

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

"A SUMMER GIRL"

TORY HAS TO SPEND THE SUMMER
DRESSED LIKE A GIRL! DOES HE HATE IT?



A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION
P.O. Box 2309
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“A SUMMER GIRL!”

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A SUMMER GIRL

BY SANDY THOMAS

I had such wonderful dreams. . . hitting a home run in the bottom of the ninth, climbing Mount Everest, jumping over buildings in a single bound.

I only remember my father saying one thing to me before he and my uncle were killed by three bears on an Alaskan fishing trip. He said, "Tory, don't be a rooster!" He was a little guy and I was going to be one too.

After the deaths, Mother and I went to California to visit my Aunt and cousin, Cameron (who was my age). He and I had a great time playing together like any two boys. On the last night we were there, we got into his mother's clothes and performed a "play" where we were both "ladies" having tea. It started out as a little dress-up game but our mothers loved it. They were pulling out things for us to wear and playing with our longish hair. They made us promise to do a "bigger production" when we got together next time.

Mother and I lived outside Chicago and only could visit my Aunt every few years but they talked on the phone all the time.

After that trip, on weekend nights when I did not have anything to do, mother would do my nails.

My nails which had always been cut to the quick, suddenly had some shape and didn't get caught on my clothes.

Every week, she'd do my nails. One night she said, "Tory. I wish I had this kind of pampering. Do you think you could do my toes for me?" Clumsily at first, I butchered her toes. More polish was on her skin than on the nails. "Very nice!" she said. "Would you mind doing them again tomorrow?"

Every night I removed the botched polish and re-

placed it with several new coats of ruby polish. By the end of a week, they actually looked nice and in two weeks she asked if I'd do her beautifully manicured fingernails. It wasn't much different than painting a model train.

As the months went by, there was less blood as I learned all about using emery boards, nail files, nail clippers, cuticle clippers, cuticle gels and creams, polish remover, top coats, base coats, in between coats of many colors, and nail hardeners guaranteed to make nails harder than the finish on a car.

It was fun. Then on my hands, she showed me how to file nails, push back the cuticles and how to put on a coat of hardener.

Mother spent a lot of time on her beautiful shoulder-length hair. "Tory, honey," she asked one night, "would you help me with some curlers here in back?" I fumbled and got the few remaining rollers in but the next night she had me do them all. Within a month, she'd taught me to curl her hair. I knew most boys didn't want to have anything to do with curling hair but I found it interesting and mother encouraged me saying, "It won't hurt you to know what women go through to look beautiful."

Most nights she raked a brush through my long hair until it tingled and shined as if it was sunlit.

One night she had me wash and condition my hair. With a wide toothed comb she began to comb out my wet locks. Her experienced fingers were soon combing in a setting gel through my hair and without even asking me, she began methodically setting my hair in large rollers, covering every inch of my scalp.

Any time I opened my mouth, she'd say, "Shhhhh!"

When my hair was completely set, she placed her soft hooded hair dryer on my head and the hood quickly ballooned out as the warm air flowed over the rollers.

It was so loud, I couldn't hear or be heard.

"Hey, what are you doing?" I finally asked as she switched off the dryer.

"Don't worry, I'm just having some fun," she joked. "Now, we just have comb out that beautiful long hair."

I was feeling kind of helpless. Here I was, a boy with my hair in rollers and not knowing why?

Before I could contemplate my situation much more, mother removed the dryer hood and began to remove roller after roller from my hair. It fell in tight curls! Now my senses were really spinning. With the curls, I looked kind of like a girl! With her expert manipulation, mother brushed, combed and arranged my hair. That was okay but when she was through, it wasn't what I expected. . . it was a curly feminine style!

"I look like Shirley Temple," I gasped as I looked in the vanity mirror, "this is crazy."

"But it looks shorter," mother announced, "and you know the grief you've been getting about the long hair. This way you can let it grow longer and no one will know how long it is!"

"But. . ."

She interrupted me, "I know. I went over board on the fro-fro. I can make it look like a boy's style too."

So I let my hair grow and hair curling became a part of my weekly grooming.

I was in my early teens when mother first suggested that I might be more comfortable wearing one of her nightgowns. I resisted at first but she insisted. "You just throw your pajamas in a ball on the floor and now they are wet in the wash. You can't sleep naked."

Before I knew it, she had slipped a satin nightgown over my head and I felt the sensuous material slide down over my shoulders to cover my body. She showed me how to adjust the narrow straps over my shoulders and we sat and had a "beauty night". The lace tickled my knees but that wasn't too annoying.

For a couple weeks, whenever my PJ's were in the wash, she'd pull out a different nightgown. With a red face, I'd put it on. "You'll get used to it," she'd smile.

"No way," I'd say, but I did. By the end of a couple months, I found myself hinting to wear a favorite. I sometimes forgot I was wearing mother's nightgown if the TV show was good.

Then it happened. "Those are for me?" I asked, when she pulled out three new nightgowns out of a bag. They were obviously not her size.

"Yes, dear," she smiled, "mine are baggy on you and . . . well? They weren't that expensive."

"But I can't have nightgowns?"

"Why not? You are wearing mine. . . only these will fit you better. Besides, it's better that you have your own. I'm tired of you always picking out my favorites."

I blushed and took the nightgowns and put them on my bed. "Okay," I stammered, picking up the least frilly one. "I'll wear this one."

"Fine, then take the other two and well make room in your drawers for them."

"My drawers? Can't we leave them in your room?"

"No silly. They are yours." My mother went on, "That way you can wear the nightgowns anytime you want. . . even to sleep!"

I never worn mother's nightgowns to bed. . . only while watching TV and doing hair and such. I had always took them off before going to sleep since they were a little big. I looked at the price tag of the pink short nightgown and gasped, "\$80.00! That's expensive!"

"Not for nice things like these, honey. I just hope you can get some wear out of these pretty things before you outgrow them."

"Wear nightgowns! What every night?" I replied.

"Why not? They are very comfortable. Besides. . . who would know?"

We talked about it for a while and she said, "Just wear them for a few days and if you don't get used to the softness, you can stop wearing them." She had a point. . . I was debating something I didn't know anything about.

Who was to know? Mother wasn't laughing at me and I was beginning to like the feeling of nylon. They were soft and silky for sitting around watching TV so sleeping might be nice too?

It was odd seeing them in my drawer or on the back of the bathroom door but I was still impressed by how



“I sometimes forgot I was wearing my mother’s nightgown. . .if the TV show was good.”

much they cost. My pajamas were \$9.99 and deserved to be thrown on the floor. These were delicate and dainty! Not taking care of them would be a waste of money.

At first, Mother suggested I wear the nightgowns every weekend night then I added the weekdays. Pretty soon I was wearing them every night. To that she bought me two more and a pink, satiny quilted robe

and some slippers. One of the nightgowns had "Tori" embroidered on the bodice.

I was sure that I was the only boy in school that slept in nightgowns but mother said, "You can't be sure. If they did, they wouldn't talk about it, right?"

She was sure right there. . .and I didn't talk about it either!

After a month or two, I was so used to wearing nightgowns that I rarely thought about it. It didn't make a whole lot of difference, except that mother gave me more little chores to do around the house. There was the normal cleaning of my room but I also help her with the dishes and after dinner cooking of cookies, pies and the such. I knew that some boys do those things but not in a nightgown and robe.

Mother appeared to get a kick out of making me wear an apron over my nightgown to protect it. I knew I looked silly but I guess you can get used to anything.

I occasionally asked myself 'why' I was wearing a nightgown to bed like a girl but mother always just preempted my confusion with something new. Mother bought me two nightgowns made of cotton for our "gourmet cooking" nights. She had a couple too and called them her "house nightgowns."

"Good for chores and cooking. . .not much for sleeping," she'd say. I usually changed into a softer nylon gown before bed.

Occasionally, I would see myself in the mirror before going to bed and my eyes would show "bewilderment" at seeing my sissish attire. Nightgowns were one thing but mother had somehow persuaded me to add a few new habits to my daily routine.

One of my favorite nightgowns was very short. Seeing my exposed legs, mother said, "I'll have to teach you to keep the fuzz off those legs. . .they would look much nicer."

"So would a tattoo! I'm not going to shave my legs!" I exclaimed. But she did know how to nag. Within two weeks, somehow she'd convinced me!

"I bet other boys shave their legs too," she said as she showed me how to carefully skim her big, pink razor over my knees and thighs. "They just don't talk about it."

"Sure," I whined, "Probably about as many boys as wear nightgowns to bed."

Mother just wouldn't admit that boy's didn't or shouldn't do girl's things. I found myself keeping my legs hairless every day and getting used to them sleek and smooth. . .to the point that I couldn't stand the prickly feeling of any hair growing out.

Since I didn't have any physical education classes, who was to know? Yes, I knew it was wrong but the way a person sees the world can be influenced by the clothes one wears and how a person sees himself. . .and one's mother!

Mother told me I had "great legs" so often, she almost made me feel sorry I couldn't show them off to anyone but her. I guess I was more influenced by wearing nightgowns than I'd care to admit. I think having skirts floating around my knees made me walk differently. And sitting down. . .well, you can't just flop down when wearing a weightless nylon nightgown with lots of lace at the hem.

About twice a week, I'd find new things in my drawers. "Mother! I have enough!" I'd complain but that didn't stop her.

"I just love buying them," then with a wounded tone, she'd say, "You don't HAVE to wear them." There was a shorty "babydoll" nighty that was so frilly, she couldn't get me into it for a month. And worse, the matching high-heeled black silk mules that felt like they were a size too small.

During this time, my mother never said a word about my behavior in anything but flattering terms. I suppose if I'd heard the word "SISSY" or "EFFEMINATE" or even "GIRLISH" come out of her mouth, I would put the nightgowns in a pile and had a bonfire. I never heard a word. . .until. . .

Winter was over and summer vacation was still far off but we always planned our summers well ahead of time. I was doing great in school. Somehow studying and reading books in a nightgown relaxed me and the information soaked in easier.

It was Saturday morning and I awoke wearing my soft blue shorty nightgown. I found Mother standing by my bed.

"You scared me," I said.

She smiled and said, "I couldn't wait. . .I have an idea for the summer. . .what if we went to your Aunt's beach house as mother and DAUGHTER?"

I felt myself getting beet red and tried to pull up the blankets so my nightgown would not show. "Mother?!? You don't mean. . ."

"It might be fun," she said. "You could show off your cute legs?"

"NO WAY!" I exclaimed. "I'm not even going to take a nightgown. . .Cameron would laugh at me."

"What if I could prove he wouldn't laugh?" mother said.

"He would laugh!"

She handed me a picture. "This was your cousin last summer. . .Cameron was afraid YOU'D laugh at him! He's been wearing girl's things like you since that last summer we spent with them. His mother finally confessed to why we couldn't meet them last year."

