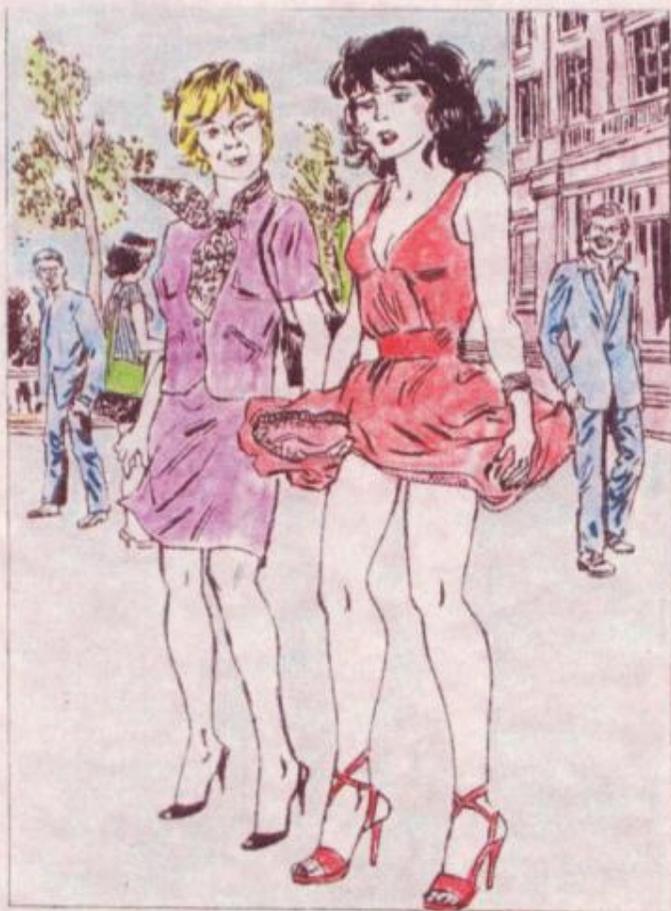


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"GIRLS' THINGS II"



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GIRLS' THINGS II

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TALES

GIRLS' THINGS II

Book #2

By Kristi Love and Alice Trail

For lulu.com

Illustrations by Puyal



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QUOTE BOARD

I've spent so much time inside this closet, I've really gotten the place fixed up nice.”

GIRLS' THINGS II

Book #2 of 2

Kristi Love & Alice Trail

Chapter 14

The following morning, Marty took his time preparing for the inevitable shopping trip. His stomach did cartwheels as he worried about whether he would be detected as a boy wearing girl's clothes. He took his daily long soothing scented bath, combing his growing hair, and checking his face, legs, and arms for hair. Finding none, he laid out his lingerie for the day, applied his makeup under the close scrutiny of his ever watchful mother, and coordinated his outer clothing. Nothing was going to be left to chance.

It was early afternoon when they were finally ready for his first trip to the outside world as a girl. He examined his reflection in the full-length mirror to make sure everything was as right as possible. His raven hair was curled with nicely cut bangs that covered most of his forehead. A green barrette was pinned on either side of his head to hold hair from his face, and the back curled about his lower neck.

His face was tastefully made up, consisting of just enough makeup to highlight his best features and hide his less desirable features. His lashes were coated and curled, his cheeks lightly highlighted, a little eyeshadow to set off his eyes, and finally red lipstick that matched his colorful nails.

He fought it, but he was becoming used to his soft pliant breasts. He was starting to consider them 'his breasts', which tented his tight fitting dark green top. His mother had allowed him to wear a modest top that covered the top of his body, including his shoulders to hide the straps of his mint green bra. The top was long enough to hide his waist to the top of his hip hugging, tight fitting matching green skort. Although technically not a skirt, it still gave the illusion of

one, and a short one at that. The skort swung about his upper thighs to expose most of his smooth legs.

His mother suggested that he wear a pair of high heels, but gave in when he insisted that they would not go with his outfit. Marty was developing a sense of style and color coordination. She really didn't want him to wear the heels, but she wanted him to give her reasons for not wearing them. In the process, he was defending his choice in girl's clothes.

With a final check in the mirror, rubbing his finger along his thin tapered eyebrows to make sure every hair was in place, he slung his small handbag containing all his 'essentials' over his shoulder, and followed his mother to her car. His legs wobbled slightly at being exposed outside wearing this absolutely feminine outfit. There was no question that everything he was wearing was not only girlish, but downright feminine.

He suspected that his mother would park as far from the boutique as possible, and he was right. When he questioned her about it, she merely smiled, and said that he had to get his 'feet wet' some time, and this was that time.

Marty reluctantly exited the car and followed his mother, looking to his left and right to see if anyone was snickering or laughing at him. To his relief...and concern, everyone acted normal, except two boys who looked his way, then took second looks. The lust in their eyes indicated that they thought he was a girl. He was relieved that nobody recognized him as a boy wearing girl's clothes, but also chagrined that his disguise was so convincing that people accepted that he was a girl.

They walked the same mall corridor that had filled him with such fear no long ago. He was still scared, but soon realized that everyone saw a pretty girl walking with her mother. He might not like being dress as girl, but this was better than being ridiculed for being a sissy boy.

They arrived at the 'New U' boutique and Ms Fraley ushered them into her store with a flourish. "Marty, you look absolutely lovely."

"His name is Mary now," his mother offered. "He has decided that since he must wear girl's clothes for a year, he should do so as a girl rather than as a sissy boy."

"You make a smashing girl, Mary," Ms Fraley said. "It won't be long before we won't be able to tell that you were ever a boy."

Marty wanted to spout off at this woman who was responsible for him being in his present condition, but Judge Reed would punish him with some new, awful addition to his sentence, so he remained silent as his mother continued, "Which is why we are here, Janice. Did my purchase arrive?"

"It arrived two days ago. I have it in the back."

"Wonderful!" Margaret gushed. "I'll have Mary remove her skort in the changing room while you get it."

"What are you talking about, mom? Is it a new dress?"

"Not exactly, dear, please remove your skort and panties."

Marty became alarmed when he realized that she hadn't asked him to remove his top. What was his mother up to? He finished removing his clothes when Janice Fraley arrived with his mother's purchase. "I hope we got the color right."

Marty was alarmed at being so exposed in front of this woman, when his mother said, "We need Janice's help with my purchase."

"What is it, mother?" he asked. His mother removed a strange looking garment from the box. He blushed when he thought that part of it looked like a girl's twat. "This garment will hide your last remaining visible sign of being a boy, honey," his mother gushed. "It's like your breasts, only for your crotch."

Marty realized that it looked like a girl's crotch because it was supposed to. "You are kidding, mother!"

"With this on, nobody but a doctor can tell that you aren't really a girl," Janice Fraley said. "Like your breasts, it breathes, so it doesn't need to be removed."

"But how will I be able to..."

"That's the beauty of this wonderful device," Janice continued. "Put it on. I'll show you how it works."

"I can't wait!" his mother gushed. "What must we do?"

"First we examine his crotch to see if he removed the hair where needed, then we can fit the garment on him. It will be a tight fit," Janice explained to Margaret, both seemingly forgetting that he existed.

His mother took hold of his small manhood while Janice examined the area around it. Marty was completely mortified with their clinical handling of his most intimate parts. He wanted to vehemently protest, but he was more concerned with why his manhood refused to respond to such intimate handling. He should be getting as hard as a board, yet he remained as flaccid as a cooked noodle.

His mother stretched his soft manhood as Janice Fraley explained what they were to do. Neither woman paid Marty the slightest mind as they compared the color of the garment with his skin shade, and agreed that they matched.

"Mother, don't I have a say in this?"

"Of course you do," she broke off her conversation with Janice. "I assumed that you would welcome a way of hiding your manhood. Without this garment, an accident could reveal your boyhood, while wearing it will completely protect you from ever being revealed as a sissy boy."

Marty's protest melted away. Her logic was impeccable. Still the very idea of what they contemplated seemed so wrong, and so permanent. Being able to see his manhood hanging between his legs had been a comfort when everything else about him was being covered by makeup and girl's clothes. Now they wanted to 'permanently' hide even that.

Unable to voice a protest, yet unable to condone what was happening, he bowed his head as the women continued their conversation. "Yes, the skin about his puny thing is free of

hair. It should work like a champ," Janice finally said. "Have Mary lay down so I can properly tuck her."

"You heard Mrs. Fraley, Mary. This won't hurt, and it will remove a serious problem of possible exposure."

Marty nearly fainted with embarrassment as Mrs. Fraley clinically took his balls and carefully pushed them into his body cavity. "Place the garment over his flaccid manhood so the tip fits within this little pocket. Hold the garment in place while I apply the adhesive," Janice Fraley instructed.

The women were completely absorbed in their project, talking with each other about the benefits of the garment, leaving Marty to his own thoughts, fears, and utter humiliation at what was happening to him.

He felt coolness as his mother held the garment tightly against his body. Finally Janice Fraley announced that enough time had passed for the adhesive to set. Margaret loosened her hold and the two women examined their handiwork.

"Wonderful!" Margaret finally exclaimed. "It looks absolutely authentic."

"Like her breasts, the garment breathes and self cleans beneath, so it doesn't need to be removed. It has depth too," Janice said. "She needs to sit to pee."

