

TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

"DRESSING UP"

A sickly young man goes to live
with his aunt. . .
their little dress-up game turns serious.



VOLUME 44 — PART ONE OF TWO

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MAGAZINE

Volume 44

"DRESSING UP"

PART ONE of TWO
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DRESSING UP

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“On your birthday, everyone caters to your every wish and gives you lavish gifts. . .it’s like being a blonde with big tits.”

“DRESSING UP”

By: D. Crease

I took after my mother. . .sickly to the day she died.

Dad was at his wits end. I had been sick for over a year. I could do little in the way of physical activity without my lungs filling with fluids which resulted in terrible, almost violent, coughing episodes. Six months ago, Dad's health insurance ran out with his aerospace job and he had been using all his savings for my medical expenses.

With the last of his money, Dad took me to see a respiratory specialist. He told us there was no miracle cure for my ailment. The only hope for me was to get out of Pittsburgh, the large industrial city where we lived. Then and only then would my lungs clear up and allow my body to heal itself.

The doctor said, “All he needs is some cool, dry mountain air!”

The four walls of my bedroom had been my home since I stopped attending school. I was in my senior year of high school when I was stricken with this illness which whittled down my body. Just two years before, I stood 5 feet, 7 inches tall and weighed a good 180 pounds. While I didn't shrink in height, I did in weight. As I laid in my bed, I was only 125 pounds, soaking wet!

Dad and I had a serious discussion on what to do about my situation. “Tabago, Colorado,” Dad enthusiastically exclaimed!

THE ADVENTURE BEGINS...

A porter was waiting for me at the gate with a wheel chair to transport me out of the airport. Standing beside the porter was a tall, statuesque, and very beautiful woman---my Aunt Peggy.

She had thick, dark auburn hair held in a long tight braid down to the middle of her back. She was taller than me. 5 foot, 9 inches. She wore heavy woolen flannel slacks in a chocolate brown. Light beige western boots covered her feet and a matching beige ribbed wool turtle neck sweater was visible beneath her opened waist length coat.

The woman's makeup was impeccable. Her very fair, almost translucent complexion was exquisitely enhanced by her cosmetics. She wore a very light amount of mascara and eyeliner. This complimented her intensely bright hazel blue eyes.

Her nose was slender and gently upturned. Her chin was softly rounded and her cheek bones, while not very high, like mine, were, nonetheless, accentuated by a light application of blush.

But the most remarkable thing about this woman was her figure. It wasn't like anyone I knew. Rather, she was quite full figured. Her generous bosom pushed up and outward from beneath her sweater. The jacket she wore hugged her narrow waist line, and from there, her hips flowed out full and sensuously. This woman was "STACKED!"

As I slowly made my way toward the wheel chair, this gorgeous woman stepped toward me. Without saying a word, the woman took my small carry-on bag and helped me into the wheel chair. Once I was seated, she looked down at me, smiled and said, "Hi honey, you must be Marc."

I nodded tentatively. She then said, "Well Marc, I'm your Aunt Peggy. Please, call me Peggy."

"Wow!" was the only thought to enter my mind. So this was my Aunt Peggy, or should I say Peggy. Was she ever a picture of beauty like the pictures of my mother when she was young. I now knew that my recovery would certainly be aided by the prospect of seeing her every day.



I took after my mother. . .sickly to the day she died.

The porter took us to the baggage claim area and we waited for my luggage. And we waited. And we waited.

As we waited and soon were the only ones left by the baggage claim area, it was obvious. . .they had lost my luggage. All I had was what I wore and a few things in my carry-on.

There was nothing to do, my luggage wasn't there. The airline had no idea where it was, and neither did we. They promised to look.

We loaded into my Aunt's four wheel drive pick up truck and began the drive from the airport to her home. We talked and got to know each other and she was a very interesting person. She was a big fashion model in New York for many years until she retired seven years ago.

She then began a career as a clothing designer. She always hated New York City and vowed that when she got the opportunity, she would leave and go as far away as possible.

When that day came, she pulled out a map, closed her eyes, and stuck a pin into it. And the pin hit Tabago, Colorado. Moving there was the best thing that ever happened to her. That was 5 years ago.

Although she would occasionally fly to New York City or Los Angeles for a brief modeling session, it happened rarely and only if they needed a more mature look to display a new fashion.

It took some time to reach her home. Actually, it wasn't really in Tabago, but on a mountain side, just beyond the town.

Her home was a large Southwestern ranch style house with smooth white stucco walls and a red clay tile roof. Peggy parked her truck at the rear of the house, just off the road which ended at her driveway.

I slowly got out with Peggy's help. It was difficult for me to maneuver, not because of my illness, but because my pants kept falling down. I had lost so much weight over the last year, none of my clothes fit well and Dad couldn't afford to buy me new ones.

As the door opened, I was astounded by the size of the house. It looked fairly average from outside, but inside it was almost cavernous.

Aunt Peggy showed me to my room. She provided me with a large queen size bed. The heavy, dark wood furnishings were modern Southwestern in style. Yet the room seemed a bit strange to me. The “distressed” white washed wooden bed had a frilly white lace canopy over the top and the matching desk had a lighted mirror behind it.

When I mentioned my concerns to Peggy, she chuckled, “I’m sorry, Marc, but since I live alone, I decorated my house to my own personal style and taste. I had no idea that I’d have a handsome young man, like you living with me. But we’ll see if we can make a few adjustments.”

I told her I didn’t mind. I was happy to be with her and fortunate that she had allowed me to come on such short notice.

Peggy shrugged my thank you off and sweetly said, “Hey kid, you’re family. We need to stick together.” Then she placed her arm around my shoulder and gave me a loving hug before she left me in my new bedroom.

The long trip had really tired me out. It had been a long time since I had been out of my bedroom for an extended time. However, the cool, clean mountain air of Colorado seemed to refresh me. I hadn’t felt so good in quite a while. Nonetheless, as soon as I put my head on the lacy pillow case, I was out like a light.

The next thing I knew, I felt the touch of soft hands caressing my head. I opened my eyes and saw Aunt Peggy sitting beside me at the edge of the bed. I noticed that her pretty long fingernails were polished in a creamy red enamel.

She smiled down at me and said, “Hey sleepy head, you’ve been asleep for the last four hours.” I looked out of the bedroom window and saw that it was black outside. The only light I saw was the brilliant starlight shining against the pitch black sky. Growing up in a smog filled big city, I never saw the night sky so crisp and clear.

"My luggage?" I asked.

"No," she said, "I'll call later. I'm sure they'll find it. I just don't know how they'll get it up here---maybe drop it from a plane!"

I was still dressed in my travel clothes. After helping me out of the bed, I joined her in the dining room. I slowly sipped a bowl of hot chicken broth. While only the first course, I never got to enjoy the rest of it. Sleep overcame me again.

Peggy helped me back to my room to undress. Then she handed me a strange garment to wear for bed. She said, "Please don't think I'm too forward, but I brought you this to wear for the night. It gets pretty cold up here when the sun goes down and this will keep you toasty warm."

Peggy then handed me a long pink garment. She explained that it was a soft, thermal night shirt, although it looked like a women's nightgown to me. It was surprisingly light weight, but quite fluffy. Peggy said that it was made of local lamb's wool and I would find it very comfortable and not at all itchy.

Shivering in the chilly night air, I quickly drew the garment over my head. Peggy was right, it was very comfortable. I didn't even mind the delicate lace sewn onto the high collar and the sleeve cuffs.

Unable to fight sleep anymore, I accepted her good-night kiss. Peggy tucked in under the thick quilted covers and I fell fast asleep.

When I awoke the next morning, I was pleasantly surprised that my lungs were far less congested than usual, yet, my nose was very dry and stuffed. As I sat up in bed and stretched my arms, I noticed that there was a pair of house slippers on the floor next to the bed.

They weren't ordinary men's slippers, rather, they were made of lamb's skin and dyed pink to match the night shirt I was wearing. They also had lots of soft, fluffy pink wool on the inside. While I found the color peculiar, I nonetheless slipped them on my feet. The cool wool was warmed by my body heat and they were unusually comfortable. I soon forgot about their girlish

appearance and went to the bathroom to take care of my morning matters.

I hadn't felt this good in a long time. The dry Colorado mountain air was extremely therapeutic. Instead of getting back into bed, I decided to take a look around the house.

The clock on the fireplace mantle showed that it was 7:00 a.m. As I walked along the Mexican tile floor and among the Southwestern style furniture in the living room, I heard the sound of business machines coming from an area just ahead of me. Curious, I continued toward the sound, in my pink slippers and pink night shirt. It was good that my night shirt was long, because it was quite chilly inside the big house. The night shirt reached to the floor with only the tips of my pink slippers peeping out from under its lacy hem.

The noise was just behind a thick wooden door. The door was opened a crack. Not wanting to barge in, I gently knocked. A muffled voice on the other side said, "Come in."

Pushing the heavy door open, I saw Aunt Peggy busily shuffling papers on a large drafting table. She smiled at me as I entered.

She was wearing a pair of tight blue jeans and a blue turtle neck ski sweater. Her clothing fit so snugly, every curve of her fabulous body was clearly defined with almost nothing left to the imagination. Her hair was still in the braid she had worn the day before.

"Good morning, Marc. Care for some hot tea? I just made it a few moments ago. It'll warm your insides on this chilly morning," Peggy said cheerfully.

As I sipped my morning brew, I sat at a chair opposite her. Although she looked up and smiled at me every so often, she remained very busy with her paperwork. Looking around the room, I noticed a photocopy machine in the corner, a sewing machine next to it and the walls were covered with illustrations of women dressed in very modern clothing designs.

"What are you doing?" I asked curiously.

"This is my work, Marc," she replied, "While I use to be a fashion model, I'm a fashion designer now."

I then asked, "Those drawings on the wall, did you make them?"

"Yes, dear," she gleefully replied, "They're illustrations of my new spring clothing line. I only have a few more outfits to design, then I'll be working on my line for next fall."

I continued to watch her work, then she asked, "Marc, have you ever worked a fax machine?" I told her that I hadn't. But she said, "It doesn't matter. You will learn." Then in a kidding voice she said, "Don't think you will sit around here and do nothing. I plan to put you to work."

I smiled back at her and said, "Just point me in the right direction and I'll do whatever you want."

With a sly smile, Peggy replied, "I'm sure you will, Marc. I'm sure you will."

Soon, Peggy showed me how to use the photocopier as well as the fax machine. In no time, I was making reduction copies of her fabulous illustrations and faxing them off to New York, to one of the biggest clothing manufacturers. I was having a lot of fun and what's more, I felt great.

An hour later, she told me that we had done enough work for the morning. She looked me over and said, "It's time for you to get washed and dressed." Taking me by the hand, she led me back to my bedroom.

The hot water from the shower did wonders to warm my chilled bones. I washed well and shampooed my overly long hair. A thick white terry cloth robe was waiting for me as I stepped out of the shower. After drying off, I put the robe on, returned to the bedroom and got dressed.

I was fully dressed when Peggy came into my room. It appeared that she had showered as well. She was wearing the same jeans and sweater she had on before. The only thing different about her was the big fluffy towel she wore on her head, like a turban.

"Hey, you ought to cover your wet hair, dear, least you catch an awful cold." Peggy exclaimed when she saw me in my ill fitting khaki pants, sweatshirt and sneakers. She went to my bathroom and retrieved a



*The hot water from the shower did wonders
to warm my chilled bones.*

towel, just like the one on her head. Expertly, she wrapped the towel on my head in an identical turban.

She then said, "I need you to do me a favor, Marc."

"Name it!" was my response.

"Would you please brush my hair out for me?" she requested.

Although it seemed odd, it was no bother for me to do it. "After all," I thought, "she was so nice to take me in." Even though we were family, we had been total strangers up until yesterday. When I told her that I'd be happy to brush out her hair, she sat down on the chair at the vanity table in my room.

Peggy opened one of the vanity drawers and withdrew a set of silver handled brushes and combs and she instructed me on how to brush her hair. "Use the comb first. Start from the top and comb down in long even strokes. If the hair is knotted, don't force the comb through. Instead, use the brush to untangle it. After you finish combing, use the brush the same way. I'll tell you when your done."

I did as instructed. Surprisingly, Peggy's auburn hair had no tangles and the comb glided right through the long, beautiful strands. As I combed and brushed, Peggy told me how hair needed to be pampered for it to shine and look good. I listen attentively to everything she told me. I don't know why, but I really enjoyed primping her. I found it relaxing and exhilarating at the same time.

By the time I was finished, I must have stroked her gorgeous locks at least 200 times. The brushing really brought out the glistening shine to her dark, reddish hair. It also ventilated it and dried it from wet to barely damp. I watched Peggy gather up her hair and twist a navy blue band through it, creating a very pretty pony tail.

Placing the brush on the vanity, I started to go back to the bathroom to finish drying my hair with the towel. Peggy stopped me, "Where do you think you're going? It's your turn now."

Her statement caught me off guard. I stared back at her with a blank look on my face. "My turn?" I asked in disbelief.

Peggy stood up then bent down and patted the chair with her hand. I grimaced as I walked back and took my seat at the vanity.

With the hands of an expert, Peggy began combing and brushing my boyishly long hair. Unlike her's, my hair was full of tangles. As she worked away, she said,

“Next time you wash your hair, please use the conditioner next to the tub. It will soften your hair and prevent it from twisting and bunching up. It will also prevent slit ends.” I made a mental note to do as she instructed.

Brushing her hair had been a thrill, but it was even better when she did it to me. As she brushed, Peggy and I talked about the fashion industry and how healthy hair was very important to a model’s career. The conversation was odd, to say the least, but I didn’t mind. I was relaxed and thoroughly enjoyed the sensation of the brush as it cascaded through my long locks.

Although my hair was fairly straight, it had the tendency to curl up at the ends when it got long. I didn’t like when that happened and used a men’s hair tonic to straighten it out. However, I didn’t have my greasy tonic with me.

By the time Peggy finished, my hair received an excess of 200 strokes. The results amazed me. She had parted my hair on the left side of my head. As I gazed into the mirror, I saw that my long, even strands had all curled up at the ends. It almost looked as if I had been wearing curlers to bed and my hair was purposely styled into a “flip” hairdo.