In the over exposed picture was a teenaged girl in a jean's skirt and tank top walking down the beach. "That's. . .?"

"Cameron!" mother said. "He spent all last summer in girl's clothes and had a ball! When I told your Aunt about your nightgowns, she suggested you might want to be a girl too this summer?"

The room closed in quickly as I began to stutter, being so terribly embarrassed by this sudden confrontation. What could I say? Deep inside, I knew that I did not mind dressing in nightgowns but what was she saying?

Mother saw my confusion. She put her hand on mine and said, "Seriously. I'm not teasing you. With



“A GIRL?! I don’t want to be a girl!”

a little work, you could easily pass as a girl. I’ve meant to talk to you about this for a long time.”

“A girl?” I stammered. “I don’t want to be a girl.”

“Not forever, silly,” she smiled. “Just for a little vacation. . .playing dress up with your cousin again?” I saw that glint in her eye when she’s really happy.

My whole world was falling down. I admitted, “This

has really gotten out of hand." My hand caressed my soft nighty.

"Tory, I'm not sure your father would have approved," She said, "but I like seeing you in nightgowns. You look so relaxed and sweet. I thought maybe you'd like wearing dresses too. . .like Cameron?"

"No way," I stated. "I'm not wearing a dress."

"You know those 'house nightgowns'? They are really house dresses. You already have several dresses."

I stepped out of bed and was about to tell Mother to forget it when she went over to a pile of clothes that she'd put on a chair before I woke up.

I focused on the pile and saw it was underwear and a soft print dress. "Are you serious?" I asked.

Mother came over and took my hand. She said, "Every since your father died, I have seen how you've suffered without any male bonding. Ever since you first put on my nightgown, I've been dying to see what you'd look like as a girl. I guess I'm weird, eh?" Tears were coming to her eyes and I was confused.

I stared at the picture of my cousin again. "It isn't right," I said.

"Maybe not but you've gotten so used to your nightgowns. I wish you'd go along with me on this. . .but I guess it's too much for a mother to ask of a son?"

"I guess so," I stated. "I just know it wouldn't work. . .even if I wanted to do it."

"It just takes getting used to, like shaving your legs."

"What?" I said, "You think I could just slip on a dress and feel like a girl?"

"No, it might take longer than that. How do you know it wouldn't be fun? You've never tried it!"

My heart was pounding as I steadfastly refused but she seemed to be very excited and had a "plan."

"Let's just try it," she begged. "Do you like short skirts on the girls at school or long ones?"

I found myself chattering about what dresses and accessories girls at school wore with what. When she offered to buy those things for me I staggered back.

"Outfits like the girls at school wear? For me?" I gasped.

She encouraged, "Just try it for a day or two," adding, "If you don't feel right, you just tell me and we'll call the whole thing off. There is so much that I'll have to teach you."

"But Mom. . ."

"I know, I know," she said as if I'd already said yes. "All you have to do is relax and we can have some real fun. Please?" she asked hopefully.

"OK," I stammered, "as much as I can. It sounds hard. . . what do I do?"

"Not much," she smiled. "By summer your hair will be long enough that you might have trouble passing for a boy. You just put on what I tell you and get used to it. By summer, you do fine."

"I can back out at any time, right?"

She nodded.

I showered and shaved my legs then met mother in the kitchen wearing one of my house dresses.

Mother had a picture album out and started telling me some stories about when she was a girl my age and her favorite summer. "I had the cutest clothes," she said then talked about how she had flirted with the boys and had made many of her clothes. "I'll show you how to do it. It's easy."

"Flirting with boys!" I exclaimed.

"No, silly," she laughed. "How to make some cute clothes."

I had never thought about sewing or making dresses but I went along. She seemed so happy.

Looking at her pictures, I said, "You were beautiful. . . I mean you still are but. . ."

"You could be too," Mother replied, "We have a lot of the same features. Let's get you into your first real dress!"

At this point, I could easily have chickened out but honestly, I was intrigued. We went up to her room and she helped me into a silky slip and into one of her tight fitting dresses.

"Oh Tory! We're lucky, this dress was way too small for me but seems like it was made for you," she said.

“Wear it today. . .if you like it, we can shorten the hem a bit.”

I looked in the mirror. Seeing my reflection in feminine attire was not new but being in a dress made me gasp. I was entirely enthralled by the way the skirt fit tightly at the waist then draping itself over my fleshy hips. Mother suggested I tightened the wide satin belt to accentuate my waistline even more.

“Nice, eh?” mother said smiling. “And there’s more!”

I was completely caught up in her excitement.

The dress was cut with a rounded neckline and fitted bodice which gave only a slight inkling of a bosom but the dress was short enough already to show off my pretty legs!

The tight belt cut into my waist and gave me a girlish figure and made my hips appear to sway when I walk.

Mother’s lips parted in a big smile. She lifted back my hair from my face and allowed it to fall in a thick cascade onto my back----a style that didn’t resemble the way I wore it to school.

I was completely ignorant to the fact that she had her hands filled with lingerie for me to put on. “HELLO!” she teased. “Anyone home?”

My thoughts were interrupted by her next question, “Do you like it?”

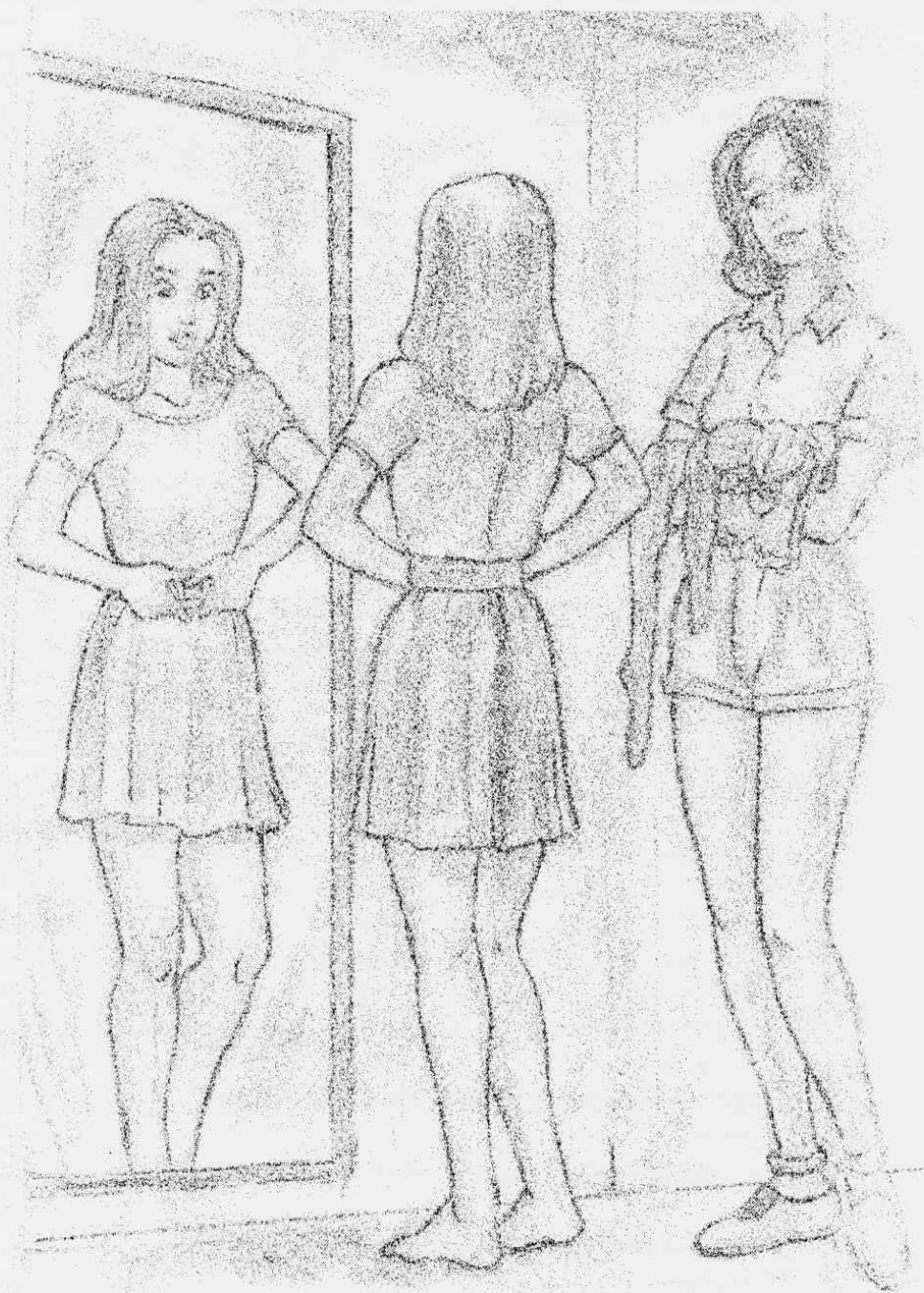
I nodded. In a trace, I put on her panties and nylons and a pair of low heels. I recoiled when she handed me a padded brassiere. “It doesn’t look right without one,” she informed.

Wearing a dress was one thing but a brassiere was something else. “Please, no bra today,” I begged. “Let me try to get used to this without it, okay?”

“Okay, my brassieres aren’t right for you anyway,” she said. “I’ll go shopping for you. You should have your own things.”

“This is silly. When would I wear these things?” I asked, still staring into the mirror.

“After school and on the weekends. . .as much as you can. I want you to get used to wearing them----especially the bra.”



Mother insisted I tightened the wide satin belt accenting my waistline; giving me a girlish shape.

I blushed deeply. I realized that here I was, in my mother's dress, nylons and panties but for some reason I was resisting wearing her bra.

Mother winked at me. "It's okay. We'll take it slow. I don't expect you'll like everything. All I ask is that you try everything."

"I like the dress," I admitted, flushing a bit more, "okay, I'll try but I can't imagine I'll get used to this stuff."

"That's all I can ask," mother said. She began making a shopping list as I walked around getting used to the nylons and heels. As Mother watched my movements, she had a faint smile. I wondered what she was thinking. Was she laughing at me?

"Don't be embarrassed," she said, sensing my embarrassment. "I want you to become comfortable with everything that's girlish and feminine. In a month, I bet you are putting on a brassiere as indifferently as you've been wearing pants."

"No way," I said, then added, "I'll never get used to wearing a brassiere!"

"Bet ya! How about. . .dishes for a week!"

"You're on!"

"Okay, what color pants did you wear to school Friday?"


Confused, I asked, "I don't know. Why?"

"You'll see."

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Mother went shopping most of the afternoon while I spent the day in her dress, nylons and heels. When she came home, she carried in her purchases to my room but wouldn't let me open the bags. "Tomorrow,

we'll get into this stuff," she said.

By dinner, my legs were sore from the heels and I was glad mother had me change into my more comfortable house dress and slippers.