"She has been sitting for over a week. Its part of her training," Margaret offered.

"I noticed how well her training is taking, Margaret," Janice said. "Why she practically pranced when entering my shop. Her walk is decidedly feminine, even without heels."

"Thank you," Margaret smile. "Mary, dear, please stand. Let's see how it fits and feels."

Marty stood and immediately felt the vacant feeling between his legs. All his life he had felt the comforting presence of his manhood swinging between his legs. Now its loss left him feeling concern for his disappearing manhood. "I feel bloated and cramped. It hurts a little, and it feels weird."

"That's normal. You will become used to the feeling. Examine your new maidenhood in the mirror, Mary."

Marty was aghast when he saw his reflection. It was gone! Not wrapped, not hidden by panties, but truly missing. In its place appeared to be an authentic appearing feminine sex. He felt his now maidenly crotch and was surprised that he felt his touch. It didn't look or feel like a garment. His color paled as he accidentally inserted a finger part way between the two lips and actually felt a tingle of pleasure.

"You must maintain yourself clean down there just like any other girl," Janice stated.

"I'll make sure she learns about feminine hygiene," his mother assured. "Go to the restroom and urinate to make sure everything functions correctly, Mary, while Janice and I have a little talk. Wipe yourself with a tissue once you finish."

Marty carefully tried to release his pee, but nothing happened, then suddenly it came out in a heavy flow, and then stopped. Taking a tissue, he carefully wiped himself. It felt strange, as if he weren't really wearing a garment.

When he returned, his mother and Mrs. Fraley were discussing Lane. Margaret would laugh as Janice told one humiliating experience after another that sissy Lane had experienced.

When Marty started getting dressed, Janice Fraley piped up, "Let me give you your first dress, Mary."

"Janice, you've done so much already," Margaret exclaimed. Marty thought that she had done way too much.

"Nonsense," Janice gushed. "Mary is a lovely girl, and she deserves a lovely dress. I know just the one."

"Isn't that nice of Mrs. Fraley, Mary?" his mother asked. Marty didn't answer, knowing his protests would be rejected out of hand. "Let me repair your hair. It got a little mussed while we were applying your new feminine tush."

Janice returned all aflutter, holding a black striped dress, a black half-slip, and a pair of matching heels. "Your new

daughter will look so lovely in this little number. It may be a little dressy, but she may need one like this for her first date."

'Date? What is she talking about? I'm not going on any date while wearing a dress!' Marty thought.

Margaret took the little black dress and held it before him to check the size. "It is lovely!" she gushed. "Mary will look absolutely wonderful in it."

"Put it on," Janice suggested. "Try these heels too."

"Do you have pantyhose in Mary's size?" Margaret asked.

As Janice skipped off for the hose, Margaret smiling and happy and Marty sullen and sad, entered the dressing room too slip into the dress.

"You can't wear your bra with this dress, Mary," Margaret advised. Your bare shoulders would expose your bra straps. This little number has built-in support for your breasts."

"Why do I need such a fancy dress, mother?" Marty whined. "Let's buy a house dress and be done with it."

"Don't be silly, Mary," she giggled. "Every girl needs a dress like this for special occasions."

Further protest was futile, so he gently rolled the pantyhose up each leg under the close scrutiny of both women. Then he stepped into the black half-slip and allowed it to settle about his waist before letting his mother lower the feather light black dress over his head to float over his body.

"What a wonderful fit, honey," his mother exclaimed as she brushed the skirt so it hung correctly. "You must thank her for such a lovely gift."

Thanking Mrs. Fraley for giving him a dress was the last thing on his mind, but he did as he was told. "Step into your heels, dear," Margaret contentedly cooed. "Look in the mirror, Mary. You look absolutely delicious!"

Marty did as she instructed, and his heart fell to his knees. She was right! The dress fit his every curve. He looked lovely in it, although looking lovely wasn't high on his priority

list. A chill raced up his back when he saw cleavage exposed above the dress top.

"I was right!" his mother crowed. "You have legs to die for. Those heels shape your legs to perfection."

Marty glanced at his legs, and had to admit that she was right. His mouth would water if he saw those legs on a real girl. "Show Mrs. Fraley how lovely you look in your new dress, Mary," his mother led him from the booth.

"You want me to leave this room while wearing this dress? You must be kidding. Shoppers may be out there. I'd die if someone saw me wearing a dress."

"Don't be silly, dear," Margaret giggled. "Lots of people will see you wearing dresses over the next year. You might as well get used to it. Besides, all they will see is a pretty teenage girl trying on girl's clothes."

"But..." Marty stammered, not knowing how to counter his mother's argument. Finally, after checking his lipstick, he reluctantly followed his mother onto the shop floor.

Marty had difficulty descending the stairs, this being his first time wearing high heels. He was intent on not falling on his face, when Mrs. Fraley gushed, "Oh, David, doesn't Mary look absolutely gorgeous in her new dress?"

Marty's looked to where Mrs. Fraley stood, and his knees buckled beneath him. He nearly collapsed to the floor. Standing next to Mrs. Fraley was her son, David, the boy most responsible for him wearing this dress. He wanted the ground to open up and swallow him.

David stood wide-eyed next to his mother. "Who is this gorgeous girl, mother?"

"Surely you recognize your old nemesis, Marty Malone," Mrs. Fraley giggled. "Who is the sissy now?"



"Marty? Is that you?" David gasped.

"His name is Mary now," Margaret explained.

"Why are you wearing a dress?"

"Marty has decided to be a girl until his sentence is over, and girls wear dresses," Margaret explained.

All Marty wanted to do was run and hide.

"Marty?!"

"His name is Mary now," Margaret said. "He is a girl until his sentence is over next year."

"Marty looks like a girl?" David stammered.

"Yes he does," Margaret smiled. "My new daughter is on her way to becoming the girl she was meant to be."

Marty finally found his voice. "I wasn't meant to be a girl, mother. I'm doing this to blend in, since I have to wear girl's clothes until my sentence is over. I don't want to wear these awful clothes, and I'm not becoming a girl."

"You saw your reflection in the mirror. Was that the reflection of a boy or a girl?" his mother asked.

"Definitely a girl!" David injected.

"Hello, David," Marty quietly greeted.

"Hi, Mary," David's eyes sparkled at the vision standing before him. "That's a lovely dress you're wearing."

Marty's face turned red as his mother nudged him to thank David for the compliment. "Thanks...I guess," Marty fidgeted on his heels, making his skirt sway about his hips.

"Now run off with this order, David," Mrs. Fraley said. "We girls are having fun trying on lovely clothes. That's not something a boy would be interested in."

"Okay, mom," David picked up the packages. "It's REALLY nice to meet you, Mary. I hope we meet again."

"He is such a nice boy, Janice," Margaret complimented. "It's too bad more boys aren't as well mannered as your son. They wouldn't get into trouble if they were. I'm so pleased that I don't have to worry about that any longer. Having a sweet daughter is so much nicer."

The short hairs on the back of Marty's neck sprang to attention. What was she implying? This is just a charade, and as soon as that damn Judge commuted his sentence, he would leave this girlish stuff behind forever.

"Let's get you back into your clothes, Mary. That dress is too nice for shopping," his mother said.

"I'll have David deliver Mary's dress and shoes tomorrow," Janice volunteered. "Mary may have made her first conquest." Marty worried that they might be right.

Chapter 15

Wearing dresses, skirts, silky feminine undies, and taking orders from his younger sister for two weeks was sheer torture for Lane. Worst of all was the painful and restrictive 'Bikini Babe' chastity garment that had been forcibly installed on him. He had tried every way imaginable to remove it, including cutting it off with a knife, but to no avail.

In the past, he had manipulated himself to orgasm at least once daily, so after two weeks of abstinence, he was horny beyond belief. He had vowed to not let Jenny know of his growing frustration, but as he rapidly approached the limit of his endurance, he found himself seriously reconsidering. Swallowing his scant remaining masculine pride, he nervously toyed with his skirt, and in a tiny voice, pleaded with her to remove the device of his torture.

Jenny, having read the literature accompanying the 'Bikini Babe' from UCI, had anxiously waited for her brother to broach this subject. Understanding the anxiety and frustration a normal teenage boy would experience if he were denied sexual relief for an extended period of time, she smiled with satisfaction and asked, "Why should I? You complain, argue and call me vile names every time I give advice on which dress, blouse, or skirt you should wear. If you want my help, you'll have to be a lot more cooperative."

"I will!" he declared in a valiant effort to convince her to unlock his chastity garment. "I'll wear whatever you say without arguing! Please, oh please, unlock this awful thing."

Jenny knew she had won a victory, but she couldn't resist taking it a step farther. Smug in her new power over her older brother, she said, "You'll have to do better than that."

"I promised to wear whatever you say."

"Details! I want to hear details about your promise."

"What kind of details?"

Jenny smiled and quoted a suggested oath from the UCI booklet. "If I am to release you from time to time, you should memorize an oath that will remind you of your promise and who is in charge. Recite after me, 'I promise to be a sweet obedient sissy and to do everything Jenny tells me without argument or hesitation.'"

