

# GHETTO GAL

*By Cheryl Lynn*



*ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART*

---

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

---

**Copyright © 2000, Friendly Applications, Inc. - All Rights Reserved**

## *Reluctant Press TG Publishers*

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

## *Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!*

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Friendly Applications, Inc, DBA Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do *YOUR* part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

---

# GHETTO GAL

---

By Cheryl Lynn

## CHAPTER ONE: NEW BOY

*It was a very scary reality being left home alone; especially for a little kid, much less one my age. I was too big to let a silly old thing like being left on my own actually scare me. Yeah! Right! I guess that was one of the key elements in the movie by the same name that created such a megahit.*

*I did not like it, but Mom had to work and I just had to go to school. She was an L.P.N. and worked two shifts at the hospital in order to meet our economic needs. I was the man of the family and was willing to get a job to help support her, but no, my education was all important.*

*Mom did not understand my fears. She did not know about the bad guys who hassled me from the time I went to school until well after the bell. I wanted no part of their drug culture or gang turf wars. I was entirely too smart to get involved or participate in their macho bullshit.*

*Yeah! Right!*

*All my travails and problems that yet dog my heels started when Mom divorced my father. Like so many child supporting ex—fathers mine was no exception, he skipped.*

*To this day I don't know to where, or how far.*

*But I never heard or saw him again.*

*With no job, no money, and the boat, motor, and trailer disappearing along with Dad, Mom had no other choice. We moved into low rent public housing.*

*It was in this atmosphere of upheaval and stress that my story really begins.*

*Actually, most of what I am about to relate is true. Some of it is, well at best, described as slightly stretching a point or two. Yes, I am well aware of the dangers of drugs and bullets, but the real reason for my avoiding the worst of public school and housing was due to my cowardliness and to a lesser extent Amy. She lived in the apartment next door and was several years older than me. She wasn't all that pretty, but she was tough and street smart. I am just the opposite.*

*Amy is almost five foot eight while I'm only five five. She is at least one fifteen and I'm only eighty three pounds soaking wet. She likes to order people around and has a temper that won't quit. Me, I'm the type who has learned the hard way that I am no John Wayne. I do as I am told. Amy has taught me that. Oh yes! She has made very sure that I am very obedient.*

*In return for my absolute obedience, she kept me out of the most virulent types of trouble. No turf wars, gun fights, mind altering drugs, that type of shit, you know. As*

*long as I and the rest of the girls in her gang do as we are told, when we are told to do it, everything is just dandy.*

0—0—0

*How did all this start and why I am even writing this little expose, I don't really know. Just call it getting it off my chest. As if that were possible today. HA! Maybe I should just start at the beginning. So with a deep breath let's get the story started.*

*It was one of those steamy moisture laden evenings that we got so often at the end of that summer, before the fall of my senior year.*

*I was carrying the last of the boxes into our new public housing apartment. My T—shirt clung to my skinny body and even I could smell the musk scented aroma coming from my underarm. Getting a cold shower was going to be the only highlight of my day. I was really looking forward to it, as I struggled with the awkward box.*

*I reached out tentatively with my right foot to feel for the door sill, just trying to find my way. The last thing that I needed was to drop Mom's precious lamp. It was about the only thing left from her wedding that she hadn't thrown at my father. Well the lamp was here and Dad was nowhere.*

*Zip, Zero nowhere, not even a good—by or single card or letter in over a year and a half. It was, like, he just vanished. Oh, I got his phone number, once several years later, but he hung up on me. Well, that's another story anyway, but you get the picture.*

*“Here, let me help you get that,” a girl's voice said from nearby.*

*I felt the door open and I began pushing through the doorway with the package. “Ah, thanks,” I managed to reply.*

*“Think noth'n of it, new boy! I'll figure out somethin' ya can do for me sometime. I live next door. See ya around,” the mysterious voice said and was gone.*

*I didn't give it another thought, at least for a while anyway.*

*“Mom! That's the last of it,” I shouted as I let the box down on an end table. Wiping the back of my hand across my brow to try and move the sweat from my eyes only succeeded in making my vision blurred.*

*“Damn, it was sticky. Why hadn't Mom turned on the air? Geez,” I mumbled to myself. “Hey, where's the air?” I said much louder. “It's hot as hell in here? Mom, oh there you are. What's with the heat?”*

*It did not take her long to explain that there was no air and that I had better learn to make the best of it or else. Until I started contributing to the household expenses, I would just have to learn to live with it. That's when she started in on her lecture.*

*“Education! If you do not get a good education, you won't amount to a hill a beans. You'd be worthless ta yerself and yer family. Look what have'n no education did for you father and me. I have to slave night and day just to get us fed and clothed. Not to tell of housing and all that other stuff you take for granted,” she paused to catch her second wind before starting back on my case.*

*“I don't care what you have to put up with or what we have to do to get ya a proper education. As long as it don't require any of us to go to jail, then young man, you'd bet-*

*ter plan on studying and a learn'n. The sooner ya outta there, the sooner ya can get good honest work. Understand? Then you can soar like an eagle and get away from these ghetto rats."*

*She was a bit long winded, but she was as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar in her determination that I finish my education. No and's, if's, or but's. It was this strong determination of hers that more or less affirmed my future.*

*"Now, come on and help me finish unpackin' what little stuff we got left. First thing ta'marra I'd gotta be back at workin' my two shifts." She reached out and scuffed the top of my head with her hand, smiled and walked toward the kitchen. "Once you get a good job, I'll be able to relax a little and maybe then I'll get the chance to spend some time with my baby. Don't ever get no chance to spend time with ya baby, but in time. Well, we'll see."*

*She was right on that point, I don't believe that we spent more than a few minutes each night together. Even those few times were usually when she was sleeping or I was and we were totally unaware of each other's presence.*

*She left at six A.M. every day, came home at three to change uniforms; then, back to her other shift. She would not get home until sometime after eleven P.M. By that time I would usually be in bed asleep. Weekends were just as bad except she worked one straight twelve hour shift starting at three P.M. ending at three A.M. So you see, we never really saw one another. Even when she was home, she was too exhausted to stay awake very long.*

*The cold shower helped, but did not refresh. I was trying to get some relief from the heat out on the back patio. Amid the soft humming and buzzing of the insects in the surrounding darkness, the voices of the other tenants rose and fell in a jerking harmony. I was nearly asleep, leaning back in the lawn chair, when all of a sudden I found myself flat on my back staring up into the shadowy faces of several boys.*

*"Hey, hey, What have we here? Looks like a little faggotty shit head to me, don't it boys?" a giant of a shadow said from above me. "Come on pansy, get up and let's have a look at yah? From what I can see ya don't look like much."*

*"I'm no faggot and what do you think you are doing?" I replied as I jumped up with fists clinched.*

*"Ooooooh! Tough guy, huh? Ya got me creamin' in my pants," a voice said off to my right side.*

*"This is my place! Get out of here and leave me the fuck alone!" I warned as strongly as I could. I knew that if I flinched or looked the least bit weak that I would be a goner. No matter how brave a front I tried to convey, I soon found myself right back on my ass.*

*The big guy thumped me right on my breast bone by flicking his finger and then pushing out with his hand. Unless you have ever been socked in the breast bone, you can't imagine just how much that smarts. As I fell back away from his push, someone else's foot tripped me flat on my back. I tried to get back up, but this time somebody's palm smacked me right between the eyes. My nose started bleeding and tears filled my eyes.*

*“Look at the little baby, it's crying! Want ya mudder, ya little twat?”*

*“Yeah, look, the creep looks just like my snot nosed baby sister. Hahahahaha.”*

*“Come on ya little dip, get your ass up?”*

*The voices pounded in my ears as tears rolled down my cheeks. I was having a hard time just catching my breath. The poke in the chest combined with being slammed back down so hard started my lower lip to tremble and a tear to start down my cheek. I was gasping with my mouth working like a beached fish's when I felt someone's foot kicking me just below the ribs. That's what started the water works really flowing.*

*By now there was no doubt in any of the gang's minds that I was a cry baby and a sissy. If I had been worthy of their gang, I would not have cried that's for sure. I should have taken my initiation beating in stride and in a more manly fashion. I should have jumped right up and started pounding with my fists on the first person I could reach. Knowing full well that it would be a totally useless effort. At least I would have gained their respect by standing up for myself instead of becoming the gang's whipping boy.*

*Yeah, shoulda's and coulda's combined with ifs and but's change history, but alas not for me.*

*So even knowing better, what do I do. Stupid me, just start crying all the more while I lay curled up on the grass. Tall shadows and an occasional glimpse of reflected light were all that my tear filled eyes could see.*

*“Hear, hear, what's goin' on over there! Hey! What you kids adoin' over there?” I heard my mother call out from the back door. “Kevin is dat you out there? You get in here right now and, and you boys get on a home with youselves. Go on now, scat! You hear me?”*

*Relieved and pensive all at the same time, I managed to wipe my eyes clear and brushing off my trousers started back to the house.*

*“House, I mean apartment, its going to take me awhile to adjust,” I thought. “Damn it! Why did I just lie there and cry. Of all the stupid, idiotic things I could have done, SHIT! SHIT! They aren't going to leave me alone now. They are going to pick on me, I just know it!”*

0—0—0

When I walked into the kitchen, Mother was finishing up the last of the unpacking. A pile of empty carry out Chinese cartons still filled the table top, so I began sweeping them into the nearby trash bag. I finally managed to look up at her.

She just smiled, said good night, gave me a light peck on the cheek, and went off to her room. I wasn't tired and besides I was too distraught to go to bed yet, so I grabbed the trash bag and headed towards the dumpster.

I don't know if you've ever been close to a dumpster in a public housing project, but you don't ever get too close. I don't think that they are ever emptied. Using both hands, I twirled the bag several time in the air to get some momentum going; then, with a quick flick of my wrists sent it flying towards the pile.

Winded by the exertion, I stood with my hands on my hips deep breathing when from behind me a voice said, "Hey New Boy!"

Let me tell you I almost jumped right out of my skin then and there. I was taken completely unawares, and after what I'd already been through almost peed on myself.

"You're mighty skittery aren't ya, New Boy. What's the matter the gang got ya scared? Or are you naturally jumpy like that? You ought ta know better than let'm see ya yellow streak. You sure got a lot to learn."

It was the same voice that I had heard when I was carrying Mom's lamp. I could just make out a shadowy figure standing back about ten yards. I could tell that it was a girl, but I couldn't see her features.

"I'm not yellow!" I said in my most menacing tone. "They just caught me off guard that was all. I coulda busted'm up real good if I'd a wanted."

"Yeah! Sure! Come here, New Boy, and let me get a good look at you," she said. "Come on, I'm not going to hurt you. I promise not to bite either."

I tried to make like I was cool and hoped that my walk over to where she stood resembled a self confident macho style. I didn't really feel either cool nor confident. It did not take me long to reach her side.

She gave me a quick once over and turned began walking over to a lighted doorway.

"You coming?" she tossed over her shoulder as she began walking.

We reached the lighted doorway and I got my first good look at her. She was taller than I, older too. Not bad to look at and wore tight fitting jeans with rolled up cuffs and expensive looking running shoes. Her blouse was almost transparent in a soft shade of tan with short sleeves and tied in a knot just below her jutting breasts. Her lacy red bra showed clearly through her blouse making it hard for me to look at her face.

If you were to ask me anything else that night about what she wore or looked like, I could not have answered under pain of death. All I clearly remember seeing I have already described as my young hormones focused solely upon her red clad breasts from that point forward.

"I'm Amy," she began as she leaned up against the door sill. She reached into her purse and pulled out a pack of cigarettes. Putting one to her bright red lips, she handed me the lighter.

"Light!" she said.

It was all I could do to keep my hand steady as I reached out with the blue flame. The flame danced and twisted as I tried to light her cigarette until she reached out and grabbed my hand, steadying it.

"You trying to burn my nose or something? You act like a frightened puppy. You know that New Boy?" Amy said as she blew a stream of smoke into my face. "If the felahs could only see you now, they'd beat the livin' tar outta you. You are going to have to do some serious changing real quick if you expect to survive in this place, New Boy."

What's your name anyway, I'm tired of calling you New Boy? Where you from anyway? Must be from outer space or somethin' from the way you act."

I spent the next two hours telling everything there was to tell about me. Like a fool I even told her about all my fears and that I was usually always alone at home. I even told her that I could cook and clean, even iron if I had too. You know like when Mom had to have her uniform starched and pressed for work but had been too tired to do it. Mom did so much for me, it was the least that I could do, right.

Things like that, that I should have never, never told anyone much less someone that I did not even know. Hey, I was real stupid back then, what else can I say. Besides Amy was a girl, if anybody would understand it would be Amy. I didn't think anything less at the time.

The only information that I got out of Amy was that she was the leader of the girls in this section of the project and she lived next door to me. She had a hard time believing that I could, let alone actually do the laundry and ironing. This was just something that the men she knew never ever did. It was totally foreign to her way of thinking and it sealed my doom.

The whole time we stood there in the doorway, she smoked and listened to what I had to say. Infrequently she would ask a question or tell me to repeat myself. Seldom did she respond to any of my questions. She did tell me where the school was and how best to get there. What she didn't tell me was the gauntlet of pushers and punks that I would have to wade through, just to get to the school yard.

Finally, she said she'd see me at school and flipping her cigarette butt out into the night, pulled open the door and left me standing there.

0—0—0

I awoke feeling more tired than when I went to bed. It was amazingly sticky and humid without air conditioning. I managed to get coffee made and my morning chores done before hitting the cold shower. At least the shower felt good and for awhile I had relief from the heat. Until my body adjusted to the climate, life in the projects was going to be difficult. At the time, I did not realize that the temperature was going to be one of the least of my worries. Dressed, I grabbed my brown bag and headed out the door to school.

I did not have to go very far before I was hit on by a corner pusher. I managed to evade his demands only to run headlong into a crowd of toughs who stole my lunch in nothing flat. I hadn't gone another two blocks before what little money I had was taken from me. At last the school came into sight and by that time I was not only sweating profusely, but panting for breath as well. I had run the last five blocks as fast as I could and now my sides were beginning to hurt.

"Hey Kevin," I heard as I neared an alley. I slowed to a walk thinking it was someone I knew calling. The next thing happened real quick and before I knew it, I was in the alley surrounded by the same guys that had pounded on me the night before.

"Yeah! Kevin my man!" the tall kid who had accosted me the night before said into my face. "How ya doing, shit head! Bet you didn't expect to see us so soon after your mommie saved your stinkin' hide last night. We still have a lot of business to finish

yet. First, I could use a little help. You know financial help. You want to help out an old friend now don't ya? What ya got to help out an old friend now? Don't need much, just what ya got in your pants. You do wear pants, now don't ya, mommy's brat? I hear tell that ya likes to play house. You wear aprons and girlie stuff too?"

*"Oh shit!"* I thought, *"He's been talking to Amy. He'll never let up on me unless I can find a way to cut him down to size real quick."* I was getting ready to knee him where it would hurt the most when I was jerked back and my tee shirt pulled up over my head.

I felt a fist pound into my stomach and I doubled over or tried to. Whoever was holding my tee shirt above my head prevented me from doubling over. As I gasped for air, I felt hands pulling my pants down and then I was on my ass stretched out on the paving of the alley. I was partially lifted up by the feet, my shoes pulled off with my pants following.

My feet came crashing down on the pavement and I tried desperately to get up. I was shoved back down into the filth of the alley and became a punching and kicking bag for the punks surrounding me. I was hurting, scraped and bruised and worst of all half naked to boot by the time they left me alone.

The big kid tossed my wallet into the grime by my face and my jeans into a puddle of water and oil.

"I'm keeping the shoes but you have something better for me by tomorrow or your ass is mine. Understand, shit head!" was all he said and then they were gone.

I lay curled up in a fetal position for several moments after they departed. I was hurt but nothing as severe as the blow to my ego and personal pride. Here I was lying in an alley, half naked, and bleeding from several scrapes feeling sorry for myself when I became aware of a shadow falling across my tear stained face.

"Seems like I can't leave you alone fifteen minutes without you getting yourself into a heap of trouble, New Boy," I heard Amy say. "Come on, Kevin, get your sorry ass up and out of that dirt. Here give me your friggin hand. You're some kind of stupid shit, ya know."

Still sniffing and feeling even more sorry for myself than before, I reached up and let her pull me to my feet.

"I, er, I couldn't help it. They snuck up on me an, and, well, I didn't have a chance to do nothin'. They tricked me and played dirty."

"Yeah, Right! New Boy, you expect life to be fair. Well, I've got news for you. Life just ain't fair. It's more like a bowl of pits than of cherries. You're worse than the girls in my gang. You know that. They don't cry as much and they are more street smart than you'll ever be. Besides what kind of man does the laundry and ironing?"

"You told!" I screamed at her. Gone was my self—pity in its place rose an anger that overrode common sense. "If you hadn't told them that I did those things, they wouldn't have beat me up. Its all your damn fault. It was your friggin big assed mouth that got me in this fix. I thought we were friends!"

I was drawing in a deep breath to continue my tirade when she slapped me. Slapped me hard, right across the face, enough to make me stagger back a step.

She did not say anything, just stared into my eyes with a fury I hadn't seen before.

Seeing her like that brought me back to reality. Here I was standing in the middle of a filthy debris filled alley in just my undershorts and torn tee shirt. Covered in dirt and mud mixed with a little blood. Yelling almost at the top of my voice, drawing attention to myself that I both did not need nor want. Talk about being the perfect little idiot. Even if she did tell, it wasn't her fault that the gang beat me up.

"Amy, I'm sorry, but you did tell. Didn't you? Why else would they be calling me those names. I never did nothin' to them. I, er, I..." my voice trailed off as her expression became even more threatening and I became increasingly conscious of my appearance.

Finally when she did speak it was in a cold indifferent voice.

"Get your pants on. We have to get to school."

All too aware of my appearance, I tried to cover myself while reaching down to pick up my pants. They were covered in muck and smelled horrible enough to cause me to wrinkle my nose.

"God, I can't wear these," I said. "They smell like shit! And, and, and I, I don't have any shoes and, an..." I started to snifle once again. My emotions were now completely shot all to hell. I was losing it and right in front of Amy too.

"For crying out loud! Here wrap this around your butt and let's get over to Sue's place. It's just around the corner, then we'll see what we can do for the big macho New Boy! Come on we don't have that much time."

I took the sweater she had offered and tied the arms around my waist to cover most of my exposed butt. She handed me her scarf next and it covered my front. I wanted to object, but one look at her face told me that I had better keep my big mouth shut if I had any sense whatsoever.

I sure must have looked the fool though. Tee shirt ripped all across the lower half exposing my navel and lower stomach, a girl's blue knit sweater hanging down over my butt and a bright green, purple, red, and blue neon colored silken scarf covering my front. I really didn't want to picture myself looking like that. No sir not one bit, but what choice did I have. Meekly I followed her out the alley and around the corner into another ragged apartment building.

The shower felt good even if it stung the few cuts and bruises. Sue had been surprised when she saw me, but didn't say anything other than, "Hello."

Amy walked in like she owned the place and began barking out orders to both Sue, myself and the four other girls in the room.

I got into the shower like she ordered and did not think anything else of it, tossing the makeshift clothing into a pile along with my undershorts and tee shirt. It wasn't until I was fully lathered that I realized we did not bring my jeans with us when we left the alley. *Oh well! Couldn't be helped now.*

“Hurry it up in there, we're gonna be late,” I heard Amy call out. “I put some things for you to wear on the commode lid. It's the best that we could do considering the circumstances. So hurry up or we'll all catch holy heck from the principal.”

I got out, dried myself off and with the towel draped around my neck, walked over to the commode. Sitting on the lid was a pair of white nylon girl's panties. I picked them up carefully in one hand, I did not want to catch any girl cooties you know. I thought about putting them on and was getting ready to toss them aside when I noticed that none of my own clothing remained in the bathroom.

“*Shit!*” I said to myself, “*Don't guess that I need underwear anyway. Better check out this other stuff they left for me.*”

Putting the panties down on the commode top, I searched quickly through the rest of the pile. A pale blue, pink, green, and white tie—dyed tee shirt, light blue jeans, white sports socks, and a pair of pink trimmed jogging shoes sitting on the floor completed my wardrobe.

Holding the jeans up to my waist, I could tell that they would just fit. Tight, maybe too tight, but if I sucked in my gut they probably would fit. I just stood there trying to decide whether or not to put on the panties in order to protect my groin from the zipper. You ever get the skin of your penis caught in a zipper? Well if you ever have, you know my reasoning and why I put on the panties.

Amy's yelling for me to hurry it up had nothing to do with my decision.

I stepped into the white nylon thinking at the time how light and cool they felt. Almost like wearing nothing at all, totally unlike my boxers. So it was with a little embarrassment and some guilt that I donned the feminine underwear. Then, I pulled on the white sports socks which were a lot fuller and lighter in weight than the ones I usually wore. I tried the jeans next. They had been starched and stuffing myself into their tight fit wasn't easy. Finally, I had them up to my waist and was trying for all I was worth to get them buttoned.

I sucked in my stomach as far as I could, strained to force the ends together, and turning red in the face, just managed to fit the button into the hole. I let out my air in a big huff of relief and stood shaking my right hand in the air to get the blood to return to my finger tips. My lower body felt like it was in a very tight vise.

Looking down at myself, I could tell that I did not want to bend over in these jeans as they would probably cut me in half. Then seeing how tightly they fit between my legs, I was glad that I had put on the panties. The jeans clung to my thighs and legs as the material slimmed and tapered down just above my ankles.

Finally, I pulled the tee shirt over my head and stepped into the jogging shoes, just as the bathroom door opened and Amy walked in.

“What in the world is taking you so damn long, New Boy? Didn't you hear me tell you we're going to be late. What's the matter, you need me to help you get dressed? Well, at least you have your clothes on.”

“What the? Your zipper is open and your Volkswagen with the two flat tires is showin', hahahaha. Man! Gotta take'm by the hand, I swear!”

She sure knew how to embarrass me.

“Amy, stop it. I barely got the damn button done. These jeans are too friggin tight. You gotta have a larger pair.”

“Alright, alright, come into the bedroom and lie down on the bed!”

Lie down on the bed, well maybe things were going to improve, NOT! I laid down and she handed me a pair of pliers. Before I could ask her what she expected me to do with them she told me. Women weren't so stupid after all. Clamp the pliers on the zipper tongue and just zip. I don't think that I would have thought to use a pair of pliers in a million years and I'm a guy. So I quickly got the zipper zipped and stood.

“Now get a move on,” she ordered. “Oh, here, let me do something with your hair. It looks like you never took care of it. Thank goodness you didn't get it sopping wet.”

I stood still while she quickly brushed it back away from my face. I tried to tell her of the difficulty in putting on the jeans, but she didn't want to hear it.

She just told me to be quiet, as she wrapped a rubber band around the small pony tail she created at the back of my head. Finished, she patted my fanny and told me to get outta there.

It wasn't until I had passed the full length mirror in Sue's bedroom that the impact of my appearance hit me. With my hair pulled tight into a pony tail and the clothing, I looked more feminine than I would ever want.

The jeans clung to my body like a tight fitting glove and to make matters worse the fit was horrible. The rear seam pulled deep into the crack of my ass such that my buttocks were emphasized and appeared even larger than normal while my front, despite the small bulge, looked surprisingly flat.

The waist hung too low on my hips and the pant's legs just didn't look right either; especially, around the ankles. Here there was a split inverted “V” over each ankle, held together by criss—crossing straps. The back and front pockets were even fake. They were just decorative, having no function or purpose that I could tell. The sole exception being the watch pocket. I could just squeeze my index and second finger into it, for whatever good that did. The tee shirt was too short as well. It did not quiet reach down to my navel, leaving it bare for all to see.

All in all, I presented an image that was the worst possible under the circumstances, that of androgynous conspicuousness. I probably could have gotten away with this image in the suburban or private school system, but not here. Not in the urban or inner city system.

The last thing that I needed here was to stick out like a sore thumb and a sissified one at that. Here, you were what you appeared to be and to exist in this environment, you had to either be very macho or very feminine. There is no room for anything in between, and if you were a man you had better be very macho.

There is no comparison between the life in the suburbs and the tranquillity usually found there and where I was now. The freedom and openness, police protection and other safeguards in the suburban areas are totally foreign to this place and these kids. How do you explain the concept of families and neighbors that don't beat each other

up or steal their property. How do you explain the concept of colors to a blind man. Life was hard in the low rent district and I was soon going to find out just how hard it could be.

## **CHAPTER TWO: MISSY SISSIE PANTIES**

I was apprehensive as we walked into the principal's office.

Amy said that she would show me into the office and get me registered while the other girls hurried off to class.

I was nervous going to a new school to begin with, but having to appear dressed like I was and tardy to boot did not help my constitution or composure.

We walked up to the counter that faced the doorway.

Seated behind a large metal desk, a young woman looked up at us; then smiling arose and came over to the counter. She appeared to be several years older than Amy. Maybe just graduated, I guessed, and was now working in the school.

Amy later let me know that my guess had been correct. Julie was a cousin as well.

“Hey there girl! What'cha have to say for yourself, Amy? Y're late cha know. Need me to write ya up an x'cused chit?” she asked as she reached the counter smacking gum all the time.

“Naw, Julie, I just brought the new kid in to get registered, you know. We're running a little late cause he got lost on the way, you know how it is with the new ones. Can't even find the can without getting someone to hold their hand.”

“Yeah, just like little babies, huh girl? What's her name anyway? She gonna join up? Little flat in the chest, but gotta pretty face. Needs lipstick in a bad way though. Just like the car dealers say, 'just a little fixer upper' iz all she needs. Hahahahaha. Okay, new kid, you got your stuff from your other school? Gimme!”