On Sunday, I awoke to Mother standing next to my bed with lingerie and a new dress in her hands. When she helped me zip up the dress, she hugged me for a moment. A tear came to her eye and she said, "I hope this isn't too terrible for you. I'm having such fun. Let me help you comb your hair."

Taking a brush she pulled my hair back and put a large barrette clip on it, making a pony tail that was below my shoulders. The large barrette was shaped like a hair ribbon.

"There! That looks better and shows off your face." Fingering my pony tail, she added, "If you take care of it, your hair will be to here by the end of summer." She poked me in the middle of my back.

"I don't want anyone to find out about all this, Mother."

"No way they can," she said. "Just don't answer the door."

"Like I would. . .dressed like this?"

Looking me straight in the eye, she stated, "We've got a couple months for you to adjust completely to your new clothes. Just be yourself and let the feeling of the clothes convey how you should move, walk and sit."

Seeing the front of my dress, she asked, "Are you ready for a bra yet?"

Blushing, I said, "Aw mom."

"Com'on," she said going to a bag. "I bought you a couple that have very little padding in the cups. The dress needs it. . ."

"Okay. . .anything to make you quit pestering me," I said, letting mother unzip the back of my dress.

"I have to tell you," mother said with a smile. "Girls think this is a momentous day. . .it means they are growing up. This is your first brassiere!"

She opened the tissue around a white lacy brassiere. She said, "I'm so excited for you, I feel like crying."

"Me too," I joked. "If I wear it, you can't pester me anymore."

"I'm not going to pester you. Just try it for a couple days."

My mind raced. I remembered the fuss the boys made when girls started wearing bras to school. The girls proudly showed off their new "shapes".

I remembered saying to myself, "I'm glad I'm a boy and I never have to wear one of those." But here was my mother, confronting me with something that no boys should ever have to face.

"Lift up your arms dear." The tone of his mother's voice snapped me out of my lethargy. I slowly raised my arms.

"That's a good boy," mother said cheerfully as she guided my arms through the straps of the pretty brassiere.

Turning me around, she pulled the elastic band tight around my chest and hooked the catch so the brassiere was on securely.

I could see my reflection clearly and felt a tingle of excitement as I studied my new femininely shaped reflection. My fingers went to the lacy cups surrounded by tiny ruffles, with a few dainty little bows placed here and there to make the cups look dainty.

I looked at mother who was unbuttoning her blouse. "Look!" she said. I realized that my mother's bra looked exactly like mine! "I bought us mother-daughter sets! I thought it might be fun for us to dress alike!"

These were things any girl would love to wear, but I couldn't make her understand; I was not a girl! At best, I was only some kind of weird "substitute" daughter. Mother was most interested in watching my reaction.

The brassiere was so cute, so dainty, so delicate in every way, who could hate it. Matching in every way, the bra made for mothers who wanted their precious little darling daughters to look and feel like a grown up! So the bra was made to look exactly like mother's, except the cups were mostly flat with just a little padding.



“You know,” mother said, “Once a girl starts wearing a bra, she has to wear one for the rest of her life.”

I felt the silky nylon rubbing across my chest---exactly what my mother was feeling. The ever present pulling of the bra straps across my shoulders, and the tight unalterable hug of the brassiere itself surrounding my chest.

“I’ll never get used to this!” I stated.

"We'll see," she smiled. "Wearing a brassiere, you will be always reminded that you are different from a boy."

"I certainly feel different."

"You know, Tory," mother said, "Once a girl starts wearing a bra, she has to wear one for the rest of her life."

"Not me! I'm NOT going to become a woman just because I'm going to be wearing a bra. . .am I?"

Mother had tears of joy in her eyes. Standing back, she surveyed my pert figure with two little points and said, "Of course not. . .but I'm so proud of you anyway."

We went down to the kitchen and she let me help with cooking breakfast and the dishes. She made it fun and I would be lying if I said I didn't enjoy our new found kinship.

We cooked and fooled with different spices. I caught myself flitting about the kitchen, enjoying our little exchanges. At one point she flipped my pony tail routine and said, "Would you like to get your hair styled like mine?"

"I like your hair," I said. She had such pretty long hair styled in a feminine flip. "What would I have to do?"

"Not much," she said, "Just let it grow and I'll trim the bottom to give it weight at the base."

As summer vacation got closer, mother insisted I spend every free minute at home dressed as a girl. I tried not to but I admitted that I was changing. Almost unobservable at first, the clothes were impossible to defy.

It was all so gradual, I hardly noticed what was happening. I was almost beginning to feel it was normal for boys to come home and put on lingerie and a dress.

Mother kept buying me new things. Adding a little thing here and there. After the bras, there wasn't much that I could grumble about. Beside what was there to complain about. The clothes, which were silky,

lovely, and fit well on top. . .thanks to that darn brassiere.

They stretched a bit and loosened so that I hardly noticed them or the way they pushed out the front of my dresses anymore.

Mother was right. Wearing a bra made me feel like I belonged in a dress. Besides the clothes, mother made me aware of my hair. There were the perfumed shampoos and conditioners but I was learning how to fluff it up and curl it out just like mom. I often did her hair and she did mine with the result being that I was becoming more and more skillful at hairstyles. Some nights we'd try as many as five different styles on each other. Mother would rave, "I love this style. . .let me try it on you. . ."

She could make me feel so feminine. Her perceptive observations kept me on my toes. She'd mention indifferently, "Oh dear, keep your knees together in that short skirt." or "That dress needs a bit more on top. . .if you know what I mean." or "Try high heels with that skirt."

Slowly a month went by. I can't tell you it went without complaints. I complained plenty but mother as always pleasant and said, "Please dear---for me. It is for your own good, you know?"

How could sleeping in curlers be for my own good? How could learning how to paint my nails be for my own good? Uhh?

There were so many new clothes. My boy clothes barely had any room but then I only wore them to school. I caught myself using the same hand gestures as my mother and adopting her mannerisms.

Realizing what I was doing, scared me. I don't know how to explain it. We were closer than ever and I admired my mother more than ever. I caught myself idolizing her and said, "Mom, I think you are great. I wish I could be like you."

A tear came to their eyes. "You are on your way, my dear," she said.

Sometimes I was resentful of not going out and "hanging out" with the other guys at school. Some-

times I got grouchy at being cooped up in the house. I got horribly depressed a couple nights. I could have been with friends but mother insisted that being "trained" was more important. "Each minute you spend in dresses," she said, "the sooner you'll be free."

"Free?" I asked.

"Free. At some point," mother said seriously, "no one will be able to recognize you. . . as a boy!"

I didn't get how that would make me free and besides, there wasn't much real "training" anyway. Simply "hours" and "days" and now "months" spent in skirts, doing my hair and putting on make-up.

Maybe it was happening. During my chores, I sometimes forgot I was wearing a skirt. On one day, mother asked, "So what color is your brassiere?"

"Ahhh? I think it's white or maybe. . . gee, I'm not sure. Why?"

"Looks like I won." She was right. I had a bra on and had forgotten what color it was. I didn't remember putting it on that morning. I burst into tears.

"Hey," mother said, "It's only the dishes...for a week."

"Oh mother?" was all I could manage, and even then, I squealed when I said it. I choked out, "What have I become?"

"A fine looking young lady," she whispered, giving me a hug.

"What am I going to do?"

"Nothing," she said. "By the end of school, your hair will be grown out nicely. Every minute you spend in a dress will make you that much more presentable."

I wanted to shake her and yell, "MOTHER! I'M A BOY!" but she didn't care.

As the last month before summer began, mother pulled out all the stops. She bought me a lot of new clothes and new bras with more padding. I was horrified but she was determined.

As I put on one of the new brassieres, my hands quickly reached up to confirm that my bosom was larger, but quite a bit smaller than mother's identical

unpadded bras.

"These are too big!" I bristled, looking down.

Mother stated, "Don't get all huffy. . .they are just ONE cup size larger than before!"

Mother had me put on a close fitting blouse and I was not comforted buy the way the new bra filled it out. But that was the least of my current problems.

I told her, "Mom? This isn't right. . .a boy shouldn't wear girl's clothes all the time! Maybe I could just take a few girl things and. . ."

"No way. That could embarrass Cameron. He's going for it full time!"

"It isn't right!" I stammered again.

Unfortunately, she felt it was right for me. "You aren't seeing what I'm seeing," she said. I had no say. I was to be in girl's things ALL the time. From the minute I got home from school, I had to change clothes into my new dresses, skirts, blouses, and sweaters.

The worst part was my attitude. I was submissively going along with her. I was finding it hard to resist her plan.

How many boys would like to be complimented on their dress? Pitifully, I liked it. When mother would say, "What a pretty blouse on you." I was thrilled.

By thrilled, I mean that there was something else happening to me. When I went to bed in a frilly little nightgown, it felt like I was in bed with a girl. Just walking by a mirror and catching a peek of the thin pink material over smooth legs or a flash of lingerie amazed me. It was me but a young, innocent girl stared back ready to get into bed with me.

From my mirror, I could watch myself prance across the room and elegantly glide into bed. Sometimes a gleeful squeal became almost uncontrollable as I felt the filmy nightgown snuggling my physique.

Mother and I were so much closer and open. She taught me about modesty but we ran in and out of each other's bedrooms in slip, panties, and bras without the slightest hesitation. I learned girls did that and I got used to it. There was hair to do, dresses to zip and

make-up to borrow.

As a result of me being in the house all the time, I was getting a little chubby in the bottom. I was still skinny everywhere else. Mother said the weight looked "peachy" in my tight skirts.

She said, "Don't you worry. . . you have a fine figure."

Mother went shopping for me almost every day. I suddenly had more girl's clothes than boy's clothes. My closet overflowed with silky fashions yet mother wasn't finished. "I love to shop!" she said as she added new dresses, skirts, and blouses to my wardrobe. Many of the things were mother/daughter matching outfits.

"Since we'll be wearing these things together, we'll need matching underthings too," she said.

Mom gave me a big smile. She was so happy seeing me in the things she bought and even more amused as we picked out our matching lingerie and dresses.

I was out growing some of my boy clothes and I asked her, "Did you get me any new jeans?"

"What for? School is out in weeks and we will be leaving."

"You mean I can't take any boy clothes?"

"Why when you could wear these?" Before I could protest further, she showed me two new summer shorts outfits in pink and blue and a jumper dress in soft pure white.

Foolishly, I said, "They're nice but don't I have enough?"

"Tory, once you are going out, you'll see," Mother replied. "When I was your age, I changed my clothes several times a day and had a closet full of pretty dresses. . . and that wasn't enough!"

I wanted to point out that not a single boy at school had a single dress but I had a closet full but it was obvious.

I started again, "Mother? Do you really think I can get away with this?"

She smiled. "Oh honey, You've been wearing these things for months. Dresses in the daytime, nightgowns at night. Your hair has grown into a nice style. You

are ready.”