Lane wanted to shout that he wasn't a sissy, but wearing dresses, skirts, and silky feminine undies had quelled his spirit. Instead, he lowered his head and sighed just above a whisper, "I can't remember all that."

"Grab a pen, and I'll dictate it to you. Then, I want you to write it a thousand times in a neat feminine script so you won't forget your sissy promise," she said.

"I can't write like a girl," Lane objected, looking for an excuse to avoid writing like a girl and memorizing such a humiliating pledge.

"With a little practice, you can!" she assured, basking in her control. "Make sure to dot the i's with little hearts to give your writing a sissy flair. Sit up straight with your knees together and your skirt neatly arranged across your thighs. Remember your pledge to obey me without hesitation. Fight me and you can forget having your device removed."

"If I promise to do that, will you remove it now?"

"Not so fast! No favors before promises are fulfilled, my sissy brother. Prove your obedience, and then we'll see about your reward."

"When?"

"Saturday evening after you return from your job at the boutique."

"That's five days away," Lane protested. "I can't wait..."

"See," she interrupted. "You already broke your promise. A sweet obedient sissy would have thanked me for being so good to him. I wanted to give you a chance to prove the sincerity of your pledge, but if this is your attitude, maybe I should delay your release a week or so beyond Saturday."

Lane realized how far she would go to exact her revenge. In a desperate attempt to soften her stance, he pleaded, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to appear so eager. Saturday will be fine, and thank you for being so nice to me."

"Stand before me, and recite your sissy pledge. Read it if you have to."

Blushing, Lane picked up the paper, and against every fiber of his being, read, 'I promise to be a sweet obedient sissy and to do everything Jenny tells me without argument or hesitation.' "There, I said it! Are you happy?"

"You will recite your sissy pledge whenever I command you to do so no matter who is present or you can forget your release. Got it?"

Unable to meet her gaze while making this humiliating admission, he lidded his mascara laden lashes and murmured, "Yes, Jenny. Thanks for being so nice to me."

"Okay. Now that we have established who is in charge, there will be some changes around here. For starters, you will comport yourself properly in your pretty skirts and dresses. You will sit with your knees together; walk with short mincing steps, and with your hips swinging. Until you can walk in them as well as any shoes, you will wear heels full time. Pay attention to your *look*. Make sure your slip isn't showing, that your skirt hangs properly, and your hair and makeup are fresh and neat. Above all, you must be a sweet obedient sissy like you promised. I'll come up with other things as time goes along, but that's good for starters."

Lane cringed at the thought that he was in for a long year under the authority of his younger sister. Still, he knew it would be even longer with his damnable *device* attached the

whole time. With that in mind, he resolved to make the best of a horrendous situation.

Chapter 16

Nancy Dolan sat behind the screen waiting for her husband to arrive for their visit. She hadn't visited in over a month, being extremely busy with her new job plus trying to keep tabs on her daughter's supervision of Lane.

Jenny seemed to take pleasure from each new humiliation she imposed on him, and Nancy wondered what particular revengeful masculine ego crushing punishment she was inflicting on him at the moment. When she last saw her son, he was mincing about in a tight skirt atop four-inch spike heels with a book on his head. To make matters worse, Jenny had scattered a deck of cards about the floor and was making her distraught brother pick them up without dropping the book.

Her thoughts were interrupted when the door opened and Paddy entered followed closely by a well-muscled convict.

Nancy gasped at the sight before her. The person she saw resembled Paddy, but certainly didn't look anything like her abusive husband. Traipsing on high heels, Paddy wore a thigh length black skirt, and a tight fitting pink top through which could be seen his filled bra. His face was heavily made up with mascara, eyeshadow, and dark red lipstick. Large gold earrings dangled from pierced ears, and his hair was honey blonde and curled about his ears and down his neck.

"Paddy, is that you?" Nancy could barely hold back her laughter. "What happened to you?"

"His name is Patricia now, ma'am," the convict standing next to Paddy answered for him.

"Who are you?" Nancy couldn't hide her astonishment.

"Name is Rocco," the man said. "Are you Patti's wife?"

"Patricia? His name is Paddy," Nancy didn't know how to respond to this arrogant man who had forced her husband into wearing woman's clothes.



"I'm Rocco's secretary," Paddy explained, but Nancy saw the desperation in his eyes that silently pleaded for her to get him out of jail and away from this dominating thug.

Rocco laughed, "Patti is taking to his new role by dressing the part."

"No longer, ma'am. Tell her Patti," Rocco said.

For the first time, Paddy opened his mouth. "My name is Patricia now..." Paddy whispered in an attempt at a high pitched voice.

"And?" Rocco gently laid his arm on Paddy's shoulder.

Looking at the hand, Paddy finally whispered, "I'm Rocco's secretary."

Nancy almost fell out of her seat at Paddy's admission. How much of it was forced, and how much was sincere? Paddy's eyes indicated that not everything he admitted was voluntary. "I don't know what to say..." she gasped.

"Paddy had quite a temper when he first arrived, but he painfully learned who the boss was. Now we seldom disagree. Do I treat you right now, Patricia?" Rocco asked.

Looking up at this imposing man, Paddy again whispered in an attempt at a woman's voice, "Yes, Rocco. You treat me like a queen."

"Why is he wearing woman's clothes?"

"I needed a secretary to help handle my operations. I still have a business to run, and I can't let being temporarily in stir slow me down. I'm a traditionalist, and in my family, secretaries are women and dress as such. Since Patti is handling my secretarial chores, he should dress the part."

"But it's more than just wearing the clothes," Nancy stammered. "His ears are pierced, his skin is as smooth as a baby's, and...and he walks in those heels like a pro."

"I like my secretaries looking classy," Rocco explained. "I insisted that Patti practice looking the part as well as performing the tasks assigned to him. It took some persuading, if you know what I mean, but he is becoming better in his new role with each passing day. He really put up a struggle when I insisted that he get his ears pierced, but he learned that what Rocco wants, Rocco gets."

"Where did the clothes come from, and how come the jail officials allow him to wear non-standard clothes?" Nancy was suddenly fascinated by this obviously strong man.

"You can get anything you want, lady, when you have money and influence," Rocco laughed. "And I've got lots of both."

Most of the visit was spent with Rocco and Nancy talking. Paddy submissively sat and listened. All his arrogance and bluster were gone. He only spoke when spoken to, and he always submitted to Rocco's whims.

Finally visiting time was up, and Nancy had to say good-bye to her husband and his 'friend'. She was somewhat pleased that Paddy was getting a little of what he had dished out to her on a daily basis. Maybe he would be a better husband when he returned home after experiencing the abuse Rocco handed out.

Chapter 17

Early afternoon the next day, the doorbell rang and Margaret said, "Mary, get the door, please."

Marty wanted to run and hide, but the past few weeks had taught him that he would not be spending his time as a girl in a closet. His mother insisted that he live a normal life, including interacting with others whenever needed.

Today, Marty was wear tight fitting white short shorts, a pink top that did nothing to hide his B-cup breast forms while exposing his bellybutton, and low top white girl's tennis shoes. His growing raven hair flowed above his shoulders in curled waves, and his face was tastefully made up by himself under his mother's close scrutiny.

Marty reluctantly opened the door to reveal...David holding a 'Nu U' boutique package. "Hi, Mary," David smiled. "I brought over your new dress and shoes."

Marty wanted to slam the door shut to hide from his nemesis, but instead he blushed and stammered in a lilting trill, "Uh...please come in...David."

"Thanks, Mary," David said. "Wow! But you look great!"

Marty blushed even deeper, and stammered, "Please don't call me Mary. You know that my name is Marty."

"Not according to my mom," David answered. "She said that you are a girl until your sentence is over, and I'm to treat you as such at all time, including calling you Mary and using feminine pronouns."

"Your mom isn't here now, so use my real name."

"Your mom may hear me and tell my mom, and then I'd be in trouble," David said. "I didn't want this to happen to you. I just wanted the Judge to stop you from harassing me. I had no idea that it would come to this. I'm sorry."

Marty was taken back by David's apology. He seemed sincere. "I...I'm sorry that I harassed you," Marty apologized. "We were having a little fun. I can't believe how things got out of control, and I ended up dressed like this."

"You are doing better than Lane," David said. "He doesn't fool anyone. He looks like a boy in girl's clothes, and he is sure to be the butt of lots of jokes until his sentence is over. I feel real sorry for him."

"My slighter build is an advantage," Marty admitted.

"I meant it, Mary. You look gorgeous!" David handed the package to Marty. "Would you like to take in a movie?"

Marty's mouth practically fell to his feet. David was responsible for him wearing dresses and being treated as a girl. How could David have the audacity to ask him out? Besides, he wasn't interested in dating boys!

"I don't think so," Marty finally found his voice. "Remember that I'm a boy under my clothes and makeup."

"I know that," David answered, "although you don't look anything like one. I thought maybe we could let bygones be bygones and bury the hatchet."

Margaret entered. "Am I interrupting something?"

“David asked me to a movie,” Marty said. “I declined, of course. In a few weeks the Judge will commute my sentence and I’ll be a boy again. I don’t want to be seen with a boy while dressed like this. People may think I’m weird.”

“Take your new dress to your room, dear. I’ll see David out,” Margaret smiled. Marty did as his mother suggested, after politely thanking David for the delivery.

