

# TV FICTION CLASSICS

## “GIRLS’ GETAWAY!”



**SCHOOL WAS OUT FOR SUMMER...  
FOUR BOYS GET INTO TROUBLE AND THEIR ONLY  
WAY OUT IS TO GETAWAY AS GIRLS!**

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***TV FICTION CLASSICS***

***GIRLS' GETAWAY!***

**By Kristi Love**

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# ***GIRLS' GETAWAY!***

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## **QUOTE BOARD**

I...I...I...t...truly l...l...love...w...w...wearing...p...p...pretty p...p...panties," the cross-dresser stuttered in Sandy Thomas' latest story. The general consensus was that the novel was long, but didn't have much content.

# GIRLS' GETAWAY!

By Kristi Love

## *School's Out!*

Yea! School is out for the summer! Let's party!" Greg Miller shouted to his three buddies as they ran from Lincoln high school.

"An entire summer of fun and games. Nobody to tell us what to do! No homework! Sleeping in every morning! It's going to be heaven!" Kevin McVey gleefully shouted.

"Don't be so sure of that," Andy McVey, Kevin's identical twin cautioned. "Remember what mom threatened if our grades didn't improve over last semester."

"What did she threaten?" Mark Gallo, the fourth of the group asked.

"Summer school if we didn't improve our grades by one grade point," Kevin groaned. "I doubt if I improved at all."

"You can bet that old man Carlson won't give us B's after that disruption last week," Andy sighed, suddenly seeing his summer melt away.

"I've an idea," Greg whispered.

"We're all ears," Andy excitedly stated. Greg was known for his innovative ideas, and they almost always were fun...disruptive, but fun.

"Let's sneak into the school tonight and change the grades on the computer," he suggested. "I know how to get into the school without being detected, and Mark is a genius with computers," he excitedly whispered.

"Isn't that illegal?" Kevin asked wide-eyed.

"Illegal yes, and I'm not sure I can do it," Mark said. "I've never broken into the school computers."

"Come on, Mark," Andy said, "There isn't a computer that you can't get into. You're the school 'brain'."

"My grades are fine," Mark stated. "It's your grades that need changing."

"I bet you get your normal straight A's," Kevin said, "but not all of us are born so lucky."

"My grades could use fine tuning too," Greg said. "College is two years away and a few A's would help."

"What if we are found out?" Mark asked. "Surely they will check the grades before sending out the report cards."

"I've know how to divert their attention from checking the grades," Greg again piped in. "After you change the grades we go to Carlson's homeroom and have a little fun turning over a few chairs, smashing a few things. Tomorrow when the teachers come in to mail our grades, they will be so distracted by our little diversion that they won't pay any attention to checking the grades of 300 students on the computer at the other end of the school."

"I don't know..." Mark hesitated.

"Come on, Mark! **Do it for the gang!**" the other three badgered until he finally relented.

-----

Greg Miller was the over confident sixteen year old leader of this pack. A toe-haired blond, he was the envy of all the other boys in the school. Girls clung to him like he was some Grecian God, and he had his pick of the litter when it came to getting a date.

Kevin and Andy McVey were shy sixteen-year-old identical twins, with red hair and green eyes that made them striking standouts from the rest of the school. Both were handsome, but their natural shyness made them seem standoffish when it came to girls.

Mark Gallo, the dark haired brains of the group, was considered somewhat of a nerd. He really didn't fit in with the other three, but he enjoyed their company because they

seemed to have a lot of fun all the time, and maybe one of Greg's girlfriends would rub off on him. Wanting to fit in and be a trusted member of this little gang, he finally relented to their plan.

They would do it tonight! Late...after everyone had gone home, but before the police patrols started.

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"Hurry up, Mark!" Kevin whispered as he held the flashlight before the computer screen. "We don't have all night."

"It takes time to figure out the password," Mark grumpily replied. "I'll gladly let you do this if you can do it faster."

"Just hurry," Greg whispered. Mark had only been at the computer for fifteen minutes, but it seemed like hours to the three onlookers.

"Got it!" Mark suddenly announced. "Now to find the grades, make the changes, and get the hell out of here!"

"There are my grades," Andy excitedly whispered.

"Yes, there are your C's...and a D," Greg chuckled.

"Let's see your grades, Mr. Brainiac," Andy retorted.

"Be quiet, you two!" Mark injected. "It's tough enough working under these conditions without your bickering back and forth."

"Don't make my grades too good, or mother may become suspicious," Andy stated.

"Don't worry. I'll only change them enough to get you out from under your mother's threat," Mark started making the changes.

Finally, Mark announced that he was finished. "Really, Greg, you need to study more," Mark suggested as he shut the system down. "I mean, those D's wouldn't help you get into college."

"Yeah, but they are B's now," Greg grinned at their deception. "Besides, I'm way too busy beating off the girls to spend time studying."

"Yeah, we know," said Kevin. "I wish I had your balls. I'd give my eye teeth just for your rejects."

"You could have all the girls you want if you would get over your shyness. Hell, I have girls asking about the two of you all the time."

"Really?" Andy groaned. "Let's talk later."

"Let's trash Carlson's homeroom and then get the hell out of here," Mark said as he put the keyboard back where he found it only a half hour earlier.

"I'm going to enjoy this!" Greg gleefully laughed as the four boys quickly exited the administration office. "I may be a lackadaisical about school, but I don't deserve the D's Carlson gave me."

"Oh yes you do!" Andy chimed in as they raced down the hall. "He was being charitable."

"Yeah, well your C's weren't much better," growled Greg as they reached their destination.

"Let's get this over with before somebody finds us," Mark urged.

The four gingerly opened the door to the hated Mr. Carlson's homeroom. Finding it empty and dark, they immediately proceeded to trash it.

Without turning on the lights, Kevin and Andy started turning over desks and chairs while Greg rifled Carlson's desk to see if it contained anything of value.



*“What the hell is going on in here?” Carlson roared.*

*The four boys, caught in the middle of their fun, took a few moments to realize that they were busted.*

Mark, wanting to be a little creative, decided to write some nasty grams on the white board.

The four were well into creating their little diversion when the lights suddenly came on to reveal Mr. Carlson standing in the open door.

"What the **hell** are you boys doing?" he roared.

The four boys came to a sudden halt as their blood drained from their cheeks and their hearts fell into their stomachs. The silence was deafening as Mr. Carlson waited for a response. None came.

"Well!" he growled. "What do you have to say for yourselves?"

"Ah...we...we were just...celebrating the end of the school year..." Mark meekly replied.

"Don't even think of running away. I know your names and where you live. Stay right here while I call your parents."

"Please, please, don't call my mother," Kevin cried. He knew that his mother's famous Irish temper would go through the roof when she learned of this incident.

"Sit down and be quiet!" Carlson roared. "It's either your parents or the police." All four boys immediately did as ordered. Carlson was not someone to mess with. He was strong as an ox, and had a temper to match.

Ten minutes later, he finished his calls. "Your mother's are on their way here. Would someone like to tell me why you did this? And don't give me that 'end of school' excuse."

Nobody answered, and before Carlson could pose another question, Mrs. Miller burst into the room. "What is going on here?" she shouted, looking directly at Greg meekly sitting next to Mark.

"Uh...we were just having a little fun..." Greg stammered.

"A little fun, my ass," she growled, pulling him to his feet by the short hairs at the back of his head. "This is vandalism, plain and simple!"

Suddenly Mrs. Margaret McVey came storming into the room, and as predicted, when she saw the mess and her two sons sitting together on the floor, her famous temper went ballistic. A tiny woman, even Carlson was taken aback by the wave of expletives she shouted before taking her sons to an adjoining room where another wave of choice words were heard through the walls.

Mrs. Gallo quietly entered the trashed homeroom to find her completely covered son sitting by himself. "Whatever got into you to do this?" she asked, looking around the room. "You aren't the kind of boy who does this type of thing."

"I...I just went along with my friends..." Mark quietly answered, fully aware of how disappointed his mother was. "We were happy with school being over...and wanted to celebrate."

"Ladies," Mr. Carlson finally called the three mothers and their four sons together. "Nothing has been broken that can't be replaced, but I cannot allow the actions of these boys to go unpunished. I can either call the police or allow you parents to exact a fitting punishment."

"I fully agree with you," Mrs. McVey stared at her two sons. "And it won't go unpunished at my house." Her voice was full of menacing steel.

"Nor at mine," Mrs. Miller growled. Mrs. Gallo merely nodded in agreement.

"I must tell you ladies that Greg and the twins have been a constant source of problems this year. Maybe they are going through puberty and need to sow their wild oats, but they have been a constant disruption," Carlson deliberately left Mark out of his comments.

"We understand, Mr. Carlson," Margaret McVey answered. "We would greatly appreciate it if you would leave the police out of this. After all, you did say the damage was minimum."

"But how can I be sure you ladies won't just give your sons a slap on the wrist and let them go their merry way?" Carlson

asked. "That punishment certainly won't stop them from their disruptive ways."

"I have an idea that I want to talk over with the other mothers before I suggest it," Mrs. Miller said. "If you will allow us a week to work something out, I'm sure you will appreciate the punishment I have in mind."

Mrs. Gallo and Mrs. McVey looked at Mrs. Miller with puzzled expressions, but didn't say anything, both interested in what she had to suggest.

"I agree, but be aware that I have photos of this room and the boys performing their redecorating, and I won't hesitate taking them to the police if I don't concur with your suggested punishment."

"Agreed," Mrs. Miller smiled. "I will get back with you in a few days with our decision."

### *A Fitting Punishment*

"Welcome to my home," Mrs. Miller greeted Carlson exactly one week later. "Mrs. McVey and Mrs. Gallo are in the living room as we agreed."

"Thank you. I hope you ladies have come to a decision that I can agree with. I really don't relish going to the police about this incident, but my hands are tied if your punishment doesn't address the problems at hand."

"Oh, I'm sure you will agree that our punishment is appropriate and sever enough to fit the crime," Mrs. Miller mysteriously smiled.

After the prerequisite greetings, Mrs. Miller brought the meeting to order. "Mr. Carlson, we ladies have mulled over an appropriate punishment for our wayward sons. We considered your comments on their outlandish boyish behavior, and decided that the best punishment is one that addresses the root of the problem...so to speak." She sported a broad grin as she finished. Her comments brought stifled giggles from the other two women.

"The root of the problem?" Carlson asked.

"Yes," Margaret McVey answered. "We feel that their rambunctious behavior is an outgrowth of the start of puberty. They feel rebellious and want to 'mark their own territory', so to speak."

"So what does that have to do with their punishment? Puberty is the normal process boys their age go through," Carlson questioned.

"Our punishment is to give them a vacation from the ravages of on-setting puberty," Mrs. Gallo smiled.

"Well put, Gina," Mrs. Miller said. "As she said, we decided that our sons need a summer vacation from the distracting drives caused by male puberty."

"And how do you do that?" Carlson was truly puzzled now. "You can't stop them from transitioning from boys to men."

"We may not be able to stop it, but we can slow it down a bit," Mrs. McVey said, "and that is what we have done."

"I'm intrigued by your comments, but I don't see how that is a punishment for ransacking the school," Carlson stated.

"Maybe visual evidence will help," Mrs. Miller suggested. "Grace, please come down, dear," she shouted up the stairs.

"Grace? Who is Grace?" Carlson puzzled, not directly asking the question.

"Grace is my new daughter for the summer." Mrs. Miller's answer merely puzzled Carlson even more.

An upstairs door opened and closed, and someone tromped down the stairs. Carlson's jaw dropped two inches when Greg entered the living room wearing a full set of girl's clothing and a deep, dark frown.

Seeing Carlson sitting on the sofa across the room, Greg's blood drained from his face, and he nearly bolted before his mother grabbed his arm and dragged him to the center of the room. "Mr. Carlson, may I present my new daughter. You knew him as Greg, but for the summer, he is called Grace."

"Uh...I don't know what to say..." Carlson stammered.

Greg was dressed in knee length blue patterned skirt, a white peasant blouse that exposed his trim waist, and matching white slippers with 1" heels. His blond hair was short and boyishly cut. He didn't wear any makeup, but small hoop earrings dangled from each lobe. The earrings were for pierced ears.

"Say hello to Mr. Carlson, Grace dear," Mrs. Miller prodded her son.

"Uh...hello, Mr. Carlson," Greg growled while staring at the ground.

"That wasn't very ladylike," Mrs. Miller chided. "That will cost you one demerit."

"Oh, no, please mom!" Greg cried. "I don't want anything else to happen."

"Too late, young lady," his mother answered. "You know the drill by now."

"Demerit?" Carlson still barely got his voice.

"Yes," Mrs. Miller explained. "Whenever he doesn't do as told or does it improperly, he is given a demerit. Three demerits result in a change to make him more feminine. Surely you noticed his pierced ears. Those are the result of his bad attitude over the past two days."