That made me shiver in response to what it meant. I would be her daughter for three month. I tried to imagine what that would do to me.

It was already too late to back out. I hugged her and said, “I’m worried, mother. What will I be like after the summer?”

“Don’t worry about the future, my dear,” she said, stroking my long hair and holding me close to her. “Your cousin did this last summer and I haven’t heard any bad things from your Aunt.”

When we released each other, I did not have the heart to protest anymore. She was all smiles as she showed me how serious she was about making be look good. There were some, nylon tights, several more bras with full padding, a flippy miniskirt, some pretty hair ribbons for my hair.

Mother held up a pair of short red pleated mini-skirts in her size and mine. She said, “Your father would have killed me if I wore anything this short around him. I can’t wait to see your Aunt and Cameron’s faces when they see us in these!”

Mother made me try the new, more padded brasieres. By now, being a bit more stacked was not my primary concern. I got chills as I pulled a tight sweater over my head and looked in the mirror.

“That’s real nice,” she said. “They give you just the right figure. . .a voluptuous but not too ‘top heavy’ appearance. you have two weeks to get used to that figure.”

I blushed. Two weeks to get used to being “stacked!” You should have seen me beg to go back to the lightly padded bras.

“Dear,” mother said, “I know best. You’ll thank me later.”

I can’t explain the feeling I was getting from mother wanted us to dress and be alike. On one side it was like I was a grown up, no longer just a kid. . .an equal. On the other, mother was reliving her wonderful girlish

youth through me. That was something few boys ever experience. Either way, there was a wonderful closeness.

When she took a hairbrush and brushed my growing hair. It was done gently with obvious affection, as if she were proud of me and my long healthy locks.

OFF I GO. . .

The last weeks of school went so fast. I had finals to study for and then there was the packing. I stopped pleading with mother to take at least one set of boy clothes. "You won't need them," she said. "They'd just hang in the closet for the summer."

When I came home from the last day of school, mother was waiting for me. After I changed out of jeans for the last time, mother said, "I've been dying to do a couple things. . ."

I watched with alarm as mother approached with her tweezers and muttered, "Your eyebrows need some help and I couldn't do it right when you had to go to school."

Ignoring my pleading, mother turned on a bright light and combed my eyebrows up then trimmed them with a little pair of scissors. "See?" she said, "That wasn't bad. . .not just a few stray hairs. . .this may sting."

"Ouch," I said once as she grabbed a bunch of my brow hair and jerked it out. Then I said "ouch" again and again and again until I lost count. It felt like she was pulling them ALL out!

"There!" she announced and handed me a mirror. I barely recognized my own face! Even with no make-up the audacious, alluring eyes of a precocious girl stared back. I went into shock, screaming, "You pulled too many out!"

"No dear, they're perfect. Shaped just like mine." Mother put her head next to mine and compared.

"I look 'surprised' all the time," I moaned seeing that our brows were shaped exactly the same.

"No, watch," mother said making various womanly

expressions that passed over her features as she told me how it accentuated the rounded curve of my forehead. Adding a touch of pale coral red lipstick to my fresh, full lips made my eyebrows look like they'd been drawn on by an artist. There was a fascinating new sassy expression to my face. My features from my rounded chin to my up curved nose to the curve of my cheek, all appeared feminine.

It was like seeing a young version of my mother's head on my shoulders. "Oh my," I finally stammered as I put my hand up to make sure it was my face and not my mothers'.

If she weren't so nice, I could have hated her.

On Saturday after school let out, we got up early and for the first time, I was leaving the house wearing a flowered rayon dress. As mother closed the door behind me, and got into the jam-packed car, I realized I wouldn't be back to my boys clothes for three months!

I felt paralyzed by fear. My mind was light-headed with astonishment that I was actually doing this. Helplessly I stared into space as mother drove out of our garage and onto the freeway.

Seeing people looking at our car and me, I finally said, "I don't know if I can do this?"

Frantically, I began to beg mother to turn around but was interrupted by her calm words, "It's too late now! You are a girl for the next three months and you might as well relax and make the best of it." She smiled and pulled me over and gave me a hug. "It will be okay, I promise."

I broke down and cried and she held me but didn't try to comfort me. "Let it all out dear. It's all right. We'll stop up here for breakfast and you can fix your make-up."

I couldn't stop crying until I realized that people in other cars were watching me. I tried to calm down. I checked the hem of my short skirt and felt totally out of place.

"Fix your eyes, dear," mother said, pulling down the lighted vanity mirror. Mechanically, I opened my

purse and cleaned the black mascara off my cheeks and redid my eyes, aware of a loose tendril of hair in my face.

"That's a girl," mother smiled. I wanted to sink into the seat. I felt so worthless and embarrassed.

As mom turned into a coffee shop's parking lot, I almost broke up again. With stress in my voice, I said, "Mother, give me a second."

Mother knew that this "breakfast" was a breaking point for me. My first interaction with the public yet she didn't give any indication. It was just another breakfast.

From sitting, I was a bit wobbly in my low heels as we took a seat. "Coffee?" the waitress asked, scampering from table to table. then did a double take on me and blurted, "What a cute dress! Where did you get it?"

Surprised, I stammered, "My mother bought it."

"Well she has good taste," she stated then scampered off.

Mother smiled and whispered, "See? You look real cute this way. Now quit slumping---shoulders back. Now should we take route 40 or 66? You are the navigator."

So off we went. With each stop, mother just behaved like it was perfectly normal to have her son running around all decked out like a young woman with make-up, curled hair not to mention the obvious bosom.

With each stop and exposure, I was regaining my equilibrium and some self-confidence. I was beginning to face the fact that the world was expecting me to respond to me as a girl now.

When boys would look, I still blushed deeply, but knew I couldn't hide my appearance or alter much the way I had to walk in tight skirts and high heels.

Mother and I dressed in similar outfits and she liked high heels, saying, "High heels make a woman look so dressed up and proper."

Me? I unquestionably had enough pairs of them. From the latest Italian styles with the thinnest heels



The only clue to his “hobby” was the stubborn smattering of perky bangs over his forehead above his quite noticeable, finely arched eyebrows.

to the extremely pointed toed pumps and sandals, my feet were elegantly shod. Mother said, “High heels will keep you aware of how you stand and sit.” She was right! You just try to cover an extra three inches of smooth nyloned leg with a short, tight skirt!

Just when I was getting composed and comfortable, we arriving at my Aunts. We stopped as couple blocks

for their house and mother gave me the once over and declared, "You are a doll!"

"A scared doll," I moaned. Mother had picked out my dress which matched hers. I was wearing an off-white halter-looking top which was really one of my short babydoll dresses where the waist starts right under my bosom. Very comfortable for driving but a bit fro-fro for meeting people.

"It's just your Aunt and Cameron," Mom countered. I saw my pouty-mouthed and arched-eyebrows face frowning in the mirror.

MY COUSIN. . .

There was my cousin, Cameron, in old jeans and a red sweatshirt. The jeans were tight around his chubby bottom. He had golden-brownish hair which he wore cut straight but was about one third of the way down his back. His hair had a lot of body, and was very healthy. The only clue to his "hobby" was the stubborn smattering of perky bangs over his forehead above his quite noticeable, finely arched eyebrows. "I didn't think you'd do it!" he yelled and ran over and gave me a hug. His grass green eyes twinkled with almost elfish merriment at my uneasiness.

"Let me look at you," he said, taking my hands in his.

It had been years since I saw him and he'd grown to about 5' 6" but still had that small, rounded button nose and oval face with full cheeks that showed a soft blush.

Seeing me sizing him up, his hands went to his hair and pulled it austerely back into a low ponytail. He said, "I usually wear it like this for school to keep it out of my face." He was thin like me with long legs and shapely arms. His walk was graceful, almost mincing.

"How come you aren't dressed up?" I asked.

"Mom won't let me around here. . .too many snoopy neighbors."

Cameron showed me to his room where I would be staying. We were going to be leaving early the next morning so I only brought in one bag and a couple dresses from the car.

He just kept staring at me. "You are so pretty. You've been doing this for a while right?"

Once we started talking, we couldn't stop. I guess I'd been starved for someone my own age to talk to. . .especially one who would understand what I was feeling.

He said, "I wish Mother let me dress around here. Oh, I sleep in nightgowns but she doesn't want me going out around here. . .only at our beach house. The people there only know me as a girl."

"I'm scared. . .I've never been around anyone dressed like this."

"Tory!" he announced, "You look good as a girl!"

I looked at him closely. There was a little diamond earring that winked in one ear and I made out the impression of a hole in the other ear. He had full lips that were naturally pink and for a boy his nails were exceptionally long and neat.

"You have both ears pierced?" I asked.

"You don't?" he laughed seeing that my earrings were clip-ons. "Having an ear pierced is COOL at my school. Wearing two dangling hoops isn't. We'll have to pierce your ears when we get to the beach."

OFF WE GO. . .

"This will be a summer to remember," Mother said, as we all drove to my Aunt's beach house.

I was so tired because my Aunt made me stay up late and help my cousin clean up the house, saying, "A girl's work is never done!"

As we drove, the women gabbed on and on about the old times until my Aunt turned to me and said, "Cameron knows the rules at the beach but I thought I better re-state them just for you. Your mother and I expect both of you to be young ladies this summer. We expect you to behave and conduct yourselves as such. From my experiences with him last summer, I know that you will start having some feelings like girls do and thinking about things like girls do. You mother and I expect that. BUT you will also not have the

freedom you had as a boy. I want to know where you are going and when you will be back and who you are with at all times! Understand?"

I nodded and looked at Cameron. He was blushing. Sounded like he must have gotten into some trouble last summer.

She went on about other things such as keeping the house clean, various chores and keeping our hair styled. Then she turned to her son who was traveling in jeans and a t-shirt and said, "You should start getting ready now."

With a big smile, he opened a large travel bag at his feet and pulled out a few little bags. Taking out the rubberband that was holding his hair, he began trying several ways to style hair and settled on pinning it up.

Next with great care, he applied a pink nail polish over his oval talons and added pretty hoop earrings. "I missed all this stuff," he smiled as I watched in awe.

Out of the bag came high heels and a padded bra. With some fancy arm work, he was able to put it on under his t-shirt. Pouting his lips in a small mirror, he coated his lips with a coral red and said, "There! That will do until I get to the house and get dolled up right!"

The beach house was built in the thirties but had a coat of fresh white paint. It sat on a small bay near a coastal tourist town. As we wound along the twisty beach road, I had to laugh when I saw the house was on "Ribbon Lane".

My cousin was re-doing his eyes for the umpteenth time when we drove up. His boyish actions and movements were gone and his voice slid up an octave or two. He couldn't wait to get into the house to his clothes. "SHE's back!" his mother exclaimed seeing her son's swaying hips that were propelled by more than just wearing high heels.