After Marty disappeared, Margaret escorted David to the door. “Thank you for delivering my daughter’s new dress, David. Please give Mary time to become accustomed to her new gender. In a few weeks, she may be more receptive to your attentions.”

“Mrs. Malone, you have a lovely daughter,” David stated. “I’ll give her time to adjust before asking again.”

“Thank you, David,” Margaret shook his hand. “I never realized what I was missing with only having a son, but now I know, and I’m correcting the situation.”

“Do you think Mary will return to being Marty in a few weeks?” David asked.

“It is possible,” Margaret smiled, “but not probable...”

“I hope you are right, ma’am,” David blushed.

Chapter 18

The Saturday night when Lane expected to be released from his hated ‘Bikini Babe’ chastity garment came and went without it being removed. Jenny’s declaration that his device was to remain in place left him ever more frustrated.

Jenny looked for ways to exert this newfound power. After studying the UCI brochure, she compiled a list of infractions that Lane supposedly committed. Most of these violations were imaginary, but they gave her the excuse she needed to extend his punishment for ‘*at least*’ another week.

Lane wanted to shout orders for the damnable device to be removed immediately, but his weeks in dresses had softened

his demeanor. Instead, he lowered his head and his eyes filled with tears.

Jenny took him in her arms and soothed, "Go ahead and cry. Sissies always feel better after they've had a good cry, but the tears ruin their makeup. I've noticed that your eyeliner has been a bit ragged of late. Practice the techniques from one of my teen magazines when you repair your makeup." When he started to walk away with tears streaking his makeup, she snapped, "Don't forget to thank me for caring so much and administering your discipline!"

Anger returned to his features once again, but it was short lived. Lowering his eyes in submission, he sighed, "Thank you, Jenny. I'll try to be a sweet obedient sissy and do as you say in the future." He hated the fact that his sissy pledge became easier each time he recited it.

"Mary, I've enrolled you in charm school for the next three weekends, starting this Saturday," Margaret said.

"Charm school? I don't need *no* charm school!" Marty whined. "What did I do wrong to get this punishment?"

"This isn't a punishment," she laughed. "It will help you fit in as a refined girl who speaks good English."

"I spend all my free time practicing everything from speaking like a girl to walking in heels. What can I learn in charm school that you aren't teaching me now?"

"Oodles of things, dear," Margaret said. "How to set a formal table, how to walk a straight line while wearing heels, oh, lots of stuff a refined young lady must know."

"I will be out of these clothes in a few weeks. What would I do with all that training? It's a waste of time and money."

"Refinement is never a waste, dear. The class also gives you an opportunity to interact with other girls your age."

"Girls, my age? They will detect that I'm really a boy!"

"Why would they be able to do that?"

"I don't know stuff that I should know..." Marty gasped. "Girls can detect things like that."

"I've told the teacher that you are a little backwards in developing the social skills for a girl your age. I said that you were a tomboy for years, and only recently evolved into a young lady interested in learning feminine things."

"Evolved is the right word," Marty sourly growled. "How long are these classes?"

"Six hours on Saturdays and Sundays for three weekends," Margaret sensed Marty's weakening resolve. "The classes are a wonderful opportunity for you to refine your voice. If these girls don't detect that you were recently a boy, then nobody will be able to."

"But what if they find out about me?"

"The class is held 50 miles away. I will remove you from that class and you disappear, nobody the wiser. Then we work on the problem that gave you away, and you attend another class somewhere else until you are undetectable."

"I don't have a choice?"

"Not really, dear," she answered. "I've paid for the classes. We leave at 8 AM, so you need to get up by 6 AM to be ready."

At 8 AM, Marty and his mother traipsed out the front door, Margaret with a wide grin, and Marty with a deep frown. The last thing he wanted was to learn to be a proper young lady. He had no intention of ever putting it to use. Plus it exposed him to more ridicule. He was positive that one of the girls would recognize that he was a boy wearing girl's clothes and expose him in front of the whole class.

Nonetheless, an hour later, he and his mother walked up the stairs to an ornate old house. Marty felt his gray pleated skirt flutter about his knees and the silkiness of his white translucent blouse that revealed the lacy camisole he wore beneath. He walked lightly in sensible gray 1" slippers,

although his mother insisted that he bring his white 3" heels in a carrying bag. Why he needed the heels was beyond him.

Six hours later, Margaret pulled up in front to pick up Marty after his first day of charm school. Three giggling teenage girls came out of the front door, but Marty wasn't with them. "I can't believe she didn't know how to walk in heels," one girl giggled.

"I know," said another, "Can you believe a girl can go through 16 years without learning how to walk in heels?"

"Yeah, but she is a quick learner," the third girl chimed in, "Plus she is way cuter than any of us, which means that she will get the cute boys, even if she is a little clumsy."

Margaret was wondering if the girls were talking about Marty when he appeared at the front door, accompanied by the teacher. Both walked to the car, the woman giving Marty pointers. "Sway your hips, Mary. It will be much easier, and you will have the boys drooling." Marty did as she instructed, exaggerating a little, and the woman corrected him.

"Hello, Mrs. Malone," the teacher greeted. "Mary had a rough day, but she is improving quickly. We will see her tomorrow?"

"Of course!" Margaret returned. "Your class will do wonders for my daughter."

"If she keeps learning like today, she will be walking like a princess in three weeks," the teacher complimented.

"My feet are killing me!" Marty whispered, as he slipped his feet from the high heels. "I swear she had me wearing those damn heels for the entire six hours."

The next morning, Marty wore his high heels to the class. "Why carry them when you know that your teacher will have you wearing them as soon as you arrive. Besides, you need the practice. Yesterday, I heard your classmates commenting on your clumsiness in heels."

Marty's eyes flashed open. "The girls know about me?"

"No, honey, they merely commented about how inept you are in heels. Actually they thought you were the cutest girl in the class."

Marty eyed his mother suspiciously. Was she lying? Would he be the butt of jokes when he arrived for his second class? He wasn't sure if he could trust her. Too many coincidences had happened lately. Did she have some sinister plan in mind? Nonetheless, he reluctantly trudged up the walkway to his class.

That afternoon, Margaret patiently waited in her car for her son to finish his class. Suddenly the front door opened, and four girls exited, and one of them was Marty.

They were giggling amongst themselves, and although not as spiritedly as the other girls, Marty seemed to participate in the conversation. They approached the car, and Marty broke from the group. "My mom is here. I'll see you girls next week."

"Keep practicing walking in your heels, Mary," one girl giggled. "I can't believe a girl as cute as you wanted to be a tomboy. How could you not want to wear the soft silky clothes that only girls get to wear?"

Marty blushed at the girl's innocent question, but Margaret couldn't help but comment, "Mary wanted to be around boys. She thought that being a tomboy would allow her to romp and play with boys. She recently learned that she can have all the boys she can handle merely by dressing appropriately."

Marty blushed when another girl giggled, "Mary won't have trouble attracting boys. I'd be happy to get her rejects."

Margaret smiled as they drove home. "See, your fears were unfounded, honey. None of these girls have the faintest idea that you were once a boy."

"I'm still a boy, mother!" he said, although not with the vigor of previous proclamations. "Girl's clothes can't change a boy into a girl."

"Maybe not, honey, but your frilly, lacy clothes bring out your inherent femininity. How many boys do you know who could attend a class full of teenage girls for two days and not be detected as a boy? You are more girl than you care to admit."

Marty didn't respond. Maybe she had a point. None of his friends would pass for a second as a girl, no matter what clothes they wore. On the other hand, none of the other boys had a mother like his who did everything possible to make him as feminine as possible.

On Sunday afternoon, Margaret picked up Marty as usual. He seemed completely at ease around the girls. He chatted and giggled along with them as they walked to her car. "Bye, Mary," the girls waved as Marty got into the car. "Be sure to ask your mother for permission."

"Ask permission for what?" Margaret asked as she drove.

"The girls asked if I could go shopping with them next Saturday after class," Marty shyly whispered. "Debbie said that all us girls could stay overnight at her house for a pajama party, and her mother would take us to class on Sunday morning. I told her that I'd have to ask for your permission. Of course you will say no."

"What a marvelous idea, Mary!" his mother gushed. "You will love attending your first pajama party."

"But mother...!" Marty hoarsely gasped. "I can't attend a girl's pajama party! It's one thing to pass as a girl when I'm fully dressed, but it's another thing to pass while wearing only a nightie."

"Posh!" Margaret said. "You are completely girlish with your realistic breasts and gaff. The only way you can give yourself away is by not acting completely girlish. We will work on your deportment extra hard this week." Marty's plan for getting out of the party came crashing down.

"But..." he croaked.

"Why are you whispering?" his mother asked.

"She is teaching us to sing!" Marty moaned. "It's hard enough to speak as a girl. It's hell to learn to sing as one."

"Learning to sing? What a wonderful idea!" Margaret gushed. "We will give your voice a rest for a couple of days, and then you can practice at home. We will also double up on the Soprano Speak gargle because I want my new daughter to sing like a nightingale." His mother acted like a woman on a mission. Suddenly his daily regimen became much harder, and much more *involved*.

