sit down on this blanket here. I promised to put your hair up, and now your going to let me enjoy myself and see if I still have the touch. When I was your age, my mother and I would spend rainy days at home doing each other's hair, giving each other manicures or sewing some new clothes. It was fun. Who knows, maybe you'd find learning some new skills fun too?"

"Skills I'll never use," Glen added.

"That's not true. . .you will most likely have a daughter too. . .and then you'll find all this VERY handy to know."

She had folded a blanket and laid it down in front of one of the benches. Glen sat down on it cross-legged and took out his paperback book. What the heck he thought, she's enjoying herself for once.

His mother sat down on the bench behind him and began rummaging through a large purselike bag that she had brought with her. Out of the corner of his eye, Glen saw her layout a hairbrush, rat-tail comb, scissors, a plastic box of bobby pins, a can of hairspray and her butane-gas cordless curling iron on a towel beside her on the picnic table. A little tingle of suspense ran down his spine as he wondered what in the world all that was for.

Draping a towel around his shoulders she said to Glen, "I'm just going to trim some ends and your bangs for you. It just looks shaggy the way it is."

"Well ok, but not too much!"

"Don't worry, I know what I'm doing."

For the next ten minutes, she combed his bangs straight down then cut at about eyebrow level. She then combed the back and sides down and trimmed a little all around. Little snips here and there continued until Glen heard her mutter, "there, that's better."

Glen continued trying to read his book but his mind kept following what his mother was doing. Now she was brushing his hair up and back like she had the day before. He could feel her sliding bobby pins behind his ears and along the back of his head effectively pulling his hair up and to the back.

She took the comb and separated off one thin section of Glen's long hair right above each temple. These locks dangled well below each of the boy's cheeks. Then he heard her turning on her portable curling iron. The soft hiss of the butane told him it was heating up.

Eve Williams was in second heaven, a rare treat from her usual worry and dread about making financial ends meet. Glen even heard her humming a tune. Soon he felt her section a piece of hair in back, comb through it then clamp the curling iron around the end and roll the section to his scalp. He could even feel the heat coming off of the hot iron.

The clamp squeaked a little as she gently slid the hair off leaving it tightly curled in a vertical ringlet. Glen couldn't see what she was doing but she took the hairspray and gave the ringlet a misting, then taking a long bobby pin she pinned the ringlet to his scalp.

For the next twenty minutes Glen's mother repeated the process time and time again. At first Glen counted but then he lost track. He wondered what she was doing. She had finished the back hair and gave it a final misting of hairspray.

She then took one of the small sections dangling in front of her son's ears. Holding the curling iron vertically she wound the section in a spiral around the barrel. When she slid the barrel off of the hair a precise spiral curl remained. She repeated the process on the other side. Glen could see his mother's expression. It was one of excitement and happiness.

"Oh, beautiful!" She remarked of her work. "One last touch." Moving out of Glen's view once again she pulled that

red silk ribbon out of her bag and carefully tied it in a bow at the top of Glen's curls.

"Absolutely perfect! Oh, I wish I had a mirror so that you could see."

"What did you do?"

"Well it's just like the hairdo that I had for my senior prom. We even have almost the same haircolor. You'll see it when we get home."

Glen was very anxious to see it but had to rely on his sense of touch to gently explore his mother's work.

"Be very careful or you'll mess up my work and I'll have to start it over again," his mother warned.

He felt a profusion of some kind of curls that seemed to be securely arranged in a pile several inches deep at the back of his head. His fingers had also felt the soft silk of could only be a hair ribbon!

"Now. . .are you ready to have some fun and learn more?" she asked with a loving look in her eye.

Glen's emotions were in turmoil. He knew that she had just done his hair up into some very feminine hairdo. . .for goodness sakes, the kind girls wear to formal dances! He was wearing women's shorts, blouse and shoes. He shouldn't be going along with this. Boys don't dress up as girls! But then he looked at his mother's face. It was so pleading. His heart melted. Here, for the first time since his father had gotten sick, she was so cheerful and happy. This was the least she deserved.

"I'm afraid to ask but WHAT kind of fun."

"Nothing painful, I assure you," his mother laughed. "Turn around and sit facing me at the table."

Glen did as requested and saw his mother taking more stuff out of her bag. There was an emery board and several small bottles of clear and reddish-pink nail polish!

"Mom. . .what are you doing?" He asked nervously.

"I just want to tidy up your nails a bit. You've let them get pretty long haven't you?"

He looked at his hands and had to agree. His nails were long overdue for a session with a nail clipper. Since most of the housework he had to do was pretty easy on his hands, his nails had not been chipping and thereby reminding him to trim them.

In fact, he had been noticing that lately his nails were extending just slightly beyond his fingers causing him to angle his

fingers differently when pressing buttons or picking something up. Why hadn't he trimmed them?

"Yeah, I was going to get around to them today," he mumbled.

"Well, there you go. Then my timing is perfect. I'll do the job for you and show you a few tricks," his mother replied as she motioned for him to place his hand on the table in front of her. Glen watched with that gnawing nervous feeling as his mother used various small implements to clean under his nails and push back and clean up the cuticles.

He knew what was coming as she picked up the emery board and began to file the nail on his right pinky. "Here's what we do," his mother said. "First the square corners come off, then we gently round the sides." Not a millimeter of the nails length was removed, it was just reshaped into a perfectly rounded oval.

Glen continued to watch in silent awe as his mother went from one nail to the next, one hand to the other, methodically reshaping his nails from long, clunky, overgrown boy's nails into perfectly shaped, delicate, long, girl's nails! She left two nails for him to do.

Glen awkwardly took the emery board and created two ovals himself.

"There. . .that's better. Now we had better protect them. Let me see," she said as she examined a small clear bottle. "Ah, here it is. This is a clear nail strengthener for an undercoat," she opened the bottle and used the little brush to quickly stroke on a shiny coat of clear polish.

"We'll let that dry for a few minutes," she said and showed Glen how to blow gently on his nails to speed up the process. When the clear coat was dry Glen watched with a fast beating heart as his mother opened the bottle of reddish-pink nail polish.

She took his right hand to begin applying the colored enamel. Involuntarily, Glen tried to draw his hand back. It was not too forceful or adamant a gesture.

His mother just looked at him and gently pulled it back with no resistance this time. Very carefully, the little red brush applied the glossy coating of reddish nail polish to eight of Glen's nails.

"Now you finish them," his mother said. Glen took the little brush and carefully copied his mothers instruction completing the set of ten. Without any color, his nails had been very feminine looking. Now with the color on to emphasize their shape, his nails looked as perfectly feminine and elegant as any woman's he'd

ever seen. Once again he was asked to speed the drying process up.

“My, that does look nice. Now just one more coat of this clear top coat and your nails will be ready for anything.”

This time Glen did not resist as she opened the third bottle and applied the high gloss top coat. It was hard to know when his nail polish had dried because the top coat remained completely wet-looking and as smooth as glass. He couldn't believe that these were his hands. At least she was done. . .or so he thought.

“I'm almost done,” his mother said as if she had just read his thoughts.

“Almost??”

“You've let me have this much fun so far. . .you might as well let me do this,” she said as he watched her pull a tube of lipstick out of her bag and something else which he couldn't see, but heard it make a soft rattling sound. She was right.

If he was wearing women's clothes, had his hair pinned up into some elaborate feminine hairdo, and long, red polished nails, wearing lipstick wasn't going to make much difference. So Glen followed his mother's instructions and let her apply the red lipstick to his lips. Of course it was the shade that matched his nails.

Finally he saw what the last items were that she now held. It was a pair of red clip on earrings and matching red bead necklace. Nothing fancy, but simple summery costume jewelry. He sat quietly while his mother clipped the earrings to his lobes and fastened the necklace around his neck. Slowly, Eve Williams stepped back from her son. He thought he could detect tears in her eyes.

“Stand up and turn around, dear,” she requested.

Glen did as she asked and did a slow turn around. The soft breeze caused the two kiss curls at his cheeks to tickle his skin.

“Well? I guess I really put my foot in my mouth when I said yesterday that you could teach me the stuff you'd teach a daughter,” Glen finally said tasting the moist lipstick on his mouth.

His mother didn't say a word. Now Glen definitely saw that she did have tears streaming down her cheeks. There was an unspoken request and mother and son embraced.

“Thank you, thank you,” Glen's mother whispered. “I needed this so much. Things have been getting so tough that I thought I might not be able to stand it anymore. You're such a sweetheart, putting up with all my silly ideas today just to make me feel good. I want you to know that I really appreciate it.”

"Ah. . .it's ok Mom," Glen replied feeling very good suddenly. Having gone along with all her make-a-daughter stuff had been worth it if it gave her such happiness. He didn't know what to say as she hugged him tightly to herself.

"It's not so bad being your daughter for a day I guess. Heck, at least I got my nails done and my hair isn't making me sweat," he added trying to deflect the praise which his mother was giving him.

There was some confusion in Glen's mind right now. Sure, she thought that he was letting her pretty him up to make her happy. . .but why did it make him so inwardly excited? Why was he, right at this moment, dying to see himself in a mirror from all angles?!

The rest of their picnic was very pleasant. They ate the picnic lunch that they brought. After eating, Glen's mother showed him how to reapply his lipstick. She even told him to put the tube in his short's pocket so that he could freshen it up from time to time. She made him practice several times so that he could get it straight without a mirror.

After lunch they read some more then finally packed up around three to head back to the house.

Eve Williams almost squealed with delight when she saw Glen, on his own, take out his lipstick and touch up his lips. Little did he realize how completely feminine he looked with his ringlets, ribbons, lipstick and jewelry.

The path from their forest came out beside one side of the house. They walked around to the porch side to enter. The big screened porch had several soft old couches that one could relax in on a summer evening. They had just stepped inside the porch and Eve Williams was looking in her bag for her door key when they both realized that someone had just risen out of one of the couches which stood over in a shadowy area. Even if Glen wasn't dressed like he was they would have been startled. Both jumped and looked at the person.

"Eve. . .Glen???" A woman's voice said uncertainly. It was their next door neighbor. 'Next door' was 5 miles away but Marge and Ed Hansen were the closest things to a next door neighbor that the Williams's had.

"Marge, boy, you startled us," Eve gasped as recognition overcame the initial fright. Then she remembered Glen. . .the poor boy. Quickly, she rushed to explain his unusual appearance to their good friend Marge.

"Oh, Marge. . .this is my daughter-for-a-day Gwen," she said trying to lighten the situation for Glen. "Now don't blame him for how he looks, it's all my fault. I'd been complaining so much about how I missed not having a daughter to dress up and do her hair, that I finally persuaded Glen to let me do it on him. Please, promise that you'll keep this a secret, ok?"

"Eve, Glen. . .don't be silly. Why you're the closest thing we have to family! I'd never do anything to embarrass or cause you harm. I was just surprised at first when I saw such a pretty young woman come up the stairs. Glen. . .I mean this as the sincerest compliment. You make a pretty girl! And you're hair is marvelous! I just wish I could get my hair to look like that."

Glen felt like everything was going in slow motion. He could taste the lipstick and feel the curls on his cheeks. The earrings suddenly felt like they were pinching his ears.

"I think you're a sweet boy to do this for your mother. . .Now don't feel embarrassed!" She scolded in a friendly, motherly way. Marge was smiling and giving Glen a comforting squeeze on the arm. Glen's face was slowly returning to its normal color after having come close to matching the red of his blouse moments ago.

Eve opened the door and invited their neighbor in. Glen immediately headed for the stairs.

"I'll just change and be back," he said.

"Wait. Glen. Don't change. You look so pretty, I'd like to see you as you are for a minute. Also, I came here for a reason and I just got an idea I want you to hear," Marge said motioning Glen to come back to where they were standing. He paused, then slowly came back. It was true, Marge didn't seem to be laughing at how he looked. Her compliments did sound sincere and now he saw her talking to his mother about general chit chat as if nothing was in the slightest out of the ordinary.

"I came over to invite you and Glen for supper tonight. Ed and I just love your company. As I said, with Kathryn gone. . ." Marge had to pause as an obviously painful memory passed. ". . .you and Glen are like our only family."

Kathryn was their only child. A pretty girl on whom the Hansen's absolutely doted. Ed Hansen worked 60 hours a week on their vegetable farm to make the best life possible for their daughter. Five years ago, Kathryn was heading off to start her freshman year in college. The Hansen's were immensely proud of this achievement since they were both high school dropouts. In their days, teenagers had to help run the farm. School was a luxury.

The ultimate tragedy struck. On her first day in the big city, as Kathryn rushed to catch a bus for campus, a city bus lost control and struck her. She was pronounced DOA. The Hansen's were devastated. Marge was hospitalized for shock. It was as if someone had pulled a dark curtain over their house.

To make matters worse, police found that the bus driver had been high on drugs! The Hansen's were not the type of people that sought revenge, but their anger was fierce. They hired a lawyer and sued. Three years later they were awarded \$2 million dollars. They would have given that and all they owned to have their child back, but now they only had the money to remind them of the grief that brought it to them.

It was a terrible loss to Eve also. Kathryn was the closest thing she had to a daughter and had given her many dolls and gifts.

"Supper?" Glen's mother said looking at her watch and then her son. "I think we could get Glen here all washed up by suppertime."

"No. . .don't wash it off! I have an idea. You know how Ed loves to have you around. Well. . .I was thinking. . .maybe. . .Glen would come over dressed like he is now? You're just the age Kathryn was when she left home," Marge said with tears in her eyes.

Glen noticed and had a premonition that women's tears would be his final undoing. Then he noticed his mother's face light up and look to him nodding her head as if prompting him to reply in the affirmative.

"You want me to come over dressed in this?" Glen asked pointing down his body. Marge smiled, thought for a moment, then replied while giving Eve a knowing look.

"Actually, I thought it might be fun to dress up NICE for dinner tonight. That is if you have something else he can wear?" She said addressing the last comment to Glen's mother.

Eve Williams understood what Marge was doing and leapt at the chance. "Oh, heaven's yes! I have a closet full of clothes that this slim guy will fit better than I can. It just might need a little padding in the right places," she said and pulled some of the loose blouse material at her son's chest.

"Well then, say around six?" Marge said, neither woman waiting for Glen to agree or disagree.

"Hey, let's try something. I'm always after Ed to wear his glasses. He's too proud to admit his eyes aren't what they used to be. Just before six, I'll make sure he misplaces them. I'll tell

him when I get home that Glen is visiting friends out of town and your niece is visiting. Let's see if he catches on, ok?"

With that Marge bid a goodbye and went out the door. Glen and his mother stared at each other for a moment trying to comprehend what this day was turning into. Eve, for one, was having a great time. Glen was getting more and more confused!

"You know, you still haven't taken a look at how nice you look," his mother reminded him.

"Oh, yeah. I guess I should see what you've done to me."