"Oh..." Carlson was completely floored by the sight before his eyes.

"And don't think I didn't hear how you came down the stairs, young lady," Mrs. Miller explained. "You were taught to descend the stairs like a delicate flower, not a like a drunken wrestler. That will cost you two demerits, which we will discuss later today."

Greg wanted to shout, scream, stomp his feet in frustration, but he didn't, realizing that all it would accomplish is more demerits.

"Kelli Anne, Andrea Marie, please come down, dears," Margaret McVey shouted.

"We don't want to, Mom," one of the twins answered.

"Both of you get down here right now!" she responded. "Don't make me come up there to get you. You know what will happen if I do."

"We'll be right down, Mom," both immediately responded. It wasn't but a few seconds before both boys shyly traipsed into the living room.

"Mr. Carlson, may I introduce my new twin daughters, Kelli, who you knew as Kevin, and Andrea, who you may remember as Andy," Mrs. McVey brightly said.

Kevin was wearing a flowered red sundress that hung only to mid-thigh. It had a plunging neckline that didn't reveal any feminine attributes. Andy wore a flouncy green mid-thigh skirt and brightly colored blouse. Like Greg, both boys wore hoop earrings in their pierced earlobes. Neither boy wore makeup and both wore his hair in his masculine style.

"Greet our visitor, boys," their mother ordered.

Andy was the first to speak, actually whisper, "Uh, hello Mr. Carlson." Kevin followed, both boys never actually looking at the man sitting before them. Their cheeks were burning with embarrassment and their eyes were cast to the ground.

"I see that neither of you have been working very hard at your makeup," Margaret McVey growled. "That will cost you three demerits each. When I tell you to do something, I expect you to do it."

"Momma..." Kevin cried. "We tried, but we didn't know what to do..."

"I gave you books to read. Ignorance is no excuse. I want you to know the rudiments of putting on makeup before I take you to the beauty shop on Saturday."

"Beauty shop! Go outside dressed like this? Momma, surely you are kidding!" Andy cried.

"I suggest you learn your lessons quickly, girls, because I am not kidding. Saturday you both will have your very first beauty treatment, and if you don't want to be a laughing stock, I suggest you get with the program."

Both boys slumped into a settee, realizing that when their mother had made up her mind, the issue was closed.

Greg heard the conversation and anxiously glanced at his mother. "Yes, dear, you too will get your first beauty treatment Saturday with your friends. Remember that you four are in this together. What happens to one will happen to all four of you." Greg simply collapsed next to his friends, allowing his skirt to crumple beneath him.

"That's another demerit, Grace," Mrs. Miller said. "Now stand up and sit like a girl should." Greg groaned even more as he did as his mother instructed.

"I guess it is my turn," Mrs. Gallo announced. "I'm all aflutter at having a daughter. I've always wanted one, and this gives me the opportunity to experience. I can't wait until Mary and I can go shopping together."

"Mary?" Mr. Carlson asked.



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All four boys were deeply embarrassed at having to appear before Carlson wearing their awful girl's clothes, but none dared complain. Complaining had got them pierced ears and shaved bodies.

"Yes, my new daughter, Mary Louise," Mrs. Gallo gleefully responded. "Mary, please come down. It's your turn to be introduced to our visitor."

A few seconds later, a sullen Mark entered the room. He too was dressed in a form fitting red and white patterned sundress. His dress fit about his bosom, held up by two thin straps, hugged his waist to flare out over his hips to 4" above his knees.

Unlike his friends, he showed what appeared to be a bosom beneath the top of his dress. He also wore pantyhose and sling pumps with 2" heels. A trace of makeup covered his face, but not enough to hide his boyish features.

"I want Mary to be a girly girl," Louise Gallo stated after noting that Carlson saw the differences in dress detail between Mark and his friends. "So she must get used to having breasts and walking in the highest of heels. She is wearing falsies I wore when I was a little girl until I can get her something more realistic."

Mark was deeply embarrassed by his mother's remarks. He didn't want to be a girly girl, and he sure didn't want to wear these silly falsies. But his mother was so adamant. He couldn't remember her being so assertive and insistent. He wondered what his mother meant by "more realistic' breast forms.

"Girls, stand before Mr. Carlson and raise your skirts to show him your lovely lingerie," Mrs. Miller ordered.

The boys emitted audible moans at her orders, but they stood as instructed, formed a line before their hated teacher, and raised their skirts to reveal the frilly nylon lingerie each wore beneath.

They nearly died on the spot when Carlson said, "Why their panties are the frilliest I've ever seen. I see they are wearing silky half slips too."

Although fully dressed in girl's clothes, none of the boys would ever be mistaken as a girl, what with their short hair

styles and boyish facial features. Nonetheless, all four looked rather feminine from their necks down.

"This is quite a revelation," Carlson finally announced. "I must admit that I'm somewhat intrigued by this punishment, but how do I know that this isn't a one time display that you women cooked up to get me off your son's backs? Wearing girl's clothes once indoors is certainly embarrassing and a start, but I don't think it is sufficient to cover what they did to the school."

"Oh, this isn't a one time thing," Margaret McVey answered. "We mothers have agreed that our sons must spend the summer wearing girl's clothes for the punishment to fit the crime."

"When? While they are indoor?" Carlson asked

"All the time!" Louise Gallo quickly injected. "I have already thrown Mary's boy clothes away. Once she starts developing, I intend on making sure she has a full wardrobe of lovely clothes to wear."

Mark stared wide-eyed at his mother at her revelation. This was the first he had heard that his boy clothes were gone. He thought she had merely stored them elsewhere in the house. 'Thrown away' had such an air of permanence attached to it. What was this about a new wardrobe of girl's clothes? What did she mean by 'developing'?

"How will I know that you are serious about their punishment?" Carlson asked, becoming increasingly intrigued at this developing situation.

"Well...why don't we arrange a meeting every few weeks, so you can monitor their activities?" Mrs. Miller suggested. "Although I'm sure you will see lots of our little girls about town."

"Ah...mother...what do you mean?" Greg stammered, as the meaning of his mother's words hit home. "Surely you don't expect us to appear in public wearing these clothes."

"Au contraire, sweetie," she smiled. "The beauty parlor this Saturday is merely your introduction to polite society. We mothers have lots of ideas for showing you how the other side lives. Maybe by the end of summer you boys will want to stay as girls."

"Not a chance!" "Nope!" "No way!" came from the four completely flabbergasted boys. "I'm out of girl's clothes for good once the summer ends."

"We will see," Mrs. Gallo smiled. "Now you girls return to Grace's bedroom and start practicing your makeup...for serious this time."

The four sullenly exited the living room to do as instructed. All had decided that it was prudent to try this makeup stuff, especially since they apparently were going to be taken to a beauty shop in a couple of days. None of them wanted to look like a clown.

Once they were gone, Mr. Carlson prepared to leave too, once they had agreed on a follow-up meeting in a month. "Just one last question," he said as he prepared to leave. "At the school you mentioned something about 'putting their emerging puberty on hold' to 'calm their raging hormones'. What did you mean?"

"Oh, yes, we mothers have agreed that it would be in their best interests to give their puberty a little summer vacation too," Mrs. Miller said.

"Yes," Louise Gallo enthusiastically interrupted. "So we have given our little darlings low doses of testosterone blocker to calm them down." She seemed to shiver with delight at the thought.

"Are you sure that is the right move?" Carlson asked. "After all, they are developing boys."

"Don't worry, Mr. Carlson," Mrs. McVey continued, "We consulted a doctor and she assured us that the medication won't permanently affect their development, but it will slow it down for the next three months."

## *Arrested Development*

One month later, Carlson receive a call from Margaret McVey asking if he was still interested in monitoring the boy's punishment. "Yes, I certainly do," he replied. "And I'll be very disappointed if their punishment is a cakewalk or if they haven't learned anything meaningful over the past month," he replied.

"Oh, they have learned lots of meaningful things. Come to my home tomorrow night, say about 8ish," she invited.

"Eight it is," he signed off.

-----

At eight the next night Mrs. McVey escorted Carlson into her house, where he found the other four mothers sipping glasses of wine. "Hello, Mr. Carlson," each greeted in turn.

"How are you ladies doing tonight?" he shook their hands.

"Marvelously," Mrs. Gallo gushed. "We can't wait to tell you how our lovely daughters are progressing."

"You mean your **sons**," he corrected.

"Whatever," Louise Gallo dismissed his comment.

"I think Marie really meant our daughters," Mrs. Miller commented.

This comment confused and intrigued Carlson. "Then I can assume the four are still in dresses."

"Well...not at the moment, but they surely are wearing girl's clothes," Margaret McVey smiled.

"But have they ventured out of their houses wearing girl's clothes?" he questioned.

"I think we can honestly state that our little darlings are starting to experience life outside the home fires," Janice Miller stated. "We have three instances to share with you if you are interested."

"Yes, that is why I am here. I check if the punishment is fitting the crime."

"I'll go first," Janice Miller volunteered. "I will describe the first time our boys ventured outside. It was the Saturday following your last visit. We all met at the beauty parlor for our darlings first makeover."

"I remember you discussing that," Carlson nodded.

"Well Greg was fit to be tied as he prepared for his first venture outside. He wanted to wear a pair of Levi jeans and a top, but I would have nothing to do with that. I insisted that he wear one of his new cute sundresses."

"It sounds like he has more than the one he wore late time," Carlson stated.

"Oh yes, he has quite a few, and more all the time. At that time, he had two, and he finally chose the one you haven't seen. It is a really cute navy blue outfit covered with lots of yellow sunflowers. He looked so cute in it. I can still picture him in it with his blonde hair swirling about his shoulders," she sighed.

"Long blonde hair? Greg's hair is quite short," Carlson noted.

"It's growing rapidly, but yes, it isn't girlish length yet. I bought this lovely wig for him to wear until his hair is long enough to style."

"I bet he wasn't happy wearing a girl's wig," Carlson laughed.

"Oh, he was quite unhappy, but it was either the wig or his own hair. Given the choices, he gladly chose the wig. He would have died of shame if he were recognized as a boy in girl's clothes. With the wig on, he actually looks quite cute. Even the girl's at the salon gushed over how lovely he was, considering that he has been a girl for only a week."

"The salon girls knew that he was a boy?" Carlson was really warming up to Janice's story.

"Of course!" Janice answered. "I told them ahead of time. You can't fool those girls. They would have known the instant we walked in. That would have really caused a scene."

"So how did they treat him?"

"I'll get to that in a minute," Janice Miller said. "Greg was extremely reluctant to venture out of the house in broad daylight."

Can't I get in the car in the garage?" he asked.

"No! You cannot stay in the house and still meet Mr. Carlson's conditions for your punishment," I explained, "So you will start by going out the front door to the car."

"But Momma, people will see me wearing this dress," he cried.

"Of course they will, dear, and what they will see is a girl going to her parent's car. That is why you are wearing your wig. You must conquer your fears or people will be suspicious as to why a cute girl is acting so strangely."

I waited in the car for two minutes before he finally came rushing out the door to the car. Unbeknownst to him, his flight caused his sundress to flare up exposing his frilly pink panties to two girls playing next door.

He opened the door and flopped into the front seat. "Get out and enter the car like a lady, Grace," I ordered. "And be sure to smooth your skirt before taking your seat."

He looked at me like I was asking him to sign away his life, but he knew that defiance would only lead to further punishments, so he did as I insisted. He had to do it twice before I was satisfied. "Now, Grace, you will always enter and leave a car like a lady," I stated.

We arrived at the salon at 4 PM. It was a small salon with only one other patron, an elderly woman. Greg was scared shitless as I led into this exclusively feminine realm. "Momma, they will know I'm a guy," he whined.

"Of course they will know, Grace," I agreed. "They work with girls all day long. They can recognize a boy in a dress."

That's why I told them ahead of time about you. But don't worry, they have worked on boys like you before, so they will treat us nicely."

"Boys like me?" he asked.

"Yes, boys who are becoming girls," I answered.

"But I'm not becoming a girl," he gasped. "I'm only dressed this way because you are making me."

"That may be true, but don't be so sure about not becoming a girl. These ladies can work miracles."

"T...they aren't going to..." he stammered.

"Of course not. They aren't doctors," I finished his question. "But when you leave here, you will look like you are a girl."

"But Momma, I don't want to look like a girl," he whined again.

"Do you want to look like a boy wearing girl's clothes?" I asked.

His eyes went wide. "Of course not. I would be mortified if someone recognized me as a boy while I'm wearing this dress."

"You have a choice between looking like a girl wearing girl's clothes or looking like a boy wearing girl's clothes. Which will it be?"

"Uh...a girl wearing girl's clothes," he whimpered.

"Good, because that's why we are here," I concluded as the shop owner approached us. "This nice lady will make your wish come true."

"And did she?" Carlson asked.