Margaret sat in her car on Sunday afternoon, nervously waiting for Marty to complete his final charm school class. She hadn't heard from him since she dropped him off Saturday morning. She was sure that he would have called if disaster had struck. Still she was concerned.

The teacher held open the front door, giving each girl a feminine hug as she exited. Marty was the last person to leave, and the teacher gave him a parting peck on the cheek. He blended in with the other girls as they walked to their waiting rides, looking completely at ease.

"Be sure to give us a call, Mary," one of the girls waved as Marty entered his mother's car. "Let's get together for shopping soon."

"I'll call, Diane," Marty returned in his completely feminine voice. "I have all your phone numbers."

He tossed his overnight bag in the back seat before naturally sweeping his skirt beneath him and taking his seat. "How was your shopping trip and pajama party, Mary?" Margaret could hardly wait to learn the details.

"Fine, mother," Marty smiled. "I bought a new bra, three pairs of lace embellished panties, a new skirt, and a satin cami with spaghetti straps."

"How was the pajama party?"

Marty blushed and cast down his eyes, "Nobody detected that I'm a boy, if that is what you are asking."

"Of course they didn't find out that you are a boy, Mary," his mother laughed, "because you aren't a boy. I wanted to know if you had fun."

Marty shyly nodded. "We talked, and ate pizza, and talked some more. I shared a bed with Debbie."

"And?" Margaret urged.

"And nothing happened, mother," a tear streamed down Marty's cheek. "Nobody suspected that I am really a boy, and...and I didn't respond to being in a room full of half naked girls like I should have. What's wrong with me, mother?"

"Didn't respond, dear? Respond how?"

"You know, mother," he whined, "Like a boy!"

"Why should you respond to girls like a boy, Mary?"

"You know what I mean, mom!" Marty sniffled. "I should have been as horny as a stud. Instead, I acted like the other girls, even giggling over naked guys' photos in a magazine."

"A few months ago you may have acted like a buck, but now you are a girl and you responded like one."

"But this is just a masquerade, mother," he sniffled. "Wearing girl's clothes doesn't change a boy in that way. Why didn't my natural masculinity come forward...and at least try to salute? Why was it so easy for me to blend in with those girls? Where has all my boyishness gone?"

"Don't worry your pretty head, honey," Margaret answered. "I'll take you to a doctor for a checkup after your appointment with the Judge in a couple of weeks."

"Okay, mother," Marty quietly dabbed his cheeks with his dainty lace hanky.

When they arrived home and settled in, Margaret asked, "Let me hear you sing that song I love from 'West Side Story.'"

"Here, now?" Marty asked.

"Of course, now," she said. "I love the sound of your voice. It has matured into a lovely soprano with your training."

"If you wish, mother," Marty said. True to her statement, his voice sounded completely feminine as he started singing, "*I feel pretty! I feel pretty! I feel pretty and giddy and gay...*"

Chapter 19

After Jenny tacked on two more weeks, the day for Lane's release from his chastity device finally arrived. He was on pins and needles as he followed her instructions. Returning from his job at the boutique, he took a warm soaking bath, dried himself with a fluffy pink towel, powdered and perfumed his body, and slipped into his babydoll nightie and matching panties. He then sat at his vanity and applied his makeup, "like a girl getting ready for a date with a special boy." After brushing his hair into a neat feminine style, he stepped into fluffy bedroom slippers, and went to knock on Jenny's door.

In no hurry to grant her brother's wish, Jenny had him turn this way and that while scrutinizing his 'look'. At long last, she removed the key chain from her neck and said, "Stand here and lift your skirt."

Lane blushed deeply while his younger sister lowered his panties and unlocked his chastity device. When he heard it click, he was ready to bolt for his room and tend to his needs, but having learned self-discipline over the past weeks, he stood while she raised his panties and adjusted them at his waist. "Now, you may go to your room, but be back here in one hour with *everything* properly secured," she ordered.

As soon as Lane removed his chastity device, he was spurting his seed. Then, shortly after he cleaned himself, he was spurting again. The more than a month that had passed since he had access to his privates while being forced to wear sexy silky feminine clothes had taken its toll. He was making up for lost time. He ejaculated twice more before deciding that

he had best replace his device so he could get back to Jenny before his hour was over. It was still a tight fit, but having worn it for so long, he was able to get it back in place without undue stress.

"Right on time, I see," Jenny said when Lane entered her room after knocking. "Raise your skirt so I can make sure everything is as it should be." She lowered his panties and made sure the lock was in place. Seeing everything was firmly fixed, she kissed her fingers, placed them on the device, and said, "There! Out of sight and out of mind as it should be."

It may have been out of sight, but it certainly wasn't out of Lane's mind. He forced a happy smile on his face and said, "Thank you for being so nice to me. I promise to be a sweet obedient sissy and to do everything you tell me."

"Very well done, sissy," she smiled, knowing her victory over her brother was complete. "That attitude will go a long way toward hastening the next time your little friend is allowed out of his cage."

Chapter 20

The weeks prior to meeting with Judge Reed were a whirlwind of activity. Rather than wait until the Judge made her decision, Margaret seemed to be on her own deadline to meet some self defined goal. She took Marty from one clothing store to the next. In each store, she taught him what to look for, how to tell quality garments from inferior clothes, and generally how to shop like a girl.

She didn't buy him clothes just to fill out his wardrobe, but rather she taught him how to design a proper girl's wardrobe, what it should include, the color schemes that best suited his complexion, and how to coordinate outfits.

When they found an outfit that appealed to them, she would buy it; when they found a garment that went well with another garment that he already had, she would buy it; and when they found something that would fill a gap in his overall wardrobe needs, she would buy that too. At first, Marty reluctantly went along just to appease his mother, but as the

weeks passed, he started to participate, often making suggestions that pleased his mother.

One shopping experience was particularly vexing. While looking at jewelry, his mother suggested that the shop girl pierce his ears. He wanted to shout no, but the shop girl and other customers were standing nearby. If he protested, people would become suspicious, and his carefully crafted disguise would be revealed. He had worked too hard to pass as a girl, and he couldn't find it in himself to blow his cover.

Reluctantly he took the offered chair and allowed the girl to pierce his left ear. "Make that two holes in each ear," his mother requested after the girl finished the first hole.

Marty almost protested at this further indignity, but before he could find his voice, the girl finished a second piercing and only a minute later both ears sported twin gold keepers.

His mother's shopping lessons extended far beyond planning a feminine wardrobe. She took him grocery shopping, taught him how to plan a meal, what to look for in food items, and how to get the most value for his dollar.

By the time five weeks had passed, he was a willing participant in many of their shopping activities. He had a wardrobe any young girl would be proud of, although he didn't understand why his mother would buy clothes that would not be used when the Judge commuted his sentence.

He felt absolutely helpless at stopping his continued plunge into femininity. He was becoming more and more feminine, so much so that at times he couldn't remember whether an action, thought, or feeling was recently learned or left over from his pre-girl training.

Chapter 21

"Are you ready, Mary," his mother asked. "Our meeting with Judge Reed is in an hour."

"Almost, mother," Marty nervously answered in his lilting alto-soprano voice. It was natural to sound like a girl. "Will she lower my sentence so I can return to being a boy?"

"I don't know, Mary," Margaret answered, scanning her son for flaws in his appearance. Marty couldn't remember the last time his mother had referred to him as 'Marty' and 'he'.

"Wouldn't it be more appropriate if I wore pants and a top rather than this dress, mother?" Marty spread his skirt to display his lovely summer dress.

"Don't be silly, Mary," Margaret countered. "Your dress is lovely. It would be a crime to cover such lovely legs."

Marty blushed. Enough people had complimented him over the past five weeks about his legs. He smoothed his flowing skirt. His smooth, bare tanned legs looked absolutely gorgeous standing in his matching open toe high heel sling pumps.