They went up to the master bedroom and Glen took a hand mirror then turned on the lights. He had seen himself in the blouse and shorts with his long hair billowing over his shoulders earlier today, but he was unprepared for how he looked now. His lips were shiny, moist and red. The red button earrings and matching necklace complimented his clothes. Standing facing the mirror he saw his new bangs brushing the tops of his eyebrows and twin, delicate kiss curls dangling from his temples.

Atop his head he saw the pretty, red silk ribbon tied in a bow. Just behind the bow, he saw intricately arranged curls. Stepping closer to the mirror and turning sideways, the hand mirror showed his "prom hairdo."

A tremor of nervous excitement ran through his body! All of his hair flowed sleekly up the sides and back of his head where it was pinned into a cascade of tubular-shaped ringlets. He had only seen a style so elaborate once or twice before. . .both times it was on some girl in a bridal party.

"You like?" His mother asked as she rubbed her hands in anticipation.

"It's a beautiful job Mom," Glen confessed. "But it shouldn't be on a boy's head. . .which in my case means I won't be a boy until we take this down.

"I'll take it down at bedtime, dear. Come over here, let's pick out your dress for tonight."

"Dress??" Glen exclaimed. "I can't wear a dress! I'll put on a pair of your dress slacks. . .that's it."

"Glen. . .Marge said this dinner was a dress up dinner. For women, and temporary young women like yourself, that means something with a skirt, stockings, and higher heels."

"Ah, Mom. I can't go way over there in a dress. What if our car breaks down or something?"

"I'm sure the old beast won't pick the next 10 miles to breakdown. Now come on and help me or else I'll pick something on my own."

Glen saw that his fate was sealed. He was going to visit the neighbors in a dress and heels. His mother didn't wait for Glen as she went back into her large closet. Shortly she came out with several dresses on clothes hangers in her hand. She laid the dresses on the bed and selected the first one. It was an off-white linen sheath. Sleeveless with an open neckline it looked slim and body hugging. She held the dress up to Glen's body.

"Hmmm. . .No, too simple to go with that hairdo." She then picked up the next hanger and held that up. It was a blouse that Glen remembered well. He thought his mother looked very nice in it.

"Hey that looks nice. A little Victorian look," his mother said as she turned Glen towards the big mirror to see. The white blouse indeed looked Victorian in design. The closed neck collar was a lacy ruffle. The front of the blouse had white lace from neck to waist. The sleeves ballooned from a nipped in shoulder down to tight cuffs which also had lace trim and 4 pearl buttons. The blouse closed with little pearl buttons up the back.

Glen remembered that the material of the blouse was sheer enough so that his mother's lingerie was visible through it.

"Yes, this will be perfect," his mother pronounced.

"Ok, then I can wear some slacks with it."

His mother made a "tsk tsk" sound and shook her head. "Don't be silly, that blouse goes with this." She lifted the next hanger and Glen's hope for slacks was gone. He remembered that skirt as well. It was black and came to just below his mother's knees. The waistband was four inches wide and closed with four buttons at the back. From that waist the skirt dropped straight down and ended in a three-inch wide ruffle at the hem. The skirt design was definitely slim and an eight-inch slit in the back was the only thing that allowed one to walk with some comfort.

"Mom. . .I can't go through with this. Sure, I'm wearing your clothes and have my hair up in a girl's style, but the clothes were just because I didn't have my own shorts and the hair was so you could have some fun. If I go through with this, I'll be dressing as a girl in front of other people. Ed will think I'm nuts!"

"Oh come on. The Hansen's aren't 'other people'. They're about the only friends we have out here. And anyway, Marge has already seen you. She didn't faint did she? It will be fun for all of us."

Glen thought and thought. He knew he should stick to his guns and refuse but something deep inside of him was arguing the other way. He was confused because he was realizing that

something from within him was telling him to go ahead. . .telling him that he would enjoy it!

His conscious reason lost out to the two arguing against him. Glen found himself in the bathroom, his coiffure protected by a plastic shower bonnet while the depilatory his mother insisted he use went to work on his minimal body hair.

The fact that he barely had any hair anyway was the argument that his mother had used on him. When he rinsed and washed in the shower his youthful skin was now as hairless and sleek like any young girls. Stepping out the shower he took the fluffy white towel his mother held out for him and proceeded to dry off completely.

“Here, let me put some of this on. It will soothe your skin,” Mrs. Williams said as she proceeded to apply scented bath powder to her son’s body with a big powder puff. Only the towel around his waist kept the sweet scented powder from reaching even his private parts.

“Put this on first,” his mother said as she handed him a gleaming white pair of lace-trimmed silk panties.

“Since I won’t be doing any strip-teases at the Hansen’s, I was just going to wear my own underwear underneath,” Glen objected.

His mother enlightened, “No skirt or dress looks stunning on its own without the proper underwear, stockings, pantyhose and suitable shoes. Besides, your boy’s underwear is too heavy to wear under that slim skirt I picked out for you. And this matches the other underwear you’ll be wearing anyway.”

Oh boy, Glen thought, ‘other underwear’. . .he could just imagine. He didn’t have to imagine long. Once the panties were covering his rather small male equipment he was led back into the bedroom. His mother carefully removed his shower bonnet and the red hair ribbon.

“You won’t need the hair ribbon for tonight. Tonight your going to be a sophisticated young woman. I’ve laid out your other underwear while you were in the shower. Here try this on,” his mother said as she held out the sexiest looking white lace garment he had ever seen. Glen couldn’t believe that his mother owned such items.

“Gee whiz! Where did you get that?” He exclaimed in surprise at the one piece bra/corset with attached garter tabs. It had thin lace shoulder straps, lace covered bra cups and bodice and little pink flowers between the bra cups and on each garter tab.

“Hmmpf!” his mother pretended to be slighted by his surprise, “your father and I weren’t complete nerds in our day. We liked some romance and spice in our marriage too.”

“Oh, I see,” Glen replied now rather sheepishly as he understood the meaning of his mother’s comment.

“Put your arms out please,” she instructed as she held the garment for him to put on. Glen hesitated slightly as his boyish instinct pressed the panic button. His hesitation didn’t last however and he soon found himself being encased in the silk garment as his mother began closing the many hooks and eyes in back.

She had him suck in his stomach as she readjusted some of the hooks to tighter closures. The bottom of the corset, adorned with a little two inch skirting of lace with pink rosettes partially covered his panties. Eve Williams adjusted the shoulder straps so that the bra cups were snugly against her son’s chest.

“This is a B-cup bra size. You really should wear an A-cup, but I don’t have any that size, so we’ll have to fill these out a little.”

Taking a box of cotton batting, Glen’s mother took a large wad of the white stuff and pulled it into two equal pieces. She placed one piece inside each of her son’s bra cups. Now they were firmly filled out and gave him an attractive set of curves.

“We’ll leave the stockings until later,” Glen’s mother said. We have a couple of hours before we have to leave so why don’t you put this on and relax. She handed him a long white robe of hers.

“Take this too,” she added handing him a bottle of nail polish remover. “I’m going to redo your nails a different color later. Go and relax, I need some time to get myself ready now.”

Glen took the bottle and left the bedroom. Plopping down in a kitchen chair he took some tissues and began the job of removing the nail polish. He couldn’t get over it. Here he was, in panties, a bra, his hair up, working on his nails. Why was he strangely happy?

He pattered around the house until his mother called him back to her room. She was already dressed in a sharp navy skirt and a white silk shell top. A matching navy jacket hung on a chair nearby. It was a tribute to her body, Glen thought, that she could still look so good even without the support of a bra.

“Sit down here,” she instructed. “First, I’m going to do your nails. Good thing I shaped them this afternoon. This will only take a couple of minutes.”

Glen watched again as she applied a clear base coat, then two coats of a very dark, deep red nail polish. It was almost brown in color. Without asking him for permission, Glen's mother began working with cosmetics on her son's face.

He watched in fascination as his eyes became dramatically enhanced with soft, brown tones of eye shadows, eyebrow pencil and mascara. Some blush on his cheekbones and a reddish brown lipstick completed the transformation of his face to that of a young woman. Where he looked like a teen this afternoon, now he looked to be in his early twenties.

"You have such beautiful features! They're a dream to make up."

"Well that's good to know," Glen replied somewhat sarcastically, adding, "I'm sure all this will really be helpful in the future!"

Ignoring his sarcastic attitude Eve Williams picked up a pair of new stockings that she had selected from her drawer. They were very sheer antique white nylon with fine clockwork designs running up the outside of each leg. A broad band of heavier lacy nylon encircled the tops of each leg.

"Here, I'll help you put them on," Glen's mother said as she began to carefully roll one stocking up in her hands. Glen had seen how his mother put on stockings so he pointed his toes out and his mother put the stocking on his foot and unrolled it up his leg until it came well up his thigh. She repeated the process on the other leg.

"Stand up please," she said as she knelt before her son and worked the dangling garter tabs through Glen's panties. As each of the four garters were fastened to his stockings Glen felt the downward pull on his corset and the snug compression of the nylons on his legs.

With all eight garters fastened he felt securely encased from chest to toes in the silky smooth lingerie. Not finished yet, Eve Williams brought out a fine silk camisole with lots of lace at the bodice and hem. Making Glen raise his arms, she slipped it down over his body. It was too late for Glen to complain. . .he was going to be his mother's little play doll tonight so he might as well accept it.

His mother continued with her work as she helped Glen put his arms into the sleeves of the back button blouse. He stood obediently as she buttoned up the back thus adding a third layer of exquisitely feminine attire to his body.



*Glen's mother taught him how to roll stockings on his smoothly
shaved legs. A talent that he had no use for but
humored his mother's wishes.
He would never do this again!*

Finishing with the buttons at his cuffs, she brought out his skirt and helped him step into the narrow circle of cloth. She drew the skirt up his legs until the waistband was over the hem of the blouse. Glen felt the waist get snug as his mother closed the back zip and button.

Looking down he observed as his mother now took a pair of simple, mid-heeled black pumps and proceeded to lift his foot to put them on. Unfortunately they fit perfectly much to his mother's delight. Soon Glen found himself trying to balance himself on the unfamiliar height of these feminine shoes.

"Sit down one more time darling," his mother instructed. Glen could tell from the sound of her voice that she was thrilled with what she was doing. It almost appeared like she was sprinting to complete the last few steps of some race.

She was searching through a big jewelry box on her dresser. Finding what she was looking for she returned. First, Eve Williams pinned a Cameo broach over the right side of Glen's chest. She took his left hand and slipped a matching Cameo ring onto his finger. Finishing her work, Eve Williams attached a pair of real pearl, screw-on earrings to her son's ears.

"Those were Grandma's earrings," she said with deep sentimentality. "I'm so glad that you have a chance to wear them as well."

Glen didn't know what to say. Should he be grateful that he has a chance to dress in women's clothes and wear a family heirloom passed down from one female to the next in the family? Did his mother at this moment consider him to be the next female in her family tree?

He wasn't given much more time to contemplate his position as his mother picked up her jacket and put it on. Pulling him along side her she stepped before the full-length mirror. Glen was shocked! He hadn't really had a chance to see himself in the last few stages of his dressing. But now, fully dressed, beside his mother, he was stunned.

There was an image of two women. One looked like she would be the mother, the other obviously her daughter. There was absolutely nothing of Glen left in that image! His hair was swept up and back into an ultra-feminine coiffure, his face glowed with the subtle yet obvious use of cosmetics.

His long nails reflected their long oval shape with the same deep color as his kissing perfect red lips. His blouse was the epitome of classic female elegance as the lace on the bodice, collar and cuffs was complimented by the outline of his also lace trimmed lingerie underneath.

The slim skirt flowed over his fleshy hips and plunged sleekly along his nylon encased thighs to just below his knees were the hem opened just enough to allow short, mincing steps.

Below the skirt, he saw silky smooth calves encased in filmy white nylons perched above the nicely turned ankles and classic pumps. He was seeing femininity and most remarkably feeling femininity.

The understated antique earrings, ring and broach completed the look of the elegant, society young lady.

"I'd say that even your own mother wouldn't guess your really a boy," his mother uttered in awe herself. "And I say that from experience."

"Gee Mom. . .you really did a job on me, didn't you?"

"It's easy to do good work when you have excellent materials. But now, it's time to get an outsider's opinion," his mother said as she handed Glen a black handbag.

"For me, a purse?"

"Handbag, dear. It completes your outfit," his mother said taking her own as well.

Glen found that walking in heels and a slim skirt was tricky. His first few steps were very wobbly and his descent down the stairs almost comical. Watching him, his mother decided that he needed a little basic training and showed him how to handle the female problems of tight skirts and stairs.

With a few minute's practice Glen was catching on so they locked the doors and left for the Hansen's house. The drive down the country road was nerve wracking as Glen imagined that either the car will break down and a carload of young boys will be the first along to help out or some similar embarrassment nightmare might occur. However, all went smoothly and they were soon driving up the long driveway to Marge and Ed's place.

Glen was sure his heartbeat was louder than the car motor. As he stepped out of the car his legs felt weak and rubbery. He had to steady himself against the car for a few seconds to regain his composure. What if Ed laughed at him? What if he got mad? How had he let himself be talked into this??

No matter. Eve Williams sensed Glen's bad case of stage fright and came over to him. She took his arm in hers and looked into his eyes. She said, "Com' on, they are waiting for us ladies!"

There was a calming, reassuring message in that look and Glen found himself walking arm in arm towards the front porch steps. His mother knocked on the door and it was promptly opened by Madge. She took one look at Glen and put her hands up to her mouth in surprise.

“My gawd. . .he’s beautiful! I would never imagined!” She whispered in excitement. “Ed thinks that your niece Helen is coming over.”

She motioned them into the hallway. Ed, hearing that someone had arrived entered the hall as well. He wasn’t wearing his glasses.

“Eve, so wonderful you could come,” he said and gave Glen’s mother a hug. Turning to Glen he looked for a couple of seconds then said, “And you must be Helen. Marge wasn’t exaggerating when she said that Eve had a real beauty for a niece. Welcome to our home.”

In the background, Marge was holding her mouth with both hands as she couldn’t help from laughing hysterically. Finally Ed noticed and said, “What’s the matter with you Marge?”

She managed to control herself and just said, “Oh nothing, I just thought of something funny. Ed, why don’t you make them at home. Maybe they would like something cool to drink before dinner.”

Ed ushered them into the living room and brought in a pitcher of ice tea. As he put the tray on the table he spotted his glass case.

“That’s funny, I looked there not ten minutes ago and I couldn’t find that darned thing.”

He opened the case and took out his glasses. Glen stiffened up as he sensed the approaching realization. Ed put the glasses on his face and looked at his guests. Nothing.

“My, now I can really see the family resemblance!” Ed said looking clearly at the feminized Glen for the first time. He still didn’t recognize Eve’s son. Marge, who was peeking in from the kitchen shook her head in amazement. But gosh, she thought, she had never expected Glen to look so absolutely real. My goodness, he even had lingerie on.