"That's for you to decide," Janice concluded

-----

"I'm next," Mrs. McVey stepped forward. "I want to tell about the second time I took Kelli and Andrea outside. The

first time was to the salon. Janice covered that. My experience was much like hers."

"You mean Kevin and Andy?" Carlson asked.

"I meant Kelli and Andrea," she returned. "Until this summer is over my former sons don't live here."

"Uh, right..." Carlson agreed.

"Kevin and Andy were always very competitive with each other, and I decided to use that to my advantage. After the salon experience, I used their competitiveness to make them more feminine."

"Feminine? You made them compete over who could become the most girlish?" Carlson asked.

"Exactly! I made the boys practice their makeup techniques every day after the salon treatment. Two days later, I complimented Kevin on how seductive his eyes looked. He, of course, was embarrassed by my compliment, but Andy was offended that I hadn't mentioned his eyes."

An hour later, Andy cornered me, "What's wrong with my makeup, Momma?"

"Why do you ask?"

"You complimented Kevin on his eyes, but you didn't mention mine," he sniffed.

"I felt his eyes looked prettier, honey," I said. "You could have even lovelier eyes if you tried harder."

He thought for a second, and then said, "You're right, anything Kevin can do, I can do better." And he went directly to his room to practice.

The next day, I complimented Andy on how nicely he applied his lipstick. An hour later, I found Kevin sitting at his settee diligently applying lipstick.

I switched from makeup to styling their wigs to how well they coordinated their clothes to how well they groomed their fingers and toes. Before I knew it, they were in a full-blown

competition. Whatever one would work on, the other was soon emulating.

A week after this little sibling competition started, I mentioned that we ought to do something about their room. I had moved them together to share a bedroom as sisters. Boys can have separate bedrooms, but girls should share a bedroom so they can learn from each other, especially girls like my new daughters. "What's wrong with our room, Momma?" they asked.

"It looks so...so drab," I sighed. "You can do so much more to make it nicer, like make it brighter, cheerier, more feminine to go with your summer clothes."

At first both wanted to complain that their room was just fine the way it was, but then Kevin suggested that maybe it could be improved somewhat. Andy eyed him for a second, and then said, "I want to repaint the walls."

"Me too," Kevin interrupted, "A nice white would look better than the present blue."

"Hah!" Andy said, "I want...pink! Can we go to the store for some supplies, Momma?"

"Of course, sweetie," I'm sure we can find the necessary stuff."

"Maybe a Rose color," Kevin considered.

"Don't forget furniture, darlings," I suggested. Suddenly both dived head first into outdoing the other.

"Let's buy the supplies right now, dears," I suggested.

"We can't go to Home Depot wearing dresses," Kevin said.

"Of course not," I agreed. "Your pink shorts and a lovely white blouse would be much more appropriate."

"I meant we can't go wearing girl's clothes," Kevin said.

"Of course you can...and will!" I was adamant. "Hurry and change. Wear the identical outfits, darlings, so everyone will know that you are twins. I'll wear a similar outfit, so they will know that you are my lovely twin daughters."

They looked at each other, realizing that they had been hoodwinked, but they knew I wouldn't allow them to pull out now. "Be sure to style your lovely wigs the same, girls," I ordered. "Isn't lucky that both of you studied styling over the past two days?"

An hour later, I pulled into a Home Depot across town. I wasn't prepared to expose my emerging daughters too close to home yet. They still needed polishing before becoming familiar to the neighbors.

Both were extremely uncertain as they got out of the car, their legs nearly buckling beneath them. This was their first exposure in such a public place, and they weren't sure whether people would see them as girls and not as boys wearing girl's clothes.

Their clothes were particularly feminine girly. Both wore tight fitting pink short shorts and a frilly peasant blouse that bared slim waists to expose their pierce belly buttons. Freshly shaven legs were bare from their hips to the low heel pink sandals on their feet. Their makeup was minimum since it was daytime, yet flawlessly applied, and their hair was becomingly styled with a small bow on one side. Kevin's boy was white, while Andy's bow was pink. They were visions of feminine loveliness.

They were very self-conscious as I led them to the paint department. "Remember to walk with your hips, girls, and less with your shoulders. We wouldn't want people to mistake you for lumberjacks," I cautioned. They immediately started to put some swing to their hips as they walked. Not enough to exaggerate their walk, but enough so no one would ever mistake them for males.

As we approached the paint counter, I spotted a teenage boy working the counter. "Andrea, ask that nice boy for help picking your wall color," I said.

Looking at me with concern, he approached a boy and cleared his throat. "Will you help me, please?" he asked, using the girlish lilt he had practiced for the past two weeks.

He was concerned that the boy would recognize him as a guy in girl's clothes and start ridiculing him in front of all the other patrons. Instead, the boy said, "Of course, Miss. What may I help you with?"

Relieved that the boy didn't see through his disguise, Andy continued, "My...uh...sister and I want to repaint our bedroom, and we don't know what is needed to do the job." Kevin winced at being referred to as a sister.

"That's quite a job for two young ladies to undertake," he said as he led us to the premium paint section. "What color are you thinking of?"

"Uh..." looking at me, Andy finally said, "Pink?"

Kevin injected, "Uh...or lavender." His voice was a little falsetto, but not enough to alert the boy.

We spent an hour buying the right paint (pink) and other supplies. "When were you going to do the painting?" the boy asked.

"In a few days," I answered. "We want to look for new furniture too, you know vanities, beds, curtains."

"Painting means moving furniture. Some of my friends and I have a little side business doing odd jobs. We would do a professional job of your painting for a nominal cost. We'd even move out your old furniture and move in the new."

"Why that sounds lovely," I said. "My daughters could never do heavy lifting. That's a job for manly men, not delicate girls. Could you have the paint job finished this week, so we can move in the new furniture next Saturday?"

"No problem," the boy smiled while looking Kevin and Andy over from top to bottom. "You are right, your girls are much too pretty to get paint splattered all over them. Leave the heavy stuff to us boys."

"We will do just that," I finalized the deal. We agreed on the time and day for the paint job, and then Kevin, Andy, and myself left to continue shopping with renewed confidence that they could pass as girls.

When we got out of earshot, Kevin said, "Momma, we could have done the painting. We're not 'delicate flowers'. We are as much boys as he is."

"You may have been boys a few weeks ago, Kelli dear," I said, "but you are now my daughters, and you will become more feminine with each passing day. Leave the heavy work to real boys, not emerging young ladies like you two." Both were tongue-tied by my statement, but neither dared contradict me.

I drove to a particularly nice furniture store with the loveliest bedroom furniture. Neither Andy nor Kevin wanted new furniture, but two hours later, we left with a full set of lovely bedroom furniture for young ladies to be delivered on Saturday.

"Momma, why did you spend so much on new furniture? We will just have to give it away in the fall when we return to being boys," Andy asked.

"I think we may get much more use from it than that," I mysteriously answered.

-----

"My turn, my turn," Louise Gallo enthusiastically rose from her chair. "I want to tell of my Mary's third trip outdoors."

"You seem really enthusiastic about embracing your son's punishment," Carlson noted.

"Oh, Louise is very enthusiastic. She embraces everything that has to do with Mary," Janice laughed.

"Why not?" Louise huffed. "It's not every day that a mother has a new chance at having a daughter, especially when she only gave birth to a son. I plan on taking full advantage of this wonderful opportunity by teaching Mary everything I know about being a girl. We had so much fun shopping." Her enthusiasm bubbled out.

"I am determined to let Mary experience the joys of being a pretty teenage girl, so I'm spared no expense buying her the

loveliest most feminine clothes. I've pampered her no end, and slowly she is responding to my efforts. The beauty parlor taught her the rudiments of makeup and feminine hygiene, and our second trip out together to dinner helped her feel comfortable in public while dressed as a pretty young girl. But it's our third trip out together that thrilled me the most."

"You keep referring to your son as 'she' and 'her', Mrs. Gallo," Carlson stated. "Aren't you going a little overboard with this punishment?"

"Punishment? What punishment?" she replied.

"The punishment for trashing the school," he shook his head in frustration.

"Oh, I all but forgot about that," she giggled.

"Why are you still dressing your son as a girl, if not to punish him?"

"Haven't you heard a word I said? I never had the opportunity to raise a daughter, Mark being an only child. This opportunity is an answer to my prayers. But if it makes you feel better, I'll refer to Mary by her former name and gender."

"As I was saying," Louise continued, "I decided that **Mark** needed new bras and panties, so I took **him** to Victoria's Secret. They have a fabulous collection of pushup bras that make even the smallest bosom seem large. Mark's breasts need lots of help until they mature."

"Uh...I'm sorry, but Mark's breasts won't grow," Carlson said. "His male puberty will continue, even with the temporary testosterone blockers you gave him."

"Silly man," Louise smiled. "Of course they will grow. In fact, his breasts are already starting to sprout."

"Surely you jest," Carlson gasped. "That's not possible."

"Not only possible, but actual," Janice Miller said. "My Greg is also experiencing the onset of breast growth."

"As are my boys," Margaret McVey joined in.

# ARE YOU A WRITER?

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OR JUST A  
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SOME IDEAS  
OR SCENES?

SOME OF THE  
BEST IDEAS  
START WITH  
SOMEONE JUST  
SCRIBBLING  
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SCENES TO A  
FANTASY?  
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"Enough!" Louise Gallo stamped her foot. "You didn't interrupt them during their stories. Let me tell of our visit to Victoria's Secret."

"Anyway, as I was saying before I was interrupted, Mark has developed knots behind his enlarged nipples, so he needed properly fitted bras that would enhance his cleavage until he is able to hold his own."

"I insisted that he wear a cute pleated gray skirt and the loveliest white blouse that buttoned down the front for easy removal at the store. Of course he wore his pantyhose and 2" matching gray heels. His hair was nicely styled, and he wore appropriate makeup for daytime. All in all, he was a daughter any mother would be proud of. I certainly was!"

"When we walked out the front door, a breeze blew Mark's skirt to expose his lacy slip to a boy passing by. He quickly held down his skirt with one hand while brushing some stray curls from his face with the other. He saw the boy looking at him and blushed a deep red."

"Hurry, Mary," I urged. "You will have plenty of time to gawk at boys in the future."

"I wasn't gawking, mother," he huffed as he delicately entered the car as I had taught him. He learns quickly everything I teach him about being feminine.

Mark rung his hands and fidgeted in the front passenger seat as I drove to the shopping mall. "Stop fidgeting, Mary. We are merely going clothes shopping," I told him.

"But Momma, I've never been in a girl's lingerie store before, let alone while wearing a skirt and blouse. The sales girls will surely know that I'm a boy and make fun of me or even throw me out of the store."

"Don't be a silly girl," I commented. "You've been out in public before, and nobody made fun of you."

"But the girls at the beauty salon already knew we were boys. The time we went for dinner was at night, and the restaurant lighting was subdued. Besides, you ordered for

both of us, so I didn't have to speak. It's full daytime now, Victoria's Secret is fully lit, the mall is filled with people, and I'll surely have to speak to the girls in the boutique."

"Everything you said is correct, Mary, but let me assure you that nobody will recognize you as a boy. Why even your voice has taken on a wonderful girlish lilt. I bet you have forgotten how to speak as a boy."

"That's not true, Momma," he said still using his girlish voice. "It's just that I haven't been allowed to use it for the longest time."

"Let me hear you then," I challenged.

"You are allowing me to speak in my normal boy voice," he gasped, still speaking as a girl.

"Yes, let me hear you speak like Mark."

"Well...okay..." he tried to lower his voice to its boy timbre. Then he gasped. "Momma, I forgot how to lower my voice." His voice remained at its girlish level.

"Forgot or can't?" I said. "Really, Mary, you have no need for a boy's voice, so don't get stressed out. Your present voice sounds quite lovely."

"But...but what about at the end of summer when I return to being a boy? I'll be a boy speaking like a girl."

"Don't be silly, Mary," I laughed. "You will be a lovely girl speaking like a girl."

Before he could respond, I pulled into the mall and parked. "Be sure to smooth out your skirt after you exit the car, Mary. Wrinkled pleated skirts do not look nice." Obediently he did as I instructed.

We walked hand in hand into the mall, and I smiled at the way his skirt swirled about his thighs with each step. My constant instructions were paying dividends as he traipsed into the mall like a normal girl.

Mark constantly looked at the people we passed to see if they recognized him as a boy in girl's clothes. To his

consternation and relief, no one gave him a second glance, other than two boys whose looks were that of lust, not laughter.

By the time we reached Victoria's Secret, Mark was starting to calm down. Just maybe he would be able to get through this ordeal without being completely humiliated. "Let's look at the bra and panty sets first, Mary," I suggested. "Then I want us to look for some nice nighties."

Mark hesitated a bit before entering the store, so I took his arm and nudged him inside. A girl came forward asking if she could help. I nudged Mark to answer her.

"Ah...my mother and I...want to see some panty and bra sets," he said barely above a whisper.

"Of course, any type you looking for?"

Again I nudged him. "Uh...pushup bras, please," he said, now without whispering. The girl gave him no questioning look, but merely smiled and led the way to the right counter.

"I take you to be a 32 A, right?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered. "My daughter is a little late developing, and she is worried about not fitting in with other girls her age."

"I understand," she smiled, "I was a late bloomer too, but Mother Nature kicked in when I reached 17. Now what colors were you looking for?"

Mark looked at me, but I remained silent, forcing him to make the color selection. "Uh...white and crème, please."

"Also a strapless black one to match a little black dress I plan to buy her this afternoon." Mark looked at me as if to say 'what little black dress'. "It was going to be a surprise, sweetie," I innocently answered his expression.

"Here are our best produces, one in each of the colors you requested. Why don't you go to our change room and try them on?"

As I led Mark to the change room, he whispered, "I can't go in there. I'll be arrested if they find that I'm really a boy."

"Don't be silly," I stated. "Whatever gave you the idea that you are a boy?" and I led into the room. "Now remove your blouse and bra so we can see how well these new bras work."

He did as I instructed. I marveled at how his nipples protruded from his chest. They were nearly half dollar size and a blushing pink. "My nipples really itch, Momma," he whispered so anybody in the next stall couldn't hear. "And there is a knot behind each one. Is that normal? Why would my nipples be irritated like this?"

"Why, Mary dear, it's probably irritation from wearing a bra all the time. Your breasts aren't used to the constant rubbing," I answered with a smile.

He took my explanation on face value, and took the first pushup bra and placed it about his chest. When he finally had it snapped in place and his pads were strategically placed, we both marveled at how it pushed together the flesh where his breasts would normally be to form the perfect illusion of cleavage.

We spent half an hour checking out the bras before I was satisfied that they would do the job. Before buying the bras, we examined matching panties. "We have some nice cotton panties that are really comfortable," the salesgirl said.

"No, I think my daughter should have sexy nylon panties," I said. When Mark looked at me for an explanation, I said, "You will want to feel as sexy below as you will look above." The salesgirl smiled and agreed with my explanation.

After examining the many styles, we finally settled on some thin nylon panties that barely covered the front but bared the buns and other more normally designed panties hemmed in lace.

Finally, I asked him to take a seat while I bought something special, just for him. He asked what it was, but I refused to tell. It was a surprise.

After leaving Victoria's Secret, we wandered the mall, just a mother and daughter, looking in the windows, stopping in some stores, passing others. We passed a girl's dress shop, and I saw the 'little black dress' that I had promised earlier. Mark protested, "Mother, I would never be seen wearing such a skimpy dress. Besides, where would I ever wear it to?"

"A girl never knows when the opportunity to look gorgeously sexy will appear, but every girl should be prepared for when it does happen," I explained.

"But...but that dress is one that a girl wears dancing or on a date. I'm not going on a date, especially wearing such a sexy dress."

"Then it will just hang in your closet, darling," I said, "But a girl never knows..."

It was wonderful day! It was what I missed most by having a son, and I was determined that this would not be the last time.

-----

"I must say, ladies, your fairytales make wonderful theatre. But your sons are rambunctious boys, and could hardly pass as believable girls."

"Everything we said is truthful," Louise Gallo answered. "Our boys are becoming quite lovely daughters."

"Really, Mrs. Gallo, your boys are manly boys going through masculine puberty. I doubt if a few clothes and a little makeup would make them pass as girls. And even if it could, they would still act as boys, which would give them away as impostors. By the way, where are the boys? I haven't seen them all evening."

"Oh, our manly boys are having a little slumber party upstairs," answered Mrs. McVey. "Would you like to see them?" Her voice dripped with sarcasm.

"Yes, I think it is my duty to check in on the boys periodically. I certainly don't want their punishment to be a

cakewalk. Your fantasy stories could be a cover-up for letting them off easy," Carlson gruff stated.

"Follow us, then," Margaret. McVey cooed.

-----

As they ascended the stairs, Carlson commented, "You ladies seem so enthusiastic about your sons' unique punishment. I need not remind you that your boys never acted like sissies. They never showed the slightest inclination towards being transgendered or liking girl's things. In fact, they are in this situation because they are rambunctious boys. Their punishment ends in two months, and the boys will return to being just that, normal boys."

"We are quite aware of what our sons' inclinations were," Janice answered. "We are working with what we were given. We will see what will happen at the end of summer."

As they approached the twin's bedroom, Carlson commented, "I bet the boys look forward to bedtime when they get a break from their girlish clothes, makeup, and forced behavior."

Smiling at Carlson's comment, Margaret knocked on her twin's bedroom door to announce their arrival. "Are you ready?" she asked.

"Y...yes, I guess," a lilting voice from within answered.

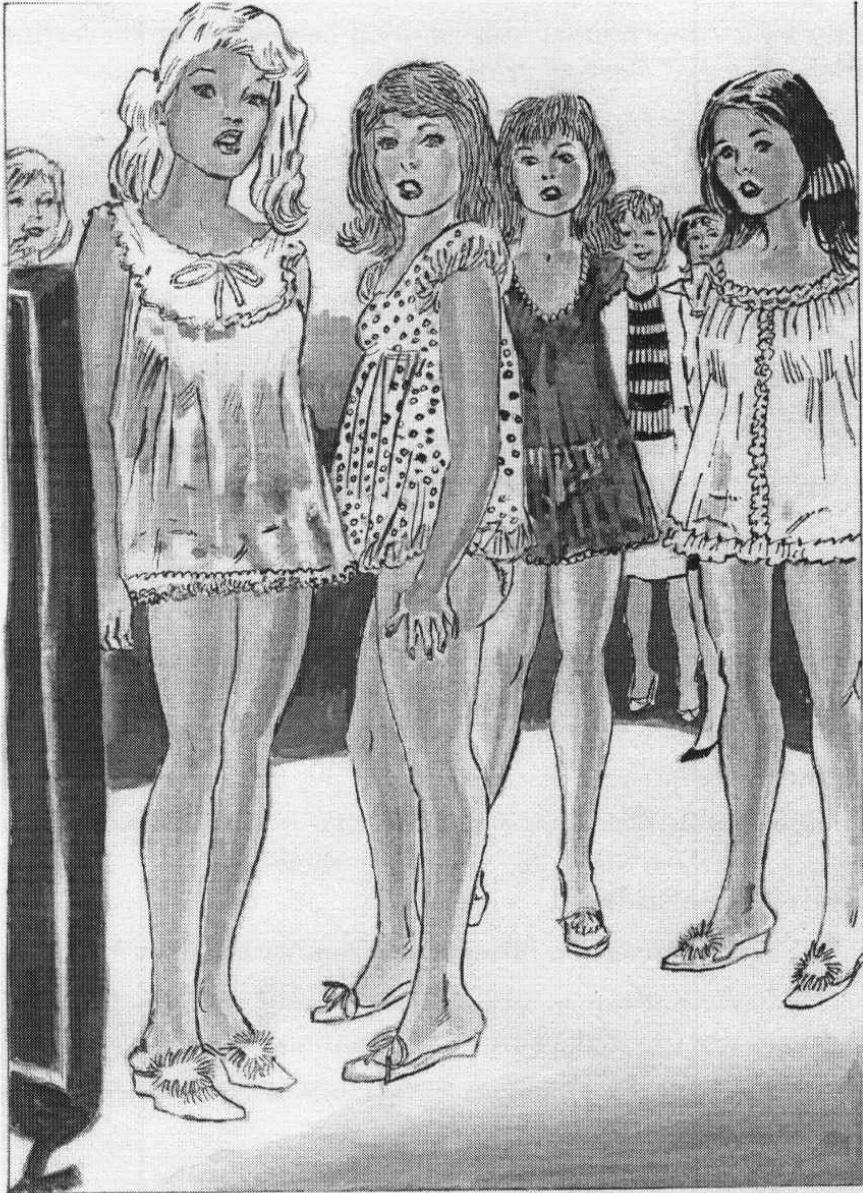
"Please wait out here for a few seconds, Mr. Carlson. We mothers want to make sure our boys are presentable."

"I've seen lots of naked boys while a gym teacher," he replied.

"Our children are not locker room boys any longer. They deserve the privacy reserved for girls," Janice Miller replied. "We will be just a few seconds."

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Carlson heard muffled talking behind the closed door, but true to her word, Margaret McVey soon opened the door and escorted him in. What greeted him completely blew his mind.



*“Greet your school teacher, boys,” Margaret McVey ordered. “He wants to know how you are adjusting to your punishment.”*

"Mr. Carlson, may I introduce our manly sons," Margaret McVey smiled. "Go ahead, **boys**, introduce yourselves to your homeroom teacher. He has worried about how you are adjusting to your punishment." She smiled as her hand swept over the scene before him.

What Carlson saw was not the rambunctious boys he remembered from school, but rather he saw four very pretty young girls dressed in the frilliest babydoll nighties. One girl was a pretty blonde, another a shy cute brunette, and the twins were lovely redheads.

"**Ahhhh!**" Carlson lost his voice. He was at a loss for words. An uncomfortable silence followed until one twin, wearing a white babydoll nightie covered with small pink dots, stepped forward, dipped a slight curtsey, and said in a girlish lilt, "Hello, Mr. Carlson, my name is Kelli Anne McVey. You may remember me as Kevin McVey." Although his words were flawlessly spoken, the frown on Kevin's made up face showed lack of conviction.

The other twin wearing a red babydoll nightie stepped forward and performed a perfect curtsey. With a tinkling giggle, he trilled, "Hello, Mr. Carlson, remember me, Andy McVey? I'm Andrea Marie McVey now."

The final two boys held back before Janice Miller cleared her throat, which motivated Greg to step forward. He wore a pink babydoll nightie with a little ribbon across his chest. Matching pink frilly panties peeked from beneath his short diaphanous top. His blonde hair, styled in twin angle wings tied by matching pink ribbons, made him look like a cute Barbie doll. His pink nightie swished like a pink cloud as he minced on his pink silk lined slippers to where I stood. Like the others, his face was perfectly made up befitting a young girl.

"Hello, Mr. Carlson," he struggled to speak, clearing his voice once. "M...my name is...Grace Susan Miller. I used to be Greg." Blushing the shade of his nightie, Greg performed a slight dip and quickly stepped back.

Finally, Mark stepped forward wearing a gorgeous lavender babydoll nightie with matching slippers. The nightie wonderful complimented his smooth delicate skin and dark brunette hair. Mark delicately took the hem of his nightie in the thumb and forefinger of each hand and performed a perfect deep curtsey, while looking Carlson in his eyes with a smile on his lips. In a practiced soprano, he said, "Hello, Mr. Carlson. My name is Mary Louise Gallo. I once was a boy too." A flush came to his cheeks with his pronouncement.

Carlson noticed Mark's nightie top bob slightly as he curtsied. He noticed the same with the other boys too. He concluded that the mothers were making them wear falsies to bed. They would need a bra to keep the falsies on, but he couldn't see a bra or bra strap beneath their nighties, and he wondered how they did it.

"Uh...why...?" Carlson still couldn't find his voice, but he swept his hand before him.

"Why what?" Louise Gallo cooed.

"Why are they wearing such girlish nighties and looking like girls?" he croaked.

"Answer him, boys," Margaret said.

"These are our normal nightclothes, sir," Andy trilled. "This is the way we always look at bedtime. Is something wrong? Is my lipstick smeared?"

"Our mothers said that we are girls for the summer, and we must present ourselves as girls if we didn't want to be ridiculed as boys in girl's clothes," Mark injected.

"But why are you dressed like...girls...at bedtime. The punishment was only to cover awake hours."

"We can't be 12 hour a day girls and pull off our masquerade," Kevin said. "They said that we need to absorb ourselves in our new gender until the punishment is over. That's why Andrea and I had our bedroom redecorated."

Carlson looked about. He was so floored by the four obvious girls standing before him that he missed the bedroom

they occupied. The walls were painted light pink with white accenting. Two four-poster beds occupied opposite sides of the room. Next to each was a vanity covered with the bottles and tubes that make up the feminine products that young girls use. White carpet covered the floor and pink lace curtains decorated the windows. This bedroom was the most feminine girly room he had ever been in.

"I...it's...uh...charming," Carlson coughed.

"Grace and Mary's bedrooms are every bit as lovely as ours," Andy giggled. "Maybe even more so." Greg and Mark again blushed at his comment.

"Why do you keep referring to each other by your feminine names? We are the only people here, and we all know who you really are," Carlson asked after reviewing their bedroom.

"So we won't make a mistake when we are out with each other," Mark cooed in his captivating feminine trill. "What would happen if I should refer to Grace as Greg while shopping at the mall? I can't remember the last time I referred to my friends by their former names."

"Former?" Carlson asked.

"Former until our mothers tell us we can return to being boys," Mark finished.