“Well, what to you think, Marc?” Peggy said with enthusiasm. I didn’t know how to reply. My dark brown hair glistened in the bright vanity mirror lights. I thought it looked a bit feminine. It embarrassed me to be seen like this.

As I stood up from the chair, I had to grab for my trousers. Losing 55 pounds had its problems, ill fitting clothes were one of them. Peggy saw me and said, “You know Marc, I might have something that will fit you better than those oversized chinos. That is, if you don’t mind that they are women’s clothes.”

I was thoroughly frustrated with my clothing. As I looked at myself in the full length mirror, I caught sight of my freshly brushed hair bounce across my face and over my shoulders. It had a definite girlish look to it. I said to myself that if my hair was like this, it simply didn’t matter if I wore girls’ clothes as well. I told Peggy

that I didn't mind. "After all," I thought, "it was just her and me. No one else would know."

Peggy took me to her bedroom. There, she walked into the largest closet I had ever seen. It must have contained hundreds of outfits. I sat on the corner of her bed as she rifled through her clothing collections. After several minutes, she emerged with a black plastic clothing bag over her arm.

"Well, it took me a while, but I finally found something that will probably fit you," she said with a happy smile. "I bought this outfit a few years back, shortly after I quit modeling on a full time basis. Back then, I had put on a few too many pounds pigging out on food. I've lost most of the excess weight and this outfit is too big on me. I believe you'll be able to wear it well."

I said nothing, but once she opened the bag, my heart began to race. The outfit she selected was more girlish than I had imagined. It consisted of bright red wool flannel pants, with double pleats, and a very shiny white silk long sleeved blouse, with a jewel neck yoke.

"Do you want me to wear that?" I exclaimed in disbelief.

Peggy replied, "Indeed I do. I understand your apprehension. It is a women's outfit, after all."

I had to wear something. I couldn't walk around all day pulling the waist band of my chinos up with every step.

Taking the outfit from Peggy, I returned to my room to put it on. The most difficult thing about dressing was buttoning up the blouse. The row of buttons seemed to be on the wrong side. Later, when I mentioned that to Peggy, she giggled and told me that the fashion industry did that purposefully. While a man's shirt, of similar style, identical material and workmanship could cost \$30 with the buttons on the right side, a woman's blouse would cost \$70 with the buttons on the left side.

Peggy walked into my room just as I was buckling the micro thin black belt around my waist. She walked up to me and smoothed out the back of the silk blouse, so it laid in place. She then asked, "Well, how does it

fit?" I told her that the blouse fit fine, except it seemed a bit big. "Bulky up front," she corrected.

The slacks fit too, except they were a bit tight around the waist and a bit too long. Peggy squeezed a couple of fingers around the waist band. "Humm," she said, "I would guess that you must have a 27 inch waist line, young man. From my calculations, the pants are only an inch too small. Back when I was able to wear it, my waist line had ballooned to a whopping 26 inches. I had a terrible sweet tooth back then."

Peggy gave the slacks a hard tug up off my hips. She said, "Here you go. Now they ought to fit better. A woman's waist is higher than a man's. Wearing them up here will keep the bottoms from dragging on the floor."

She was right. It felt funny to have my pants up so high, but they did fit better. Also, the waist band was less snug than it was when I had it down around my hips.

With a smile on her face, my Aunt said, "As far as the blouse is concerned, there is a reason why it's bulky, dear. It appears that you have nothing with which to fill the darts."

"Darts?" I replied, quizzically, "What are darts?"

"Every women's blouse has them, Marc. They provide the space for the bosom, something which you apparently don't have."

"Oh," was my meek response.

Then Peggy said, "Don't worry dear, you'll soon learn all there is to know about clothing design if you help me for very long. I expect you to be well versed in women's fashion if you're going to be my little helper around here."

With the pants in place, I slipped on my sneakers and stood before the full length mirror to take a look for myself. "Gee!" came forth from my lips. I was flabbergasted by the way I looked.

My long flipped hair caressed the tops of my shoulders, while the wide yoke of the blouse displayed my white alabaster skin. My thin, straight frame had no curves, yet the pleats caused the pants to flair out. I

didn't look much like the boy who arrived the day before. Rather, I appeared as a sissy or maybe a lanky tomboy girl. The only thing deceiving the look were my bulk leather sneakers.

"I never imagined that this outfit would fit you so well," Peggy said, sounding very pleased. My mind was racing.

Peggy approached me and smoothed out the blouse and slacks as I watched her in the mirror. When she finished fiddling around, she had a definite frown on her face.

"What's the matter," I asked nervously.

Peggy replied with a question, "You're wearing boxer shorts under the slacks, aren't you?" I answered in the affirmative. She then said, "Those bulky cotton shorts throw off the lines of the outfit. Let's go back to my room, I have something that will wear much better."

Not having any idea what she meant, I obediently followed my Aunt back to her bedroom. There, she reached into a dresser drawer and pulled out something quite frilly. I thought I knew what it was, but didn't dare ask her.

"Listen, dear, don't worry about these panties. No one besides us will know that you're wearing them. The effect will improve the flow of the slacks," Peggy said matter of factly. I took the lacy panties from her outstretched hand. The material was very smooth and silky.

Peggy must have noticed me caressing the fabric and she said, "That's right, Marc, those are silk panties. Be careful with them, they cost over \$20 a pair!"

Returning to my room, I removed my boxers and replaced them with the panties. I had to admit, I had never worn clothing that gave me such titillating thrills before. This was underwear, for goodness sakes!

I thought I was done dressing, but I was wrong. Peggy had one more item for me to wear. Despite the fact that my slacks were smoothed out by the panties, she was still dissatisfied. Again, I return to her room and Peggy handed me a pair of white nylon knee



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played along with her, it did bother me a bit. Yet, it was just us in the house. I was sure that I would be able to buy some better fitting clothes soon. But for the rest of the day, I wore the bright red slacks, silk blouse, nylon stocking and black skimmers. I admit, I felt nice in the delicate, soft materials.

stockings and a pair of black women's skimmers. My bulky sneaker didn't go with my new look.

When I slipped the stockings and shoes on my feet, I was surprised that they fit so well and how well they looked on my feet. The shoes had quite an open in-step. As a result, the sheer white stocking that I wore presented themselves in open view.

When Peggy told me that it appeared that we had the same small, narrow feet, I gasped. The size of the shoes were only a 7 "A"!

Now, more than ever, I looked like a girl. Even my Aunt gave me a sweet tease about that. While I

After I was properly dressed, I returned with my Aunt to her office and she showed me how she ran her design business. I was very interested in everything he showed me.

At noon, we went to the kitchen for lunch. I was famished, since I had only a cup of tea that morning. After helping Peggy prepare cheese sandwiches and pea soup, I sat down across from her. As I pushed myself closer to the table, my Aunt gave me a peculiar look.

"Please stand up and sit down again," she requested. I did as she asked and did it in the same manner as I had been doing it for the last 18 years of my life. Peggy still glared at me, only now she shook her head from side to side. "That's all wrong," she said, "You just can't plop down in a seat when you're wearing such a nice outfit."

"What do you mean?" I replied.

Peggy stood up and came around toward me. To my surprise, I received my first lesson in feminine deportment. With tenderness, she showed me how to smooth out the rear of my slacks with my hands before sitting down. She explained that women's slacks, unlike men's trousers, will wrinkle if they aren't smooth before taking a seat. Before I was permitted to eat, I practiced the technique several times until my Aunt was satisfied that I performed the task properly.

Later that afternoon, we were back in her office when Peggy gave me a file to sort out. I sat in a chair at a desk across from her drafting table. Before sitting, I dutifully smoothed out my slacks as if I had been wearing them for years. As I read the file, I leaned back

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in the chair and crossed my legs by lifting my leg and resting my ankle atop my knee cap. Peggy looked up from her work and asked me, "What are you doing Marc?"

"I'm sorting out the file like you told me to do," I replied.

"No, I mean with your legs. Your legs are crossed and it looks awful," she scolded. "I don't mean to hassle you, Marc, but if you must cross your legs, there is a better way to do it." I listened as she explained and demonstrated two alternative ways to cross ones legs. She had me stand as she took my seat.

I watched as Peggy first kept her knees and thighs tightly together and crossed her legs at the ankles. Her back was very straight, her magnificent chest out and shoulders back. Sitting in this position, her crossed legs were slanted down to the left and held slightly tucked beneath the chair.

Her next demonstration was to cross her legs at the knee. Her right leg was simply placed over her left knee as she kept her thighs together, her back straight, her chest out and shoulders back.

Peggy had me practice the two methods of leg crossing until she was satisfied with my technique. To say the least, this was more difficult than smoothing my slacks. I must have crossed my legs tens of times before my Aunt was satisfied with my performance. As I practiced, I watched myself in a mirror on the opposite wall. With my red light-weight slacks, nylon stockings and long hair, I really looked like a teenage girl, and a very pretty and feminine one at that.

For the rest of the afternoon and into the evening, whenever I sat down, I smoothed my slacks. While sitting, I kept my knees pushed together tightly and legs crossed at either the ankle or the knee. I sat up with my back straight, chest out, and shoulders back, just as my Aunt instructed.

By the end of the day, I wasn't even conscious that I sat in this prissy manner, I just did it. When Peggy pointed out that I had followed her directions without her prompting me, a very spooky and eerie feeling came over me.

That evening, before going to bed, I was sitting on my bed, reading. I often became bored with television. With the exception of my favorite soap operas and sporting events, I prefer to read than stare at the boob tube all day.

However, in the haste of packing and arranging my trip to Colorado, I neglected to bring any of my books or magazines. As a result, I was at the mercy of Aunt Peggy's reading collection. It consisted of magazines from the fashion world and clothing trade. As for books, the only ones I found were romance novels and a young girl adventure series.

Shortly after 8:00 p.m., Peggy came to my room to check on me. I had a coughing episode a half an hour earlier and I was relaxing. Pushing open the door, she asked, "How's my pretty nephew doing?" I looked up at her and smiled. She had called me her "pretty nephew" all day and I was no longer disturbed by the comment.

"Much better, thanks," I replied. I saw her give me a knowing smile as she looked at my legs. I followed the path of her stare and noticed how I was sitting on the bed. My legs were squeezed together and curled under me as I sat atop my feet. I didn't even remember putting them in that position. "What was happening to me!" I thought.

Once I realized the manner in which I sat, I quickly straightened my legs, extending them out toward the foot of the bed, but crossing them at the ankle. Then I looked up to see Aunt Peggy twisting her head in an effort to read the title of the book I was reading.

She asked, "Is that what I think it is?"

I lowered my eyes in embarrassment and confessed that it was. "Yes, Aunt Peggy," I said, "It's one of the Jamison Girls' Adventures series. I wanted to read something. I have to admit the story is quite interesting as well as suspenseful."

Smiling at me, she said, "I use to read them when I was a girl. You're right, they are great stories. Please help yourself to any of my books, anytime."



My legs were squeezed together and curled under me as I sat atop my feet. I didn't even remember putting them in that position.

Peggy's visit. She came to give me a hand in getting ready for bed. She handed me the same night clothes I had worn the night before. After wearing women's clothes all day, I didn't mind putting the pink woolen and lace night gown on again, along with the fluffy pink slippers.

Once dressed for bed, Peggy returned to my room. She wore an almost identical night gown, except hers

I joked with her and commented, "You mean the romance novels as well?"

Peggy gave me a silly smirk and retorted, "Yes, especially the romance novels. If you like the Jamison Girls, you'll love stories like, Love Among the Evergreens or Eldorado, A Story of True Love in the Early West."

Peggy really got me. Yet, for some reason her tease made me curious about what those romance novels were about. "Maybe I will take a peek at them," I thought.

Anyway, teasing me was not the purpose of

was in baby blue. She walked to the vanity table and said, "Come here, dear. Let me comb out your hair before bedtime." Like a puppy dog, I obeyed. I had really enjoyed the gentle stokes of the brush through my hair that morning. Having it done again at night was a pleasant treat.

Before she began, Peggy placed a cassette in the stereo built into the wall of my room. The music sounded like waves crashing against a rocky beach. As I listened to the music, she slowly and methodically glided the silver handled brush through my long brown hair.

Peggy told me how much fun she had with me today. I thanked her again for taking me in and told her that today had been a lot of fun for me too.

As she spoke, I noticed that her voice sounded different. All day long she was upbeat. Her voice reflected that attitude with a definite perkiness to it. Now her voice was low and soft. She spoke in a drowsy monotone that sounding very entrancing. As my hair was being brushed, the mesmerizing sounds of the cassette tape, combined with my Aunt's words, led me into an almost hypnotic state.

"You are very pretty, Marc. I mean that most sincerely. You have beautiful long and luxurious hair, full of natural body and shine. Let it grow out longer and longer, so it can become even more thick, shiny, and lovely."

In my trance-like state, I found myself assenting to Aunt Peggy's request. "What was I agreeing to?" I heard a little voice inside me say.

As my Aunt brushed my hair, she slowly moved my head away from the vanity mirror. After kissing me she said, "Marc, I have a nice surprise for you."

"What is it, Aunt Peggy?" I said, in wide eyed wonderment. "Close your eyes and turn around," she replied.

I held my eyes tightly shut until Peggy gave me the signal to open them. When she said it was time, I slowly raised my eyebrows and then began to lift my

eyelids. When my eyes were fully open, I couldn't believe what I saw.

Staring back at me was my face, yet my hair was brushed like never before. Peggy had given me two braided pig tails, one on each side of my head. Each pig tail was held in place with a bright pink ribbon which matched my pink night gown. Peggy explained that the pig tails would prevent my hair from getting split ends as I slept.

As I glared at my reflection, I noticed that I was sitting very straight, in a proper, girlish manner, with my slender legs crossed at the ankles. What was happening to me!

"Gee, I shouldn't be. . ."