Ed poured two glasses of ice tea and offered the first to Eve. As he handed the second glass to Glen he spotted something. Glen noticed that Ed was not letting go of the glass but instead, he was focusing on something about Glen’s hand.

“Hold on here,” he said as he took Glen’s hand and looked at it closer. “We I’ll be!?”

Bingo! Ed had just figured out who he was looking at.



"It didn't take long, Ed realized that the sweet looking girl at the table was none other than Glen, the neighbor boy in a dress and made up to look like a girl!"

"That cut," Ed said pointing to the inch-long cut on the back of Glen's right hand that was just starting to heal, "It's the one you got when you were helping me load my pickup last week. I remember putting the band aid on it. . . You're Glen?"

It had never occurred to Glen that something like a cut would give him away. He was sure that one look at his face would do the job. Now what? Would Ed be furious?

"My word boy! If it wasn't for that cut, I'd have never doubted that you weren't what you appear! What's going on here?!" Ed exclaimed. He was certainly surprised, but looking at his expression he was amused rather than irritated. He added, "I bet this was Marge's idea!"

Marge was out of the kitchen in a flash and teasing her husband. To Glen's and Eve's amazement, Ed thought the whole joke was wonderful. He couldn't stop giving Glen and his mother compliments on their accomplishment.

"Amazing," he said, "that wig looks so real!"

Marge smiled and interjected, "That's not a wig, Ed. That beautiful hairdo is Glen's own hair thanks to Eve's talented hairdressing work. Remember when our daughter used to go to Eve for her hair styles?" Ed just nodded his head in wonder.

The evening went wonderfully. Glen's appearance, other than receiving endless praise did not lead to questions about why would a young man allow himself to dress as a young woman.

By dinner time, the conversation was as normal as if Glen was dressed in his own slacks and a dress shirt. But after dinner Ed pulled out his camera. He was quite the amateur photo buff and every occasion was a photo occasion in his mind. Without thinking, Glen and his mother joined the Hansens in posing for many photos. Using the auto timer, Ed was able to take several group shots as well as individual ones.

By the time the Williams's had to leave Glen was almost forgetting about how he was dressed. But when they were in the hallway Marge came over and hugged him close to herself. Glen noticed a tear in her eye. Even Ed gave him an uncharacteristic hug as they were about to leave. On the way home his mother commented.

"You know Glen, I think that Marge and Ed really enjoyed having you over tonight. Marge told me in the kitchen that you reminded them so much of their daughter."

"Really? Gee. . .I guess I might of. She was about my age when she died," Glen replied thinking about how horrible it must have been for such nice people to suffer such a terrible tragedy.

That night Glen sat one more time at his mother's vanity while she took out the hairpins from his hair and brushed it out for him.

"I can put it in a braid for the night if you like," she asked hopefully.

"Naw, no thanks Mom. I think I've had enough girly stuff for one day. Good night," Glen replied quickly rising and giving his mother a peck on the cheek. He spotted the look of disappointment on her face but he wouldn't be swayed this time. With that he left her room and went to the bathroom to wash off all the makeup.

That turned out to be harder than he thought, but eventually it was more or less gone. A few minutes later he crawled into bed in his good old pajamas.

That night he had another dream! He was at some kind of dance. He looked down and saw the floor-length evening gown

that he was wearing with his toes peeking out in their white evening slippers. The scenes flowed as if at high speed.

One minute he stood before a big mirror repairing his makeup alongside several other beautifully gowned young women. His hair spilled over his shoulders in full, rich curls with a white flower accenting one side.

Suddenly he was being whisked around the dance floor looking up into the eyes of a handsome young man in a tux. This gentleman's arms held him tightly so that he could hardly move.

Glen awoke up that morning with his sheets twisted around his body. He realized that these strange dreams were increasing. What did that mean?!

Glen resolved that this episode of getting dressed like a girl would be a one time event. For the next few weeks his mother made many attempts to coax him into doing his hair again or slipping into some of her clothes but he repeatedly declined.

It wasn't that he was trying to be mean or anything, it was just that he was scared by the recollection of how good he looked that time at the Hansen's. Even more so, he was confused by the memory of how sensuous it had felt!

Chapter 3

After a couple of weeks his mother gave up. There was a brief renewal of her efforts when Marge and Ed dropped by one evening. Ed had developed his photographs and made a couple of enlargements for Eve. One was of the four of them, another just a close-up of Glen and his mother.

It gave Glen a shiver as he gazed at the picture. There was his mother and the daughter she never had. He had to admit to himself that he looked 100% authentic as a pretty young woman. Sure enough, his mother promptly bought two picture frames and placed one picture on the mantle and the second one, of just the two was place by her bed.

Life turned into a daily grind. Glen continued his job search unsuccessfully while his mother pulled horrendously long hours at the clothing store. Out of apathy or lack of cash, Glen continued to let his hair grow. It now reached a couple of inches past his shoulders.

He also kept his nails longer than he should have. Since his mother had shaped them that fateful day in the summer, Glen just kept filing the ends into the same oval shape though their length had increased significantly. In fact, it was becoming trickier to

do the house work as his nails required him to pick things up differently.

Then it happened. Glen was surprised when his mother came home early just after noon. She was white as a sheet.

“What happened? Why are you home at this hour?”

His mother dropped into a chair and put her face in her hands. She began to sob.

“What am I going to do?!”

“What? What’s wrong?” Glen pleaded feeling scared without knowing why.

“They closed the store! I’m out of work!”

“Why did they close the store?”

“The IRS came. The Richman’s had been investigated and it appears that they have been caught cheating on their taxes. The IRS man said that they were in big trouble! They’ve seized all their assets including the store.”

Glen felt a cold dread spread through his body. They were on very thin ice with the bank. The huge loan that his father had negotiated when they renovated this house was always on the verge of default. As it was, they couldn’t afford his mother to miss even one day of work.

“Did they pay you your wages?” He asked.

“Not yet. They said that their accountants would compute them and pay me this week. . .but what about all that under the table overtime they owe me. There is no records for that. Without that, we’ll miss our payment!”

Glen didn’t know what to say. He felt very guilty that he wasn’t contributing at all to the finances and now they were in big trouble. If they would lose the house, where would they go, what would they do?

His mother continued to cry as she went up to her bedroom. Glen heard her close the door. This was becoming a nightmare. Glen knew that the bank manager was just looking for one more excuse to call their loan and force them to auction their property. . .to one of his friends. What were they going to do??

Glen didn’t want to disturb his mother that evening so he didn’t check in her room. But when he she didn’t come out the next morning he became worried. He knocked on her door.

“Mom? Are you okay?”

No answer.

“Mom?” Still no answer, so he opened her door. He was shocked by what he saw. His mother was huddled in the corner

of her room sitting on the floor hugging her knees and slowly rocking back and forth. Her face was expressionless

"Mom? Are you alright?" Glen asked anxiously. She said nothing and continued to stare into space. Glen tried and tried but he couldn't get a response from her. He was terrified! He didn't know what to do, who to call.

Should he call for a doctor? Then a thought struck him. He called Marge. The Hansens were there friends, maybe they would know what to do. He explained the situation to Marge on the phone and less than ten minutes later both Ed and Marge arrived.

"Oh my goodness. . . Eve, are you alright?" Marge tried as she crouched beside Glen's mother. Nothing. Ed took charge then.

"We've got to get her to a hospital," he said as he scooped Glen's mother into his arms and carried her out to their car. On the way to the hospital Glen related the story of what had happened the other day.

"My gawd boy, why didn't you tell us your situation sooner? We could have helped." Ed exclaimed when he heard of the long hours that Eve had been working to stave off personal bankruptcy.

"Mom's too proud."

At the hospital, doctors examined Glen's mom for any signs of physical problems but could not find any. They called on the psychiatric specialist who eventually came and did her evaluation.

Finally, after several hours of sitting around in the waiting room Glen and the Hansens were approached by a woman in a white doctor's coat.

"Hello, I'm Dr. Janet Matheson, the head of the psychiatric department. Are you Mrs. Williams's son?" She said as she extended a hand to Glen.

As Glen responded and held out his hand to the woman her eyes noticed the overly long and femininely shaped fingernails on the boy. Being a psychiatrist, she made a small mental notation about this and wondered if there was any other significant background in Eve William's case she should be looking for.

"Yes, I'm Glen Williams and these are our close friends Ed and Marge Hansen," Glen explained as he shook the woman's hand.

Dr. Matheson sat down beside Glen and proceeded to explain her findings.

“Glen, your mother has had what is typically called a nervous breakdown. She’s in a deep depression right now and I’ve prescribed medication and bed rest for a few days. Can you give me some insight on what may have brought this on?”

Glen felt the guilt once more as he described their problems. He started with his father’s unexpected passing and all the financial problems that followed. The stress of working long hours and now finding out that she wouldn’t be able to make the loan payment culminated the problems. Ed Hansen just shook his head as he heard the details of his friends’ problems. Dr. Matheson nodded with understanding as Glen told his story.

“That sounds consistent with what can bring this kind of condition on Glen. Unfortunately I can’t help with your financial problems, but we can help make your mother well again. I’d like to keep her in the hospital for the next little while so that I can do some further evaluations and treatment. Would that be ok? I’d need you to sign some forms.”

“I guess so,” Glen answered, glad to hear that they could make his mother well.

Glen signed several forms and they all went to see Eve before leaving. She was still in that same catatonic state, just staring out into space.

On the drive home Ed seemed to have something on his mind. “Listen Glen, if you don’t mind me asking, how much do you owe on that loan?”

“A little over \$110,000 I think,” Glen answered.

Ed took this in and remained quiet the rest of the drive home. Marge looked at him and could tell what he was thinking.

Chapter 4

The next day Marge came by early to pick up Glen so that they could go to the hospital.

“Ed wanted to take care of something this morning so he’ll join us later,” Marge explained as they drove off.

Glen’s mother was sleeping when they arrived at the hospital. Dr. Matheson saw them and came over.

“Good morning Dr. Matheson,” Glen replied, “anything new on my mother?”

“Well, the medication is helping her sleep. She will need lots of rest for a while. Hopefully, she’ll be more responsive in a couple of days so that I can begin some therapy.”

They were glad to hear that she was resting at least. They sat by her bed watching and hoping. Ed arrived a short time later.

Since she was obviously going to sleep for quite some time they decided to go into town and get a bite to eat.

Glen noticed that Ed had something on his mind, something he wanted to talk about. When they were sitting at the restaurant table he finally spoke up.

"Glen, I was at the bank this morning. I had a nice little chat with Mr. Collins." Ed began saying the bank manager's name with true contempt in his voice.

"About what?" Glen asked in surprise. Mr. Collins had already called him yesterday asking how they planned to make their payment next week.

"About your loan." Ed answered as he pulled out a piece of paper that he handed over to Glen. Glen read it and his jaw dropped in astonishment. It was a cheque made out for \$111,023.87 to the Clifftown Savings and Loan!

"What's this?!" Glen gasped.

"It's my cheque to those scums to pay off your loan in full."

"I . . . I . . . we can't accept this," Glen stammered.

"Yes you can." Ed said firmly. "If you are going to have a loan. . . it's going to be with me and Marge. We have over a million dollars in the bank getting bank book rates. Even if I charge you one percent more, you and I both make out."

"But that's a lot of money!" Glen gasp.

Ed replied, "And we can't think of a thing I'd rather do with it. . . besides we have nobody to leave it to."

Glen noticed that Marge squeezed Ed's arm as the pain of their departed daughter's memory was raised.

"You and your mother are like family to us, and families are there to help one another out. Consider this a loan. You can work it off by working for us and if later you have the means you can pay it off as you can. But I won't have close friends of mine suffering when we have more than we would ever need."

Glen held the cheque and stared at it. Here was freedom from a fate that moments ago he thought was a foregone conclusion.

"I don't know what to say."

"Don't say anything. Take that and stick it in Collins's face. I'll let you have that pleasure. After that you can come and work for us."

"Gee, this is unbelievable, but what could I do for you?"

"I'm tired of some chores," Marge explained eager that Glen accept their offer, "You can take care of the house so that I can

spend more time with Ed minding the gardens, which I love. I've seen what a wonderful job you do around your place."

"Okay, I'll do it gladly," Glen finally said feeling like a great weight had been lifted off of his shoulders. "I can hardly wait to tell Mom!"

There were smiles all around the table. Glen stared at the cheque in wonder while Ed and Marge beamed with the feeling of doing some real good.

After lunch Glen went to the bank. It was a glorious feeling handing over the cheque and receiving the loan documents marked "paid in full". He took the papers and rushed back to the hospital with the Hansens. His mother was awake and Dr. Matheson was with her.

"Mom, look," he said and held the papers in front of his mother's face. Her eyes didn't seem to react so Glen said, "The loan. . .its paid off! Mr. Hansen has given us a loan that I can work off."

Slowly Glen's mother turned her head and managed a slight smile. Dr. Matheson looked pleased. However, seconds later Eve Williams drifted off to sleep once again. The doctor took Glen aside and explained.

"That was the first reaction I've seen from her. You did well. Now we can hope for some steady progress. She's sleepy because of the medication, but I think she'll improve from now on. We just want her to avoid stress."

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The Hansens and Glen left for home in good spirits. That evening Glen had supper with his new employers. They talked about the problems Glen and his mother had hidden for so long then they turned to lighter topics.

“So when is Gwen going to come by for a visit again?” Marge asked her guest.

“Uh, gee,” Glen stammered a little uncomfortably, “Gwen was a one night stand.”

“What a shame!” Marge chastised good-naturedly. “We enjoyed her company and I know your mother certainly did. Why she talks about that day every time I see her.”

“Really?” Glen said surprised to here that.

“Of course. Didn’t you know?”

“No. Well, I knew she enjoyed it, but I didn’t think it was that big a deal.”

“Oh, but it was. You should do it again when she gets home. Maybe it will cheer her up.”

Glen had forgotten about his strange dreams and thoughts since his mother’s problems started. Now this conversation brought them back. That night the dreams came back.

His mother’s progress was slow. After two weeks Dr. Matheson asked Glen to come see her in her office.

“Have a seat Glen,” Dr. Matheson said pointing to a comfortable looking armchair. Glen sat down and the doctor sat in a chair opposite him. She wasn’t wearing her white coat and Glen noticed for the first time that she was really a very attractive woman.

“I wanted to discuss something with you. Your mother seems to be improving but it isn’t happening as quickly as I would like it. I think if she goes home it may help.”

“That would be great,” Glen exclaimed. “I can look after her no problem.”

“I’m sure you can. There is one other thing that I wanted to talk about as well. I used some hypnosis on your mother to try and identify what the root causes of the depression are and I came up with some unexpected results.”

“Unexpected? Like what?” Glen asked nervously.

Dr. Matheson shifted in her chair as if she felt a little uncomfortable with what she had to say.