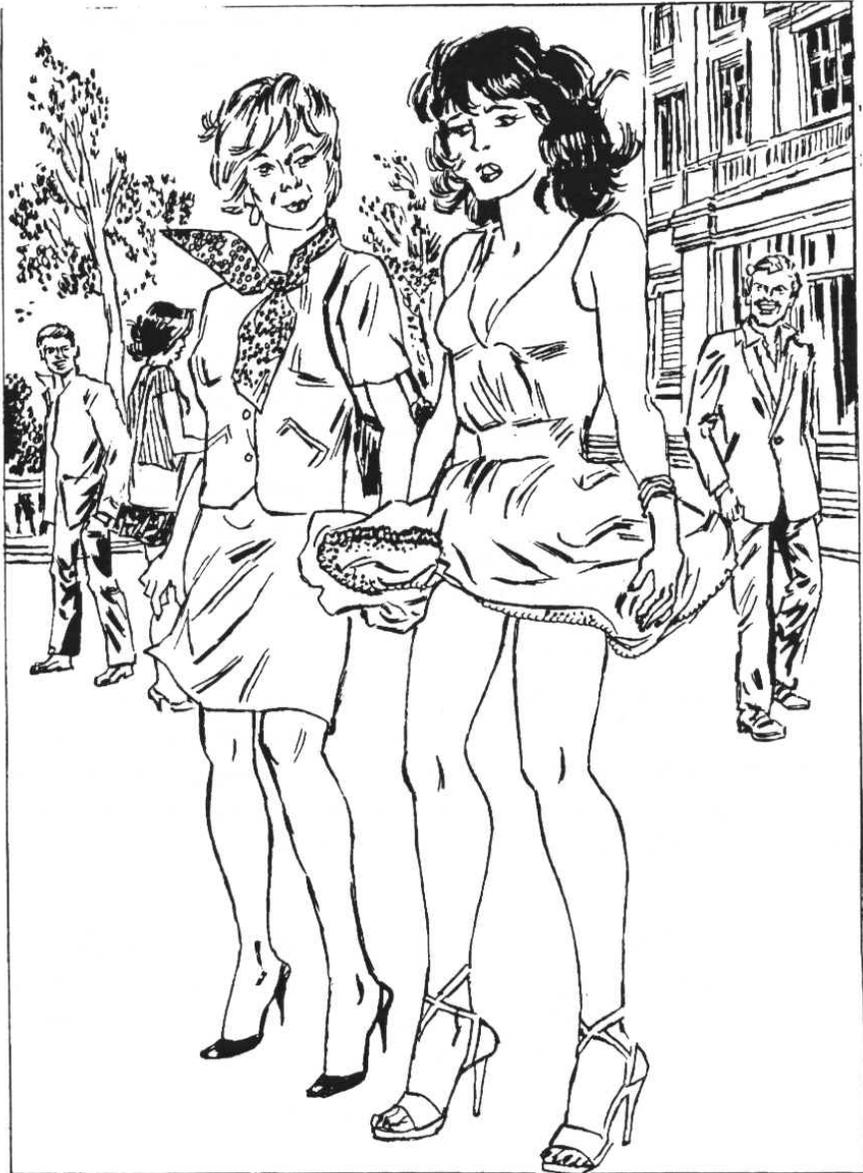
His mother asked, "Twirl for me, Mary dear. I want to see how well you have mastered your heels."

Marty made a perfect twirl allowing his skirt to float upward to expose the lace hem of his silky white half slip. He easily handled his heels after the seemingly innumerable hours of practice at charm school and under his mother's watchful eye.

Margaret smiled at how the top of his sleeveless dress wrapped about his upper chest to display a little cleavage from his perfectly lovely breasts. "Touch up your lipstick, dear. We must be on our way," she suggested.

Marty did as instructed, expertly performing this most feminine task. "Your hair shines since the beauty parlor last week. I'll make an appointment for you every week, so your hair grows strong and healthy.

"Hopefully I can get it cut to a boys' length when Judge Reed commutes my sentence," he said.



“Watch your dress, Mary,” Marty’s mother warned as a breeze flared his skirt to expose his lacy slip and silky panties, much to the pleasure of the men passing by.

“Everyone knows that I’m a boy!” he whispered.

“Not yet,” his mother warned, “but they will if you don’t protect your modesty.”

"Yes, dear, if she commutes your sentence. Now grab your handbag and let's go. It's a half hour drive. You don't want to be late."

Marty self consciously followed his mother up the stairs into the courthouse, feeling the slight breeze on his nylon clad legs. "Place your handbags on the belt, ladies," the guard instructed. "Are you carrying any metal on your persons?"

"My daughter has her watch...and of course her earrings," Margaret answered after going through the scanner. Diamond stud earrings pierced each of Marty's ears.

"She can leave her earrings on, but pass the watch to me before going through the scanner." Marty passed the guard his delicate lady's watch as requested and passed into the courthouse. "Nice watch, Miss," the guard handed it back.

"Thanks," he quietly answered.

"Come, Mary, we only have a few minutes to get to Judge Reed's chambers." Marty picked up his handbag, and followed his mother down the hall all the while realizing that he now walked in his heels just like his mother walked in her heels. They truly looked like mother and daughter.

Margaret, Marty, do come in," Judge Reed opened the door to her chambers to greet them. "My, Marty, but you have really taken my sentence to heart. Pierced ears? Your breast forms move just like real breasts."

Marty blushed. "Thank you, Judge Reed. I hope you will consider my cooperation in commuting my sentence," he said after smoothing his skirt and taking the offered seat.

Unlike your friend, Lane, you have been the model of obedience. I haven't heard one complaint from your mother," Judge Reed said.

"Mary has been like a daughter to me for the past 5 weeks, your Honor," Margaret cooed. "I hope you can see it in your heart to give her some relief from her sentence."

"Mary is it? She? Her? This has progressed beyond wearing girl's clothes as petticoat punishment, hasn't it?" Judge Reed asked her.

"Mary and I decided it would be much easier on her if she assumed a girl's role, rather than continue being dressed and treated as a sissy," Margaret explained. "She has made wonderful progress."

"I can see," Judge Reed agreed. "And you have spent a lot of money making sure that he...er...she looks nice."

"I only want what is best for my child," Margaret said.

"You are sitting quite prettily, Marty," the Judge noted. "You smoothed your skirt before sitting, and you modestly keep your knees together. Where did you learn that?"

"Mother has been unrelenting in teaching me to act and comport myself as a girl. She said that only if I act as a girl could I hope to pass myself off as one."

"And your lovely voice?"

"Again mother insisted that if I wanted to pass myself as a girl, I had to sound like a girl."

"She has been quite thorough, hasn't she?" the Judge looked over at Margaret, who met her glance with pride.

"I don't remember when I last spoke with my boy voice. I hope I can find it when I become a boy again."

"Become a boy again? Ah, yes, your sentence. Let's get to that," Judge Reed said. "Your adherence to the sentence is admirable. I'm impressed with how well you have adapted."

Marty was hopeful. Judge Reed seemed receptive to reducing his sentence, but would she commute it? He could still have to serve some time, but maybe she would give him time off for good behavior spent in dresses.

"I'm a firm believer that a lesson worth learning is worth learning well." She looked at his mother. "I see that you are taking your lessons to heart. I want to encourage you to

continue." Marty gasped. "You will serve out your entire sentence as your mother sees fit."

Marty's heart fell from his chest. "I...I have to live as a girl for...for another 2 months?" he gasped.

"Nice try, dear," Judge Reed smiled. "You have to live as a girl for the full year extension caused by Lane's misdeeds. To make your sentence easier though, your official records will be changed to show you as Mary Margaret Malone, a 16 year old girl."

"B...but...Judge..." Marty stammered.

"Thank you, your Honor," Margaret interrupted. "I know you are busy, so if that is all, we will be on our way. Mary has a doctor's appointment this afternoon."

"Is he ill? He seems to have lost some weight. His upper arms show little muscle," the Judge asked.

"Oh, no, Mary is a very healthy girl," Margaret answered. "She is merely getting some preventative medicine."

"To prevent what?" the Judge puzzled.

"Bulging muscles and a scraggly beard," Margaret smiled.

"Her new papers will be ready in two days," Judge Reed got up to offer them the door.

"I'll be by to get them," Margaret said as she held Marty by his elbow to stop his legs from buckling. "I'm afraid that Mary is overwhelmed with your generosity at taking care of her legal affairs. She will be fine in a few minutes."

Judge Reed smiled. "I'm sure she will. The clerk will get her a glass of water to settle her stomach until you can 'bring her down from her excitement'".

"Thank you, your Honor," Margaret gushed as she led Marty into the hallway. "Mary and I are most grateful."

"I can see," Judge Reed smiled. "Bring her back in three months, so I can monitor her progress."

"Most certainly your Honor," Margaret smiled as she led Marty out of the courtroom.

Chapter 22

Late the next morning, Marty woke up with an upset stomach and a pounding headache. "Mother!" he moaned as he tried to keep from throwing up.

"Is my little girl feeling badly?" Margaret cooed at seeing Marty curled up on his bed with his babydoll nightie in disarray to reveal his silky panties and an exposed breast.

"I feel like throwing up, momma," Marty moaned. "What were those shots I got from the doctor? My rear end is sore."

"Vitamins to get you through the next year, dear," she wiped his forehead. "You must have a touch of stomach flu."

A week later, Marty was feeling better. "You can continue resting in the living room, dear," his mother stated. "Workmen are here to redecorate your bedroom."

"Redecorate? Why does my room need redecoration?" Marty wrapped a silky negligee about his shoulders. He was feeling much better after finishing his first bath in three days.

"This room isn't appropriate for a lovely teenage girl," his mother cooed. "You will feel more comfortable when the room is decorated. The paint job will be finished this morning, since your new furniture arrives this afternoon."

"Momma, I'm comfortable with my room the way it is."

"Nonsense, honey," she huffed. "A pretty girl deserves a pretty room. Gather up your clothes for today. You can finish dressing in my bedroom. The workmen are waiting outside."

Marty knew when he was defeated, and reluctantly gathered a skirt, tank top, shoes, and his makeup and exited to his mother's bedroom. As he brushed out his growing lustrous hair, he heard through his mother's closed bedroom

door the workmen moving his furniture from his room and down the stairs. What, if anything, would they leave behind?

He was carefully applying his makeup when the painters arrived. He was dressed when his mother entered to escort him past the bustling activity to the downstairs livingroom. As they passed the job foreman climbing the stairs, his mother chimed, "This is my daughter. She has been under the weather the past few days."

"She looks fine now," he heartedly replied.

"Thank the nice man for his compliment, dear," his mother nudged Marty.