"Shhh," she whispered, "It's all just a little naughty fun. Sit like this." Aunt Peggy showed me how to sit with my knees together like a girl. I felt silly but it was fun. I was very confused, yet something inside me said, "trust your Aunt, she will take good care of you." So I did.

Before the lights were turned off, Aunt Peggy gave me a goodnight kiss. As she was leaving my bedroom, I said aloud in a strangely soft voice, "I love you Aunt Peggy."

She smiled back at me and replied, "I love you too, dear."

The next morning, I awoke to find Aunt Peggy humming a merry tune as she was folding and placing items of clothing in my dresser drawers. I sat up in bed and began to rub the sleep from my eyes. As I touched my hair, I was taken aback. I had forgotten that my longish locks were tightly braided the night before.

I began to fondle my new braids and the ribbons which held them in place. A strange, but tingling feeling raced through me as I did so. My preoccupation with my new hair style was interrupted by Peggy's warm and happy, "Good morning, Marc. How did you sleep last night?"

“Like a baby,” I awkwardly cooed. Peggy smiled back and gave me a wink. I felt that my reply was odd, but it seemed totally natural.

Peggy walked over to me, as I sat up in bed. She reached over, began to feel my braids, and said, “Looks like they held up quite nicely. You’ll see over time, dear, that your hair will significantly benefit from this type of pampering. It will grow long and strong and won’t get frazzled or worn.”

My reply defied my mixed emotions when I said, “Gee, I can’t wait.”

Without further ado, Peggy helped me out of bed. After I showered and shampooed, this time using a generous amount of hair conditioner, Peggy was waiting for me at my vanity table. Once again, the ritual of combing and brushing was performed, and again, I found it relaxing.

This morning, instead of styling my long hair into a flip style, Peggy gathered the dark brown strands and pulled them to the back of my head. With her nimble and well experienced fingers, she tightly secured a small elastic band around my hair. Immediately afterwards, she tied one of the pink ribbons around the band. The end result was a quite lovely ponytail which reached below the nape of my neck.

Peggy had already done her hair in a long braid, so I wasn’t required to return the favor for her. Sitting at the vanity, admiring my new ponytail hair style, I was wondering what sort of outfit my Aunt would have me wear. The day before, I was introduced to women’s slacks and blouses. I shuddered to think what this new day would bring. I didn’t have to wait long to find out.

“Marc, I have some good news for you. You won’t have to wear my clothes today. The airline found your suitcases and delivered them late yesterday. After you went to bed last night, I stayed up and did some needed alterations to your clothes. I think they will fit you much better now.”

Peggy’s statement provided some relief. Although I didn’t mind wearing her outfit, it did cause me some mild anxiety.

My Aunt went to my closet and removed one of my pairs of khaki chinos. They were neatly pressed and folded over a wooden clothes hanger. Taking them from her, I went to the bathroom to change out of my night gown, while she continued to place clothing into my drawers.

When I returned to my room, Peggy smiled as she looked me over. "Well, they simply look lovely, Marc. What do you think?"

What did I think! I couldn't find the words. I wanted to say, "What the heck did you do to my pants?" I couldn't believe they had ever belonged to me.

She not only altered them, she redesigned them. There wasn't a fraction of an inch of bagginess in the pants. They fit me tightly from top to bottom. It appeared that the pants were painted on as they outlined my very thin waist, thighs, calves and ankles.

I pulled my hands up to stick them in my pants pockets. As I did, I found I had no pockets. When I brought this to Peggy's attention, she matter of factly stated, "Oh, I meant to tell you about that, dear. I had to remove the front and back pockets. Since you lost so much weight, extensive alterations were necessary. Had I left the pockets, the lines of the pants would simply look awful. I hope you don't mind."

Deep down I did mind, yet, I thought better than to chastise her for changing my clothing. I remembered how she took me in so that I could recuperate from my respiratory ailment. She was really a good person and I should not be belligerent to her. Instead I replied, "They fit much better now. Thank you very much. You did a splendid job."

I thought that would be the end of it. I would put on a shirt, maybe a sweater, and join my Aunt for breakfast, but that was not to be the case.

"Marc," Aunt Peggy asked, "Are wearing your boxer shorts again?" Indeed I was. They were the only type of underwear I had. Just as she had told me when I wore the pleated slacks, Peggy told me that my boxers didn't allow my pants to fit right.

“They’re bunching up around your buttocks and thigh, dear,” she commented. “Really, why don’t you wear a pair of my panties again. I think they will give you a much slimmer appearance.”

That was just what I needed, to look even more slimmer than I already did. Yet, once I put them on, smoothed them into place and stepped into my newly altered pants, my Aunt was right. The pants looked a lot better this way. Instead of having the unsightly look of material bunching up beneath my pants, I had the delicate outline of the bikini panties showing through. While it was a bit obvious I was wearing women’s underwear, the silk felt better and the smoothness definitely looked more appropriate.

I finished getting dressed, putting on one of my long sleeve oxford cloth button down shirts and a sweater. The shirt was light blue and the sweater was navy blue with yellow stripes. The look was quite collegiate.

As I was about to leave the bedroom for the kitchen, Aunt Peggy stopped me again. While she really liked my shirt and sweater, she couldn’t stand the shoes I wore.

Not venturing from the house for over a year, I didn’t have a pressing need for shoes. With my weight loss, not only did my body slim down, but so did my feet. The only shoes that fit me anymore were my sneakers. However, I had to agree with my Aunt that the bulky high tops not only looked terrible with the slacks I had worn the day before, but they look equally odd with my newly altered pants.

I waited in my room while she disappeared. Returning moments later, she carried a shoe box. “Try these on, dear. I haven’t worn them in a while, but I think they should look quite good with your outfit today.”

Not wanting to put up a fuss, I agreed to try them on. I slipped on my feet a pair of brown penny loafers. However, unlike the skimmers I wore the day before, these were even slimmer looking and featured fine stitching. They really made my small feet appear even smaller and narrower, yet, they fit like a glove.

When I told Peggy that the shoes were very comfortable, a look of happiness passed across her face. She

was pleased that her shoes fit my feet. I had placed these shoes over my bare feet, not having put on socks with the shoes. There was no way I could wear my bulky argyles with these shoes.

Once again, Aunt Peggy came to the rescue. She gave me a pair of sheer, nude calf length stockings. With the utmost care, I followed her instructions and slowly rolled the stockings up my legs. She complimented me on my successful second attempt at rolling nylons onto my legs. She said that most girls are in such a hurry they cause their stockings to run. I guess I did better than "most girls." Finally, I was fully dressed and my appearance met with Peggy's critical approval.

Before leaving the room to follow her to the kitchen, I stopped to take a peek at myself in the full length mirror. What I saw astounded me. Yesterday, I saw a teenage girl in a silk blouse and red slacks. Today, even though I was wearing most of my own clothes, I didn't appear less a girl. In fact, with the pink ribbon holding my pony tail in place, my pocketless tight pants, and very bulky sweater hanging below my seat, I was just as much a girl as I had been the day before.

"Wow," I said to myself, "What was my Aunt doing to me?" I had no time to answer my rhetorical question. I was being called to the kitchen for breakfast.

At breakfast, I discovered the sitting and standing lessons I had learned the day before still applied. Because I had done it so often before, the technique just stayed with me. Whatever the reason, I smoothed out the bottom of my tight pants as I assumed a very erect position at the kitchen table, keeping my shoulders back and my chest out.

Even after the very light breakfast of dry toast, orange juice and hot tea, I crossed my legs in the feminine manner Peggy had instructed me. I didn't do it consciously, I just did it and it seemed quite natural. "Wow," I again said to myself, after noticing the subtle changes in my behavior.

During the course of the day while helping Aunt Peggy in her office and doing household chores, I learned more helpful hints from her. She showed me

how to thread the sewing machine while I stood beside her in the office. As I patiently watched, I tried to stick my hands into my now imaginary pockets.

At first she said nothing, but finally she said, "Look, Marc, you have no pockets in your pants. As a matter of fact, I removed the pockets from all your slacks. You just have to learn to stand, walk, and hold your arms and hands differently from now on."

Confused, I watched as she stood up from the sewing machine and stepped back to the opposite side of the office. With a very serious expression on her face, she instructed me to watch her carefully. She called it "compartment" and she walked with the bearing of a queen.

I soon mimicked her actions, feeling quite silly. I was awkward at first, but she made a lot of sense, especially without pockets to hide one's hands.

She showed me how to put my hand gently on my hip in a pose. "Hey, I'm standing like a girl," I complained.

"No, dear, it's an elegant, refined pose. What do you want to do, stand like a truck driver?"

Like the perfectionist she was, Peggy had me repeat her demonstration over and over until my actions were fluid and natural looking.

An hour and a half later, I pranced around the office just as my Aunt had instructed me. Just as I learned my sitting and standing lesson, I quickly picked up on my new walking instructions.

I held my arms away from my body instead of against my side as I routinely did before. She showed me how to adjust my arms so as not to appear like a robot. Following her lead, I held them in a limp wristed fashion or rested my hands on my hips or a combination of the two actions.

I felt foolish when I saw myself stand and walk in this manner. I really looked "delicate". The mannerisms Peggy had me copy were rather feminine, but she called them "European".

I thought since I sort of looked like a girl I might as well follow her instructions. Who was going to know

anyway? It was just me and Peggy in her big mountain-top house. It was just a game, so what? When I needed to act and dress as a boy, I knew how to and would adjust myself back to the way I was before.

Over the next several days, Aunt Peggy and I got to know each other better. She gave me her scrap book to read. It contained hundreds of articles about her when she was a famous world class high fashion model. Peggy also gave me her huge portfolio to look through. It contained every layout she had ever been featured in. Some of the photos were humorous, especially the ones from years back. The out-of-date clothes seemed silly now. When I pointed this out to her, we both had a good laugh.

Yet, I noticed something bit strange to me. Peggy was considerably thinner when she was a full time model. Her waist and hips looked very narrow and her bosom was so small, it seemed as if she was flat chested. Basically, she appeared emaciated. While I didn't share my observation with her, I made a mental note of them. Later, I concluded that since her change of status to part time model, she must have gained some weight and filled out.

As each day passed, I felt closer to Aunt Peggy. Not only were we becoming acquainted as nephew and aunt, but we were becoming good friends.

Over time, Peggy also got me involved in her fashion design business. I wasn't installed as a vice president or anything like that, but she had me study the business from the ground up.

She required that I learn about women's clothing, in general. To this end, she got my own subscriptions to various women's fashion publications. Although she received her own copies in the mail once a month, she said I needed my own so I could cut and paste photographs into a scrap book by style to learn all about them.

That is what I did and I loved every minute of it. Each morning, Peggy and I met in the kitchen for coffee and toast to discuss fashion and style. She would tell me again and again, "You're terrific, Marc. Keep up

the good work and we will promote you to the next stage." She didn't tell me what the next stage was.

During this period, I went through some personal changes. Since I promised to let my hair grow long, it indeed grew long. By Christmas, my dark brown tresses cascaded around my slim shoulders.

My Aunt and I experimented with new and different hair styles. Every night before bed, she braided my hair into pig tails or a long straight braid. However, in the morning, she would put me in curlers and give me a set. When my hair was later combed out, it flowed in big bouncy curls that she expertly combed into luxurious waves.

When Peggy pulled out scissors, I said, "It is a little long, isn't it?"

"No dear," she said, "I'm only taking the ends off." She trimmed along the bottom and to my surprise it appeared even longer. She said, "See? The weight is now at the bottom. See how it moves." That little difference made my hair move differently. It flowed about my face when I swung my head.

Peggy and I continued our daily ritual of preening my hair. One hundred strokes in the morning and one hundred in the evening before bed. The only thing different was instead of showering in the morning, I took a long hot bath in the evening. I don't know why, but when I bathe, I get a nice warm, glowing feeling as the frothy bubbles of the sweet smelling bath salts tingle my body and rejuvenate my muscles. Sometimes, I actually feel pretty after my bath.

The clothes I wore also caused changes in my behavior. True to her word, all my pants had been altered, leaving them tightly tapered and without pockets. Since the weather was becoming chillier with each passing day, sweaters were a necessity in my wardrobe. I came with only three of my own and they were pretty beaten. Peggy, however, was very generous and she allowed me to wear any of her sweaters whenever I wanted!

She had many to choose from, yet, they all looked the same on me, large, oversized and bulky. I looked so girlish in them, especially with my tight slacks.

That wasn't the only thing that added to my feminine look. There were also the shoes. It was mutually agreed that I could no longer wear my dirty old, smelly sneakers. They didn't go with anything I wore, despite the fact that I only wore my altered pants.

Aunt Peggy had already given me her brown penny loafers. However, I soon began to wear other articles from her shoe collection. There were tight fitting, brown riding boots, flat pumps, and even low heeled skimmers. I especially liked the low pumps and the way they made my feet look. I no longer wore heavy socks, only light and sheer nylon calf length stockings. It was odd to see my toe cleavage peek through the instep of the low pumps when I wore them. I knew I looked girlish and would have died if Dad ever saw me dressed like this.

Wearing my tightly tapered pants continued to effect me. Because to their tightness, I could only cross my legs at the ankle or at the knee. I could no longer sit like a macho man. I had trouble carrying myself like a man in the tight pants.

The women's shoes, tight pocketless pants, and the various training sessions Peggy gave me caused my gait to become delicate, mincing and very feminine. Without thinking, I kept my back straight, shoulders back, and chest out. No one prompted me to keep my arms and hands away from my body. Because I had weak muscles, I naturally held them with limp wrists and I caught myself placing my hands on my hips in a girlish fashion.

Peggy encouraged me to experiment wearing different sweaters and shoes, saying, "I think you are beginning to understand fashion!"

Even the way I walked changed because of the narrow heeled shoes. At times, my hips had a sway or wiggle to them. Nevertheless, I carried myself in a very graceful and evidently 'European' manner. I felt odd, but it was still just a game, wasn't it?

My habits seemed to evolve the longer I spent with my Aunt. It started during the second week I was with her, in Tabago. I remembered that it had been quite cool and clear. I awoke that morning and could barely

move my lips, they were so dry and chapped. Fortunately, Peggy noticed this before my lips cracked and started to bleed.