Once inside, Cameron changed into that trendy, innocent Catholic school girl look: little white blouse, Ralph Lauren sweater vest, pleated mini-skirt and conservative high heels.

Somehow his "small and skinny" frame perfectly translated into "slim, delicate and graceful" when dressed as a girl. I couldn't help and wonder. Underneath it all, were all pretty girls basically like scrawny boys?

Neither of us was voluptuous but our slim figures with narrow waists, flat stomachs and long slender legs looked properly fitted in a skirt.

Inside the musty old house, I was shown our room and my cousin couldn't wait to show me his wardrobe. He must have loved high heels, there were fifteen pairs and the closet was overflowing with designer handbags to dresses in every color of the rainbow.

His drawers were laden with piles of beautiful lingerie. "I change my underwear three times a day," he stated as I fingered the innumerable rainbow of panties. "You can borrow anything you want," he added, "As long as I'm not going to wear it."

I pawed through his closet and pulled out a satiny, jade green mini-dress and held it up against me, twirling around in front of the mirror.

"I like this!" I said.

"SO DO I!" he stated, then laughed. "Seriously, anything you want. . .now let me see what you have to trade. . ."

As I unpacked, Cameron and I chatted about clothes, make-up. He went on and on about the need for a good figure. I caught mother and my Aunt smiling to themselves.

"I love these," Cameron said, handing me a pair of most realistic silicone breasts. "At the end of last summer, I cried for a week when I had to take them off. I just hated being flat chested again." He proudly displayed a full bosom that most girls our age would envy. "Tory, you can use a pair of mine. . .I'm getting some bigger ones!"

I looked at my cousin's sweater top to behold the mounds of two perfect and amazingly life-like breasts! I almost had to keep myself from whistling in appreciation of the way he filled out that blouse.

Worried about passing, I knew what I had to do. Cameron lifted them and they bounced gently against

his brassiere. I shook my head and said, "Gee, my cousin has the best set of hooters I've ever seen on a girl our age!"

In the blink of an eye, I was looking at an equally good duo of extended points pressing outward against MY thin top! I had to laugh. I joked, "I don't think this is what the kids meant when they wrote, 'Have a bitchen summer!' in my yearbook?"

I kept looking down at my dramatically fuller bosom strained outward. There was such a difference in the silicone's weight and the way they were spaced---nearly perfectly round and smoothly meeting in the center to form a naturally deep cleavage.

I felt myself stirring inside as I leaned forward and felt them moved gently as my silky soft hair brushed across my shoulders. My perfumed hair with it's flowery fragrance reconfirmed my girlish enslavement which I found incredibly frustrating. I felt a sudden spasm of anticipation exploding through my body. . .such a strong sense of excitement that I felt like I was going to faint.

"So what are we going to do this summer?" I asked when the furry of the travel unpacking ended, adding, "I'd love to go fishing."

"Fishing?" he laughed. "Girls don't fish. . .at least for fish. Last summer I spent a lot of time on the beach, read some great books, went to the beauty parlor once a week and listened to a lot of music. I hope my mother will let us do that this year."

"Why not?" I asked. I liked music.

"One time. . .I didn't come home on time," he said putting on a white print short-sleeved shirt and blue mini-skirt and white sandals.

Then it struck me. I asked anxiously, "What do you wear on the beach?"

He smiled, "I have the cutest one piece suits but this year I think I want to try a bikini!"

"No way for me," I said. "I'll wear sweats." I wasn't about to find a new humiliation.

But it was too hot for sweats and my aunt insisted I try on her son's one-piece suit with a "special belt" that my cousin had for the "bulge". It was near impossible to get on and dreadfully cramping to wear but Mother insisted I try it.

"There's no room," I said, trying to get some relief from the strap going between my legs.

"Dear, if there WAS room," mother said, "then it isn't tight enough.

I looked worried as I checked out my figure in the mirror. I shuddered as I drew my fingers along the soft fold between my thighs and felt nothing. The suit also had a wide and ungiving spandex belt that took inches off my waist. This had to be the most uncomfortable garment in the world! But I had no choice but to comply.

"If I'm having a nightmare," I groaned, "WAKE ME UP!"

Cameron laughed as he put on his suit, "It's strange and ungiving at first but you'll get used to it. I did!"

"It'll be worth it," Mother added, gazing with pride at my girlish figure.

When it came down to it, I wasn't about to stay in that hot old house all summer. I would try wearing the suit.

Seeing my cousin wearing his pink tank swimsuit revealed to surprising degree how his un-muscular skinny frame translated into a feminine shape. "That's what a woman's swimsuit is supposed to do!" mother



This had to be the most uncomfortable garment in the world!

said handing me another blue and white striped one piece suit to try.

In the suit, I felt nearly naked. The stretchy but unyielding suit made me carry myself differently. The straps pulled my shoulders back and the lycra took a couple inches off my waist calling attention to my fleshy hips and smoothly shaven legs. The cups of the suit had "push-up" pads and actually gave me a little "cleavage!" I didn't know what to do with my arms.

Cameron slipped into a see-through pink flowery-print cover-up and scary high-heel white leather sandals.

Looking in the mirror, I gave mom a look that said, "Mom?!?!? Are you crazy?"

But she was ready for the beach herself and gave me a look back that said, "What else would a girl wear to the beach?" as she announced, "To the beach, ladies!"

I apprehensively followed behind them out on the hot beach. I had to laugh when my cousin's high heels sunk into the sand and he had to take them off.

The minute the sun hit my shoulders and bare legs, I knew this had to be a nightmare. An expression of my anxiety escaped naturally from my throat. "Ooooooh noooo!"

I felt the pressure of the suit pressing my maleness into its sequestered position and the exaggerated wiggle of my hips as I walked in the sand.

Falling behind them, I increased my pace to keep up. As my heels dug in, my hips swung even more. I wasn't aware of the sun any more only the stares of the people on the beach. I groaned and checked the shoulder strap of my suit, feeling the suit's bottom mold my tush to its predetermined shape. By the time we reached "our place" on the beach, I was sweating under my arms and between my thighs.

Sickening waves of confusion coursed through my body as I laid out my towel. My breasts jiggled and called attention to themselves with my efforts to snuggle down into the sand. Finally, laying out on the baking sand, I moaned out loud with a gush of pleasure



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of the people on the beach.

and shuddered. I had made it.

I tried to relax but my smooth legs were sticky and sweat poured down my back. The friction of the suit against my highly sensitized flesh made me wince as I felt the blistering heat through its thin fabric.

To make matters worse, a couple boys walked by and checked my cousin and I out. A cluster of sensations flowed through my girlishly clad untanned ivory shell. A twinge shot up my firmly compressed swimsuit crotch which maintained its unrelenting, feminizing pressure against my maleness.

Just when I thought I'd faint, there came a sudden cool, coconut scented breeze that caressed my denuded skin and along with it came a blissful relaxation. I was in between my mother and Aunt thus felt somewhat protected.

I checked the bottoms of my suit and mother suggested I adjusted my straps to the side a little. Unsteadily, I picked up my shoulder bag and found some lip gloss and number 45 sunscreen.

"If your father could only see you now!" mother joked. I didn't laugh. Like girlfriends, the four of us spent almost two hours on the beach before we were bright red.

I couldn't help thinking about how all this was changing me. For one, after only an hour in the broiling sun, I knew I was going to have very weird tan marks. After a summer in nothing but these confining girl's bathing suits. . .

"We can do this every day!" Cameron visioned while spraying a lemon smelling lotion in his hair that swept past his shoulders.

"Wonder if this suit will do its JOB in the water too!" I joked finally loosening up a little. It was so hot and the water looked so good, I almost didn't care if it didn't.

"It'll work!" Cameron said whispering, "Trust me. No one will spot your tiny maleness bulging underneath these suits."

By the end of the day, my groin was so achingly numb, I almost didn't want to take off the suit. As I peeled it off, seeing the sun-burn outline of the suit,



Boys were walking around us, really checking us out. My cousin was smiling.



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tropical tears flowed down my cheeks. I had illusions of all this not having any effect on me. . .but now I didn't even have those.

The next day I wore a skimpy new one-piece latex suit with a plunging back under a chemise cover-up. Walking across the beach, I felt that everyone was staring at me. I was still worried that they could tell. My mother and Aunt didn't want to go so it was just the two of us.

Cameron insisted we move further down the beach to a more crowded spot. As we laid out our towels, he stripped off his cover-up to flaunt the tiniest black Latex suit that fit like a second skin and surprisingly didn't show a single clue of his real sex. It dipped to a deep "V" between his breasts while cut-outs revealed curves where his narrow waist met his pudgy hips.

While he stretched proudly for all the boys to see, I sat down to take off my cover-up. My hair was up in a sophisticated French twist that made me look so stylish and poised. . .but I was flustered by my dilemma.

I looked around. All sorts of impressive, athletic boys were walking around us, really checking us out. Cameron was smiling.

This was worse than being naked at P.E. in the showers. "Come on, GIRL!" he said grabbing my hands and pulling me up to get in the cool water.

I quickly went neck deep into the water but when I looked back at the shore, my cousin was talking with two guys. He beckoned for me to join him.

My heart beat so hard under my bikini top, I was afraid it would pop a strap. I couldn't stay in the water all day so finally walked toward the shore, hoping no one would notice anything. Deep in the water, I checked my suit and between my legs, making sure nothing was going to show.

Both young men had big muscled arms and large, hairy chests. Beneath their wet trunks, the outline of their virile male appendages blared. One of the guys stood close to me, making my heart pound and feel weak and fragile. I nervously adjusted my top, calling

attention to my boobs making both guys stare at me. Cameron looked at me with a sly grimace.

"You girls want to play volleyball?" one of the guys asked.

"Oh, no," Cameron responded to my relief. Then added, limply holding up his pink finger tips, "We just did our nails. . .we'll watch you guys play."

There was something about being on the beach that day that made me begin to surrender what ever was left of my male ego. Wearing a revealing girl's swimsuit when there were muscular guys present made me feel worthless at first. My curled hair, lipstick, nail polish, ankle bracelet and the multitude of other little girl things were making subtle changes in me. I couldn't puff up my chest like those guys or play volleyball on the beach.

I just sat doing my long nails with my cousin watching the guys romp and play, occasionally moving my top straps so I wouldn't get white lines.

"I feel so unmanly and useless," I confided to Cameron.

"Last summer, I felt that way for the first couple weeks," he admitted. "I thought I had made a mistake. As I got used to all of the physical restrictions and sensations of being treated like a girl, mental changes started to come. Wait until the first time you like it when a boy looks at your breasts!"

"That'll never happen to me!"

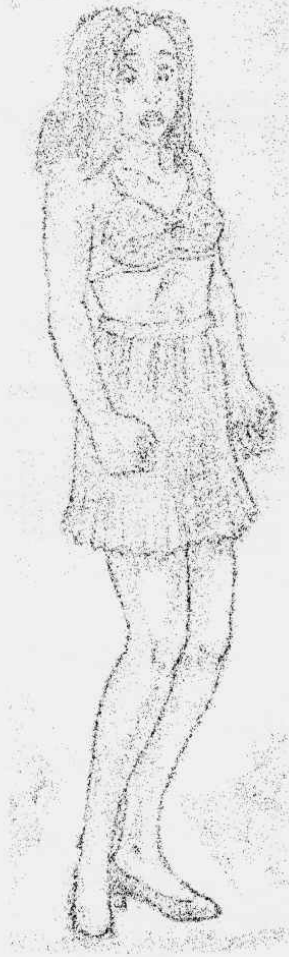
Cameron automatically smiled sweetly whenever a handsome boy came by. I lowered my eyes submissively and turned away. "That works too," he said, watching me, "that coy, shy attitude."

"I'm not trying to be sexy," I complained. I was just trying to be passive and unassuming but mother said that was also "alluring" to boys. I kept my voice higher, rarely expressing myself loudly.

"So what WILL make them leave me alone?" I pleaded.

"Nothing!" everyone said in unison.

As time passed, I became more worried. It finally



I realized that none of my bras fit correctly.

TOO SMALL!

and smiled at me. I blushed as usual and she studied my face.

“Smile back,” she said knowingly. “Don’t be so stuck up.”

“Mom,” I stared blankly, running my painted fingers over my waist and hips. “What if I forget how to be a guy? I mean, could this prevent me from growing up into a man?”

“There are all kinds of men,” she said. “I doubt if you are going to suddenly grow into a six-six bruiser anyway. You are much too sweet for that.”

dawned on me that responding and being treated like a girl for so long was effecting me. I’m not saying that wearing girl’s clothes or the pressure to look good in them made me mentally ill but without trying, I had acquired the mannerisms of a girl PLUS I was accomplished in all things feminine and responded naturally as a well-groomed, demure, young lady.

Most shocking was that I had accepted that fact and didn’t fight it anymore. My male self-esteem had been overcome by mother’s remarks such as, “You have such pretty legs----show them off.” and “Those new panties fit you so well!”

It was about then that I asked mother a question that I really didn’t want the answer to. We were sitting on the beach, not looking unlike the many other women sunning. Some boys my age strutted by

A couple days later, she and my aunt called Cameron and me into the living room. "We went shopping in the city" she announced and handed us each a pink box about the size of a loaf of bread.

I opened my box, I peeked inside and saw the most genuine looking breasts. Cameron squealed with delight as the women giggled. Mother said, "Honey, they are so real that you could lose your top and no one would know."

My aunt added, "AND they are a size fuller than what you've been wearing. The 'young lady' size."

"These are the ones that attach!" Cameron announced! "I hope these still work on me."

His mother said, "They will and with the water proof glue, you only have to remove them once a month or so." They were most genuine looking and feeling; flesh tinted to match my complexion with large pink nipples.

Mother confided, "Your other ones were cheap and didn't have the right weight and elasticity to help you carry your body right."

We spent the rest of the evening putting or should I say attaching the breasts to our chests and making sure they were positioned right before letting the special glue set.

Once set, my biggest surprise came when I realized that none of my bras fit correctly. **TOO SMALL!** They even made my tops a shade tight so that the buttons pulled gently between my eye-catching peaks.

"They're too big!" I said.

"Tory, I think it's your brassieres," mother said. "You'll need bigger cups."

When mother and I returned home from shopping for new brassieres, I almost froze. Cameron had two college age boys on the couch and was serving them sodas.

"Come meet Ray and Nick," he yelled to me. "Their father has the big place down the beach! Ray taught me to play miniature golf last year."

So far we'd kept pretty mush to ourselves and I liked

it that way. I looked at the boys. . .tan, muscular and rugged but youthful. Their bright eyes checked me out and made me blush.

As my cousin went on about last summer, I wanted out of there fast. "Nice meeting you guys," I said, "I have to go change."

"Tori's pretty but shy," I heard Cameron say as I left the room.

In the bedroom, I could still hear my cousin talking to the boys. It was obvious that he liked playing "girl."

He was wearing this bubble gum-pink dress-looking mini thing with a denim jacket and high-heel sandals that no one could walk properly in. His hair was in two little pigtails which definitely did not help him look his age.

He was wearing his big round-eye sunglasses on top of his head like some starlet.

I knew I couldn't stay in my room all night but I wasn't about to give anyone the wrong idea. I changed into a simple neon blue sweater and jean skirt set. I pulled my hair back and up with some pins and a white ribbon.

As I was fixing my makeup, I got a little chill as I realized I was trying to be pretty! The word "effeminate" flitted through my mind as I applied a new coat of lipstick to my puckered lips. Had all this stuff finally gotten to me? I was just staring in the mirror when Mother came in.

"Are you okay," she said apprehensively.

"I just don't like those boys hanging around," I stated as I dabbed perfume behind my hot, flushed ears.

"I understand, dear," she answered, "but boys will be boys. . .a couple of lookers like you two are bound to have guys sniffing around the place."

"Oh, great," I said sarcastically. "So what do you expect me to do? Get engaged to one for the summer? I'm your son!"

"Honey," she said, "I know you're my son, but summer romances are such fun. Frankly, I doubt if you are

going to have a girlfriend this summer so mellow out. Boys can be fun too."

With some bewilderment, I followed her into the living room and I soon found myself in a frilly white apron serving cookies to the guys like some girl would. I saw Cameron snicker.

Once I relaxed, I had to admit that they were nice guys. The kind of guys I could be friends with if I wasn't a girl like they thought I was. They overwhelmed me with compliments. So many that I started blushing.

They asked if I knew how to play miniature golf. Just as I was turning them down, Mother overheard and butted in. "You girls go with the boys. . .just don't stay out late."

"But what about. . .ah, cooking dinner?" I asked, trying desperately to avoid going.

"Don't worry about that," she smiled as Cameron ran off to fix his face. "Just be home before nine," my mother added unflinching, as if I had boy escorts all my life.

By the next week, I had a couple nights of "dates" lined up. The first one, Cameron accepted without consulting me. I was real angry at him, but when he told me we were going to see the country's hottest rock group, I had to be excited. "And the guys are paying!" he announced.

My aunt took me aside and said, "It's okay to let the boys pay. Girls are raised with more sense of entitlement and to be self-centered. A boy shows his respect for you by paying. If they don't pay. . .run!"

The first few times I went out with a boy as a girl, I was completely disoriented. I hardly talked and felt so exposed in my short skirts and nylon encased legs. I wanted to be dressed in jeans and a shirt like the boys! But no, I was in high heels and a little dress with my hair all curled. I had to worry about the wind for my hair and more so what it did to my skirt. . .I only had

two hands!

But I quickly learned what I was doing was exactly what they wanted! "Girls are quieter," mother said. "Be a good listener."

"I feel so wimpy around them," I moaned. "I can't seem to make up my mind!"

"That's good," mother said, "Girls learn to avoid commitments. Just phrase your opinions like questions. Like, 'Don't you think it was a nice day?' You don't have to expose what you are thinking to boys."

"But I feel like a child," I said, "An immature, weak, and helplessness baby. They won't let me open a door or buy a movie ticket. I feel guilty making them do it for me."

But by the end of the first month, all the public exposure had taken its toll. I felt "right" in a dress and comfortable with people's smiles, and enjoyed a boy's looks of approval.

It was to the point that if a boy didn't do a double take, I was worried that my hair was messed up or something!

Between my Aunt and my mother, they nagged Cameron and me about insignificant little things until we were perfect "young ladies." I must have heard, "Knees together!" thousand times.

I was criticized for the slightest "unladylike" flaws until I effortlessly responded correctly. But as my proficiency in girl things increased so did the closeness to my mother.

I needed her more than I ever remembered and looked to her for indications of how I should act and respond. I was learning what any girl would learn from her mother. What and where to wear what dress, what was too short for what occasion and what was too much in makeup and cleavage!

She was molding me into a sweet, well mannered young lady. Only when she said something like, "Just be yourself," would I be forced back into reality. It was getting depressing. I almost wished I was a girl. . .sometimes!

We did have an occasional argument. When my male ego would try to fight back against wearing girl's clothes. "I give up," I'd cry, being frustrated by something. "I want to wear boy's clothes! I want muddy tennis shoes, flannel shirts and my faded jeans back!"

"It's only for another month and a half, dear," she'd say. "We can't suddenly have a boy running around here. . .and with those tan lines!"

I moaned outloud. My flesh had become strangely two-tone. My shoulders, arms and legs were a deep carmel color. My chest was so translucent white that I looked like I had a suit on when I was naked!

Grieving about my tan-lines, I brought the subject of school. "What am I going to do then?" I asked.

Mother replied, "I guess we should have thought about that eariler. I'll think of something."

I should tell you more about my cousin, Cameron. He couldn't seem to get enough of this girl stuff. Intentionally, picking the most sexy outfit to wear each day was his goal.

But who was I to pick on him. . .I had my own complete selection of sweaters, dresses, miniskirts, frilly blouses, and lingerie to pick from and was expected to wear. I don't know when I got used to being referred to as a "SHE!" What could you expect? I was just reacting to reality like other girls my age.

On my birthday, Mother gave me a beautiful pair of diamond stud earrings. It took a minute before I realized that they were for pierced ears!

In a flutter of tears through long, black lashes and pink flushed cheeks, I had pierced ears like all girls----sanctioned by my mother with my Aunt doing the "honors!"

TO BE ADDED TO OUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST,

WRITE: SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA

While my mother and Aunt talked about their ear piercing experience, my virgin earlobes were impaled on a sterilized needle and small stud earrings were inserted to keep the holes open.

"Once they heal, you'll be able to wear any of my earrings!" mother announced cheerfully.

"Great!" I said sarcastically.

It was about then that my cousin asked, "Tory? Do you think there's a point where we get too girlish to go back to being a boy?"

"I suppose if we get pregnant?" I answered, drying my eyes. But I knew there was a point.

I could tell by the way mother looked at me that she was proud of me. . .as a daughter. She said, "I wish I could tell you how sweet you are as a girl. You never should have been a boy!"

Maybe she was right I thought. I was so used to wearing dresses, boys pants would feel stiff and laughable. At night, I lay in bed wondering where that point of no return was.

Just when I was beginning to feel a little better about all this, I realized what was happening to Cameron.

I was rubbing in some sun tan lotion into the soft curve of my cousin's back where his bikini bottom met his supple, broad hips.

"I like him," he said as the sun warmed his bikinied body to the core.

"Like?" I asked, checking out the blonde, muscled surfer that was making eyes at him.

Cameron rolled over, his hands caressing his belly up to the bottom dip of his rounded breasts. He smiled. "I never appreciated athletic guys before. Doesn't seeing those muscle guys strutting around make you feel feminine?"

"NO!" I said.

"Me either," he laughed, re-adjusting the small push-up bikini top covering his bosom. The bikini bottom so small I was surprised it was able to cover his most "undeclared" possession.

I should have caught on sooner. I should have noticed but like some kind of blockhead, I was mostly worried about myself.

It wasn't until his mother mentioned something about a new dress and it being "perfect" for school, that I finally did a double take. Cameron made a gorgeous girl and he knew it. With his long blonde hair which fell straight and gleaming around his shoulders plus vivacious manner, his femininity couldn't be questioned.

I asked mother what my Aunt meant. I asked, "She sounded serious about dresses for school."

Mother gestured for me to sit down. "She was, dear. In case you haven't noticed, your cousin likes being a girl. He's been seeing a psychologist who suggests that if he's attracted to all this after the summer, he might as well try it more permanently."

"Permanently?"

"Today, if a person has a deformed arm," mother said, choosing her words carefully, "medical science can fix it. Not everyone need be trapped by the 'M' or 'F' on their birth certificate."

"But he's gone off the deep end!" I exclaimed.

"No honey," Mother said, "The psychologist gave Cameron several objectives to meet this summer. . .goals that would help him find out how deep his interest should go. The first is to spend the summer as a girl. The second is to grow a small set of breasts by the end of summer. You probably noticed his morning sickness when we got here?"

"From what?"

"From taking female hormones," Mother announced, "It's not easy. The doctor has him on an intense schedule. . .most girls take years to develop what your cousin is trying to do in one summer. If he meets all three of his goals, he gets to attend college as a girl in the fall."

"Three?"

Mother blushed then said, "The psychologist thinks

it's important he be able to fit into coed life. Since that includes boys, Cameron is supposed to have a boyfriend by the end of summer. . .like any girl his age," then seeing my reaction, added, "Maybe you should talk to him about it. Compare your feelings."

After that conversation, I began to watch Cameron. As far as girls go. . .he was one of the prettiest ones on the beach. In most ways, he made a better looking girl than he did as a scrawny little guy.

I could tell that pleased him a great deal and he worked to make his appearance perfect. He had his hair done and a manicure at least once a week. I had begun to make those excursions to the beauty parlor with him.

In our little girl swimsuits, curled hair, mascaraed eyes and painted pink lips, I don't anyone would ever guess we were anything but young ladies.

Seeing how the boys strutted their virility in front of us, eyeing our bosoms, I sometimes thought about jumping up and yelling, "I'm a guy too!" but I kept my behavior ladylike. But sometimes I had to laugh at how they acted around us.

I knew I was cute but I really wasn't any match for my cousin's femininity. Everything about his body and his skin was soft and smooth. His face with just a little make-up was completely feminine showing off the up-turn to his button nose.

I knew I had to bring up the subject of his future. Seeing a young girl fluttering down the beach in a sexy bikini brought out a twinge in the very tight rubber supporter that compressed my maleness between my legs. This was one of those times when it sure scuttled any potential good feelings.

"WOW! Look at her!" I whispered. "If I wasn't dressed like this, I could really go for that!"

He laughed. "It's strange," he said, "but since I've been on female hormones, I haven't felt the need to gawk at the girls," he said matter-of-factly.

"Mother told me?" I admitted.

He absentmindedly stroked his soft rounded hip.

"Yeah, for over six months! This shrink I'm seeing said they'd 'calm' me down and soften my figure and if I can tolerate the dose, I could have real breasts by the end of summer!"

"Oh sure," I said, not sure he wasn't joking.

"You wait and see," he said seriously. "It takes time. . .but they are changing me. Since I've been on them, I still look at the girls, but I don't feel like being a guy with them. I know all their little tricks now. I can flutter my own eyelashes and show off my own smooth legs."

I didn't say so but I had noticed that too. Seeing a girl wiggling her hips in a short skirt no longer aroused my desire the way it did. Guess I was too busy wiggling my own pantied bottom.

Unlike Cameron, I still felt like a boy underneath all my feminine accomplishments, manners and clothes. On the surface, I had tits, buttocks and smooth legs that I nudged into lingerie, nylons and little dresses but my feelings were still male---at least I thought they were.

There appeared to be no way out of my dilemma. Wearing my panties, slips, skirts and dresses, I attracted only guys who dug girls. Other females only checked out my figure and what I was wearing.

"Sometimes I wish I didn't have these feelings," I said checking out another near naked girl on the beach.

"Maybe you should take a few hormones? Once you get over the morning sickness, you feel great!"

I looked at him like he was crazy.

That night as I took off my swimsuit and hung it in the bathroom, I ran my hands over my flat chest covered by the life-like replicas. I thought about Cameron. Soon his chest would bulge outward like the silicone pads. Would he have to wear those darn bras-sieres forever?

Cameron spent a lot of time admiring himself in front of my mirror. Sometimes he had an expression like he was seeing himself for the first time. In a way, he was. He said, "I see changes every day. My waist

appears smaller because of the new curves at my hips and my legs are silky and smooth.”

His face displayed a delicate inner harmony that showed he was proud to be feminine. One day his mother took him to the beauty parlor and he came back with his hair bleached lighter to a most girlish shade of platinum blonde. Was this just another way to distance himself from being male?

I was very confused.

At the beach, I accepted the ogling of the boys as inevitable. I also knew what a little wiggle could do to them and I sometimes conspired with my cousin to get them going but not be obvious. After all, he needed a boyfriend by the end of summer.

“I want my first boyfriend to be perfect,” he said dreamily. Cameron had begun to point out little things about the young men drifting around us. Things I’d never bothered to notice before. Pointed out were ‘extremities’ that we appeared to lack, such as: brawny arms, hairy legs, thick necks, big hands and fingers and other obvious differences. When we giggled about them and their virtues, it made me realize how unmanly and unlike the boys we’d become.

By the first of August, I had the outline of a girl’s swimsuit indelibly etched into my deep bronze tan. Worse yet, my girlish experiences were becoming indelibly etched into my brain.

My ears had healed and I coerced the posts of mother’s most flamboyant earrings through the holes in my ears without remorse. I began a collection of my own earrings. Cameron had his ears pierced again so he could wear double hoops.

By then, I thought nothing of a boy asking me out on a date and WENT! At first, Cameron begged me to double date with him but soon, he was journeying out on his own. I wasn’t sure what the psychologist meant by a “boyfriend” but it was obvious that it had to be accomplished alone.

By now, I had weathered all the guy’s lines, ploys

and conspiracy that went into getting me out on a date. Sometimes they were so smooth, I didn't even realize I had agreed until I caught myself being escorted out to his car. . .me in a pretty little dress.

I found myself wondering if I could ever succeed in entertaining a girl on a date. Both Cameron and I were very naive about sex. Both of us had dated only a few times in the last year and neither had ever had a steady girl friend.

As the summer neared it's end, we both were much more experienced at dating boys than I'd ever imagined possible.

I shouldn't have been surprised when I befriended a young man about 28 at the local snack bar. As we chatted, I found myself blushing as I realized I was hoping he would ask me out.

He wasn't like the boys I'd gone out with. He was a man, with a job, money, a car, and more things that I couldn't put my finger on.

As I played with my hair and the little gold things that swung from my pierced ears, I caught myself flirting. I wondered why I wanted to go out with this man? He made me feel funny, immature and most girlish as he chatted me up.

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Twenty," I said, blushing as I lied. Little swells of fear fluttered in my chest as he checked my figure out.

I pulled my shoulders back slightly, tensing the straps of my babydoll-style sundress across my bosom.

I was feeling like I needed, no wanted his approval. Any girl would want to go out with him.

"Tori? What are you doing tonight?" he asked.

I couldn't believe how ecstatic I was, at being asked out by him. When I told mother, I tried not to blush but she could tell I was excited about the date.

"I've never seen you like this," she said as I scurried around making sure my dress was ready.

I caught myself TRYING. I spent hours getting ready. I wanted to be perfect. . .what was happening

to me? I wanted him to like me. . .had I been changed that much?

I was going to wear a yellow with teeny tiny flower print sun dress with trendy big clunky black clog-looking sandals but mother suggested something else.

"I thought you said you wanted to look mature tonight?" mother commented. "Isn't he older?"

I turned pink, then red then green as I told her about my upcoming date.

"Oh my," mother said. "I shouldn't really let you go?"

"Oh mother," I found myself pleading. "Please?"

It was only then, I realized that mother was teasing me but she was serious about the rules. Mother went on and on about how "This was different from just playing checkers at home." and the new rules. She stated, "I want to know where you are going and exactly when you will be home. You know," she added, "He'll want to kiss you?"

I nodded knowingly.

"No," she said, "A man that age will expect you. . .well to be his companion for the evening. Does that scare you?"

"Companion? I guess not," I said shyly.

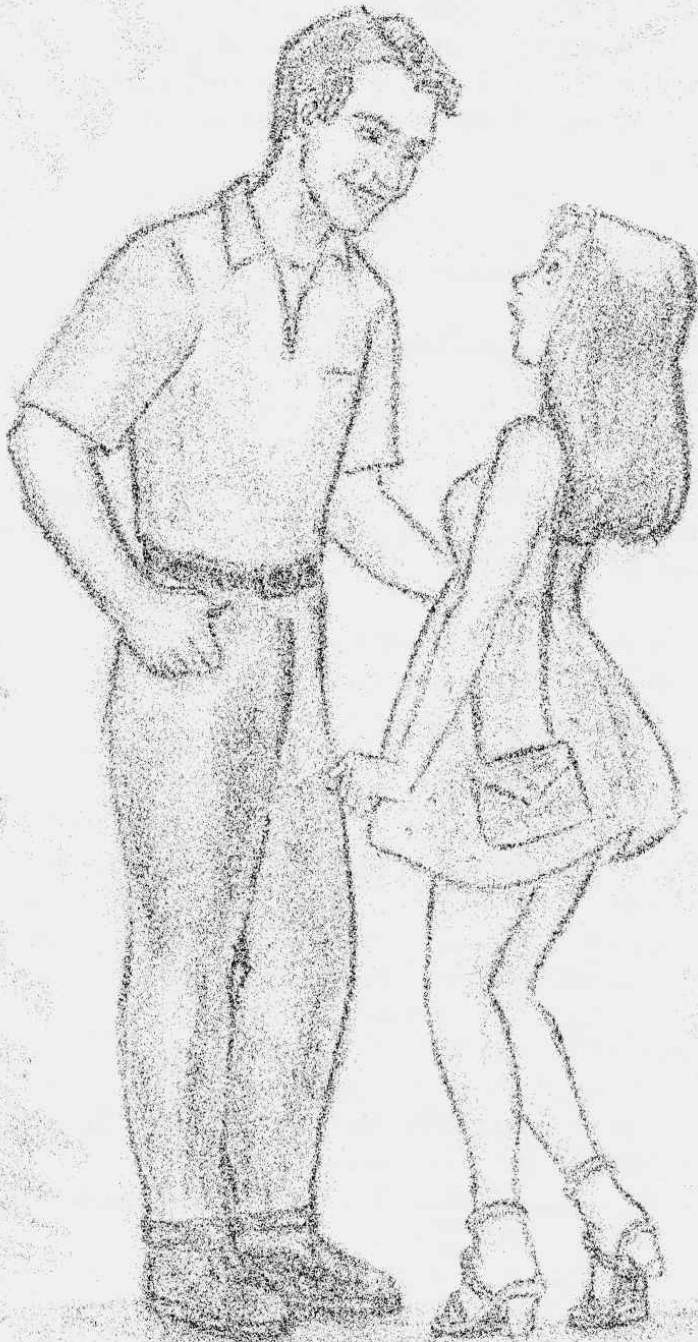
Refusing to acknowledge I was a boy, Mother went into a lengthy directive about how relations with men go. She told me where I should draw the line. It was a line I'd never even considered. . .before this date.

The whole idea of being caressed before was out of the question but as she preached about what I shouldn't do, I was seeing what she thought I should do! What had I let myself in for.

"Kissing is expected on a 'nice' first date," Mother conceded. "But that is all you have to do. You are a 'good girl' and don't 'put out'." I sat there in my little dress mesmerized by what she was suggesting.

"If by the end of the evening, you have had a wonderful time, some girls will allow some petting on top of their clothes. . .if you feel like it. But never let him get a hand in your dress!"

"Mom!" I moaned, blushing so deeply, I could barely



As I played with my hair and the little gold
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talk. . .but I was listening. I didn't know why but I wanted this man to like me. I would have to keep him interested with my feminine grace and charms. I knew why he had asked me out. . .I just wasn't sure why I was going.

Mother had helped me create the illusion of an elegant young lady with such thoroughness that I was having trouble knowing where fantasy and reality met.

Getting ready to go out had become increasingly ritualistic, sometimes taking hours to get ready. From the perfumed oil bath to hair curling and makeup, I had to be flawless. My self-confidence depended on it.

As the time for him to pick me up approached, I began to panic. "Oh mother," I begged. "What was I thinking! I can't go out with a man! Please, get me out of this?"

"You accepted," she stated flatly. "He must have made you feel girlish enough this afternoon to accept. . .and he will tonight too."

"That's what I'm afraid of," I muttered under my breath.

As I finished dressing in front of a mirror, I had to say, "I hate to boast but I look pretty good in this."

My hands went up and adjusted my long hair around my face which was made up to give me that level of confidence which I'd learned through now months of constant practice.

Mother deftly smoothed a stray strand of sun-highlighted hair in place then spritzed to keep it put. "You have gorgeous hair," she said, checking the soft and classic upsweep for other strays.

"I guess I can thank you for that," I said smiling. "Guess we are a lot alike. . ."

"Tory. I have a surprise for you," mother announced, her voice almost cracking. "These were your grandmother's and now they are yours." She handed me a pair of ruby and diamond earrings in a long drop design.

"Mine? These are your favorites?"

Mother helped me fasten the first earring to my



Mother deftly curled a strand of sun-highlighted hair in place then spritzed setting lotion on it. "You have gorgeous hair," she said, as she created a soft and classic upsweep.



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pierced lobe and then the second. They twinkled delightfully in my ears. I'd seen them in her ears all my life and now they were mine. I never felt closer to my mother.

I stood before my vanity studying myself in the full length mirror. I smoothed down the little flowered dress over it's conservative bodice then made sure my slip and skirt were aligned. I picked up my evening bag with my ruby painted nails that matched my lipstick and red strappy sandals.

Mother suggested the dress's high neckline and red lipstick in hopes it might "cool" my date. I trembled for many reasons at the thought that I might be kissed and caressed by a man.

I tried to put that thought out of my mind but I was very aware of my bosom and the naked exposed feeling the little light weight dress gave me.

On high heels, the dress's skirt teased about my nyloned legs and nylon panties. When I mother checked my bosom and pronounced them "touchable", I nearly died.

When I heard the doorbell, I thought, "Oh gawd!" I saw mother smile at me and walk slowly over to open the door.

"Did you have any trouble finding our place?" she asked as he walked through the door, his handsome face and confidence beaming. I felt my nyloned legs tremble slightly at seeing him.

I stumbled slightly as my eyes met his. He really was quite handsome and charming. I knew I could never feel boyish around this man. I wanted him to think I was pretty.

I could feel my heart beating briskly and I was sure he would notice my flushed cheeks. A man like him would notice everything. I felt myself grinning like a fool and lowered my eyes.

"Let me see you," he asked.

I stopped and rested my hand on my hip in a model's pose and did a slow pirouette to show him my dress.

I waited as he sized me up. I felt foolish trying so

hard to impress him but he unquestionably trying to impress me too. He was so dapper.

With mother watching, he uncomfortably pulled a long stemmed red rose out from behind his back and said, "This is the second prettiest thing I've seen tonight."

As mother scurried about for a vase, I slipped a tube of red gloss into my small gold mesh evening bag and knew that I had lost my mind.

Cameron, who was waiting for his own date, whispered, "WOW! He's handsome! You better not have a boyfriend before I do!"

As we walked out, mother gave me last minute instructions. My high heels clicked as I trotted, trying to keep up with my date.

"Hard to believe," he said, "You are prettier than I remembered! And I thought you were breathtaking." He leaned down and kissed me as a greeting.

His eyes stared at my figure, undressing me with his eyes. What was most odd was I liked it. I almost wished he could see my white panties.

I moaned out loud at the uninhibited sensation.

"You okay?" he asked.

"Yes, I feel wonderful!"

And it got better. He catered to my every wish like I was his princess. He talked about finding me attractive, his mother, having a family, marriage, and a scads of men's interests such as cars, boats and sports.

I talked about clothes, shopping and movies.

"Since you like doing girl things like shopping for clothes, painting your nails and experimenting with hairstyles," he said, then taking my slender fingers in his hand he asked, "Have you ever thought about taking care of a house and maybe. . .having a man buy you a closet of pretty clothes?"

I blushed at his suggestion. "Me," I whispered, "That would never work. . ."

He interrupted, "Only if you wouldn't like it. You have everything I want in a wife. I really love your long hair."

I undid the clip holding it up and let it tumble to the middle of my back. My hair spilled in abundant curls over my shoulders. He gasped and touched it saying, "It's as long as any girl I know. You should be so proud of it."

He fed me, flattered me, facilitated my every need. Before I knew it, he was feeling me.

As we walked, he put his arm around my shoulders and drew me close. I felt my body resounding as if it had no mind of its own. My wrists and hands were so slender and graceful next to his.

I made a lovely picture of femininity sitting next to him in my little dress and I felt it. "I love long hair on girls. . .by next summer, it'll almost be to your waist. Don't cut it," he said softly. I was not in the habit of obeying a man's requests but his words excited me.

"It's a lot of work having long hair," I said, but seeing his eyes beam, I shyly added, "but I'll let it grow for you."

As the evening was coming to a close, I found myself in his car parked looking over the bay. "Tori? Can I kiss you?" he asked.

This will be the last request of his I submit to, I thought, as I leaned my head back and closed my eyes. We kissed gently and I found myself responding with no shame like I was a real girl.

I grabbed his hand when he lifted up my skirt to disclose my white nylon panties underneath. Because of the months of wearing a tight girl's swimsuit and the rubber supporter, I knew he would only see the dark void of a female triangle between my legs. Nothing else showed.

I guess I was proud of the way my panties hugged my thighs. His fingers felt my groin finding nothing! Only the perfect place for his pleasure.

"Sorry," I whispered, "That time. . ."

Feeling the belt under the panties, he nodded.

I felt so unshackled as his interest in my panties diminished. My heart took on an extra beat as we kissed and his hands roamed my belly and hips. I

forced myself to close my eyes and take a deep breath and said, "Please? I like you but. . ."

"Shhh!" his strong fingers went to my painted lips. "We'll take it slow."

"Impressed with my power," I said to myself, "I've done it! I was in control and feeling wonderful like a girl." I basked in his perception of me, delighted in his complete focus on my girlish reactions.

In my clingy dress that was hiked way above my knees to reveal my smooth tan legs that ended in spiked heeled shoes; I was finding myself. . .and so was he!

His whispering voice, so deep and husky, brought me close to swooning. His breath was heated and juicy as I sensed him getting excited. . .then I spotted a bulge rising up in his pants.

I stifled a cry with a quick gasp. "Ohhh," I moaned, suddenly realizing that I was responding as a girl. It was easy to remember that he was a man and I was a girl. His hands went under my skirts and pushed me back on the seat. He was gentle and unhurried, as he politely pushed me back. My senses reeled as I found myself on my back with his full weight squarely on me, his lips moving against mine. He kissed my neck, tasting the perfume behind my earring then down the gently curved softness of my neck.

Gently at first, then harder, his hips and that protrusion pressed against my belly. He kissed my neck and whispered little things into my ear. I spread my legs slightly to get comfortable but that allowed him to press against me fully. . .unremittingly expressing his inflexible demands.

I wasn't pretending. . .an expression sounding like female pleasure at being ravished came naturally from my throat. "Ooooooh!"

He pushed his maleness back and forth against my panties, gradually increasing his rhythm. The cheeks of my bottom were spread apart forcefully as he pressed ahead dominantly. I wasn't aware of anything anymore as I moaned and he propelled against me with intense virility.

The way he grated against my bottom should have

hurt me but the cramping quickly turned into delicious waves of pleasure that coursed through my body.

My legs spread further which stimulated him into a burst of excitement.

As he pressed hard against my pantied bottom, I gave a shudder and I cried out for more. My legs shook; sweat poured down my back.

I watched him as I felt a shutter then a warm sensation. Was he. . .? I felt a steady pressure against my bottom as the warmth spread. My body jerked and I was groaning aloud. I felt him relax and then evolve into a blissful relaxation---his full weight on top of me.

We laid there for a while recovering. I gently pushed him off me and surveyed the damage and adjusting my little skirt downward.

For a few days when I walked, there was a soreness which reminded me of my encounter. The experience removed what ever male self-esteem I had left and moved me irrevocably toward femininity.

I went to the beauty salon. I suddenly wanted to be pretty and feminine. . .more than I ever thought possible.

Where had I gone wrong? Where did I lose control? I didn't know but all this had made a girl out of me! I knew I could never be a boy again.

As the needle if my first hormone shot bit into my hip, I remembered with piercing regret the kind of man I had hoped to grow up to be and the dreams I'd had for life.

They had all been replaced by different dreams. . .

I would be wiggling into snug leather minis, piling on the jewelry, wearing glamorous makeup and stomping around in stilettos. That would have to be enough for me.

THE END

IF YOU LIKED THIS STORY, WRITE TO ME!

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A Summer
Girl