"I...I don't know what to say," Carlson stammered. "You go shopping together? By yourselves? For girl's clothes?"

"Our mothers insist that we go shopping together. They drop us at the mall to fend for ourselves and then pick us up a few hours later," Greg explained.

"It helps build their self confidence," Janice said. "They do wonderfully together."

"What do you do? Play video games," Carlson asked.

"Ewww! As if!" Mark sneered. "There are way to many other things to do at the mall to waste time playing silly video games."

"You were the champion video game player at school last year," Carlson reminded.

"That was then. **This is now**," Mark again grasped the hem of his nightie. "Mother would have a snit if I wasted precious shopping time playing video games."

"What do you do?" Carlson was truly puzzled.

"Shop, of course! Show him, girls," Margaret McVey said.

"Follow me," Andy quietly said as he delicately traipsed to his closet on his feminine slippers. His swaying hips made his nighties flutter about his smooth shapely legs. Opening a closet door, he exposed a wide variety of dresses, skirts, blouses, and shorts of all shades and colors. "These are my new clothes, Mr. Carlson."

"The clothes are for Kevin and you?" Carlson gasped.

"Oh, no! Kelli's clothes are in her closet," Andy nodded to where Kevin stood.

"Those are all yours? Where are your boy clothes?" Carlson coughed.

"Boy clothes? I haven't any boy clothes," Andy softly said, nearly in tears. "They were given to charity two weeks ago."

"Charity? And Kevin's closet is like yours?"

Kevin opened his closet to expose an equal array of feminine finery. "Of course our dressers are full of our lingerie, a drawer for bras, another for panties, one for our slips and teddies, and another for stockings and socks. Finally we each have a drawer for our nighties, all like the ones we are wearing," he touched the frilly nightgown he was wearing.

"And you boys have the same?" he asked Greg and Mark.

"Oh, Mary's closets are so much fuller than ours," Andy giggled almost jealously. Mark blushed at Andy's comment, but did not deny it.

"By the way, how did your hair grow so long so quickly?" Carlson asked as he scanned the four feminine boys.

"These are wigs," Mark laughed. "Our hair hasn't grown out yet, but it is growing quickly."

"Why are you wearing the wigs now...to bed?"

"Our mother's insist that we wear them 24/7," Kevin said. "We must treat them as our own hair until we can discard them."

"It helps them to develop self images as young girls," Margaret McVey said. "Whenever they look into a mirror, morning or night, they see a girl. Soon it will become natural for them to see only a girl when they look at each other or at their reflections."

-----

Carlson was floored by what he had seen and heard. He merely shook his head as he backed out of this so girlish bedroom followed closely by the three mothers. "W...what happened to the boys...the boys being punished for trashing the school?"

"They are now our daughters," Janice Miller firmly stated. "Those boys you refer to wouldn't be caught dead wearing girl's clothes. They were manly boys, not sissy girls. On the other hand, our new daughters are the girliest girls."

"This must stop!" Carlson gruffly stated as he descended the stairs. "This punishment has gotten completely out of hand."

"Whatever do you mean?" Louise Gallo innocently asked.

"You know what I mean!" he gruffly addressed the three women. "I started this punishment, and I will stop it! I'll mail you those incriminating photos of your boys trashing the schoolroom. Then you can return your sons to their proper genders without incurring police action."

"Why thank you," Janice Miller cooed. "That's ever so nice of you."

"I'm leaving for a teacher's workshop in a few days, and won't be back in town for two months. I expect that your boys

will be back to their rambunctious selves by the time I return."

"Whatever you say, Mr. Carlson," Margaret McVey smiled as she led him to the door. "Have a nice workshop and don't worry about our children. We mothers love them and know what is best for them."

"I'll check in when I return to see if there is anything I can do to help the boys adjust. School starts a couple of weeks after I return, and they may need some manly advice after the trauma they have endured for the past month or so."

"I'm sure your help will be most welcome," Janice Miller smiled as she took his hand. "In fact I'm sure we mothers will definitely seek your help at that time."

### ***What Happened?***

Two months later, Carlson returned to town. He was too busy getting his life back to normal to pay attention to the four boys. He expected to run into them somewhere in town before school started, ask them if they had any lingering problems related to their punishment, and apply 'big brother' advice to resolve any problems. He didn't expect any long-term issues other than the normal problems that boys have while going through puberty.

Two weeks before school, he called Mrs. Miller to make sure everything was back to normal. "Hello, Mr. Carlson. How was your workshop?" Janice gushed.

"Fine, fine!" he answered as he reviewed a paper given at the workshop. "I'm calling to see if everything is okay with your boy. Anything I can help with before school starts?"

"Yes, there is one issue. Why don't we meet at the park this afternoon? I'll bring the other mothers."

"Okay," he stammered. His offer had been more rhetorical than real, but he felt obligated now that it was made. "Will the boys be joining us? I haven't seen them about town since I returned."

"What a wonderful idea. I'll make sure each mother brings her children with her. Say 2 PM at the benches by the fountain?"

"See you there," Carlson signed off and returned to his paper.

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Carlson showed up at the designated spot on time, but the mother's weren't there. Instead, sitting on the park bench was a cute brunette teenage girl who looked strangely familiar.

The lovely young lady primly sat on the bench as if expecting others. She wore a black skirt, white blouse that exposed a little cleavage, and 3" high heel shoes. She had one long shapely leg crossed over the other at her knee. Her long smooth legs were enclosed in shimmering nylon stockings that exposed her legs to wonderful advantage. Her long raven hair was stylishly combed to frame her lovely made up face. She wore two necklaces, pierced earrings in each ear, a set of clanging bracelets, and a tiny ring. Her purse sat next to her as she calmly watched strollers pass her by.

Approaching her, he said, "Excuse me, Miss, but have you seen three women in the vicinity recently?"

"Oh, hello, Mr. Carlson," the girl chirped in a lovely lilting trill. "Don't you recognize me? I'm Mary Gallo. Remember me from the slumber party?"

Carlson was aghast! Mark? You dressed like..." he gasped.

"Is my slip showing? Is my lipstick smeared?" Mark checked the hem of his skirt noting that he wasn't exposing his lingerie, and then he retrieved his compact from his purse to check his makeup. Noting that his lipstick was perfect, he smiled saying, "You were saying?"

"The...way you are dressed..." he coughed.

"Oh, here are the other girls," Mark chirped. "Over here, girls." Mark waved at three gorgeous girls approaching them.



*Carlson was floored at the four lovely teenage girls before him. These cannot actually be the four ruffians that he punished for trashing his office. What had their mothers done to them?*

"Hi, girlfriends!" Mark greeted each girl with a peck on his cheek. "Mr. Carlson, you remember Grace Miller and the McVey twins, Kelli and Andrea?"

Carlson was tongue-tied as he examined the three new girls. He couldn't believe that these four girls were the four boys he had punished for trashing his homeroom.

Greg Miller wore a blue and white stripe skirt with matching blouse. His blouse was a summer top that exposed his soft arms, the middle of his waist, and plunged to show significant cleavage. His skirt swayed about his gorgeous nylon clad legs in the slight breeze. He stood confidently on white 3" high heels, and he wore a minimum of jewelry, consisting only of a pearl necklace and some bangle bracelets.

Andy McVey wore a pink dress with a flared skirt that played about his thighs in the breeze. The dress top was cut to cover breast development, although it looked like he had substantial breasts if it wasn't foam pads.

Kevin McVey wore a sophisticated looking, tight fitting white skirt with a black top and a delicate white jacket. His skirt did nothing to hide his long, smooth legs as he stood confidently on 2" white heels.

"My gawd, what have your mothers done?" Carlson cried.

A puzzled look came over the four boys. "What do you mean, Mr. Carlson?" Greg asked.

"You are boys. They were supposed to let you return to being boys after our meeting at the slumber party. Why are you still dressed in girl's clothes...and doing so in public?"

All four boys laughed together. "Oh, Mr. Carlson, we aren't those boys. Do we look like boys? Do we act like the boys you describe? We are now girls," Mark giggled in his remarkable soprano trill. The other boys nodded, covering their painted lips.

"But...how?" he grasped to understand.

Greg sat next to Mark. "Let me recall. "I can't pinpoint any one cause for me becoming a girl. I recall early on when

Mother made me practice applying makeup. I really didn't want to learn such sissy stuff, but she hovered over me like a vulture, until I got it right. First I learned to apply lipstick, then blush, and then eye makeup. It was so confusing."

"You must have been a great pupil, because your makeup is immaculate now," Carlson commented.

"I wasn't a good pupil at first, but practice does make perfect, and I had lots of practice," Greg giggled.

"Too bad you weren't as dedicated to your studies at school. You might not be dressed like you are," Carlson said.

Greg blushed, but continued. "Soon I was sitting before her vanity dressed in silky panties, a training bra, and the silkiest satin slip as I applied my makeup. It was so devastating to see my reflection in the mirror as I brought a lipstick to my lips and saw the creamy red color cover my lips."

The other three boys nodded as they recalled similar situations. "That was when I first realized that Mother might get her wish," Mark sighed. "I was utterly crushed to look at my reflection and see a pretty girl staring back, and not the boy I knew I was."

"Our mother had us learn our makeup together. We first applied makeup to each other, and when we had learned to use it, she made us apply it to ourselves," Andy remembered. "At first we had lots of fun making each other look clownish, but Mom whipped that out of us. My ass still feels sore from when she applied the brush to it because I didn't properly apply makeup brushes to Kelli's face."

"I recall when Mom first put a wig on my head. I was fully made up and wearing my prettiest lingerie. She said, "It is time to change my sweetie's image from a pretty boy to a pretty girl." She held a long blonde wig before her.

"Fat chance of that happening, Mom," I blustered. "I'm a boy, and I'll always be a boy."

"Nonetheless, sit still while I lower this wig onto your head," she said. After pinning my growing hair to my head, she slowly lowered it while I watched in a mirror. I literally shook as I saw my reflection change from that of a boy wearing makeup to that of a girl. Mom was right, I was a pretty girl."

"I shivered as Mother pinned my wig on me for the first time," Kevin said. "I was wearing a tartan skirt and white blouse. She applied makeup to my freshly washed face, and suddenly I went from looking like an Irish lad to looking like an Irish lass."

"I resisted when Mom first tried to place a wig on me," Mark said. "But when she told me that we were going out to dinner, and I could go with the wig or without it, I quickly caved in. I would remove it every morning to wash my hair, but Mom wouldn't allow me near a mirror until she had carefully put it on me again. I can't recall the last time I saw myself with short hair."

"Once she had me wearing a long wig, girl's clothes, and makeup, Mom insisted that I help her around the house. She wouldn't allow me to work in the yard any longer. She hired a gardener to do my former work. "Only girl's work for you now, darling," she cooed. "I don't want my little darling to ruin her lovely nails."

"I remember when she first took me into the kitchen to learn to cook. "Every girl should know how to handle herself in the kitchen, Grace," she said. "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach."

"I'm not interested in any man's heart...or his stomach," I said.

"That's what you say now," she laughed, "But wait until puberty kicks in. Then you will think differently."

"Not my puberty, mom," I retorted. "My puberty is going to build muscles and a yearning for girls."

"We will see, dear," she smiled, as she showed me where all the kitchen hardware was stored. Soon I was deep into all

the culinary arts. To my great surprise, I enjoyed it...and I became a pretty good cook. I still feel a little strange wearing a frilly apron in the kitchen with my skirt swirling about my legs.

"Mother insisted that I learn needlepoint," Andy sighed. "You wouldn't believe the number of pin pricks I suffered before I learned to do it properly."

"The four of us have learned a lot about what it takes to be a girl, but we have a lot still to learn too," Kevin sighed. "And I'm sure we will learn that too." He stood and lightly twirled about on his high heels. "We can't possibly return to being the boys we once were. Our mothers have successfully changed us into girls."

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"Hello, Mr. Carlson," Margaret McVey joined the group at the benches.

"This was supposed to be a temporary punishment for trashing the school," Carlson cried as he pointed to the four boys sitting on the bench, giggling amongst themselves.

"After seeing them at the slumber party, did you think that we mothers would just toss away everything that we had worked for?" Margaret McVey asked. "You saw their bedroom, their clothes, and how they looked. Did you really believe that we would trash all that just because you decided the punishment was over?"

The other two mothers joined her. "We mothers saw early on that our boys made much nicer girls than boys. We saw their potential the first time we put them in dresses, and we saw a golden opportunity when you told us that you were out of town for a couple of months. We had two months, and we took advantage of it," Janice Miller said.

"I always wanted a daughter," Louise Gallo chimed in, "and when Janice told me her idea for punishing our little vandals, well I for one could not be pass it up. Your insistence on punishing our sons was just the excuse we needed, and we

ran with it. As you can see," she said indicating the four girls sitting to the side, "we succeeded beyond our wildest dreams."

"But...it's not too late to reverse what you've done..." Carlson stated.