"The stress that triggered the breakdown was definitely financial in nature. You appear to have solved that. But during hypnosis your mother revealed what I firmly believe is the true cause of all her depression. I hope this doesn't embarrass you, I don't mean to, but she described in great detail that day that you allowed her to dress you up as a girl."

"Oh my gawd," Glen stammered. He felt like running away and hiding.

"Now, now, really there is nothing to be concerned about. It seems that she was very happy that day and you made her so. Her desire for a daughter appears to keep pulling her spirits down."

Glen looked down at the floor and said in a quiet voice. "I thought so. She kept hinting to me that we should do it again but I wouldn't do it. It's all my fault. That's probably why I keep having those dreams."

The doctor's ears perked up when she heard the last comment. Her psychoanalyst role took over immediately. "Dreams? Please. . .tell me about them."

He didn't know why but suddenly he was spilling out his heart to this woman. He described the dreams and the strange feeling of guilt and excitement he had felt when he was dressed up. Dr. Matheson listened and nodded sympathetically.

"Glen, I think I understand now. First of all, I believe that you are suppressing things and inducing a lot of stress on yourself. How you dress is not a good reason to get sick. I sense that you enjoyed the experience of dressing like a girl and we know your mother certainly did.

Glen felt embarrassed but strangely relieved.

The doctor continued, "One of her miseries was that she feels guilty and thought you hated it. . .that she had forced you into it. If it gives you both pleasure why not enjoy yourself. I have several patients who are young men that enjoy dressing up. It's more common than you think."

Glen smiled, "I thought I was going crazy."

The doctor smiled and said, "There's lots of ways to handle any problem but there is some medication which helps boys cope with the situation and makes them feel wonderful."

"Really? There's medication for something like this?"

"Yes. In fact, maybe you should try it for a few months. See how you feel. When your mother is home it may be helpful to her if you allow yourself a little more freedom in appearance, so to speak. It will be good for both of you."

"You mean I should dress like a girl?" Glen asked in amazement.

"Not every day but it seems that you're transferring some kind of yearning into your dreams. Dreams are when your inhibitions are low. It's healthier to get it out in the open. Maybe you should talk to your friend Mrs. Hansen about it too. She seems to be very concerned for you two."

"Yeah, she's been very good to us since all this happened."

"Good," Dr. Matheson said as she wrote out something on a prescription pad, "I'll discharge your mother tomorrow morning and I'd like to see her once per week. I'd like to see you alone in two."

Glen nodded and took the prescription and left the office. He stopped at a pharmacy on the way home. The pharmacist took the prescription and read it. He looked at Glen strangely and read the thing again. "Hmmm, Feminmarin? Okay, I guess the doctor knows best."

When he was done he handed Glen a bottle full of dark green pills.

"Take one of these each morning. You may feel a little queasy for the first few days but that's normal."

Glen thanked him and left.

Instead of going straight home he went to the Hansen's. He had really started thinking of them as family. They were always willing to listen and offer advice. Glen related his meeting with Dr. Matheson, even the embarrassing details about his own causes of stress. Marge was first with advice.

"See, I told you you should do it again. It's harmless and it helps you, your mom. . .shucks, even we enjoy it. It's a little like having our Kathryn back."

"Yeah, I guess I overreacted to my fears. But the doctor said that for Mom its important that she needs to believe that I'm doing it for myself not because she wants me to. That's how she will get out of the depressed state."

"So, take it gradually. You don't need to put on a prom gown or anything like that. You can just do little things. I'll tell you what, put yourself in my hands. I'll help you out," Marge assured him.

"Really? You'd help me out. That would be great. I don't have anyone else to turn to for advice right now."

“Well you just let your Auntie Marge be your confidante and we’ll have your mother back to her old self in no time at all,” she said as she gave Glen a big, motherly hug.

That night Glen went to sleep relieved. His mother was coming back home, he understood the cause of her depression and maybe some of his own anxiety. Starting tomorrow he would work as hard as he could to get his mother smiling again.

Chapter 5

Eve Williams was glad to be going home. The medication she had been receiving had been toned down in the last 24 hours and she still felt depressed. It was just sinking in that their tribulations with the bank were over. They were still deep in debt, but at least they were not going to lose their home in the next week or two.

She was unaware of Dr. Matheson’s conversations with her son, nor of what she had revealed during the hypnosis sessions. Dr. Matheson wanted to see what would develop on its own over the next few weeks.

The first few days Glen’s mother was instructed to just rest. Glen and Marge waited on her hand and foot.

Mornings were a little tricky for Glen as he was definitely experiencing some nausea as the pharmacist had forewarned.

Marge had examined Glen’s bottle of pills and suppressed questioning him about their effects.

On the third day, Marge arrived early in the morning to help out. Eve slept in late thanks to the light tranquilizers she was still taking. This gave Glen time to get dressed and to prepare some breakfast. He was a little surprised when he found Marge at their back door by 8:00 AM. She was holding a plastic bag with a department store logo on it.

“Good morning. You’re bright and early today,” he said as he opened the door for her.

“I came early because I was hoping to have a few moments with you before your mother wakes up.”

“Sure, come on in. What’s up?”

“It’s time that we tried something to cheer your mother up,” Marge said as she indicated the bag.

“Like what?”

Marge opened the bag and pulled out a new pink and white checkered apron with white lace waist straps and lace trimmed hem. Glen looked at it questioningly, then it dawned on him.

“For me?” He asked nervously.

"Of course. You're doing housework all day, either here or at our house. It's a pretty basic piece of housework wear. Here try it on," Marge said as she opened the apron and wrapped it around Glen's waist. She had the ends promptly tied into a big bow in back. Opening her purse she said, "Sit down for a minute."

Glen moved slowly but didn't resist. He knew it would be just a matter of time before Marge began her 'coaching' of him. She took her purse and withdrew a hairbrush. He once again felt that relaxing feeling of someone brushing his long hair out. After a minute or two he felt Marge combing out just a top section of his hair and tying something around it.

She was done and said, "Stand up. That will do for today. We have to be gradual and not make her think that we're doing this just to bring her out of her current acute depression."

Glen stood up and felt the hem of the apron tickling his knee below the shorts he was wearing. His calves were still smooth from the shaving on that fateful dress-up day. Walking over to a mirror he turned his head sideways and saw that his long hair had been parted from behind the ears and pulled into a high ponytail and secured with a pink and white scrunchie. The remainder of his long locks tumbled freely beneath the ponytail.

He looked at Marge with an understanding. It had to be tried if his mother was to get better.

At that moment they heard his mother getting out of bed. Glen picked up a breakfast tray and took it upstairs. As he walked up the stairs he felt another one of those sharp twinges he had been feeling the last couple of days, right underneath his nipples.

When Eve Williams looked up and saw her son enter the room she was surprised. That in itself was a change. Since her breakdown, nothing really seemed important or worthy of a reaction. But the sight of Glen, in a lacy apron and with his hair tied up in a girl's scrunchie made her feel good.

She smiled and said, "Good morning Glen. . .you look very nice this morning. Where did you get the apron?"

Before Glen could answer, Marge entered the room and explained. "Oh, the apron? It's a gift from me. He's been borrowing mine whenever he's working over at my house so I got him his own."

"My, I like what you've done with your hair Glen!"

Glen looked at her and took her lead. She was making it out that HE had done his hair this way. He tried to think fast and

finally blurted, "Yeah. . .it keeps it out of my face. I saw the style in one of your fashion magazines."

Eve Williams walked over and gave her son a hug. Both Marge and Glen were thrilled. She looked much better today. And so it continued that day.

In the next few days, Glen wore his apron and eventually learned from Marge how to devise different looks with ponytails and barrettes. One Friday morning Eve was feeling stronger, so Glen said that he'd go over and clean the Hansen's house first before coming home to make supper.

When he arrived at the Hansen's Marge stopped him before he could start any work. Here's a towel. Go take a shower and shampoo your hair. I'll meet you back here in the kitchen.

Glen sensed another 'plan' in the works. He did as requested and returned, once again in his clothes, but with a towel wrapped turban style around his hair. His nipples now tingled almost continuously when they got stimulated like when he was in the shower. They also appeared to him to be swollen and more protruding than he ever remembered.

Marge had noticed the noticeable puffy points on his chest when he wore a t-shirt but said nothing.

"I want to get your mother a little more hands-on involved," Marge stated as she took a wide-toothed comb and worked it slowly through Glen's long hair.

"What do you mean?"

"I want her to help you tomorrow morning," Marge replied, still somewhat cryptically.

"Help me with what?"

"Help you take down and comb out your hair silly," she replied and opened a shoe box full of hair rollers. Glen's eyes grew wide as he grasped the meaning of what she was getting at.

"You're going to set my hair on rollers?" he gasped.

"Well, you've kept complaining how you're hair just hangs there, wondering how those models get all those luscious curls and waves, so I finally helped you see how you would look with curls," Marge said with a mischievous grin while reciting 'the story' Glen was supposed to learn to explain this situation to his mother later.

"You're hair is so long that it will take until morning to dry. I'm sure your mother wouldn't mind brushing it out for you, would she?" She continued divulging her plot. Glen could see how this was definitely going to get his mother involved and

probably make her happy, but it also meant that he was going to have to drive home with his hair in rollers!

Given a smock of Marges', Glen sat to have his hair rolled.

"Hey, I've got an idea!" Magre said running into the bathroom. "I'll tint your hair the very same color as your mothers. . .she'll love that!"

"She'll be more than happy," Glen groaned and sat passively while Marge sprayed his damp, straight hair with a stinky lotion and combed it through.

Sitting for 30 minutes, Glen could only imagine what it would look like. His hair while the same shade was lighter then his mothers. Her's had a lady-like reddish tint. . .then it struck him, Marge always did her color and now he was getting the same treatment!



*Marge dyed Glen's hair to the exact shade as his mothers'.
"This will make her so happy!" Marge announced.*

After washing out the color, Marge began to set Glen's hair. She handed him the shoe box and asked him to pass her the rollers as she needed them, one by one.

Glen could see the memories of her daughter flashing in her eyes.

Marge had sectioned, rolled and pinned over a dozen rollers in Glen's hair when Ed walked in. He didn't bat an eye at seeing Glen sitting with his wife setting his hair.

"A special hairdo?" he asked as he sat down at the table.

"We're just giving Eve some comb out work for tomorrow morning. I'm sure she'll create a beautiful look for him though," Marge answered as she continued her work.

"Mind if I watch?" Ed asked.

Glen shook his head. In another ten minutes, the shoe box was nearly empty as Glen's head was completely covered with the hair curlers. Marge finished the job by tying a large hair net securely over the neatly wound rows of rollers.

"We should teach you to set your own hair and maybe even your mothers. Maybe it would help if you learned to set my hair. I'm going to wash it. Be back in a few minutes."

Glen looked surprised, but she was his boss and whatever household job she wanted him to do, he had to do. Ed just smiled and said, "Don't worry son, Marge knows what she's doing. That woman has a real desire to get your mum back to her old self."

So that day, Glen didn't do any housecleaning at the Hansen's at all. Marge taught him step-by-step how to set hair. As he got near the end of the task, he was getting quite adept at this feminine beauty assignment.

"What the heck," he thought, "lots of men are hairdressers."

When it came time to leave for home he began to feel queazy again. Maybe it was his nerves, maybe it was those pills. He hoped they were doing some good. His dreams were less frequent, but he did notice that he found himself looking at women's clothing ads in the paper with more interest.

"Here, let me put this on. It will cover the rollers," Marge said as she tied a blue and yellow silk kerchief over Glen's hairnet. Sure, Glen thought, my curlers are covered, but now I have a colorful scarf on my head. What's the difference?

As Glen made the 10 minute drive home, he scrunched himself down as deep into the seat as possible. Only one car drove by coming the other way. He recognized the driver as his old

schoolmate Laura Cole! Did she see him? Had she recognized him with the curlers and kerchief?

He was so nerve-wracked by the time he parked the car in the garage that he quickly removed the kerchief and bounded into the house relieved to have reached a safe haven. That's when he realized that his mother wasn't alone at the kitchen table! Across the table, staring in wonder at him, was Mrs. Elaine Cole, Laura's mother!

"Oh NO," Glen stammered, completely at a loss how to react. He couldn't just bolt. He had to have some excuse for having his hair in curlers. Glen noticed his mother breaking into a pleased smile. For the next minute or so, Glen nervously stammered out the story that Marge had fabricated for him.

He didn't know what else to say. Maybe Mrs. Cole would buy it too. He explained that his hair would take all night to dry and so Marge thought his mother wouldn't mind combing it out for him tomorrow.

"I think that's a cute idea," Elaine Cole finally said. "Young men these days have just gone to growing long hair and letting it hang there all stringy and straggly. Laura and I have commented on it many times."

"My Glen does take care of his appearance. And both Marge and I have helped him learn some of the basics of good grooming."

Glen's knees were weak as he thought that his mother was about to expand on that last statement with details of his infamous dress-up day, but she just smiled at him warmly instead. With those comments Elaine Cole and Glen's mother resumed their little chat as if everything was perfectly normal.

Glen went up to his room and flopped down on the bed emotionally exhausted. He wished that he could have a nervous breakdown about now. He just wanted to enjoy the privacy of his room and think about what a mess he was getting into. Now, yet another person had seen him in an unmasculine situation. Obviously, Laura would hear about it, then others. Where would it end?

Half an hour later his mother came up to his room.

"Glen, come downstairs and join us for a few minutes. Your friend Laura has arrived to pick up her mother. She wants to say hi."

"Mom! I can't go down like this," Glen moaned as he gestured to his curlers.

“Nonsense. Elaine and her daughter think that it’s just fine to take appropriate care of your long hair. Laura said it was ‘cool’. That means good, doesn’t it?”

“Laura said it was cool??” Glen said in surprise. Laura Cole was one of the nicest girls in the town. Whereas many of the snobby girls ignored Glen because he wasn’t the masculine jock they were obviously interested in, Laura often stopped to talk to him and, in Glen’s opinion, maybe actually flirted with him. He liked her but had always felt unworthy of such a beautiful young woman.

If he didn’t have these blasted curlers in his hair he would have rocketed downstairs to see her but he couldn’t take them off now without blowing ‘the story’.

His emotions and nerves fought it out. His emotions finally won out and he followed his mother down the stairs with great trepidation.

“Hi Glen, I thought I saw you drive by on the road. . .I knew it wasn’t your mother. How ya’ been?” Laura said as he entered the kitchen. Here he was in front of a girl he really liked, with his hair up in rollers, and she was acting like it was nothing special.

“Hi Laura. I’m fine. Yeah, I saw you on the road. . .but. . .you know. . .I was a little embarrassed,” he finally stammered out as he looked at the floor.

“There’s nothing to be embarrassed about. Lot’s of guys go down to the beauty salon now to get perms and stuff. I’ll bet your hair will look great.”