“I'm not a girl,” I piped up. I blushed as my voice broke and finished in a higher note than my normal voice due to my surprise at Julie's accusation. As I started forward getting ready to say something more in defense of my mistaken gender, Amy put out a restraining hand and told me to hush.

“Julie this is Kevin. He and his Mom just moved into the complex. He lives next door to me now.”

“Well if you ask me, `she' looks more like a Kimmie than a Kevin. He's too small and skinny to be a boy and he ain't gonna make it in this school lookin' and built like that,” Julie announced. “You goin' to show `her' the ropes, so dat she'll fit in like the rest of us poor ghetto gals?”

“Yeah, now that you mention it we just may have to take her under our wing, but the “she” is a “he” Julie. Yeah, no kiddin'. He got in a spit with Eugene and the guys. So the girls and I decided to help him. Sue gave him some of her old stuff, you know. Yeah, like his shit was kinda ripped and dirty. Looks kinda cute though. Like you said, needs lipstick and some make—up though, yeah! Yeah, a little paddin' on the

dash board wouldn't hurt either, hahahaha. Just might have a point there Julie. If we don't take care of 'im who will?"

"Hey, hey! Hold on there just a darn blasted minute!" I tried to force my way between them. I had to stop their stupid talking and regain some measure of control. *Padded dash board, little fixer upper! Indeed!*

"Here, here is my stuff. Come on, get me registered so I can get to class. You're all talking nonsense and I don't have time for it. Come on Amy, quit being mean," I finished.

They looked at me for a second then broke out in laughter.

Julie took my permanent record files and put them down behind the counter. She thumbed through several pages, looked up at me; then, scanned several more pages. A serious look came across her face as she looked back up at me and said, "You taking some pretty tough courses here, ain't cha? Probably think you're Mister Smarty Pants too, don't cha? Or should I say Miss Kimmie the Smarty PANTIES, hahahaha."

Before I could respond, she told me not to say anything and looked back at my record.

I tried to tell her that my Mom insisted that I take college level courses, but Amy gave me a poke in the ribs and with a warning look said, "Shhhsh!"

While Julie began doing whatever it is that they do to permanent records to get you enrolled into a new school, Amy reached into her purse and pulled out a tube of bright red lipstick. In a typical feminine fashion, she grasped the tube and glancing into her pocket mirror before she quickly applied a coat to her lips.

Finished, she looked my way and noticed that I was watching her every move. With a smile on her face, she approached me with the lipstick held out before her.

"Oh no," I protested at her approach seeing the look in her eye. "No, you don't. Amy quit kidding around. Stop it, you hear!"

Needless to say she didn't stop, and while we grappled with each other, I was forced back against the counter with a bang.

"Come on you guys," Julie said, "settle down, damn! You don't want Principal Decon coming out here, do you now? OH! SHIT! You made me spill the White Out. Shit! Look what you've done!"

When I relaxed my grip on Amy's hand to look in the direction Julie's voice came from, Amy managed to streak some of her lipstick across my upper lip.

"Darn it Amy, Stop it, please!" I managed and pushed myself away from her only to see the pool of white covering the top of my permanent record file. As I unconsciously worked my lower lip over my upper one, I stood back and away from the counter.

Julie was blotting at the pool of white liquid with several tissues not making much headway. Cleaning up what she could, she turned to me and with a scowl on her face said, "See what you did. Now everything's a real mess. Here, I'm going to have to fix this later. So I'm going to fill out a temporary admit card for you to use to get into classes today. You go sit down, and Amy you come back here and help me, will you?"

Amy went behind the counter and spent several minutes with Julie working.

I did not hear what they were saying, but they giggled quite loudly every few minutes as they bent their heads over my class schedule.

When I tried to tell them that I had to have the right courses or my mother would really give me hell, I was told to keep quiet and sit down like a good little girl. Right now all they were concerned about was getting me into any class. They just did not understand what my mother would do if I did not get into classes that increased my chances of getting into college.

I had to have college level work, or she would go ballistic. Hell, as long as I had good grades in all the right courses, she did not care what happened, or what I did.

All they said in response to my requests for good classes was to sit back down and keep quiet.

Amy said that Julie was going to see to it that my mom would be more than happy. That she would make certain that I would fit in perfectly with my new school.

At last they were finished and she held out a packet of materials.

“Here are your class admit envelopes. Give one to each of your teachers. See, they are marked first, second periods and so on. Just give one to your teacher when you first go into class. This big envelope is your class schedule, rules and locker assignment. The combination for your locker is in there as well. Don't lose it or you'll have to pay for getting the lock recalibrated. You have any questions, Miss Smartie Panties?”

I sputtered trying to respond to her growing antagonism, but didn't manage to say anything. I must have looked like a real dummy standing there with my hand held out and my mouth working like a fish out of water.

“Here, let me give it all to Amy, you'll only lose it before you get out the door. You really don't look to smart despite your past school records, Miss Smarty Panties. Now Amy has your tardy excuses as well and until I can get your permanent record straightened out you'll be in her classes. Now get out of here and don't come back until I personally call for you. Understand?”

We left and I followed behind Amy down the unfamiliar hallway wondering why I was going to her classes. At last we came to a room and entered, Amy still leading the way.

“Good morning Ms. Jones,” Amy greeted a very big black woman who stood towering over us. “I'm sorry that we are late, but I had to help the new kid get registered. Ms. Ames in the principal's office gave us passes and here's all the paperwork.”

“Herrump!” she cleared her throat as she reached for the packet of material Amy handed up to her. Ms. Jones had to be the biggest woman that I have ever seen. She simply towered over everything. She must have been over six foot and weighed in at over three hundred pounds.

The flesh just hung on her body and to say that she left an immediate impression is an understatement. Her hand simply swallowed the manila envelope that carried my admit records.

“You kids go sit down. Take any seat, but I only have one rule in this class, NO noise, No disturbances of any kind. You remember that and we'll get along just fine. Now go sit.”

I wasn't about to say anything about her rule actually being two rules, I kinda just giggled under my breath as I followed Amy to the back of the room and took a seat next to hers. I guess that the events of the day were really getting to me and to think that it was just starting. As I sat there feeling all the student's eyes focusing on me, I tried to look inconspicuous.

Wouldn't you know it, Eugene was sitting across the room from me. Damn the luck!

So I fidgeted and tried to keep my attention on class.

Ms. Jones dwarfed the desk that she stood in front of, holding a book in one large beefy hand she gazed out across the class daring anyone to disrupt her any further than our late arrival had. At last she began reading. She was reading from a children's book!

She paused, looked out over the class and announced, "Alright, you all following along OK? Michael, take it from where I just left off. Take your time and the rest of you had better keep up `cause your turn is coming. Now, Michael..."

I was in a remedial reading class! Me! In a remedial reading class?

Whoa right there big fella, there has to be a big mistake here. Hell, I was always reading above my fellow classmates and had an advanced vocabulary to boot. What the shit was I doing in this class? I must have looked crazy to Amy.

With an uncontrollable panic rising up, filling every cell of my being, I started to rise while grabbing for the envelopes Amy had on her desk.

She tried to get me to sit down and be quiet, but I wasn't going to stand for this outrage.

“What the Dicken's is going on back there?” I heard from Ms. Jones. “Maybe you don't hear so good, but I clearly said no NOISE! NO DISTURBANCES of any kind! Do I make myself clear! Or maybe you need you backside warmed up a bit!”

“But, but Ms. Jones, I, I don't belong in this juvenile class! There has been a serious mistake made here. You can't possibly think that I should be in this class of mental retards do you? No, no I don't belong here, Oh, no ma'am, not by a long shot,” I rambled.

I was lost. A ship awash by high seas. One moment I was standing in the back of the classroom, the next Ms. Jones' mighty frame was standing beside me.

Her hand firmly gripped my upper arm, pushed me forward with it so that I bent over, and then to my horror, swatted my backside firmly three times with bone shattering blows before I had a chance to even think.

It hurt and the humiliation that came with it brought tears to my eyes. The skin tight jeans offered no padding or relief. I felt each slap of her hand jar throughout my

body as if it hit upon bare flesh. The ribbing in the jeans crotch dug deeply into my groin and ass adding to my misery.

I did not even resist as she forced me back into my seat.

While standing over me wagging her finger right under my nose she lectured me about the school authorities knowing best. She finished her sermon with, “a sit still and behave or else warning.”

I did not even catch her use of the word, “Missy.”

In a swirl of rayon skirt she turned and left me to take her place in front of the class.

All this happened in less time than I thought possible. I could see and feel every students' eyes glaring at me with pure hate. It did not even register in my mind that I had totally humiliated them by my references to their mental ability. I was really going to pay for this minor oversight in future.

The rest of the class droned on for what seemed like an eternity before the bell rang.

So much for Remedial Reading 101.

“Boy, oh boy,” Amy observed as we walked down the hall. “You really, really know how to win friends and influence people. You even pissed me off Kevin! And, I am the one who promised to help you to fit in.”

She was mad alright, you could see fire in her eyes!

“If the guys thought or even had a hint that you were a guy too,” she continued, “They'd bust your ass but good. It was lucky for you that Ms. Jones called you Missy. I'd hate to think what Eugene and them guys would do to you, Kevin, or should I call you Kimmie for your own protection?”

I glanced over to her, but did not dare to say a word.

If her look indicated what she was feeling at the moment; then, my ass was grass.

I expected her to say more, but she just clamped her lips tight and moved through the crowded hall.

A small, bald man sat behind the desk as we entered the classroom. He looked up at our approach, smiled at Amy in a funny very familiar way.

“Hello, Amy do you have something for me?” he asked.

“Mr. Dudley, Ms. Ames asked me to give you this. It's the new kid's stuff,” was her reply.

“New enrollee, huh?” he said as he reached out and took the offered papers. It looked to me like his hand lingered in a caressing way on hers, before he took the envelope and sat back in his chair. He stared at me, taking his own sweet time in examining me from head to foot, Mr. Dudley finally opened the envelope and removed the contents.

Looking back at me, letting his stare linger on my crotch, he dismissed us with a curt, "Go sit down Amy. You, new kid, go sit in the back over there." His slight head nod towards the back of the room sent me on my way.

*"This was one strange teacher,"* I thought to myself as I found an empty desk in the very back far corner. *"I don't think that I want to stay in this class either. Weird! They are all weird."*

Sitting down I felt a sharp pain in my groin as the fabric of the jeans pulled tight between my legs and across the still tender rear. I let out a soft groan as I settled into the seat.

The bell rang bringing me back to the world around me.

Seeing almost the very same students that I had in my previous class did not help ease my concerns. I resolved to say nothing during this class whatever it was. Guess I'd find out soon enough.

Class turned out to be Basic Mathematics. You know adding and subtracting. Multiplication and Division would be discussed next semester. The really hard stuff, you know fractions, wouldn't be discussed at all. So all we had to do was concentrate on our third grade level workbooks during class.

Mr. Dudley wandered around the room pausing by each girl's desk, placed his hand on her shoulder before bending over closely placing his head beside her and looking over her work. Sometimes he would say something to a girl and I would see her fidget nervously in her seat. He even came over to stand behind me for some time before walking off.

I froze as stiff as a board when his hand touched my shoulder, but he did not do anything else.

It was going to be one of those days where nothing was going to go off right. So far everything had gone perfectly half assed wrong.

"Boy, What a day!" I whispered to myself as I tried to adjust the waist band of the jeans to try and relieve some of the pressure on my crotch. I felt like I was being cut in two.

The third period was better, History, but at a level I had studied three years ago. It was a boring long class as the teacher droned on and on and on. Her sing song voice did not change in pitch or tone throughout her reading of the text.

At least I would be able to sleep through this one which seemed to be the same for all the other students. Once again I found myself surrounded by pretty much the same kids as in first period.

Fourth period, Lunch. It's hard to beat this period. That is if you have lunch to eat.

Amy gave me a portion of her meal, but it was all too apparent that she was still mad at me.

We sat at a long table with about nine other girls. All members of her gang. Sue and the others that helped dress me and several new ones all chattering at once.

I was in the middle surrounded by their feminine aromas, voices, and bodies. I had two very firm lush breasts poking into my right side and two more pressing against my left. I even had two of them pressing into my back. Talk about being in heaven. *Wow, Oh boy!*

While I was enjoying the physical closeness, I was left out of the conversation and everything else. I withdrew into my shell like a turtle, saying nothing and just sitting in my own little world. The events of the day gave me pause to consider how I could ever explain any of this to my mother.

There was no way she would sit still for me doing anything in school that was not connected to entering college.

Getting beat up and my failure to fit in with the school kids wouldn't concern her. Even the way I was now dressed, or the reasons behind it, would not phase her. Perhaps she wouldn't even notice as we seldom ever saw one another. My social life and standing never meant anything to her anyway.

So is it surprising that I acted the fool, or failed to impress my classmates? Well maybe failed to impress is incorrect. I obviously impressed them very much, unfortunately the impression was totally and completely wrong.

*Damn it though, Mother would simply have a cow when she saw my report card with these simpleton courses.*

I was deep in my thoughts when I felt an elbow digging into my ribs.

“Come on Kimmie, it's time for study hall,” Amy was saying.

“Huh? Oh, I was just day dreaming. What did you call me?”

“Don't matter what I called you cause whatever it is you will answer to it, understand New Kid? I have had it with you and your stuck up cry baby ways. If you want my help from now on you will do whatever I, or my girls say. Now get off your fat ass and let's get to class.”

“Uh, I need to stop in the bathroom before we go anywhere else Amy.”

“Yeah, alright so do we. Come on, let's shake a leg, its almost time for the bell.”

They all went straight to the door marked “GIRLS” and before I could do anything I was ushered inside with them. I soon found myself standing in front of a stall with Amy standing at my side.

“Alright Kimmie, act like a big girl and go by yourself. You don't need help do you, Kimmie?” she demanded loud enough for all the girls to hear.

I blushed to the roots of my hair as all the other girls giggled at me.

Without much choice, I went into the stall and with no small effort managed to unbutton my jeans and peel them down my thighs. The panties came down with the jeans and since the clothing held my upper legs tightly together, I figured it would be easier to sit and do my thing. The real fun came after I had finished and tried to redo my jeans. After a great deal of huffing and puffing, I had to call out to Amy for some help.

“What's the matter little girl, can't get your panties on? Hahaha, ok, ok what's the problem?”

“I can't get these damn jeans zippered. Hell, I just barely managed to get them buttoned. Please, can you help me?”

“Silly, don't you know that when you are wearing skin tight jeans to carry a pair of pliers with you. Don't you remember how we got them on in the first place. I bet you didn't bring'em did ja?”

“Here, Sue you have your pliers with you? Yeah, get on over here! Our little Kimmie needs our help zippin' her jeans. Damn, you're being a real pain Kimmie! Hell, you'll never get the zipper closed with that sticking there. Tuck it back under yourself or we'll never get to class.”

How embarrassing, but I did as I was told. Amy was still mad enough at me to make me go to the next class with my zipper down if she wanted.

Oh well! I followed after her finding myself surrounded by her girl friends again. Well things weren't necessarily all bad.

Study Hall was presided over by the defensive coach for the school's football team. Big would be an understatement, gigantic solid block of iron would almost come close. Coach Billings was an ex—NFL defensive tackle and if it hadn't been for a wiped out knee would in all likelihood still be playing. At any rate discipline was no problem in this class.

I found that I couldn't take my eyes off the coach. If there was ever a male role model that I would have wanted not only to be like but have the physique of it was Coach Billings. He was right at six foot, say two—eighty or ninety, and didn't have an ounce of fat anywhere that I could tell. He wore his flame red hair in a short stiff flat top, his nose had obviously been broken several times, he had a squared off jaw line, not much of a beard, and steel gray eyes. The kind of eyes that could pierce right through you. He was wearing a



pair of gray warm—up pants and a very tight fitting school athletic tee shirt with the number seventy—seven on it.

Before I knew it the bell rang and it was off to my sixth period class. This one of all the useless classes taken so far was by far the most useless. It was Home Economics and Family Living.

I would have raised Cain over this one if Amy hadn't told me to keep my mouth shut and pretend that I really loved taking this course or else she'd see to it that Eugene would have a talk with me. I kept quiet and did not even raise a fuss when I was given an apron with wide ruffles and fluffy bow in a translucent lime green material. I just blushed when the teacher, Ms. Longacre, identified me as Kimmie in front of the whole class.

After what seem like an eternity we were dismissed to our final class of the day. Feminine Health. It was your basic girl's physical education class with courses on health thrown in. Unfortunately for me, because this was an inner city school, there was a very strong concentration on the health part instead of the physical part. Teen pregnancies and a much more active sexual life in the inner city schools required the school administration to focus its efforts on education and assisting in the prevention of unwanted pregnancies.

***Keep the girls in school***, was the administration's motto; and little did I know how great an impact that motto was to have upon my life!

Ms. McAllister was in charge. A tall slim small breasted woman of middle age with a very mannish short haircut and assertive manner. She did not wear make—up or appear in the least bit feminine. If she had had a beard she could have easily passed as a man. This was going to be a very difficult class for me.

I just knew it.

Amy gave Ms. McAllister my paperwork and then went to sit down.

I started to follow, but was told to wait.

She handed me a sheet of paper telling me that if my mother approved and signed it that I would get free health care from the school system. All I would have to do was bring the signed paper back and give it to the school nurse in the morning. She looked up at me, smiled, and indicating a chair next to Amy's, told me to go have a seat.

The remainder of the class was spent reviewing a film on venereal diseases. You know the etiology of gonorrhea and other sexually transmitted bugs. Most of the film was to gag over, if you know what I mean.

Although, I must admit I didn't know that gonorrhea could get in your eyes or that in women it may not cause any uncomfortableness or pain such that it may go completely unnoticed or worse yet untreated. I made a mental note to myself to be real careful around these girls. If you know what I mean.

The film over, Ms. McAllister told us to read the next chapter in our books for tomorrow and be ready for a quiz on today's movie. With that she told us we could leave early if we didn't make any noise as it was almost time for the bell anyway.

I pulled out the piece of paper Ms. McAllister had given me. As I started to read it, Amy pulled it out of my hand. Telling me she would take care of it and for me not to worry my superior brain. Protesting wouldn't have done any good, so I just let it be. I picked up what few books I had, and followed Amy out of the class.

By the time we got back to our lockers, the bell had rung. The kids were everywhere and the noise level was just below that of a stampeding herd of wild longhorns.

I had to yell in Amy's ear that I wanted to go see Julie about fixing my class schedule and getting everything corrected from today's mess.

As I turned to leave, she grabbed my arm and pulled me close.

“Don't you remember her telling you not to come back until she called you. You saw how angry she was with you this morning didn't you? I wouldn't push my luck anymore if I were you. Wait until she calls for you or you'll be sorry. I know her and she really really hates so called `know it all' educated people.

“She knows that just because she don't have no advanced degree, they will never promote her to anything better. She can only see herself stuck here in this shit hole for the rest of her life. That don't make her happy, not at all. So I don't think you should go givin' her grief over the classes she assigned you to this morning. Give it some time and I'll take care of everything. She is my cousin after all. We'll see that your Mother doesn't find out. Now come on! Let's go home.”

Going home wasn't such a bad idea at all. I was more than ready to get out of these tight fitting jeans and into my loose comfortable slacks. Every time I bent, turned or stooped the inseam of the jeans seemed like it was going to cut right through my groin. My balls sure as hell protested as they kept getting shoved up inside of me.

I needed to get back to my room and relax in a bad way. I was stressed out to the max. It wouldn't take too much more to make me loose control. Damn! How these jeans dug into my crotch and ass. *How could girls wear these things?*

The whole gang walked out the school together with me walking right beside Amy. As we reached the bottom steps of the side entrance to the school, Eugene and his pack of pigs came strolling up.

I did not like the look on their faces and tried to shrink back behind Amy.

“How ya do'n, Amy baby? Who's the new chick? Ain't that the little faggot moved in nex' ta ya is it? Cause if it is, I gotta bone to pick with it! Ya get my drift, man!” Eugene shouted as he walked right up into Amy's face.

To her credit Amy did not flinch one little bit.

Now I on the other hand, hoped that the ground would open right up and swallow me. It was bad enough letting them see me cry and not fight back, but to find me dressed like this would doom me forever in this neighborhood. There are much worse things that Eugene and his gang could do to me than bust me up if they thought that I was really was some kind of fairy.

“Gene get outta my friggin' face you big shit! You ain't gotta put no Mr. Cool act on me. I don't buy that macho man shit an' all that clap trap. Come on, get outta my face!”

She was one tough broad and she stood there, not giving Eugene a chance to say anything.

“Back off! Besides ya scaring my new friend, uh, Kimmie. She's the new kid's sister, and we're thinking of letting her join in our gang, see. We want to help her to fit into her new school, ya know. Yeah, his baby sister. Now come on, gimme a friggin' break here! It's been a long day and its time to party, like know what I mean. Come on, let's chill. Ok! You got other plans or something? The gang and I are leavin' so get outta our way, man!”

“Like, chill yerself babe! You ain't gotta get all steamed and ragged out with me. It's just that that new kid pulled our chains you know. Gotta teach him who's runnin' things, you know. That's all! 'Sides, the bitch here done called us retards. You better see that she learns some respect for us home boys or else! Ya knows what I mean, ya hear me talkin' at'cha bitch!” Eugene paused for just a second while he looked directly in my direction.

I could see him scoping me out from head to toe. I tried to hide behind the girls, but they were crowding in to close to me. I didn't like the way he looked at me. It was scary.

Turning back to face Amy, he continued. “Can't help it if your new friend looks a hell of a lot like 'em. What'd say your name was honeybuns? Come here so I's can get a better look at cha? Shy huh! You ain't pullin' one of your tricks now are ya?”

Fortunately Amy stepped back in, saving me from discovery. “Look Gene, I couldn't think of anything I'd like better than shootin' the breeze with you and your retards 'cept maybe gettin' a root canal. So why don't you guys go play in the streets, ok! We gotta get to the mall. So unless you have anything else to say, get the hell out of our way.”

God! Amy had some humongous balls to stand up to Eugene like that. I never could have done it that's for sure.

Heck, I was just about to pee in my pants when he said he recognized me. I know I must have turned white and darn near would have fainted except the girls pressed up against me held me steady.

### **CHAPTER THREE: A PRETTY FACE**

It wasn't until we were well away from Eugene and his gang before I started breathing easy. My heart was racing a mile a minute and I felt faint. The further we moved away from the gang, the more relief I felt.

We were in the mall before I realized it. Eugene and his gang followed a ways behind us, but coming our way nevertheless. The coolness of the air conditioning hit me like a slap and brought me out of my inner turmoil. I grew more aware of my surroundings and the activity of the mall. We were walking into one of the more classy department stores and I enjoyed the cool delicious fragrances filling the air.

A combination of aromas took me away from my real world existence. The smell of perfumes, cosmetics, new clothing, and leather, that crispness that is unique to the malls. My spirits soared compared to just a few minutes ago and I found myself beginning to relax for the first time that day.

I never paid that much attention to the sensual elements found in a mall. Perhaps being middle class and having the benefits of air conditioning and new material goods around me so much insulated me from knowing what was like without it. Now, I personally experienced the reasons why so many “poorer” kids and adults seemed to haunt the malls. It was a means of inexpensively escaping their environment.

Perhaps I spoke too soon as the girls headed over to a cosmetics counter where a sign said that there was a free demonstration and skin analysis.

I found myself being pushed up to the front of the group and was soon seated on a stool beside Amy.

A young woman, perhaps in her late twenties, wearing a white nylon lab coat with a fluffy pink bow tied just below her chin smiled at me. She was like all the young ladies behind the cosmetics counters all over the country. Wearing more make—up than any other woman you have ever seen, except maybe a hooker, and looking real sexy.

I've always liked women who wore a lot of make—up. I think that it adds to their mystique, their femininity, their desirability. So why is it that most women treat those that wear heavy make—up as something less deserving. Could it be because they feel threatened by them? Is it because they are too lazy to put on their own face. Or is it because they realize that it is sexually stimulating to men and because it pleases a man, lessens the woman.

In any case my drifting thoughts were quickly brought back to the present as the young woman cupped my chin in her hand. I was unprepared to say the least and almost jumped right out of my chair to the amused laughter of the group.

Steadying myself, I looked around and saw Eugene and his gang standing not too far distant. If I did not behave like any other teenage girl now, it would be real suspicious. So I put on a brave front and let the cosmetologist lift my face up towards the light.

I still can't believe that I just sat there and let that woman do to me what she did. With my head tilted back, she wrapped my hair in a terry cloth turban to get it out of my face. Next she placed a nylon cape over my shoulders and snapped it closed at my throat. The “facial cleansing and debridement treatment” as she called it was ok, somewhat relaxing and soothing. The follicle treatment stung and burned, but the moisturizing that followed more than offset the pain.

Up to this point, I really did not have anything to complain or get uneasy about. When she began discussing my colors and skin tone, well things just started going downhill. First, she thoroughly worked into my skin a base coat as she called it. It was to give me an even, smoothly colored and textured complexion.

The base coat was followed by working into my cheeks a reddish—purple powder that, “brings out the character and emphasizes the cheeks.” At least that was what the sales girl said.

I tried to get up at that point, but Amy and the other girls wouldn't have it. I was still considering getting up and leaving when Amy mentioned that Gene was waiting for us.

*“Damn! I'm damned if I do and damned if I don't,”* I thought. With no choice in the matter, I sat back and let the cosmetologist continue working on me in earnest.

After what seemed like hours, but actually consumed only one, I was released from the make—up chair. Staring into the brightly lit mirror, I couldn't believe that the face looking back at me was actually myself. The brows were too full, but the rest.... well you could have fooled me and I was there.

Hell! It was me!

My cheeks had that chubby full look that makes the rest of the face look thin and delicate. Down right feminine if you will. The way she had shadowed my cheeks made my face look completely different. It was thinner, leaner, yes; but, delicate and pretty at the same time. Very feminine; especially, when you looked at the rest of her handiwork.

My lips were full, rich, and a delicious reddish purple color that simply begged to be kissed.

She had made them very inviting and pouting. Sexy! The richness of my lip gloss took my attention away from my eyes only for a moment. My eyes! Were they my eyes? Oh, they were big, expressive and filled with mystery.

The brows, while very full, were very black as was the eye liner and lashes. The lids were powdered in blended colors of metallic royal blue fading into a luscious lilac which faded into a pale pink. The rest of my face looked somewhat darker than I was use to seeing, but smooth and flawless in appearance.

It was the face of a woman. A very pretty woman.

I started to get off the stool when the young woman held out her hand in front of me.

“Here, there is just one more thing before I let you go,” the sales girl ordered.

She told me to close my eyes and when I did, I felt a fine moist mist hit my face.

“There we're all finished. I just spritzed you with a fixing formula that will set your make—up. You shouldn't have any problems with it running, smearing, or fading for at least the next forty—eight hours or so. This spritzer is what we are really selling today and we feel it is the next big hit on the market. Don't you? Imagine, not having to apply or fix your make—up every time you turn around.

“Can't you just picture all the time you will save yourself. No more late to work or school. Just apply your make—up the night or day before; and, a quick spritz. Vola! It's ready for in the morning. Now if you buy today, it is only nineteen ninety—five and we'll include this bottle of cleanser for free. We think it is a real bargain at this price

and it's only good for today. It comes with a money back guarantee and you can keep the cleanser no matter what. So can I wrap a bottle for you, Miss.”

I was dumb struck. What could I do now? Forty—eight hours? This shit would be on my face for the next forty—eight hours! Damn! I could feel the make—up on my face, I could taste the flavor on my lips, I could even smell the delicate fragrances of the cosmetics, but how would I be able to get this stuff off my face and soon.

I tried to ask the clerk how I could remove it sooner, but I stuttered and felt like an idiot before I managed to ask what I needed to know.

She replied that since the formula had already set, I would just have to wait. If I really wanted to get it off, I could use acetone, but it was not recommended as it could seriously damage my skin.

With that, I slumped off the stool and stood feeling sorry for myself. I couldn't look anyone in the eye for my shame. Imagine, me a male painted up like a peacock.

What if Mom saw me this way! My God, she'd kick me out!

I was miserable as I stood waiting for some of the other girls to get their faces done up. At last we were all finished and once again moved off en mass. I caught a glimpse of Eugene out of the corner of my eye and it gave me the willies. Just imagine what would happen to me if they found out who I was. It was a very scary thought.

The girls looked around at the dresses, then ambled over to the skirts and blouses. Some of them tried on several skirts and we all made comments on how well they looked or didn't look in them. I even said my two cents worth, but nobody paid me any attention.

Amy tried to get me to put on a short red pleated, tartan skirt, but I managed to move away from her.

I thought that I had done very well to keep Amy and her skirt away, when Dorothy came up holding a pale peach shirt dress in a soft challis. It was short sleeved and had buttons running all the way down the front, the last five left unbuttoned creating a long flap. A wide woven belt was attached around the middle.

Dorothy held the dress up in front of me, a sly smile flickering across her lips.

“Since ya don't like the skirt, I thought perhaps ya might like ta try on this here pretty dress. What'd ya say?”

It wasn't as easy getting away from Dorothy, but fortunately I heard Amy calling for me. She was over by the jewelry counter. Amy pointed out a pair of dangling emerald earrings.

“Those would look just fantastic on you with your coloring. Real cute, too! Don't you think?”

“*Cute indeed,*” I thought, “*yeah real cute when Eugene had my head served up on a platter.*”

The shoe department came next, and Amy made me try on several pairs with real high heels.

Since Eugene was still nearby, I grudgingly agreed. I almost fell and broke my ankle trying to walk in one pair of pale blue, patent leather, five inch spiked heel pumps. Fortunately, Amy and Sue were close enough to grab hold of me. After that, I quickly became a none participant.

The lingerie department was next. I was mortified when Amy with several pairs of bras in her hand pulled me into the changing room. Sue, Phyllis, and Dorothy crowded in as well and I found myself having to remove my shirt and putting on each of the bras. They threatened to scream and yell at the top of their lungs that a man was hiding in the changing rooms if I didn't do as they said.

I removed the shirt Sue had lent me and reached for the pale yellow satin bra Amy held. As I picked it up, carefully between my thumb and forefinger, afraid that it would somehow become attached to me if I held it any other way, Dorothy reached over and plucked out some of my chest hairs.

“Ouch! That hurt,” I said a little too loudly, for someone outside the curtained cubicle asked if everything was alright.

One of the girls yelled out that everything was fine and we got back to business. The other girls just giggled as I tried to cover up my chest with the bra hanging from my left hand. Believe me, I felt as foolish as I looked and I certainly did not relish going through with this idiocy.

Dorothy wasn't finished with me yet. She dug around in her purse and came out with this vicious looking straight razor. Moving over to my side, she looked into my face, just daring me to say or do anything. Then without a word, she began shaving off my manly chest covering. I hadn't had it that long and was one of the few sources of male pride that I owned. Soon it was gone, just like my nice quiet suburban life.

I couldn't help it, but my nipples got hard as she flicked the razor by them. I don't know if they could see me blush through all that paint I was covered in, but I know that I felt a hot flash go through me.

I just stood there like a fool, with my hands dangling down by my side. My left hand holding the soft yellow bra and I could feel it brushing up against my leg. What was happening to me!

Dorothy, keeping her eyes on my chest while plying her razor smiled, and observed, “It'd be a friggin shame to see this hairy chest fur sticking out 'tween your li'l titties, girl. Why, if anyone saw you like that, well I don't know how you could stand it, your face so pretty and all. I'll tell you this girl, if'n you were with us, why girl, you'd positively ruin our reputations. So I'm making sure that you don't embarrass either of us, dig!”

I felt little goose bumps forming across my body as Amy pulled the bra across my chest and fastened it securely behind my back. All the bras were primarily soft, padded nylon with fancy lace edging and in two cases completely lace covered frilly things.

I could see no purpose for them putting these very feminine garments on my flat chest, but was in no position to do anything about it. It was not the first nor the last

time that I felt completely helpless to do anything about my fate. Like all martyrs, I just stood there and took my medicine.

I had enough sense not to go up against Dorothy. She was a big girl and mean enough for any three in Eugene's gang. Even Amy who was her best friend did not go against Dorothy once she had made up her mind to do something.

As the girls checked out the various bras and their effect on my chest, I did not know what to do. So I just stood there like a bump on a log waiting to be told what to do next. Taking off one bra and then putting on another. Turn this way, arch your back, stick out your chest more were commands that I sluggishly followed.

Hoping against hope that the next one would be the last time, or the last one I would have to try on; but, it was a wasted effort. They even quit helping me put on the bras. Instead, they would stand by while I fumbled with the hooks until I finally got it fastened.

*"You had to be a contortionist to put one of these infernal things on,,"* I thought to myself.

After I fumbled around enough trying to hook the second bra, Amy told me to hook the bra in front of my chest; then, turn it around behind me. Shit why didn't they tell me sooner. Then what does Amy do but give me a bra that hooked in the front. Now how in the h—e—double l toothpicks do you unhook and refasten this miserable thing? Damn! Almost broke that silly little plastic hook thing. I could just see me having to pay for it.

"Bend slightly, and cup your titty with your hand and place it in the cup silly," Dorothy ordered as I tried on yet another offering.

This one was softly padded and the nylon cups were covered in a multi—colored flower pattern and trimmed in white frilly lace. The straps stretched tightly over my shoulders and pulled the cups tight. With the padding, underwire and stiff side supports, I actually looked like I had breasts!

"Now see how much better it fits. Be proud girl, stick out that chest. Teehee, teehee," she giggled as I followed her instructions.

"Come on," I pleaded finally having a stomach full of this nonsense. "I'm tired and want to get home."

To my surprise Amy agreed with me. "Here put your shirt back on. Let's get out of here quick, before the girls change their minds about you leaving."

I pulled on the shirt, buttoned it, forcing the tails into my jeans on the way out of the dressing room, I completely forgot about the bras. Sue was over at the sales counter talking to the sales clerk as we walked past without stopping. It wasn't until we were outside the store that I realized that I still had on the bra. To make matters worse, you could faintly see it through my shirt and my shirt bulged!

"Oh Shit! What have I done?" I said. "Amy, quick, look, I'm wearing that bra. We've got to take it back before somebody comes for me. I'm not a thief or shoplifter. You've got to help me, please. Let's get it back before they notice. Oh! I've got to get this thing off me, quick."

“Oh for Pete's sake, Kimmie, don't freak out on me! And let that bra alone. It looks good right where it is,” Amy replied to my frantic plea. “There ain't nothing wrong with swiping stuff. Hell, they expect it at these stores and jack up the prices to compensate for it. Or they pay money to a big fat insurance company pays them back for everything they lose. So it's really not like stealing see. After all, they're getting the money in the long run anyway. Besides Dorothy show our new girl what ya got for her, hahahaha.”

I couldn't believe my ears. They were treating this like nothing was wrong. As a matter of fact, they seemed to expect this kind of behavior. I was brought up to believe that stealing was wrong, no ands, ifs, or buts.

Hell, if Mom caught me stealing she'd blister my backside so fast. I guess that I had a lot to learn especially after Dorothy came over and pulled four more bras that I had worn earlier out from under her dress and handed them to me with a great big Chestshire Cat smile on her face.

“What, what am I going to do with these things,” I said holding them away from my body as if they were a fist full of snakes. They streamed down from my clenched hand in a cascade of bright iridescent ribbons of white lace, red, mallard, wine, and fuschia.

I started blushing furiously as I realized that we were out in the main mall proper and that there were a million, gillion people all around. It seemed like they were all looking right at me too. I just wanted to sink right through the floor.

I started to throw them in a nearby trash container, but Amy stepped in front of me and put them into her purse. I could tell that this was not going to be the last thing that I heard about them nor the last time that I would see them either. In any case, I started walking off to find a men's room so I could get out of this miserable bra.

“Just where do you think you are going Missy,” I heard Amy call after me. “Get back over here or we will leave you to fend for yourself. I'm sure you will enjoy walking back to the complex all alone now won't you!”

Quickly going back over to her, I asked her to wait so that I could get rid of the bra I had on, but she just smiled and told me to get my ass in gear or else.

Once again I did not have any choice. I could either stay and try to make it on my own back to the apartment looking like I did or go with the girls. At least with the girls, I would have a relatively safe passage.

Hanging my head, I meekly followed the girls down the corridor. I couldn't help but notice my reflection in the store front glass windows. I looked just like all the other girls walking in our group, except I had on more make—up than the others.

My guts were tied up in knots from all the stress I had endured today. I could only hope that we would go home soon. I never thought that I would be looking forward to going back to our dumpy apartment this soon.

Once again my hopes rang false as we entered another store. This time it was a drug store. The group walked down the aisle with the make—up display, then to the feminine hygiene section and finally over to the home test kit section.

Here Gloria picked up one of those home pregnancy test kits. The other girls whispered their support saying that she'd be alright and the test would come out negative. I watched as she tucked it into the waist band of her dress as the others scattered about in all directions. Soon I was rushing to catch up with Amy.

At last we were headed home. Talk about relief.

Once I realized which way we were going, it was like a ton was lifted from my shoulders. I couldn't wait to get into that shower and scrub all this gunk off my face and get into some comfortable clothing. *Not long now*, I was thinking as we headed into the complex.

0—0—0—0

The shower came on full blast and was steaming as I jumped in under the down-pour. It was hot, real hot, but I quickly adjusted to it. I just stood still, letting the relaxing warmth seep throughout my nerve racked body.

“Damn, if this doesn't feel fantastic,” I exclaimed softly.

I stood there for a long time, until I began to feel the temperature change. I began rubbing the soap into the washrag until I had a frothy, foamy lather and began scrubbing my face hard. I had lather thickly applied all over my face. Even in my nostrils and mouth. I could taste the soapy film and its smell filled my sensory organs, but I kept scrubbing until I thought that I had gotten all the gunk off my face. By now the water was getting chilly, so I turned it off and got out. I did not spare my face from the towel either. I rubbed it until my face felt sore and rough.

“At last I was clean,” I thought to myself. “Now, to get some ice tea and watch television. Just forget that today ever, ever happened.”

I tossed the towel into the hamper and turned facing the mirror.

“Aaaaaaagh!” I heard my voice say as I slumped hard against the sink. My face, my face was still painted just as if soap and water had never touched it. Those same high cheek bones with their rosy glowing highlights, the same bright luscious looking lips, and the eyes still large and reflecting the pure horror that filled my mind.

*It didn't come off. The gunk didn't come off! What was I going to do? Oh, SHIT!* I had to do something, but what. I was in a panic and for a moment contemplated dipping my face in a bucket of gasoline.

At last, I remembered Amy. Quickly pulling on a pair of slacks and a tee shirt and cramming my feet into a pair of old tennis shoes, I headed over to Amy's.

I didn't think that she would ever answer her door. I stopped ringing the door bell and began pounding on the door. At last I heard a “hold your horses, I'm coming.”

She was standing there at last.

“Amy I need your help. Look at me!” I almost screamed when she opened the door. “Amy you gotta help me, quick! Please let me in! Ya gotta help me get this stuff off my face. Oh Amy! I don't know what I'm going to do! You just gotta help me out of this mess.”

“Calm down, Kimmie! Just get a hold of yourself for a sec, ya hear!” she firmly ordered. “Quit your yelling and come on in. I’ll see what I can do for you, but I don’t know why. Once Eugene finds out that you’re not a girl he’ll pound you into the dirt so deep that you’ll never crawl out. Then again, when he realizes what a fool you made him look today, he’ll probably carve you up into little bitsy pieces and stuff you down a drain.”

“No, don’t talk like that,” I begged her as I squeezed past her through the door. “That’s not even funny. Amy you gotta help me get this stuff off. I just can’t go around looking like this. Everybody will laugh at me and besides, I’m a guy and guys don’t wear make—up.”

“Oh come off it bone head. Get real! You have been walking all over school and the mall dressed and looking like a girl. So what! No one has paid you any mind. You’re even taking girl’s classes. Hell! You fooled Ms. McAllister into thinking you were a girl and a lot of other people who would be very embarrassed if they found out you were really a boy. Just what do you think they would do to you; especially the teachers!” she paused to catch her breath and regain some calm.

She wasn’t a very happy camper, but neither was I.

“So what is your problem?” she began somewhat more calmly. “Just continue to pretend that you are a girl. It is as simple as all that. Cause you are stuck like this for at least the next forty—eight hours. You will have to pretend that you are a girl again tomorrow, or do I have to draw you a picture? Since you are going to have to do that; then, you better stop and think what will happen when you show up at school as your real self! If, and when you do, all those folks will find out what fools you made’m look like. So you had better think long and hard about what you really want. Now, as long as you can’t do anything about it, you might as well enjoy it.”

“Amy, that’s not it. I don’t want to look like a girl and I have to get into the right courses before my Mother finds out or I’m dead,” I said as my emotions began to get the better of me and I started to sniffle. “Amy, I can’t be a girl. I want my old life back.”

I was in tears now. I know its considered alright for men to cry. Shows they’re sensitive, SHIT! Not here! Here it can get a guy in deep doodoo and that’s a fact.

“Well, I wasn’t kidding when I said Eugene will kill you when he finds out that you tricked him into thinking you were a girl today. Kimmie, you are going to have to face the facts of life here. You got yourself in this mess all by your little lonesome!”

She was standing facing me with her hands on her hips daring me to tell her what she was saying wasn’t one hundred percent true and my own damn fault!

“If you had just stood up to them and taken your beating like a man,” I heard her saying. “Any man in the barrio would, you wouldn’t be in this mess now. I did not force you into getting your face fixed or anything else. All we did was try to help you.”

She paused to lift my face so that I looked into her eyes.

“What is the matter with you? Every man I know would have tried his damnest to either tear one of us to shreds or die trying for what we did today. You, but you, just

sat there and took it like any little girl would. What's with you besides a yellow streak a mile wide. You one of those little sweetie boys, or what?"

"No! No I'm not queer or anything like that. It's just that I don't know what to do. I can't help it. I don't know any better. I need your help Amy, please."

"Come on get a hold of yourself," Amy scolded as she wiped away my new tears with a pink tissue.

"Since it is obvious that you can't take care of yourself, someone is going to have to do it for you. We're going to help you, but you are going to have to promise me that you'll do as you are told and not raise any fuss or complain, understand. One refusal, one lapse of any kind and out you go. I won't care what Eugene and his boys do to you if you don't obey me.

"If you don't get someone to protect you or get taken into a gang that will look out for you; then, you're as good as dead. I think that you already are beginning to understand what I'm telling you is true. So are you going to do what I tell you or what?"

I could only nod my agreement as I was too ashamed to speak. She had a very valid point about me needing somebody to look out after me. I certainly wouldn't be accepted by any of the other gangs in the neighborhood. So as long as I had to wear this stinkin' make—up, I might as well let Amy take me in and protect me from myself and others.

"*Hell, it was for only a short period of time anyway, wasn't it?*" I thought. Unfortunately, I did not give any additional thought to what would happen after the make—up wore off. I still hoped that I could find a way to go back to being Kevin without getting my ass busted.

"Ok, Amy its just for the next forty—eight hours right?" I replied. I still wasn't ready to admit that I just might be stuck like this for any real length of time.

"Don't be ridiculous!" she retorted. "Just how do you expect to show up for classes as Kimmie for the next few days and all of a sudden disappear; then, reappear as Kevin. They are not that STUPID!"

"Alright! Good, now that that's settled we can get busy and make you much more presentable. I'm not having any dogs in my gang, so you are going to have to shape up. The gals and I will help you to fit in. That is the least we can do for a pretty missy like you.. I don't mean just for school either. You're going to have to look convincing all the time or they will eventually see through your disguise. So get one thing straight, you are in bras and panties from now on, Understand!"

Amy took me into the bathroom where she instructed me in how to apply a smelly cream to my body. She made sure that I was covered in the stinky stuff from my neck down to my toes. She even had me cover my groin in that gunk, of all things, well couldn't be helped. It was Amy's way or nothing.

Stepping out of the shower once again I was now squeaky clean and devoid of any body hair. I had guessed that was the purpose of that smelly gunk, but did not dare to balk. So now I had lost more of my masculinity. It was a little easier this time unlike Dorothy's razor job on my chest hairs.

I had been really proud of my thick thatch of chest hair. It was the only real masculine thing about me. One look at all that hair and everyone knew that I was a man.

A hairy chest was always the epitome of masculinity rather than having or not having pubic hair in my opinion. I sure know that the other guys in my old school really strutted their stuff when their chests filled out with thick patches of hair.

Well, that was just a memory for now. At least I could grow that back later once I had gotten away from this place. Wrapping the towel around my waist, I stepped out into the hallway and went into Amy's bedroom.

“Oh for goodness gracious! Don't you know anything? Wrap that towel around your chest up under your armpit and then tuck the end in between your breasts. I hope I don't have to do everything for you. Get over here and sit down. I'm going to see what I can do to your hair. After we finish with this, I'll get you some clothing to wear for tomorrow. You are getting to be a real pain, Kevin!”

I did as she directed and watched in the mirror as she took comb and brush and began working on my head. She parted it on the left side, brushed it over and fastened an aluminum clasp to hold it in place; then, picking up a pair of scissors telling me she just needed to trim off some split ends, began cutting. Next she combed the front of my hair down over my eyes and in swift strokes trimmed it just even with my eyebrows. I now had bangs.

*Whoopee! Yeah! Right! **Not!!***

Seeing her make me look more and more like a girl was breaking my heart. What hurt more was the fact that I was going to pass! As Amy kept working on my head, the more certain I was that there had to be something fundamentally wrong with me if I could look so much like a girl. While I tried to shut away the next thought that followed, it still haunts me down deep in my soul.

If I could look so much like a girl and pass so easily as one did that mean that, that I was like women in other ways. I swallowed that thought, passed it swiftly into my deepest subconscious as I did not then nor now really want an answer to that question.

*Hell and damnation! I liked women, but I didn't want to become one. Oh what webs we weave when first we deceive.*

Finished with my hair she sat back and just looked me over.

“You know Kimmie, you do look good, but there is something still missing. Besides tits I mean, yeah, and those eyebrows of yours have just got to go. The Brook Shields look is out or haven't you heard. Umm, Let me get to work on those brows of yours for now. I'll think of what's missing soon enough.

“Ouch, oh come on Amy! Enough already. That hurts!” I complained as she pulled little hairs out by their tiny but painful roots.

She paused for a moment, brushed at my brow with her finger tip; then, started on it once again with a vengeance. After an eternity, she sat back and asked me if I

would like her to get me some ice to put on my sore brows and a glass of ice tea while she was up.

I said yes to both offers.

As she went to get the drinks, I carefully examined my new brow shape. The skin was red and slightly swollen but my hairy brows were no more. Only thin arched lines remained after Amy's efforts. The brows were somewhat thicker by the bridge of my nose, but thinned almost to single hairs at the ends.

“Oh, no!” I moaned silently to myself knowing that those hairs wouldn't grow back that quick. I seemed to remember reading somewhere that brow hairs often did not grow back once they were removed. That thought scared me for awhile, but was soon buried under many others much worse like; What would mom say if she saw me?

The washcloth filled with crushed ice felt good as I held it over my eyes. As I sat cooling my brow, Amy was working on my finger nails.

“Let me just shape them up and put a shine on them,” she said taking my left hand into hers.

I could see that she had already pulled out emery boards, buffer, and clippers from her vanity. I let her know that I did not want her to do too much to them, but there wasn't a whole hell of a lot that I could do about any of this.

From my observations at school, it looked like that was all the girls did in class, file, buff and paint their nails.

As a matter of fact, some of the girls including Amy had very elaborate feminine designs painted on their nails. Amy's were in a bright pink enamel, but each nail had a different flower individually painted on it. They were very well done and even I could identify some of the flowers by name.

Heck, there was one of the girls in the group, Ida Mae, whose nails must have been over two inches long. Each nail was done in a glossy black enamel and there was an art deco design elaborately painted on each one. A woman's face, a white cat, and two dolphin's in silver were the prettiest ones as I recall.

I found out later that having great looking nails was a status symbol among the girls.

Amy finished my nails and as I expected they were filed into pointy ovals. She was getting out the enamel and remover to finish up what she had started.

I tried to raise objections, saying the shape was enough that I did not need to have them painted as well.

“Couldn't I get by with them the way they looked now?” I pleaded to no avail.

Fortunately, it was getting late and she did not take the time to paint an elaborate design on them. The bright reddish—purple color was more than enough.

“I'll get Ida Mae to really do your nails up good when we have more time, but this will have to do,” she announced putting the nail polish away.

“While that dries....No! Don't you dare move those fingers or touch anything until I tell you to. Do you want to ruin everything by smearing them. Just keep still until I

get back. I'm going to see what I can find for you to wear tomorrow. Now sit still! I can't believe I'm puttin' up with this shit, Man!"

Damn, she didn't have to snap at me. Do you have any idea just how boring it is to just sit and wait for your nails to dry? It has to be sorta like watching snail races. You can't even read a book or do anything as your fingers have to stay spread away from one another. I tried blowing on them as I had seen my Mother do a million times to speed up the process, but time still moved awful slowly.

At last she came back carrying a large garbage bag half filled with stuff. Putting it down beside me, she opened the top to expose a pile of her clothing.

"Here," she said, "are some of my older things, but they are still good. You can get by with this stuff until we can get you some of your own. I'm sure between me and the others we'll get you enough to look good. We already gave you enough bras to last awhile, heeheehee. Oh, don't look so down, you're going to like being in our gang."

As she pulled out skirts, blouses, pantyhose and socks, shoes and sandals, even a purse or two, I know that my face got longer and longer. I was realizing for the first time that this was for real. I was going to become for all intents and purposes a real live school girl and NOT for just a day or two. With all this shit and the way Amy was carrying on, I would be dressing like this for some time to come.

"Here," she ordered bringing me out of my funk, "look what I got you for tomorrow morning. It's one of my favorites, but I want you to wear it for me. It's my special gift. What do you think?"

I looked up and I know that my mouth just fell open. Amy was holding up a one piece dress that just looked like two as I was to find out.

The top had a scalloped bodice over a full skirt made in a rayon challis. The material was as light as a feather, felt and flowed like liquid.

The neck line was high and rounded, the sleeves would barely reach my elbows and were puffed and padded at the shoulders while the cuffs were close fitting. It was white with lilac and purple rose florets. It was a very feminine dress and Amy demanded that I put it on then and there.

I removed the towel from under my arms, tossed it to the bed, and reached for the lavender nylon briefs with a very lacy rose patterned insert covering the front that Amy held up for me to take.

I had tried to turn away and even asked for my old jockey briefs to put on, but Amy was insistent. I even took the flowered satin bra with its frilly edging of white lace and hooked it without too much trouble. I didn't say anything as she stuffed a pair of socks into the cups.

Amy did not take her eyes off me for one second and my entire body was flaming red under her steady gaze.

A simple white full slip with a minimum of lace frills came after I had donned a pair of coffee colored pantyhose and Amy helped adjust the straps to get the proper hang. After stepping into a pair of dress flats in black leather, I let Amy drop the dress over my head. It floated down over my body like a cloud. It had little or no weight and

where it touched my body, sent a wave of cool sparkling sensations that caused my entire body to shudder. I had never experienced feelings like this wearing boy's clothing. Nor did I feel as naked as I did while fully dressed either.

I felt Amy zipper up the back and the dress caressed me like no other clothing ever had. I was totally aware of every single piece of clothing that I had on. I could feel the pull of the bra on my chest, the pressure of the elastic material of the hose and the developing warmth in my groin from the panties. The intermittent touch of the slip and skirt on my legs, calves and the soft delicate touch of the material on my upper body. What a difference from the clothing I normally wore.

I stood silent, still for the longest time. I was oblivious to everything around me. I was only aware of the sensual touch of the various fabrics; until, Amy's voice and touch roused me.

“Kimmie, that dress is you! I wish that I looked half as good in it as you do now. Come over here and turn around for me. How does it feel? Oh! Never mind. I can see how it feels, hahaha. Girl we're going to have to do something about that little problem you have there.”

I didn't grasp her meaning until I looked down and saw the way my skirt perked out in a most unlady—like manner. It did not take her long to resolve my problem.

I was handed a half—slip she had pulled out of the bag and told to get on with it. You can only guess at my embarrassment. I sputtered and gasped trying to purge her horrible order out of existence. My mental upheaval should have eased my erection, but it only seemed to get worse. Under her persistent stare, I took the offered garment and turning my back to her, raised the skirt. Gathering the material in my free hand as I did so.

“Stop! Damn it! You're going to spoil your clothing. Here let me help you take off the dress and slip before you make a real mess. Look at that! Just in time. See you've already started to stain your panties and hose.”

Was there anything else that could add to my embarrassment? Well she certainly added to it and I must admit my erection began to go down as she continued berating me.

“Oh Hell, just forget it. I'll rehang this dress and you can wear it in the morning. You can take it with you or do you want to come over and put it on in the morning? Oh! Don't look so dejected, like some poor puppy. I'll get you something to take care of your little problem. Here use this. It will give you a bit more modesty and then put these shorts and top set on.”

Hanging my head, I reached out, the half—slip still in my hand. With a shudder, I let it fall from my fingers and took the clothing from her. The small pink panty looked entirely too small to pull on even one of my legs, but stretch it did. With some exertion, I managed to get it pulled up and over my butt. I blushed some more as Amy directed me to once again tuck myself back and under. The pantygirdle, as she called it, did its job. There were no unsightly bulges now.

Like I said, it was pink, made of a strong stretchy fabric that pulled in my stomach as well as my groin. It had a lace satin panel insert and when I happened to see my

rear end in the mirror, I could tell that it also separated my ass cheeks and pulled them up. I shuddered as my image now reflected a nicely rounded posterior and femininely flat front.

The shorts were decidedly feminine. They had a flower print with a tie—front, flair legs, and made of a flimsy light weight polyester. It looked more like a split skirt than shorts. A ballet top in pale blue with scoop neck and short sleeves made out of a stretchy fabric soon followed. I put them on and pulled a pair of leather open toed ankle—strap sandals on my feet.

When I looked into the mirror, all I saw from the fullness of the chest to the high curved ass cheeks was young woman. Unfortunately that young woman was I. My trip into the looking mirror ended when I heard the door to Amy's apartment shut and the loud voices of two people.

“Oh Hell, it's my mother and her boy friend. Hurry up and help me pick this shit up. We've got to get you out of hear. Come on, just dump it out the window. You can pick it up when you crawl out.”

I did not mind Amy's frantic pace. It wouldn't bother me in the least if no one else saw me dressed like this. No sir, not one bit. I scurried around the room tossing bits of clothing into the bag and together we lifted it over the sill and let it drop to the ground. Just as we stepped back, Amy's door opened.

“Hey there baby,” the woman said as she stuck her head into the room. I could smell the aroma of alcohol all the way over to where I was standing. “Who, whose dat ya got there with ya? Do I, hic, no, know you dearie? What da hell is going on here Am, Amy? You, you tell me true now ya hear or, or I, I'll get Joe to beat it outta ya!”

“Nothn' Momma, I swear. Its just my friend Kimmie from next door. She an, and her mom just moved in. I was, I was just trying to help her out, you know. Momma? Momma we ain't done nothin' see. Kimmie and I are trying on clothes and shoot'n the shit, you know. That's all, I promise Momma.”

“Hic! Yeah, Sure ya ain't done nothin' cause we got home afor ya couldda, huh!” her mother said as she stepped into the room. “Lesh see, what ya hide'n in chere. Well, don see nothn' guess ya got ridda dem boys. Don't think I, I do'n know what cha up to. I, hic, I was young once myself so do'n think you can get way width noth'n chear.”

I thought that she was going to strike Amy, but a man's voice called her back into the other room. She gave the both of us a mean glare and stepped back out the door. We both heaved a sigh of relief after she left. And I thought it was bad with my Mom. As music came from the other room, Amy helped me go out the bedroom window. She decided to follow me out when she heard Joe's footsteps approaching her door.

“I don't want to put up with any of his shit tonight,” she said while carefully handing me the dress. “Think I'll step out for awhile. Here help me down and be careful not to wrinkle that dress.”

Once out the window, we picked up all the stuff we had thrown out on the lawn and went to my place. Amy helped me to fold and put the clothing away in my closet and bureau.

“Your Mom like that all the time?” I finally asked.

“Huh, Oh, no not always. Only when she's been drinking. She really loves me you know. We do lots of stuff together. Have a good time, shop, you know or just talk. We're buddies. She only gets that way after she's been out drinking with Joe. He's the one gets her messed up. Think he does it on purpose so he'll have a shot at me, the SOB.”

“What about you, your folks?” she said as we finished putting all the clothing away.

I wasn't feeling very comfortable with all this feminine clothing in my place, but I didn't want to say anything that might disturb Amy anymore than she already was.

We sat on my bed as I began telling her my life story and she even got pretty deep into her own life. Hers made mine seem fantastic. I am sure that she left out all of the really bad stuff though, just from seeing the haunted look in her eyes.

“Hey, look its getting late and we have school tomorrow,” she said at last. “Before you go to bed, you will need to put some of this cleansing cream on your face. No, it ain't gonna get your make—up off, but it will soften your skin some. It gets to be habit, you know, taking care of your skin.

“Here, let me show you. You don't need to use hardly any. See, just put a little daub on your finger tip and work it in like so. Now once you have your skin coated in an even layer, let it sit for a few minutes; then, you can wipe the excess off with some tissue. While we are waiting, why don't you put on that pretty nightie I left in your bottom drawer.”

What nightie? I didn't remember a nightie. I hadn't expected to be wearing girl's clothing when I wasn't at school. “Look Amy, it was sure nice and decent of you to help me out like this, but I'm home now. I don't want to wear these girl things any more than I absolutely have to.”

I stood up as my emotions began to get the better of me and started to pace up and down by the bed.



"I'm going to wear my guy things when I'm not going to class. Hell, if I didn't have this female war paint plastered into my skin for the next few days, why you couldn't get me into these girlie things for nothin' in the whole blasted world."

I was fuming and had to have some place to direct my hostility. I really wasn't directing my pent up frustrations at anyone, the words just seemed to rise to the top and overflowed.

So I continued to rant and rave.

"Damn if I am going to hide behind skirts once I get this paint off me! I, I'm going to show that Eugene a thing or two. Just you wait, Amy, just you wait and see! I've had it with those assholes and this entire place. I've had it with your paranoid cousin Julie too. I'm not going to wait for her to call me, she'd better be ready to see me when I want to see her. Damn!"

"I can't go on like this. Now I'm going to do what I have to do to survive the next couple of days, but then Kimmie is gone, Understand! I'm not kidding, now! Kimmie is gone! Amy; and, she ain't coming back."

For all the good it may have done for my emotional sanity, my outburst did not resolve any of the reality problems. A reality where I still had on that indelible make—up, wore women's clothing, and stood over a girl sitting on my bed, who was holding a teal colored nylon tricot nightgown with fluffy floral lace trim for me to wear! How deplorably absurd!

Amy stood up and looked me right in the eye.

"Alright Kimmie," she said in a low dangerous tone, "I have had it with you! This is positively the last time I'm goin' to be nice, but I have to teach you your place!"

Before I knew it, she grabbed me and twisting my arm levered me onto her lap as she fell back on to the bed. In her hand, she held a ping pong paddle that she scooped off my dresser.

In a matter of just a few minutes, I was begging her to stop. In a few more seconds, I couldn't talk for the crying and tears. At last she let me drop to the floor.

"Now, get into your nightie! I'm going to tuck you in and I don't want to hear anymore complaints. We do understand who gives the orders from now on, don't we!"

She paused, waiting for my answer.

I could only nod my head as my tears continued to flow freely down my cheeks.

"It is time for you to realize that you can't be a girl part time. Not around here or anywhere else for that matter. You either become a girl full time or face Eugene. We can't take the chance of him or his gang finding out about your disguise. How many times do I have to tell you that?"

"If they ever discover your secret.... we'll both hang. So you gotta be one all the time. At least until you move out of the neighborhood or do you want to see me and the girls get hurt? In any case, I can't handle this by myself. Dorothy's gonna be responsible for gettin' you to behave."

“No, oh, no I wouldn't want to see you or any of the girls get hurt on account of me. It, its just that I, I.....,” my voice faded away to nothing. I was beaten and did not heed her last remark about Dorothy and unless I wanted to face Eugene and his gang wearing make—up in the morning, which I could not bring myself to do, my fate was sealed.

“There's only one problem, Amy,” I finally said. “Mother! What'll happen when she finds out?”

I paused while I thought out the possibilities; then continued, “I don't think that me dressing like a girl, if, er,if it isn't too obvious, is going to be a big problem. It's just when she see's my report card with all those rinky dink courses on there that she'll take the time to see me. She'll take time off from work, grab my ass, and head straight for the principal's office. I just know she will and nothing will stop her.”

“Ok!” she announced after taking a few moments to mull over our problem. “Look, I think I may have a solution. Julie is my cousin and she, well, let's just say that she owes me alright? I'll get her to see that you get a real good report sent to your house. Now you'll probably have to stay in the same classes you had today. That'll be her price, but I can get her to substitute another record for yours to be mailed by the School Board. What'd ya think?”

I had to agree that it just might work. I hastened to add that there would still be the problem of me looking too much like a girl around my mother.

Amy just waved that away as if it did not count for anything. After all she had concluded since I did not see my mother that often I could pretty much fake it.

Once again I had to agree. So without any further discussion on the topic, I pulled the nightie over my head and let it fall down my bra covered chest.

No Amy would not let me remove the bra.

That was ok, I figured that I would just remove it when she left.

*“No, leave it on. You need to get use to wearing it all the time cause a girl with your obvious endowment cannot afford to be without a nicely padded bra,” she had stated.* Oh, well, she couldn't be around me all the time, could she?

#### **CHAPTER FOUR: KIMMIE JOINS THE GANG**

The alarm was ringing persistently in my right ear.

I forced myself to turn over and brought my palm down on the shut—off.

“Ooooh, Geez,” I moaned still bone tired. I hadn't slept well and did not look forward to the dawning of a new day. I reached up and rubbed my eyes with the back of my hands, and felt the soft brush of fabric on my upper arms and face.

“*What the?*” I remember thinking before I realized what I was wearing. With another groan, I got out of bed and went to the bathroom.

The swish of cool soft nylon brushing across by thighs and tugging at my shoulders was a strange and new sensation for me. Actually, it startled me for a moment. Absently, I tugged at the bra strap biting into the sides of my chest. It was the only uncomfortable feeling that I was aware of. Well that and having to put my finger between the panty's leg opening and the cheek of my ass to pull it out of the crack of my butt.

Standing over the commode, I tried pulling the hem of the gown up and out of the way, but it required two hands and well you know the problem with that.

Giving up temporarily on trying to keep my gown from getting wet, I decided to sit. Hell, I had to do the other anyway. As I was doing my business,

I noticed a note taped to the medicine cabinet mirror. Finished, I walked over and read:

*Kimie: shower, but don't get your hair wet. Put on clean undies and your short set from last night. Come over and don't forget to bring your new dress, hose, and white sandals! I set your alarm and will see you in fifteen minutes! Don't be late!!!!*

*P.S. I have your ping pong paddle!*

I tore the note from the cabinet.

*"How dare she leave written evidence of me wearing dresses!"* I thought angrily, but some of that anger was used up in tearing the note into tiny little pieces. The rest evaporated when I realized everyone would know soon enough anyhow. The ping pong paddle reminder resolved any other problems I might have had with Amy's note.

Doing as I was told, was going to become a habit with me.

"Good, you're here," was all she had to say to me as I walked into her apartment.

I looked around to see if her mother and friend were still hanging, but did not see any evidence of them.

*"Not even a good morning or how are you,"* I thought as I placed the dress over the back of the sofa.

"Got any coffee," was all I said however. Man I was grumpy in the morning without my coffee.

"Yeah, in the kitchen. Hurry up and get it then meet me in my bedroom. Bring the dress!"

Like don't have a cow! As if I could forget the dress. I got my coffee and while sipping on it shuffled into Amy's room.

"Well?"

"Well, what?" I countered.

"Where's the dress?"

"Fuck!" I mumbled and went to get the dress.

"Put the coffee down before you go and get it. I don't want you spillin' any of it."

*“Man—o—man, get a life!”* I thought to myself as I did as I was told. You don't think that I said that out loud do you?

When I returned, I was told to strip down to my undies and then sit on the vanity stool. Amy spent a few minutes reshaping my hair back to where she had it the night before. A cute little flip over my ear with my longish bangs swept to the side as well. A mock turtle shell barrette held her creation in place.

She checked my brows and picking up tweezers plucked out a few more wild ones. With a final twisting of my face this way and then that into the light with her hand on my chin, she grunted her approval. Picking up an atomizer, she spritzed me with Tabu cologne. I reeked.

She wasn't satisfied with just the perfume, she dusted me in a similar smelling powder. She even pulled out the waist band of my pantygirdle and sprinkled some in there.

“A girl can't smell too sweet,” she said with a devilish grin.

“Come over here and let's get you dressed,” she said as she put the gold tiger striped talc container away. “Once you're ready; then, you can help me. You did put on clean undies and your pantygirdle I trust.”

Once again we went through the same steps as we did last night. First she checked my crotch and the fit of the pantygirdle and made a slight adjustment to my bra. Next I put on hose, full slip, white sandals, and dress. As far as I was concerned, I was more than finished dressing, but oh, no, not according to Amy.

She gave me a small gold and white enamel trimmed watch with a white leather strap for my wrist. Its dial was so small I could just barely make out the numbers. A pearl necklace and two strand pearl bracelet came next.

She dug around in her dresser drawers for awhile, before coming back over to me saying, “Darn! I couldn't find a pair of clasp earrings, but we'll do something about that later. Now, I want you to just stand still right where you are until I finish dressing. Ok? We'll go over to Sue's just as soon as I'm done.”

I just stood there and watched as Amy pulled the extra large tee shirt over her head and tossed it to the bed. She wasn't wearing a bra and her breasts held my attention. They were like two golden pears with a nice firm perkiness to them. I could feel my penis react, but the tightness of the pantygirdle held it fast.

I let my eyes wander slowly down to her pantied pudendum. I was captivated by the way her panty molded and fitted so smoothly across her mound. The material moving sensuously and puckering and folding in an enticing way as she moved. I became oblivious to the rest of my surroundings. I started to reach down to shove at my groin, but she saw me and told me to freeze.

“Don't you even think about it!” she said with a look that just dared me not to listen. “Ladies do not grab their crotches or anything else for that matter and DON'T YOU EVER FORGET IT!”

She walked closer to me, her breasts jiggling invitingly upon her chest.

“As a matter of fact, I don't want to see you grab, pick, or rub on any part of your anatomy cause, if I do, your ass is mine!”

“You better get use to seeing these,” she continued indicating her chest, “and much more besides. If I or any of the girls catch you so much as thinking of doing something, anything remotely related to sex, your ass is gonna be served up on a platter. AND! You can bet on that! So get your mind out of the gutter and on the business of being a girl. You don't have much time to learn.”

Without further incident we reached Sue's place.

Of course I felt like every eye was on me as we walked over to Sue's apartment. In fact, many were, but not in the manner that I had pictured. These were looks of lust and if I had known I would have been even more frightened than I was.

“Oh WOW!” Sue exclaimed as we walked in. “Dig the outfit, Kimmie. It was made for you. Couldn't ya just die!”

Instead of easing my trepidation, Sue's comments only made me blush and shake all the more. I was nervous and the fuss and attention being paid to me by the girls at Sue's was more than I thought I could handle.

They reached out and pulled my skirts up and out, exposing my slip and even my panties to view. They were touching me all over, making me turn and pose for them as they checked me out. You hear all kinds of stories about guys having hands like octopuses, but we ain't got anything over these girls. I was feeling very manhandled by the time I was pulled over to a chair beside the kitchen table.

I had some time to myself as the gang went into Sue's bedroom. I could hear an occasional word or two and even some laughter, but nothing understandable. Finally they came back in and gathered around me. Needless to say their actions worried me, but I sat still trying to keep my eyes on all of them at the same time.

“OK, Kimmie,” Amy finally said. “I told the girls everything and they have agreed to let you join our gang, but there are going to be some special rules.”

The girls were all smiling towards me as if she had just told them a very special joke.

God if I had only known what they had decided upon before they had agreed to accept me as a member, I would have fled in terror!

“First, you will obey any order given to you by any of the real girls.

“Second, you will act and dress in the most feminine way possible.

“Third, you will be responsible for all the laundry, cooking, and cleaning. At least here at Sue's which, you may have guessed, is sorta our hang out.

“Forth, you will always defer to other members of the gang. In other words, you will always think of us and do for us before you do for yourself.

“Fifth, you will do whatever it takes, and we mean everything and anything necessary to make sure you fit in and do not give either yourself away or get any of us into trouble because of it.

“Sixth, although you are only an honorary member of The Ghetto Gals, since you are not a real girl. You will be required to pass the initiation.

“And, The Ghetto Gals all promise to do everything we can to help you become just like we are. When we feel that you can fend for yourself, you're on your own. Understand!”

She paused to let what she had said sink in while the other girls giggled among themselves and nodded their agreement. She did not take her eyes off mine for a moment and it made me squirm.

I was very uncomfortable under her stare and was wondering what I had really let myself in for. What was in initiation? And what did she mean by my being on my own?

“Now, last but not least,” she began once again. “You will swear to anyone who asks that you have done this all on your own under your own free will and that none of us here did anything to make you do any of this. Oh, that goes for the class assignments as well. It was all your idea, understood! Now, if you can't agree to all this right now; then, you had better leave. Ok! what's it gonna be?”

I did not like the choice before me, but I'd already let this thing go entirely too damned far. Dressed and looking like I did left me little room for maneuvering and the kids in the complex and school accepted me as a girl. Changing back now in all likelihood would be impossible and even hazardous to my continued good health.

So I meekly nodded my head and whispered, “Yessss.”

“Fine now that we all understand what is expected of us, let's get to class,” Amy stated simply. “And Kimmie when you are seated, it would be a good idea to keep your knees tightly together. We all had a great view of your pink pantygirdle.”

Nothing else was said about me, or my condition. We left the apartment en mass and traveled down the dirty street with its pushers and hookers until we got to school. There is something to be said about safety in numbers. I did notice that no one bothered any of us. Oh don't get me wrong, there were a lot of cat calls and other obscene commentary and gestures, but no one messed with us. I do not believe this would have happened if there had only been one, or two, of us.

As we entered the school, Amy pulled me aside and told the girls to continue on and that we'd meet up with them later, led me to the school nurses office. Pulling out the form letter Ms. McAllister had given me yesterday, she told me to take and give it to the nurse. She made sure that I understood that I was not to question or do anything out of the ordinary in front of the nurse. With that we entered the doorway.

“Hello Nurse Corozon,” Amy said as a petite Philippino wearing a white nylon nurses uniform stood up from behind a desk. “This is Kimmie, she's new and Ms. McAllister gave her this permission slip. Kimmie was sorta nervous, know what I mean, and well, I thought that I would give her some company when she came in this morning. Ok if I stay with her?”

“O si, si, no problemo, Amy you can stay sure. Here you, Kimmie, you say you name is Kimmie, right? Ah, ok, let me have it. You Momma sign this yes, for sure, Si?”

Ah, ok, emmm, okay doaky! It look alright. Kimmie, you just sit up here on the table and I'll get you started.”

I wasn't sure at all about what was going down, but I knew better than to question any of it. So I hopped right up on the paper covered examination table and let my legs dangle over the edge.

My hands were only shaking a little bit, and I hoped that I did not look overly suspicious.

Amy handed me a tissue and told me to sit still. It is amazing how quickly one can disintegrate a piece of tissue by wringing it over and over in your hands. At least it helped calm my nerves somewhat.

Nurse Corozon was petite, with lustrous raven black straight hair cut in a short bob. Her face was round and like the rest of her skin reddish bronze in tone. Her nose was slightly turned and her lips very full and rich. The white nylon uniform was almost translucent revealing her pale yellow lacy camisole and slip. She had a surprisingly large bust for such a small stature.

Soon she was back carrying a green cloth wrapped tray in her hands.

“Hokay,” she stated in a slightly accented lilting voice. “The doctor will not be here until week after next, but I can take care of you now. Before you leave, I make you an appointment with the doctor, hokay?”

She put the tray down and unwrapped it to reveal a glass syringe and what appeared to be a garden hose of a needle.

I might have exaggerated the size of the needle a bit, but I hate needles and usually pass out if I get too close to one. I'm sure I was turning very white as I watched the nurse connect the needle to the syringe. After sponging the flesh near my underarm with alcohol, she brought the syringe up and towards my flesh. As it approached my arm, it seemed to get bigger and bigger while I felt my body shiver and the room began to dim.

I do not recall what happened after that. Oh, I do remember her chattering away about how much I was going to like the convenience of it and that I wouldn't have to worry about getting pregnant for the next five years. Something about side effects limited to some bloating, water retention stuff like that, but I cannot recall anything else until I entered first period class.

My underarm stung and I was curious to find out what the nurse had done to me, but first period was not the place to cause any disturbances. I found that out the hard way yesterday. I was not looking to bring any further embarrassment on myself.

The spot under my arm continued to itch and the more I thought about it the more it itched. It wasn't until lunch and the a trip to the girls' restroom that I was able to see what had been done. Holding up my arm over my head, I could see a gauze patch held in place by adhesive strips. While afraid to look, my curiosity dictated my actions.

Tentatively, I reached up and peeled back the gauze. Six black rods about the size and thickness of matchsticks had been stuck just under my skin. They had been in-

serted such that no one would ever notice unless you were actually looking for them. The only sign that they had been implanted were the six pin—pricks on my flesh.

“*Strange*,” I thought, but before I could ask what they were for, the bell rang and I had to get to class.

The rest of the day passed uneventfully. I wasn't completely uncomfortable, but I was getting use to being one of the girls. The clothing was even feeling more normal in that I did not notice every little pull and tug like I had earlier. Even the unaccustomed heat in my crotch from wearing so many layers of nylon was somewhat offset by the breezy flow of air from wearing skirts.

Oh, I had to be reminded over and over to sit with my legs together, walk taking small short steps putting one foot in front of the other, heel and toe, heel and toe, *ad nauseam*.

There were other things as well like don't pass up a mirror to be certain that my clothes were straight and stuff like that. I doubted if I would ever get use to the idea of how light yet how complicated women's clothing could be. I know it gave me fits all day. But, I learned quickly to be certain that everything fitted properly and I wasn't showing anything that I shouldn't.

After class we all went to the local drug store for some ice cream, and while we were there I discovered that **my initiation** into The Ghetto Gals consisted of shoplifting at least two hundred dollars. I mean `shopping'. The girls insisted that I have my own make—up and stuff, so I would have to `shop' for myself. If I was caught, I failed...

Amy scouted the mall for the items I was to pick up, and then as the gals screened for me I nervously watched for hidden TV cameras and the like as I slipped the items into various hiding places under my clothing, or into a shopping bag, or open purse that various members of the gang were carrying.

All the time I expected to get arrested. My heart raced with excitement as I reached for a bottle of perfume only to see a man studying me through a reflection of a large make—up mirror on the cosmetic counter! I calmly examined the bottle and replaced it with trembling fingers, only to move on to our alternate `shopping spot'. Here I completed my initiation, and we all walked calmly out of the great shopping mall giggling with joy over my triumph.

I remember thinking that it really wasn't that hard. And, as far as initiation go, it could have been a lot worse. Girl gangs were not above having their new members earning a certain amount of money as whores to become a member...

Then I thought, God, what if I had been caught. What would they have done to a sissy boy like me, all dressed up like a girl? Would they throw me into a men's prison cell dressed like this... I shuddered. What would my poor mother do?

But, luck was with me..or was it?

And, we all then went back to Sue's.

I was set to work cleaning the stacks of dishes and gathering into piles the dirty clothing that littered the entire place. While a couple of the girls took the pile of dirty laundry down to the washroom, I was told to have a seat by the kitchen table.

“We need to do something about those ears of yours. They are absolutely the worst. Dorothy picked this up for you while we were at the drug store,” Amy announced as she held up a home ear piercing kit. “So we’re going to make you look real bitchin’, you know!”

“OH! No you don’t!” I protested. “I don’t need no damn pierced ears. If I have to wear earrings then damn it, I can wear those clip on things like my mom wears.”

I stood and before I could move or say anything else, Dorothy was standing right beside me. Her hand held the straight razor and it was pressed right up under my jaw just below my right ear.

“Maybe little Kimmie would rather have no ears at all to hang her shiny earrings from? You going to behave or what?”

I sat and did not say anything further.

“Hey, hey,” Jane broke in, “Why bother with this shit! Let’s take ‘er down to the Devil’s Navel. Man, they know how to do you up right in that place.”

“The Devil’s Navel?” I squeaked.

“Yeah, its over in the strip mall. They do body piercings and tattoos. Jane got her nose and naval pierced there, but they’ll pierce anything ya want’em to. I even know a gal that got her pussy pierced and put big gold hoops through’em, ugh. Man, that gives me the creeps though,” Sue replied to my question. “Yeah, maybe you would rather have them do your bod up right, huh, Kimmie?”

“Holy shit, maybe we can get them to tack his little man tool right up and we can fasten it to his backside. That ought to keep him out of trouble and out of sight. Hahahaahaha,” Dorothy responded.

“Oh NO!” I said looking a little frantic at that prospect. Even the threat of Dorothy’s razor couldn’t keep my voice silent at this point. Oh I kept a close eye on her, but I couldn’t let them do that to me.

“Hold still, Kimmie,” Amy ordered as I started to get up. “We ain’t goin’ to do anything like that for now. Besides they are too expensive for this. Keep your head real still now.”

Amy was holding a pink plastic contraption in her hand. It had a prong at one end that held the gold ball part of the earring and another arm holding the little fastener was cocked back on a spring. Holding it so that the fastener end was behind my ear lobe, she pulled the trigger and with a loud click, I felt a dull thud in my ear lobe. It was in. She removed the pink tool and wiped my earlobe a second time in alcohol. Then she reloaded and went for my other ear.

“Amy, you’re not going to stop with just one are you?” Dorothy asked. “After all, Kimmie is suppose to be a real lady. Not like the rest of us. I mean, didn’t we decide that she had to look more feminine than the rest of us cause she came from outside.

You know. I don't think we need to take her to the Devil's Navel or anything like that but she needs a spot for hoops, ya know."

"We don't have any more earring studs," Amy said. "Unless you want to run back to the store and get more."

I breathed a sign of relief at that. My ears were holey enough for my tastes, but that did not matter.

"Hell, I'll give her some of mine," Dorothy replied.

It wasn't too much longer and I was sporting three sets of earrings in each ear.

"*Well at least they weren't taking me to that Devil's Navel place,*" I thought as we finally left Sue's and headed home.

I was sleeping fitfully when I heard Mom come into my room. Fortunately, I had the sheets pulled up covering my shoulders and my pale peach shorty night gown wasn't visible. She bent over me and I felt her hand touch my forehead. She did not stay long and she did not turn on the light.

"*Thank the Lord for small favors,*" I thought as I heard her leave.

That next morning I put on clean panties, violet with bone frilly lace covering the center panel and around the leg openings, matching push—up demi—bra, fiber filled of course. Pantyhose and pantygirdle completed my undergarments. Pulling on a bright white satin bathrobe on and slipping on my sandals, I walked across the hall to Amy's.

Amy looked me over and going to her closet picked out a white polka dotted, pale lavender, high—waisted dress. It gathered directly under the bust with the skirt hanging straight and narrowly down to mid—thigh. It had short cap sleeves and a low rounded collar. It looked a lot like the babydoll nightie she had given me.

I put it on despite my misgivings.

I was right in my gut reaction to the dress, for when I looked in the mirror, I resembled a young girl. Amy did my hair in pig tails using violet velvet ribbons and while I still looked like a painted hussy from the neck up, I looked like a very young girl from the neck down. This was going to be another hard day. It was.

I not only had every guy in my classes trying to get a squirrel shot up my dress, but even the other girls ogled me. I could guess that the guys were just being guys. After all the dress was short and the way it was cut made keeping my bottom covered somewhat difficult.

Being a guy myself I really couldn't blame them, but the girls. Well that was another story. By the end of the day I knew what "being catty" really meant. Instead of finding support from my sisters, all I got was snide remarks and jealous stares. I realized then that it didn't pay to be a pretty girl amongst other girls.

My second day as a girl set the pattern for not only the rest of the week, but what could be the rest of my life. I would wash up at my place in the morning and then after putting on clean clothing walk over to Amy's. There she would check my attire to make sure I was coordinated and we'd go to Sue's.

Depending on how much time we had before school, I would either clean or cook some breakfast. Dorothy was usually standing over my shoulder. Classes came next; then, after school back to Sue's until well after dark. At home I would quickly clean up my place, fix supper, and finally shower and go to bed. Dull routine punctuated with intense indoctrination into womanhood.

The morning of the third day initiated my personal beauty and make—up instruction.

Dorothy took on this responsibility. She was determined to make damned sure that I learned how to apply my own make—up. She was also determined to see to it that I only thought of two things all the time—make—up and clothing.

Dorothy saw to it that in my spare time with the girls I was either reading aloud from fashion or beauty books about clothing and cosmetics. While she selected what I was to read the girls amused themselves by having me talk in a little girl voice while deliberately correcting my speech so that I mispronounced words (especially any word with four or more syllables in it), or added slang (usually a sort of `valley girl' so popular among girls in high school), until I sounded as if I had been raised in the ghetto with them.

“When we git done wid yo, baby cakes, yo won't be so God damned uppity,” one of the girls promised. “Yo, jist, be a ghetto bird like da rest of us..”

And, so it was that I learned how to obey my `betters' and spoke just like them until I automatically stumbled over long words, or used simple minded slang, in my baby doll voice until anyone that heard me was convinced that I was a sort of high school air head, with the mental age of a nine year old.

Although, Dorothy was delighted with these changes, and my forced assimilation into `remedial education', which would bar me from any college. (There are college board exams that would soon discover that my fake grades and course work were totally false!) So, almost as if to make—up for this, she convinced Amy that I should be given a chance to receive an education more suitable to my new gender and educational abilities.

So Amy arranged for me to get into the study/work vocational education program. You know the one where you go to school for a half—day; then, go to work for a half—day. In my case, Dorothy was going to have me working at a local beauty salon. While I tried to object, my opinion wasn't requested nor sought. In a few weeks, I would be enrolled in the vocational education program's School of Cosmetology.

Oh be still my quaking heart!

As you can see, I haven't had a lot of say in my current situation. To make matters worse somewhere toward the end of that first week I began having problems of a personal nature. I found myself becoming very emotional. I would be elated one second and sad the next, friendly and wanting company then all of a sudden I'd be blue and melancholy only wanting to be left alone.

Added to my emotional changes were some disturbing physical ones as well. My fingers became swollen and I couldn't get the small feminine rings the girls had given me off. The flesh of my fingers became white and almost covered the ring's bands.

Then all my clothing began pulling and digging into my flesh. That damn pantygirdle almost cut me in two.

I became nauseated and dizzy and could not eat or even look at some foods.

It got so bad Amy took me to see the school nurse again. She made sure that I still had my appointment with the doctor scheduled for the late next week. After a quick once over, Nurse Corozone gave me some pills and sent me on my way.

The pills helped. The nausea and swelling eased up and my emotional state improved, but I was still subject to crying jags. I think these crying fits that hit me for no reason whatsoever had me more worried than the nausea and swelling. I never, ever cried for no reason before. I just tried to hide my concerns as I did not want to face the possibility that I may have some kind of cancer. Well, I had heard of worse, but I did not know any better. I was a scaredy cat after all.

My doctor's appointment came all too quickly; yet, not soon enough. I did not want the doctor finding out that I wasn't what I appeared to be, but my body aches and pains needed relief. I was getting very concerned over some of the changes taking place in my body.

Amy accompanied me into the school nurse's office when the time came. She had made sure that I was nicely dressed for my first doctor's visit as a young lady.

"A woman's doctor is very important and you need to make sure that you leave a very good first impression. You are going to be relying on her more than you can guess. She's not only your physician, but a personal friend as well. You'll wind up telling her stuff you'd never dream of telling your mother or me," Amy had explained.

She was certainly correct about me not telling my mother a lot of stuff. Especially all the things that have been happening to me lately. Heck, I did not even want the doctor to see some of the things that were happening to me. Not so much because she might find out that I wasn't really a girl, but what she may diagnose.

In any case, Amy had me dress extra nice for my morning appointment with the school doctor. I was given a very feminine shimmering, gold lace padded, demi underwire cup bra with bow and rosette detail. Even the straps were covered in lace. The matching stretch satin brief had a detailed floral lace inset covering its entire front. I thought that I was dressing for a date rather than a simple doctor's visit. I tried to get Amy to let me just wear some plain white nylon panties, but she wouldn't hear of it.

So what does she do next, she gives me a beige pantygirdle to put on. Oh, it had a bow and a satin panel in front, but it completely covered the panty. While I may dress and look like a woman, I certainly cannot reason like they do.

A pair of black pantyhose and pale peach camisole with lace edging and pleated bodice came next. This was followed by a matching half slip with rows of ruffled lace around the hem and a pair of black, full grain leather pumps with a subtly squared shape and heel.

"Come on Amy," I pleaded, "Do I really need to dress this fancy just to go to the doctor's office. I feel like I ought to be going out on a stupid date!"

“Well smarty pants,” she replied, “just maybe I'll see if I can't arrange that for you. Some of the gang think it way past your time to begin earning your keep. So unless you want me to fix you up, you had better get your ass in gear and finish dressing.”

She handed me a whispery piece of nothing claiming that it was what they called a double georgette blouse. It was a white polyester, button front with full billowing sleeves and my camisole could be seen right through the material. The dress which I did not really consider a dress because it was actually very full pant legs was something else again.

I can only describe it as wonderfully comfortable and easy to wear. If that makes any sense. It was called a broomstick skirt and made once again of a light weight poly. It was filled with tiny white and pink flowers printed on a black background. It fell to just above my ankles and if I did not see it on me in the mirror, I would have thought that I was only wearing my pantyhose.

The final piece of clothing was a rich black, crushed velvet vest with goldtone filigree buttons.

Amy gave me a golden slave bracelet to hook around my ankle, one very large and one smaller gold hoop earrings, followed by pearl studs. A black velvet choker ribbon around my neck and I was dressed.

I was introduced to Doctor Emily with a long funny sounding foreign name. It had too many z's and m's for me to handle easily. She was from India, or Bangladesh, or some place like that.

She complimented me on how pretty I was and then told me to strip. I unbuttoned my blouse and carefully folded it and placed it on the chair seat. Nervously, I removed my skirt and once folded, placed it under my blouse. I hesitated only briefly as I felt myself blush to the roots of my hair as I removed the bra.

“That's alright dear,” the doctor said, “you can keep your panties and girdle on. I just need to check your chest today.”

I blushed all the harder because I was very conscious of my sore and swollen titties. They had started puffing out and swelling and were getting worse. I was afraid to ask or say anything about them, but now I wouldn't have any choice. They were a positive embarrassment to me as they stood out from my chest. They looked just like I had pasted two baby bottle nipples over my tits. They were the same size and shape and worse, they appeared to be growing.

I tried to cover them with my hands as I sat on the examination table. I thought I was being careful, but in actuality I looked just like a young girl trying to be modest and shy. If I could have seen what I looked like then, I would have died.

“Well how are you feeling, Kimmie?” the doctor asked as she perused my chart. “I see that you were here complaining of cramps, nausea, bloating last week. So how are you doing now? Still having pre—menstrual problems? No, oh, just a little maybe. So swelling, yes, ok, no nausea, good! Are you having any unusual blood flow, too much, curdled discharge, or different looking.”

Man, I thought that I was going to die when she asked me about bleeding. I began squirming as her questions became more and more femininely personal. I could only shake my head no in response.

Lucky for me Amy stepped in and fielded a lot of the doctor's questions.

This was not turning out like I expected it to.

“No, very good. Oh, you are not yet bleeding, ah, that's ok too. I'll want to make time to give you a good gynecological work up on my next visit. I don't have the time today. Remind the nurse to schedule you in. Ok. Now, just sit still and let your arms fall to your sides. Just relax. No need to feel ashamed or shy. Its just us girls here. Now, take a deep breath, hold it, ok let it out.”

I cringed as she moved what felt like ice across my back. The stethoscope finally moved from my back to just under my left breast. I tried to shrink back, to fall into a hole in the ground, but the doctor's hand in the small of my back forced me to sit still.

As she listened to my heart, her lips held a small smile at my discomfiture.

It wasn't until she began manipulating my tits that I felt any real pain. Oh brother, were they sensitive! I hope to shout! I almost screamed anyway in both fright and some pain. Mostly fright, when she grasped my left nipple between her thumb and forefinger and pulled it out from my chest. It raised a fairly large mound and hurt like the dickens. When she let it go, it slowly retreated back to my chest. It did not snap back like I thought it should.

There was a definite puffiness left under the nipple that did not want to fade away. I was beginning to wonder if there was something really wrong with me like the Big C. No doctor had ever spent that much time examining my chest before.

“Well everything sounds and looks okay,” she said as she stood back. “Your lungs sound good and healthy. You don't smoke do you? No, good! Now I see that your breasts are somewhat inflamed, tender too, I bet. Have they been bothering you a lot? If so, I can prescribe a cream that should ease the irritation some. Do you want me to get you something?”

I could only stutter out a prolonged, "Yyyyyeesss, pleasssseeee."

“Alright,” she said and turned to face the nurse. I'm going to want a blood sample on her Nurse Corozone. Let's do a hormone workup, VDRL, and SMAK series as well," she ordered.

Turning back to face me, she smiled and cupped my small tits.

“It looks like you are just beginning to blossom into womanhood, but I want to check your blood to make sure everything is developing as it should. You appear to be healthy and I can't detect anything unusual. So unless you start having more nausea or swelling, I don't think that you have anything to worry over.”

Here she paused and sat back, looking directly into my eyes. Then seeming to have made up her mind about something continued,

“If you get a little crampy or grouchy, the nurse can fix you up. Ok, unless you have some questions you can get dressed and leave once we get our blood sample. I'll see you in six weeks, Kimmie, don't forget to make the appointment, bye.”

At last that was over with. I managed to escape being detected this time, but she wanted to do a real exam on me next time. I couldn't make it through that one, but I had time to worry about it later. Right now, I was concerned over my breasts. At least the doctor did not find anything cancerous about them. Well here's hopin' the cream she gave me will solve those problems.

Being all dressed up sure gets you noticed. I was turning heads and getting all kinds of come ons from the guys as we walked down the hall to second period. If nothing else the doctor's visit got us out of first period.

All the attention focused in my direction was both pleasing in that I passed and horrible at the same time for the very same reason—I PASSED!

Here I am a pretty normal male with the same urges and needs as any other guy, but this was unreal. I wasn't supposed to turn heads; especially, guys. I wasn't suppose to enjoy wearing pretty clothing that needed special attention. I mean you wore jeans, you got'em dirty and filthy. So who cares, but a girl wearing a dress does not get it dirty. So what if a guy did not shave every day or even shower daily, but if a girl did that she would be censured by her peers. Oh well I was beginning to learn.

We walked into Mr. Dudley's class just as the final bell rang.

Man, I did not like this dude. After more than two weeks of his class, I disliked him more and more. He reeked to say the least. I mean, like, you know. He is this slimy worm of a man pawing all the girls and getting real personal with them.

I heard him asking one of the girls who sits in front and to the side of me, if she went all the way with her boy friend.

Yuck! How sick! All the while he had his grimey paws massaging around the back of her neck. He even pulled that stunt on me more than once. I can still feel his long fingers probing down to my collar bone as he rubbed my neck. UGH!

Wow! Can you imagine its been two whole weeks now that I've had to dress like a girl. I haven't had much time to myself as the girls and especially Dorothy see to it that I stay busy. When I am not doing chores—washing, ironing, cooking—they have me reading and studying real hard.

I don't mean to suggest that they have me doing homework for school. Oh no! No school work for me. Instead I get to read all the latest fashion magazines, fan magazines, romance novels provided they aren't too wordy.

You know, stuff like that.

Oh, there is another thing the girls are insisting that I work on. It's my vocabulary, they think that it is too uppity and snobbish, like you know. Oh wow! Can you believe! Like I'm some classy bitch, or some'ton. Go figure. Well, I'm working on using simpler words.

Dorothy demanded to watch while I put on that cream the doctor had given me. She said that she wanted to make sure that I did it right.

I wasn't too embarrassed by her, but I was still self—conscious of my conspicuous titties. I was stripped down to my pantyhose and was seated on the vanity stool with Dorothy standing just behind my left shoulder. My bra was lying in my lap. Under Dorothy's instructions I was cupping my left breast in my right hand. I felt like a fool doing that, but she insisted that this was the first step in self—examination.

“After all you said that you were concerned about getting the Big C,” Dorothy explained. “So I'm going to teach you how to check and see for yourself. Now cup your breast in your hand. Hold your other hand up over your head, bend it at the elbow, extend your fingers like a ballet dancer. Yeah! Graceful, ya know.”

She paused long enough to position my hands and arm.

“Now, like press your finger tips into the flesh of your titty. Feel around. Hell, pretend you are feeling up a chick. Shit! You probably never had a chick did you.”

“Anyway, go on, play with yourself,” she continued after watching me a moment. “Oh, shit! You're blushing just like you were a girl. Well, get over it! You have to learn how to do this. See if you feel any lumps or little hard knots, like. If you do you better go see the doc! If you don't then you be A—OK, ok? Now, do the same with the other one.”

She did not let it rest there, she now made me message each of my titties and pull them away from my chest.

“Ya gotta check to see if'n they are firm or squishy. You want'em firm. Only old ladies keep a pencil tucked up under their titties. Alright, now you are ready to put on that there cream stuff. Make sure you message it in real good.”

She moved closer behind me. Standing right behind me.

“Here, let me help you,” she said while reaching around me to take the jar out of my hand.

I watched helplessly as she scooped up a dollop of the floral scented white cream and began smearing it into my breast. In a few moments, I felt myself leaning back into her as her hands softly rubbed by sensitive breast flesh in soothing circular motions.

Her lips neared my left ear and I could hear her steady breathing, feel her breath as it touched my ear and send chills racing down my spine.

I let my eyes stare up at the ceiling as I leaned further back into Dorothy's arms. My head now resting on her right shoulder, her lips pressing softly into my ear and then my neck. I could feel the light whispery touch of her tongue, the pressure of her breasts pressing into my bare back. The chills began racing more quickly up and down my spine.

I could sense a growing warmth building up in my nipples and crotch.

Dorothy was now rolling my rubbery nipples between her thumb and forefinger and pulling them up and out from my chest. When they would stretch no further, she let them go only to start the whole process over once again. *Oh, what was happening to me. I had never felt this way before.* As I felt myself losing control, the door opened and Amy came in.

“What you two doing in here?” she asked. “Ok, Dorothy, enough already. I got to get home and so does twinkle toes here. You two can finish up later. Kimmie, get your clothing on and lets roll.”

Oh man! Talk about bummers. I was just about ....er.. wait a minute here. What was I about to do? I'm not sure I was about to do anything! For a moment there, I thought that I was going to have a climax, but that would be impossible cause I didn't have no hard on.

Come to think of it, I hadn't felt anything down there even if I shook it all day long. How could I have just felt like that IF and that is one big “IF” I didn't...what if I couldn't,.. ugh, what was happening to me? I shouldn't be reacting this way. No guy did. I was certain of that, if nothing else. I was certain a guy could not get it on without a hard on!

I quickly dressed in my denim cut—off shorts. They were real grungy, you know. Legs torn off almost to the crotch, pockets hanging visible down from the ragged hem line. They rode up high on my rear ass cheeks and if I sat with my legs spread, you could see my panty crotch. I pulled the pink extra, extra large tee over my head and tied a knot in the lower left side. The picture on the front depicted a little kitten hanging from a branch by one paw. You know it, real prissy looking, a real cutie. I usually wore this kind of outfit after classes when I cleaned the club house. No baggy pants, slacks, or anything not considered sexy. The layered look was definitely out for me. No Dorothy wanted only the most erotic feminine stuff for me.

## **CHAPTER FIVE: KIMMIE LEARNS HER TRADE**

Six weeks. It had been six weeks now and it was report card time. Out of the entire six weeks, I hadn't cracked book one. Oh! I managed to read six love stories, a dozen or so magazines, some of them more than once. I learned a lot as well.

Nothing that would get me into State let alone Harvard, but it wouldn't be much longer and I might be able to get into beauty college. This would be my first week starting vocational education — half day school half day work.

Provided my mother did not kill me when she received the report card in the mail.

I reported to Ms. Elizabeth Newton Bates, aka the Boss, or simply Ms El at The Pink Cloud Salon.

True to its name, the entire inside of the salon was painted, wallpapered and carpeted, in shades of pink and white. Mostly in bright pink. You almost needed sunglasses just to go in there. It was here in this perfumed seraglio where I was assigned broom and dust mop.

Additionally, I was given a bright pink nylon smock to wear. The smock cut just like an artist smock, had wide flaring sleeves. You know the kind where you can look up the sleeve and see the woman's bra. The body of the blouse was full cut and a big fluffy bow tied neatly under the chin. It was made in a light weight nylon and translu-

cent. It also had two great big pearl buttons located just below the bow. This let the hem float open and free when you moved.

The staff was not allowed to wear anything under the smock except bra and camisole with the camisole being optional.

This was going to take some getting use to.

Ms. El told me I would be responsible for keeping the floors swept and clean. I would also act as the stylist's goffer and general all round hand. In that job I was usually expected to help customers prepare for their beauty treatments or to wash the customer's hair. Once I had established my reliability to Ms. El's satisfaction, I would be given more important duties. In time, if I performed to her satisfaction, she would teach me the salon business.

"Oh yes! One other thing," she said before sending me on my way, "You are our guinea pig. If any of the girls want to try out a new style or something, you're it! Understand!"

Carrying the broom and dust mop around was no big deal. I was kept busy enough and wasn't overly abused by any of the staff. My biggest problems were getting use to the smells and not being distracted by my smock flying open all the time. Besides the strong sweet floral perfume, the shop was filled with the aroma of ammonia and other chemicals that simply clashed with one another.

By five o'clock, I had a raging headache and my sinuses were shot. I got some sympathy from one of the girls who told me I would get use to it, but mostly I was left alone.

Later in the week I found ten dollars on my night stand along with a note from my mother. "Keep up the good work. I know its hard, but you have to do it. Love Mom." Sitting beside the money was my report card. I grabbed it and stared bugged eyed at what it revealed.

*Applied Mathematics — A; Advanced Language Arts — A; Latin —B+; Chemistry — B+; Physics — A—; Microbiology — A—; and, Physical Education — B—. Kevin shows a remarkable ability to adapt, was written under comments.*

*It looked like Julie and Amy were good to their word. Mom was pleased as punch and wouldn't be causing me any problems. She would have made a special trip to see the principal, if that report card had been like I expected it to be.*

*Now if I could just find a way to get back to being Kevin. This girl stuff was ok, I guess, but not for the long run. I wanted to be me again, but not at the expense of being clobbered by Eugene and his pals.*

*Lately as I examined myself, I was getting worried that if I did not get back to being Kevin soon, I might not be able to go back. My body was changing. Don't ask me how or why, but it was. My chest, I thought that the cream would help, was my biggest concern. Well, the cream worked but not the way anticipated. My tits stopped itching and hurting, but now they were big. I don't mean like some men get big tits from being overweight, flabby like. I mean mine grew and were firm and round and still growing.*

*Amy and the gang had to steal all new bras for me and panties too. And as a member in good standing with The Ghetto Gals I joined in to help them `shop'.*

*I was now wearing a full A cup bra and size five panties. Initially I wore a AAA training bra fiber filled cup and size four panties and a loose size four at that. I do not know if it is the clothing and being around women so much that's doing it, but something sure and hell is doing something to my bod. I never connected those tiny black rods under my skin to my changing physical condition.*

*School and work progressed slowly, but surely. Time heals all wounds or so they say, but I'm not so certain about Eugene. That big lug still asks Amy if she's seen that "little dweeb" meaning me. You would have thought he would have found another punching bag to play with by now.*

*With each passing day, I find myself becoming more and more mired in my alter ego — Kimmie.*

*It is getting to where I have a difficult time bringing myself back when I finally get home. I sometimes cannot remember when I was anything but Kimmie. My body changes have gotten progressively worse since the doctor ordered some pills for me after my blood test came back.*

*Nurse Corozone called me out of second period, at least that was good news, and handed me a bottle of pills. She told me that my blood test indicated a deficiency in my hormone levels. It wasn't serious enough to cause concern yet, but the doctor wanted me to start on some therapy. The doctor did not want to wait until she could give me a complete exam.*

*The nurse told me to let her know immediately if I had any unusual discharge. She watched as I took the first purple colored pill and told me she would schedule me in for the doctor's visit in five weeks. Well so much for the good news, at least it was not cancer like I had feared.*

*Returning to class, I did not think anything of my hips swinging from side to side in a very provocative roll or the clip—clip sound my heels made in rhythm to my sway. I did not even notice the hem of my skirt whisking over my nylons and touching gently at my knees or even the slight giggle of my breasts snuggle secured in their nylon nests.*

*I was only vaguely aware of the bra digging slightly into my sides. I held my head up high, proudly as any other good looking gal would. I was a head turner and I was beginning to enjoy it. The bottle of pills felt strangely heavy inside my purse as it swung at my side.*

*Two weeks later, Ms El called me over to Stella's station and told me to take the chair. As I sat in the dentist type recliner chair, Stella moved a large magnifying lighted see through mirror over my face.*

*"Stella just got some new stuff in and she wants to try it out on you. Normally, this treatment would cost you over \$500, but because you're her first using this new stuff there won't be any charge." She stopped talking long enough to look at me to make sure that I fully understood what she had just said.*

*“I hope that you fully appreciate what she is doing for you,” she said anyway. “All the other girls in your classes are just going to die when they see what's been done. Is that alright with you? If not, you'd better speak up now.”*

*Again she paused to make sure I understood that if I had said no it would be adios and a bad report to the school.*

*“Good!” she finished, “I like a woman that's not afraid to try something different. Go ahead Stella work your magic.”*

*I spent the rest of the day in Stella's chair. Four full hours with only a couple of fifteen minute pee breaks. By the time the pee breaks came, it was too late for me to do anything.*

*Stella did most of the work, but some of the other girls had a shot at me as well.*

*Once Stella began working and I realized what she was doing, I tried to bolt out of the chair. It didn't do me any good as Stella reacting quickly grabbed the pink plastic drape covering my chest and pulled me back into the chair. With the help of Audry, I was tied firmly to the chair with wide canvas restraining straps.*

*I can still hear the needle buzzing angrily in my ears as it did its job.*

*Stella and Audry had over the course of four hours permanently stained my flesh. Eye liner in black, delicately etched in above and below at the base of the lash line. Then came rich full false eyelashes permanently glued above and below the eyes to the liner. Eyebrows also in black. Lips made plumper, more in a fuller sort of pucker and permanently red. Not a bright red, but a totally unnatural red for a man to have at any rate.*

*Audry with an impish grin even tattooed a beauty mark on my right upper cheek. Whatever thoughts I had of ever regaining my manhood were getting dimmer and dimmer.*

*As the last restraining strap was loosened, Audry asked Stella if she thought it might be a good idea to use her needle on a woman's nipples to make them look more luscious.*

*“You know,” she said, “pinker and fuller.”*

*I jumped out of the chair and headed for my locker to get my purse and sweater. I was not going to wait around for them to tattoo my titties too.*

*I began dreading going home now. I had always been bothered by the possibility of Mom discovering my dressing. With the addition of permanent make—up and my still blossoming chest, I was almost frantic. I did not want to think of what would happen should she discover my secret.*

*Looking around my room, I couldn't help but notice the many changes. My dresser was filled with feminine panties, bras, hose, slips, camisoles, and other girlish frills. Very few of my under things were in basic unadorned white. As a matter of fact they tended to be more on the bright side, reds, yellows, blues, greens, and black. Actually, the colors were properly called claret, terra cotta, hunter green, mallard blue, copper, magenta, and champagne. I no longer knew what just plain blue was any more, instead it was mallard, wedgewood, slate, or periwinkle.*

*Also my use of descriptive adjectives took a four fold leap. Things were now described as precious, darling, lovely, sweet, cute, or pretty. There were a lot of shrieks, oohs, and aaahhhaas thrown in for good measure. Talk about a change in life styles. It doesn't just happen in physical change only, but your mind set as well. It was happening to me now.*

*I was beginning to think differently than I did as Kevin.*

*Getting back to my room, besides the drawers full of femininity, there were silk flowers in a vase on my bed stand. A gift from Amy. The small satin and lace doll from Dorothy sitting on my bed between the pillows, but nevertheless something no real boy would ever put up with.*

*Then there was the nail polish and tube of lipstick on my dresser top. The skirts, dresses, and blouses in my closet which could be easily opened to anyone's view. As I turned to go back out into the apartment, I noticed a pair of garter clasps sitting on top of the clock radio.*

*Yeah, something every boy needs.*

*Almost frantically I removed these items of taunting femininity, that the girls had left to embarrass me, by hiding them in my closet or in one of the few drawers left for Kevin. God, help me if mother ever found these things when she cleaned my room. I just hoped that she wouldn't catch me dressed, or see this world of femininity that the girls had left for me...*

*I was feeling pretty low as I went into the kitchen to prepare dinner. I was going to have to do something before too much more time went by. My lips and eyes were feeling hot and feverish as Stella warned me they might. So I popped two aspirin and placed a cool dampened cloth to my head as I sat and waited for the food to warm.*

*I was deep in my own thoughts, so I did not hear Dorothy walk in. There I was sitting with my head back, feet propped up in the opposite chair, skirt falling above my hips revealing my bright teal panties and hunter green lacy frothed*



*slip and sandal toed stockings. While my eyes were covered, my brightly painted or rather dyed lips and shiny earrings were plainly visible.*

*“Teacher, teacher I declare, I see Kimmie's underwear,” she laughed. “You sure know how to sit like a lady. Man, it's a good thing that I wasn't one of Eugene's thugs or you'd be mince meat, or should I say be getting the meat! Hahahaha.”*

*She scared me silly when she entered my apartment like that.*

*I was so startled that I had jumped out of the chair sending it reeling back onto the floor. I screamed or at least I remember shrieking as I threw out my arms with my hands flapping in the air. I was hopping around the kitchen table trying to put distance between me and the voice.*

*My heart was racing a mile a minute, but I managed to ball my hands into fists and yell back at Dorothy,*

*“You BITCH! You nearly made me pee in my panties! I thought you were my Mom, and she had come home early! How'd you get in here anyway? I'm so mad I could, could...”*

*“You could just what Miss Priss? I'll tell you what you're going to do and you're going to do it! Now you get off your high horse and remember your place. I just came by to give you something; and besides every kid around here learns to pick locks by the time they are five.”*

*“By the way, I like the new look. What kind of make—up is that anyway? It doesn't look quite...whoa there girl...Here let me get a good look at ya... That shit is permanent ain't it? I heard about that stuff, but you're the first one I seen all done up n' everything.”*

*Realizing that there wasn't a darn thing that I could do about Dorothy, I relaxed my fists and tried to act normal.*

*Yeah, they did it to me at the shop today. Miss El wanted to give Stella some practice and used me for the guinea pig. I couldn't stop 'em.” I started to sniffle and my eyes began filling with tears.*

*“Oh for crying out loud, Kimmie. I know a hundred gals who'd just die to get their eyes done. Shit girl! You not only got your eyes done, but everything else as well and for FREE! Now that's happening girl. Come 'ear an lemme see ya up close like.”*

*I moved over to her and let her examine my face. At last she seemed satisfied and moved over to the fridge. Without asking she opened it and took out a soda.*

*“Well aren't you even the least bit curious about what I brung ya?” she finally asked.*

*“Oh, yeah, sure,” I managed.*

*“Oh alright, you're going to force it out of me anyway. So here,” she said handing me a brown paper bag. “Would have gift wrapped it if'n I'd a bought it.”*

*“Well it's the thought that counts,” I tried not to sound too sarcastic as I took the bag and slowly opened it. Damn, it was more lingerie. Inside, I found a scalloped lace edged demi—cup corselette with front closure and back lacings in a simmering salmon color. The underwire bra was lavishly covered in multi—colored embroidery that ex-*

tended down the center panel of the satin corselette. The bodice was bone supported and shimmering satin and lace insets covered the nylon spandex. Four lace trimmed garters and one inch knife edge pleated tricot skirting around the hem completed the garment.

I was holding it in my left hand letting it dangle in front of me.

"There's more," I heard Dorothy insist, "go ahead, check the bag."

I did as she asked and pulled out the strangest piece of cloth. It had hook fasteners on each wide end, narrowed in the middle, and about a foot long. One side was covered in white cotton and the other in the same salmon spandex material as the corselette. As I said, it was wide on both ends but narrowed in the middle before flaring out once again.

My questioned look must have been seen by Dorothy as I heard her say it was another piece of the corselette. She called it a gusset.

It did not take her long to get me into the bathroom where she had me strip down to my panties. With the laces loosely done and the hooks fastened in front, she made sure that it was positioned correctly. Slowly she began pulling the lacing tight. My breathing became difficult and I felt myself being squeezed in two.

When I complained that she was making it too tight, she just forced me to stretch out with my hands to the top of the wall. Placing her knee into my back, she pulled all the harder on the lacings. At last, she was finished. I was almost in a faint and thought I was going to pass out any moment.

While I stood in a daze, she moved in front of me and bent down on one knee. I felt her doing something between my legs, and then, I felt the pain. The bitch had hooked the gusset and pulled it between my legs and fastened it without any concern for my balls. As the elastic pulled tight, I felt my balls flattened up into my body. As they were squashed, I felt the bile rising in my throat. I barely made it to the toilet as I emptied my stomach. Then I just sank to the floor by the commode.

"Ooooh baby!" she crooned, "You gave me a scare there for a minute, but you're ok now. You'll see, soon you'll be use to it and it won't bother you all that much. It will be more than worth it when you see your figure. Now you can start wearing all those nice petite sizes. Come here darling! See what Mamma got just for you."

Dorothy handed me a divinely soft angora jewel neck, short sleeved sweater. Saying as she passed it to me,

"You are gonna just die when you pull this over you bod girl!"

It was heather gray in color and had a gently ribbed texture. A slim no—waist, fully lined mini—skirt that zippered up the back in black leather came next. The lining of the skirt was a very brilliant red gold satin.

"Come on girl! Hurry up and put them on! I just can't wait to see how they look on you!"

I couldn't move fast as the corselette dug into my diaphragm. I easily became winded and had to stand still while I gasped for air. The least bit of exertion on my part resulted in spots floating before my eyes. This was going to take some getting use to.

*“You have got to loosen this thing,” I begged, “it's killing me!”*

*“Oh quit your belly aching, Kimmie. Trust me, you're going to need it to look right in that outfit. Besides, it will come in real handy later when I take you out to meet with some of the gang.”*

*“What do you mean when we meet some of the gang?” I wanted to know. “I thought that I knew everyone and I only had to get with you during the day. I did not bargain for all this. I really don't want to go anywhere. Besides I have housework to do.”*

*“Forget it chump! All work and no play like they say, hey, hey! No! You and I are goin' ta get down an rock 'n roll. We are goin' ta par—tee har—dee n' you are goin' ta have one bitchen' time. Besides you need to learn how to fend for yourself out there in the hard cruel world. I promised Amy that I'd be responsible for your training and I intend to do just that. Being 100 percent girl is more 'n dressin' and a paintin' ya face. You have to learn other social graces and I don't mean tea parties, hahahaha.”*

*I pulled the sweater over my head. It was light and feathery soft. As it settled around me, it took all my concentration to keep from hugging myself.*

*Dorothy was right about me lovin' it.*

*I stood and shimmied the tight fitting skirt up my hose covered legs. At first, it felt cool and a static thrill tingled up my spine. As the skirt was buttoned and pulled tight around my waist, I could feel the heat beginning to build in my crotch. The skirt fit skin tight over my buns and the least little bulge in the front would have been clearly seen. The need for the gusset was now very apparent.*

*With the sweater tucked tightly into my skirt, my breasts stood out proudly upon my chest. Even the shape of my nipples could be detected through the material.*

*Dorothy came up behind me and stuck her arms around my waist. Her hands edged up to cup my breasts, and I heard her whisper into my ear, “Baby, you are going to drive the guys nuts with these pretty titties of yours.”*

*I pulled away and out of her grip.*

*“Stop that!” I told her. “I'm not planning on ever getting that close to any guys! What do I look like anyway? I'm not that kind of guy, damnit!”*

*“Ouch!” I said as her palm struck my leather clad derriere.*

*“Real cute butt there too,” Dorothy commented smiling broadly. “Wanna bet how much the guys would be will'n ta pay for a piece of dat?”*

*“Come on Dorothy that ain't one bit funny,” I said. “Quit kiddin' around like that. Its not funny!” I couldn't raise my voice as the corselette was to constricting. I was going to have to learn to level my tone and volume if I were going to sustain any lengthy conversation. I moved away from her, trying to get some space.*

*“Ok, ok Kimmie, don't take it personal,” she tried to apologize. “But you are going to get hit on and you'd better know how to handle it before it happens. Now are you going to help yourself, or am I goin' ta hafta bust your chops ta get you to listen.”*

*She had a point I guess. I had already been hit on a little. The lewd comments about how I filled out my clothing or the way I wiggled down the hall. I had heard and*

*tried to dismiss them as being aimed at others, but down deep I knew better. The fact that the comments were aimed at me, a boy, only made them hurt the more.*

*I let Dorothy move over next to me. Her hand came up and her fingers gently bushed at my cheek.*

*“You're actin' more like a girl than most, you know! Here! Why don't ya let me brush out your hair and then we can go out for awhile.”*

*She brushed out my now long hair into a pony tail and fastened it with a bright neon pink, green, red, and yellow silk scarf. When I looked into the mirror, I could see a very pretty young girl with a puff ball of bright colors fluffed up at the back of her head. My lips were bright carmine though they lacked the sheen of lip gloss and my eyes were dark and wide looking.*

*Boy! Did I ever fill out that sweater!*

*I picked up my purse after checking to make sure my wallet, keys, and other things were in there. I slung the strap over my shoulder, and looking a little doubtful followed Dorothy out the door. We did not have far to go as it was decided that Amy should go with us. Soon three girls were walking down the sidewalk headed for Sue's place. Once there we picked up a few more of the gang and headed to the Crow's Claw. The local hangout and run down disco.*

*A big bouncer at the door barely looked at our false I.D. cards, and stamped the back of our hands with a purple dye stamp that would identify us in the disco light if we decided to go outside to do something, and then returned... What?*

*Inside was dark, loud, and filled with people. The strobe lights were winking and flashing to the rock beat and the air filled with a steady loud buzz of mixed music and conversations. You could barely see five feet ahead of yourself and the smoke was thick enough to cut with a knife. Dorothy did not paused for a second as she headed in the direction of the dance floor.*

*Like a bunch of chickens we all followed behind her one after the other, not knowing for sure exactly where she was going. Grabbing my hand before I could react, she pulled me out on the floor and began dancing with me. She had pulled me right under the high intensity beam that spot lighted the floor. I just stood there frozen in place until someone nudged me from behind.*

*I started to gyrate my hips like they had shown me and moved stiffly to the beat. I spread my feet out as far as they would go within the confines of the leather skirt. Keeping my high heels firmly planted on the dance floor, I began swaying my hips, bending slightly at the knees, and thrusting with my chest and pelvis to the disco tune. I wanted to turn and get off the floor, but I knew better than to even try. So despite my misgivings, I let the music dictate my movements and concentrated on not making a complete fool of myself.*

*I felt stiff and was afraid to move my feet too much because of the high heels I was wearing. I was still acclimating myself to wearing heels, and was not confident enough to try anything fancy on the dance floor. Three and a quarter inch spiked heels made me feel like I was standing on a ladder.*

*I managed to move out of the spot light and gained the relative security of the shadows when the strobes came on. I could see very little of my surroundings because of the lights, and thought Dorothy had grabbed my hand and pulled me deeper into the darkness. The next thing I knew, I was pulled into a strong embrace and felt a pair of lips press themselves tightly to mine. I was too startled to react even when a tongue probed into my mouth. I tried to break contact, but a hand pressed the back of my neck into the kiss.*

*I tried to move back once again and this time a strong arm tightened its grip around my waist. My pelvis was wedged into solid contact with an upper leg. As my crotch was firmly ground into the leg, I could feel a man's penis pressing against my inner thigh.*

*This was not Dorothy!*

*Finally the kiss was broken and I gasped as my head bounced back and away from him. I was still held in a tight embrace and could only bend so far back. Looking down into my face was Eugene. Ugh!*

*“Hey there baby! I've been wantin' to do that for some long time now. Get's you kinda hot now doan it. But you been askin' fer it anyhow, ain't ya? I seen howes you've looked at me. Don't you worry none, there's a lot of me to go around.”*

*His voice was heavy and it scared me.*

*I tried to break away but he was too strong. The more I tried to struggle, the tighter he pulled me into him. I could feel his penis pressing hard against my leg and he was moving his leg up and down on my crotch as we stood still on the dance floor. I could feel my skirt riding up on my thigh and his hand as it lowered itself down to cup my butt. Just two shadows in a crowd of people.*

*His eyes were locked on to mine and he licked his lips like a tiger getting ready to dine.*

*I was getting frantic when he leaned forward once again and pressed his lips against my throat. I felt him sucking on my flesh and I cringed. “Oh, Please, somebody get me outta this,” I prayed.*

*His nibbling on my neck moved up to my ear. After licking on it for a moment or two, he moved to my cheek; then, finally back to my lips. He drew my tongue into his mouth and began sucking on it. Playing inside my mouth with his tongue and swapping spit. I was helpless and powerless to do anything, anything at all. I wanted to die. This was worse than being beaten up by the SOB.*

*At last our lips parted once again. A big shit eating grin filled his face and raising his right fist, stuck out his index finger, cocked his thumb back pretending like it was a gun and fired it at me. Saying that he'd see me later turned and moved off into the shadows. He left me with my mouth hanging open and my stomach churning. I would have run to the ladies room, but the corselette wouldn't allow that.*

*In the ladies room, I managed to pull myself together. Wiping a dampened towel across my face, I noticed a big reddish splotch on my neck were Eugene had sucked and nibbled.*

*"A goddamn hickey! That mutherfucker gave me a hickie!"* my mind screamed. If I could have gotten to him then I would have scratched his eyes out.

"Damn! How in hell am I going to hide this thing?" I mumbled as I scrambled in my purse looking for my compact and liquid foundation. This was going to make my life miserable and the questions. I did not want to think of all the questions I was going to get over this.

I had just plastered my neck with a generous dose of foundation and was patting powder over it to make it blend with the rest of my neck when Dorothy found me.

"Hey girl," she greeted, "I've been lookin' everywhere for ya. Where ya been? Not in here all this time I hope. Come on, things are getting hot out there and I don't want ya to miss anything. Here, let me pee real quick then let's get back out there."

Amy was going to make her promise not to leave me alone out there ever again, but knew that it would be hopeless to even try. It did not take her long; and long before I wanted, we were back out on the dance floor.

I tried to stay in the spot light this time so I could tell who was getting close to me, but it did not stop the guys from pestering me to dance with them.

Dorothy wouldn't let me say no in any case.

I danced or should I say learned to dance all over again. Dancing as a woman meant that I had to learn to dance backwards. Every step that I had done prior to this night was as a guy and my dates wouldn't let me do it that way anymore. So with some sore toes and aching feet, I danced the night away. Fortunately most of the dances were fast.

The slow dances were my most serious problem as the guys all treated my like I was a whoopee cushion or a roll of Charmin cause they all squeezed me. They squeezed my butt, my hips, my waist, and when they had the chance my titties. Between the roaming hands and knees pressed tightly into my pelvis, I was going to be bruised and battered by the time I got home. More than one of them stole kisses from me. They did not care if I were willing or not, they just did it. My lips were already sore from Stella's needle work, but they were becoming very painful as the night wore on.

At last it was good night ladies and the club closed down for what was left of the night. Most of the girls were pretty well pickled from drinking tequila solos or shooting shots of potent liquors. Some had already left with boy friends, but Dorothy and Amy were still with me. I wasn't doing too bad either by then as I started hitting the shooters near the end of the night. One good thing about being a girl, the guys bought all the drinks you could handle and then some.

I guess luck was on our side as no one tried to molest us on the walk back home. We staggered some but we eventually got back to Amy's place in one piece. The ache in my sides from the corselette was just a dull throb and while I couldn't take deep breaths, I could breath a lot easier than before.

I begged Dorothy to take it off, but she refused. Then Amy asked what I was talking about and when told demanded to see it for herself.

So, I had to strip down to the corselette and parade around the coffee table for them. Amy thought that it was the best thing for me since they invented grits. I did not get her meaning and thought that it sounded ridiculous, but they all got a big laugh out of it. Yeah, another joke at my expense. The thing was biting me in two.

“I think it does wonders for your appearance,” Amy said. “Don't you think it could be a little tighter around the middle Dorothy?”

“Tighter around the middle!” I cried out in disbelief, “Dammit Amy, why don't you try wearing this thing for a few minutes and see how you like it!”

“Oh don't be such a bitch, Kimmie,” Dorothy broke in. “Amy doesn't need to be a petite, You Do! You were just too thick around the middle for your height. You will have to admit yourself that the guys fell all over their tongues trying to get to dance with you tonight.”

Amy came over and put her arm around my waist and gave me a little squeeze. I felt her finger touch my neck as she said, “From the looks of you, I'd say that you enjoyed yourself right along with them. Hahahaha.”

I brushed her hand away from my neck, and moved out of her embrace.

“Amy, I did not have any say in that! Eugene just did it! I hate it! Hate it! Hate it!” I blurted as I began to cry. My stomach was beginning to churn and turn sour on me. I guess all the excitement plus the drinks were beginning to get to me.

“Oh for heaven's sake cut the water works, Kimmie,” Dorothy ordered. “Come here and let me have a look. I don't think it's that bad really.”

She pulled me into her arms and hugged me close. “A little fresh foundation cream and you won't be able to see it,” she said softly into my ear.

I felt her breasts pressing into mine and her perfume filled my nose making it tickle in a nice sort of way. While I rested my head on her shoulder, feeling comforted in her arms, Amy joined us. Her arms slid between Dorothy and myself and I could now feel her breasts pressing against my back. I was being made into a love sandwich as they called it.

Somehow we found ourselves all sitting in Amy's bed. Amy and Dorothy both had taken off their clothing except for panties and bras while I was still in my corselette and hose. It was beginning to look like I was going to be stuck wearing it for the rest of the night or maybe longer.

We were just sitting and talking, mostly about my experience at the salon and the paint job Stella did on me. It did not seem to bother them in the least that I was now permanently dyed and marked for life. What concerned them the most was how much it had hurt and whether or not you could change the colors to match different outfits.

They wanted to see what would happen right then and there, but I wouldn't have anything to do with that. My lips were sore and bruised enough and I was having a tough time holding my eyelids open. I convinced them that it would be better to try a different look later after I had a chance to heal some more.

At least they were agreeable to that suggestion and the conversation degenerated into playful pushing and shoving.

Then Amy started using a pillow and one thing led to another. Well you get the picture. Three young girls on a bed dressed only in their undies horsing around and the next thing I know we are all in a big pile, all on top of me.

I'm sure my face was turning quite blue when I was finally able to pry myself loose from under them. I was panting for breath as I broke free from between Dorothy's legs. I remember thinking, "*thank heaven's she didn't fart*", as my face passed in front of her crotch. At that thought, I broke out in a fit of giggles that left me breathless.

It did not occur to me until later, much later, that during the entire tussle and being buried alive under all that gorgeous feminine flesh I did not even get a hard on. Worse yet, did not even think about it! How do you think any normal male would have or should have reacted to being that up close and personal to two fine looking babes.

Anyway to make a long story short, we broke up soon after the pillow fight. We were all tired and Amy's Mom was due home at any minute. None of us really wanted to be caught hanging when her Mom did get home. So with Amy's promise to come over in the morning and release me from the corselette, I was shoved out the door with a playful pat on my round rump. Dorothy had already gone, so I walked down the corridor alone.

As I turned the corner of the hall, Eugene stepped out in front of me.

"Hey there Babe," he greeted, "I've been, hic, a waitin' fer ya. What ya'll doing in Amy's fer so long, anyway?"

I froze. Petrified with fear, I couldn't move for several minutes.

He leaned into me and placed his outstretched arm across my path with his palm resting on the wall. A low rumbling burp escaped from between his lips. Wiping the back of his other hand across his lips, he stared glassy eyed at me for awhile. He then pushed his head forward with his lips getting dangerously close to mine.

I could smell the alcohol on his breath, see the stubble of his beard, and hear my heart thumping loudly in my chest.

"Eu...Eugene?" I gasped making it sound like a question.

"That's right baby, it's me. The answer to all ya dreams and tonight I'm a goin' to make them come true, hic! What'd ya say ta that, hic? Feel lucky cause it's going ta be ya lucky night tonight! By the time we get finished you ain't never goin' ta want another dude ess..cept me, hic. Now dat's a fact!"

I don't know how he managed to keep standing judging by his hiccuping and foul breath. By all rights, he should be down and out, sleeping it off somewhere. Unfortunately, it looked like he wanted to do it at my place.

He pulled his arm off the wall and encircled my waist with it, pulling me in close to his body. I could feel his penis as it pressed against my inner thigh and the hardness of his chest.

I was beginning to panic as his lips found mine and began sucking on my lower lip. It hurt and I tried to pull away, but his grip on my waist was too secure.

“Umph, Ugh,” I mumbled. “Umph, Eugene let me the fuck alone!” I managed at last to yell out.

Without thinking of the consequences or anything else other than getting away, I brought up my knee, Hard! If his leg hadn't pushed my skirt up, I never would have been able to do it, but I did and did it good!

Eugene went down in a spiral of vomit and agony. I was moving towards my apartment door even before he started to topple, but got some of his vomit on my clothing. It was worth it to get free of that scumbag. I slammed my door shut and threw the bolt.

“Safe!” my mind screamed in elation. I cleaned up as best I could considering I was stuck wearing the corselette. I took time to gulp down a couple of aspirin and then pulled on my bright yellow shortie nightgown and matching lace ruffled bloomers.

Did I say my? I was at the point where the clothing was now mine and not one of the girls. I was exhausted and a nervous wreck once I finally laid down and pulled the covers over me. I did not even try to pull the hem of my nightie back down over my butt, like I usually did. I slept fitfully.

My dreams filled with pictures of lips! Men's lips, Eugene's lips all puckering and sucking at me. Coming at me from all directions lips! lips! lips! I awoke several times with chills running up and down my spine and a cold sweat on my forehead. My slumber was uneasy at best. When I wasn't dreaming about lips, I was dreaming of Eugene!

Eugene lying dead in the hall because of me, Eugene forcing me, using me until he discovered my true sex. I woke then and could not go back to sleep. It was five—thirty a.m.

*Oh man did I look a mess.* My hair was frizzed, there were ten ton bags under my eyes and I was bloated like a blowfish. I was going to have to get Amy to lance my eyes when she came over just to reduce the swelling. Ohhhh, and the hickey on my neck, it throbbed. How totally ugly. It was black and blue with dull dark red and yellow over tones. When I touched it lightly with my finger tips, it hurt.