"Far too late, Mr. Carlson," Margaret contradicted. "They no longer wear wigs or need breast pads, they need to sit while going to the bathroom, and they have become quite popular with the other kids in their school, as girls, of course."

"The kids from school know that they dress in girls clothes?" he gasped.

"Our daughters went to a slumber party with a half dozen girls from their school? The other girls knew who they were before inviting them to the party. Then there was the pool party," Margaret said.

"Pool party?" Carlson collapsed on the ground.

"You girls didn't tell him about attending the pool party?" Louise asked. The four shook their heads. "Mary, please tell your teacher about the bikini pool party you girls attended two weeks ago."

"Bikini?" Carlson gasped.

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Mark cleared his voice. We were shopping at the local mall a month and a half ago, when three girls came up to us. "Is that you, Greg?" a girl named Karen asked. She recognized Greg because they dated last year.

Greg turned beet red, and in his highest pitch voice said, "You must be mistaken, Miss. My name is Grace." All four boys giggled as they remembered the scene.

"You can't fool me, Greg Miller, and those girls have to be the McVey boys, Kevin and Andy," she pointed to the twins. "Why are you wearing girl's clothes? You are gorgeous!"

"Eeeek!" Susan, one of the other girls screeched. "Mark...Mark Gallo, is that you?"

I merely bowed my head and nodded. We were busted, and there was no trying to hide it. Maybe we would have passed without being detected if we had been by ourselves instead as a group, but being together like we always were at school was too much, and these girls connected all the dots.

"What is going on?" Karen screeched. "You are all absolutely flawless! This cannot be your first time in dresses."

Blushing beyond belief, I said, "We'll tell you everything if you will quiet down. You are drawing attention."

"Well, can you blame us?" the third girl, Irene, asked. "Four boys from our class shopping at the mall dressed as fashion models, and looking more girlish than us?"

"We are being punished," whispered Kevin, as we took the three girls to a quiet spot to talk. We then spilled our guts. We told them that we were being forced to wear girl's clothes for the summer as punishment for trashing Mr. Carlson's homeroom.

"For the summer? Is that your own hair? Are those your own clothes? Are those real breasts?" Susan gasped.

I bowed my head and nodded, "Yes to all three."

"Your voices are perfectly feminine. We are alone, so why don't you use your normal voices?"

"These are our normal voices," I admitted.

"When was the last time you spoke using your boy voices?"

"Almost two months ago," Andy admitted. "We tried to lower our voices a week ago, but none of us were successful. We sort of forgot how."

"You can't just stop being girlie girls and return to being boys overnight, especially when you are so spectacularly successful at being girls," Irene said.

"We are worried about that too," Kevin admitted. "We have forgotten how to act like boys. We are even starting to think of each other as girls now. I don't know if I want to

return to being a boy wearing drab boy clothes. I've come to enjoy wearing these lovely clothes."

"I'm having a pool party next Saturday. The theme is Waikiki beach. All the girls are wearing their sexiest bikinis. There will be lots of guys there too. Why don't you come? You girls would have so much fun," Susan asked.

"We can't do that!" we all gasped. "Everyone will see us in girl's clothes. We would be ruined when we return to school as boys."

"Your mothers may have ideas that go beyond summer," Karen giggled. "Besides, everybody will know by tomorrow morning anyway. Do you think we will keep such a delicious piece of gossip to ourselves?"

"You should come," Susan said. "This is a chance to leave a favorable impression before returning to school."

"You don't think our mothers are going to let us return to being boys before school starts?" Greg gasped.

"Oh, come on, girl!" Karen laughed. "Have you looked in a mirror lately? No way can any of you look remotely like a boy before school starts. I bet your mothers plan on sending you to school as the girls you have become. It is best if you prepare everyone ahead of time, and my pool party is just the place to begin."

"Are you going to embarrass us in front of everyone?" I asked.

"Cross my heart, no!" Susan sincerely said. "I think it is way cool that you are now girls. All four of you make much better girls than you ever did boys. You are going to be such a hit at the party."

"We need to talk to our parents," Greg said, "and get back with you tomorrow."

"Way cool!" the three girls giggled.

"We will tell everyone what hot chicks you have become. Absolutely everyone is going to want to meet you new girls. If

they aren't, then they won't be invited to my party. Period!" Susan said.

We were trembling and short of breath as the three girls walked away, each giggling and occasionally looking back at us. We went directly home to tell our mothers of this awful encounter. Once they learned of the pool party invite, they quickly met at Mrs. McVey's house to discuss what to do.

"Do you have Susan's phone number?" Mrs. Miller asked. "We want to talk with her parents and her before we expose our darling daughters possible harassment."

Greg had it, and after waiting for half an hour, the four mothers returned to the living room, each beaming with delight. "We talked with Susan, and you are correct, the news of your transformations into girls is spreading like wildfire. By tomorrow, everyone in your school will know."

"But...what will happen when our punishment is over and we return to being boys?" Greg asked.

"Your punishment has been over for months now," his mother announced. "And what is this talk of returning to being boys? I've never heard of such silliness! You are girls now, and girls you will remain!"

"You mean even at school?" Andy asked.

"Of course, silly," his mother stated. "You aren't part time girls. You are our lovely daughters, 24/7. And we mothers think this pool party is a wonderful way for you girls to make your official entrances into society. Sort of a debutante coming out party."

"But, mother," cried Kevin, "everyone will make fun of us if we go to the party as girls. Maybe the boys will even try to harm us."

"Susan's mother assured us that no such thing would happen. They are chaperoning the party, and they invited us mothers to join them. We gleefully agreed."

All three mothers beamed in agreement, and we boys knew our fates were sealed. We would be going to the party

whether we wanted to or not. "Now we simply must work on what you girls will wear to the party," Mrs. Gallo gushed. "You need at least three outfits each. Let's see, a lovely dress to arrive in, a swimsuit, and casual clothes to change into after the party."

"Oh, I can't wait to help my precious girls choose their bikini's," Mrs. McVey sighed.

"Bikinis?" we four boys gasped together. "We can't wear bikinis."

"And why not!" my mother asked. "You have developed lovely girlish bodies. It's time you showed your peers what lovely girls you have become."

"Well...for one thing, we are really still boys..." I huffed. "We don't have enough breast development to do justice to a bikini, and we still have..." I pointed down to where my manhood resided.

"Your lovely breasts are developing quite fine, young lady," mother laughed, "and they will look voluptuous with a little feminine enhancement." The mothers laughed amongst themselves as if sharing a secret.

"But their maleness may present a problem," Mrs. Miller finally admitted. "We need to think on your 'little' problems. The party is two weeks away. We mothers will find a way of hiding it so it won't slip out at the most inopportune time." The mothers again started giggling at her use of 'little' to describe our manliness.

While our mothers huddled to plan their preparations for our debut as their daughters, the four of us also huddled to discuss the day's events. We were still nerve wrecked over being outed by our school friends. We were in for it now!

Two days later, we again gathered at Mrs. McVey's house because our mothers had found a way to prepare us for the party. "We have found this lovely doctor who has perfected a technique for hiding your little problems from sight," Mrs. Miller announced. "In fact, she has agreed to take the four of

you tomorrow if you pass the physical she will give you this afternoon."

"Doctor? Why do we need a doctor?" I gasped.

"What...what do you mean by 'hiding our problem'?" Andy asked. "And why do we need a physical?"

"We mean just that, dear," his mother explained. "The nice doctor will take care of your problem, and when she is done, you will be 'fixed' for school as well as the party."

"Fixed?" Greg gasped.

"No, not like that!" his mother laughed. "Merely hidden. You girls need at least a year in dresses before we could consider what you are thinking of."

Before we knew what was happening, we were packed into two cars and whisked off to this clinic outside town. We were welcomed as we entered a bright lobby. "Hello, ladies, I am Doctor Williams," a middle-age woman introduced herself. "I take it that these lovely young ladies are my patients this afternoon."

One by one, the four of us were escorted into her office. She asked a few questions, asked us to undress so she could give us a physical, then questioned our mothers. "How long do you want their problems hidden?"

"At least a year," mother gushed. "We want them to be perfectly girlish this next school year."

"You realize that with their manhood hidden inside their bodies that their production of testosterone will be stopped. They will most certainly continue to become more feminine as they essentially go through female puberty. By the end of the school year, their bodies will have matured into young women, and it will be nearly impossible for them to return to being males."

"We mothers are willing to take that chance," mother gushed. "We want our daughters to enjoy their school year as girls without the embarrassment of their residual maleness

'poking' out at inopportune times." All the women again giggled at her play on words.

We boys were in a state of shock at the doctor's explanation, our mother's reaction to it, and their decision to move forward. We fidgeted in our seats, our silky slips rubbing against our smooth skin, stifling all protest. Besides protest was useless. Our mothers had made up their minds, and we boys would pay the price.

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I woke the next afternoon, a little groggy and sore, but nothing that a little orange juice and aspirin didn't fix. Grace and Andrea were sitting up in their beds, while Kelli was still under, which is the order we went 'under the knife'.

After clearing my head, I immediately felt down below to see if they did what they said they were going to do. They did! I was smooth except for what felt like vertical lips where my manhood was. The blood drained from my face. "They took it away!" I gasped.

"We asked the same thing when we woke," Grace said, "and they assured us that nothing was taken away."

"But I feel an opening..." I gasped.

Mother entered just as I said that, and she smiled. "Don't worry, darling. The doctor merely applied a most realistic mask to cover where she hid your remaining manliness. It's quite realistic looking, but there isn't any depth. But then you girls are much too young to worry about depth. Maybe you will worry about that in a couple of years, but not right now. You will have to sit to go to the bathroom from now on. You have no choice." As if we had a choice since the start of summer.

A few minutes later, Andrea woke, and after her mother explained what happened like ours did us, our mothers explained that we would spend the night in the clinic. "Here are your favorite nighties and a little makeup," Mrs. Miller smiled. "We understand that young girls want to look their best, even in a clinic. We will return tomorrow morning to

take you home. Saturday we go shopping together for new swimsuits for our lovely daughters."

"You will love how you look in your new bikinis," Mrs. McVey gushed, "and you will have such fun at the party." Then they were gone.

The next morning, all three mothers appeared at 10 AM together. "Time for our girls to return home," Mrs. McVey chimed. "We brought new clothes for you to wear." We had noticed that the clothes we had arrived in were gone.

"First, we want the four of you to sit up. The doctor will be in here in a second to examine you before we take you home," mother explained.

We did as instructed, and as predicted, Doctor Williams appeared on schedule. The four of us sat on the edge of our beds as she went down the line, raising our nighties, lowering our panties, and touching and probing where our manhood used to be.

After a few minutes, she declared, "You girls are in wonderful shape. Only a doctor could tell that your maidenhoods are not authentic. Now you must keep yourself clean down there like all girls. Your mothers will show you how. You don't have the depth of a real girl, but you have some depth, and you must keep it clean in there too. I expect that you girls need to use the bathroom, but before you do, your mothers have a little ritual planned."

"Stand up, girls, and remove your nighties," Mrs. Miller said. Confused, we did as told. It was a little embarrassing to stand bare assed naked in front of my friends, but then they were doing the same to me.

"Now stand before that bank of mirrors," she pointed to a set of full-length mirrors at the back of the room. Further confusion settled in as we daintily traipsed to the mirrors.

"Stand facing the mirrors," Mrs. McVey instructed. Our eyes grew as large as saucers as we took in our reflections. Where were the boys we were? Four girls stared back at us! And they weren't pretend girls either. We looked like real

girls with long flowing hair, makeup on our faces, narrow shoulders and thin arms, budding breasts protruding from our chests, narrow waists, killer legs, and most important, no manliness between our legs. Instead there resided what looked like girlish lips below our girlishly styled bushes.

"Ah...!" we gasped at our reflections. All four gasps were girlishly high and trill.

"Now, we mothers want each of you to tell us your real name and gender based upon what you see in your reflections," Mrs. Miller instructed.

None of us spoke, as small tears started to trickle down our cheeks. "We will start with you, Kelli," his mother said.

A pregnant moment passed before Kevin coughed, and whispered, "Uh...my name is Kelli Anne McVey, and I am a...a girls..."

"Wonderful, dear," Mrs. McVey said, "Your turn, Andrea, and speak up. We mothers want you girls to hear your admissions coming from your own lips."

"I...I am And...Andrea Marie McVey," Andy admitted, "And I'm now...a girl."

"Wonderful," Mrs. Miller said, "Now your turn, Grace."

Greg stared at his reflection for a few seconds, and it looked like he was about to rebel and state his male name and gender, when a softness crept into his eyes, and he sighed, "I am now a girl, and my name is...is Grace Miller."

"Finally, it's my lovely daughter's turn," mother turned to me. "What do you see in the mirror, dear?"

I gazed at my reflection for a few seconds, noting the curvature of my body, my thin aquiline neck, soft translucent skin, shapely legs, and with conviction admitted, "I **am** Mary Louise Gallo, and I am a girl now."

"Wonderful, darling," mother clapped her hands together. "It's so lovely that you girls have seen the light and recognize your true selves."

"Let's get our girls dressed and home to rest for the rest of the day," Mrs. McVey suggested.

"I...I really need to use the restroom," I held my hands between my legs and wiggled on my toes."

"Of course! Silly me," mother became all concerned. "I'll help you with your first time after your little surgery."

She led me into the bathroom and stood beside me as I sat. I was a little concerned that everything would work correctly after what the doctor had done to me. I struggled a little and concentrated on relaxing my muscles down there. Suddenly I released a gush of water. Unlike as a boy, the water came out in a gusher, rather than a trickle.

"Now wipe yourself with a tissue starting from the front to the back," mother instructed. "Feminine hygiene requires that you wipe yourself dry or you will wet your panties."

I did as she instructed, and then with a smile of support, we exited the bathroom to allow one of the other girls to use it. All four of us learned our new bathroom rituals that morning.

"Mother, what type of material was used to cover my privates?" I asked as she rummaged through her clothes bag for my lingerie. "It feels and looks like real skin."

"It's a modification of artificial skin used for skin grafts, only it breathes, so it doesn't have to be removed. The color was selected to blend with your skin, but of course, it doesn't tan. Of course, my sweet daughter wouldn't go outside without wearing a proper bottom, so that's not an issue."

"MOTHER!" I nearly screeched when she removed my panty from her bag. "I can't wear that! It won't cover anything." The white nylon panty was barely a thong with a patch to cover my front.

"Of course you couldn't wear this before yesterday, but now, it is just what you need to wear beneath the outer garment I've selected for you. Besides, it's only a little smaller than the bikini bottom you will wear to the party."

"WHAT? I can't wear such...an obscene bottom to the party," I gasped.

"All the other girls will be wearing teensy weensy bikinis, and so should you. What better way to prove to your school mates that you are really girls now than letting them see you prancing about the pool wearing a bottom that exposes everything except what shouldn't be seen."

I was about to protest when she revealed my bra. I placed it about my chest and settled my growing breast into the half cups. It was strapless, and lifted my breasts to make them look larger than they really are.

She produced a white top with glittering red lettering on the front that said, "DIVA"! I reluctantly lowered the top over my head and settled it about my shoulders. I now knew why I was wearing a strapless bra. Delicate fluffed short sleeves and my breasts held up this top. An inch of cleavage peeked above the top. I was aghast at the sexiness of the blouse.

I was expecting a skirt to match the top, but instead she handed me a pair of white shorts...the shortest shorts I've ever seen. My stomach turned butterflies as I struggled to wrap the extremely tight fitting garment about my hips and waist. I finally succeeded after much struggle, and zipped up the side.

I looked into the mirror and nearly fainted. "Mother! I can't be seen wearing this! It's almost obscene. You can almost see my...my pussy." I blushed bright red at my statement, but it was true. I could never have worn such a garment two days ago. Everything I owned down there would be poking out. Even now, what I didn't have was revealed.

"Oh, don't be such a wuss," mother laughed. "Every girl wants to wear clothes that show off her budding womanhood, and you aren't any different. "Now slip into these low heel shoes and we will wait for your girlfriends to finish their dressing."

I couldn't take my eyes away from the sexy girl reflected back at me from the mirror. Mother was right. She had

changed me into a girl, and a damn sexy one too. When my girlfriends joined us, they too were dressed in the tightest, most revealing clothes. Our mothers were determined to erase any doubts in our minds and the minds of anyone we met that they now had teenage daughters.

To say that four very scared boys followed their mothers to our cars would be putting it lightly. Our mothers did everything possible to expose us to others, including stopping to thank the doctor, thank the nurses, and talking with strangers we met while walking to the cars. They insisted on taking us to a nice restaurant before we went home. Nobody gave us a second glance, except the boys that parked our cars and the waiters. They couldn't keep their eyes off us.

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Saturday was a day to remember. Our mothers gathered their feminine brood and carted us off to the nearest mall. Gone was all pretense of trying to hide us from people we knew. They would eventually all learn that we were girls, so now was as good a time as any. Our mothers made sure we wore clothing that was easy to get out of, since, as they said, "you will be trying on lots of cute clothes today, and you want to wear clothes that are easy to get into and out of."

It was early afternoon when we entered the first girl's clothing store, specifically to look at swimsuits. "Girls, I've been dying to see you," the salesgirl gushed as she approached us. "Absolutely everyone from school is anxious to meet the newest girls in town." It was Gail Sumner, a girl I had the hots for last winter. "Why, Mary Gallo, aren't you the cutest girl," she gave me a peck on my cheek. "And to think that I considered dating you last spring. Well that is certainly a thing of the past, isn't it?"

"We are looking for swimsuits for our girls," Mrs. McVey gushed. "Our daughters have been invited to a pool party."

"Your going to Susan's party? Wonderful! I'm going too. We will have the most fun together, just us girls and all those boys."

"Boys?" Greg asked.

"Of course! Grace, isn't it? There will be loads of boys. We girls will introduce you new girls to the cutest guys. Not our own boyfriends mind you. We aren't that foolish."

"We aren't interested in boys," Kevin stated.

"Of course you are," she giggled. "All girls like boys."

"The swimsuits?" Mrs. Miller interrupted their little chat.

"Oh, yes, over here. We have a wonderful selection of the dreamiest bikinis. You are interested in bikinis, aren't you?"

"We understand that is what the other girls are wearing," mother chimed in.

"Yes, and your girls would simply look out of place if they didn't wear bikinis too," she gave me a little smirk.

"We certainly want our daughters to fit in with all the other girls, so bikinis it is," Mrs. McVey stated.

"Then follow me, ladies," Gail ascended the stairs to the second floor. "We have bikinis in every imaginable color and style. Are your daughters able to wear skimpy bikinis?" she asked referring to our privates.

"Oh, they are quite feminine in every way now," mother gushed. "The skimpier the better."

Raising her eyebrows at mom's comment, she started by showing a display of the teeniest bikinis I've ever seen. Why there wasn't five square inches of clothe to any of the suits.

"I think a little less revealing might be wish on their first unveiling," Mrs. McVey said after staring at these ultra bare swimsuits. "Certainly enough to cover their blossoming breasts and maidenhoods."

"Of course, ma'am," Gail again smirked. "Maybe this line would be more in line with what you were thinking?" She showed swimsuits that were a little more substantial, but not much.

"Yes, now we are getting there," Mrs. McVey gushed.

"Oh, really?" Gail gasped, "Your daughters can wear these swimsuits without revealing too much?"

"Of course, dear," Mrs. Miller said, "Our darlings have nothing to hide from another girl."

"Really!" Gail was now really interested. "What sizes do they wear? They can try them on in our change rooms. If you find something that interests you, we have mirrors just outside where they can examine themselves from every angle. Of course, they must wear their panties for sanitary reasons."

"Of course, dear. That's a delightful idea," mother pointed to a black bikini with two triangles that would barely cover my nipples and a little larger triangle to barely cover below.

The four of us traipsed beside our mothers to the change rooms carrying three swimsuits each. It no longer felt weird to be in such a feminine environment wearing girl's clothes. I almost felt that I belonged.

"Remove your skirt and blouse, Mary," mother instructed as she decided on the black bikini as my first selection. I did as she said, and soon stood naked except for my thong bikini panty. It felt oh so strange to look down at my budding breasts to where my privates used to reside and to see only a gentle slope with my trimmed bush and what looked like realistic feminine lips. Even my trim waist and somewhat wider hips stated that I was now a girl.

Mother helped me into my first bikini. After she tucked a little here and pushed a little there, she declared me ready for my first public appearance wearing such a skimpy feminine garment.

I hesitantly followed her out of the changing room to the mirrors, where I found Grace already standing before a rather stunned Gail, who was wide-eyed examining every part of his body. "Ladies, may I present my daughter, Mary," mother interrupted them.

Everyone turned as I stepped from behind mother. There was a sudden exhaling as everyone gasped at seeing me. "Ahhh! Is that you, Mark?" Gail gasped.

"No, dear, she is my daughter, Mary. Mark doesn't live here any longer," mother gently chided.

"My Gawd!!" Gail seemed to nearly collapse. "To think that I was on the verge of dating you earlier in the year. Who would have thought that below that nerdish exterior was a girl and a gorgeous one at that?"

Greg seemed thankful that the attention was diverted from him. He looked like a living Barbie doll with his long hair piled on his head, and wearing a lovely blue and white bikini. I was astounded at how much his bosom had grown, or were his blossoming breasts the results of strategic padding in the bikini top? His teensy bottom hid nothing! But what it didn't show told volumes. He didn't have what all boys are supposed to have...and neither did I.

Soon the McVey twins came out wearing their new swimsuits. Their mother had them wearing matching pale green bikinis to feature her twin girls. The swimsuit perfectly complemented their red hair and flashing green eyes. As the four of us preened before the three way mirrors, even we had to admit that we were no longer the boys of a few months ago.

Gail collapsed in a nearby chair and was quickly on her cell phone telling all her girlfriends what she now knew to be true. There were four new girls in town!

-----

We four decided to go to the pool party as a group to give each other support. We met at Mrs. McVey's house and she would take us in her SUV. The other mothers would go to Susan's house a little earlier to prepare for our entrance.

I showed up wearing a very pretty white sundress that exposed my shoulders, hugged my new curves, and displayed lots of thigh and my now smooth, shapely legs. My dark hair was styled to hang about my smooth white shoulders as a perfect frame for my tastefully made up face.

I walked to the McVey front door with a natural sway to my hips that made my skirt flutter about my legs. I carried

my beach bag with my new swimsuit, makeup bag, and clothes to change into after the party.

"Hello, girlfriend," Kelli greeted me at his door. "Grace is already here, so I guess we are ready." I saw the anxiousness in his eyes, and the small quiver of his lower lip.

We knew what today meant. This was the day of our debut as girls. Either we would be accepted as such or ridiculed by those we are to attend school with. Each of us had knots in our stomachs and a constant shiver running up and down our spines at what might happen.

What definitely would happen was that we were going to be introduced to our peers as the girls our mothers had turned us into. I can't think of anything scarier to a boy than to be exposed to his peers while wearing girl's clothes, and that is exactly what was going to happen to the four of us.

Mrs. McVey parked her SUV in front of Susan's house. Girls and guys faces were peering from all the house windows as we exited the SUV, so each of us made sure to do so with grace, so as not to expose our lacy lingerie beneath our short flared skirts.

We gathered in a group next to Mrs. McVey as she led us up the walkway to Susan's front door. I glanced at my friends, and they nervously glanced at me. I do believe that if any one of us had lost his nerve and ran, all of us would have followed suit. Mrs. McVey knocked at the front door, which was immediately opened by Susan. Gone was our chance to run.

"Hello, Mrs. McVey, hello, girls," Susan gleefully greeted with a huge smile. "Simply everyone is here, and anxious to meet you girls."

"Hello, Susan," we weakly returned her greetings, not nearly as anxious to meet them as they were to meet us.

"Please, come in," she finally invited after giving the four of us a thorough visual examination. "You girls are absolutely gorgeous! The rest of us girls have to be on our toes or you will steal our boyfriends from us." It didn't sound like she was kidding or making fun of us.

Mrs. McVey preceded us into the house, and then one-by-one we followed her. I felt like I was walking into a lion's den. Inside, we saw our mothers standing to the side and half a dozen girls grouped in front of us.

"We are here to officially welcome these four young ladies into girlhood," Susan spoke for the group. "Your mothers explained why you are dressed as you are. We are truly sorry for your medical conditions, and we will do whatever is necessary to make you feel comfortable in your new gender."

Medical conditions? What did our mothers tell these girls?

"We are so happy that Mother Nature's mistake is being corrected," Irene gushed.

Mother Nature? Corrected? What is going on?

Mrs. Miller gushed, "We mothers want to thank you girls for understanding the trauma our daughters have endured when their bodies suddenly started to mature as girls rather than as the males we all thought they were. Our daughters are still a little shy in their new gender, and we mothers hope you will not quiz them too much on their transition. As mothers, we hope that you will welcome our daughters into your circles as the girls they obviously are becoming, so they can mature as gracious, lovely young ladies." The other mothers nodded in somber agreement. We four boys were too shocked to respond except to stand wide-eyed with our mouths dry as cotton.

"Of course we will, Mrs. McVey, ladies," Karen solemnly pronounced. The other half dozen girls nodded in agreement. "Girls," Susan spoke to us, "follow me to my bedroom where you can change into your swimsuits. The other kids are in the backyard by the pool, although I dare say that all of them saw you arrive."

My three friends and I shyly followed her lead. Our skirts swayed about our smooth tanned legs as we climbed the stairs, and we knew that those below could catch glimpses of our frilly panties beneath.

When we got to her bedroom, and outside earshot of our mothers, Karen whispered, "Gail told us all about selling you your swimsuits. We girls can't wait to help you into your suits."

"Uh...you're staying here while we change?" Andy asked.

"Of course, girl," Susan giggled. "You have so much gossip to share with us. What it felt like to suddenly realize that you were turning into girls, how you first learned that you were meant to be girls, and all about your transition. We can't wait to hear it all!"

"Uh...can we talk about it another time?" I weakly asked. "We are still trying to adjust to our new reality." She thought I was talking about our transformation from boys to girls, whereas I meant that we needed time alone to get our stories together to match our mothers. Obviously our mothers had spun a little white lie, and we needed to know what it was and where it led.

"Of course," Susan snickered, "I'm a terrible hostess. We'll hold off the third degree for another day, but we still want to see the changes that Mother Nature made in your bodies over the summer that caused you to start dressing and living as girls. Besides, we all need to change into our swimsuits and we might as well do it together."

Trapped, we four weakly nodded, and began to strip out of our sundresses, as did the other girls. When we were down to our bra and panties, the other girls in the room gasped. It was their turn to stare wide-eyed. "What Gail saw was **true!** What your mothers said was **true!** You four **boys** are turning into **girls!**" Karen gasped as she saw our obvious breast development and complete lack of boyish privates between our legs.

"Let me see your swimsuit," a girl named Lisa asked me. I fished it out of my beach bag and let her examine it. "Oh, it is lovely. You really have wonderful taste," she said as she fingered my red bikini.

After removing our bras, as our budding breasts freely bobbed about on our chests, we shyly fastened our tops and snuggled our breasts within the moderate sized cups. We each had enough breast development to do our bras justice as our breasts proudly stood out from our chests.

After removing our panties, we stepped into our bottoms and fastened the ties that held them firmly on our hips. We received a roomful of gasps as we stepped from our panties to reveal our new maidenhoods. The girls looked with morbid curiosity for any signs of our former maleness. I was scared shitless that these girls could tell that I was wearing a sheath to hide my privates. Should I be relieved or concerned that they saw nothing to trigger a negative reaction?

Once our public display was finished, the other girls quickly went about donning their swimsuits, fully convinced now that they were in the company of only other girls. There were no boys in this bedroom!

Our heartbeats were almost back to normal after the very traumatic start, when Susan said, "Okay, everyone, fix your makeup and let's make our grand entrance at the pool. We want to make a favorable impression with the guys."

"Guys?" I choked.

"Yes, silly, there are a dozen boys at the pool. Guys have it easy. They just go into a bathroom, slip into their trunks, and they are done. I bet that's one aspect of being a boy that you girls miss," she laughed. "I know of at least one boy that can't wait to make your acquaintance, Mary."

"A boy wants to meet me?" I again coughed.

"He saw you when you arrived, and it was 'love at first sight'," she giggled.

"Love? I don't want to meet a guy..." I gasped.

"You won't have a choice with that body and your looks," Karen giggled as she led me from the room and down the stairs. My breasts bobbing in my bikini top and my hips swaying in rhythm with the other girls felt so weird.

When we reached the pool, Susan said, "Hey guys, we're here. I want to introduce four lovely new girls. Welcome Kelli and Andrea McVey, Grace Miller, and Mary Gallo."

Everyone froze silent for a few seconds. The silence was overwhelming. I was about to start crying and run from the pool area when a boy named Bob came up to me and extended his hand. "Hello, I'm Bob. I remember you as that nerdy Mark Gallo. The new Mary Gallo is certainly a lot more pleasing to the eyes." He smiled and my anxiety melted away.

Other kids came up to Kelli, Andrea, and Grace, and soon we were relaxing into quiet conversations. Everyone seemed to talk about everything except what was on everyone's mind: our transformations from boys into girls.

Finally, Grace said in her inimitable way, "Thanks for welcoming us, guys. We know what is on your minds. Give us a chance to catch our breath and clear our heads, and we will share it with you, but not today. We really, really want to just relax and have a good time."

Her request seemed to clear the pale that hung over the party, and suddenly everyone started laughing and having a good time. "Of course we will wait until you are ready to tell us," a handsome boy named David offered her his hand. "There are a few free chairs by the pool. Can I get you something cool to drink, and maybe we can get to know each other a little better. I promise not to pry into sensitive issues."

Grace looked him in his eyes for a few seconds, and then made a decision. "Okay, I'd like that," she smiled and took his proffered hand.

Soon everyone was splashing in the pool, or talking and laughing at something or another, or just lying out in the sun gathering some rays. "Hey, Mary," a nice looking boy named Todd called from the pool, "how about being my ride?" They were forming up teams for water polo where each boy carries a girl on his shoulders and the girls toss the ball.

I pointed at myself. "You want me?" I gasped.

"Yeah! Want to try?" he laughed.

I turned to Irene who was sitting near me. "I've never worn a bikini before let alone been in a pool wearing one. Will it stay on?" I cringed at the thought of my suddenly slipping off exposing my breasts, or my nipples being exposed through the wet top.

"Your swimsuit is fine for the water," she laughed. "Now the ones worn by the McVey twins would come off in a second if they should get into a rowdy game."

I tentatively tipped one red toe into the water, then a foot. I smiled and nodded agreement to be his rider. Soon I was comfortably seated on his broad shoulders and the game began.

I had a wonderful time as Todd's rider, and he was so strong that I never fell off, even though most of the other boys lost their riders. I got plenty wet though, and the cool water chilled my nipples, and no matter what Irene said, they soon stood out beneath my top like two peaks on top of larger cones. By then I didn't care. I was having too much fun.

The twins didn't join us in the pool other than to dangle their toes in the water. Someone must have told them what would to their swimsuits if they joined the rest of us. They didn't seem to care, as kids, both boys and girls, all laughing and giggling, surrounded them.

After the polo game finished, I stretched out on a lounge to gather some rays. I was so relaxed. Todd lay next to me. "Would you be so kind as to rub some oil on my back, Todd," I innocently asked.

"Sure, Mary," he stammered.

I tingled all over as he smoothed the liquid on my back. "It's hard to believe that you were ever a boy, Mary," Todd said. "Your skin is as smooth as silk."

"Hard for me too, Todd," I confessed.

"I'm really glad that Mother Nature decided that you should be a girl rather than a boy," he said.

"It was more 'mother' than 'nature'," I sighed.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Nothing, Todd, I'm just relaxing. Please rub more oil on the backs of my legs. **Mmmm**, that feels so...so nice, "I sighed.

Grace spent the day talking to other girls when she wasn't occupied with David. She laughed and giggled at his antics and he catered to her hand and foot. Whenever she wanted a drink or some food, he was there with her every wish...and she loved every moment.

That evening when the pool party wound down, we thanked Susan and Karen for helping us. Karen said, "We are having a slumber party before returning to school. No boys are allowed. Why don't you girls come?"

We looked at our mothers, and then nodded agreement. "We would love to come, Karen." And we went! But that's another story.

## *Return to School*

"We have a few loose ends to tie up before our daughters can assume their new genders, and you are just the man to do the tying," Margaret McVey looked directly into Carlson's eyes.

"Me? What can I do?"

-----

"I'm as nervous as a cat," Grace sniffed as our mothers drove us to school for our first day back as the girls now are.

"Nervous is too weak a word," Andrea shivered. "Mother, are you sure we aren't overdressed. I don't recall other girls dressing up like this for school."

"Now, Andrea, don't worry. I've talked with your girlfriends, and they are all dressing up like you girls for this first day back. Tomorrow you can dress more casual, but I'm guessing that you might find it more fun to dress nicely to attract the boys."

None of the girls protested her words. The way they flirted with the boys at the pool party, they would be complete hypocrites to protest. Besides, their mothers seemed to have a way of making their protests backfire.

"Well, I like the way I'm dressed," Mary sighed. "I'm a girl, I love my silky lingerie, and I like displaying my legs for the boys to look at."

"Especially Todd's eyes," Grace laughed.

Mary lightly punched her on her shoulder. "I noticed that David and you have seen a lot of each other lately," Mary giggled.

"He's cute, fun to be with, and the smartest person at school next to you," Grace sighed.

-----

Their mothers dropped the four girls off in front of the school in exactly the same spot where nearly four months earlier they planned the little adventure that got them into their present situation. They didn't realize then where their misadventure would lead. On the other hand, they are happy being the girls they had become.

"Well, girlfriends, shall we see the Principal? Mother said that Mr. Carlson arranged for all our records to be changed to reflect our new names and gender. He wasn't happy doing it, but he felt responsible for us being turned into girls."

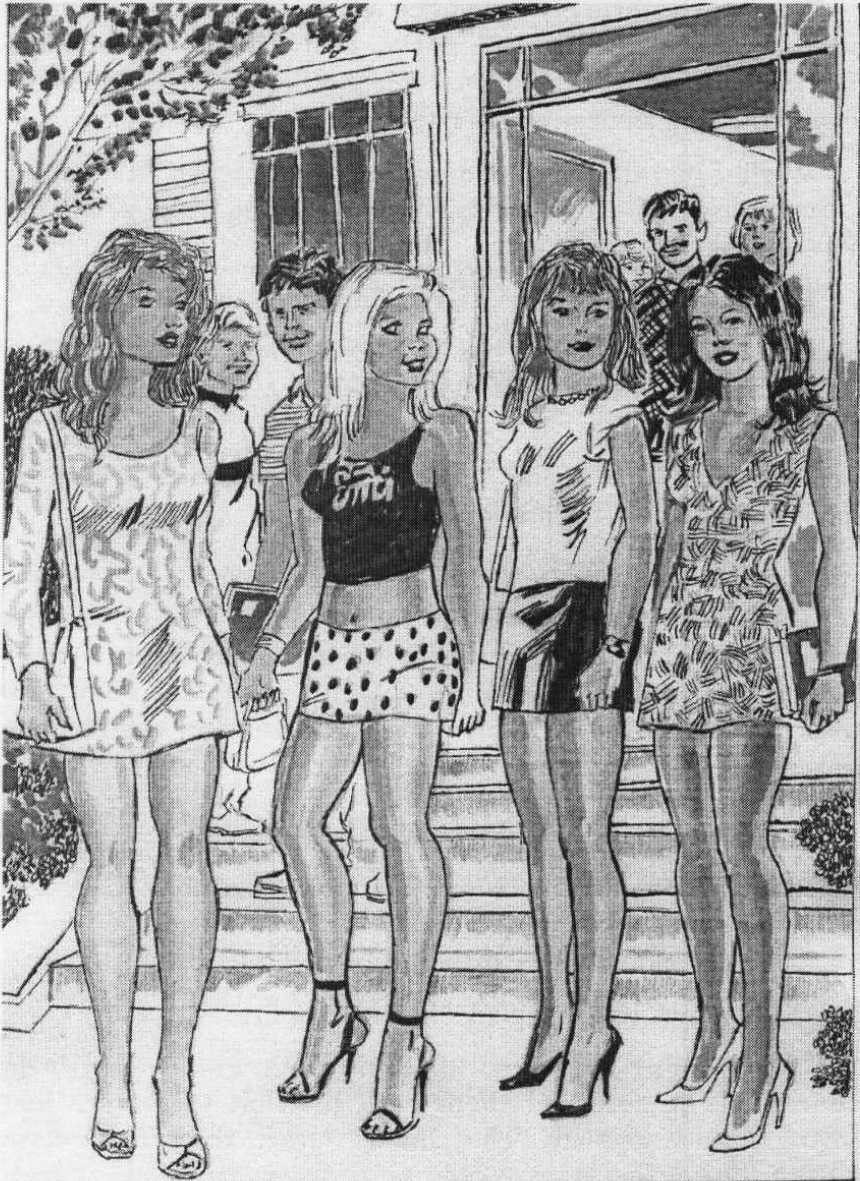
"Silly man," Kelli giggled, "he did us a favor."

"While doing so, he noticed that your grades had been altered, so he returned them back to what they were last spring," Mary giggled. "That makes Grace the official class '*dumb blonde*'."

"Oh, pooh!" Grace sniffled. "All our efforts were for nothing! On the other hand, David did offer to tutor me."

"Offered or was enticed?" Andrea asked.

"Is there a difference?" Grace smiled and blew a bubble with the bubblegum she now constantly chewed.



*“Who would have thought last spring that we would return to school as girls?” Grace giggled.*

*“Certainly not me,” Kelli stated.*

*“Nor I,” I beamed, “but I would have it no other way.” The boys looking in the background would heartily agree.*

"I would not say our efforts were for **nothing!**" Mary expanded her chest to display her prominent bosom. "One could make the case that we gained much more than we lost, we sort of expanded our horizons."

"Yes, and your horizons are expanding at a phenomenal rate," Kelli laughed as they locked arms and traipsed to the Principal's office to start their new school year.

The End

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