Glen was caught off balance by Laura’s ambivalence to his embarrassing situation. “Uh. . .yeah, I guess so. It’s really quite a bother to go through all this,” he said as he pointed to his rollers.

“Tell ME about it, right mom?” Laura laughed and her mother nodded. “You should see us several nights a week. You’ll get used to it though.” She shook her blond curls adding to a stunned Glen, “Say, I’d love to see the results. Why don’t we go to a movie this Saturday night?”

Was the cute blonde asking him out on a date?! He couldn’t believe it! He had often tried to get the courage up to ask her, and now here, with him in curlers, she just comes out and asks him.

“Gee. . .yeah, that would be great.”

“Ok, I’ll pick you up around 7:00. We have two cars, so I can have one. Right mom?” Laura went on and her mother nodded.

“Well, Laura, we best be going now,” Mrs. Cole said as she stood up and gave Eve a hug. Still feeling stunned, Glen bid goodbye as Laura and her mother left for home.

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That night Glen's mother came into his bedroom with an extra pillow to put under his curler covered head. "Here Glen, this will make it a little easier to sleep."

"Thanks Mom," Glen replied looking at his mother who for the first time in many months also had her hair up in rollers for the night. He knew that this was significant and he saw what he believed to be the first big and steady smile on her since her breakdown!

"You look a lot better today."

"Yeah, I feel real good," she replied. "I don't know why, but I feel more relaxed now than I can remember in quite some time. Maybe I'll go into town and start looking for a job later this week."

"You should check with Dr. Matheson on your next appointment before you do that Mom."

"Yes, I suppose you're right. Goodnight dear."

She turned out the lights and Glen laid back trying to get comfortable but those curlers just kept poking his head causing him to have a pretty restless sleep.

The next morning he washed up and got dressed in preparation for going to work at the Hansen's again. His image in the bathroom mirror looked strange with his boy's t-shirt contrasting to the colorful woman's hair curlers and hairnet on his head. He felt another twinge in his nipples and this caused him to stand up and put a hand under his shirt to feel one. As his fingers gently felt the nipple he suddenly felt it getting harder and much more prominent. The other nipple reacted similarly of its own accord. He withdrew his hand and looked in the mirror again.

"Gee wiz!" He thought as he looked at his reflection. On his chest, his t-shirt clearly showed the silhouettes of two significant little mounds where once all was flat.

The nipples, which were now for some reason stimulated protruded distinctly even through the cotton of the shirt. Turning sideways he considered his profile and concluded that he looked like a thirteen year old girl showing the first signs of womanhood! It was like he was fat but only on his chest.

From down the hall he heard his mother calling him. Glen stopped his examination in the mirror and still shaken he went to his mother's bedroom.

"Glen, you're cheeks are flushed," his mother said noticing something wrong with her son. "Are you feeling alright?"

“Glen felt so
ashamed. His
chest felt funny
and it had
changed so much
that it scared
him.”



“Yeah. . . I guess so. . . It’s just that my chest has been feeling a little funny the past few weeks. It seems to be swollen or something. I hope there’s nothing wrong?”

Eve Williams looked at her son’s chest. “Pull your t-shirt up high dear.” Glen did as she asked and allowed his mother to get a closer look. She gently cupped her hand over one of the small mounds then ran a finger over the nipple. Once again it reacted and quickly got harder and much more prominent. There was a small seed of hardness under the pinkness.

Glen’s mother heart skipped a beat as she watched her son’s breast react like a woman’s to stimulation. She realized that his breasts were starting to look just like a girl’s going through puberty!

She didn’t understand it, but she almost felt like maybe her dreams and selfish prayers were somehow being answered by a higher power. She regained her composure.

“I’m not sure that they are really swollen. It’s probably just a little fat that your putting on by eating all of Marge’s good cooking. Why don’t you ask the doctor to take a look?”

Glen wasn’t too consoled by this explanation but he made mental resolve to ask Dr. Matheson to take a look on his appointment this Friday. Maybe he was coming down with something.

“Sit down here dear, I’ll take your hair down for you. Maybe you can return the favor for me after I’m finished with you.”

Glen sat in front of the mirror as his mother explained the steps in combing out his set. First she removed the hairnet careful not to snag any hairpins, then starting at the bottom back she removed the long hairpins that held the rollers firmly in place.

“Oh my,” she said seeing the new color. “What a delightful surprise! Just like your mother’s!”

Roller after roller was released and deftly removed. Working her way up the back and sides of his head, Glen watched as his hair bounced back against his scalp in precise, shiny curls and large ringlets.

“Why is it always the boys who have the greatest hair? Your hair takes a curl just marvelously,” she said as she stepped back to survey his mass of curling, tumbling tresses.

Returning to the task at hand Eve brushed through Glen’s curls slowly. The top and sides she brushed from the top while she brushed the curls in back from underneath. She even made him lean over forwards as she brushed all his hair towards the floor. He was then told to toss his head up and back.

The result was a full mane of gorgeous curls which tumbled onto his shoulders. Glen's mother continued to backcomb sections and spray areas with hairspray. Glen watched in silent awe as his mother, now rushing along in excitement, took a tortoise shell comb and used it to pull back and fasten one side of his hair up behind his ear. The other side swept down over the eye and down his cheek.

It was the hair that a Playboy centerfold might wear. Glen was in awe of his appearance even though he realized that it made his hair look completely like young woman's—color and all!

"Beautiful!" Glen's mother sighed as she looked at her masterwork. "Marge will be thrilled. I hope you don't mind. . .the color looks awfully girly?"

Glen looked in his mother's eyes and saw that she was feeling guilty again. He looked in the mirror and said it, "It's okay mom, I like it girly."

A big smile came to her face. "That's nice. Being girly can be a lot of fun! Someday you could be a bright blonde?"

Glen began to return to reality. How could he go over to the Hansens with this hairdo? Then again, he'd already been there in full female dress, in aprons, and last night in rollers. He rationalized to himself that he could put up with it for the day.

His mother switched places with Glen as she instructed him how he was to comb out her hair. Well, Glen thought, yesterday I learned how to set Marge's hair, today I'm learning how to combout a set on my mother. At this rate, maybe he should consider a career as a hairdresser!

His mother looked positively radiant with her hair tumbling in rich curls. And now she was smiling all the time.

They finally left the house. Glen's mother would drive him to the Hansen's then take the car into town for her appointment with Dr. Matheson. Of course Marge was ecstatic at Glen's hairdo. She didn't try to hide her enthusiasm one bit. She was especially happy to hear her plan with Eve worked.

Even Ed was full of compliments. Ed said, "You are just a cute as a button! I bet you could give any of the girls in town a run for their money." Glen started to feel embarrassed at all the attention.

He excused himself and went to the kitchen. A white linen apron with ruffles and bows hung behind the pantry door. As was routine now, he slipped it on and tied the ends in a big bow behind his back. With the full-skirted apron and the side-swept curls Glen looked like an attractive young woman!

Eve Williams left for town and the Hansens worked out in the gardens. Glen was busy washing floors, vacuuming and dusting. Around mid-morning he heard Marge's voice at the back door. He assumed that she and Ed were coming in for a coffee break. Glen walked into the kitchen and froze. Marge was standing there talking to Laura Cole!

"Hi Glen!" She said walking across the room to him. "I was dying to see what your hair turned out like, so I dropped in on the way into town. Wow! That's fantastic!" Laura gasped as she slowly circled the shocked Glen. Her fingers went up and smoothed his hair on the upswept side and soon discovered the feminine comb that held it in place. "Oh, that's a nice effect."

"And you have seen his mother's hair this morning. Glen did a great job combing it out. In fact, he set my hair for me yesterday afternoon," Marge said as she fluffed her own curls.

"Gee Glen, you're really good with hair. Maybe you could come over and do mine?" Laura said with a strange twinkle in her eye.

Glen felt a wave of queasiness roll through his stomach. This time he wasn't sure if it was his daily little pills or his feeling of embarrassment and panic at that moment. Marge could see his shock and worked to help him out of it.

"Oh, I'm sure he'd love to. Wouldn't you Glen?"

"Sure," he said in a hoarse whisper. His mind was stuck in neutral.

If Glen thought he was embarrassed at that moment then he thought he would die when something even more embarrassing happened. Laura was standing beside him right next to a shelf which had several 8 by 10 photos in picture frames. . .including the one Ed had taken of Glen and his mother that fateful night when he had come for dinner fully dressed as a girl!!

Laura's eye spotted Eve Williams in the photo and looked closer. A smile appeared on her lips. "Glen, that's your mother right?" She said as she picked up the frame for a closer look. "And. . .you don't have a sister do you?"

Marge realized that Laura had comprehended who the young woman was. Glen couldn't seem to get his voice working. It didn't matter, he had no idea what to say! That was when Marge stepped in to rescue her young friend.

"Yes, that's Glen with his mother alright. I talked him into playing a little prank on my husband. It worked very well. Ed thought that it was Eve's niece and we really had him going. Poor Glen, we put him through so much sometimes."

"He looks unbelievable!" Laura gasped. "What a knockout. I'm glad you weren't a girl in school or else all the guys would be chasing you."

Glen didn't know what she must think. Sure, the prank story could explain picture. . .but what about the rollers yesterday, the frilly apron and feminine hairdo today?

"It was just for a laugh," he managed to finally say.

"Wow! You look so HOT!" Laura continued as she turned towards the light to see more detail. Suddenly, she got that sexy, wicked grin of hers. "Hey, I have an idea!"

Glen cringed at that comment. Women's 'ideas' seemed to spell trouble for him these days. But at least this beautiful girl might be worth taking on some trouble.

"I want to play a trick on Jenny and Maryann. How about if we invite them to go to the movies with us this Saturday?"

Glen knew the two other girls. They were Laura's close buddies and they had hung out together since grade school. As a group, the threesome represented Clifftown's top young beauties.

"What kind of trick?" Glen asked, but had already guessed the answer.

"I want them to meet my new friend from out of town." Laura said and pointed to Glen in the picture. His heart skipped a beat. She wanted him to dress as a girl, go out to the movies, and to be seen by who knows how many other of his old schoolmates!

"I can't do that," he stuttered. "They'd laugh me out of town and I wouldn't be able to show myself around here ever again."

"Nonsense. I guarantee that only people we would want to know will find out that you're a boy. You'll come to my house and we'll get dressed together. You can even borrow some of my clothes."

"I'd die if anyone at school found out."

"I'll make sure that you're completely undetectable! Eventually, I'd let Jenny and Maryann in on the secret but they wouldn't tell a soul. We've been like sisters for years and we share special secrets that nobody will ever know. . .trust me."

"GEE. . ."

Laura almost whispered, "I've got the perfect dress for you!"

The thought of having Laura help him dress and sharing her clothes excited Glen. That excitement started to erode his masculine resistance to the concept of going public dressed as a young woman. Laura put the picture down and came over to

Glen. She put her arm around his shoulders and played with his lush curls. The smell of her perfume and the delicate touch of her hand sent a shiver of pleasure through Glen's body. It shook off the remainder of his rational male resistance.

"Well. . .are you sure that I won't be recognized?"

Laura sensed her victory. "Oh Glen, when I'm done with you. . ."

As Glen mumbled his acceptance of the idea Marge felt a sudden feeling of happiness. Was it because she hoped that Glen had found himself a girlfriend, or was it because she foresaw that Glen was moving deeper and deeper into becoming a daughter for Eve and a substitute daughter for her and Ed?

Laura gave Glen instructions about when to come over to her home on Saturday. She wanted him there right at noon because, as she put it, "Beauty takes a lot of work."

Glen moved about doing his chores in a kind of daze. When his mother came over to pick him up later that afternoon she was very excited. Dr. Matheson had given her a clean bill of health. She wouldn't need any medication any more.

The doctor didn't reveal what the real answer to her depression had been. A final hypnotherapy session today had brought the doctor up to speed on Glen's recent activities and revelations about his rapidly budding breasts.

Dr. Matheson saw that Glen genetically shared his mother's physique. She figured that if he continued pushing toward femininity, he might soon be replicate his mothers rather full breasts on his own chest.

She was now very curious to see Glen at his Friday appointment.

Marge coaxed Glen into telling his mother about Laura's visit. He reluctantly explained what happened. As they expected, Eve was thrilled at the news. "Oh, how exciting for you," she said. Her child would be fully dressed as a young woman for a Saturday night date with another young woman. Remembering her nights out with girlfriends, she was excited for her son.

That would be such a girly experience for Glen that he'd never forget it. She was happy that her son would experience pulling out those high heels, slipping into a little dress and going out to have some fun with the girls. She was alive with anticipation and couldn't wait to hear him tell of his first adventure out in public. She wouldn't sleep until he got home.

Chapter 6

The next morning Glen got ready for his appointment with Dr. Matheson. His chest seemed to him to have grown even since the other day. When he stood looking in the mirror after his morning shower he examined his nipples. They were definitely bigger than ever.

He even rummaged in his drawer and found a photo that his mother had taken of him working in their garden just last summer. He had his shirt off and was facing the camera. As he compared his chest in the picture to his current reflection in the mirror he was shocked.

The areola's were now at least twice as big as just one year ago. When he looked down he could see that the nipples were a dark brown and stuck out firmly like pencil erasers. Beneath his nipples there appeared to be a firm swelling causing his flesh to push out about two full inches from his otherwise lean torso.

Seeing the nightgown left on his dresser by his mother, Glen put it on just to see how it fit over his chest. The lacy cups appeared "pushed out" by his jelly like protrusions. He laid down on his bed and stared at the boyish image so in contrast to what he was wearing.

Suddenly repulsed, Glen quickly removed the nightgown and replaced it where his mother had left it.

He decided to wear a loose shirt today rather than a t-shirt like he usually did.

Before he left his mother insisted on brushing his hair out of his face. He stood while she brushed it up into a ponytail. Glen didn't realize that the high, bouncy ponytail looked very feminine on him.

Glen found the doctor's waiting room empty that afternoon and she came out to greet him right at the appointed time. They made small talk about his mother's excellent recovery and Dr. Matheson reinforced how important a part Glen had played.

"By playing along with her desires for a daughter you have brought your mother out of a very serious mental state. You should try and keep it up at least for the next little while."

Glen felt like Dr. Matheson was his confidant and he respected her thoughts and suggestions. It was with a little embarrassment however that he revealed his encounter with Laura and their impending Saturday date. Dr. Matheson smiled a knowing smile and patted his hand.

"Well I'm happy for you. I know Laura and her family. She's a very nice girl. I think a little female company of your own age



Glen stared at his picture. The silky nightgown fit like it was made for him. . .but he was a boy!"

will be very good for you. Don't worry about dressing up tomorrow. Think of it as therapy for you and your mother," she reassured him.

"Now, have you been taking the pills I prescribed?"

"Every day. I did feel a little nauseous some mornings but it's been okay lately. One thing that I've been a little worried about though is my chest."