After she applied a coat of a special moisturizer, she handed me a tube of lip balm. "Use it as if it were a tube of lipstick, dear. It will keep your lips moist and smooth through the driest of winters." She added, "Just put it on whenever you see me freshen my lipstick."

I took Peggy's advise, literally. It seemed that I was forever applying lip balm to my lips. The results were fantastic. I no longer had chapped and cracked lips. They always remained bright, rosy and quite smooth.

Peggy, on the other hand, didn't use lip balm. She always had a bright coat of lipstick on. She didn't need to use the balm because her lipstick was the moisturizing variety.

These many changes didn't happen overnight. They occurred over the course of several months. When I called Dad every other week, I never bothered to tell him what I was learning. In our conversations I only mentioned the good news. My lungs remained clear and my general health was much better than it had been in Pittsburgh.

Then it happened. Things really changed for me just after the New Year. It was the biggest snow storm to hit Colorado in the second half of the century. The thick white stuff came down in dense and intense flurries for almost four days.

When it was finally over, all the telephone lines were dead, including the fax machine in Peggy's office. It took all our strength just to push open the door and shovel a small path to the garage. We were truly stranded without being able to communicate with the outside world.

It was on the second day after the storm when I noticed that I had run out of lip balm. Peggy seemed to have an endless supply, so I asked where she kept the unused tubes.

"Sorry, sweetheart, we are fresh out. I'll get you some more as soon as the weather clears and the roads open," Peggy said apologetically.

I replied, "What do I do in the meantime, Aunt Peggy. I'm never without my lip balm."

Peggy sat at her drawing table for a moment in deep thought. Then a twinkle glistened in her eye. She definitely had an idea. I wasn't sure I wanted to hear it though.

"Marc, come here. I have an excellent alternative to lip balm. She reached into her desk drawer and withdrew a silver and gold tube. I had never seen this before.

"Come closer, dear, I need to have your face in direct light." Peggy reached behind my head and tilted it back a bit. What she applied to my lips felt cool, moist and wet. The substance had much better consistency than lip balm. Whatever it was it made my lips feel great.

When she was satisfied with her job, Peggy allowed me to step back. As I did so, the expression on her face seemed to say, "What a splendid job."

"What did you do, Aunt Peggy?" I asked with heightened curiosity.

She replied, "There's a mirror over on that wall, Marc. Take a peek.

I looked at myself and I was shocked and surprised. The person staring back was not Marc Duncan. I didn't even look half way male. The reflection showed a very pretty young girl, maybe too young, but definitely trying to look older as she wore a shade of brilliant red high gloss lipstick!

"LIPSTICK?"

I continued to stare at myself, not by design, but I just couldn't take my eyes off the mirror. "Too weird?" I gasp a countless numbers of times, adding, "I look like a girl I know at school."

Peggy teased, saying, "I bet she's pretty too!"

"I can't wear this stuff."

"Sure you can, or you can have chapped lips. Come on, I bet you will get use to wearing it," she coaxed.

"No way!"

"BET yeah! Try it for a week," she said handing me the tube. "I bet you get use to it."

My face looked different with lipstick, my mouth looked sulky.

I no longer wore lip balm after that. It was not because my lips no longer needed a moisturizing agent, but because my Aunt simply encouraged me to wear the lipstick. She seemed to have an endless supply of this and other glistening shades. She saw no reason to spend money for clear, less adequate ointment.

It had been sent to her by a customer to design a dress to match it for a big advertising layout. Unfortunately, it was too bright and glossy and didn't go well with her light complexion. As a result, she opted not to wear it, but stored the supply in her office drawer.

She sat me down and showed me how to apply it from both the tube and with a brush. You can't just smear it on like the clear. She also picked out the shades that were "best" for me. I felt silly wearing it. "Guys just don't wear lipstick," I complained.

Nevertheless, she insisted, saying, "Look, Marc, who are you trying to impress? It's just you and me up here. It's not like your father or anyone else is going to see you with it on."

"Why can't I just wear that clear stuff?"

"It's so dry here that you need to keep your lips moisturized. Think about it. This lipstick costs almost \$20.00 a tube, the clear stuff is 69 cents. The lipstick has very special emollients. It will keep those lips of yours from becoming severely chapped and sore." She added, "Besides, I think you look sweet in it. Can't it just be a part of our little game?"

I never did reply to her question. I simply wore the brilliant lipstick, carefully applying the red gloss generously to my lips every day, as if it were lip balm. The contrast made my white teeth really sparkle, but my cheeks turned flame red when Peggy sweetly teased me about getting use to wearing lipstick. My face looked dull without it!



The reflection showed a very pretty young girl, maybe too young, but definitely trying to look older as she wore a shade of brilliant red high gloss lipstick!

We were still snowed in as the winter wore on. The only link to the outside world was the radio and television. We had spotty electricity and phone service, but we also had an emergency generator. That was it. Without telecommunications, my Aunt couldn't do her work. As a result, Peggy focused her attention on me.

After a week of wearing lipstick, the novelty and embarrassment wore off. Even she stopped teasing me. One evening while she was slowly stroking my longer hair, she asked me a most unusual question.

"Marc?" she asked. "Would you mind if I called you something other than Marc."

"What do you mean?" I asked back.

"Well, I'm standing behind you, brushing your gorgeous mane and I'm telling myself, this stunning head of hair can't belong to a boy named Marc. It is so long, bouncy, shiny and thick. I look at your face and that red lip color looks sweet on you. It brightens your face. I can not imagine what you look like without your lipstick."

I turned a shade of red, not unlike my lipstick. I couldn't believe what my Aunt was saying. Yet this was no joke. She was serious and meant every single word! Then she dropped the bomb. "Marc, I've got an idea! I hope you don't mind, but since we are stranded up here and you're dressing in my clothes, do you mind if I give you a new name?"

"A name?" I didn't understand, but she'd been so kind to me. She took me in and taught me all about fashion, clothes design, and what not. I didn't want to agree, yet I felt an obligation. I agreed, "Sure, Aunt Peggy. What kind of name?"

Then I got the shock of my life, "A softer name, something more suitable. Marcia, Mabel or maybe Monica?"

"Those are girl's names!"

"And you're wearing girl's clothes and lipstick," she said. "Come on, be a sport. Which name do you like?"

"None of them," I said placing my hands on my hips. "I'm Marc."

Peggy pointed to my reflection in the mirror. I was looking feminine in her round-necked pink angora sweater. I liked her soft pastel sweaters, she had shown me which lipstick colors went with the pastels. I had even started to wear some of her shoes she had dyed to match the sweaters. I knew a girl's name would be more appropriate.

"Do I have to have a girl's name?"

"Might be fun? Let's try it. Which one sounds the best to you? I like Monica."

"Monica?" I said thinking of a crush I'd had on a Monica. "You think I look like a Monica now?"

"Very much so. Okay, my dear. Henceforth, let's call you Monica."

"Can't we try an unisex name?" I blushed knowing that I wasn't the most rugged of boys.

"I think it will be more fun to have a girl's name to match your girl's clothes, don't you?"

"NO."

"Come on, Monica?" she teased, "Can't we just try it?"

I nodded and Monica became my new name. I wasn't pleased with it. In fact, when she called me Monica, it made me upset and embarrassed me. It gave me a spooky feeling in my stomach. I blushed, but surprisingly I got use to it.

It wasn't just the name, but the way she said it. It wasn't just MONICA, it was "Monica dear," or "Sweet Monica," or "Lovely Monica, freshen your lips."

The telephone lines were still down over the next week. During that time, I became more and more use to my new name. Soon, I readily answered to it without much thought. It was as if I had been "Monica" my entire life.

Aunt Peggy used subtle devices to instill my new name into my psyche. Besides always addressing me as Monica, she had me practice my handwriting by writing my new name with paper and pen. For hours at a time, I would write it over and over again.

Doing this, I soon found that the style in which I wrote changed as well. Under my Aunt's watchful eye, my script became smaller, and more elaborate, with softer, finer lines and curly cues---almost flowery with little hearts for the dots above the "i's".

One morning after our hair brushing ritual, I was dutifully applying my lipstick when Peggy, in a nonchalant manner, suggested that I should try some other cosmetics.

"Cosmetics!" I said, very surprised to hear her say that.

Peggy replied, "Yes, Monica, dear. . .COSMETICS. After all, you're wearing lipstick every day now. I think your looks would definitely be improved with just a light application of a moisturizing base, mascara, eyeliner and a bit of blush."

"Why?" I asked.

"I think it's time you learned what we women have to do every day."

I didn't know how to respond to her. Why did I need to know about cosmetics? The next thing I knew, my Aunt had left and returned to my room carrying a small box loaded with a wide assortment of bottles and tubes.

I watched in silence as she emptied the contents of the box and carefully placed them on top my vanity table. Once that was done, she spent the next hour explaining to me what each bottle and tube contained and its proper use.

I listened carefully to her words. Up to now, I had learned a lot about women's fashions, how they are made, and how they are worn. Popular fashion magazines were my general reading now. The photos of the alluring models in various clothing styles were no longer taboo images to me. How I looked at them had changed.

She said, "It's time you learned what those models go through to make their faces as beautiful as the pieces of fabric which they display so stunningly."

After Peggy's lecture, she began to demonstrate how the creams and lotions worked. Her model for the occasion was none other than me!

Turning me so I could not see my reflection in the mirror, Peggy worked diligently on my face. Every brush and stroke had a definite purpose. I knew the fragrant makeup and powders were changing my appearance.

My heartbeat increased and I could feel my emotions well up through every limb. Time seemed to stop until she was satisfied. When she was finished, I was told to close my eyes and keep them shut until told to open them.

Peggy repositioned my chair. I felt my face had foreign substances on it. It didn't feel bad, on the contrary, whatever she put on made it tingle and feel fresh and remarkably clean.

My thoughts were interrupted by her voice saying, "Are you ready to see the NEW you?"

I nodded as she said, "You may open your eyes now."

I got the shock of my life. I was used to wearing the bright red lipstick, but the other substances on my face changed my appearance so greatly, I really wasn't quite ready. My already long eyelashes were now very much longer and richly darkened by the mascara. Dark lines from the eyeliner defined my eyes. My eyelids were shaded in tones of brown to compliment and enhance my green eyes.

My skin, which was fairly smooth to start with, was even smoother now, without a blemish or spot showing. My cheek bones, wow! They were always high, but now, with the addition of blush, they were even more pronounced.

The longer I gazed at my new reflection, the more I lost the "boy" in my eyes. It was like I wasn't a male anymore.

Peggy's expertise with makeup had given me a glossy, well-groomed appearance. Without me realizing the significance, she had made me truly look like a girl named Monica. I raised my hand to my long lashes and brushed them ever so lightly with my fingertip. Just the feel of them with the dark, thick mascara gave me a very odd thrill. It was like touching a girl, a stranger.

Peggy broke the silence when she said, "Make-up is suppose to make a girl feel marvelous!"

"Yeah!" I said in a soft voice, "WOW! I look so different---delicately pampered and elegant."

She asked again, "How do you FEEL?"

A strange feeling overcame me. Could this really be me talking? "Dreamy." I had never used that word before and my tone of voice---I had never before spoken in such a girlish manner.

I never imagined I'd be doing such things. It definitely wasn't me and I wasn't prepared to surrender to the fact that it was me saying these things.

"I should take it off, right?" I asked.

"Naw," Peggy said, "Leave it on. In fact, why don't we teach you to do it yourself? That might be a fun challenge. Not many boys know how to do things like that."

With Aunt Peggy's encouragement, cosmetics application became another integral part of my daily routine. For the next few days, Peggy had me practice, practice and practice my technique for hours at a time.

With all my free time, it kept me busy. I became quite proficient at making my face pretty. My Aunt instructed me on various techniques to do myself in different ways. I found that by changing shadow or lip color, my appearance changed. I had so much fun, I was slowly forgetting that I shouldn't be doing such things.

I was embarrassed only when my Aunt would watch and comment, "It's too bad boys can't wear make-up. You are a whiz!"

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"Yeah," I blushed and added sarcastically, "Dad would be real proud!"

The telephone lines were reconnected about three weeks after they shut down by the blizzard. When they did come on, Peggy was barraged by phone calls and fax messages. Most came from New York and Taiwan concerning her spring line, which was in the process of being manufactured.

I found that I was a great help to my Aunt during this time. Since I had learned about her business, I was able to answer many questions so she could concentrate on working her fall line. It was so much fun.

"Since you look so pretty," Peggy said, "I think you should talk softer, more musical."

"You mean talk like a girl too?" I asked.

"It might be naughty fun to see how feminine we can make you sound on the phone. From now on, I want you to be Monica, even when you answer the phone."

Taking the calls allowed me to practice my feminine voice. Peggy and I worked at heightening the tone and softening the volume of my speaking voice. I would answer the phone with the endorsement, "This is Monica speaking." It was like acting or espionage. I had a clandestine identity. Men would call me "dear" and "honey" and stuff. I sometimes almost burst out laughing!

Every evening, after our hair brushing session, we would cuddle together on my bed and I would read aloud from one of her romance novels or a fashion magazine article. She would correct me immediately if I wasn't speaking high or soft enough to her liking. To aid me, I would make recordings of my speaking voice. Every day we listened to them together and Peggy would point out where I needed make improvements

In addition to raising the pitch, she had me add feminine adjectives to my every day conversation. Soon, words like "dreamy," "dainty," "scrumptious," and "marvy" replaced, "cool," "neat" and "bad" in my vocabulary.

All tolled, my voice was becoming octaves higher and sweeter sounding with every conversation I had. I knew when I went home I could easily forget all about speaking in this manner.

Our ability to reach the outside world by phone also let the outside world contact us. Beside the fashion industry, my father finally called Aunt Peggy's mountain hideaway.

One day soon after the phones were back on, I was on another line when Dad called. Fortunately, Peggy answered for me and talked to him for a good twenty minutes before telling me that he was on the line. Before handing me the phone, she covered the mouth piece and whispered, "It's your dad! Tell him you have a touch of laryngitis."

I cleared my throat and took a deep breath. After the vocal training, I sounded like a girl now. I shuddered to think what Dad would say if he knew what I was doing.

Taking the phone from my Aunt, I gutturally said "hello." I had a very enjoyable conversation with Dad. We discussed the holidays and his job. He was thrilled to hear that the dry climate in the Colorado mountains was improving my respiration---even though my voice sounded funny. All in all it was nice to hear Dad's voice again after such a long time. Needless to say, I didn't tell him of the changes in my appearance. What if I had answered the phone?

This was something that I didn't want to think about right now. As far as I was concerned, my dressing up and use of makeup was a pastime distraction. It was our little game and he didn't need to know. I could end it anytime I wanted to.

I hung up. My heart was racing. "That was close!" I gasped, my voice sweetly soft again.

"Exciting eh?" Peggy asked.

"Very much so." I felt to mischievous.

Although we were connected to the world by telephone, the roads up the mountain were still blocked by the heavy winter snow. Peggy told me the roads

wouldn't be cleared until mid to late March. When that happened, we should be prepared for a ton of mail accumulating at the main post office in Tabago.

In the mean time, our girlish fun and games continued. It was a Saturday evening and Aunt Peggy and I were relaxing in front of the television, watching a beauty pageant called, "Miss U.S." It wasn't exactly relaxation. I was receiving constant instruction on feminine deportment from my Aunt on all the contestants and the costumes and outfits they wore.

Peggy pointed out the flaws and the appropriateness of each girl's outfits. I learned quite a bit, but more importantly, I found myself getting involved with the contest itself. I was actually concerned about each girl.

Peggy said, "You can't imagine how exciting it is to participate as a beauty contestant."

"Doesn't look that hard. They mostly just walk around."

She laughed and said, "Oh yeah? I bet I know who's going to win!"

By the end of the program, I gleefully cheered for the winners and cried for the losers. My Aunt's highly trained and critical eye had picked Miss Northern Arizona to win from the opening of the contest. I had my hopes on Miss West Texas. She didn't even make it to the five finalists, but Peggy's choice won the whole darn thing, including Miss Congeniality.

After the program was over, Aunt Peggy asked me, "Did you like the beauty pageant?"

"It was simply wonderful. All those pretty girls in such dreamy outfits. How did you know who would win?"

"You could tell who worked hard on every part of her image."

"What's so hard? Aren't those girls just born beautiful?"

"Haaa. . . Would you like to see how hard it is to be a model?" she asked.

"Just walk around in beautiful clothes?"

“No silly,” she stated, “I doubt if you’d last the day! Tomorrow we will begin your modeling lessons. If you’re good, maybe you can compete in Miss U.S. some day.”

“Oh sure,” I muttered. “My Dad would like that.”

I didn’t take her comment seriously; however, I was intrigued with learning about modeling. Who could be a better teacher than a former world class, high fashion model like my dear Aunt Peggy.

We always slept in on Sunday mornings. However, the Sunday after the beauty pageant was different. At the crack of dawn, Peggy was in my bedroom, nudging me to awake. She said, “Monica, this is the day we begin your modeling lessons. I want to get an early start.”

“WHAT?” I said groggily.

“I thought you wanted to see what a day of a model’s life was like?”

So we did. After dragging my sleep deprived body from beneath the cozy quilted covers, Aunt Peggy directed me to the bathroom. Upon entering, I found a hot steamy bath already drawn. As I removed my wooly pink night gown and prepared to enter the bath tub, I knew something very special was to happen to me that day.

As I slipped into the hot water, I knew that this was no ordinary bath. I commented, “Gee, Aunt Peggy, the water feels kind of strange, almost creamy like.”

She replied, “It should, dear. I mixed the water with plenty of bath oils. They will do wonders for your skin tone by making it softer and healthier looking. Isn’t the aroma just divine?”

Lowering myself up to my neck in the bath water, I breathed deeply. Peggy was right, the flowery aroma was sweet, without being overpowering, delicate, without being bland, and it made me feel more intensely feminine than I had ever felt before.

There was no soap in the tray, so I laid back and relaxed; gently waving my arms around in the softening waters. Peggy stepped behind me and gathered up my dangling hair. As she did so she warned, “Be



Peggy was right, the flowery aroma was sweet, without being overpowering, delicate, without being bland, and it made me feel more intensely feminine than I had ever felt before.

careful, Monica. Don't get your hair wet. This bath is not for washing. It's for moisturizing and beautifying."

As she left the bathroom, her parting words were, "Relax and enjoy yourself, dear."

"This isn't hard!" I yelled, lifting up my slender arm and waving goodbye to her, in a definitely girlish manner. I slowly lowered my arm and hand back into the creamy waters, closed my eyes, and wondered what it would be like to be Miss 'Something'.

"They were so beautiful!" I said to myself. "This is just a game I was playing with my Aunt, isn't it?" Feeling the soothing oiled bath water fill every pore of my skin, I decided it really didn't matter whether or not it was a game or for real. I was loving every single sensuous moment of it.

Aunt Peggy returned sometime later. It could have been minutes, hours or days, I didn't know, nor did I really care. All I knew was that bath was one of the most soulful experiences of my life.

My Aunt smiled and said, "Okay gorgeous, time to move on to bigger and better things." She picked up a big, fluffy, oversized terry cloth towel and held it up. I reluctantly lifted myself from the warm waters and Peggy tightly wrapped the towel about my frail, slender body and began to gently pat me dry.

Once she was assured that I was dry, the towel was lowered and wrapped around my chest. Not around my waist, as men wear a towel, but around my upper chest, just beneath my arm pits, in the manner a woman wears one.

Peggy had me sit on the commode as she emptied the tub. "Are you ready for the next stage, Monica?" she asked enthusiastically.

With a bit of fright, I replied, "I guess so!"

I was instructed to remove my towel. The bathroom was toasty warm from the hot humidity of the bath. Peggy approached me with a large jar containing a white cream substance. I couldn't see the label, it was covered up by my Aunt's slender and beautifully manicured hand.

She began to smooth the white cream all over my legs, chest and arms. As she applied the cream she said, "Just sit still. I have to get this all over your body to have the desired effects. Don't be surprised if you feel stinging sensations as the cream dries. It only means that it's working."

"Beauty queens have to do this?" I asked.

"Yes, and women too," Peggy said smiling. "First you are going to learn what women as women. Then we are going to teach you what women do to become beautiful. There is a difference!"

When she completed her task, Peggy placed the jar on the counter beside the sink. I glanced over and read the label: ESTRO-DEP.

"Depilatory?" I asked my Aunt, in astonishment. I knew my aunt used the stuff on occasion, but I wondered why she was using it on me.

"Yes dear, it is depilatory," she replied, "It's a very good and quite expensive brand, not available in stores. It can only be obtained by those in the fashion and modeling industry."

I was almost light-headed. All I could say was, "Oh."

Peggy told me that it contained a special ingredient that not only removed hair, but also inhibited new hair growth. She had used this product religiously ever since she first became a fashion model and only shaved her legs once every two weeks.

The creamy depilatory was liberally applied over my arms, legs, chest and back. True to her words, as the substance dried, it burned terribly.

"It burns," I cried. "Do I have to do this?"

"Becoming a beautiful woman isn't always fun," she said. "Now don't be a sissy, Monica dear." I thought that was the understatement of the day. I was *becoming* a sissy!

After about 45 minutes Peggy allowed me to take a shower. As the warm water cascaded over my body, I watched in amazement as the little body hair I had rinsed off and disappeared down the drain.

Once I stepped out of the stall and dried off again, I was astonished to see that I was as hairless as a new

born baby; without a lick on hair anywhere, except the long tresses atop my head. I blushed at the sight.

"Feel naked?" Peggy asked, quite pleased with the results.

"I feel stripped, and a tingling all over."

With all the feminine things I'd done over the last few months, I realized this was a new plateau. For the first time since we began this little game, I no longer just looked like a boy pretending to be a girl. With my body devoid of hair, I actually saw the smooth legs of an attractive young woman in the bathroom mirror.

I was suddenly scared and said, "Oh Aunt Peggy, I hope it grows back? I can't be like this with the guys at school."

Peggy gave me a wide grin and said, "It's okay, dear. I'll be teaching you things that guys NEVER learn. Let's go on to phase two of today's activities."

My mind was all a whirl. Would I learn things that guys SHOULDN'T know? Everything seemed to be happening so fast. I knew I should be concerned about what I was "learning", but I was numb. My continuing feminization was actually relaxing, despite the fact that it had gone beyond the "innocent little game" my Aunt had told me it would be.

The next stop was Peggy's bedroom, where she had a set up like a miniature beauty salon. There was a swing back chair facing away from the sink and a large array of bottles, curlers, combs and scissors set upon the counter.

I was still wearing the large terry cloth towel as I took my place upon the chair. Carefully, Peggy lowered the back of the chair so my head rested gently upon the



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rim of the sink. Then she began her ministrations with my hair and scalp.

Her experienced and nibble fingers worked expertly and diligently. She didn't speak much, except to explain what she was doing or to ask whether or not she was hurting me.

To tell the truth, some of the things she did to my hair hurt a bit, but I lied and said I was just fine. I knew that whatever she was doing was going to add to my growing knowledge of womanhood.

I was embarrassed by my femininity and to this end, I was determined to endure any and all discomfort. Basically, I was going to take 'becoming a woman' like a MAN! I know it doesn't make sense.

An hour later, I saw the preliminary results of Peggy's labors. After she rinsed a pungent smelling substance from my hair, I was fixed upright and turned around to face the mirror.

To my surprise, I didn't appear much different from when we started. My shoulder length hair was wet and straight. Peggy didn't use a towel to dry it off, rather, she immediately began to cut it and twist it into large curlers.

Before I knew it, she was done and I was moved back into her bedroom. I sat at her vanity table as my Aunt affixed a hair dryer bonnet over the mass of curlers atop my head.

Handing me one of my newest fashion magazines, Peggy said, "See, Monica dear. It wasn't that bad. I have some office work to do. Just sit tight and I'll be back to check on you in half an hour."

I smiled at her from behind the magazine. With the loud buzzing sound of the dryer over my ears, I could only make out a few of the words she uttered. It didn't matter, my body was tingling with confusion.

When Peggy returned, she had me sit for another 30 minutes, during which, she brought out her manicuring kit and worked on my nails. Over the hum of the dryer, I heard her apologize for not doing a professional job. I didn't care, it was plenty professional for me.

By the time the bonnet was removed, Peggy had skillfully manicured my ten fingernails. The cuticle had been pushed back, hang nails removed, tips filed and shaped and a double coat of clear lacquer applied. I was in awe of the shine and gleam my fingernails had as the bright vanity lights reflected off them.

That was not half the astonishment I felt when I witnessed the curlers being removed from my hair. When it was wet, I couldn't tell that anything was different about my hair, but now, with the curlers removed, I discovered what Peggy had done. My hair had always been dark brown, but now, it appeared as if it was even darker, bordering on, but not quite, black! It was a shiny sable very much like a few of the beauty contestants.

As she began to comb it out, Peggy asked, "Well, beautiful, how do you like your new color?"

I don't know if it was because I was feeling really confused that morning, but I responded by gushing, "Oh, Aunt Peggy, I feel so weird."

"Do you feel. . .pretty?"

"Yeah, I guess! Such a small color change makes such a difference. It doesn't look like a boy's hair color."

"That's the idea, my dear," was her somewhat sinister sounding replied. "Since it's just the two of us up here, we can try lots of rather outlandish things."

While I was concerned with what she said and how she said it, my concern was nonetheless fleeting. We were too busy. The end result was that I now had truly feminine hair color and style. In the front, my hair hung down in long, straight bangs which reached almost to my eyelashes. The curlers had provided additional body to my hair, which allowed Peggy to style the back and sides in long, bouncy waves, which delicately brushed the tops of my shoulders.

Peggy stood away from me so I was able to soak up my new and improved look. I was nearly in shock from the bewilderment, yet, my Aunt had no time for silly indulgences.

“Okay, Monica, that’s a good start. Are you ready for phase three?” she asked as she helped me out of the vanity chair and over to her cavernous closet.

“Phase three?” I asked.

With an air of professionalism, Peggy pushed out a clothing rack and said, “This contains all that you’ll need for today’s lessons. There are several outfits inside, which I preselected for you. Each outfit is numbered. Please go to your room and put on outfit number one. I’ll meet you in the kitchen when you’re ready.”

I knew I shouldn’t be doing this but it was fun and there really wasn’t anything else to do. I rolled the rack of outfits into my room. Fifteen minutes later, I made my grand entrance into the kitchen. Peggy was seated at the table, sipping her cup of tea, and she motioned for me to join her.

Recalling all my previous lessons of feminine deportment, I took my seat in lady-like fashion. Although she made no comment, I could tell that she was making mental notes as she watched me.

I had never realized how hard modeling was until I found myself being trained as one. For the rest of the day, until well after sundown, I was given careful and exacting instructions on runway modeling.

Peggy was a perfectionist. Any flaw in my deportment was addressed and corrected immediately.

I wore four outfits that day. The first one consisted of black stirrured stretch pants, gold lame sleeveless blouse and three inch black patent leather pumps. Due to the straightness of my body, this outfit seemed to fit me the best.

When I began my first walk down the “runway,” which Peggy had set up in the living room, I had a bit of difficulty maneuvering in the high heels. Up to that time, I had worn pumps, but the heel had never been higher than an inch and a half.

To aid me, my Aunt took my hand and guided me along the center of the runway area. With every step, she instructed me in the overlapping heel to toe style of walking that a model must perform flawlessly. Be-

fore I knew it, I had gotten the hang of it and no longer needed to hold my hand. This allowed her to stand back and have a better vantage point to evaluate my performance.

Peggy helped me with my first wardrobe change, however, I was on my own after that. She told me that the sooner I learn how to make a quick change myself, the better and more valuable model I would be.

I took her advise to heart and tried my best to change my outfits quickly, but carefully. By the time I was on my last outfit, a lime green, tight miniskirted suit, with matching jacket, white and green striped blouse and three inch pumps, I had gotten the hang of the quick change.

“Wearing a skirt feels ridiculous,” I announced, “There’s no bottom and the air comes right up between your legs!”

“You’ll get use to it dear. Keep your legs together.”

Since this was my first time as a modeling student, Peggy didn’t bother with dramatic make up. However she warned me that I would have to learn how to change my face almost as fast as I changed my outfits.

By the time I was in Peggy’s fleece nightgown and sharing a light, late dinner with her, I was exhausted. Every muscle in my lean, lithe body ached. Yet, I felt odd. I had spent the whole day in high heels until wearing high heels became almost second nature. I felt I had perfected the overlapping model strut, as I seemed to glide down the make shift runway in the living room. There was something about modeling that gave me that enchanted unexpected feeling, the same one I had when Peggy first called me “Monica”.

What I thought as a one time amusement turned into a daily routine. Over the next couple of weeks, the pace and intensity of my lessons increased. I was learning more and more about modeling, not only from the technical standpoints, but the business end as well.

Peggy would continuously warn, “Modeling is not all fun and thrills. It’s a business, a big business. It’s run by men for the profit of men. A model’s look is ‘in’ as

long as she fits whatever the notion men have of what women ought to look like.”

It was beginning to dawn on me that I was not only going to look like a woman. I would be an “desirable” woman.

Peggy added, “Today, it’s the full figured woman. Yesterday, it was the flat chested women. Only the men who control the fashion industry know what tomorrow’s look will be. While I’m a fashion designer now, I’m one of the few women in this end of the business. Because I was a world class model when I made the switch to designer, I am tolerated.” I realized that a complete outsider wouldn’t even get a foot through the front door.

“My designs are well accepted by men,” Peggy said, “I attribute my success to mirroring the tastes of the male designers. You see, Monica, I’m in business to make a profit, not to make a statement. Those woman who discount male sexuality and try to make fashion ‘comfortable’ for women go nowhere in this industry.”

Peggy continued my lessons on the history of fashion as well as basic tailoring. I was given a project to design and make a sexy dress and top. She joked, “Monica will wear it, but design it to turn on Marc.”

I blushed, but understood what she meant. It was the same concept as with my modeling lessons. I was learning how to be attractive and sexy in women’s clothes. It had gone beyond runway gliding to posing and close ups. During this time, I abandoned all boys’ apparel in favor of clothing from my Aunt’s vast wardrobe. It took a few minor alterations, but once finished, her outfits fit me perfectly.

Sometimes I’d forget how odd this was only to suddenly catch myself depressed about my hair or how some skirt fit. “This is only a game!” I’d say over and over.

Just when I was looking pretty wearing her clothes, Peggy introduced me to another aspect of modeling. One evening while I was helping her wash the dinner dishes, I was drying a platter when she started to stare at my hands.

She didn't say anything until I said, "Hey, Aunt Peggy, am I doing something wrong? This is the way I've always dried wet dishes."

"You know, Monica," Peggy said, still staring, "I'm designing a new line of costume jewelry. How would you like to get into the modeling game for real?"

Well I nearly dropped that platter. She had to be joking. I couldn't actually be a real model?

When she told me this, I was fully outfitted in her dresses, blouses and pumps for over a week. That night I was wearing a long, fatigue green hopsack skirt, an ecru peasant styled blouse, knee high blown boots, with two and a half inch heels and my very dark brown hair pulled straight back over my head and held together in a long pony tail.

She convinced me right away that "no one" would ever know I was a guy. I felt very proud that I had been given this offer. I began to imagine all the types of outfits and jewelry I could wear during the modeling session.

Later that evening, Peggy showed me drawings of her new jewelry designs, consisting of rings, bracelets, pendants and chains in both silver and gold. While the designs had a Southwestern flavor to them, they weren't quite Indian in their look. They were quite modern and very adaptable to both business and casual wear for the modern woman.

I exclaimed, "They're great! Can I try any on?"

Peggy said, "I'm sorry dear, but I don't. However, I just sent my illustrations out to a jewelry maker in Phoenix. He'll have the originals completed in about three weeks. This is where you come in."

That is what I wanted to hear. I listen attentively as Peggy explained her plan to me, "I want you to be my hand model, Monica." I didn't understand what she meant by a "hand model."

She said, "You'll wear the jewelry pieces and I'll photograph only your hands and wrists. However, it's very important that your fingernails be long and exquisitely manicured. Right now, they look pretty with the clear polish and all, but they'll have to grow much

longer and stronger for you to do well in this assignment. Are you game?"

Once it was explained to me, my initial fear of being seen in something feminine waned. I enthusiastically replied, "Just tell me what you want me to do!"

"We are going to give you 'lady fingers'."

Three weeks went by slower than ever before. During the time, Peggy put me on a special diet to improve, lengthen, strengthen and harden my fingernails. I don't think I ever ate so much gelatin as I did over that period of time.

She also had me polish my fingernails with nail hardener and clear lacquer every day. Together with all my other evening rituals, I now had to use polish remover to thoroughly clean my ever lengthening nails and freshly re-polish them the next morning. Then there were the creams to soften my skin.

Each day I watched as my hands became more and more like my aunts, only younger. By the time the original designs arrived from Phoenix, my fingernails reached a uniform length of nearly three quarters of an inch, measured out from the finger tip. Peggy was very pleased with how nicely and beautifully they grew. They were long and elegant on my slender fingers, and strong and resilient against breakage.

I couldn't wait to try on the rings and bracelets and have them photographed against the backdrop of my lady-like hands.

Before my Aunt even allowed me to look at them, she stated, "Your fingernails have grown out nicely, but you will have to have a manicure. . .a professional manicure."

"But Aunt Peggy," I whined, "To have that done, we have to go into town. I can't have ANYONE see me like this."

"Nonsense, Monica," Peggy admonished, "Look in the mirror! No one in Tabago would think that your anything but a very attractive young woman."

I moaned, "Isn't there some other way?"

"No, besides, Mitzi, my manicurist is a very good friend of mine. If there is any doubt that you're not

what you appear to be, she'll notice it and tell us, confidentially. You have nothing to fear, my dear."

That night Peggy gave me a present. . . a little thing, but the most indispensable accessory in a woman's life---a purse.

"Most women would rather lose their husbands before their purses," Aunt Peggy said seriously. "Husbands can be replaced!"

She pulled a black, leather clutch purse out of a bag and said, "Here's your first purse. Call it a purse or pocketbook or handbag or whatever. It will become an extension of you, another limb."

I held it like it was a breakable egg. She continued, "You will be carrying this everywhere you go except in the bathtub and to bed." She showed me how to carry it and open the top. Inside there was a matching girl's wallet.

"A handbag should match your outfit, but this one is basic and works with most anything," she said, taking me over to my dresser. She took the contents of my wallet, including the picture of my father from the wallet.

Talking to herself, she muttered, "You'll need some make-up, lipstick, some money, the keys to the house, tampons, a handkerchief, a hair clip, perfume. . ."

I suddenly had a purse!

If it were up to me, I would never have left the house the following day. Oh sure I thought I looked very feminine, but sometimes I really didn't feel feminine. I had serious self doubts about getting away with this. I wasn't at all sure why I was doing this anyway. When I told my Aunt how strange I felt, she went all out to make me look as much like a lady as she could.

Since Peggy had colored my hair, I was given bi-weekly touch ups. By the time I made my first venture to town, my long tresses hung well below my shoulder blades and my lengthy bangs had been trimmed back twice. My hairstyle looked nothing like a boys.

Peggy tied my deep brown/black hair into a basic braid, clamping it in place with a wide, bright red bow.

She combed my long bangs over my forehead. They were so long, in fact, they reached just below my eyebrows which she had thinned and arched.

My face was given a simple makeup application including a little eye shadow, black mascara, a small amount of blush and my brilliant red gloss lipstick. A few short sprays of perfume topped off my cosmetics.

I wore a jeweled neck red cashmere sweater, a pair of tight black leather slacks and black knee high boots, with three inch heels. I would have looked quite boyish in this outfit, if Peggy had not added what she called "foundation garments" to my ensemble. I think that was why I was feeling so restricted.

For the very first time, I wore a bra with my red camisole. It was something Peggy had purchased mail order and surprised me with. The box stated that it was a "training bra" and it came complete with padded cups.

I turned a deep shade of red, but she insisted, then helped me put it over my arms and checked the fit. "It should fit comfortably, so you don't need to adjust it," she said, checking the hooks in back and smoothing the straps over my shoulders. "Comfortable?"

I nodded but felt like I was in harness as she slipped a sweater over my head. Peggy said the size was only a 34 with "AAA" cups, but two small peaks showed distinctively under my sweater. "These bras have fiberfill inserts in the cups," she said. "They will give a bustline definition and shape to your upper torso."

"WOW!" I gasped, shocked by how spooky the double pointed effect made me feel. My head constantly glanced at the sweater sticking out. I made a crack about having "jugs" to cover up my forbidden excitement.

Peggy smiled and said, "A girl's first brassiere enhances her body image besides making her bust more prominent. Wearing a bra will effect your posture, making it easier to stand up straight. We want your bosom to become an obvious and attractive part of your new image. It will be a powerful influence on your presentation as a model."

Besides the bra, I also wore a waist clincher and a padded paneled girdle. The former squeezed my waist in while the latter compressed my maleness while adding curves to my hips and bottom.

By the time we left the house and got into her four wheel drive vehicle, I looked more feminine than I ever had before. But I felt strange knowing that I was about to be seen by others. My apprehension was growing.

During the drive, I stayed toasty warm in the cab of the truck. Besides having the heat up on full blast, I was quite cozy wearing my Aunt's long, fur lined, black kid leather trench coat and white silk scarf.

It took us almost three quarters of an hour to reach Tabago. After a quick stop at the post office, we went directly to the beauty salon.

As soon as we entered the place, all heads turned to watch us. I turned to see my Aunt's beaming face. No wonder she had been such a successful model, she possessed an inherent magnetism. Little did I know that the heads were turning to catch impressed glances of me as well.

Peggy immediately introduced me to Mitzi, the manicurist. "Mitzi," my Aunt formally announced, "This is my dear niece, Monica, from Pittsburgh. She's here visiting me for a while to get over a respiratory ailment. Since we were snowed in for most of the winter, it was time to have her nails done by a professional."

Mitzi looked at both of us and smiled sweetly. "Let me help you off with that heavy coat, dear," she said as she stepped around me. As I felt the fur lined sleeves being pulled off my slender arms, I heard her say, "What a great set of fingernails you have, dear. It will be my pleasure to stylize them for you."

I was ushered to an empty seat beside a small table covered with many small bottles of various colored nail enamels and an array of manicuring tools. Once seated, Mitzi sat across from me and took both of my hand and held them up to a brightly lit lamp attached to the edge of the table.



“WOW,” I gasp, shocked by how spooky the double pointy effect made me feel. My head bobbed downward constantly glancing at my sweater sticking out so pertly!

"Hmmm," she said as she evaluated my hands. "My word, I am very impressed, indeed. You have been taking great care of your fingernails, young lady." I began to blush as I turned to look at my Aunt standing behind me. Peggy's face beamed with an expression of genuine pride.

I never dreamed of having my fingernails professionally manicured before, let alone be in a women's beauty salon. Because of my Aunt's persistent training, I was able to adapt quickly to the appropriate protocol.

Mitzi, being one who enjoyed female repartee, engaged me in various conversational topics. They ran the gambit from today's fashions to men. While I was well versed in the former, I woefully lacked any experience in discussing the later. After all, I was a boy under my elaborate feminine facade. Yet, I think because of all the romance novels I had read, as well as the social tips from the magazines, I was able to fake my way through the talk about guys.

An hour later, Peggy and I left the salon with our nails exquisitely manicured. My Aunt chose a pale pink shade for her hands, while she instructed Mitzi to give me an elegant two tone French style manicure. Peggy explained that it will enhance the display of the jewelry, while not bringing too much attention to my wonderfully beautiful hands. When Mitzi was done I had a set of ten beautifully manicured fingernails, all a uniform $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch long, measured from the fingertip, and gently squared off at the top.

I had been instructed to be very careful not to break one and now it was even more important. I held my limp wristed hands high and protected the nails by daintily picking things up. I guess Peggy was right, I was beginning to learn why women acted like they did.

Since we were in town, and it was my first trip there, Peggy took the opportunity to show me around. Tabago was a small town and the entire business district consisted of only four square blocks. Yet, it was a clean and pretty place, with the awe inspiring backdrop of the magnificent Rocky Mountains beyond the low rooftops.

Before heading back home, we stopped at a few more places. First, we went to Owens Pharmacy where Peggy purchased some cosmetics for the two of us. As we browsed around the makeup counter, she offered to buy me several tubes of my old lip balm, then laughed at me.

She knew I was use to the enhancement the color gave my new feminine look and wasn't about to go back to the plain stuff. While I declined that offer, I suggested that I ought to try out shades other than the brilliant reds and pinks I had been wearing. Peggy agreed and bought several tubes in shades of pale pink, deep, dark crimson and an opaque creamy white.



I held my limp wristed hands high and protected the nails by daintily picking things up.

Along with the new lip shades, we purchased other makeup products to compliment these colors. Finally, she picked up a large jar of hand moisturizing cream. Peggy told me that since I was now officially a hand model, I needed to keep my hands from drying out and chapping.

The second stop we made was to Conner's Department Store. It wasn't like the large, multi story department stores in the giant shopping malls back in Pittsburgh. It was a small storefront, yet, it had an impres-

sive variety of items for men, women, boys and girls. There, Peggy had me try on several pairs of leather gloves. She said I needed to protect my modeling attributes from the cold mountain air.

After trying on a few pairs, I settled on a pair of brown leather, fleece lined mittens. I had a difficult time getting the gloves on and off my hands, now that my fingernails were so long. Nevertheless, Peggy thought it was a wise choice. She paid for them with her credit card.

Before we left the store, she had the sales girl take the mittens to the back room. When she returned, I was surprised to see them monogrammed with gold thread and with my initials, "M.D" in delicate and feminine swirls at their base.

The last stop we made threw me a little bit. After we left Conner's, we walked past a few stores, entered a street level door, and walked up a flight of stairs to a second floor office suite, above a confectionery shop. On the pebbled glass door of the suite was stenciled, "Abigail Proctor, M.D."

Turning to my Aunt, I raised my eyebrows and asked, "Are you not feeling well, Peggy?"

With a wide smile, she replied, "I'm fine. Actually, we came here for you. I know you're not ill, either. In fact, you have made great progress in overcoming you're respiratory illness. Actually, Dr. Proctor is a dear friend of mine. When your father and I made arrangements to bring you out here to live with me, Dr. Proctor was forwarded you medical file from Dr. Petis' office."

"With getting you settled in and all, there was little time for us to come to town to see Dr. Proctor when you first arrived. Besides, you were in no shape to travel up and down the mountain. Now that you're doing so marvelously, I thought it was time that we introduce you to Dr. Proctor."

"NO! Look at me!" I whispered.

"Trust me, it doesn't matter." Her explanation seemed reasonable enough. Taking my Aunt's hand, we both proceeded to enter the doctor's offices. If Dr.

Proctor was going to give me an examination, she would surely see that I was a fraud.

Peggy must have seen the agony on my face. As we followed the nurse to the examination room, she placed her hand on my soft shoulder and gave it a loving and reassuring squeeze.

Fortunately, the nurse left us alone and closed the door, after saying that Dr. Proctor would be right in. Taking advantage of the situation, I turned to my Aunt and, in a hushed, but nonetheless frantic voice, I exclaimed, "Oh, Peggy, I'm so frightened."

Peggy reached out and reeled me into her arms. As she held me tight, she said, "I called ahead. Abbie already knows that you're just pretending to be a girl. As I said, Dr. Proctor and I are very good friends. When I made your appointment, I told her about you wearing my clothes and our 'little game'. She thinks it's cute."

"Before coming to Tabago to set up her general medical practice, Abbie practiced psychiatry. She was very successful and it made her very wealthy. Abbie believes that everyone would live longer if they had fun in life. You see, our little gender bending game can actually pay off for you in your future."

Knowing that Dr. Proctor knew of my real identity was only mildly comforting. She must think I was strange, but I kept these thoughts to myself.

Moments later, there was a light rap on the door and a woman in a long white lab coat walked in. She was short. In fact, she was shorter than me and a bit chunky as well. Her hair was dishwater blond. With her rounded facial features, she looked like a female version of the Pillsberry Doe Boy.

In a soft, Texas drawl, she announced, "Hi, you all must be Monica. I'm Dr. Proctor, but please call me Abbie. Your aunt and I are good friends." She added, "Peggy, you were right. He's very cute in girl's clothes. Not many boys would let you dress them like this."

I blushed, but her down home manner of speaking put me at ease. Gone was the anxiety I had when I entered the examination room. Being more relaxed, I

readily followed her instructions and removed my clothes for her examination of me.

There was the usual prodding and listening as she made her way around my body, sans my elaborate feminizing padding. Nothing seemed to be any different than what Dr. Petis would do to me. At the end of the exam, she opened up a file, saying, "I guess we can't go calling you Marc if you're dressed like this." She wrote the name "Monica Duncan" on it.

After the doctor made several entries on my chart, she looked up and said, "Monica, whatever you are doing, please continue. I expected to see a very sick boy come in here. . ."

We all giggled at her words. "Seriously," she continued, "I'd like to try a new medication on you. I am aware that Dr. Petis told you and your Dad that there wasn't anything he could give you for your current ailment. Some doctors call it "failure to thrive". However, since your lungs have cleared up so significantly, I think we are now in a position, medically speaking, to strengthen you up and maybe nip this illness once and for all."

The doctor explained her options. "The research says that steroids work well on your illness, but they have some serious side effects. I was thinking we might use hormones instead, which are nearly identical to steroids without the side effects."

I was thrilled to hear this good news. The notion of wiping out my ailment gave me new hope that I could return home to be with Dad and my old friends again. Don't get me wrong, I loved my stay with Aunt Peggy, but I missed Dad and was hopeful that I would see him again very soon.

The doctor asked me some questions about our little dress up game and how I felt. I admitted that it was fun being "someone" else and I liked it.

"I think we can fix you up with very little bad side effects," the doctor said. "The point is to make you stronger and gain weight without steroids side effects."

With utter delight, I said to Dr. Proctor, "Well, I'm all for it. Give me those pills!"

Dr. Proctor gave me an endearing smile and replied, "No dear. Actually, I'm going to give you an injection for your first dose of the drug. Owens Pharmacy doesn't carry the medication since there isn't much demand for it in our small town. If on your next visit, I see that you're taking well to it, I'll give you a stronger dosage."

"Pills?" I asked gleefully, as I looked forward to being cured. I wasn't afraid of injections, I'd had hundreds.

"Actually, the long term dosage isn't in pill form," the doctor replied. "Let's try to avoid the liver and kidneys for a while. I will need to perform a little procedure to supply you with the proper amount."

I felt a shiver run up my back, as my beautiful manicured hand became quite clammy. In a quivering voice, I asked, "What do you mean, Abbie?"

"Oh, nothing really serious, sweetheart. It's just a brief surgical procedure. All I need to do is place an implant just under both of your arm pits. I'll be using local anesthesia. You'll be awake for the whole thing and it won't hurt one bit. In a couple of weeks, you'll come back and I'll remove the stitches. You'll have a whole six month supply of the medication in time release form. It's really better."

During our conversation, I hadn't paid much attention to Dr. Proctor. As she was explaining how the medication implants worked, she filled a hypodermic syringe with my first dose of the new medicine. Before I knew it, she had stepped behind me and thrust the needle deep within my buttocks, pushing the amber colored substance into my bloodstream.

I let out a short, high pitched "Yelp!"

With a wily smile, Dr. Proctor added, "Now you may have an initial adverse reaction which you could experience over the next couple of days."

"What adverse reaction?" I pleaded to know.

"By the time you get on back to your Aunt's house, you're going to feel quite nauseous. More nauseous than you have ever felt before. This nausea will last at least 48 to 72 hours. If I give you a shot of the medica-

tion every time you need it, you'll be as sick as a dog each time. You wouldn't want that, would you?"

As I rubbed the pain in my small, flat fanny, I shook my head and said, "No."

The doctor reminded me that I'd have to return next week to see if the medication was effective before I would received the time release implants. Before we left her office, Peggy and I made an appointment for the next week at the same time.

Then we headed back home. I was elated at my adventure. No one had laughed or made fun of me.

Needless to say, the doctor was true to her words. We weren't back home a half hour before I was stricken with the worst case of nausea I had ever had. I lost my lunch and had a terrible bout of the dry heaves. When the first wave finally subsided, Peggy got me undressed and into my pink woolen nightie. She tucked me in bed, gave me a kiss, and turned out the light. As she left my room, she softly whispered, "Sweet dreams, my beautiful princess."

"I wish you wouldn't call me that," I said, adding, "I really should be wearing some boy clothes."

"Why? It's just us. Let's enjoy our little game for a while. Okay?"

As Dr. Proctor said, I was under the weather for the next few days, especially during the mornings. As a result, I stayed in bed, read my fashion magazines, and ate luke warm soup, as was the only thing I was able to keep down.

By the third day, I felt much better, but didn't really feel like dressing up. Peggy insisted, "It'll take your mind off your ills."

I got dressed in one of the outfits Peggy had given me to wear. It was a mid thigh, pleated, navy blue wool skirt and a white, heavy cotton blouse with long puffy sleeves and a winged collar.

Since I still felt a bit queazy, I avoided really high heels and chose a pair of practical navy blue skimmers to wear over my navy blue nylon panty hose. Of course,

I wore my padded bra, waist clincher and panelled panties.

Before going to the kitchen to join my Aunt for breakfast, I reviewed myself in my full length mirror. Peggy had combed out and braided my lengthening hair the night before. Seeing that it still looked good, I left it as it was. However, I repleaded the plain hair band with a pretty red and blue striped ribbon to hold my braid in place.

Ever since my trip to the beauty parlor, I became enamored with the look and feel of my long, manicured fingernails. Mitzi had done a wonderful job, indeed. My nails were still as pretty as they were when Peggy and I left the salon.

However, I really needed to do something with my face. It was stark white, with little color in my cheeks; attributable to being bed ridden for days. Moving to my vanity table, I quickly selected the necessary cosmetics and proceeded to implement my hard learned lessons. I picked some of the new colors and shades we had bought in town the other day. When I was satisfied with my appearance, I returned to the full length mirror and looked closely at my reflection.

Reflecting from the mirror was a lovely cherubic face of a youthful young woman, with dark, alluring green eyes, long lashes, subtly blushed high cheek bones, and pretty pale pink lips. It was quite a change from the brilliant red glossy shade I was use to wearing.

Finally, I made one last inspection. Walking away from and then toward the mirror, I studied my movements carefully. I found it hard to believe that, in such a relatively short period of time, I had changed so much. As I made my way back and forth, I couldn't help but noticed that I used the overlapping strut as if I walked that way all my life. The effect of my glide was awesome. With every step, I felt and saw my hips swivel and my fanny bounce from side to side. With the feminine manner I held my arms and hands, there was nothing indicating that I was a boy anymore.

However, I didn't have time to contemplate these phenomenon. I heard my Aunt's voice calling me to breakfast. Giving myself one last glance in the mirror,



Reflecting from the mirror was a lovely cherubic face of a youthful young woman, with dark, alluring green eyes, long lashes, subtly blushed high cheek bones, and pretty pale pink lips.

I blew a seductive kiss back at the cute little girl I saw there, grabbed my red cashmere cardigan sweater and joined Peggy in the kitchen.

Coffee and freshly squeezed orange juice awaited me as I entered the kitchen. So was Peggy. She gave me a big smile, followed by a loving and tender kiss. "How is my pretty little nephew today?" she kindly asked.

"Much better, thanks. I don't feel at all nauseous as I have the last two days. They were really miserable," I answered truthfully.

Peggy was still by my side, gently caressing my long braided hair, when she said, "Now that the first wave is over, you will feel just fine from here on out."

I couldn't imagine what she meant by that. I figured that Peggy was parroting the advise that Abbie had given me in her office the other day.

As usual, breakfast was just coffee, juice and dry whole wheat toast. As a matter of fact, all the meals I ate with my Aunt were small in comparison with the way I ate before I came to live with her. In the seven months since I had arrived, I didn't recall ever having red meat. Our diet was restricted to complex carbohydrates, like pasta, rice and beans.

The only meat we did have was an occasional piece of chicken and then the skin was always removed. Our dairy consumption was simple, just skimmed milk, non-fat yogurt and cottage cheese. Finally, we had a piece of fish now and then. I didn't really mind. It was making me feel better than I had felt in several years.

After we ate, Peggy and I returned to our usual schedule at the office. She worked on her new designs and I took care of the mounting office work. Her final jewelry designs were scheduled to arrive by courier the next day. I couldn't wait to wear them and try modeling.

There was one thing out of the ordinary, however. Since my visit to Dr. Proctor, Peggy had me provide urine specimens every day, an hour after breakfast. She explained that the doctor had called after we arrived home and told her that she needed them to see

how the new medicine was working in my system. It really wasn't a big deal. My doctor back home, used to have me make them when he was trying out different drugs on me.

The next day I was sitting in Peggy's office, practicing my hand modelling poses, when the door bell rang. I sprung to my feet and let out a girlish yelp. The jewelry had finally arrived!

I was so excited, I couldn't contain myself. In my natural, mincing gait, I hurried to be the first to answer the door. True to my expectations, it was the courier and in his hands was a medium sized box, with a return address of Phoenix, Arizona. I don't know what came over me but I had a strong compulsion to kiss the delivery man on the cheek.

No sooner had I opened the door, then Peggy joined me. She smiled sweetly at me, as she enjoyed the thrill I was experiencing with the arrival of her new designs. After signing for the box, the courier gave me a passing wink, which made me blush a deep crimson. Peggy and I waved goodbye, closed the door and hurriedly brought the box into her office.

"It's them, it's them!" I exclaimed with feminine enthusiasm.

Peggy placed her hands on mine and said, "Easy does it, dear. Jumping up and down will not make them come out of the box any faster. I was in a state of utter excitement when I saw Peggy open the leather covered jewelry box to reveal her new design creations."

"Oh, they are dreamy," I cooed, "I can't wait to model them, Aunt Peggy."

"Haven't you become the biggest swish," she said with a gleam in her eye, "Here, be my guest."

I blushed, but with that, she handed me the opened jewelry box. My girlishly manicured hands were pressed flat against my pretty face as I looked at the pieces in utter adoration. "They're so beautiful," I sighed, as I reached out to take the box from her.

For the rest of the afternoon, Peggy and I wore her lovely creations. They consisted of rings, bracelets, charms, earrings, brooches and necklaces. All were



I

was so excited, I couldn't contain myself. In my natural, mincing gait, I hurried to be the first to answer the door.

made of brilliant sterling silver and contained a variety of highly polished semi precious stones found in the Southwestern U.S.

I don't know what it was. This was the first day I felt good, real good. I was so giddy; I was constantly giggling with girlish delight and thrill. This was beyond the way I imagined myself acting a mere seven months earlier. Back then, such things as jewelry, cosmetics, fashions and the like were not within my personal interests, not to mention my understanding.

My former interests of sports, cars and girls seemed a remote thing of the past. Femininity and all its softness and wonder was now my single focus. Mastering fashion, my hair, makeup and nails were the highlights of my day.

Occasionally, I thought back to the way things used to be. I thought that all I had to do was shift gears and I would immediately return to my old self. After all, my new life was just part of a game between me and my Aunt.

When daylight broke, I was out of bed. After a luxurious bubble bath, I surveyed the clothes Peggy had selected for me. With my long hair gathered in a turban-like towel, I began to dress. I reviewed myself in the mirror. I wore a simple black wool turtle neck sweater and black cotton and lycra stretch pants with stirrups.

I always wore one of Peggy's girdles with stretch pants. Seamless and figure-hugging, they were soft, clinging and I could make them look "right" in front. It wasn't comfortable, but I wanted them to fit like they did on Peggy. That's why I preferred skirts to pants, more freedom.

Sheer black nylon, calf length stockings covered my pretty feet and black western style ankle boots covered my stockings. After smoothing out wrinkles in my outfit, I hurried to my Aunt's bedroom so she could do my hair.

Peggy was dressed when I arrived. She dressed casually, in a pair of tight fitting, faded blue jeans, red ski sweater atop a white cotton turtle neck, and brown, full length western boots. She had already done her

hair, which flowed long and loose in gorgeous dark auburn waves.

"You look adorable, Monica," Peggy said endearingly. "No one could ever tell you are a boy. Let's get your hair done, grab a quick bite, and get down to business. We have no time to waste."

I was a little disappointed when Peggy finished styling my hair. I thought that she would give me one of those high fashion looks I had seen in my magazines. However, she simply brushed my hair out, made certain my long bangs were straight and slightly curved over my forehead and tied the rest of my tresses in a long pony tail, held together with a black bow.

Peggy must have saw my disappointment in my dark-lashed eyes. After brushing back a few wisps of misplaced hair, she said in a sweet and thoughtful tone, "I know you thought that we would do more. But today you are just going to be a hand model. Don't worry, we'll work on your girlish skills later."

I blushed when she said that, but her words gave me a thrill. I was felt a whole lot better.

Before we began, Peggy applied a fresh coat of clear lacquer to my two tone French manicure. Doing so revitalized the brilliant shine they had when I first had them done.

After the polish dried, Peggy placed a wide silver and turquoise bracelet on my wrist and two silver rings on my fingers. She positioned my hand the way she wanted against a background of black matted velvet. With my pose in place, she clicked off several photos with her high speed 35 mm camera.

We worked from morning until late into the afternoon. So intense was our pace, we didn't bother to eat lunch. Both hands were photographed with various pieces from Peggy collection. The only items I didn't model were the pins, necklaces and earrings. My Aunt said that I wasn't ready for them yet. However, if all went well, I'd be modeling them soon.

Peggy sent the many rolls of film to a professional developing lab in Los Angeles for processing. Although she had her own darkroom, she preferred this other lab.

They did top quality work and she planned to use the photos to promote her new jewelry line as well as compile the beginnings of my own modeling portfolio.

Since the lab wouldn't be sending the photos back for several weeks, Peggy told me to relax and not think about them. In the mean time, we returned to our daily routine, which included my further training in the 'feminine' arts.

Before I knew it, it was time for my return visit with Dr. Abigail Proctor. The appointment wasn't until the afternoon, so Peggy and I went to town early to visit Mitzi's beauty salon.

Unlike my first appointment, when I only had a manicure, my second visit was far more involved. Essentially, Mitzi gave me the "works." I didn't know what I was in for, but when she finished, I felt more feminine than ever before.

Mitzi escorted me to a secluded back room of the salon. After stripping to my undergarments, she requested that I remove my bra and special panties. At first I hesitated; however, she assured me that she understood my embarrassment. Peggy had told her that, despite my age, I was underdeveloped in my chest, hips and fanny. Mitzi laughed, "You wouldn't believe how many women are similarly situated, Monica. You're not the only one in that boat. I'll keep this just between us girls. If you can't trust your hair dresser, who can you trust?"

As I unhooked my bra, I thought how thankful I was that my Aunt had added a new devise to my repertoire of feminizing apparel. That morning, Peggy had come into my room as I was about to step into my silky panties. She handed me a small package. Taking it from her, I asked, "It's a very pretty box. What's in it, Peggy?"

"Open it up, silly, and you'll find out," she replied.

I did and I couldn't figure out what it was. "Is it a very thin and dainty flesh tone jock strap without a cup?" I asked.

Aunt Peggy laughed loudly and said, "It sort of looks like one. However, you won't see any male athletes

wearing one of these!" She went on to say, "This, my dear, is a gaffe. Its purpose is to hid your male attributes out of sight. It'll give you a smooth, feminine appearance in your crotch. With it on, my most skin tight pants will fit like they do on me. There will be no clue that you are anything but a beautiful and charming young female."

I had second thought about putting it on. Our little game seemed to be escalated to a new level. However, Peggy didn't give me an opportunity to object. Before I knew it, I was slipping this strange garment up my legs.

It took some work, but once I had it on, I was amazed to see no sign of my maleness anywhere. I had been securely tucked up so my vitals were held within a cavity just behind my pelvic bone. It was quite uncomfortable and I wanted to remove it almost right away. She insisted I walk around my room. In so doing, my organs seemed to adjust to a more comfortable position within the strong supporting grip of the gaffe.

I was astonished that the gaffe did not cover my natural pubic hair. It's position on my pelvis was such that only micro thin flesh tone strings were barely visible as they wrapped around my hips. It was constructed of a new space age material that was very light, almost invisible to the naked eye, but as tough as tempered steel.

Impressed with the way I now appeared below the waist, Peggy gave me a pair of her fanciest, silky panties. Under my Aunt's watchful eye, I pulled them high against my 'flat' crotch. True to her word, no maleness showed through my lacy silk underwear.

"Now you can wear any of my panties without that ole' girdle," Peggy said, turning me around. "See, just like mine. Wait until you feel how nice the panties feel under a frilly full skirt!"

Besides the smooth feminine look I now had, I soon realized that it made me walk differently too. Sure, I already had a natural feminine gait from all the practice and training I received during my modeling lessons. Now, the elimination of any male bulge and the constant pressure high between my legs, made my

walk even more mincing and dainty. It caused my hips to swing more provocatively with each step.

My Aunt noticed this effect, and I detected a pleasant smile on her lips as she watched me parade around my bedroom. "What an adorable stride you've developed, my dear," she said. "Your father would kill me!"

She was right, yet I didn't stop our little game.

Suffice it to say, I didn't remove my gaffe for Mitzi, nor did she appear to have noticed that I even wore one, despite the fact that I stripped naked in front of her.

After undressing, Mitzi handed me a skimpy satin robe to wear as I was led to a table.

The next thing I knew, she was covering small patches of my body with a warm wax. It felt nice as the mild heat penetrated my tender skin. When the wax cooled, it tighten and became hard, almost solid.

She began to remove it and it hurt like heck! However, as quickly as she removed it, Mitzi applied a very soothing, creamy lotion to my stinging skin. She performed this operation to my entire body, wherever there was hair, except for my pubic region. Fortunately, the lotion soothed the pain and left my totally hairless skin soft and glowing.

Once I recuperated from my body waxing, I was allowed to get dressed, then taken back to the main salon, where I was given a hot oil treatment and a shampoo, followed by a light permanent. Mitzi said it was called a body wave. While my hair wouldn't be curly, it would have much more body and shine.

After a minor trim to even out my long, flowing tresses and elongated bangs, Mitzi covered my head in large, oversized curlers and stuck me under a hair drier, at a very low heat setting, for nearly an hour. During this time, she worked on my hands, where my long, lovely nails were polished a pretty pale pink, the same shade Peggy got the week before.

Mitzi removed the drier and the curlers and began to comb out my hair. I was amazed with her handiwork. My hair was never shinier, as it cascaded in large, bouncy waves about my beautiful face. Mitzi really was a genius with hair.

My Aunt gushed and carried on about how beautiful I was. Her words of praise caused me to blush a deep, dark crimson.

It was a little after noon when we left Mitzi's. Peggy and I stopped for lunch at a cute little place called, "Andorra's Tea Room." It was decorated in a turn-of-the-century motif; lots of lace curtains and tapestries.

After lunch, we went to Dr. Proctor's office. After a few minutes, Abbie Proctor came in, smiling happily. "I have great news for you, Monica," she announced with unrepressed glee. "After running tests on those urine samples you provided me, I am pleased to say that you are an excellent candidate for the time release, medication implants. They will work much better than injections and you'll avoid those awful bouts of nausea you had earlier this week."

That was good news, or so I thought at the time. After going over the procedure of implanting the time release capsule, the doctor gave me another brief physical examination. This one was quite different than the one I was use to.

After taking my height and weight measurements, Dr. Proctor had me remove all my clothing, including my gaffe.

She commented on the gaffe saying, "Those really work, don't they? It's a good idea the he wears one in this small town."

I was surprised when she started to take measurements of various body parts. It was as if she was fitting me for a suit of clothes, as opposed to making determinations about my health.

She measured my head, nose, neck, chest, torso, waist, hips, arms, legs, feet and even probed my manhood. Measurements were taken for length, width as well as circumference. All the while, the doctor was stern faced, not showing an ounce of expression or emotion.

When she finished, I was allowed to dress from the waist down. As I was slipping my nylons up my legs, I asked the doctor what I weighed. It was some time since I had stood on a scale and I was curious.

Abbie Proctor smiled and looked up from my medical chart. She said, "Let me see, dear. Oh, here it is. You weigh an entire 112 pounds."

I nearly fell off the examination table. I knew that I had lost weight from my illness. Also, my current diet was devoid of fats and high calorie foods. But I couldn't believe I weighed a mere 112 pounds. It seemed impossible.

"Please, Dr. Proctor, there must be some mistake," I said. "I just couldn't be that light!"

"Hmmm," she said, with a look that indicated that she was about to patronize me. "I guess I could be wrong. Let's take another look, shall we?"

I got back on the scale. She shifted the metal weights of the scale as she balanced them. With the sound of satisfaction in her voice, the doctor said, "Ah, yes, 114 pounds, Monica. However, two of those are attributable to the clothing you're wearing."

As I was led back to the examination room, Dr. Proctor explained that she took my weight to properly monitor the effects of the time release medication on my system. As time went on, I would experience some weight gain; however, she wasn't sure where on my body it would settle. That was the reason she took precise measurements of me. She would use them to make comparisons as time went on.

I was told to lay down on the examination table and lift both my arms over my head. As I did so, I felt the doctor's cool hands rub, no, caress my chest, particularly around my nipples. All of a sudden, I felt an intense tingling sensation that shot through my body and settled in my loins. At the same time, my nipple expanded and became very hard and pronounced; more so than they had ever done before.

My body seemed to overreact to this fairly mild stimulation. I detected a slight grin curl at the corners of the doctor's thin lips. She moved her hands to my arm pits. As she did so, Dr. Proctor pushed on them until she felt the small cavity at the base, the deepest point. In an uncharacteristically soft, sultry voice, she said, "Your underarms are quite lovely, my dear, so hairless and smooth. I'm very impressed with your



After taking my height and weight measurements, Dr. Proctor had me remove all my clothing. This time, I had to take off my gaffe as well.

efforts to appear feminine. The name 'Monica' suits you well."

I blushed as she probed both physically and mentally.

A small injection was made in the identical area of both armpits. The doctor explained that it was a local anesthetic that allowed her to implant the capsules without me feeling more than a small scratch.

Thirty minutes later, Dr. Proctor completed the procedure. The time release capsule, filled with the new medication, was securely implanted within my arm pits and absolutely undetectable, except for the small sutures required to close up the small cuts.

Before I left the office, I made an appointment to return in two weeks to have the stitches removed. Dr. Proctor said, "Monica, I wish you luck. I'm very confident that this medication will have the desired effect and that you will continue to blossom as beautifully as you have to date."

I had no idea what she meant. I was about to ask her, when Peggy took my hand and gave in a light tug and said, "We had better go, dear. We are suppose to get more snow." Then she looked upwards, as if to invoke some divine intervention and declared, "When will all this white stuff stop falling? For goodness sake, it's April already!"

Except for the occasional tug at the stitches, the implants gave me no trouble. For all I knew, the medication was going to clear up my respiratory problem once and for all. Back at the house, we renewed our regular routine and I started to become anxious for the photos from the lab.



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Two days before my scheduled appointment with Dr. Proctor to remove the sutures, I woke in the middle of the night with the most awful soreness in my chest. It wasn't like I was having a heart attack, rather it emanated from the skin on my chest.

The pain is best described as an incredibly intense burning and itching sensation. I went to the bathroom and removed my silk nightgown to inspect my chest. To my shock and horror, I noticed that the skin around my nipples was bloated, the areolas appeared to be slightly puffed, while the nipples themselves were ridged and hard to the touch.

When I scratched myself, it only made the pain worse. The entire area had become so super sensitive, I dared not touch it again.

Without a clue as to what was happening to me, I raised my nightgown and hurried to Peggy's room. I was frantic as I shook her from her sound sleep. "Peggy! Peggy! Please wake up. My chest is on fire. You have to help me. Oh Peggy, Please!" I cried in total desperation.

She turned on her nightstand and stared at me with genuine concern in her eyes. "Monica, dear, what is the matter. Are you alright? Did you have a bad dream? What is it?"

"Oh, I wish it was just a dream, Aunt Peggy," I moaned. "It's my chest, it hurts so much. There is something dreadfully wrong with it. Here, look!"

I pulled down my nightgown and Peggy sat up and looked closely at my chest. Placing her long, slender fingertips on the pain filled region, she ever so softly moved them all along the bloated area. It was as if she knew what she was doing.

After carefully inspecting both sides of my chest, she said, "I think you are having some type of reaction to your medication. We had better move our appointment with Abbie to the first thing in the morning. She will know what to do."

Peggy got out of bed, went to her vanity table, and picked up a short, pink glass bottle. I noticed it contained a thick, white creamy substance. She said,

“Hold you nightie up, dear. I want to put some lotion on your chest. It contains a mixture of lanolin, tropical oils, a small dosage of benzocaine and some other secret ingredients. It ought to stop the terrible burning and itching you are experiencing.”

I watched closely as she rubbed the lotion on my chest. As soon as her fingers touched me, the fire was totally extinguished. She didn't stop at a basic application. Peggy continued to rub the lotion deep into my skin. The more she rubbed, the nicer it felt. My body soon was tingling all over, while I had a pleasant pulsation not in my groin, but deep in my loins. I don't think I had ever had a more pleasure filled experience in my life.

Twenty minutes later, she finished and I felt sorry that it had come to an end. Peggy kissed me goodnight and said Dr. Proctor would make everything better in the morning.

Right!

THE END OF PART ONE!

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