Ohhhh, this damn corselette is killing me. It's squeezing me so tight that I look like a barbell.

I just did make it to the toilet. I did not do as well with the gusset strap as it fell in the bowl in my hurry to free myself. I must have peed for a week, but it felt so good.

## **CHAPTER SIX: THE MAKING OF A BIMBO**

It's hard to believe, but it has been another six weeks. I received my report card with all A's and B's in all the right courses.

Mother left me another ten dollar bill and a congratulatory note on my dresser.

I still did not think that she knew of my feminine ways as of yet, despite the many things that I had to hide. In fact there was very little of Kevin's things left in my room.

Besides I had to spend hours trying to kill the smells of perfumes and the other scents that spelled WOMAN... Whatever; if she had seen, or smelled, anything Mother hadn't said a word to me.

In all that time between report cards, I had seen my Mother briefly twice maybe three times. Once in the morning when I stuck my head out from behind the bathroom door. Stupid me! I had forgotten to remove my shower cap, at least my face was covered in soap. Also lucky in that it was a simple transparent plastic and not the flower covered blue nylon and plastic one I now wear. (The pretty one was a gift from Sue. How could I refuse?)

The second time was much more difficult for me. I was in my room when I heard the front door open. She had come home early and it threw me into a fright. She never came home early. So I was scared that something was wrong with her; and second, I was scared that she'd discover my secret. I had very obvious problems that I had to fix quickly. I had to cover my increasingly feminine body shape and hide my facial dye job before she could enter my room.

The first thing I did was grab an extra extra large tee shirt and pulled it over my head. As it settled about my upper body, I reached up with my hand and undid the blue satin ribbon holding my long pony tail. I jumped into my jeans cut—offs while sticking my painted toe nails into a pair of sneakers. Just as my door opened, I reached out to my dresser top and grabbed the ceramic Madri Gras mask and held it to my face. You know the ceramic face of a woman with ribbons dangling through holes in the sides. It had been a gift from Amy. Just as I got my hand up and the mask in place, Mom walked in.

“Hey, Baby! What cha doin' honey? Why you got dat dare mask on your face for?”

“Oh, hi Mom. I'm practicing for the school play. It's, er, em, one of those Japanese plays. Yeah, one of those oriental things—a—mag—jig deals where they wear masks, yeah.” I had to get her mind off questioning me and quick. So I tried to change her questions to answers.

“What are you doing home? Nothing wrong is there? Are you alright? Mom?” I asked uncertainly as I tried to modulate my voice down to a more masculine sound from the feminine tones I had learned to use after weeks of being taught by the girls. My poor heart was going faster than a typewriter keyboards in typing class.

“Oh no honey, taint nuthin' wrong. The hospital named me Em-  
ployee—of—the—Month and would you believe they gave me a half day off with pay. So I thought that I'd get on home and catch some rest. Baby I sure do need it.”

She was right about that. She did look tired and I guess that was a lucky break for me cause otherwise she'd keep at me until she had discovered my secret. I was careful to keep the mask up as we chatted some more while I walked her to her room. She turned and for a second I thought that she was going to reach out and pull my mask down, but she didn't.

“Honey, I ain't leavin' you home alone too much am I. It won't be for too much longer an...Well I....Baby, I've got ta lay myself down afore I drop....Uh, Baby, you'd tell

your Momma if anything was a botherin' ya wouldn't ya? A course ya would, wouldn't cha?"

Seeing me shake my head in agreement with her, she let her head droop to her chest and turning left me standing in the hall. It wasn't until later that I discovered that she had the flu. She took care mostly of herself, but I pitched in occasionally. I got her meals for her and cleaned up or made sure that she had plenty of liquids close by. I had to bind my chest and did not turn on the lights when I entered her room. I also draped a surgical mask over my face to protect me from her germs.

Yeah sure, but the subterfuge worked.

The last time I saw her or I think I saw her was when she walked into my room late one night and kissed me on my forehead. It probably was only a dream, cause I am sure that she would have said something about the bright neon orange layered, full-skirted babydoll I had on that night. So it must have been a dream.

There was another thing that happened to me over the past six weeks. My bod! Dorothy's stringent enforcement of me wearing the corselette had made a definite impression on my flesh. That in combination with a diet she forced on me, left me with a very shapely hourglass figure and a perfect petite in size.

My breasts had even grown a full cup plus in size. I guess that was due to the corselette as well. Yeah! Right! Call me stupid, but I did not know at the time that between the pills and the birth control rods inserted under my skin that I was getting more than an ample amount of female hormones constantly flowing inside of me. While the physical changes kept occurring over time, so did my mental ones. There is a direct link between the hormones in your body and your thought processes.

As my female hormones increased, my mental thought processes accelerated into a different much more emotional plane. The fact that the gang did not let me do anything or learn anything that was not directly related to feminine things did not help. Add to that my work at the salon.

Then there was also Eugene. Eugene, not as in the 'bust my ass and beat me to a pulp' Eugene, but the Macho male 'lover' Eugene that used every opportunity to get into my panties.

Ever since I busted him in the groin so many weeks ago, he has been coming on to me like gravy on rice. Like, he really digs me.

Fortunately, he has, so far, stopped when I yell "NO!"

He still gets his kisses and love pats in, but I try to keep that at a minimum. I don't know just how much longer I'm going to be able to keep him at bay, but we shall see.

He has told me and everyone within hearing distance that he thinks I'm the sexiest gal in the entire school. I may now be all curves with plenty of T and A, but the best looker in the entire school, no way.

Eugene did have a point though, I have gotten Dyn—O—Mite looking. In all modesty, I think that if it weren't for Eugene's macho image, a lot of guys would be chasin' after my ass. After all, it was well formed and rounded. My tits were full and the size of oranges. Also because my testicles were crammed up inside my body all the time, I

had no unsightly bulges whatsoever. That also kept my testosterone levels abnormally low as well.

Other changes had taken place as well during the past few weeks.

Ms. El was not satisfied with just permanently dying my face. She decided one day after examining me from head to toe with her eyes that I had entirely too much body hair.

To solve my problem, and as it happened very conveniently for her as well, a new group of students had just entered her depilatory class. I was started off with a complete body wax. Unless you have had hot wax poured on your bare skin and then stripped away, yanking out body hairs by their roots, you do not know what misery is. I am now an expert.

When the class worked on me, I was allowed to wear a bikini top and bottom. I was a little concerned when Ms. El helped me out of the corselette, but I had no need to worry. She left me by myself to finish changing after unlacing me. It would not have mattered though. For some time now, when I finally got that torture device off, my testicles stayed up inside my groin. They only fell back out after I had lounged in the tub for awhile, otherwise.....well you never would have known that they were there.

With the thong bikini bottom that I had been given to wear pulled tightly between my cheeks, I just managed to hide what was left of my manhood. This was accomplished by pushing in on my penis forcing it back in upon itself. Then with my penis stuffed inside of me, I placed a strip of adhesive tape over it to hold it down. A trick Dorothy showed me which caused me no end of embarrassment when she first did it. All in all my front covered in the purple and white polka dotted lycra material did not show anything abnormal for a young girl.

I laid back on the table and the girls, one section at a time, covered then removed the wax treatment. I gritted my teeth, but a yelp escaped my lips often. Within three days I was hairless from my neck down to my toes. Even my crotch was bare of any hairs to the bikini line.

Finished with the wax treatments, I thought that that was gonna be it, but I was mistaken.

Ms. El then brought out "The Machine." I was placed in a styling chair and lowered back until I was almost reclining.

"Ah," I thought, "*this may be relaxing.*"

Until one of the girls looking through a large lighted magnifying lens began using "The Machine."

"The Machine" was an electrolysis machine. It used electric current to literally burn or cauterize the hair follicle into non—existence, thereby destroying the hair forever. Unlike the hot wax which also burned, this was a much slower constant pricking of the skin. You have to remember, to get to the hair root, "The Machine" relied on sharp pointed electrodes to penetrate down to the root; then, zapped it with an electric spark. Many thousands of ouches later and many weeks as well, I no longer had to worry about that little mustache that women can get, or any other body, or facial hair what-

soever. (They even got most of the hairs up my crack, that weren't covered by my thong bikini, and I had a neat bikini line triangle shaped pussy that and girl would be proud of.) I had been a great pin cushion for their practice, with several "Machines" buzzing away like a dozen little bees, and now I was as smooth as a baby's bottom, so to speak....

Just this past week, Ms. El wanted to reward me for my hard work, like sweeping the floor required a mental giant, duh! So what does she do, but decide it is time for me to not only get a perm but a new color as well.

Now I might be able to hide my face from my mother, but there was no way to hide the color of my hair; especially, when the new color is platinum blond. It did not start out that way because I never would have sat still for my hair being bleached out like that if I had known before hand what was in the works. Now, the only way they were able to get me to sit in the chair was to assure me that they were not going to drastically change my hair color.

"Oh, no dear!" Stella had said, "We're just going to highlight it. You know just tint the ends after we trim off the splits. It will create a wondrous frame for your facial features. Trust me dear!"

"*Trust you my ass!*" I had thought at the time and I should have listened to my instincts. You know what happened. My hair had grown down to just below my collar, but Stella worked fast and furiously. She left it very full on the sides and top, but raised it in back. By the time she had finished cutting, my hair barely reached to mid—neck.

I stayed in the styling chair while under Stella's observation a student took her place and washed, rinsed, and then proceeded to remove the color of my hair with a new bleach that would seal the hair root and shaft once the color was removed to protect the hair so that it could be permed. This saved two trips to the salon about three weeks apart. Now my hair was almost straw white!

The whole process was a big pain and not worth the trouble as far as I was concerned and the smell was awful. But, I couldn't see what she was doing since there was no mirror in the hair washing booth. I had a hard time believing that women really looked forward to this stuff.

"No, No, No!" I heard Stella admonish the student. "Jennifer come here and show Gretchen what she did wrong."

"Wrong? Wrong?" I asked. "What do you mean she did something wrong. What happened? I want to know!" About the only thing worse for a person to hear would be the surgeon saying, "Oops!"

"Oh don't get you bowels in an uproar," Stella hushed me. "Gretchen just did not use enough highlighter on one side compared to the other. I'm going to get Jennifer to correct it by bleaching it out some more. That's all."

Well that wasn't all, Jennifer made her "correction" by adding a deep penetrating dye, a platinum blonde, called Blonde Bombshell!

Stella wasn't finished there, she decided that I needed a permanent wave as well.

I started to protest, but I had been given “body” perms before and most of them actually came loose after a few days, leaving only a little fullness. So I did not press the issue.

At the time I did not realize that Stella had decided on a styled perm using tight little curls. Another student rolled my hair in tight little bundles on colored plastic rollers covered with tiny sharp points. It took her almost an hour and a half to finish, but at last I had a head covered in rollers that dug and pinched my scalp.

Jennifer replaced the other student and began sponging the most godawful smelling gunk onto the rollers. It was so strong it almost made me gag and my eyes did water. Oh, I had smelled wave solution before, but never this strong.

I had to sit there while the stuff just reeked all around me.

At least the students and Stella could move away somewhat. I was stuck there. Finally, a student came over and applied another solution to my head and the smell began to abate. She led me to under the hair dryer bonnet and back into the styling chair an hour later.

“Plunk, plunk” the rollers fell into the metal basin as Jennifer removed them from my hair. A brush and blow dryer was used to fluff out my hair and the protective pink plastic cape was pulled off.

I arose on unsteady feet from sitting too long and turned to look into the mirror.

“AAAAAHHHHHHH!” I screeched as I saw my reflection.

**I looked just like all the blonde bimbos ever pictured.**

With the heavy dyed—on make—up and bright platinum hair done up on my head in a mass of tight Lil Orphan Annie curls, I was the picture of a Bimbo.

I pitched a hissey fit for the next ten minutes before Ms. El got me calmed down. She was full of apologies and commented while my hair was blonder than I may have wanted, it actually was very flattering on me.

“Oh, yes,” Stella and the students all chorused in.

“You really look lovely. Why you were made to wear your hair like this and the color, oooh, it came out sublime! It isn't easy to get hair to take on a true platinum color, usually it picks up yellow or even green highlights. You really should compliment the girls. You really should, you know.”

Well so much for my physical changes.

By the end of that second six weeks I had been completely transformed. Not only did I see a marked change in my mental and physical appearance, there was a swing in the way others reacted or related to me. With the bleaching of my hair, that interaction became even more noticeable. I was being treated more and more like a Bimbo. What was so destructive about this particular change was that other women were the absolute worst offenders.

While the men just drooled more than usual, they still reacted to me pretty much the same. Just another pair of panties to get into.

But, the women were altogether different. They treated me like I was too dumb to spit, much less anything else. I was naturally assumed by them to be nothing more than a sex toy, who was probably some sort of nympho because of my deliberate efforts to look like a bimbo to attract men. And I was not only a bad influence to myself, but to all women in general. They took a condescending attitude towards me no matter what I said or did. I was an embarrassment to all womankind.

Dorothy got a charge out of me and the way other women reacted to me. She thought that it was simply hilarious the way I made them jealous.

“If they only knew,” she often said. She also did not help me change that attitude. As a matter of fact, she began making sure that I not only looked like a bimbo, but acted and dressed like one as well. If I did not do as she required to project the proper image, she would either spank me or force me to baby sit the “Lil Monster”.

The Lil Monster was Dorothy's son. Yeah, fooled me too when we first met. It happened just after Amy let Dorothy start running my life. I guess that was in my fifth week of feminine bondage. Dorothy took me to her place. She lived with her grandmother, aunt, and three small kids. I was still a little assertive back then and we were arguing over my attendance at vocational ed.

To punish me, she made me act as Jimmy's baby sitter for that afternoon while she and her aunt took Granny to the charity hospital. It took a couple of stinging swats to my posterior with a handy belt, but I agreed.

With that settled, she sat me in a rocker, grabbed four year old Jimmy and plopped him in my lap.

Still bent over, with the Lil Monster crying for all he was worth, Dorothy reached up and pulled my blouse open.

While I sat like I was nailed to the chair in surprise, she plopped my right breast out of my bra cup. With one hand holding me down into the chair, she nudged Jimmy up to my tit and he began sucking vigorously.

“What the,” I started, but Dorothy cut me off.

“Sit here and be a good girl and let my little Jimmy suck all he wants or I'll bust ya and ya'll still have ta let him suckle. Believe me its the best way to keep him quiet. He'll get ta sleep after awhile.”

“But...but....I... don't have any milk! So what's the damn point?”

“The point my dear is simple. One, my son likes sucking titties, second, I like my son to have what he wants cause he don't got much ta begin with, and third, it's goin' to keep your ass in one piece. Understand!”

She then turned the TV set on to some soap opera that she usually watched before she suggested that she had watched it regularly with the two that followed and I had better tell her about everything that she was going to miss while she was away.

So I sat until they got back four hours later.

Jimmy sucked and nibbled and even bit my nipples for at least three of those hours. I had to alternate breasts as his vigorous sucking made them sore.

It was a strange sensation for me. It was sorta comforting at first and little tingles of pleasure seemed to radiate from my nipple to my crotch.

That is until the little shit started to squeeze my breasts with his hands and bit down hard on it. That really hurt.

When I looked down into his bright brown eyes, I thought that I saw lust reflected there and perhaps a little maliciousness. This wasn't your ordinary little boy. They grew up fast in the low rent district and his manipulation of my titties with his fingers and mouth seemed to verify my beliefs. I did not like the feeling I got in the pit of my stomach as I took my eyes away from his. It was the longest four hours of my life. I did not want to ever do that again.

The fact that the Lil Monster was Dorothy's kid brought home the very real problems these kids faced on a daily basis. Between the drug dealers, crime, unemployment, idleness, and little or no adult supervision, teen pregnancies should not be a curiosity rather the norm.

Getting back to my emergence as a bona fide bimbo.

Dorothy was determined to make me into one, for sure.

To help me attain the proper image, she and the other girls took me out on a shopping spree that lasted for weeks, while I was made to `shop' for the sexiest damned things I had ever seen, fearing that any moment I would be caught...

In fact, I was almost caught stealing a black lace see thru bra that Dorothy thought would be just perfect for the gang's little bimbo. Instead, I had to undergo the humiliation of putting it on while the store camera and two security men behind a mirror watched! I stood half naked and lowered my tits into each filmy black cup to check the fit when I heard the sound of a man's voice in an excited whisper, "God, she has big boobs for a high school kid!"

Knowing that I was being watched was humiliating enough, but being required to expose my tits again so that I could remove the bra to put back on my old bra, (instead of using the white long line bra to cover the sexy bra), was even worse. Then I had to suffer the same of using the allowance my mom gave me to actually buy the damned black silky bra. That was the ultimate sin in my gang...

All my other things that I had accumulated, were taken back so I would have to wear what I was now given. Either that or dig out my old boy's clothing which would not have fit in any case.

I dreaded walking out of my apartment, knowing that these new clothes were designed to create instant lust in the eyes of any man, or boy, that saw me walk by!

I could feel those probing eyes, and those dirty minds that stripped me naked, while they casually tried to conceal their desires, and all—too—male hard—ons. I even could hear the girls in the gang whisper to me about how a certain learing youth was a real hunk, and if I were to `go—down' on him they could see from the bulge that he was circumcised, or not, and obviously had a huge dong just for me! They might even suggest in a whisper that a faggot, like me could earn some real money.

I would protest in my little baby doll voice that I wasn't a fairy, and hear their amused giggling almost as if they knew better. I wanted to assert my real desires, but this was forbidden by Amy's warnings that the girls would probably beat the shit out of me, and Dorothy might actually castrate me with her ever present razor, to be certain that I was a safe little puppy dog!

But, what bothered me the most was that their constant reminders about what was happening to some poor over sexed, embarrassed male, caused me to actually look to see if I could see what they saw! My God! What was I doing?

It embarrassed me almost as much to know that I was the cause of his discomfort. Yet, I felt a strange fascination over my effect on men, To my ever lasting shame I would even blush when I caught glimpse of a 'real man', pointed out by the girls, as his natural manliness expanded vibrantly inside his pants until I automatically swallowed hard and turned away in near fear while I could feel a certain warmth in my crotch along with a hardening of my nipples that caused even greater fears.

“Oh, Kimmie, I know him. He's a basketball player. I bet he'd love to put something big and black into your hoop,” one of the girls would tease out loud in the hallway to cause me to almost pee in my panties in fear that he might hear her as I walked by dressed in a tight mini skirt, that revealed every wiggle, while a see through blouse, or tube top, or tight fitting sweaters barely contained my jiggling breasts. The girls made certain that this was going to be my preferred clothing as my dresses became fluffy little things, or skin tight sheaths, that revealed more than they ever concealed.

My lingerie was even more elaborate and lacy as it was supposed to be seen, often. You know those little moments when I daintily sat down and quickly crossed my legs. Oh, but not quick enough to conceal an eye popping crotch shot glimpse that might cause some boy, or male teacher, to get an embarrassing instant hard—on that caused the girls in class to giggle themselves silly! Or, I might give the boys a similar 'treat' by bending over the water fountain to reveal a sexy glimpse of my lacy demi—bra as my breasts swung forward to reveal most of their bounty. Some boys were seen bumping into walls, or fall down stairs, while trying to see my dainties!

Shorts, oh yes, I was allowed to wear shorts, if I wanted to. They exposed more of my ass cheeks than a pair of bikini panties. And they just seemed to invite a quick masculine hand to pat my rear, or give me a quick pinch as I passed by. Whenever that happened, a chill of fear would touch my spine because I knew that they thought that I expected them to give into my tempting offer. That, as a bimbo, I would **like** it. And, to my horror, I felt revolted at the very idea of their desires, and yet there would be that awful feminine response of warmth near dampness in the crotch followed by a tightening of my nipples into expectant hardness. **God, what was happening to me!**

Finally, my shoes were now all three inch, or higher, spiked pumps. I was all too aware of how obvious my growing breasts were: but, the high heels required an all—too—female mincing walk with a quick dainty cross step that swung my full hips from side to side while my plump ass seemed to rotate under my tight skirts, or pants!

As if my natural walk were not enough I could hear as I walked by, “swing those hips girlie like you where playing ping pong with 'em. Let's see that fat ass of yours wiggle, baby,” from Dorothy or the other girls. “Strut your stuff baby, let me see you

stick out those boobs of yours all the way. Knockers up! Be proud, be all you can be, hahahaha.”

Dressing was one thing, but other changes were forced on me as well. I was required to chew gum all the time, using my tongue to fill out little bubbles, which like my head were filled with air, until it smacked with a loud attention getting POP!

The girls expected me to giggle loudly at almost anything, especially in class to annoy my teachers, while they silently delighted in hearing the teachers as they warned my not to giggle like a `dumb blonde', or a `bubble head'.

I was then generally required to pay little or no attention in class while I used my mind to think up `dumb questions' to ask in my baby doll voice to absolutely send everybody into laughter.

Teachers actually feared asking me anything, for fear of losing control of their class if I answered in wide eyed innocence with some absolutely funny inanity. Besides, I was by now thought to be too stupid to really understand what was being taught.

So, school work became nail care and I was to have an emery board in my hand at all times while seated in classes. Where permitted, the teach didn't give a shit, I was to paint my nails, or fix my face. Oh yes, I was required to keep my lips fully glossed at all times. Even though I had dyed—on make—up, I had to put even more on my face and keep it fresh as well.

It did not stop. Everywhere I went everything I did was supervised by Dorothy, or one of the other girls. Even Amy seemed to enjoy my new look and manner since only the girls in the gang knew about me.

Believe me they took every advantage of my situation.

I can re—mem—ber the day in study hall when I was filing my thumb nail into a real neat oval almost an inch and half long, trying to think whether I should change the color of my finger nails by using the new bright plum nail polish I had picked up in the drug store. It was a really big de—ci—sion, you know, fer sure. It meant that I would have to risk removing my old fire engine red, and change my lipstick to plum too, all before the end of study hall.



Smacking my bubble gum automatically, as if it would help me think, I fished into my purse to see if I had brought some plum lipstick, too. After all, a gal has gotta plan ahead, ya know?

I didn't hear Coach Billings. For a big hunk, he sure could move silently.

“Are ya chewin gum in study hall, dumb head!?” a loud voice thundered over my head!

“*God, there are so many rules?*” my mind cried in panic as I turned my head, almost dropping my purse, in absolute terror of being spanked by this big brute of a man. As I turned to face him, I realized that he was standing right by my side, and my wide open innocent eyes were completely focused right upon the biggest crotch shot I had ever seen!

I swear that the zipper of his tight jeans was inches away so that his groin filled my face, ya know! I could see the firm outline in the jean fabric of two orange sized balls and a damned penis that looked like a huge salami!

Without thinking my fire engine red lips formed a big O in surprised fascination, while I swallowed my gum, giggled in nervous wonderment, and exclaimed loudly with my baby doll voice in awe, “Oh, girls, it's kosher, fer sure!”

Poor Coach Billings turned beat red while the study hall turned into an absolute bedlam of laughter. Without a word he spun away and walked out of the room to gain his composure as the kids stared at me in disbelief while I pursed my red lips with a dumb vacuous look in my eyes as I continued to thoughtfully file my thumb nail as if nothing had happened.

After all, I did have to decide about my nail color before the coach came back. Golly, I almost forgot to look for my plum lipstick!

When Coach Billings returned the kids settled down and he took charge of the study hall from behind his desk as he watched me nervously while I began to remove my nail polish.

“*I wonder how his woman can take dat much meat,*” I mused to myself in wonderment as I paused to study my thumb nail. “*Thank God I don't have that problem.*”

So, much for role models...

Yet, you know I dreamed about that huge dong for weeks, you know. Something real strange is happening to my head! But, the girls in the gang only laugh and tell me that it is perfectly normal for teenage girls to think about such things.

Especially bimbos like me.

Dat's fer sure...

## **CHAPTER SEVEN: BOY CRAZY!**

The gals in my gang got their kicks and plenty of them judging by the way they kept at me, from watching their rivals freak out over me. The jealousy of the other females or the rutting passion of the males made for conversation and gossip on a regular basis. Even worse, some of the gang members, who actually knew better, knew that

I was a guy, yet they seemed to be jealous of me. And others took it for granted that I was some kind of street drag looking for a John...

These images were reinforced by the, “come hither”, look Dorothy made me practice. She made me practice in front of a mirror for hours at a time. How I lowered my lids, raised a brow, puckered my lips while posing just the right way, and oh yes don't forget the hands. It was very important how I held my hands and positioned my body when I was trying to lure some male into my clutches.

I did not enjoy having to do this, no not one bit. I balked at first when Dorothy announced that while I was doing my nails or make—up in class I would also focus these teasing “come hither” mannerisms on some shy boy that she would pick out in class, with the understanding that I could only stop when a teacher caught me, or the poor boy began to squirm in his chair to hide his natural reactions!

Even the threat of the Lil Monster, or spanking, did not persuade me. I was not going to be so shameless! It was horrible...

It took the combined efforts of the girls and a new corset to convince me that I really wanted to attract boys.

*Have you ever been tickled by a group of half naked girls while wearing a very tight corset? No, I don't mean for a few seconds or even minutes, but for almost an hour!*

That's right. It started at Sue's place with about six of the girls including Amy and Dorothy. Janet had just come in with a brand new forest green, lace merry—widow that had a plunging V—wire center, underwire push—up cups with scalloped lace edging, point—d'esprit mesh covering stretch satin and heavy bone support. It had a snap, cotton lined crotch with a lacing back closure.

Stupid me let them talk me into trying it on.

I had been wearing the corselette for so long that I no longer noticed its tightness. So I figured, what the hell, why not try to keep the gathering peaceful and be agreeable. I leaned up against the door sill as Dorothy and Janet laced me up. My torso got a brief powdering and gentle rub down just before they pulled the pretty green garment around my waist. So far this wasn't bad, but as soon as the merry—widow got tight, I started to change my mind and then it was too late.