"Oh, why don't we take a look at it. Please remove your shirt and sit on the examining table here," Dr. Matheson instructed.

Glen watched as the woman examined his chest. She cupped his breast, prodded gently with her fingers, then took one nipple and proceeded to softly rub it between her fingers.

Glen felt a tingly feeling there and to his embarrassment the nipple seemed to harden and protrude much more. The doctor took a notepad and made some notes, then took a tape measure and made some measurements of his chest. Finally, she told him he could get dressed.

"What you're experiencing Glen is quite normal with this medication. As I mentioned to you, it is something that we prescribe to boys who have a similar sublimated feeling regarding their own femininity. In your case that is further enhanced by your mother's subconscious desires."

“That what is causing this?”

“Not exactly,” the doctor said. “The medication has, as one of its physical effects, the tendency to cause feminization of secondary sexual characteristics. You will find that your own feminine thoughts will be less stressful to you and with the secondary sexual characteristics, most young men find that they eventually experience very positive feelings about their feminine side.”

“Huh?” Glen said somewhat overwhelmed by the technical explanation.

Dr. Matheson cleared her throat. “What I’m saying Glen is that the pills will help you psychologically deal with your dreams and fears about being a girl, they will help you in giving your mother some comfort about wanting a daughter, and they will stimulate your mammary glands to develop.”

“I’m going to grow breasts?!”

“Just a little budding at first. But, for the time being I think it will enhance both your mother’s and your own mental health. Some of the tingling you are feeling could be reduced by wearing some kind of support.”

“Support?”

“Yes. Maybe a very tight t-shirt, bra or something.”

Glen sat there confused. He had been told by his doctor what he had suspected but refused to believe. He had started to grow a pair of breasts and was being advised to wear a bra!

“Shouldn’t I stop taking the pills right away?”

“I wouldn’t advise it. Give them some more time, say a month or two. I’ll prescribe another medication as well. I think it may help you as well.”

She scribbled another prescription out and gave it to Glen. “Take this one to the hospital pharmacy. I don’t think our local drug stores carry it, but our hospital clinic does have it. I’d like to see you again in three weeks.”

As the confused young man left Dr. Matheson thought to herself. “I should have prescribed that anti-androgen right away. But at least now he won’t feel so confused by further feminization.”

After obtaining the new pills Glen went home pondering what was happening to him. He was worried about how much more his breasts would grow. When he got home his mother was waiting for him.

“Well Glen, how was your appointment?”

"Ok I guess."

Eve Williams could see that her child was worried and holding something back. She led him to the sofa and sat him down, sitting down next to him. Putting an arm around his shoulder she asked again.

"Ok? Did you ask the doctor about your chest?"

"Yeah," he replied dejectedly. Glen wasn't used to keeping secrets from his mother and now he let his heart pour out his concerns.

"The doctor says that I'm developing breasts. She says not to worry, that the tingling I'm feeling can be reduced by wearing. . ." he stopped. He couldn't make himself say the word.

"A brassiere?" his mother finished for him.

"Or tight t-shirts," Glen added.

She didn't know, but her soul soared with inward joy. She asked, "Do you want a tight t-shirt. . .or should we get you some bras?"

Glen was scared. "I don't know what I need."

"It's not a medical secret. All girls learn that a bra becomes a necessity once they start developing. Did she say what was causing your breasts to grow?"

Glen hesitated. Should he tell her? What if she learned that he was doing it for her health? He took a safer, but personally more embarrassing tact.

"I'm taking medication which helps me with MY psychological problem," he said softly. "I guess there's some side effects."

"Psychological problem?" Eve was suddenly worried. Maybe her dream had a darkside too.

"I've been suppressing a desire to be feminine. I've been having weird dreams and stuff. The medication is used on guys like me. The breasts are a side effect. But the doctor has prescribed some additional pills that may help."

Eve heard those words and felt faint. Her son was suppressing a desire to be feminine! It this all a dream?

"Glen, why didn't you tell me?"

Glen twisted the truth. "I thought it might upset you, make you more depressed."

What came next was a surprise to Glen. His mother broke into tears and confessed how much she wished that he would like to be like her daughter from time to time. She was always worried

that he hated it and consequently would hate her for asking him to dress up. Now she felt that she could help him and he could help her.

"What do you mean Mom?" Glen asked not sure what she meant.

"I want to help you express your true feelings. Feel free to be the girl you want to be, and I can sometimes have the daughter I always wanted."

Glen felt trapped. Now his mother thought that he wanted to be a girl and she had confessed her secret desires. She appeared in a very highly emotional state and it worried Glen given how recently she had recovered from her nervous breakdown.

His mother hugged Glen and rocked him in her arms like a little kid. He was too nervous to break it up. Finally, she let go and with a tearful smile said, "Don't worry. Everything will be just fine from now on."

Glen didn't know what that meant but he excused himself to his room while she prepared to go out and do some shopping. As soon as she left, Glen dialed Dr. Matheson's office. Luckily, she answered the phone. Glen explained everything that had transpired.

"Hmmm. I can understand the situation that you were in. I guess you did handle it as well as you could. It's very significant that she has brought her hidden desires out into the open. However, she is still in a very fragile emotional state. It's very important that you play along with her for the next little while. I'll try and get to see her to explore her situation. I'll tell her I need to see her about you so that she doesn't catch on."

As Glen hung up the phone, the doctor's words echoed in his ears, "it's very important that you play along with her."

Around supper time Eve returned with several shopping bags. Glen could discern the names of several ladies fashion stores and department stores printed on the outside.

"Let's go up to your room dear. I'll show you what I've bought that will help you with your problem," she instructed in a cheerful voice.

Glen suspected his problems were far from getting better but he "played along" like Dr. Matheson suggested. His mother placed the bags on his bed and began to look inside them searching for something.

Without looking up she told Glen to remove his shirt. Reluctantly, he complied and stood with his pointy chest bare for her

to see. Since he had been told by the doctor that his breasts were developing it seemed like they were getting bigger by the minute!

"Here we are. Let's see how this fits," Glen's mother said as she turned around to face her son with a white brassiere in her hands. The price tag was still attached. Glen wasn't excited, he felt defeated.

This was not like the bra he had worn that night when he was Helen, the "niece" from out of town. That bra had been his mother's and it had large cups that needed padding to fill out. This bra looked like a teen girl's size.

"It's a training bra," his mother said almost as if she was reading his thoughts. "It will give your breasts the support they need so that you don't keep feeling those twinges all day long."

Glen had no choice but to hold out his arms as his mother slipped the garment onto his chest. She chattered, "When I was a thirteen old schoolgirl I had to plead with my mother to buy me one. I'll never forget putting MY first one on. It was such an uplifting experience!" She laughed at her own joke and stepped around to his back, closed the hooks and adjusted the shoulder straps. Glen wouldn't either. When he looked down he couldn't believe it. . .the bra snugly over the fleshy, jellylike mounds. The small cups were filled out and the clear outlines of his larger nipples could be seen through thin material.

"A perfect start," his mother declared as she touched the well-filled cups. "Now they'll have the support they need but we'll probably need to get a size larger if you develop any more."

Now his breasts had an identity of their own! "They'll" have the support! He bit his tongue and didn't make any negative comment. Instead he forced himself to say, "Yeah. . .it does give them support. I guess I should say 'thanks' Mom."

Reaching around to the back, Glen tried to unfasten the garment.

"What are you doing?"

"Oh, I thought I'd take it off now," Glen replied without thinking.

"No, you leave it on. That's why I bought it, and several others. You can wear one every day now. If you go braless, you'll end up sagging and getting stretch marks. Don't be silly. We can be open now."

He lowered his arms. She was right, he had no choice. Then his mother went back to the other bags. In the next few minutes a stunned Glen watched as his mother pulled out the matching panties to his bra as well as two more bras and pantie sets, one



"Glen just kept looking in the mirror. He never imagined owning his very own bra, let alone a reason to wear one."

in pink, the other in black! The black bra was different. Glen took it in his hands and gave his mother a puzzled look.

"It's a MARVEL bra. It's not for everyday," she confided. "It will make you look perfect right now."

"Perfect?"

His mother held the Marvel bra straps out and said, "I'll show you."

Glen glanced at the tag that said: "This sensational undergarment would create cleavage where there was once only a neckline."

His mother said, "We used to call the Jezebel bras but now they have other names. They are complexly engineered to create a cleavage on even the smallest bustline."

Glen stood wide eyed as his mother adjusted the padding and hooked the strap behind him. Taking the tissue in each cup, his mother lifted it gently and to Glen surprise, it stayed UP!

The cups creating a pushed together, overflowing bust cleavage. Glen's eyes bulged, there was no denying the novelty of having cleavage.

"You like?" his mother asked.

"Wow," was all Glen could mutter. He must have spent the next fifteen minutes admiring himself from different angles in the bedroom mirror.

"Why don't all girls wear these?" Glen finally asked.

His mother smiled. "With all the lifting and pushing, they aren't as comfortable as a normal bra. . . but if you're willing to put up with the discomfort, I'll get you a couple more?"

Finally his mother opened another bag that revealed a blue nylon baby doll nightie and a floor length pink cotton nightgown. "For cool nights, when you want to be girly but warm," she enlightened. Several pairs of pantihose, a full slip and a cami-sole, half slip combination rounded out her purchases!

What could he do?! Now his mother believed that he had been hiding his desire to be a girl. Having "revealed" this to her, she took it as free license to "help him find his dream". Glen still confused by his image in the Miracle bra, tried a defensive strategy.

"Wow Mom! You shouldn't have bought all this stuff. I might just get dressed around the house once in a while. I could have borrowed some of your stuff if you don't mind."

"Of course you can borrow any of my clothes and cosmetics, but I wanted you to get a start on your OWN wardrobe."

“MOM!”

“Oh shush! What’s wrong with you owning a few sets of lingerie and maybe a dress or two. . .I want my daughter to be the best dressed girl in town. I should insist that you dress all the time at home.”

“Insist?”

“No more suppressing these things. I’m going to teach you everything you should have learned had you been my daughter from birth. We have to make up for lost time. And certainly I know that Marge and Ed would love you to dress all the time at their place. So the only place that you may have to hold back, for a while until you get more comfortable with your new image, is when you go into town. Who knows, maybe Laura may help you through that phase as well,” his mother went on excitedly.

Glen considered just curling up in the corner and rocking back and forth. He had lost control of the whole situation. Mother was right. . .she wanted him to be a girl, the Hansen’s wanted him to be their substitute daughter, Dr. Matheson thought that this would be “good” for him, and now the only potential girlfriend of his life had him agree to go out with her while dressed like a girl!

Why didn’t he just toss in the towel and submit to the breakdown that he thought he might have? He deserved IT.

The scariest thing of all. . .something about this situation gave him an inexplicable, indecently exciting thrill that he could not consciously resist!

Chapter 7

Glen just had to go with the flow the rest of that evening. Saturday morning he woke up early due to the endless pressure and poking of his hair rollers.

Before they had gone to bed the phone had rung and his mother answered. After a minute or two, Glen had figured out that it was Laura that was calling for him.

Eve Williams was so pumped up with excitement that she couldn’t resist talking with the young woman first. Glen got only his mother’s side of the phone conversation but it caused him to wince and groan several times.

“Oh, I think you two will have a really fun time.”

“Yes, I thought he looked just lovely that night. . .why thank you, it was my blouse and skirt.”

“That? It was nothing. I just did it with a curling iron and bobby pins. His hair is much longer now and there are so many

beautiful styles you can do. . . Yes. . . Of course, no problem. . . I'd love to."

"I'll set it tonight and you can take it down for him tomorrow afternoon. . . Yes. . . yes. . . Sure, rolled to the top. . . like for an updo? Ok, I can do that no problem."

"Yes, he'll be bringing his own bra and lingerie. Will he be borrowing some of your clothes or should he pick out some outfits here? . . . Ok, then just in case I'll make sure he takes several colors of lingerie so it will go with whatever you two decide on."

"You'll take care of makeup? . . . Ok, then he'll just bring along his everyday lipstick and stuff."

"Ok, he's right here. Nice talking to you Laura, say hello to your mother for me."

Finally, she motioned Glen over to the phone.

"It sounds like you two have all the plans made already," Glen said to his mother as he shielded the mouthpiece with his hand.

"No, we were just talking about how I can be of help dear."

Glen talked to Laura and when he heard that voice of hers he felt as giddy as a schoolboy. He couldn't believe that he would be going out with her, strange as this date would be.

Laura announced, "Hello Glen. I was just talking your mother into helping me turn you into a cute girlfriend for tomorrow."

"Yeah, I heard her part of the conversation."

"I've asked her to put your hair up in rollers for me tonight. That way we won't have to spend an extra hour baking under my hairdryer."

"Oh boy. . . another night in rollers. . . I can hardly wait," Glen kidded a little sarcastically.

"You'll get used to it Gwen. . . oh, you don't mind if I call you Gwen do you? It seems so natural and if I practice now, I won't slip up later."

"No, Gwen is fine. I guess I need to get used to it to."

After Laura told Glen that she would pick him up around noon, they said goodnight and hung up. Shortly thereafter Glen's mother marshalled him into the shower to shampoo and condition his hair and to shave all the hair off of his legs and underarms. There wasn't much anyway.

The little pills had already slowed down his already minimal body hair growth. The same could not be said for the hair on his head. It appeared to be growing faster and thicker than before.

After putting on the new baby dolls his mother bought for him, Glen, had sat quietly while his mother combed out and put his hair up on large rollers for the night.

And so it was that Glen woke up. Seeing a picture of himself next to the bed he picked it up and stared at it. It was like the boy was gazing back at him in astonishment. The boy in the picture would never have been caught dead dressed like he was now! He laid there for about ten minutes feeling the soft, cool nylon caress his smooth body. He finally got out of bed very worried about the day ahead.

He stared into the bathroom mirror looking at his curler-covered head and feminine nightgown clinging to his chest. Had his breasts grown more overnight? Mechanically, he opened the medicine chest and took one of each of his pills.

By the time he came back to his bedroom, his mother had laid out some clothes for him.

On the bed was his black Marvel bra and pantie set, one of her black silk blouses and a pair of her black denim pants. A pair of his new pantihose were there as well as a pair of his mother's black pumps.

"Mom. I can't wear that when Laura picks me up."

"Why not? Do you want to go through town on the way to Laura's house with your hair up in rollers, but dressed like a guy?"

Her logic struck as making sense. "But what will Laura think?"

"It was Laura who suggested that you just wear some casual clothes of mine, so there," his mother said with a self-satisfied grin. "I'll let you wear my coat over your dress and I have a cap for the rollers."

"Ok," Glen sighed. "I guess you two are right."

Glen got dressed in the bra and panties. He had to admit to himself that his breasts (yes, he had to refer to them as breasts now) had stopped hurting since he put on the bra. After putting on the rest of the clothes they went down to breakfast.