"Uh...thank you, sir," Marty used his most feminine voice, and shyly lowered his eyes.

"Not at all, honey," the man laughed. "Mrs. Malone, you have a lovely daughter. We'll do a special job for her today."

"Mary will appreciate anything you can do to make her room as feminine as possible. Her brother used to occupy it. He has left, and Mary wants everything masculine removed."

"Will do, ma'am," he said. "I have a son and daughter, and they get into each other's hair from time to time."

"Mary is nothing like her brother, other than a family resemblance," Margaret continued. "Her tastes are completely feminine, while his tastes bordered on the trashy. We want all reminders of her brother removed, since it will be just us two females living here now."

"Count on it, ma'am," the man smiled and continued up the stairs.

Marty and his mother shopped till they dropped, stopping occasionally to rest their feet and to take in a snack. Later in the day as they window shopped, they were speaking to each other for the first time as mother and daughter.

"I love your outfit, Mary," Margaret complimented. "You could have worn any of your clothes. Why did you pick that sexy little outfit?"

"I...I just felt like wearing it, mom," Marty answered. "I thought it would look cute." He was wearing a mid-thigh length pleated gray skirt, a little white blouse with lace trimming covering sculpted off the shoulder sleeves and square bodice, nude pantyhose, and medium height open toe gray heels that displayed his newly painted toes.

"It's cute, honey," she said. "Your taste in clothes is improving, and your ability to style your hair and apply makeup has vastly improved over the past two weeks."

"I should hope so," he sighed. "I've been like practicing like forever. If I'm not shopping, then I'm practicing. I haven't spoken to another person my age in simply ages."

"Why don't you take David up on his offer to go to the movies? He seems like a nice boy," his mother asked.

"Don't you think it would be like strange? I mean one guy dating another..." Marty asked.

"A guy dating a pretty girl is perfectly natural, Mary," Margaret cut him off. "And you are a very pretty girl."

"Only in looks, mother," Marty sighed. "My name is Marty and I'm a boy."

"Au Contraire, Mary. Look at your identification card, birth certificate, even your school records."

"My school records have me as a girl?" Marty gasped.

"Of course," his mother answered. "All your official records identify you as a girl. You are legally a girl, honey."

"The Judge only temporarily changed them to make it easier for me to pass as a girl..."

"Silly girl," his mother giggled. "Official records can't be 'temporarily' changed. Once changed, it is quite permanent."

"But," Marty stopped and faced his mother, "Why would she permanently change my records?"

"Margaret answered, "She changed your records because she thinks that you were misdiagnosed as a boy at birth, and that she was correcting a medical mistake. She thinks that you really are a girl, honey."

"But, mother..." Marty wanted to shout. "I wasn't misdiagnosed. I really am a boy."

"I cannot help it if she misinterpreted the information I gave her," Margaret stated. "What is done is done. You are legally a girl now, and the best we can do is to change you to fit your legal status."

"Misunderstood? Done is done? Change me? You mean that my records won't be changed back?" Marty was starting to hyperventilate. "What do you mean 'change me'?"

"Don't get excited, Mary," Margaret led Marty to a nearby bench, "but yes, that is right. You are legally a girl, and it won't be reversed. Look on the bright side. As a girl, it would be quite natural for you to date David.

Marty nearly fainted. What did his mother tell the Judge that she would mistakenly think he was a girl? And why was he kept in the dark about these things?

"I think we have done enough shopping for today, young lady," his mother decided as Marty struggled to not faint. What was he to do now? What about a year from now? How could he regain his official, let alone his actual, boyhood?

Marty was quiet all the way home. This charade was taking on permanence far beyond his one year sentence. He wanted to rebel and tell his mother that he was returning to being a sissy boy for the duration, but he didn't. If Lane couldn't escape, then he surely couldn't, and he didn't have the rebel spirit to tell his mother to 'shove it'. But he had to do something!

They emptied the car trunk of its many packages, and trudged up the stairs to their respective bedrooms. Marty was

tired and just wanted to go to bed, but his weariness evaporated once he opened his bedroom door.

"Mom! What did they do to my bedroom?" he shouted.

"What, honey?" his mother came to his room.

"Look what they did to my room!" Marty swept his hand.

"They did a wonderful job!" she gushed. "It's perfect!"

"Perfect? It's all pinks...and corals...and lavenders!" Marty gasped. "Where is my bed?"

"Right in front of you, silly," his mother giggled.

"That's not my bed! That's a girl's bed! And look at all the dolls and stuffed animals and lace on the pillows!" he gasped in disbelief at the scene before him.

"Nonetheless, this is your bedroom, that is your new bed, and this, young lady, is your new vanity. Now you have a place to store your makeup. You won't have to share mine."

"It's a girl's room, mother," he cried, and then toppled on top of his new bed, allowing his short flighty skirt to expose his lacy panties beneath.

"Yes, a pretty room for a pretty girl," Margaret sighed. "Now, young lady, help me put away your pretty new clothes."

Marty knew that arguing would get him nowhere, so he did as she instructed. His dresser was filling out nicely, and there was little room left for the new intimates. He had a walk-in closet, so it still had plenty of space for new, ever more feminine dresses, skirts, blouses, coats, and shoes...always more shoes.

"But mom, I don't want to be a girl," Marty finally found his courage. "I want to be a boy again, even if people laugh."

"Don't be a silly girl, Mary. That's quite impossible," his mother laughed. "Look in your new mirror. Notice how soft, smooth, and translucent your skin is. How long and luxurious your hair is, and how shapely your body is, even without a corset. You are rapidly becoming a girl. Returning to being a boy is not an option for the foreseeable future."

"But, mother..." he whined.

"Dry your eyes, and put on your nightie. My little girl needs sleep to clear such silly thoughts from her mind. In the morning, we will talk more about your new life."

Chapter 23

A few days later, Marty approached his mother again. "I've decided to stop trying to be a girl and take my medicine like a man," he announced while sitting beside her and primly adjusting his short skirt across his smooth nylon clad thighs. "I'm going to do what Lane is doing. I'm serious, mother!"

His mother was taken aback by how adamant he was. "What brought this on, dear?" she asked. "Are you sure you want to tackle the laughter and humiliation of being recognized as a boy wearing girl's clothes? Nobody has made fun of you since you took on the life of a real girl."

"I've made up my mind! I'm losing myself in this charade. If I don't become a boy soon, even a sissy one, I may forget who I really am. I want to look at my boy clothes again as a reminder of who I really am."

"If you insist, dear," Margaret agreed. They walked into the garage and opened the room where his boy clothes were stored. "Look at that!" his mother gasped. "Mold destroyed all your clothes. What a waste!"

"This room seemed dry when we put my stuff in here. How did this moisture get in here?" Marty puzzled, as he picked up one ruined garment after another.

"I don't know, dear," his mother sighed. "We will go to the 'Nu U' boutique tomorrow and buy you some replacement sissy clothes. Your present outer clothes are too feminine for a sissy. Until then, you'll have to continue as my daughter in your pretty dresses and skirts."

Disappointed that he couldn't immediately follow through with his newly found resolve, Marty agreed. "Okay, but only until tomorrow."

Late the next morning, they set off for the mall to buy Marty new clothes. "You understand dear, that you will look like a sissy wearing these clothes?"

Marty was having second thoughts because his mother had insisted on him wearing the most girlish, feminine outfit possible, consisting of a short white blouse made of ruffled lace that exposed his cleavage, a short flowing lavender skirt that fell to 3" above his dimpled knees, nude nylon stockings, and matching lavender open toe 3" heels. His long flowing raven color hair was separated into two long angel wings each tied off with matching ribbons. His nails, both fingers and toes, were polished to match his lipstick.

"Uh...yes, I guess..."

His mother didn't press him as they walked through the bustling mall. They were nearing the boutique when two giggling girls passed. They heard one girl say to the other, "Doesn't he look so ridiculous in those girls' clothes?"

Marty and his mother glanced at the girls, but the girls were paying them no attention. They turned a corner to see two boys laughing at another person. It was Lane blushing bright pink with his hands clenched and a deep scowl. To his surprise, Lane was wearing a slim skirt, a sheer blouse that showed his lingerie beneath, makeup, and his hair curled about his ears. Jenny stood a little distance off, smiling at the humiliation her brother was enduring.

"Jenny, Lane, is that you?" Margaret gasped. "Get away from here, you awful boys!" she shooed the boys away. They left smiling, laughing, and pointing at Lane, an obvious boy wearing girl's clothes, a sissy. To Marty's relief, they looked at him approvingly and said not one derogatory word.

"We just left Ms Fraley's boutique," Jenny sighed, "when these boys started harassing Lane. It is a daily occurrence whenever we leave the house."

"Lane? Is that you?" Marty finally found his voice.

Lane looked at the pretty girl asking the question. He stared for a few seconds before recognition surfaced. "Marty? My Gawd, Marty, is that you?"

Marty lowered his eyes. "Yes, it's me," he admitted.

"Good grief, Marty, I would never have recognized you if you hadn't spoken. "What happened to your voice? You sound just like a girl."