Both Janet and Dorothy were sweating by the time they had me laced to their satisfaction.

I was in agony as my waist and upper chest were constricted to the point where I was in great pain. I even thought I heard one of my ribs crack. I was panting and couldn't get enough air at first to even talk. My waist was three inches smaller than when they had started.

It took me the greater part of three hours to get use to that damned thing. I was able with slow shallow breathing and careful movements to function after the first hour, but from now on I would not be able to do strenuous activities or move very fast without pausing to catch my breath and rest.

It was later that evening when Dorothy decided after looking at me dressed up that I was just too much bimbo to let go to waste. I just wasn't complete without my own "hunk". Sort of like a Barbie needing a Ken.

We had been playing dress up with me being the mannequin. I was wearing a rhinestone trimmed gown in a rich black velvet. It had been fitted to tightly follow my new curvaceous figure with a little tuck here and there by the girls and their sewing kits. It had a bustier neckline that bared my shoulders and raised my breasts.

Just a hint of the merrywidow showed, more tantalizing than anything else. A side slit reaching the top of my thigh exposed ample black ultra—sheer stocking top while a rhinestone trimmed velvet collar stimulated other erogenous thoughts. It was floor length and the dressy black ankle strap pumps in rayon faille with a four and one quarter inch spiked heel peeked out from under the hem.

I had to admit when I saw myself in the mirror that I was sexy. Might even say a solid eight, or maybe nine, on the babe scale. Seeing my reflection did not send any tingles to my penis, but I did feel my titties tingle just a bit.

It was while I stood in front of the mirror admiring myself when Dorothy got her idea. As she had me reach down and place my hands on my knees while looking up into the mirror and sticking my rear end out at the same time, one of the girls fetched an instant camera for even more fun..

There could be no doubting the pair of mounds hanging down out of my dress between my white hairless and smooth arms as being the real things. My round firm tush encased in shimmering black velvet was nothing to laugh at either. Bright plum red lips and platinum blonde curls bouncing in the light presented a very sexy picture.

Too sexy I decided when I saw the flash of the camera and I stood up almost immediately. I had to stagger back a few steps as spots and darkness flashed in front of my eyes.

*"I shouldn't be moving this fast,"* I told myself. *"This corset won't let you move fast".*

Dorothy said that I looked fantastic except they needed real sex object poses to complete the illusion of my being a genuine female desiring to attract a hunk. Something I might practice in class for their little teasing game, or perhaps use to earn a little money on the side!

That's when it started. Dorothy and the girls wanted me to pose in different positions. One with me sitting on the couch with my back leaning into the cushion while my legs stretched out and crossing at the ankles along the length of the couch.

Another with my left wrist touching my left hip while the hand splayed out daintily as I thrust my pelvis out, legs slightly spread to tighten the skirt, and my right hand raised up in the air limply with my right elbow touching my right side.

Me standing bent over at the hips away from the side of the couch, elbows resting on the side arm, backs of my hands supporting my chin, right leg slightly bent back, heel hanging loosely from my foot.

No! I wasn't going to do any of those poses and I was going to take off the dress. I was tired of playing bimbo and wanted to just get back into ordinary girl's clothing. Hell, cotton panties would be great right about now, but they were not going to have any of that.

“You are simply too damn foxy to be allowed to go to seed,” they had said. For my own good, they insisted that I polish my new image, “and that, my girl, means learning how to look. Ya gotta have the eye, girl. You know, like the homeboys, you know, gotta have da eye of the tiger, ya know, ya gotta have it too, girl! Only ya gotta have one dat says 'come and get it if'n ya man enough!”

I told them in no uncertain terms just where they all could go and that is when they jumped me. Some used their fingers, others used ribbons or whatever loosely dangling thing they could get their hands on and began tickling me. I was pushed to the couch first, but slid down to the floor where my skirt rose up around my hips. That only gave the girls more areas to tickle and tears came to my eyes from giggling so hard.

I fought as best I could, but I soon tired and lost my breath. In a matter of minutes, my sides were killing me and I couldn't catch my breath. I was laughing but no sound came out and that hurt I can tell you. Even when I tried to yell Uncle, they persisted in tickling me. They did not stop until I had turned blue and was crying, but couldn't make a single solitary sound.

*Damn, I was hurting! And, God, did I need to pee as I felt the dampness spread in my panties!*

“Oh, please! Let me go pee,” I cried in fear, and after I promised to do everything the wanted I was released to the sound of their giggling delight as I ran to the bathroom.

When I returned I spent quite a bit of time perfecting, at least to Dorothy's satisfaction, my “look.”

“Now it was time to begin trying it on the fellahs,” Dorothy announced to the total delight of the girls in the gang.

This I was reluctant to do as I was afraid of the consequences.

For sure, I knew that my bimbo look and mannerisms had been a turn—on for a lot of guys. There was no doubt in my mind that I had become a real sex object, who probably caused a lot of wet dreams.

And, granted, I still dreamed of Eugene, or some other guy in school, and how it had felt kissing him and being held by him on occasion, but I was still a guy. Admittedly a very unusual guy, but a guy nonetheless. To me these strangely sexual dreams were more like nightmares than unfulfilled desires.

I must confess that for some strange reason periodically I felt an urge, an itch if you will, that just wouldn't go away. I would get like a tingling in my groin and even my nipples would bother the heck out of me. If I stayed occupied doing things that would help to distract me from this irritation. I even looked forward to the Saturday night dance as it seemed to relieve some of the pressure building up inside of me. Then, strangely enough, the itch would just disappear.

But, all of this was actually quite passive in my mind. Maybe even harmless fun.

Like I said, I was still forced to go out to the dances every Saturday night and dance with whomever asked. And yes, at times I really looked forward to being held securely in a man's arms. I wasn't dancing with him for sex later, a was just a woman out for a pleasant evening.

I wasn't a slut, or a queer, really. Was I?

But, to actively encourage men to physically desire me. Well that was **not** something I looked forward to...

It was bad enough getting manhandled and pawed by these homeboys and in many cases kissed and touched without my consent, or desire.

It would be different, if I actually began to encourage their advances. What would I have to do, if I actually tried to entice a man with the lure of my possible sexual favors, and he really came on to me? What would I do then?

And that is exactly what Dorothy wanted to happen, she expected me to have a man, if I wanted one or not, apparently.

As this night's agenda called for me to snag a "Hunk," according to Dorothy, I was dressed with care and attention to detail. The lacing on my corset was pulled as tight as I could stand it and the gusset secured firmly. While no one would notice, at least that was my fervent hope, I wore a pair of real silk panties. They were white and hand embroidered with little brightly colored flowers. A pair of ultra—sheer black hose and very frilly, lace trimmed slip in a shimmering red—gold completed my lingerie selection. Now the dress was the icing on the cake so to speak.

According to Amy, I wouldn't have to do anything. "The only man that dress won't catch has to be a blind man! Why girl, that dress would even make a gay go straight!"

God, what a thought!

It was a simple mini, made extraordinary form fitting, with long sleeves that flared out in sweeping bell cuffs beginning just below the elbow. The dress itself was princess seamed, both fitted and flared. A shirred empire waist clung to my upper body like another layer of skin and then fell in a flare to about seven inches above my knees. It was in a gorgeous hunter green crepe.

Four inch black patent leather spiked heels were placed on my feet which made my legs look fabulous.

A dress and shoes to die for; and, if Dorothy got her way, I just might if "my" hunk found out the truth about me.

A green velvet ribbon supporting a large pear shaped faux pearl was fastened around my neck and several small rings pulled on my fingers. Pearl earrings and golden hoops filled my ears. A black patent cocktail purse completed my outfit.

The girls had shopped a long time to get me this outfit.

"Heck," Sue told me, "Janey almost got caught getting your shoes.

—000—

We arrived at the club (carrying `borrowed' or false I.D.s in our purses) and went to the side of the dance floor and sat at the booth Sue had gotten for us earlier.

As I started to get in, Dorothy held me up telling me to get in last. She wanted me on the end where everyone could see me.

I was ready for a drink by the time we all got settled.

While I sat with my leg crossed over my knee and folded back with one foot locked under the other, leaning toward the table with my chin resting on my folded hands, I began practicing my look on various men sitting around us.

This wasn't going to be easy and I was already feeling uncomfortable with my legs folded like Dorothy had insisted while she whispered in my ear, "we're going to watch you, baby. And if you don't have fun by trying to attract every man in this place like a boy crazed gal, or being a real hot bitch with every man who wants to dance with you, you are in deep do do, baby cakes..."

Swallowing down my fears I absently stirred my drink with the straw as I let my eyes wander around the room. I glanced down at my drink, pulled a hand out from under my chin, and plucked the cherry out. Slowly, I lifted my chin up, stuck out the tip of my tongue and caressed the fruit with its tip. Puckering my lips, I sucked the cherry into my mouth, slowly chewed and swallowed. Smiling all the while and not letting my eyes focus on anyone.

In a matter of seconds, someone was standing beside me.

"Well, hello there sweet thing," he began. "Haven't I seen you around here before. Say what's a good lookin' momma like you doin' without no man around?"

I turned slightly in my seat, tilted my head up to look at him, batting my lashes in the process, and smiled. I was getting ready to tell the asshole where he could go when an amused Dorothy punched me in the ribs with her elbow.

"Get up and take him out on the dance floor, huney. Remember ta be nice!" she warned with a bright smile as she looked up at the man to say, "why Kimmie just said that she would wet her panties if a hunk like you asked her to dance!"

It was a slow song to boot. Boy, I wasn't enjoying this, but I knew better than to argue with Dorothy. The slime ball was drooling all down my neck, *Shit! How can a three minute song last an hour.* I was just about to leave the dance floor even if the song wasn't over, when another guy cut in on us.

Anything would be better than the dweeb I was dancing with already. This guy was named Randy and was better looking and had a better line of bull. We finished out the dance and walking me back over to my table where he ordered me another drink.

My second of the night, but who's countin'.

Well that pretty much started it. Now that I had gotten up on the dance floor and two guys had danced with me, I was open season. A steady progression of men presented themselves to me, buying me and the other girls drinks, and copping a feel of what ever available body part they could get their hand on while I giggled happily and pretended that I enjoyed every minute in their arms. I did not get to sit very much, but stayed out on the floor until the DJ took a break.

During the break, Randy and a few of his friends came over to our table to chat.

He offered to buy us all a round of Hop—Skip—And—Go—Naked shooters which was promptly followed by a round of B—52's. My fifth and sixth of the night, but whose countin'. We were getting into the mood and I was feeling no pain by the time the B—52 hit my empty stomach.

I did not mind Randy's tongue licking the cream liquor residue off my upper lip. I kind of enjoyed it.

Then of course we began boasting of our liquor consumption capabilities, and one thing led to another and you know the song "Jose Cuervo you're...."

Soon my seventh, eighth, ninth, hell whose countin' anyway. Besides, I could always go pee with the girls, or fix my make—up for a break as long as I kept the boys happy afterwards...

It was getting late and I still do not remember anything between the time I shot my first tequila and that last dance when Eugene made his big entrance.

I was dancing with Randy or rather hanging all over Randy. He was holding me upright with a firm grasp of my ass cheeks and he was grinding his crotch into mine as the music rocked on.

I do remember exchanging deep passionate tongue lashings and letting him feel me up right there on the dance floor. It's just that a lot of details leading up to that point are missing.

But, like I described, I was hanging all over Randy slow dancing, when all of a sudden Randy was pulled away and I almost landed flat on my face. I guess between the shock of seeing Eugene and the look on his face and me almost on the floor woke me up.

"Hey, what ya doin' with my woman?" I heard Eugene say. "Get your friggin' ass outta my sight fore I tear it off and stuff it down your throat, ya skinny shit."

"Come here, bitch! What ya think ya doin' dancin' whit dat punk? Maybe, I need ta teach ya who's in charge here. What'd ya think of that?" he warned as he pulled me into his strong arms and held me close to his chest.

I watched out of the corner of my eye as Randy and his two friends were roughly escorted towards the door by several of Eugene's gang.

I was all set to give him a snappy flippant come back, but all of a sudden I felt my titties start to tingle and I got all funny feeling deep down inside.

I mean Eugene took total control and from his look and attitude, I felt very weak and vulnerable. I guess it was a combination of the corset, drinks, my passionate frame of mind caused by my acting the part of a whore all night, and his strong grasp of my waist that made me swoon in his arms.

I opened my eyes and I was sitting in Eugene's lap with Dorothy fanning my face.

I giggled for no apparent reason, and turned facing him.

He kissed me then, hard on the lips, sticking his tongue into my mouth. I could feel the press of his penis through my clothing. I was left gasping for air as we broke off the kiss.

I just sat on his lap, staring out blankly into the club, when all of a sudden I felt my stomach lurch.

I had only seconds before I was going to spew its contents all over the place.

I tried to rise, but Eugene wouldn't let me up.

“Come on baby,” he said looking into my eyes. “Why you want ta fool around whit dat trash, man! Gimme half a chance and I'll make it so you'll never be satisfied whit anybody else, foe sure babe! Now...”

He never got a chance to finish and Dorothy's plans for me getting a hunk that night were douse when I up chucked all over Eugene and Dorothy both.

*Hell, I tried to warn them, but they wouldn't listen. Guess they got their just deserts!*

Boy, was Dorothy pissed, but she said nothing more about it.

However, I did manage to get home alone that night.

But, I have no idea how, or what I must have done to get a ride.

## **CHAPTER EIGHT: ON MY OWN!**

I had tried to reach Dorothy, or someone in the gang the following morning, because I wanted to apologize. However, with no success.

Besides, I wanted to know who had snuck into my room and stolen all of Kevin's things? In fact, someone had searched my room completely and had neatly arranged the drawers full of my feminine lingerie and stuff.

The silk flowers in a vase that Amy had given to me was restored to its place on my bed stand. The small satin and lace doll from Dorothy was sitting on my bed between pink pillow shams. A mirror top girl's vanity table with matching pink vanity skirt was carefully decorated with two doll lamps and various jewel and cosmetic boxes to hold the myriad of girlish adornments I used. There was even a nail polish bottle and tube of lipstick on my dresser top, just as if I had left it there.

The skirts, dresses, and blouses in my closet were hung quite neatly while the closet doors were opened to anyone's view. In fact, it was clearly a girl's room complete with new fashion model pictures, posters of rock—an—roll hunks, and lacy curtains for the window!

I suspected that the gals in the gang had done this as some sort of surprise. God, would it be a surprise if Mom saw my room! Then it dawned on me that she normally cleaned my room on Sunday...

*What the hell is going on here, anyway?*

On Monday I went over to Sue's to join the gang for the walk to school, but there was no one there. They had obviously left without me.

With growing fears I walked alone to school hearing the sound of my three inch red shoe heels click against the pavement.

*"Why had they left without me?"* I wondered nervously, knowing that as a lone 'woman' I was attracting the eyes of every man I passed with my bimbo make—up and hairdo, as well as by the bra—less jiggle under my white angora sweater and my wiggling ass held by the tight red spandex satin skirt that I wore.

Within four blocks I had to ignore; two pushers, who offered me free drugs for a 'quickie'; a pimp, who walked with me for two blocks suggesting that I could make a lot of money by joining his 'stable'; and, a guy in a blue caddy, who offered me twenty—five dollars for a blow job, only to drive away quickly when a cop car joined us.

From then on the cops followed behind me all the way to the high school grounds, where their car spun away with one of them yelling out of the window, "Nice ass, babe! Wanna quick fuck before class? Or, maybe, we can give you a ride to beauty school this afternoon?"

Frantically, I half ran to the front door of the school building to escape the cops, who obviously knew all about me.

*How could I walk alone to beauty school that afternoon?*

I barely made my first class as the bell rang.

After class I had to almost run in my high heels to catch Amy and the girls in the gang as they made their way to our next class.

"We did all we can for you, sweet cakes. You ain't no new boy, any mor', ya a ghetto gal, fer sure. It's like we promised you when ya joined the gang. We promised that you could have our protect until you lost your uppity smart ass boy ways and we helped ya to fit in with the rest of the gals here. We done it, so, you're on your own, baby," Amy warned as she half blocked my way so the others could go ahead.

"Your mommy's gonna git one hell of a surprise, when she finds out what you really is. See you around, hun—ney..."

In stunned surprise I watched her join the others as their giggling laughter rang in my ears.

I couldn't go home now, one of the teachers serving as a hall monitor was waving me towards my next class to rush me on before the bell rang.

Nor, could I run away from school. I had to graduate.

Besides, they might send the cops to fetch me back, maybe the same cops that followed me to school!

Deciding to finally set everything straight I went to the principal's office during lunch break, only to be intercepted by Julie, who laughed at my request adding; "You gonna graduate, Kimmie: but, jest barely, as a gal. Your real grades and some letters

from the teaches was sent to your mommy dis morning. A real Christmas surprise from her bimbo boy, and da gang. Dat's, fer sure!"

I survived that week before Christmas, day by day, in dread of facing Mom, who no doubt knew the truth by now.

To my utter dismay I discovered one morning the sexy instant photos of me on top of the bureau!

By these pictures Mom had left, in a return school envelope, **Kimmie's** report card, with its F's, D's, and C's in remedial classes!

The envelope also contained various notes from **her daughter's** teachers detailing **Kimmie's**: all too brazen sexual behavior and dress; lack of classroom decorum and attention to schoolwork; and, silly as well as disruptive attitude, all obviously directed towards attracting the interest of the boys in school.

One teacher even suggested that Kimmie should be sent to a girls school, in some hope that it might help her to graduate, if that were possible considering her **limited** intelligence.

To my absolute surprise Mom had signed the report card without protest and had agreed with the various letters from my teachers by explaining in a note that she was aware of my behavior, and she would discuss it with me; although she doubted that I would change for reasons that should be obvious to them...

*It is clear to me, that like many girls her age, Kimmie is quite boy crazy, and her only hope is that; 1) she might meet a man who would marry her; or, 2) she might graduate in order to attend beauty school where she could quickly learn a trade to support herself!*

Despite my tears over having failed my Mom, I found that I had no choice but to continue my life as a bimbo, begging Eugene, or one of his gang members, to walk with me to and from school for protection. Their pats, pinches, and quick kisses were a bad enough price to pay; but, I feared that day when Amy, or one of her gang might let slip the truth about me... Then what?

Christmas vacation was coming up quick and I wouldn't be able to put off any longer a meeting with Mom. There was absolutely no way I could put off seeing her then. This holiday she would be off. If nothing else, she always made it a point to get off for Christmas Eve and Day so that she could spend time with me.

For once I was not looking forward to it. What was I going to do or say? My body had changed so much I could not look like her son even if you paid me a million dollars.

My breasts were a full 36 B, my waist 24 and one half, and my hips 38. I hadn't grown an inch in height and I had dropped another ten pounds. My hair was platinum blonde and full of dangling curls. My ears were full of holes.

*What more could a boy want?*

I think it was during the day before my confrontation with my Mother, Christmas Eve that I, for the first time, fully comprehended the changes, both physical and mental, that had consumed my old self. It hit me like a physical blow when I understood that I could never go back to being Kevin. I wasn't even that sure that I wanted to.

Like I said a person's hormones had a lot to say in how a person thought and felt and I was chock full of female hormones some of which I was going to be stuck with for the next five years.

As I sat on the commode that morning, I examined my groin for the first time in ages. Up until then I had been afraid of what I might find, but now I had to at least look.

My male appendage was still there but shriveled like when you've been in a cold pool or ocean for a long time. My testicles, well, they were stuck up inside of me probably the after effects of wearing that super tight gusset strap.

I hadn't had a male urge in I don't know how long and from the looks of my male tools would never have such thoughts again. So it was with a heavy heart that I gave up every and all pretense that I would ever become Kevin again.

I was Kimmie.

I would never have the opportunity to enter college unless they offered a major in gum chewing. The only possible escape for me would be if Ms. El thought I was smart enough to attend her school of beauty on a work scholarship, if I got my high school diploma as Julie had promised.

I was very nervous while sitting in the kitchen chair. I dressed carefully for this moment and still fidgeted with my skirt. I prepared for this with a long relaxing bubble bath, and put on my nicest lingerie. New real silk panties in a vibrant hunter green with matching strapless demi—bra of soft tricot and lace. I even had on a lace and floral applique garter belt and shear hose.

I primped and primed myself very carefully. I did not want to look overly “bim-boish” though it would be nearly impossible considering all my training and my natural female endowments. I perhaps still used too much gloss and perfume, but I did not think it was over done otherwise.

My wrap dress in a rich satin was deep burgundy exquisitely pleated and draped off my shoulders. It had a shawl collar and the tulip skirt fell to just mid—thigh. The dress buttoned at the waist and shaped to a tight fit with a matching belt.

Four inch spiked red satin pumps were fitted snugly to my feet. Wide rectangular gold and emerald enameled earrings were fitted into my lobes. I wore six small gold rings on my fingers and Amy's wrist watch that she had given me so long ago.

My nails were freshly painted in brilliant red and were shaped into lovely long ovals. In fact, I had spent most of the week in school working on them. At the moment they were tapping absent mindedly on the table top.

I was prepared to meet Mom as soon as she walked into the room.

The door creaked open as if it was opening very reluctantly.

Then, she was there standing in the doorway, looking down at me.

I arose as lady—like as I possibly could and smiled tentatively.

She just stood there eyeing me from head to foot for the longest, the door still open behind her.

“Kev...Kevin is that really you?” I remember her saying. “My God child! How.....How...how did you get yourself in this mess? I saw your room, the school reports and the pictures; but... but... I ...I really did not believe. Well that is you isn't it! Alright, Kevin, or should I call you... I guess I don't have any choice... So might as well call you by your new name. Ok, Kimmie, start talkin'.”

I said something, for sure. I could see the utter shock in her eyes when she heard me talk in my doll like voice, with its nervous giggles and ghetto slang, as I gushed forth telling her everything.

Of course, I started by talking about the important stuff first. You know, about getting that fuchsia dress at Macy's for the Christmas Ball, and wearing fire ice red nail polish and lipstick with a matching gold and red necklace and earring set. That was if I could find some guy to take me. I wasn't sure that Eugene would do it, you know after I tossed my cookies on him, and all that. “But, I'll find some guy, Mom, you can bet I can get any man I want. For sure...”

She moved towards me her eyes wide and mouth slack showing no hint of what she was thinking in her expression.

All I got from her was some sort of stuff about her knowing a juvenile judge who would get me on some sort of work release program where I could pay back everything that I had stolen. And how I would work in a fast food place, or maybe as a scrub girl doing floors at the hospital where she worked..

Can you imagine?

Well, I set her straight by saying that I could make more money, with real tips, as a waitress at the Brass Candle, where the girls wore the most adorable red satin and black lace French bar maid outfits with cute mini skirts and long black fish net nylons with four inch pumps. Real man catchers...

She stared at me as if trying to understand. You know how slow old people can become... Then she announced that she expected me to share in the rent, but I was to never bring any dates to my room, since it was her home and she expected to start dating herself...

Can, you just see that, at her age. My God, she must be in her late thirties, or something...

The surprise was how casually she accepted the idea that I was dating guys.. Well, she had talked to some psy—chia—trist at the hospital, who worked at my high school. This shrink doctor was probably some kind of lezzy, you know, cause she said that I was all screwed up. Well, screw her ass if I was going to waste time with her! But, Mom said I would be out on the streets if I didn't go.. Shit...

It was when we got to the subject of my not being able to go to college.

I sat there at the kitchen table catching the full blast of her disgust with my scholastic achievements or rather non— achievement. She actually turned purple in the face and finished her tirade by storming out of the kitchen.

We did not talk again after that for a very long time. I just sat there working on my make—up and things until she came back from talking on the phone. She had calmed down, but had not forgiven me for my stupidity.

Yah, I was doing my best. I wasn't any uppity wise guy, I knew that I was just a ghetto gal. And I told her that at least I might get into beauty college if I graduated.

So she ups and agrees that I can stay with her until I get a job as a beautician, so long as I make good on paying back all the stores and I get a night job working as a waitress.

I guess that is the least I can do, although I don't think that it is fair of her to insist that my dates can't come back to the apartment with me. It is our apartment, ain't it..

—000—

So that puts me where I am today.

If you happen to be in Super Mall and you walk by the window of Quickie Cuttery, you might see a blonde bimbo standing on tired aching feet behind a stylist chair giving a big fat ditzy broad a perm. Yes, that is me.

Or maybe you might see me working at the Brass Candle as a cocktail waitress in my cute French bar maid outfit.

Yeah, that guy in the booth is my steady, Eugene. He sleeps in with me at my development apartment, you know, can't find a job like most men around. But, he takes care of my needs, for sure. He even finds odd jobs for me, so that we can get a little money for him to spend. Great guy, you see.. And I am saving up for one of those fancy operations, so that we can get married someday.

I see the girls from Amy's gang, they come around to the shop for freebies if they can con the boss out of a do or a make—over. Sometimes, when I have time to schedule them in, I help out. Sure, they try to interest me in their activities, but I am a working woman now, and ne lezzy.

Mother and I still talk, but she has not entirely forgiven me. She has accepted that I am for all practical reasons a girl now, but well you never know about mothers. She now works in a doctor's office after she married him. Biggest damn engagement stone I ever saw. Sure, I do her hair and such regularly. It's the least I can do, after all the help she has given me. Maybe one day she will forgive me my scholastic failure as well.

I can schedule you in for a three o'clock. Maybe for a wash and set followed by a fantastic comb out. We have a special on manicures today. Some of my customers say I am the best manicurist in town.

Lot's of practice you know. For sure...