Around ten, Ed and Marge dropped in for coffee. In fact, Marge couldn't resist seeing what preparations Glen was up to for his date. Seeing him in curlers and Eve's clothes sent a thrill through the older couple.

Of course, being like family, Glen's mother had to tell them about their mutual revelations the other day, about Glen's pre-

scriptive order from the doctor to wear a brassiere since he could be developing significantly more breast tissue in the months to come, and "Glen's" decision to dress and live as a girl at home, and with their permission, while working for them.

Before Glen could stop and get a word in edgewise Marge accepted the proposal immediately.

"Of course, he can work for us as a girl. He makes such a lovely one that Ed and I have made a decision. We are going to give all of our daughter's things to Glen. I don't know why we kept her room intact but it appears that fate has it's ways. . ."

Glen had just inherited everything a girl his age would own. . .everything! He couldn't believe how fast things were going. His life was being managed by his family and friends so that he could basically forget about being a man, and start life over as a woman!

Ed and Glen chatted in the living room as well as a man and another man with his hair in curlers and wearing woman's clothes can. Ed promised to pack up his daughter's room, bedroom suite and all. He'd deliver it within the week.

Glen could overhear his mother and Marge discussing what kind of hairdo's Glen would look good in, what kinds of clothes he should get for work and the like.

At eleven thirty Glen's mother excused herself so that she could pack some things for her son to take to Laura's. She returned a few minutes later with a feminine shoulder bag. When the doorbell rang a few minutes later, Glen once again felt his nerves tingling. As his mother opened the door, he could hear Laura's voice.

"Hi, Mrs. Williams. Is Glen ready?"

Glen entered the hallway on his mid-heeled pumps and saw Laura dressed in tight, faded jeans and a tank top. To his surprise, she also had her beautiful blond hair up in rollers with a pretty yellow kerchief covering them.

"Hi Glen. Ready to try the female race for the day?" Laura teased.

"I'm already there I think," he replied, trying to make light of the matter.

"Look Glen, see what a pretty kerchief Laura has over her curlers. Let me get you one too," his mother suggested helpfully.

He didn't bother to complain because nothing seemed to penetrate her mind when she was in this state. In a minute she was back with a black and red flowery kerchief that she tied over his rollers from the back.



“With his mother’s coat over his mother’s dress, a be-curlered Glen waited for Laura to pick him up for a night of ‘girly’ fun.”

Bidding goodbye the young couple left a smiling, teary-eyed Eve Williams on her doorstep. Laura drove into town while Glen felt terror closing in as he saw many people on the sidewalks going about their usual Saturday shopping.

"I've just got to pop into the drug store for a minute." Laura pronounced as she turned the car into a small strip mall. She saw the look of complete panic on Glen's face.

"Glen, I mean Gwen. . .you've got to relax. You look just fine. You're a girl now, learn to accept it," she said as she put her hand on the boy's knee. Just then an elderly couple walked by Glen's window. They gave him that friendly "good afternoon" smile as they passed. He couldn't believe it. They thought he was just another girl!

Laura was gone for only five minutes but it seemed like five hours to Glen. The car had big windows and it was nearly impossible to scrunch down low enough to really hide. By the time Laura came back Glen had returned the friendly smiles of many passersby. As Laura pulled her door closed Glen noticed a couple of young guys waving as they jogged over to the car.

"Laura! Wait up." One of them called. To Glen's horror he recognized the young man as Tim Connors. He had been one of the 'popular' guys in high school. With Tim was John Smith, whom the other kids called "Alias" because of his name. Even though Glen had never had any interaction with either of these two guys in school he was terrified that they would recognize him instantly. He didn't realize that he had been just like one of a huge school of nameless fish to these popular types.

Laura rolled her eyes so that Glen could see how uninterested she was in talking to these two.

"Hi Laura. How you been? I haven't seen you in ages," Tim said as he stepped over to the car. Glen felt like all the blood had left his body as he noticed Tim giving him a very thorough male look over.

"Hi Tim. I've been pretty busy since school's been out." Laura replied without much enthusiasm nor signal to these guys that she was really in the mood for chatting with them.

"Who's your friend? I haven't seen her around," The cocky Tim continued.

"This is my good friend Gwen. She's from out of state. She's visiting me for a while. . .Sorry, guys but we have to get going. We've got to get ready for a date tonight," Laura said as she started the car and put the shifter in gear. As the car started to roll

forward Laura gave Tim a very fake smile and a small wave. Message. . .conversation over.

"Hey, maybe you two girls would like to go out with Alias and me sometime this week," Tim shouted as the car was pulling away. Laura just said "Maybe. . .bye for now." As they pulled back into the main street Glen's muscles began to relax a little. Where the main street seemed like a frightening place to be fifteen minutes ago, it now appeared as a safe sanctuary.

"What an overconfident joker," Laura said finally. "He's cute, but his personality needs an overhaul. I could see that he certainly showed an interest in you. Did you see the way he looked you up and down? Pretty good results for a girl without any makeup on and her hair in curlers I'd say."

Glen blushed at this strange compliment. "I thought he was going to recognize me."

"Listen. . .Glen, you're not too big of a guy to start with. I don't mean to say that in a negative way. But with the curlers, blouse. . .especially the bra, you look like a girl. Those guys see the right prompts and their raging testosterone screams babe! By the time we really do you up tonight, I'll have even you convinced."

Glen was skeptical but given who his mentor was, he was more than willing to play any little game she wants. They finally arrived at Laura's house. It was a large, two story on a big piece of land. Her parents were divorced, that much he knew. He assumed that Laura lived alone with her Mom.

Pulling his shoulder bag out of the back seat Glen followed Laura into the back door of the house. They were greeted by Mrs. Cole who smiled at seeing Glen once again with curlers in his hair.

"Gee, I'll finally see the results of those rollers," Laura's mother teased.

"Don't worry Mom, you won't recognize him when I'm done," Laura said as she took the embarrassed Glen's hand and towed him up the stairs to her room. Once they entered, she closed her door. The male side of Glen felt a thrill knowing that he was in this beautiful girl's bedroom with the door closed.

He imagined how Tim would love to trade place with him at this moment. However, his brief masculine musings were popped like a balloon when Laura spoke again with a business like tone. "Ok, I think we'll do our nails first, then pick out some clothes to wear, then makeup. We won't do our hair until we're dressed. We're going to wear sexy upsweeps tonight. You'll love it!"

Having sexual thoughts about Laura was hard when she talked to him like this. Her tone was just as if he was another one of her girlfriends.

Chapter 8

Over the next few hours, Glen languished in a silk kimono housecoat that Laura had given him while she worked on shaping his nails followed by coatings of base coat, fire engine red polish and then a clear gloss coat.

He recalled that afternoon with his mother several months ago. After Glen's nails were done, Laura went to work on her own long nails. Hers were at least half an inch past the fingertips and even without nail polish they looked extremely sexy.

She said matter-of-factly, "Keep polish on your nails and only file the edges. . .before long your nails will be as pretty as mine."

When she was done and they sat with their fingers held out to dry. Laura started to tell Glen of what her plans were for his costume.

"I have a darling little black dress that I want you to wear. You have that slim build that it was just designed for. You'll love the cute little skirt pleats that make it move when you walk. I'm sure you'll be getting lots of guys' second looks tonight."

That comment made him blush. Imagine, him getting males' attention. . .in other words, sexually attracting males!

"And I've got the cutest little black pantie set for you. It has a matching garter belt to hold up your stockings!" She continued. "Have you ever worn four inch heels before?"

"Uh, no. . .not that high."

"Well in that case you'd better start practicing now," Laura exclaimed as she headed for her closet. She returned in a minute with a pair of gleaming black pumps with the highest stiletto heels Glen had ever seen! She knelt in front of him and slipped the shoes on his feet.

"Stand up."

Glen did as she asked and found himself teetering on the skyscraper-like heels. Laura held him under the elbow as he navigated around the room a few times to get used to the challenging height. After a couple of minutes, he was able to walk on his own. He could feel his calf muscles burning from the unfamiliar exertion.

"Better, better. By the time we go out you should look quite natural in those," Laura said approvingly.

Glen was skeptical but he was learning quickly those things related to him looking and passing in public as a girl. He always underestimated his capability to learn feminine know-how.

Laura complimented, "I think you make a delightful girl. . .especially in such a short time. In a few months you'll be totally comfortable!"

This made Glen sigh. As the afternoon progressed, Laura had Glen sit while she "touched up" his eyebrows. After what seemed like an awfully long time she was done and finally let Glen see himself in the mirror. He was shocked! She had radically transformed his normally full eyebrows into the refined, delicate arches of a young, pretty woman. He wouldn't be able to go out on the street as Glen with such eyebrows. Laura stood beaming at her efforts.

"What do you think?" She asked expectantly. Glen suppressed his panic and replied with the answer she was looking for.

"Gee, Laura. . .they look just like yours."

"I know. You're lucky that I spent so much time over the years practicing on myself and my girlfriends. I got yours perfect on the first try."

"Thanks, I guess," Glen said staring into his big, innocent eyes.

Without further adieu, Laura began the process of putting on Glen's makeup. She had a bewildering variety of bottles, tubes, brushes and powders at her disposal on the vanity. It seemed to Glen that she was using each and every one of them.

Laura kept up a running commentary on what she was doing as if Glen could understand the terms and names of the cosmetics she was applying. After half an hour of foundations, blushers, mascara, eyeshadows, lip and eyebrow pencils, and lipstick she stepped back and once again surveyed her achievement.

"Wow. . .I'm not so sure I want to go out with you tonight!" She said. Glen was shocked. Why? Did he look too silly? It took him a second to realize that she was kidding.

"You're a knockout! I'm jealous and don't need the competition," she continued as she swung Glen around sideways on his chair to look in the mirror.

He gasped at his reflection. His mother had made him up that night they went to the Hansen's. . .but that was nothing like this! The seductive face of a cover girl model stared back at him from the mirror. Even with the curlers in his hair he was beautiful!

Something tweaked in his brain. He was beautiful. Never in his life had he felt proud of his looks or physique as a boy. But with the benefit of a boy's outlook still in him, he realized that his image in the mirror was indeed that of a gorgeous young woman!

At that moment Glen realized that he was now very anxious to have the curlers out of his hair, to have it styled in some glamorous feminine style, to put on the sexy clothes that Laura had described. For the first time in his life he wanted to go out and show off the 'beautiful girl' that he was learning to become. Laura must have sensed some of his thoughts.

"Do you still think anyone, even your mother, would think that you're a boy underneath that makeup?"

"No. . .you've convinced me. I'm a little confused."

"Confused? How?" Laura gently prodded.

"I'm confused. . .because to be honest, it feels nice," he finally admitted.

"That's good," Laura said softly. "It seems like you are going to be doing this for a while." Without another word she took his hands and pulled him up from the vanity bench. Her arms wrapped themselves around his neck as she kissed him long and deeply. Glen's knees felt weak as the thrill of this gorgeous woman, whom he had only admired from afar at school, was now passionately kissing him.

Laura's breathing and heartbeat was picking up. Glen felt his own arousal growing as well. Surprisingly, there was no physical reaction from his boy's part between his legs, but he felt his nipples grow and thrust out towards the thin silk of the kimono. As Laura's hand roamed over Glen's body, they moved over his chest. As they moved over that area, an area that boys in her experience usually had lots of muscle, she was amazed to encounter Glen's budding breasts and erect nipples.

She had not seen Glen without his shirt as he had changed into the kimono out of her view. Now, she eagerly pulled aside the front of his robe and looked at what her hand had felt. His nipples and areola's were as big as her own. Glen was embarrassed and was expecting her to pull back in revulsion. Needless to say he was most surprised when Laura began to kiss and suck at his breasts with renewed vigor. She paused for a second and asked in a voice husky with passion, "How did you get breasts? They fabulous!"

"It's a side effect of a medication I'm taking."



“Laura showed Glen how to roll stockings up his smoothly shaven legs. Between his mother and Laura, Glen was learning all the secrets to being feminine and having girlish fun.”

“Don’t ever stop taking it then!” She replied and returned to her caressing. Soon Glen found himself pushed back on this young woman’s bed and he was the passive partner in their lovemaking.

Laura continued to make love to Glen while one of her hands snaked down into her own panties. After a few more minutes Glen was shocked as Laura’s body heaved in a succession of intense orgasms. He was inexperienced in such things but had read enough to recognize what had happened.

Laura finally laid on her back beside Glen with a rosy-cheeked smile on her face.

“That was the most intense orgasm I’ve ever had. You turn me on so much I can’t believe it.”

“Like this?” Glen asked looking at his disheveled kimono, high heels and curlers.

“YES! From that first time I saw you at your house with your hair up in rollers, something sparked inside of me,” she confessed. Glen was really confused now. Just when he was hoping that he found a woman in his life that would want to deal with him as a man, he finds out that she likes him when he’s a girl!

“I’ve never enjoyed going out with those jocks in high school. But it was always something that everyone expected of girls like me. I was popular, so I had to go out with the popular guys. For a while I thought that I might be a lesbian, but that wasn’t what I wanted either. Then, when I saw you, it clicked. A guy that can be soft, gentle and even femininely beautiful. You’re my dream man!”

With excitement in her voice, Laura whispered, “I’ll train you right.”

Maybe his visits to Dr. Matheson will go on for some time now, he thought. There weren’t a lot of reasons for him to dress as a boy anymore were there? With these confusing thoughts Laura recovered enough to rouse them to complete their dressing. It took fifteen minutes just to repair Glen’s makeup. She showed him how to do it himself so that he could do the job when he had to do a touchup in some Ladies room.

Glen watched as Laura performed the same cosmetic magic on her own face. The next step was the clothes. Laura went over to lock her door then asked Glen to undress completely. He felt a little shy at first but considering what he had just witnessed he overcame the feeling. He stood in just the high heels. Laura brought out the lacy black garter belt and attached it around his

Glen put his arm around Laura and said, "I've never felt like this before! Thank You!" She gave him the love letter she'd written.



narrow waist. She ran her hands over his widening hips and then over his shrunken male parts.

“No problem hiding this little piece of equipment,” she commented as she gave it a light pat. Glen cautiously stepped into the matching black panties. Laura positioned his equipment up and to the back between his legs before pulling the panties into place. He was quite smooth in front now. Next came the bra she had selected. Glen could see that it was a brand new Miracle bra.

“This is a larger size than yours. I have some bust pads. . .but now that I’ve seen your chest I don’t think there will be room in there for them,” she said with a smile. Glen stood as she guided the bra over his arms. The underwired bra cups encircled his breasts. Laura took her hands and adjusted the flesh on his chest. To his surprise, the cups were filled!

“See, no padding needed,” Laura exclaimed.

Looking in the mirror, Glen saw that the Miracle bra cups had lifted his small breasts so that some flesh was pushed over the top of the bra and a very distinct valley had formed into real cleavage. It was the same as his except that the cup size was bigger.