"I've been practicing to pass as a girl, and that 'Soprano Speak' gargle Mom got from that awful UCI place made my voice higher." Marty stammered, finally comprehending the weirdness of the situation he and Lane had been forced into. They were both dressed in girl's clothes, but Lane was obviously a boy and was being harassed all the time. Marty was a boy too, but since he was unrecognizable as a boy, no one harassed him. Maybe returning to being a sissy boy wasn't such a good idea after all.

"Jeez, Marty, you look...like a chick," Lane gasped.

"I guess I lost a little weight," Marty blushed.

"But it looks like you've gained in other places," Lane looked at Marty's expanding breasts.

"They are breast forms," Marty lowered his eyes.

"Damn realistic falsies," Lane said. "I would never recognize you as a guy in a million years."

"That is the point," Margaret finally injected. "Marty is learning to pass as a girl so he won't be hassled."

"And he is so successful!" Jenny cattily chimed. "I bet the boys surround him, although not for the same reasons as they surround my dear brother."

"I...I've got to go..." Lane quickly made his escape. "Call me sometime," he shouted before disappearing down a corridor with Jenny quickly trailing behind.



"Is that you, Marty?" Lane gasped when he recognized his friend. "What happened to you? You look like a real girl." On the other hand, nobody would mistake Lane for a girl. He was obvious as a sissy boy wearing girl's clothes.

After they disappeared, Marty stood stone silent for the longest time while his mother patiently stood by his side. She could see his mind trying to process all that had happened in the meeting she had prearranged with Jenny.

Marty sat on a nearby bench with his head bowed and tears streaming down his cheeks. "I can't do it!" he sobbed. "I couldn't take the harassment that Lane has to endure."

"I know, dear," his mother cooed as she stroked his long raven hair. "That's why I encouraged you to become a girl. Nobody harasses you now that you pass as a girl, do they?"

"No, mother..." Marty continued sobbing. "I don't want to be a sissy boy. I'd rather be a girl. I can't return to being a boy until my sentence is over."

"That's not so bad, Mary," his mother cooed. "You are such a pretty girl now, and will only become prettier with time." All rebellion was gone. "Why waste such a lovely day. We are at the mall, so let's shop for something special."

"My breasts have been hurting for a few days. I don't know why," Marty moaned, feeling his chest.

"Let's go to Mrs. Fraley's boutique to remove your breast forms and take a look," Margaret showed sincere concern.

Janice was helping a woman and her daughter who looked to be about 12 years old. "Hello, Margaret. Why Mary, aren't you just blossoming?"

"Could we use one of your change rooms? Also can I have the solvent for Mary's breast forms?" Margaret asked.

Concern appeared on Janice's face. "Is something wrong?"

"Mary feels pain beneath her breasts and I want to check to see what is going on," Margaret said.

"Of course," Janice said. "I'll excuse myself from Mrs. Johnson and her lovely child, and then get the solvent. Use dressing room #3. It has a table."

A minute later, Janice returned with the solvent. Marty had removed his blouse and bra and stood before them wearing only his skirt and heels.

Surprisingly, it took only a few seconds to break the seal holding Marty's left breast form to his chest. His mother carefully balanced the prosthesis as she drew it from his chest. It came loose with a 'pop', and as soon as it cleared his skin, the left side of his chest started expanding.

"Oh...!" both women gasped when they saw what appeared to be Marty's own breasts expand to nearly the size of the removed breast form.

"Why, Mary dear," Janice exclaimed. "You are growing your own breasts. You certainly don't need to wear breast forms any longer."

"Growing my own breasts? But how...?" Marty gasped unaware of the powerful estrogen compound and testosterone blockers coursing through his body.

"I'll remove the right one, dear," Margaret smiled. A minute later, the right breast form joined its twin on an adjacent chair, and the right side of Marty's chest expanded to match his left side.

"Look at her nipples," Janice gasped. "They are huge! Does your chest still hurt?"

"No, but where did these breasts come from?" Marty was stunned to see these most feminine breasts protruding from his chest. "I'm a guy. I shouldn't be growing breasts."

"Mother Nature thinks otherwise. What size do you make them to be, Janice?" Margaret asked.

Janice took out her tape. "No wonder your chest hurt, Mary. You are a small 34-B-cup."

"I don't understand, mother," Marty stared at his reflection in a mirror. "How can I grow breasts?"

"Look on the bright side, dear," his mother didn't answer his question. "You don't have to wear the breast forms."

"But..."

"Feel their weight. Notice how they jiggle as you move. Touch your nipples. Are they sensitive?" Margaret asked.

Doing as his mother instructed, a shiver raced from his nipple to every nerve in his body. "Oh...!" he gasped.

"Doesn't it feel delightful?" his mother asked.

"Oh, yes!" he cooed, liking the way they felt. "But how can this happen? A boy doesn't suddenly just change into a girl."

Let's examine your tush to see if it has changed," his mother suggested.

"I must take care of my customers," Janice stated. "I'll be back once I'm done."

Margaret used the solvent to remove Marty's realistic gaff. Ten minutes later, Margaret loosened the covering. "Oh!" Margaret gasped once the garment was removed.

"What?" Marty cried.

"It...it's so small..."

"What? Let me see!" Marty stood before the mirror and looked between his legs. He didn't know whether to sigh with relief or cry. It was still there, but it was only half its original size. His mother released his balls, and they were the size of marbles. "What is happening to me?" he cried.

"My 'Mother Nature' idea may not be so farfetched after all," Margaret said. "You are only half the boy you were when you started living as a girl."

"This can't be happening to me!" Marty cried. "I don't want to turn into a girl. This was to be a charade for a year."

"Your body has other ideas, Mary," his mother soothed. "I've heard of cases where a person's body changes to match the person's mind. Maybe you are one of those instances."

"How? A person's body just can't change its gender."

"All it would take is for your body to start generating estrogen, rather than testosterone, and you would go through

female puberty rather than male puberty. We will go to the doctor tomorrow for her prognosis. At the same time, she can give you a vitamin booster shot."

"I feel like fainting," Marty sighed.

"Lay down again while I reattach your gaff, Mary," Margaret soothed. "You should look as feminine as possible down there as your body changes to your new gender."

Janice returned as she finished bonding the garment. "I know the perfect present for my new daughter," Margaret cooed. "Let's go to Victoria's Secret and buy the most luscious and decadent lingerie possible. Delicates that fit my lovely daughter's growing breasts and feminine tush."

"You don't want to buy too much," Janice giggled. "Mary's breasts may continue to grow."

"How big?" Marty asked, still basking in the glow from caressing both of his expanded nipples.

"If my bra size is an indication," Margaret answered, "I would guess a C-cup. But that could take a year or more."

"I'll be a C-cup by the time my sentence is over?" Marty gasped. "I'll never be able to return to being a boy."

His mother said, "That's a long time from now. Let's take care of your immediate situation. Put your clothes back on, Mary, and let's see how your real breasts look in them."

A half hour later, a thoroughly traumatized Marty, again fully dressed, was led from the cubicle, only now he was fully convinced that he was changing into a girl for real. If his body was changing, could his mind be far behind?

Marty and his mother were gleaning through delicate bras at Victoria's Secret. "Feel how silky the cups of this bra are, Mary," Margaret handed him a pink bra.

"Mmmmm, it is nice, isn't it?" Marty sighed. "Can I try it on to see how it feels against my breasts?"

"Of course, honey, let's find a change room," his mother said.

A few minutes later, with his new breasts snuggled in the silky bra, Marty said, "It feels heavenly, mother. I never knew how wonderful a bra could feel when I wore my falsies."

"Those breast forms are history, honey," Margaret said. "From now on, it's only the softest, silkiest lingerie for my darling daughter."

"Mmmmm, I will like that, mother," Marty giggled. "Being a girl has its advantages."

Wanting to encourage her child's newly found enjoyment of feminine clothes, Margaret said, "Let's buy three in different colors, and a pushup bra to wear with a strapless dress or appropriate blouse."

Marty removed the bra and donned his clothes. He asked, "Where would I wear a formal strapless dress, mother?"

"You may have occasions, honey," she hugged Marty, "A Prom, a party, or a special dance for instance. A pretty girl like you will have her pick of boys."

"I don't want to date another boy," Marty stated.

"Date another boy, of course not, but you aren't a boy, are you, Mary?" Margaret said.

"I guess not anymore..." Marty sighed, realizing that his breasts were real, as was his emerging feminine life.

"Then it is perfectly acceptable for you to date boys, honey," Margaret said. "I'm sure David still wants to take you to the movies."

"Uh...I don't think so, mom," Marty decided.

Chapter 24

A week later, Marty stood before the full length mirror in his bedroom. He was becoming used to his redecorated bedroom. The pinks and corals seemed so...pretty. He even liked the stuffed animals and dolls on his bed. At first he had banished them to the closet, then to a corner chair, then finally back onto his bed.

"Mother, do my hips seem bigger to you?" he questioned.

"Definitely, honey," she said as she brushed his long, lustrous raven hair. "And your waist is smaller. Plus your breasts continue to expand. Why you are easily a B-cup."

"Could the doctor have been right, mom, about my body stopping making testosterone and starting to make estrogen?"

"You saw the results from the lab tests. Your testosterone level is only 10% of what it used to be, while your estrogen level is that of a girl going through puberty," Margaret said.

"How can that happen? I mean for my body to just reverse itself like that," