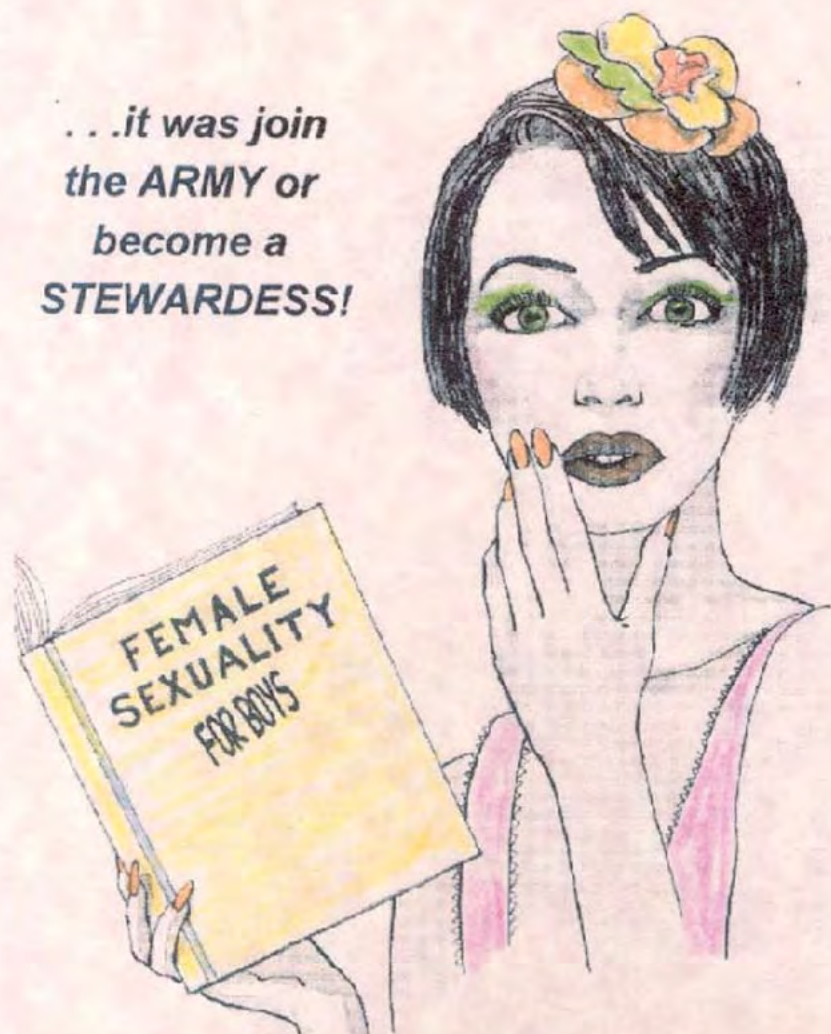


TV FICTION CLASSICS

"DAUGHTERS ONLY"

*...it was join
the ARMY or
become a
STEWARDESS!*



VOLUME 35

Published By
SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING
P.O. BOX 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA

TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

VOLUME 35

“DAUGHTERS ONLY”

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Published by

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ISBN: 1-893708-33-0



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**Editors and Contributors:
SANDY THOMAS**

QUOTE BOARD

From a rich man who lost all his money on planes, boats and ex-wives. . .if it flies, floats or f*@ks—rent it!

DAUGHTERS ONLY

As told to Sandy Thomas
by Anonymous

"But mom," I pleaded, whispering so no one could hear, "I'm wearing your red panties!"

"The doctor knows all about it dear," Mother said softly, "He's going to help make you feel even more girlish."

The nurse came in and told me to undress to my underwear. Red faced but at my Mother's insistence, I undressed and took a seat on the examination table. The silky cherry red panties with the lacy front could not be missed.

When the doctor entered, I turned an even deeper shade of red, almost matching the panties.

How did a boy like me find myself in this predicament?? It wasn't easy. First of all, my grades were horrible. Second of all, I have a very bohemian mother and uncle.

My uncle was rich. . .I mean very rich. He and my Mother went to work for an airline almost twenty years ago. My Mother as a stewardess, my uncle as a pilot.

My uncle is a very creative person and went on several years later to do a leveraged buy-out of the airline. It was one of the first "deals" of its type. That is using the companies assets to buy out the management whether they like it or not.

"With these grades," my uncle said, "Looks like the army for you."

"Never!" I said.

Turning to my Mother he said, "Too bad he can't take advantage of our family seniority retirement program. It would be a perfect time for you to retire. . .you don't need the money anymore."

My uncle was quite a ladies man and liked the young 'stews'. Having young good-looking flight attendants had developed for them quite a loyal business clientele. . .they liked the young, sweet girls.

As the airline aged, so did the stewardesses. Many like my Mother had children, and a few like my Mother had

made small fortunes by the companies stock profit sharing plan. A plan that kept the unions out and the stewardesses very happy and some like my Mother wealthy.

As most airlines aged so did their stewardesses. Soon most other airlines had hardened, crusty, stewardesses. Not Swifter Airlines! My uncle had this plan. If an older woman stewardess retired, her daughter could take her place and even keep her seniority and pay level!

A stroke of genius! My uncle was smart. He was over paying the young girls but had what he (and the flyers) wanted, young sweet stewardesses who would never join a union!

My Mother bristled at his comment about the retirement plan, "Why can't you make an exception and allow my son to become a steward. . . all the other airlines have gone to male flight attendants?"

"Yeah and all the other airlines are going broke," he said, "The policy is for daughters only but if your son wants to put on our official 'uniform', he's welcome aboard."

Actually Mother was ready to retire and wanted out. "What if I called your bluff and could get him into your 'regulation 8-10' uniform?"

"AND fill out the uniform?"

"Yeah, sure."

"Why not," my uncle said looking at me, "I think he'd be cute."

"I'm not kidding," mother warned.

"I'm not either," my uncle said, adding, "you know what I mean. . . he better GOOD in a short skirt!"

Since you don't know my Mother and uncle, it's important to say that they go at each other like this a lot. They tease, but are a very close family since the two are all that's left. That's why I didn't get too concerned.

Even when my uncle brought me all these airline travel posters and hung them on my bedroom walls, I didn't think twice. Almost everything we owned from our glasses, china to luggage had the airline's logo on it.

These posters showed the airline's destinations all over the world with several stewardesses having fun. In some, they were in uniform, others, they were in street clothes with their logo branded bags. My uncle was a shameless promoter and pretty airline attendants was

what he staked his reputation on despite the feminists objections.

You are probably wondering how he had avoided equal opportunity lawsuits and kept males out? A strict uniform policy---when other airlines added pants to their 'accepted' uniform, my uncle held the line on skirts, size 8 and 10 only. No uniform, no fly, no job. Tested legally but he never caved in. He and his well paid legal staff hung in there until the poor plaintiff ran out of money.

On the one lawsuit that made it to the courts, the plaintiff argued to a woman judge and a mostly woman jury that "Fashion dictated that pants could be worn anywhere now and therefore the 8-10 skirt rule was discrimination against even women."

In the closing statement, my uncle's attorney asked in a short statement, "How many of you women of the jury wore pants to your high school prom and how many gentlemen took dates who wore pants?? There is tradition and skirts are my client's tradition. He's never wavered and has held up a tradition. Like prom night, skirts are a part of tradition."

My uncle won and the other like suits were dropped. Besides, statistically, he had the most female pilots and the highest paid per capita female employees of any airline and maybe any major employer in the country. Who was going to complain? No one who worked for my uncle.

So how did I find myself about to be feminized? Surprisingly, Mother seriously thought about my future. A career in the Army or fast food seemed about it. My grades were hardly good enough for Junior College. I just couldn't get "into" studying and school work.

Mother told me about being a flight attendant---the exotic locations, great pay, short hours. . .there was only that one little problem. A problem she said she might be able to fix.

I thought she was kidding at first. . .she had a great sense of humor and we bantered often.

I don't know when it was that I realized she wasn't joking. I fought her but had to agree that a career as a flight attendant was colorful and interesting.

Then she told me I'd be earning her salary. "That much?" I gasp.

"Com'on," she urged, "Let's think about it seriously. You don't have much of a future. What if we could make it work? It's worth a try even if you only did it for a few years?"

I didn't see how it could work but somehow she made me agree to give it a try. She was sure that with the right training and therapy through my senior year in high school I could qualify to become a stewardess by the end of summer.

Was she nuts? I laughed but Mother told my uncle what she was planning and even he agreed it might work. Both had known one stewardess who was a boy but neither would talk about it.

"As good as Bobbi?" my uncle asked.

"I bet he'll be even better!"

The grey haired doctor was matter-of-fact about what I was wearing. At one point he had me stand and pulled the red panties down to check various things. When finished, he pulled them back up around my waist.

Mother was silent as the doctor declared, "Rather normal and healthy---a bit underdeveloped which in this case is very good. I should have no trouble stopping his male secondary development and beginning deployment of a female one. You say he has a female's job in less than a year?"

Mother explained the timing.

"That's a complication---he'll be going through stages that girls take years to go through. There might be some discomfort." Then turning to me, he asked, "Have you been dressing like a girl for long?"

I was scared but silent. This was like a nightmare where I couldn't speak. Mother said, "Oh, he's never had any girl's clothes on before. . .only my panties that he's wearing now. I thought it was a good idea."

"Yes," the doctor said looking me over again. "It won't be easy. . ." he said to me. "Are you sure you want to become a stewardess?"

Mother nodded at me and I nodded at him. Mother said that she would help me through any rough spots and I was ready to start right away. With that, the doctor left and came back with an injection and several containers of pills.

In a friendly way he explained that I was about to start on female cycles of various natural hormones. The injection was a starter dose, intended to slow my male development. He added, turning to Mother, "He may feel queasy for a few days."

"Is that all?" she asked.

"No," he added, "You've got him wearing your panties but he should have some of his own and. . .he should also start wearing a brassiere. Maybe when he comes home from school and on weekends."

I cringed at his words and Mother saw me. She asked, "But he's just started the hormones? Is that necessary?"

"Yes, but he needs to be comfortable with the changes---inside and out. As his body expands, he'll need to get used to wearing a bra. By now, most girls his age are used to the constriction of a bra and he should get used to them too."

"I thought it took a lot of time?" I asked thinking of how long I'd seen it take for some girls to get boobs.

The doctor smiled. "It does but we are putting four years of puberty into one. When your breasts first begin to swell and become tender, you'll need a bra to combat stretch marks and sagging associated with rapid weight gain in your chest area."

I looked at Mother for help. It was beginning to sink in as to what we were planning.

The doctor went on, "During this therapy, some boy's breasts have increased up to three cups sizes. . .but most get only two. Depends on heredity and how much he can wear his trainers."

"TRAINERS? Two cup sizes?" It was all Greek to me. I really had no idea what it all meant.

Mother was confused too. She asked about the trainers.

"For the first few months, I suggest he wear training bras from UNDER CONTROL, a lingerie manufacturer. They have a special line just for boys that provides better support. They have wider sides and special supportive bands underneath the bust."

With that, he gave Mother a 3 x 5 card with a shop's name and a bunch of numbers. There was a little advertisement that said:

Buy one bra or bra/panty combination, get the second one at half price.

The doctor added, "It's best if he's fitted by a salesperson but to begin with just take them the measurements I've written on the card. They know all about boys and their 'special' needs."

"I suppose he should learn how to take care of his lingerie too?"

"It's all part of the program. I want to see him every two weeks for awhile."

The very minute I came home from school, Mother would say, "Go change and take your pills!"

I can tell you that sometimes I hated changing out of my school clothes. I'd go into my room, and undress. She had given me several pair of her dainty nylon panties to wear under my play clothes. Off with the boxer shorts and on with her panties. On my walls were those posters of the flight attendants my age and a little older. Each picture was chosen because the girl had my color hair, features, or an outfit that Mother said she was going to buy me.

I'll never forget that Monday when I came home from school and I saw the shopping bags on my bed.

"Oh, no," I gasped, knowing what was in the bags.

Mother was right behind me and said, "Stop grumbling. You know what you have to do."

With my face red and head hung in shame, I reluctantly opened the bag, putting my hand in like I expected to be bitten and removed several tissue wrapped brasieres, panties and other lingerie.

"Oh for Pete's sake," Mother chided, "Don't be so childish about these frillies, darling. Let me help you."

I knew how to wear panties but I didn't even know how to put on a bra. . . and now I had my very own!

Mother took the garments from my shaking hands and picked out a white lace brassiere. She dangled it by the shoulder straps and stated, "See, isn't it gorgeous! Imagine what a little thing like this is going to do for you. Take off your shirt and hold out your arms."

Once my shirt was off, Mother went around back and coaxed my reluctant arms into the satin shoulder straps of the lacy garment. First untwisting the straps, she stopped for a moment like she was cherishing a vision

then closed the bra in the back imprisoning my chest in this most feminine attire.

Taking my limp lifeless hands, she guided them to my chest, running my hands over the stretch lace cups like a girl. A low moan of misery escaped my lips.

"Shhh," Mother said, "It isn't that bad. Trust me. Once you get used to all this, you'll really come to like your new status and all the exciting compensations that go with the little burdens. As a stewardess, you will have a very full life and be kept far too busy to have any regrets about these little discomforts."

Mother checked the fit of each bra very carefully. She said, "The sales lady said to be sure that it's not too tight." She checked to see if each had the required finger-width between different points in the cup and my chest. She smiled at me and said, "You'll need the room for expansion when they begin to swell and bud up."

Why did I go ahead with all this? I guess I really didn't think it would work. I was just keeping my Mother happy.

Surprisingly, It didn't take long to get used to wearing a bra. Soon, I could easily pull the straps over my arms, reach behind and hook the back. Leaning over, I would reach into the cups pulling whatever excess skin up and into the cups.

I looked at one girl in a poster and admired her figure. Could I really have a figure like that? It was scary but I kept taking the pills and went about my school life normally. I didn't go out to play as much.

Every other week, Mother and I went to the doctor. He was very nice and always asked how school was going and how I felt. I had to wear a training bra under my sweater when we went. Mother said I should show him that I'm trying my best.

As for the hormones? In the beginning, I got sick and missed a few days of school. It was like the flu but my body ached all over and I had stomach spasms. I was sweaty, and my whole body felt bloated and swollen. I even cried.

Mother called them a kind of 'menstrual cramps'. She said, "All girls go through this. . .and you too." Laying in bed in my bra and panties, Mother gave me a heating pad for my stomach. I burst into tears. I felt so humiliated.

"It's worth it dear," she said. With those words she pulled out a short, babydoll nightgown.

"I didn't really want you dressing like a girl yet," she said, "I wanted to wait but I can tell you're suffering."

I looked at the pink frilly garment. It was really delicate and girlish! Decorated at the bodice with flimsy lace and had a built in stretch bra top and the thinnest of straps at the shoulders.

"Slip off your bra, dear," Mother said unhooking my bra in back, then raising the nightgown over my head. It slipped down my body and I adjusted the built-in cups over my bland flat chest. I laid back down, it felt cool and luxurious. Actually nice!

Mother discreetly reached under the gown and place the heating pad back on my swollen belly. The feel of the nylon against my bare body was sumptuous and I felt a little better right away.

Mother often wore frilly nightgowns and now so was I!

"After all this suffering," she commented as she lovingly straightened the strap on my shoulder, "There are many GOOD feelings ahead."

It was in the shower. I felt a sting as the water hit against my chest, actually my nipples. "Oooh," I cringed and turned away from the water to see what was the matter. Suddenly I focused on my nipples and their tenderness.

I gasped at these first puzzling sensations. My nipples stood out like they did when they were chilled but I wasn't cold.

"Oh my," I exhaled, realizing that there was some kind of hard growth under my nipples.

Later when I told Mother, she said, "That was the idea. . .getting you the secondary sexual characteristics of a female. Those are going to be your mammary glands."

"Tits?" I moaned. "Maybe we should call the doctor. . .this can't be right---they hurt!"

The doctor said that the sensitive, hard little lumps under my nipples was perfectly normal and was called, "budding." Mother fondly reminisced about when that happened to her. . .of course she was younger. He gave me several books to read about being a girl. These books were written for BOYS who were becoming girls!



"My stomach was churning and my body was shaking with chills. I threw up, then looked in my book to see if this was normal."

All of this was of little consolation. . . I was terrified. Little mammary glands were germinating under my nipples. Mother's full "C" cup breasts gave some indication as to my potential if I took after her.

A year to be ready to work as a female stewardess wasn't much time and both Mother and the doctor had ambitious "plans" for my feminization.

As for the doctor, he had a comforting manner about him. As wired as I would sometimes be when it came time for another hormone injection, he always knew just what to say to calm me down.

Surprisingly, I felt completely comfortable around him, even in only panties and bra. He always made comments on my lingerie such as how pretty a certain bra was or versed me of the role of the underwire brassiere style. However, I still got embarrassed when the doctor said I was going to grow into a beautiful girl like my Mother.

It's was all so scary and unbelievable. I looked at the girls in the posters and couldn't imagine what it would be like to live like they do.

One problem was real embarrassing to talk about. I used to wake up with my maleness aroused and frankly, I enjoyed the feeling. That wasn't happening any more. In fact the sensitivity down there had move upward to my chest. I asked the doctor if something was wrong.

"Heavens no, dear," the doctor said shaking his head, "You wouldn't want anything happening down there as a girl, would you?"

I shook my head with him but I still missed the sensation.

I was busy with school, mostly trying to catch up on my failing grades to even graduate. Now I even had more jobs. Taking care of my new lingerie took a lot of time. Panties and bras are delicate and I couldn't just throw them into the washer. I had to take special care of my bras so they didn't shrink. A couple were cotton which I wore on hot days. They breath better than nylon.

After only two months, my chest had changed but only a little. My nipples stuck out and were puffy. . .sensitive too! You won't believe me but sometimes wearing a bra actually felt good. . .the friction of my nipples rubbing against my cotton school shirts sometimes drove me crazy. My jeans were getting a little tight around the bottom too.

Sometimes I would get moody and want to quit taking the pills and stop seeing the doctor. Mother usually sat me down and showed me some pictures of stewardesses and talked of all the fun they have. She said "I know it's not always comfortable but if you continue to take the pills and shots, by summer's end, you should be in shape to take my position at the airline. . .maybe even fill a swim-

suit top." I didn't see how but there were still several months.

I got a note for school from the doctor so I didn't have to take gym class anymore. It was about that time Mother suggested I wear panties to school but I was afraid someone might see them.

Without gym worries, Mother has taught me to start shaving my legs. She showed me how, saying, "Take your time and do it right. . .keeping your legs smooth is very important."

First I was to lather my legs with a moisturizing soap. Then starting at the top of the ankle, I shaved the calf, working around the leg using smooth, straight strokes and rinsing the blade often.

I shaved the knee cap and the surrounding area taking off the light fuzz up the thighs. They were smooth and silky with only a few nicks.

Mother gave me some moisturizing cream and I spread it up my silky legs. "WOW," I gasped at the sensation of bareness.

"Now, you just have to keep them that way!" Mother smiled opening a box and pulling out several pairs of nylons. . .my first. "I think you are ready for these now," she said showing me how to put them on.

Mother knelt in front of me and rolled the sheer nylon stockings over my legs. She produced a pair of white pumps with heels that were only two inches high then she gently urged me to stand up. I felt like I was on stilts for a few seconds.

Looking in the mirror, I was amazed at how different my legs looked. . .like those shapely girls in the posters from the airline. . .photos that looked more like a nylon manufacturer's ad.

Mother smiled and stated, "Now your legs look as good as mine! Smooth, shaved legs are sexy aren't they?"

I was speechless. I no longer just had legs, I had legs just like my Mothers. I was mesmerized by the smooth, sleek limbs that could easily be on a high kicking chorus girl. Mother had always used her great legs flirtatiously and now she was showing me how also!

"I'll never get used to walking in heels," I said trying to keep my mind off what I was thinking.

"Sure you will, dear," Mother said. "You'll need to be able to handle even higher heels. . . Before long, I'll have you walking like a debutante."

Walking shakily across the room, I asked shyly, "Do you really think I'll ever learn to walk like you?"

"Of course," Mother said. "We'll start with medium high heels and work up to spikes. As you gain weight around your hips and bottom, you'll find it easier."

Mother always reminded me that this wasn't just for fun. . . I was being feminized. I was growing tits, a rounded behind and was to become more feminine in every way.

Seeing what nylons and heels did for my legs, Mother suggested I start wearing them daily (after school). Embarrassed, however I agreed. I had so much to learn. There were the different shades, styles, and textures. I had to learn which ones made my legs look best.

My favorite became dark, sheer nylons and black high heeled pumps. Witnessing my girlish acceptance of nylons, Mother said that in a couple weeks I might be ready for the next step. . . a dress!

At the doctor's, he noticed my smooth shaved legs and commented on how shapely they were. It became a bi-weekly routine. In his very business-like way, he pulled down my panties then gave me my shot in the bottom. Sometimes he checked my slightly rounded tummy then unhooked my bra and examined my nipples and the soft growing mounds for anomalies.

This usually reddened my face with curious feelings of maidenly modesty because my nipples were becoming very ticklish. About once a month, he measured my waist, thighs, hips and even my calves.

The doctor and I usually talked for a few minutes about how I felt. He'd ask, "So, how's it going?"

"Mother thinks I'm about ready for a dress," I broached hesitantly, "But I don't know how to curl my hair, wear make-up or even how to walk right yet?"

"You'll have time to learn all that," he said. "Your Mother is right. I think wearing a dress will make you feel more like a girl. . . I've noticed you're walking differently already."

"Really?" I said with a grimace, "It scares me to think of what the guys at school would say if they knew I was going to be a stewardess."



The kindly doctor smiled, "It'll work out fine. With your girlish body and physique, it's a shame you weren't born a girl. . .but I guess we're fixing that. Don't worry. We'll take it slow, dear, and before you know it. . ."

He would go on about how wonderful it will be to be one of the girls. . .I wasn't sure.

Afterwards the doctor always helped me re-hook my bra and I leave in my increasingly tight jeans and oversized sweater tops with long sleeves. Thank goodness my training bra didn't show. . .Mother said I had to get used to wearing them out so I didn't subconsciously "pull" at the straps and cups. Under my tight jeans, I wore little white nylon panties and sheer pantyhose, which made my jeans look smoother.

It was so embarrassing feeling my jeans swishing across my pantied bottom, and the steady embrace of silky lingerie and nylons. I noticed my fanny was beginning to look like a girl's now. My plump bottom had gained some weight and was getting "fleshy". I suddenly had sort of a jiggle when I just walked. . .which I tried to avoid by taking smaller steps.

"My panties fit better and I was fleshy all over. My hips flared outward girlishly.

I was becoming shapely!"

I tried to concentrate on school and graduation. All was peaceful and my grades were never better. If only I had be able to focus like this earlier I might have even gone to college.

I really didn't think much about what I was becoming or what all this meant until one night after school. I unfastened my tight cotton-knit under-shirt that I had started wearing under my regular shirt. It flattened my nipples and held back any movement at my chest. It sort of masqueraded as a bra.

I had begun looking surreptitiously around at the girls in my classes. I realized that some of them had breasts that weren't much bigger than mine!

I wore my "under shirt" because recently one of the cruder boys in our class had told me he could see my nipples through my shirt. He joked at me that I was **STACKED!**

Now there were lots of fat boys with fat chests that they teased but I was thin.

I wasn't sure what he meant, until he pointed at a girl and said, "See. You have nipples. . .like a girls!"

I turned green and held back tears, until I could get back home and I demanded that my Mother "**DO SOMETHING!**" She knew this time was coming but I wondered why she hadn't seen that I needed something to hide my chest.

Looking back, I'm sure now that she and I both had not noticed because the weekly changes were slow and insignificant in my figure. But I **HAD** changed!

We went right down to this "**UNDER CONTROL**" shop and she bought me several "special" tight elastic under-shirts to wear to school. While we were there she said, "I think it's time to get you some new things and think about getting you started into dresses.

Mother saw me cringe at the word **DRESS**. I just couldn't ever see myself wearing one. She smiled, "You let me know when you're ready for a dress."

"I'll **NEVER** be ready!" I moaned.

That day we also bought several new bras in various pastel colors for me to wear at home. Two had quilt padding and those quickly became my favorites around the house. In fact, I soon refused to wear the unpadded ones.

As my chest changed, I was becoming an expert (for a boy) on brassieres. At first, I felt goofy wearing them. I couldn't comprehend ever having enough bosom to fill an unpadded brassiere cup but I did my best. The wired pushup bras pushed my jelly like chest up and forward---

as Mother said, "training them." Mother bought me an endless supply which were mostly all different! Some front hooked, some back hooked. Some were soft cupped, some inflexible. Mother became determined for me to have "cleavage" and she made me push and mush everything I had on my chest until I could show a little.

My uncle was away a lot but he and Mother talked often. I heard her telling him, "He has quite a few and wears them everyday. I'd say he'll be a full cup soon."

When I answered the phone, he'd kid me, "So, how's it hanging, kid. . .or should I say, how's it sprouting? Hang in there. . .it'll be worth it."

Each day when I came home from school and wrapped my brassiere around my chest to fasten it, I looked down at myself and felt once again that somehow all the bumps fell in the right places.

Mother joked that I was "saying goodbye to my feet." It was true, as my chest grew and with the padded bra, I couldn't see my shoes as easily.

I knew I was a boy but each day of training made me feel differently. I hated the way the boys at school talked about girls. . .like having a penis was the greatest thing in the world.

A little confused as to where I stood, I continued to hang out with the boys. I tried to think back to my first awareness of that basic fact, that boys do have penises, but I was now different. When did I first realize that boys were different than me? How did I feel about them then?

I remembered a cluster of boys snickering at our senior class picture session when one girl stood up a little too quickly in her short skirt and a little white triangle of panties showed. The boys went nuts. . .and they weren't even that nice of panties. I had much nicer ones myself. Suddenly boys seemed very strange.

A feeling of loss is what I remember. I wasn't feeling like a boy anymore. As seniors, not all boys made fun of the girls. Boys and girls were friends too, talking and joking together in the halls with an ease I hadn't seen a few years before.

Boys were dating girls but where did that leave me? I was spooked by the boys who teased nice girls about being sweet-eighteen-and-never-been-kissed. I hadn't been kissed either?

It probably was most demeaning to reach eighteen and not to have experienced any kind of ardent embrace. I was afraid I would never have a real girlfriend, never go parking, never know true love.

So when this girl at school asked me out, I was very excited but anxious. Nancy was one of the best looking girls in school and I couldn't figure out why she wanted to double date with me but obviously I didn't question her.

Nancy was new to our school and most of my class went out basically to neck. She didn't realize I had never necked with anyone. High-school courtships usually were meticulously slow, progressing through inquiry, phone calls, planned encounters in public places, double or triple dates, single dates, hand-holding, and finally a good-night kiss. I assumed it probably stopped there, but I didn't know. I had never gotten that far.

At a drive-in, we simply sat and talked. . .my arm draped casually on the back of the seat. Gradually I moved a little closer. Looking at her figure. . .it was remarkably similar to mine. I stared hungrily at the magnificent curve of her hip and buttocks under her delicate, soft dress. Her long fingernails toyed with the hem of her skirt covering a gloss of pampered smooth legs that made the breath catch in my throat. . .her legs looked like mine!

I was determined. Soon I had my arm around Nancy, but even then it was a long time before I managed to kiss her. Mother said that girls were as scared as we boys were, though I always thought of them as having much more control over what happens.

I was increasingly nervous too because I still didn't know quite how I was going to behave. I wanted to kiss her. Boys joked about getting your 'tongue in' and other gross stuff.

I finally kissed AT her missing her lips slightly. I readjusted and tasted her lipstick. Nancy's dress was light weight rayon and felt nice to the touch.

She smiled sweetly but I pulled away, I was too ashamed and afraid she'd run her hand down my chest. I looked at her figure, past her jutting breasts covered by the velvety folds of her dress. I smelled her perfume, saw a peek of her lacy bra and realized that she was too much woman for me.

I felt embarrassed. I could see her cleavage and knew I had a bra like hers. . .my legs were smooth like hers, and I probably had panties like hers.

During the silence I turned around and peeked at the other couple in the back seat. It was Jake and his long time girlfriend. He was a big man on campus. A football player and very popular. He easily man-handled his date, kissing her passionately on the lips. His hands caressed her little soft rayon print dress and her smooth nyloned legs.

I felt my nipples harden inside my tight undershirt.

I was exhilarated but frightened by my feelings. I wanted to respond in an adequate way toward Nancy, but my instincts did not cooperate.

I saw Nancy looking too. She had a look in her eyes that said it all. Ahhhh! She liked Jake and I was just along to be a "non-threatening" date. It suddenly all made sense. . .her flirtatious glances and sexy suggestions toward Jake. Jake's girlfriend's days were numbered and only she didn't know it.

Nancy saw the "light" go on. She didn't know what to say. Neither did I but it was okay. She kissed me on the lips to say goodnight and whispered, "You're so sweet, I'll make it up to you. . .I promise!"

That night I was very confused and couldn't sleep. I kept thinking about the way Jake was "manhandling" the delicate sweet girl in the back seat of the car.

The next morning, I asked Mother, "Do you think I'm ready for a dress yet?"

"Yes, dear," she said with a tear in her eye, "You're ready!" I think she was waiting for me to ask.

As for dresses, it didn't happen right away! After school, Mother sat me down and we looked through catalogs. Filled with dresses and skirts, Mother talked about the different styles and their function. There were short dresses, long dresses, frilly dresses, work dresses and more. Each had a place in a woman's wardrobe. Women seemed to instinctively know 'what to wear, when'. We seriously discussed necklines, when to wear a scooped one, a tank, a V-neck, etc.

Then there were the lengths: above the knee, below the knee, way above the knee, and at the ankle. Mother said we were going "classic" until I got the hang of it. That meant a "softness" with "femininity." It all was so complex.

I learned words I'd never really understood. Gathering, blousing, pleating, bias-flare, shirring. I learned about a dress's focal points; the bosom, rib cage, the waist, the hips, the thighs, the legs, or the ankles.

At school I found myself looking carefully at the girl's dresses and what it said about them. . .and whether it flattered their figures.

"I want it to be perfect," Mother said, "No single outfit will matter as much as the first dress you wear out in public."

I knew what that meant. Even wearing lingerie, to the world I was still a boy. A soft, rather rounded boy but still a boy. In a dress. . .that wouldn't be possible.

We had decided that my first outing would be to the doctor but finding MY perfect first dress was much more difficult.

In search of the perfect first dress, Mother and I spent most of Saturday downtown thumbing through the many racks of teen-sized dresses, comparing flounces, gathers, and pleats.

I'm sure the clerks wondered why a teenaged boy would be with his Mother in such a department and so interested in teen dresses. . .but I didn't care. I was excited.

Why not? Under my jeans I wore panties and nylons like the other teenaged girls in the department. I worried someone might hear a rustling noise when I walked but I was so distracted by the ruffles and lace that I soon forgot all about my nylons.

I just couldn't decide. After all my indecision, Mother helped me pick out a few. Strange as it seems, what with all the lingerie, hormones and stuff, wearing a dress scared me the most. I suddenly realized what was scaring me. I could go out in public in a dress. . .NO. . .I would be EXPECTED to go out in a dress. Dresses were ONLY worn by girls and I would then and only then be expected to be a girl.

That wasn't of concern when I wore lingerie. Even the changes in my figure didn't seem as important, I was hiding those. If I had a dress or dresses, Mother WOULD expect me to wear it and wear it out of the house. EVERYONE would know I was trying to be a female.

Spread out at home, there was an astonishing amount of new clothes on my bed. I looked over at them as I changed out of my tight undershirt and into my bra.

Mother walked in and saw the bewildered look in my eyes. She smiled and said, "It's really not that confusing. Every time you choose a dress, you will be sending a signal to other people. You are just saying, 'This is who I am and what I am about today.'"

"They are very pretty," I choked out.

Mother smiled, "I picked them to accent your femininity. . . I want you to feel really feminine and girlish."

A tear came to my eye as she picked up a soft, rayon print dress and held it up to my chest. "First you need a slip," which she produced from a bag and slipped the chilly garment over my head, then adjusted the straps so the lacy bodice fit smoothly over the cups of my bra. The slip conformed effortlessly over my hips, hanging over my plump rump. The slip seemed to have a life of its own, moving about my body and flowing around my nyloned thighs.

"Feels nice, eh?" Mother asked.

I blushed. "Yeah," I said, smoothing the garment over my belly. "Feels like cool water flowing around me."

"Let's get you into the dress." Mother helped me. She said, "You could probably step into this dress now but when your hips broaden more, you'll have to slip most of them over your head."

I took a deep breath. The dress buttoned up the back which Mother had to help with. It dawned on me that once on, I'd have a hard time unbuttoning the back myself. It had a slim, smooth fitting waist and a flared skirt that moved and shimmied with even the smallest movement. I ran my hands over my soft, rounded belly and up around my waist.

"Gee, it's soft!" I gasped.

"I thought you'd like it."

"It's a bit DRAFTY?" I said referring to the exposed feeling under the skirt.

"You'll get used to the 'naked' feeling, dear," she said. I went over to the couch and flopped down with unaccustomed awkwardness. My skirt hiked up past my knees to reveal a creamy expanse of my smooth thighs and a flash of panties.

"Very unladylike!" Mother commented as I tried to twist my skirt straight.

"This is hard," I moaned.

Mother stood up and showed me how to sit. Her dress was similar to mine and she gracefully moved about with me pantomiming her moves.

It was fun. Mother and I spent all night discussing dresses---IN dresses. At first, the feel of a dress was something new and embarrassing. These girlish items had a softness though that wasn't completely unpleasant. . .in fact, it was nice.

I laid awake that night, my heart fluttering. I tried to remember everything Mother had taught me about the different dresses. Casual, baggy, tight, bright-colored, wild, prep, designer. . .could I ever learn? It was all so confusing and scary. Could I keep the skirt down in a proper manner? Legs together? I didn't know!"

I suddenly couldn't learn enough.

The next morning I awoke to a room with strewn nylons, and saw the dresses hung in my open closet. My dresses! I ran my hands down my nylon nightgown. I just wanted to lie quietly awhile before I got up. I thought back over what yesterday meant.

I was the proud owner of a bevy of dresses. Most fit me perfectly and only two needed taking in at the waist. Mother was going to show me how.

I could still sense how each dress felt on and the smell of their newness. It was incredible that what I was doing this Sunday might become so ordinary in the future. I would simply get up, shower and put on clean lingerie then a DRESS! I felt my body begin to tense in little quivers. I tried to relax but this was going to be my first WHOLE day in a dress, my very own dress.

I took a long bath. The hot water increased my already rapid pulse. With just a little hesitation, I put on panties, padded bra, nylons and slip. I stood before my closet looking at my choices. I was sure Mother had purposely not come into my room to see what I'd learned.

I picked out a little cotton print dress, the style that many girls wore to school and Mother wore around on Sundays. The dress's full, short skirt flared out and showed a long expanse of my shapely, stockinged legs.

My pulse was racing. I liked the soft feel of the dress but I was overwhelmed and had so much to learn. Traits such as sitting down while smoothing my skirt and keeping my knees together---not to mention make-up, hair and the million other things it would take to be a girl.

My stockinged thighs pressed stickily together from apprehension.

When Mother saw me, she grinned. She was wearing a similar dress with a different print. "That's perfect. Doesn't it feel nice over you your silky lingerie?"

I nodded shyly as I felt the soft dress caress around my hips and nylon panties. Mother stood me in front of the mirror and showed me how the yielding fabric hung to accentuate the non-essential swellings on my chest. She pulled up the dress's skirt to check my slip then allowed it to fall loosely just above my knees.

"Hard to believe THIS dress is on a boy," Mother said, "but you still have to learn how to 'handle' skirts."

"Is that difficult?" I asked.

"It's just different, dear," Mother said, "But



"I had my first dress on and surprisingly it was soft and comfortable. . . and only one of many I owned."

we don't want you *looking* like you've never had a skirt on. Go sit in that chair."

My cheeks were flushed as I went over to a high backed wooden chair. As I went to sit, I bent over with a "fanny reach" and fell into the chair with a flop. My skirt had crumpled under me and was twisted slightly which I tried to adjust by squirming and wriggling.

"Not very lady-like," Mother giggled seeing me fettered and struggling to untwist my skirt. "Let's try it again . . . this time, walk up and turn so the back of your right calf just touches the chair. Arrange and straighten your skirt then lower your body gracefully, lifting the hem of your skirt slightly and slide back against the back of the chair."

Awkwardly, I did as she instructed.

"Don't wiggle back," Mother instructed, "Slide! That's a girl!"

I blushed at my efforts to be so girlish but I had so much to learn. She didn't give me time to comprehend what I was doing. The commands kept coming!

"Keep your knees together!" "You're showing too much leg now. Put your hands in your lap with fingers relaxed."

I had so much to learn. How to cross my legs gracefully, and be self-composed. I learned how to cross them at the ankle first and then how to cross them above the knee.

In a tight short skirt, Mother taught me to place my right hand on the hem over my right knee and smoothly cross my right leg over the left. It was difficult to keep my right foot down by my left ankle but it looked wonderful in the mirror.

Mother warned, "You have to 'earn' the right to wear dresses."

I suppose I should have been frightened by my progressive feminization but sometimes I loved the feeling these clothes gave me. From the short black skirt, I simply 'had to' have to the peek-a-boo cropped top and short shorts that Mother said I would need during summer. . . I loved them all. The term "T & A" had a new meaning to me.

Wearing dresses around the house was odd. For one thing, dresses and skirts accented my figure in a different way. My waist looked smaller and my hips fuller. Dresses have a way of calling attention to the bodice area.

Passing a mirror, the sight of myself in a dress no longer startled me. I was getting used to the smooth,

rounded contour under my dresses. I almost felt odd at school in the constriction of blue jeans and sitting with sprawled legs.

I was finding the softness around my nipples to be more 'supple'. In fact, there was a softness all over my body that wasn't there before. My skin was smoother and the soft girlish clothes I wore after school was pleasant compared to the coarse boyish fabrics.

I couldn't wait to get home and into a soft delicate dress. That tight undershirt was becoming more and more uncomfortable and it was a great release to surround my sensitive mounds with satin and lace cups. I easily hooked the back of my brassieres and in some dresses could show a little softness at the neckline---cleavage?

All this was done in my house.

I hadn't had the nerve to see the doctor wearing a dress even though he said he was looking forward to seeing me in one. I was afraid and they didn't push me.

Mother finally said, "You're reasonably convincing in the way you walk, sit and cross your legs. . .you're quite graceful in your skirts. I think it's almost time you showed off those legs?"

The thought terrified me and I begged for another couple weeks. The idea of people seeing my nylon clad, smoothly shaven legs embarrassed me. I learned to cross my legs smoothly like any girl but the idea of someone seeing me do it made my heart shudder.

The next visit to the doctor, Mother remarked, "He's apprehensive about showing his figure off in a dress in public."

The doctor smiled and replied, "That's normal but he's getting a girl's body now. He might as well start showing it off. Maybe GAFFING would help!"

"A GAFF?" Mother exclaimed, "Yes, that would probably help. I wasn't going to have him gaffed until summer but I guess we'd better do it now."

I'm sure I winced at the thought of the thing called a "gaff" and the idea of being "gaffed". I felt a jolt of mixed feelings as I asked, "What is a gaff?"

The kindly doctor said, "You'll see," then he had me remove my panties and lay down on the examination table. He generated two stirrups for my feet. He produced a little elastic garment with straps and hooks. "This is a gaff! Lay back and I'll show you how to put it

on properly. I felt his hands carefully position everything then to my appall, abruptly pushed all external maleness up, hooking the gaff so it all stayed that way.

I gasped, barely able to breath, then a bursting, stuffed sensation overwhelmed me. Tears came to my eyes as the terror of what he'd done began to set in.

"Relax, dear," he said softly. "Just breath naturally and tighten the muscle you use to stop urinating about ten times. I grimaced and did as he told me. It helped a little as my heart raced from fear.

"Now scoot down a little in the stirrups and tilt your pelvis forward." The pressure went away. He told me to relax a few minutes before getting up and putting on my panties.

I complained, "Do I have to wear this? It hurts!"

"Yes, dear boy," The doctor said matter-of-factly, "You wouldn't want a boyish bulge under your skirts, would you? I knows it's disturbing to begin with but by the end of a couple weeks it should feel natural and maybe even comfortable. I'll give you something to take if you get too uncomfortable."

Seeing my flat girlish genitalia created more mixed feelings. Disgust and fascination went through me at the same time. Yes, I was enchanted by what I saw and the way my panties fit better. My fingers wanted to explore the void between my legs but my Mother and the doctor looked on. Seeing my facial expression, the doctor said, "Go ahead. Feel how it fits."

Red faced, I spread my thighs a little then gingerly ran a finger over the unaccustomed, taut flatness of my panties. There was nothing---no protrusion, no lump, nothing sticking out! My long fingernail grazing the nylon created an unsettling awareness. I quickly removed my fingers and pressed my knees together firmly. Mother and the doctor beamed.

At school, I began wearing a gaff under my panties. My jeans were beginning to be too tight in the rump and loose at the waist. Mother had to buy me several pairs of new jeans. They looked like boy jeans but they were LADY'S jeans. We removed the pocket patch that had hearts and the LADY'S logo on them. They fit tight around the waist and flared over my hips. They actually made me look thinner. A few people at school asked me if I'd lost weight.

In a ambiguous sweater and slender woman's jeans, I couldn't help but notice the way they accentuated my girlishly round rear like other girls.

I wasn't feeling confident. There was so much to do. As graduation approached, Mother said we had many more 'little' changes to make if I was to be ready by summer. She asked, "Tell me. What do you think now of the prospect of being a girl stewardess?"

"It's okay I guess." Mother just smiled.

"Just okay?" She told me again about the beautiful, exciting new life she had planned for me. "As a girl, many exciting things are going to happen to you. . .some soon and others as you get older."

I sat in awe as she told me of her youth and experiences.

I began to see that flight attendants are in the public eye more than members of any other profession---including actors. I would be encountering five hundred to a thousand people each day.

"They'll all be looking at you," Mother said, "everything you do is facing them. If you scratch your nose like a boy---someone is going to notice. So we'll have to make sure there is no boy left!"

I moaned.

She added, "After awhile you are going to find it real nice to wear pretty, silky fashions like I did and have all the passengers looking at you. . .at least you won't get pregnant like I did.

I blushed.

My hair was getting very long and hadn't been very well taken care of. The wind was always loosening a few strands from the pony tail that now hung below my shoulders.

Mother hadn't spent any time on hair care even though under the hormones it was growing like weeds. She said, "We are just going to keep it conditioned, clean and pulled back into a ponytail. I'm afraid if we do anything too soon, you'll look too girlish. We'll wait until near graduation."

I wore a baseball cap most of the time at school but strands of hair floated about my face getting into my eyes. By the time I got home from school, I usually had many wisps of hair tucked behind my ears.

Mother finally said, "I guess we'd better start working on that hair!" It had grown out so that even the uneven wisps around my face was shoulder length.

Wearing one of my cotton, button front, casual dresses, I met Mother in her room with my hair damp. She combed it all back from the crown and cut about 2 inches off the bottom.

"Are you going to cut a lot?" I asked.

She smiled, "Just the loose ends to even it up and bring the weight down around your shoulders. We want it long but not to break over your shoulders. . .that way it will flow about when you walk."

"What about school?"

"I'm afraid that these last few months you might get teased a little. You look girlish to begin with and we still have to get your hair ready and start on your nails. Pretty nails are very important. And your ears are going to take at least a month to heal."

"Ears?"

"Yes, we have to pierce them so earrings won't come off."

I sat quietly as Mother put a towel around me and began a most dramatic transformation. She used to work in a beauty shop before becoming a stewardess and was quite skilled. Under her creative hands, my shapeless locks got an official girl's haircut, complete with wispy bangs. Mother then set my hair in rollers and a few pin curls. After a time under the dryer, the rollers were removed and I had my first girl's hairdo! It was fluffy and femininely curled with tendrils by my ears and fluffy bangs to the edge of my eyebrows.

I realized that it was much easier to think about myself as a girl when I felt fluffy, curled hair about my face.

For the next couple weekends, Mother tried different hair styles on me. She warned, "You may want a perm once we find the right style. Keeping hair curled is a big job."

We decided that I should have very soft ringlets that would make me look more sophisticated without diminishing my youth. I learned how to do a spiral curl by vertically rolling thick pink rubber rods in an unconstructed manner. The result was a free-flowing, feminine looking wave.

It took a long time but the effect was worth it. After removing the rods, I would just add mousse and style it with my fingers. Mother said I looked "womanly" and "uptown". Mother said that by not perming my hair, I had more choices and could wear my hair in many different styles to match my "mood." Whatever that was.

MOOD was one thing I hadn't yet caught on to. Yes, sometimes I felt different. There was one yellow dress that always made me feel. . .well, pretty. Seeing myself in the mirror made me WANT to fuss with my hair. In the mirror, I was losing the shy, awkward little boy and could see a blossoming young female creature. I sometimes couldn't look for very long, it made me feel funny inside.

I was learning that my feminine future was filled with challenges. Getting my "lady" credentials ready to fly was a lot of drudgery. I looked at the boys at school with their short hair then at the girls. I had never realized the freedom that boys had. Freedom from hairpins, curlers, setting lotions, and tedious hours of washing, drying, brushing, braiding, winding. It was even worse than that. Along with the lack of freedom came fears. . .fear of a strong gust of wind. Fear of 'bad hair' days.

Long hair was a new shackle. Another one I had to accept to be called a woman.

On weekdays I had the boyish luxury of just washing, drying and pulling my hair back into a ponytail. I wasn't so lucky on weekends. Those mornings I spent hours setting my hair on curlers, drying, brushing and fighting with each curl to get just the right look. Every few hours I'd need another half a hour to revitalize the drooping spirals.

All the work was not for naught. My hair was soft and silken to the touch. The curls were full, pliant and flowed softly around my face. Mother pointed out a bevy of my new gestures that could only be called sublimely feminine because I was so self-involved. My absent-minded twisting of a loose curl, a dramatic toss of my head and a brushing aside a tendril that fell into my eyes. My long hair demanded my attention and was something to fiddle with.

From the first 'fling' in the morning, my hair became something that gracefully swung around my shoulders and even at school I could feel the weight of my ponytail brush against my back.

I guess I should have been concerned about this affinity for such ladylike sensations but with the help of my Mother, I was becoming quite the 'expert' in hair styling. I often did Mother's for her, proud of my ability to 'make her beautiful' by doing her hair up in various chic styles.

Doing my own hair UP was remarkable. My arms would sometimes get sore from the intricate pinning required to get that debonair, elegant look.

Mother told me that as a stewardess, I would be wearing my hair 'up' often. After the day, it felt wonderful to unpin and let the cascade of hair fall about my shoulders.

The more I worked on my hair the more it refused to look boyish. It shined. It was silky. It had a new swingy movement which was irrefutably feminine. No makeup, no dress, no earrings, as a boy I was looking terribly girlish at school. I was clever at keeping it pulled back and covered under a baseball cap.

But my hair was betraying me.

True to the doctor's words, being 'gaffed' became comfortable. . .no more than that---I liked the snug secure feeling. It all went together with my soft shoulders, pert nipples and hips that flared into satiny smoothness and curves. I was becoming aware of my femininity, and enjoyed my daily ritual of coming home from school and emasculating myself.

I saw the girls at school with their bra straps showing through their blouses. By now, my tight undershirts weren't doing a very good job of restraining my bosom. Mother went shopping and came home with 'jogging' bras to minimize the bounce and movement. Like the top half of a tank top, these were actually bras with non stretch molded cups that smoothed my front. The "A" cups were actually too small for the pointed mounds on my chest but we wanted the flatness across my nipples.

The doctor called and talked to Mother. He insisted I come to his office in a dress. I was still scared about going out but Mother emphasized that it was time. It was one thing to wear a dress at home but now I was going to be seen by people.



"That day I simply pulled up my skirt and watched the fluid essence enter my body."

"Don't be afraid dear," Mother said, "You should be excited. You are feminine enough to wear a dress anywhere now!"

Her words didn't help much. I couldn't sleep worrying about going to the doctors in a dress. I had been at home in dresses for awhile but inside. . .this was "outside". People would see me and expect me to act like a girl. It was like jumping off a bridge---once I went out, there was really no reason why I wouldn't be going out more.

Mother picked out my dress. I wore a short shift with a black and white print. My hair was curled with several curls pulled back in a big red ribbon. I was to wear what a girl would wear but could I actually act like a girl too?

To make things worse, Mother made me wear makeup which she applied perfectly; my lips bow-shaped and vividly pink. My dark eyes were so filled with anticipation I could scarcely contain myself.

I felt painted! Mother said, "You'll have to learn to do this yourself now."

With that I walked out the door and Mother drove me to the doctor's. To my surprise, no one yelled at me when I walked along the sidewalk. I was scared, there were people on the street but I simply walked by them. . .like a girl.

When the doctor came into the examination room, he just smiled and said, "Wonderful!" He gripped my hand with both of his as he studied my dress, figure and face. He said, "You look radiant. . .I knew you would. How do you feel? Feminine?"

I nodded shyly.

"Do you feel attractive?"

I blushed but didn't quite understand the question.

"You'll find out," he said, "Trust me, you're attractive. Now tell me all about what you've been learning. I see you've started painting your nails too."

I looked at the slick cinnamon polish on my nails. Mother was right, it looked nice. I hated taking it off for school. I told the doctor of my feelings.

"Maybe we could arrange for you to finish high school as a girl?"

"Oh, NO!" I gasped, "No one can see me like THIS. . .the boys would beat me up or something. I'd be mortified."

"Think about it," the doctor said, "You're as cute and vivacious as any girl at school now. Wouldn't you like to show off your figure a little?"

I tried to picture myself at school in my yellow dress with its skirt several inches above my knees and my hair tied back with a yellow ribbon. A slight blush came to my cheeks.

The doctor suggested, "I could call the principal and simply tell him you were always a girl but with some 'ambiguous' problem that we've been treating. I'm sure every one has noticed you've changed A LOT."

"I have?"

"If you feel like a girl, you are one. You're becoming an attractive young lady. Show it off and enjoy."

It was suddenly a very different feeling getting my hormone shot. That day I simply lifted my skirt and pulled down the back of my panties and nylons. Watching the amber fluid enter my thigh, I realized how far I'd come.

I felt so different in my little dress. Exposed, naked, uncovered and yes, attractive! Exactly what a cute little dress should make the wearer feel.

Never underestimate the value of a dress in feminization. More than just a camouflage of my maleness, wearing a dress was magical in a whimsical way. My dress provided a public display of my vulnerability and something totally new to me---a sexual flirtation.

The top clung to and outlined my bosom area while the skirt flared, widening the hips and the belt added graceful definition to my waist. Proportions that I would learn were not missed by any male I passed.

When we left the doctor, I was giddy; thrilled by conquering my fear of the DRESS! Mother noticed my elation and asked, "Feels good, eh? Bet you're ready for a couple new ones?"

"Oh Mother," I said running my hands down over my silky dress, "Can I?"

"You can have all you want now but it's time we bought you something special!"

We went shopping for a purse! First we went to the handbag department. I worried that the salesclerk would wonder why I didn't already have one. Mother asked me about the styles that girls carried at school and we picked out one that wasn't unlike Mother's. She paid, put a few of her things into it and I walked out of the store with a black leather shoulder bag which I was to carry whenever we went out.

Mother corrected me a couple times. I was letting my hips swing a little too much and another time I adjusted my brassiere strap. Little things a girl must understand.

That day I learned a lot about what a dress can do---the promised change in appearance that only a new dress can hold. I must have tried on every dress in the store. I was awash in the flow of feminine fabric, the gentle, gathered shapes and breathtaking colors---each showed off my legs and accentuated my shape just as they were designed to do.

My hips which were fleshy and wide in jeans were fluidly graceful in a skirt. The open-endedness of a skirt reminded me to make dainty gestures when sitting down or walking. The flowing fabric draped over my rear end prompted me to walk with a flutter.

Everything was going well. . .I thought.

As for learning makeup, Mother started me on a little lipstick first. I learned how to color my lips pink, then bright red, then tangerine, then burgundy, then frosted pink. Making the classic pucker in the mirror, I learned painting, pressing and blotting, then wiping the smear off my teeth.

It was fun. I delighted in the polished, gleaming tubes of color and used them every chance I could, repairing non-existent smudges. I was enchanted with how it could change my appearance.

After learning to color my lips, I learned to color my eyes, cheeks, fingernails and toenails. I couldn't get enough and badgered Mother until I had several of every little feminine item I could find. I loved seeing the shapely jars, tubes, pencils and bottles sitting on my dresser.

Mother showed me the correct use and portion for each item. From lipstick, I worked to be expert with blush and rouge, then on to eye liner, lash curlers and mascara. Then on to foundations, brighter nail polishes, night creams and perfumes.

Seeing me prance in and out of my room with different make-up combinations made Mother smile. I was learning what little girls learn. . .how to "fix" myself up. I learned to 'widen an eye', and create a defined and luscious mouth. She said, "You look good in make-up." She meant I looked better in make-up. It was tough but I had to admit that I probably made a better girl than I did a boy.

"Here," she said running her finger over my eyebrow, "Bring me your tweezers."

Mother worked on them for about fifteen minutes, carefully measuring and plucking. "There," she announced, "You look perfect!"

Handing me a mirror, I was terrified at the effect. Oh, I looked real pretty like a girl but all that was left of my eyebrows was neatly, curved thin lines! There was nothing masculine about them at all anymore.

Seeing my facial expression, Mother asked, "What's the matter now?"

"They're girl's eyebrows! Everyone will see them!"

Mother paused, looking at them for a minute. "Maybe I thinned them a little too much but they are nicely curved

now. . . I doubt if anyone will look at a boy's eyebrows anyway."

I moaned. I was looking somewhat 'washed out' without the 'neatly curved' eyebrows. It softened my delicate face even more.

What was at first scandalous enjoyment, putting on makeup soon became a daily duty---like wearing a bra or nylons.

I suddenly became aware of the stages I'd been through and delicious curiosity was becoming commonplace. The more I wore women's clothes the less odd it seemed.

The many elements of being effeminized and conditioned to act like a girl at home were trickling into my school hours. Besides hiding my figure, my mannerisms were becoming a source of embarrassment. I'd catch myself sometimes unconsciously smoothing an imaginary skirt under me when I sat. My walk had a definite sway and sometimes I caught my wrists hanging limply like a girl.

Mother's training was very thorough and I knew it wouldn't be long before all traces of my masculinity were erased. The other kids were beginning to notice the changes.

I was confusing other people too! After school, store clerks would get confused and say with a confused look, "Can I help you miss, er, sir?"

The next week, at school lunch, one of the guys at my table asked me, "Are you wearing perfume?"

I turned red. . . it was the new soap I was using. "No," I gasped, stuttering, "Some girl squirted me," but they didn't let up. Another guy asked, "And what have you done to your eyebrows?" The bell rang.

I was saved. That day several bullies made fun of me and called me a sissy and threatened to "strip me down." One of them noticed the way my sweater fit and said, "What do you have under your sweater?" Somehow I ran away with them laughing. I knew that this was just the beginning.

I was scared and told Mother so. After some discussion, she agreed with the doctor saying, "I think you should finish high school as a girl. After all, everyone will most likely know after you start with the airline anyway."

My heart pounded as Mother continued, "It could be exciting. There will be many things you can do as a girl. . .that you can't do as a boy!"

"Yeah, like what? Wear a real brassiere?" I groaned clasping my arms around my chest.

It was surprisingly easy. One call from the doctor and my records were changed. Doctors have a place in society of power and the school handled it as easily as if I had a broken arm. Would the other students handle it as easily?

There was no noise except the ticking of the clock. It said five, fifteen---it was still dark. I reached over and turned on the light. In the mirror was a girl in a pink babydoll nighty, her hair up in curlers. . .it was me! I couldn't sleep. Was it the curlers or that this was to be my first day at school as a girl.

I knew it would be impossible to go back to sleep so I decided to get up and get dressed. I slipped a nylon robe over my pink nighty. My nightgowns were as lovely as we could afford. Very lacy and girlish. Mother always insisted that I pretty myself as much as possible before going to bed. I nightly 'dressed for bed' rather than 'undressed for bed'.

Each night I had to brush my hair, first up and out. Sometimes I braided it but Mother insisted I use curlers for school. All this was surely going to take much longer than going as a boy.

I wished that I could just wear pants or something at the beginning but the doctor warned me that I should be as girlish and lovely as possible at school. Only THAT would make the students understand.

I went to the bathroom and took a long peaceful bubble bath. Afterwards I removed the large pink plastic rollers allowing my hair to spill about my shoulders in long

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Mother often watched me dress. I wasn't much like the little boy she had raised to grow into a virile young man. I had been sissified, feminized and demasculinized. I delighted at the smoothness of my girlish attire."

waves. My big dark eyes blinked back at me, a new look. . . over the weekend Mother had plucked my eyebrows even more into high, pencil thin arches. That had transformed my face into the face of a girlishly, enchanting female which I added just the sweetest accent of makeup. I didn't want to look garish.

I was terrified as I watched the clock's hands move slowly toward the time to leave for school. I began to hear my heart pounding too. I applied a touch of perfume behind my ears and between my breasts.

I knew just what to do but I'd never done it for school before. As strange as it seemed, at that very moment, I knew over half the students were doing just what I was. . . the girl students anyway.

I hurried back to my room. Time was flying. I examined the curious profusion of dresses hanging in my closet. Mother had taken me shopping and we bought a NEW school wardrobe. Last night we had spent hours trying different combinations but I hadn't made a final decision as what to wear. I spent several minutes of uncertainty standing in front of my closet. I tried to picture wearing first one then another at school. I remembered Mother's warning about one, "That skirt is too short for school, dear." I moaned out loud.

I finally picked one. I took off my frilly nylon robe and selected lingerie that matched and wouldn't show. Standing in front of the mirror, I slipped on panties, nylons and a new lacy bra. I adjusted the cups and ran my hands down over the mounds. These bras were cut to MAXIMIZE my bust and had pushed up enough flesh that a nice cleavage was visible.

After a full slip, I slipped the dress over my head and zipped it up the back. Finding a low pair of pumps I slipped them on my feet.

I heard Mother yell, "Better hurry!" I felt a rush of excitement and my knees almost buckled. Panic was coming over me, I felt dizzy. I had never been so jittery.

I lingered in front of the mirror, examining myself---trying to see any boy. My dark eyes were surrounded by the soft fluffy curls. My features were delicate. My lips an elegant sheer pink.

My figure had been emasculated and feminized completely. I even had the proper curves for a girl my age. I tightened the belt one notch around my slender waist to show off the curve of my hip, then took a deep breath.

Clutching my purse in a girlish manner, I went to the kitchen where Mother was having coffee.

"Look at you," Mother said, "Admit it---don't you feel better in a dress?"

I felt passive and helplessly feminine. I blushed and admitted that "it felt nice."

"Just nice?" Mother asked, tilting her head.

I had to admit to myself that it was more than nice. I was proud of my curves, my radiant long hair, pink lips and beautiful dress. I just didn't want to go to school like this!

Like I was light-headed, I had suppressed the reality that I was a boy going to school where I expected the other students to suddenly just treat me like a girl.

Mother's last words were, "Now don't be afraid to show off your pretty dress. . . even to the boys. You've gone to a lot of effort to look nice and pretty."

Telling me to touch up my pink lips, she said, "Now you must behave like the well mannered, young lady you've been taught to be." Smiling sweetly, she kissed me on the forehead and added, "Everyone will soon treat you like a pretty girl. You'll see!"

Before I knew it and still a bit muddleheaded, Mother was pushing me out of the car. I swung my nyloned knees together and took my first steps toward school and my home room.

The dress I had chosen was a royal blue rayon with tiny white polka dots. Conservative but more sophisticated than those normally worn by girls my age. It had short puffed sleeves and the bodice was cut to emphasize my bosom. A wide matching belt and the full skirt was youthfully styled---a couple inches above my knees.

I felt awkward and sucked in my breath. This was just like every other day at school except that I was carrying a purse with my books and . . . yes, I was wearing a darling little dress!

My mind raced. Was I the first boy ever to wear a dress, including lingerie, to school? I wish I could describe my feelings as I walked across campus but I'm afraid my descriptive powers are not up to the unforgettable sensations.

I was caught between terror (I was surely to get beat up) and exhilaration (the soft, clinging, almost caressing

skim of my dress over the softer, more embracing sensation of my slip, bra and panties). Even the smallest movement was marvelous. I wanted to run but I felt a sense of freedom knowing that my clothes today didn't detract a bit from the smooth roundness of my figure.

The only tightness was my gaff, that specially made pink-tinted garment, so thin that it was for all intents transparent, yet it created the necessary restraint. It molded my maleness perfectly---sufficiently constricting to give me the gentle flat roundness and contour of a female.

With my home room destination in mind, I simply had to keep my legs moving. The other students went about their business without paying any attention. As I walked, my dress's silk-like material swayed and moved---the breeze toyed with my skirt. At one point I used my hand to keep it down.

With skirt whipping, hair being tousled, I walked up to the steps trying to understand how I ever got to this predicament.

As I walked into home room, several boys did double takes as did the girls. As first, I feared what they might say but their expressions showed that they simply didn't know who I was. I came under the scrutiny of everyone. The room was silent as I took my normal seat but the whispering turned to a roar. Giggles and laughs came from behind me.

I couldn't bare to look anyone in the eye and kept them focused on my purse.

"Shhh!" the teacher said before taking role call. The teacher said in a matter-of-fact tone. "I see that at least one student is appropriately dressed today," pointing to me. "I'm glad to see you've given up your tom-boyish ways and decided to dress acceptably."

"TOM-BOYISH?" echoed around the room. There was confusion, was I always a girl? I knew at least some of the boys had seen me in gym class, or at least they thought they saw me.

I sat there with everyone gawking. My eyes were fixed down on my black suede high heels that made my feet look delicately arched. I had learned to balance in these 3 inch heels but the attention made me blush.

I was no longer one of the hip guys with longish hair and baggy clothes. No, not unless small waists, wider hips

and "bosoms" became "IN" for boys. I was fated to be one of the girls. How did I ever get myself in this position?

Right after the first class bell, Nancy came up and took my hand leading me out of the room. I followed as she started toward the ladies room. I hesitated but she said, "So what goes! Are you a girl or boy . . . or some kind of sissy?"

"A girl, I guess?"

"So I can see," she said as she pulled me into the ladies room and put her back to the door so no one could enter. "I knew something was weird when you kissed me. I must say, you're a looker in a dress."

She came over and took a stray hair wave and shoved it back into place allowing her hand to stray down the bodice of my dress. My nipples tightened and she saw that they were not fakes. "SO, do you like girls or boys?"

"I'm confused," I stated adjusting my skirt.

"I can see that!"

Nancy protected me that day, taking me under her wing. She escorted me from class to class and even had me join her group of girls for lunch.

I could also see that one small group of thugs were always off to the side laughing and pointing in my direction. I heard them call me "Cinderella" and a few other unprintable names.

Nancy had cheerleading after school so she left me after last class. I was glad Mother was picking me up. I moved purposely across the campus toward the entrance. That's when I saw the 'thugs' in their tight jeans and t-shirts move across the hallway. I didn't like what I saw in their eyes.

The leader, a punk named Ralph, wide lips curled as he lurched in front of me, blocking my way. "Well, if it isn't the prettiest BOY in school. . .decided to wear your dresses to school now?"

"I have to meet my Mother," I said icily.

"Hold your horses, sweet thing," he said. I could see them examining me closely. I saw in their eyes and the tone of their voice, they weren't sure WHAT I was.

I tried to remember what I'd seen girls do when boys bothered them. . .my eyes flashed anger but I had to rely on my tongue. "I think you are all disgusting!" I said flipping my hair away from my face and putting my hands

on my hips to emphasize their fullness. My eye-catching bosom shuddered with hostility.

You would have thought I pulled out an AK-47. They reeled back, as I stared back in unruffled disdain. Any one of these boys could have killed me but I had them all at bay. . .backed up against the wall.

I had them off guard but I knew how I must look, wearing a dress, my hair curled, my face made-up. I spat, "Of course I'm a boy. . .I guess you can't tell the difference! Maybe if you go home to your stupid fathers, he'll explain it to you! You guys make me sick." I had them disoriented!

Ralph shifted his weight back and forth then stuttered, "We just wanted to know why you were dressing up as a boy?"

I wasn't out of this yet and I wondered what would happen if he tried physically to stop me. I was afraid to hit him like a boy would. . .I would have to react like a girl. . .I'd kick him in the groin like a girl.

Ralph wasn't sure but he was gaining his confidence and I prepared for a fight. "Let me pass or I'll scream," I said looking down girlishly to throw him off guard. My eyes focused on where my nyloned knee would smash.

He moved toward me saying, "I think. . .the boys and I want to know if you're wearing panties under your dress. Are you?"

My knee quivered as it prepared to pulverize his maleness when I heard a deep voice say, "I think you're both-ering the lady!"

A strong hand came up behind me and pulled me aside. Like an oak tree he stood erect and tall in front of the hoods. It was Jake, who I knew from that double date but really hardly knew. There was nothing belligerent about his manner. . .it was matter-of-fact. There was no room for compromise.

Ralph looked at his shoes and said, "Oh hi, we didn't mean to bother him, er, her, it's just. . ."

"Just nothing," Jake muttered, "Boy or girl, I never want to see you pick on anyone smaller than you. As for bigger, there's plenty of us. I'm ready anytime, RALPH. How about outside, right now?"

Ralph looked to his gang and saw no support. They were out of their league.

"Now say you're 'sorry' to the lady," Jake stated.

"I'm sorry," he said scurrying away leaving me with Jake.

"Thanks," I said with a blush coming to my cheeks.

"I've got to say, you have guts coming to school that way."

"I could have handled him myself," I snapped, sensing another conflict brewing.

"Don't get testy with me, dearie," he said with a smile, "I'd like to know what goes too. One minute you're a boy and the next day you show up with a dress and are the prettiest girl in school. I think you threatened Ralph."

"And you're not?" I asked shyly.

"Nope."

I lowered my eyes and felt a blush tint my cheeks. I muttered, "My Mother is waiting for me."

"I'll walk you," he stated, adding, "You do look much more appropriate in a dress."

I felt dizzy walking next to such a big young man. Jake strutted and I felt silly in my dainty heels and nylons. I suddenly became sensitively aware of my dress and the way it floated around my hips and legs. I was having *deja vu*. I realized that the dress I was wearing was similar to the one Jake's girlfriend wore on the double date.

I flushed at the significance. His aggressiveness and sanctuary tore away at the fragile tissue of what remained of my masculinity. I suddenly shivered with excitement as latent feminine feelings flowed through me.

My heart fluttered at being all dressed up in a sleek, little girlish dress next to such a virile rescuer.

I owed him and yet he asked nothing.

That night I overheard my Mother talking to Uncle Bart. "Oh, he wore the cutest little dress to school today. . . Yes, I think he liked it. He's been trying very hard. By the end of summer, he'll walk, behave and even THINK like a girl. . . Plenty. . . He's got a closet full of dresses and drawers full of lacy lingerie. . . Tomorrow? I think he's wearing the most adorable yellow silk dress with cute little puffy sleeves, a wide circular flaring skirt and a low square neck. . . He's going to make a darling stewardess!"

Surprisingly, after the first few days, the whispering behind my back stopped. Mother suggested that I avoid the outfits that some high school girls wore. The shape-

less sweaters, loose pants and saddle shoes were NO-NO's to me.

After months of trying to hide my rounded figure, I was to show it off. Stylish sweaters, fitted skirts, frilly dresses, and medium to high heeled pumps were my daily attire. It was nice to have so many beautiful soft clothes and be able to dress differently each day.

A whole new me was blooming and I developed an "attitude" as I was soon accepted as one of the girls.

The doctor raised my hormone levels slightly creating more of a monthly cycle. Around the middle of the cycle my breasts became sore again and almost bloated. Each month the soreness went away but my breasts remained fuller than ever before.

I've got to tell you. Wearing a brassiere everyday is most feminizing. Being strapped in a bra forced me into a more feminine posture. I quickly learned that "focal points" were important to being accepted. I even started a few exercises for the pectoral muscles which hold up the breasts.

The only major problem was I also felt moody and would occasionally burst into tears for no reason.

As for school, I guess a rumor or secret is only good when it's fresh and when everyone knew. . .I became old news!

The rumor spread that I had always been a girl and had gone through some weird tom-boy stage.

At one point or another during these first weeks I began to wonder about the fairness of the sexes. It seemed like the boys were always having fun and the girls always had something to worry about. As I got ready each morning, I often thought of the other boys going off to school in their jeans and t-shirts while I had to spend hours in preparation. Make-up, hair, constricting lingerie, a pressed dress, nylons and those high heels!

It didn't seem real that this was my life for the near future. There was a question I'd never really asked myself. "How long would I be a girl?" A couple years? Ten? Fifteen? Then what?

I knew I was to be a girl for awhile but my mind wouldn't let me think any further.

It suddenly scared me. Was I stuck as a girl? I asked my Mother.

"Not stuck dear," Mother said calmly, "but remember it took a bit of time to feminize you. . .you aren't exactly a boy anymore. Pretty soon you'll have an entirely feminine outlook."

I groaned but inside I knew that. I felt more like Nancy than I did any of the boys at school. In my mirror I appeared a magical vision. My long ribboned hair danced around my face. Skirts had become elementary and familiar. . .that rush of air and soft fabric billowing around my knees.

At this point I really had no choice. Changing back into a boy in the eyes of the other students was impossible.

Nancy and I became friends. We liked each other and she taught me all the little things about being a girl at school. There was more beneath the surface than I ever imagined.

I had some of my classes changed since Wood Shop was "Not appropriate." Even though it was late in the year, I had to take Home Economics, which included some cooking, sewing, baby care. I was taking a course that was meant for females learning to become "good" wives.

Boys were on all the girl's minds and they were very competitive for attention. Some girls were jealous of the pretty girls. I was included in the 'pretty girls' category.

My life was really no different from that of any other girl my age. One thing for sure though was that being a boy made me more careful of my appearance. I had become vain in a way. I knew that mine were really boy's legs beneath my short skirts and it seemed essential that I be dressed as femininely as possible. My nylons were always the silkiest brands and I only wore slender high heels from 3 1/2 to 4 inches in height.

With Nancy's assistance, I was gaining confidence and began dressing in more revealing clothes. I moved gracefully through school, my new mini-skirts accenting my long legs. I liked sweaters, soft cashmere V-necked ones that titillated with a hint of cleavage.

"Showing off a little," Mother asked wryly causing me to slouch my shoulders. I blushed at her inquisitive comment.

"It's okay dear," she said arching her back a little. "The men still look at mine too. . .it's nice isn't it."

I blushed as she joked, "It's absolutely scandalous that a boy could develop such a lovely bosom!"

"I guess I got it from you." My cheeks were flushed and my nipples tightened in my lacy brassiere. Mother's comment was a nice compliment but it gave me odd feelings and confusion. I sometimes cursed my new body and the way it responded so unpredictably. I wasn't used to being a girl yet but I was expected to act like one around the boys.

Around some of the boys I felt myself go weak, my body feeling soft and buttery.

Plans were being made for me to attend flight school at the end of summer. Mother was excited, not only for me but because she was going to be retiring.

"Try this on," she said holding up one of her stewardess uniforms. It seemed odd. Perhaps trying on one of her uniforms should have been the **FIRST** thing I'd done. I'd lately been able to wear quite a few of Mother's things. I loved her sweaters and her knit dresses fit me perfectly but this uniform gave me an unusual emotion. Was it that for most of my life, I'd seen her leave for trips wearing similar uniforms?

She loved the airline and wore its uniform with pride. It consisted of a thin navy blue skirt, matching jacket and silky white blouse. After changing into sheer nude colored nylons and navy pumps, I slipped on the fashionable short skirt (4 inches above the knee) and the white blouse with ruffled "V" necked collar and cuffs. The short jacket fit trimly around my waist.

"Now this," Mother said smiling. It was her serving apron. Off came the jacket and she slipped the large, square necked apron over my head. The straps were trimmed with a small ruffle and went over the shoulders, crossing in back and buttoned to the waistband. The bib was embroidered with the small Swifter Air logo and fit smoothly over my twin prominences.

The ruffled apron was short, coming to only 4 inches of the hem of my skirt---almost french maid like. The uniform was lovely and flaunted the wearer's attractive legs. I knew how eye-catching the outfit was since I had many times whistled at Mother as she went to airport.

"Your uncle will just die when he sees you," Mother gushed. I knew that my uncle was only interested in one thing---his stewardesses attracting the male business

passenger's attention. None of the female stewardesses objected very much to this, of course. Besides being paid the best salary in the industry, they liked the trendy, sexy outfits better than the "plain Jane sacks" some of the airlines made their employees wear.

I blushed at the notion of working dressed up like this. She smiled at my discomfort. "It's okay, dear," she consolingly said, "But you must promise me to behave and act 'all the time' as a real girl would. You would embarrass me as well as your uncle if you were ever found out."

"I know," I said softly.

The school year was flying to a close. Regardless of some weird palpations, I didn't have any real interest in boys---my attitude was friendly but indifferent. Nancy said that my 'demeanor' made the boys "crazy". Nancy had been inexperienced but was learning. She had started dating Jake, the football player, and they were getting "close" to doing it for real. They had done everything else, even some oral stuff that she couldn't wait to tell me every detail. It grossed me out.

Each Monday she'd tell me what happened. Each move, the counter move, the feelings, the frustration, the joy. She, of course knew I was confused and didn't press me to date even though I was beginning to get offers.

One Monday, she flushed when she saw me. "Shhh," she whispered, "I've got to tell you something. Meet me in the ladies room."

"We did it," she sighed, "It was incredible. He was so masterful. We were at the drive-in and we were kissing and feeling each other." She looked like she was about to have another climax. She whispered, "He was holding me firmly on his lap when he swung my legs apart. I felt the warm, velvety tip of his maleness seeking entry. I panicked and tried to push him away but he suddenly grabbed my hips and I felt a searing pain, thrusting into another searing pain until he possessed me completely. I was no longer a little girl, I was a female with a male swelling inside of me. He plunged at me for minutes, before he shuttered convulsively. I stopped moving, in awe of the expression on his face. I felt an explosion in my belly!"

I looked at her hand. "Oh, he was wearing this! I told him I wanted it. . . I wanted you to taste him. Isn't it neat!"

My mouth must have been open. I was in shock. I couldn't believe what she'd done, what she'd just said.

Nancy loved teasing me. After she and Jake made love, she would always 'try and share' with me. She would jokingly rub something on my arm or lips. It took my breath away.

At first I fought her but she persisted. In a way, I found it exciting and I think she knew it. It was like she was sharing her man and his maleness with me.

Shortness of breath was not my only problem. Somewhere I had developed feelings that shouldn't be there. I felt a swelling tightness surrounding my nipples around certain boys, in particularly around Jake. I really didn't know much about sex, reproduction or how it worked. The thought that his essence had somehow changed me had me worried.

I reluctantly explained to my doctor what Nancy and I had been doing and asked him what was happening. He smiled and said, "It's probably nothing physical although there's a lot about human sexuality we don't know. Your hormones are a bit messed up."

"Boys shouldn't have the kind of sensations I'm having," I stated.

He grinned, "I'm not surprised. Female hormones have an effect on your brain too. There's really no use fighting it."

That night I sat up in my bed, my arms wrapped around my knees. I couldn't sleep and I tried not to think about the girlish sensations growing inside of me. I thought of Jake and Nancy making love. I thought of Jake. I felt a stirring inside. I was appalled when my nipples tightened through the thin nylon of my nightgown.

I laid back and savvied my long perfumed hair around my face. My fingers played with several of the tiny lace roses on the bodice barely covering my sensitive mounds. My broad hips felt warm and soft, my smooth knees rubbing together slightly.

I shut my eyes and ran my hands down over my nipples, over my belly and down over my hips then back up. I felt so weak now as I continued to tease my sensitive breasts.

I thought of Jake and of the day before when he jokingly patted my bottom making me jump. I caught him staring at me but a lot of boys looked at me. I refused to think or interpret what I was feeling. I simply concen-

trated on the warm and contented palpations flowing through my body and it's effect on my outlook.

That was when I met Kevin. I was at the doctor's office waiting when a young boy about fifteen and his Mother arrived. They took their seats. I had on a short pleated skirt, sweater and three inch heels. The boy stared at me until I felt uncomfortable.

I took a good look at him and saw a very slim, small boned boy with longish unkept hair. There was something familiar about him. . . he was wearing a loose fitting, oversized sweatshirt. I looked at his chest and saw the two unmistakable clues as to why he was here. I couldn't imagine why this boy was growing breasts but then I never thought I would either.

With the doctor I asked, "Was that boy here for hormones too?"

The doctor said, "I can't discuss a patient's problems but. . ." He left the room and called me into his office. There Kevin and his Mother waited. The doctor said, "This is Kevin, and he's got a bunch of questions."

I looked at the boy and couldn't imagine him in a dress. Surprisingly, Kevin had been on a light cycle of hormones for several years. At fifteen he had gained weight in all the places a girl gains---chest, hips, thighs, all comfortably hidden under his loose clothing.

I was told that Kevin's Mother had wanted a girl and she was the one pushing him. It had been decided that he would start his sophomore year in high school as a girl and he was scared.

"Mother says I should be a girl," he said, asking, "Are you really a boy too?"

I nodded.

"WOW, you are sure pretty. Mother thinks I can't go on covering up much longer." He ran his hands down over his chest and I was surprised to see how pointed and full his bosom was.

"When are you going to start wearing dresses?" I asked.

"When they show."

"They show now."

"Only if you look for them?" he said with uncertainty.

"They show."

The look of apprehension flashed in his eyes. He said, "I'd like to talk to you again." We decided to set our weekly appointments at the same time.

The next time I saw him he was wearing stretch jeans, sneakers and a V-necked sweater. His hair was clean and combed into a fluffy style that pushed his appearance into the "girl" bracket. He was agitated and looked tired. He said, "I hope you are here next week. I'm going to try wearing a dress."

"I wouldn't miss it for the world," I said thinking about my first adventure out. It seemed so long ago.

The next week he wore the first of his dresses, a little cotton jean dress with a short skirt that looked girlish for his age. The dress's bodice was cut and I had to admit he had a very nice figure.

He might as well have had a brand on his forehead because he was so nervous he could not stop touching his skirt and playing with his hair that floated around his face. He drew strands of it away from his ears. He had such small, delicate ears and I noticed two tiny gold hoops in each ear. **DOUBLE PIERCED!**

As for me, I was finding more and more pleasure in being a girl. Even the ebb and flow of my monthly cycle didn't bother me as much. Oh, during those five days, when my estrogen was low and progesterone was high, my stomach knotted, bloated and I felt like dishwater. Sometimes I had to miss school. . .but Mother wrote a note saying I was having a bad period.

But there was a glow about her. Something very different.

The interview went smoothly and I was enrolled promptly to enter flight school the next Monday. There was never any question I would be hired---I was the owner's niece!

The flight training began. . .

All my uniform dresses and skirts were lined, all fitted to perfection. Mother was very exacting when it comes to the hang of a skirt, the set of a sleeve, the cut of the bodice. She was teaching me well.

Today I didn't mind the white regulation lingerie; I felt white, today. Pristine, in fact.

It must be what Uncle Bart had in mind when he picked the design. The uniform suit, its short skirt as narrow as a prudes conscience but slit five inches at the back to allow ease of movement. It slid down my hips with a whisper of pure silk taffeta lining, and I closed my eyes at the sheer pleasure of it. I had developed a strong tactile sense. I reached girlishly under my skirt to adjust my pantyhose and full slip.

Next the jacket: padded shoulders, puffed sleeves, nipped-in waist, small, frilled peplum. Its broad revers were faced with silk moire and just stopped short of the gathering at the top of the sleeves. The jacket had a one-button fastening and was so cut that it hinted at, without quite revealing, the 'mouth-watering' lace showing translucently through the white silk blouse.

Finally, plain navy pumps with four-inch heels. Only when I was fully dressed did I walk to my dressing table, lit by a bank of spotlights, to do my face. I wore very little makeup. My flawless, clear skin needed no foundation, merely a moisturizer. Eye shadow---three colors skillfully blended, a touch of mascara on already black lashes, a glossy silk lipstick, and a matching blusher that gave a sheen to my exquisite cheekbones.

Mother sat on my bed watching me with mixed emotions. Pride that I was taking her place, and a bit of regret that she'd not be wearing the uniform anymore.

A spraying of her favorite perfume rounded off my uniform. I turned and smiled at her. . . I was her creation. With tears in her eyes she reached up and took off her earrings. "These are for you. . . they always brought me luck." They were brilliantly cut, several carat solitaire sapphires that she inserted into my pierced my ears. Then she handed me the matching sapphire and diamond ring she always wore on her left hand saying, "This should keep the men at bay, it always did for me---sort of."

I slipped it on my left ring finger. Looking at the sparkling ring, it gave me a fascinating sensation. I could be "married" now---meaning I had a man, no a "husband" waiting for my arrival.

Rising from my dressing table Mother made me stand in the center of the room where she had me make a slow turn in front of the three way mirror.

Examining the reflection that came back at me from all sides, I looked perfect. Satisfied that I was "together", I would not glance at a mirror again except in the ladies

room. Mother taught me a secret of beauty. . .once you've done your best to be perfect, never primp in front of others or point out flaws.

Leaving my Mother to tidy up behind me, I ran to the car. I didn't want to be late for class.

At the airport training center I met the large number of girls who were in training and dressed just like me. I suddenly didn't feel so special as they chattered and laughed amongst themselves. I fit in nicely even though a few glanced at me funny but not in a "knowing" way.

I knew that I would have to get used to the idea that I was now "one of them".

Training was not easy. We were tested and trained to handle almost every situation and that was many! I was bone tired at night. I barely had enough energy to embroider my aprons with my name in red.

After a month of training, I graduated and was scheduled for my first flight. That night, Mother and Uncle Bart took me to dinner. . .in my uniform. While it was an exciting day, I felt awfully conspicuous walking the street in such a distinctive uniform. Surprisingly I attracted no undue attention and had a nice dinner and celebration.

Seeing me blush as one young man eyeballed my figure, Uncle Bart laughed, "I never thought you'd do it. . .I just hope you can handle all the male attention you're going to get." Then spying my the sparkling diamond ring on my left hand, he shook his head and said, "I see your Mother 'married' you off. I hate it when the girls do that."

Had my uncle already begun to think of me as one of the girls? Still I didn't want to complain, in fact, with my first check, I paid the dinner tab to thank him for the opportunity. He just smiled.

The next Saturday, I reported to the airport for my first flight. A "turn around" flight. It was so busy that the flight went fast. I was completely accepted by the other stewardesses and made friends easily. Some of the girls were really engaged to be married and talked continually about their boyfriends and nothing else.

I quickly found it so difficult to admit that I had no male attachments, that I dreamt one up. I hoped that I never had to produce "Jake" in the flesh but I showed them the engagement ring he'd given to me.

I told Mother and she said, "That's cute!" I quickly realized that I needed a 'cover' boyfriend not only for the male passengers but for a couple of the pilots too. I made up all kinds of stories about my dates with "Jake" and how handsome he was just to "keep up" with the other stewardesses.

What was odd was that it made me feel so much more feminine to be talking about having a "special boyfriend", "our long engagement" and "romantic weekend trips". It wasn't hard, I took what one stewardess said about her boyfriend, changed it slightly and then told other stewardesses the same story about my "boyfriend". There were hundreds of girls so there wasn't much of a chance of a duplicate story.

Even though I was to have some of my Mother's seniority, the first couple months I had to work all the worst flights and it seemed like I lived in my uniform. On my rare days off, I had a chance to put on a pretty dress and Mother and I would go to a movie, concert or to dinner.

It was nice that I could ask her questions and tell her all about my new job. She had an answer for everything. . .she had done it all.

By now I was forgetting that I was ever a boy. I felt completely feminine and my movements and gestures were just like any girls. As I served meals and drinks on the plane, women would compliment me on my neat and attractive appearance. I also noticed that men could not keep their eyes off my shapely bottom and slender legs that showed under my short skirts.

Feeling this admiration, I walked prouder, flaunting my good points. Since I had to be a girl, I might as well be an attractive one.

Mother was always there to help me. "Watch that wiggle at your hips, dear," she said seeing me prance, "You don't want to be a hussy. A nice girl behaves modestly. You've become womanly enough that you don't have to flaunt anything."

I blushed at her comment. Somehow I still didn't feel completely equal to the other girls.

A typical work day? My alarm rings at four in the morning. I wish I could sleep a little longer but I get up. I have a 7:00 A.M. flight. Without much time, I quickly shower, do my hair and makeup in an approved style, don a freshly pressed uniform, hose and heels and put the

regulation-size earrings in their holes. I pack a carry-on bag quickly and I'm out the door before sunrise and arrive at the airport as required---one hour ahead of takeoff.

First stop is the briefing room, where I confirm my assignments and learn about special-need passengers: then it's down to the gate and onto the plane. . .staffed with four other girls.

At a smaller airport, the plane might be cold and dark at first. The pilots crank up the heat while we attendants turned on lights. Then comes the crew of mechanics, caterers and cleaners.

After stowing items and being briefed by the pilots, we perform safety checks: door pressure gauges, oxygen masks, etc. Then we prep the galley, gather magazines, pull out pillows and blankets.

Finally we take our position at the doors. Still tired, my sleepiness is replaced with a big smile.

The airline has people whose job is to make sure the stews have the right color bow in our hair or that our pumps have a minimum two-and-a-half-inch heel. Everything from my skirt length to the color of my hose is regulated.

"The emphasis," says my uncle, "is still on feminine youth and beauty."

That was why Uncle Bart personally picked out the uniforms and directed their fashion which were updated yearly with little flair and refinement to the uniform.

Actually, it was a "free" publicity event that the media always covered during the sweeps week. Girls in sexy outfits were good even for the television ratings. I was flattered that Uncle Bart asked me to be one of the models showing off the new uniforms.

The uniforms had been modified a lot this year, "more formal and 'theme' oriented," Uncle Bart said.

THEME? They were almost like the 70's decade of silly "in flight" fashions like gold lame minidresses, glass-bubble space hats and outer space outfits.

Uncle Bart's idea was that his girls should pack a different outfit for each leg of the trip: Sunday morning, maybe a uniform with long skirt and ruffled blouse. A chef's hat for serving dinner in first class. A pajama shirt look with tights for "red-eye" pajama flights. Even leather hot-pants and feathers for the Vegas runs.

It was precisely these kind of outfits that caused the onboard sexual harassment and revolt on the other airlines.

But Swifter was different. The hefty salaries compared to the other airlines made the inconvenience of being treated like a piece of meat justifiable. Mother told me the pilots were the worse offenders.

Today's pilots, especially young ones, are generally better behaved I found out. Unwanted attention from male passengers has also subsided because in flight liquor consumption is down.

Of course, certain passengers and pilots still routinely remove their wedding rings on board, and some of the girls still flirt with the pilots, even married ones, or scan the cabins for eligible men.

When I bend over the seats to serve dinner the outfits were made to accentuate my bosom and bottom? At all the employee meetings, Uncle Bart's message was clear, "It's good for business and what is good for business is good for you!"

Besides the required hours of instruction in such areas as evacuating an aircraft, resuscitating heart-attack victims, and delivering babies, Uncle Bart's training staff has spends many hours on comportment and looking good. There are lessons in grooming: foundation, lipstick, and eye makeup. Hair can't be punk-short or mannish. Long and loose so that it flows and is sexy. We are even allowed dangling earrings and button styles bigger than a quarter that are not permitted on other airlines.

The first of the theme outfits was hand delivered by Uncle Bart to our house. "Try it on," he coaxed.

It looked like one of those smart, rich persons maid's uniforms. Very dark blue, almost black with a ruffled dainty collar and cuffs. Mother helped me into it, zipping me up the back. She took great care with the matching white bib apron and cap.

The uniform fit perfectly. Tight but with room to move at the arms. With black stockings and high heels, I looked more like a maid than I did a stewardess. Of course that was the frilly apron, not the simple lines of the basic uniform.

Uncle Bart couldn't help admitting I looked very nice in it. He laughed, "I never thought my nephew would ever look that good in a tight skirt!"

The straps of the apron curved intriguingly over my bosom and shoulders. The wide strings accented my small waist ending in a big frothy bow in back. The skirt was just short enough to show plenty of my slender leg but still be tasteful.

It brought back mother's stories of stewardesses being hijacked to Cuba in miniskirts and gogo boots.

"Well," Uncle Bart asked, watching me turn back and forth in front of the mirror, "Do you like it?"

I lowered my eyes and blushed, realizing how vain I was appearing. I liked what I saw in the mirror. The uniform showed off my feminized figure and bosom provocatively. The midnight blue color highlighted my long shiny hair and bright red lips.

Uncle Bart turned to Mother and said, "You'll never get him back into pants, you know?"

I still went weekly to the doctor and he loved hearing about my flights. He made me feel pretty and that gave me a pleasurable feeling.

Seeing my panties, the doctor asked me, "I see that you've adjusted nicely to the gaffing? Not too uncomfortable?"

"It's okay," I said, "But it's bothersome."

"Maybe we can do something about that," the doctor said. "I'll talk to your Mother."

I had a bad premonition when the doctor called Mother and they talked for the longest time. When they hung up, Mother checked my flight schedule and said I had a special doctor's appointment in two weeks. When I asked "why", Mother just said, "You'll see. It's a surprise."

At the appointment I was told to completely undress and remove even my gaff. I didn't argue and soon found myself on a gynecologic table with my feet in stirrups.

I was embarrassed as the doctor talked to Mother about what they saw. "See, they atrophy," the doctor said prodding the insensitive flesh. "Between the gaff and hormones, it's small enough to do what we talked about."

"Honey," she said to me, "The doctor thinks we should. . . well, there's this procedure that will make everything smaller. You wouldn't even need a gaff!"

"A SEX CHANGE?" I gasped.

"No, dear," the doctor interrupted. "We just tighten the web so that everything stays up rather than hangs down. We just adjust the web holding things. It's really a very simple office procedure. . ."

After more discussion, I just laid my head back in withdrawal. They were making the decision for me. Finally Mother asked, "Wouldn't you like to get rid of that gaff?"

I nodded.

I really didn't feel much, only the first shot and some pulling, squeezing and stretching. A sheet hung over my legs and I was glad I couldn't see what the doctor was doing. Even Mother didn't watch. She held my hand and stroked my forehead.

Feeling the pressure, my stomach got squeamish but that disappeared. The "procedure" took over an hour and when he was finished the doctor told me to lay back and relax for another hour.

I feel asleep. When I awoke, I felt a dull tightness in my belly, like a cramp. Then I realized where I was and what had happened.

Mother was smiling at me. "How do you feel?"

I gasped, "What did he do?"

"Trust me, dear. It's perfect," Mother gushed.

When the doctor removed the sanitary pad, I about fainted. There was nothing there! Well, not nothing exactly. There were like lips of skin but there was nothing male showing.

"You can do anything a girl does now," the doctor said, "and everything a girl has to. . ."

"It's gone!" I moaned.

"Not gone," Mother said, "Just tucked away. Everything is just up in a pocket."

I wasn't ready for what happened next. The doctor took hold of a string that came from the fold and pulled. . . out came a tampon. Mother had taught me all about these as a matter of necessity.

"Oh my," I gasped, feeling my new fringe seal.

"You'll have to wear these for a week dear," the doctor said, positioning my ankles back in the cold metal stirrups. Pulling a metal vice-type tool from a drawer, he inserted it into the dainty flaps and opened it. With a mirror, he showed me what he'd done. My maleness was hidden up inside. Pulling on it's head made it come outward enough to be seen but quickly snapped upward when released.

"But how can I fuc. . ." I stopped looking up at Mother, "have girlfriends?"

"You can have all you want," the doctor said, "But you won't be functioning as a man. You think about all the problems: over population, disease, failed relationships; you won't miss it much. I promise!"

I gasped again when the doctor easily inserted another tampon.

He left me alone to dress and came back in before I left to give me last minute instructions. He also gave me a present! Inside the neatly wrapped box was a most real looking male appendage. "For me?" I gasped.

"For those girlfriends," the doctor smiled, "Watch!" He took the realistic organ in his hand and squeezed the genitals which caused it to become erect and stand up straight. I blushed at the thought of needing such an item.

It took a couple days before I was no longer in shock. There were complex sensations but I had an emptiness

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between my legs which took some time to get used to. My bathroom routine was so different. . . nothing at all to touch, hold or straighten. I just sat and went.

The benefits were many. No more gaffs. Mother bought me a pair of tight short shorts and the naughtiest bikini swim suit.

I had a week off so Mother and I flew to Cancun, Mexico. We went to the beach and laid out by the pool almost everyday. I enjoyed swimming in the surf of the Caribbean. I didn't care one bit that I was showing off a lot of flesh in my bikini. I tanned deeply. At night when I bathed, I saw the virgin white flesh of my protruding bosom where my bikini top sat.

I was a little jealous of the men on the beach in their boxer shorts. I often wondered how I would compare standing naked next to one of these virile men. I would look soft, fragile and shapely. Would there be any maleness evident on my body? I doubted it. Even nude I would look like a girl.

Panties had a new meaning to me. A new sensuality overcame me. I couldn't have enough panties in enough styles: hipsters, bikini, thong, high cut briefs and more.

There was a new freedom too. Externally, I looked completely like a woman without the constriction of a gaff. I could wear spandex pants, short shorts, skin tight jeans and bikinis without any fear of exposure.

I thought back at the last few years. Had Mother done the right thing in encouraging me to become a girl? To have that surgery that effectively made it impossible for me to have carnal relationships with women? It was hard to tell now. I felt completely at home in my skirts and lingerie.

My guilt feelings for not "being a man" had subsided. But in the back of my mind, I longed for the satisfactions of a normal male and relationships with women. I banished the thought from my mind for now. I was what I became and there was no changing back for awhile. Would I want to change back?

Not now. I was young, beautiful and made a good living. . . the world was open to my other desires. I could wear pretty dresses anywhere, be flirtatious and sexy with just the roll of my hips.

Yes, I am getting my share of dinner date offers and more. I admit, they are from men but, that's not all bad. You have to realized how much I've changed. I'm a boy who completely feels himself to be a girl now.

I'm a little ashamed to admit it but I've started to enjoy being courted by men but that's not to say that the male in me was dead.

Far from dead. On our overnight trips, the girls roomed together. This was no problem since my "adjustment". The doctor also gave me a pill to take on these trips that effectively neutered me. He said, "We can't have anything showing up unexpectedly." I took this before every trip that was overnight.

There was this stewardess who's schedule almost matched mine perfectly. Judy was my age and had also taken over her Mother's seniority. I was strangely attracted to her. . .or should I say, I wanted to be like her.

Judy was different than the other girls. She was more aggressive and assertive. I found myself following her around, going to dinner where she wanted, etc. She'd walk right into the bathroom when I was showering, or doing my makeup without any concern for my privacy.

I'll never forget the first time I climbed out of the shower to find her brushing her teeth. . .she was also naked. I just stood there, shivering from the cold air and shocked to see her eyes roam over my feminized figure. I pressed my knees together tightly and grabbed a towel to dry off.

"My turn!" she said walking sexily into the shower. I about fainted and had the urge to run out of the bathroom. I lingered, watching in the mirror her curves through the clear shower curtain.

A thrill passed through me, explosive and electric. My nipples puckered into hard little marbles and I felt a little ashamed that I could never be man enough to get a girl like Judy's attention.

I stood at the mirror and started drying my hair, a towel wrapped prudishly around my torso. When she climbed out of the shower, another thrill echoed through my body. There was enough male left in my soul that a beautiful woman like Judy could turn me on if she tried. And the way she strutted around naked appeared like she was trying to turn on a strip joint.

She asked, Do you mind if I don't put clothes on?? Some of the girls are such prudes."

I just shook my head.

As for my life a boy stewardess? I love it! Oh, there's the, 'Ma'am, can you get me a drink?' or 'Help! I've spilled my drink!' There can be some particularly grueling flights. some times I feel like a stale piece of bread picked at by pigeons.

One thing that I don't know if I'll ever get used to. . . that's when I'm really busy and someone calls, "Oh, Miss?" It catches me off guard and I say to myself, "Oh, yeah! I'm a MISS now."

Despite all that pestering. My hours are flexible: with mom's seniority and smart planning, I can arrange for up to fifteen consecutive days off in a row.

Mother says I may want to move to a big cities later and live in what they call a "stew zoo". That's small apartments shared by as many as ten girls who are always traveling or on trips.

Sometimes I have to be "on reserve." I can be beeped by the airline at any time and assigned to work a flight that's scheduled for departure in only two hours. Not much time to get cleaned up, made up and to the airport!

I've given up a lot but I find myself dress shopping in New York or enjoying layovers in such places as Las Vegas, Hawaii and the Caribbean. I've even been on some charter flights to Europe.

In Paris, I bought the sweetest little jumper. It's lovely print is perfect for the girl on the move---ME! It has a scooped neckline, empire waist. I was wearing it on a deadhead (that's when I'm coming back home from a one-way trip and don't have to work.) This dresses styling is swingy and loose. . . comfortable but. . . An older lady sitting next to me asked after seeing my wedding ring (the one to put the guys at bay), asked, "Dear, are you expecting?"

Her question caught me off guard because I hadn't noticed the "maternity look" of my dress.

My heart pounded, my face grew flushed with humiliation. I looked at this kindly woman and realized that she was serious and I couldn't deny the spark of excitement at the speculation.

I bit my lip, my breasts tingled against the silky fabric of my dress. I found myself nodding.

"I thought so," she said. "You have that glow!"

For the rest of the trip, she told me the intimate details of her five pregnancies. It was an awakening experience that left me reeling. As I drove home, my heart swelled with a new feeling. I wanted to have a baby, be a mother and maybe even a wife. Was that impossible?

Who knows? Adoption is always a possibility. Making my breasts fully functional is no problem with the right lactating hormones. "Of course," he added, "you'd need a husband." A thought that fills me with trepidation. Making me fully functional **THERE** brings up a crazy mixture of hope and fear.

The doctor said egg transplants are being worked on in several universities. While most research is for infertile women, it could soon be possible to. . .?

As for my immediate future, I don't know. While the guys in high school have jobs in a bank or grocery store, I'm traveling Europe. I may even live in Europe for a while.

As for friends, I have many. When you're seen and communicate with hundreds of people every day, a girl is bound to make lots of friends, both female and male.

Sometime I wished I had studied more in high school and went to college. . . then again, I'd never get to see the world, meet wonderful people, and make so much money, so young. Yes, I could have stayed a boy. I guess life is a trade off. . . I've ended up with the bowl of cherries!

The End

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