He was instructed to sit down while Laura unrolled a pair of black stockings up his legs. They had a flower pattern embroidered throughout the side of the legs. Standing him up, she stretched the hose up to be secured by the dangling garter tabs high up on his thighs.

Once fastened Glen felt a steady downward pull of the stockings on the garter belt at his waist. Once again he was asked to slip on the high heels. This time when Glen stood before the mirror he was again amazed at the extent of his transformation. His legs were long and sexy in the high heels and his breasts were now enhanced by the uplifting and shaping power of his brassiere.

Glen watched as Laura dressed. She stripped completely in front of him and he was thrilled to be given the privilege to see her gorgeous body in all its splendor. Laura teased him by running her hands over her breasts and up between her thighs.

“Oh, you naughty boy, you,” she purred. “You’ve made me all wet here.”

Glen’s sexual excitement continued to confine itself to his nipples. Maybe the medication had some effect on his ability to get excited in a male way, Glen thought. Such a thought should strike fear in a normal young man, but somehow Glen was



*The reward for his feminization was a box of roses.
Glen was learning his lessons well. There were
many girly experiences ahead if he had the determination.*

unconcerned. In fact, the whole idea of going back to pants and short hair was the farthest thing from his mind at that moment.

Laura was now dressed in lingerie equally as sexy as Glen's. She stepped into a red skirt and white ultra feminine blouse and turned for Glen to zip her up. Having done so, Glen was presented with his own dress. As he stepped into it he was happy to realize how long the skirt really was. But it had a walking slit that was at least eight inches above his knees and threatened to expose his stocking tops. The dainty, flowered rayon material clung to his body like a second skin and the low neckline allowed some of the lace of his bra and certainly the tops of his breasts to peek out seductively. It also had big puffed sleeves like on a little girl's dress.

"Beautiful!" Laura said as she offered Glen a seat at the vanity. "It's time to finish our hair."

Glen looked on in anxious anticipation as the rollers were freed from his hair and the long curls dropped down onto his



In one of Kathryn's camisoles, Glen rummaged through the lingerie and there were even several boxes of hats and bonnets.



Ed balanced the feminized boy on his lap as his wife took a picture. Ed had read the letter given to Glen and said, "Laura's right. There's no reason to be ashamed when you make such a delightfully feminine young lady."

cheeks and shoulders. With practiced expertise, Laura brushed through the curls and began twisting the long hair up in back. In a matter of minutes, she had inserted long hair pins to secure the style up off of Glen's shoulders.

Two long spiral tendrils were allowed to spill down from his temples onto his cheeks and shoulder. She handed him a hand mirror so that he could look at the back. Once again a shiver ran up his spine as he surveyed the glamorous upswept hairdo.

Laura said, "You know, you're going to have to do this every day by yourself?"

"I know," Glen said shyly.

With his makeup, hairdo, dress and heels, he presented a completely feminine look. He looked like a girl ready for a night on the town, and one that was very likely going to get all the attention she was looking for.

It embarrassed Glen to imagine what guys would think when they saw him and Laura walking down the street!

Laura took down her own rollers and duplicated the same hairstyle on her own hair. Rummaging through her jewelry box she produced a fine gold chain with heart-shaped pendant for Glen and a simple gold chain for herself.

"Too bad your ears aren't pierced, it would be a nice touch," she said as she placed some gold clip-on loops on his ears. He heard and registered that significant "nice touch" in her statement.

With a final spray of perfume on Glen's neck and arms Laura handed Glen a small black clutch purse where she had placed some extra lipstick and makeup.

"Ready?"

"I guess so," he answered with as much bravado as he could muster.

Laura said, "I want you to read this." She handed him a letter.

Laura smiled and opened up the short letter she had written it that morning. It read:

Dear Glen,

Just a short note to say how much I'm anticipating our date tonight. Your softness and delicate nature have intrigued me—no excited me! Don't ever feel like less of a man because you wear dresses and act like a girl. . .the more feminine you become the more you excite me.

Love, Laura

Tears came to Glen's eyes. "Shhhh," Laura said, "You'll ruin your make-up."

They were off. Mrs. Cole saw them leaving and stopped them to admire Glen. Her praise on his appearance was most effusive. She did give her daughter one of those mother-to-daughter looks of warning. With the way they were dressed, they would be sure to attract men. The look told Laura to "be careful out there."

They met Jenny and Maryann, the two girl friends that Laura was going to play the trick on. They could not hold a candle to Laura and Glen in the looks department even though they were considered "babes" by most guys. They decided not to go to the movies after all but instead to go bar hopping. Of course this made Glen even more nervous because guys would be hitting on him.

Laura laughed at his discomfort. She reassured him that he could relax, revel in the attention—basically he could just play hard to get. . .after all, she whispered, "he was all hers!"

Glen found himself being asked to dance continuously by young men. At first he resisted, but after some cajoling from Laura he accepted one dance. It was easier than he thought. He just had to remind himself to extend his right arm and put his left on the man's shoulder. One dance led to another and another as men drifted around the table of girls.

Glen felt like a actress or someone famous. He whispered to Laura, "All this because I'm wearing a dress?"

Laura whispered back, "Wearing a dress sends signals out saying, 'I'm feminine and submissive AND like being a girl!'"

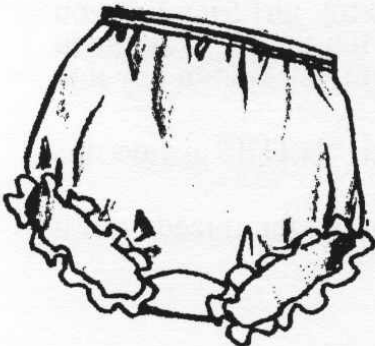
"Really," he said, admitting, "This is kind of thrilling. What else is fun?"

"Focus your attention on your partner," Laura said, "then wiggle your hips, lean forward to talk to him in the middle of the dance and brush against him."

"That's fun?"

"Girls think so. Just press your body against his when the music is slow and follow his body movements exactly. Try it!"

Glen was quickly asked to dance to a slow song. Glen tried moving closer and relaxing a little. He found himself



belly-button to belly-button moving very slowly, very subtly, undulating against his partner's pelvis.

"This is fun," Glen thought to himself until he realized what he was doing. . .his partner was excited!

Glen's face turned red as he saw Laura nearly doubled over laughing.

"Now, wasn't that fun," Laura asked when Glen was closely escorted back to the table.

Glen looked at Laura and the man who quickly departed rather than stand there. Glen felt the swelling, tender buds of his young breasts tighten into little knots in their lacy confines. His fingers wanted to touch them but couldn't.

Instead he ran his hands down the delightful smoothness of his soft dress, feeling the impression made by his panties, garter belt and the graceful sleekness of stockings. Tiny fine hairs on the back of his neck stood up.

"Yes," Glen admitted shyly, "this is thrilling."

Before long Glen he was dancing nearing every dance: fast dances and slow dances. At one point, Glen girlishly reached up and unpinned his hair and let it fall around his face.

To Glen's surprise the waiter brought up a large box and sat them on the table. "For you miss."

They were a box of long-stemmed roses from the first man he had flirted with.

After eleven, Laura suggested they call it a night and leave. There were a lot of disappointed male faces as the four women left the last bar.

As Laura drove him home that night Glen asked her something that he had been thinking about all evening.

"Laura, I thought that you were going to tell Jenny and Maryann eventually that I'm a guy. Wasn't that the whole reason I got dressed up tonight?"

"Maybe it was. But I want you to be my girl friend, if you know what I mean, and if you're having fun tonight, I assumed you'd be around all the time. If I told them you were a boy that would be difficult."

"I'm glad you didn't," Glen confessed. "Is THIS always this much fun?"

"More," she said. "As you become more feminized, you'll find it's even more sensational."



Glen took a last look in the mirror before going to sleep. He felt a new kind of confidence. He could be all the woman he was meant to be. He would let his actions proclaim his ability to complement all that is masculine.

After a passionate good night kiss from Laura at the door, Glen went in to the expected inquisition by his mother.

To his surprise, both Ed and Marge were still there.

“Well? WE are all waiting?” his mother asked checking out her son perched in near stiletto heels (revealing perfectly pedicured toes). “Did the GIRLS have fun?”

Glen was still bewildered by the evening. He admitted to all that it had been fun. . .more fun than he'd ever had.

“That’s wonderful dear,” his mother said, “Just wait until you see your room!”

“My room?”

“It was my idea,” Marge said, “We moved a lot of Kathryn’s things over here while you were gone. . .and we’ll get the rest tomorrow!”

“Oh my,” Glen said just wanting to get out of his high heels. But his mother and friends couldn’t wait for him to see what they’d done.

His room in only hours had been rearranged, his closet nearly emptied and replaced with Kathryn’s things including her chest of drawers.

Glen questioned, “How in the world. . .”

Marge said, “Ed nearly broke his back with the dolly. . .it’s better that we just move it in the way she left it. Just throw away what you don’t want.”

His mother was at the closet pulling out delightful dresses and outfits.

“Where are MY clothes,” Glen asked not seeing any of his pants or shirts.”

His mother said holding up a suit with a short skirt and a tight jacket, “These will be so much more fun for you. How about a fashion show. . .we’ve all been waiting?”

Glen looked at his mother and the Hansens’. He knew it would be just too disappointing to them to say “No.”

For the next hour, Glen tried on outfit after outfit. The Hansen’s were joyful, almost like they had their daughter back.

Kathryn had been a cheerleader and very popular at school. There were many body-hugging shell tops, pleated mini-skirts and many untra feminine dresses.

“Kathryn,” Ed said, “Liked being a girl and loved being pampered. She wore a lot of ruffled and dainty dresses with matching ribbons for her hair. Your mother will help you learn how to make them work in your hair.”

Glen put on the pink prom dress with the pale pink camellia at the bustline. There were even hats and bonnets!

Marge said, “There’s nothing more feminine feeling than a bonnet or little hat with a nice outfit.”

“Let’s try one,” his mother said.

“How about Kathryn’s Sunday suit?” Ed asked. “I always loved seeing her in that.”

Glen was quickly poured into a very tight straight skirt and silk blouse. The tight jacket showed off Glen's feminization to wonderful proportions.. Marge saying, This outfit is perfect over frilly lingerie."

Glen even had his picture taken sitting on Ed's lap like a daughter would sit on her fathers'. Everyone was so happy. .only Glen wondered what his future held in store. It looked like for the near future, he would be surrendering his pants for shapely dresses, sculpted suits and lacy lingerie. He would be trading potent, male contentiousness for finding enchantment in perfect curls, painted lips and slipping into a little dress for some girl-like frolic out with Laura.

He was a little worried but knew his mother would help with all the little things he'd need to know. He'd work hard on learning everything. He wanted really long hair, longer than any boy would dare wear. He would learn to curl, pluck, paint and wiggle until he was perfectly swish!

Glen finally made it to bed. He must have spent another hour getting undressed and looking through some of Kathryn's (now his) drawers full of lingerie and other girly items.

He picked out a babydoll nighty and slipped it over his head. The matching panties were very frilly with a ruffle around each leg with a crotch unquestionably not made for a boy. "Perfect for me!" Glen said posing in the mirror

He appreciated having a new sexy baby doll nightgown to wear in bed that night because as he lay there, he realized something important.


The reason his dreams had not reoccurred is because...NOW. .he was living his dreams.

THE END

If you would like to read more of Glen's adventures, write to me:

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LITTLE JOEY
WASNT MUCH TO
WATCH WHEN HE
USED TO PLAY
BALL AROUND
HERE. ...
BUT SINCE HIS DAD
DIED, THAT SURE
HAS CHANGED!

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OTHER GREAT SANDY THOMAS BOOKS

TV FICTION CLASSICS

FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1 & II

This is the story of a mother who wants her son to fill in for his sister. It is the best!

ROOM FOR A CHANGE #2

When the landlady couldn't change her daughter's mind about dating Peter, she decided to change his body.

MODEL HUSBAND #3

Loretta and her girlfriend decide to turn Bill's recovery into a makeover. He was the perfect husband. Now his wife was trying to turn him into a model husband...

SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER #4

The story of Bob, told by his neighbor and best friend. How Bob was first made to dress "funny" by his mother-in-law.

PAT GOES COED #5

A college prank traps Pat into becoming Patti...coed. Pat is helped by his wife and in-laws to dress as a girl for a college dance. Then, things just got out of hand: double dating with his wife and getting a job as "Patti".

CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6

The fraternity needed a mascot and they all thought it would be cute to have a "cheerleader". None of the coeds would do it, so two of the brothers were drafted to become cheerleaders. Cheerleader Mascot takes you behind the scenes for an intimate look at their transformation into lovely young girls.

PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7

(Previously titled, MISS-ING PASSPORT) Shelley loses his passport.

The replacement has a small mistake. It says he's "female". All of their reservations for a summer in Europe were made for two girls, not a husband and wife. Something would have to change.

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8

"His mother had plans for his hair. With its new length, she had several options: fancy French braiding, or perhaps an

elegant upsweep." All because he wanted to let his hair grow a little longer.

What every mother wants: a daughter and son, all in one child.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9

In search of a big story, an investigative reporter goes "undercover" and enrolls at the Chrissy Institute. (Where they train boys to live as girls.) Would he ever be the same? This is a tale of a reporter's search for a sensational story.

SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10

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".

WOMAN'S WORK #21

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

MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22

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

PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23

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

HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24

After helping his working wife with the housework, Gene decides to make it a permanent change.

ONE OF THE GIRLS #25

A mother and son decide that he shouldn't grow up to be like his abusive father. . .or any other man.

WOMAN-HOOD #26

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

WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28

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

LIKE A DAUGHTER #29

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!

FEMININE APPEAL #33

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

HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34

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

DAUGHTERS ONLY #35

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!

COED CREATED #42

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!

MORE THAN A WOMAN #43

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.

DRESSING UP & D.U. COMPLETED #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!

BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUGHTER #46 &47

What would you do for money? Bill becomes a bride and makes his son become a daughter for a rich man that needs a "family"! OVER 40 detailed Illustrations!

DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I & II #48 &49

Never has there been so much put into two books! A classic story of two delinquents who are given a choice-dresses or jail! OVER 80 detailed Illustrations and a great story!

SUDDENLY A SISTER/DAUGHTER #50 &51

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

THE GIRLMAKERS #52

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

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53

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!

BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS & BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60

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!

A DRESS FOR DANNY #61

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.

HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62

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!

FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63

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!

HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64

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

TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE MOM #65 & 66

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!

WALKS LIKE A GIRL & WALKS LIKE A GIRL TOO #68 & 69

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

MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70

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.

TOES IN THE HOSE #71

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72

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

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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!

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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.

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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!

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A summer in the big city turns a guy's life upside down! Illustrated.

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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!

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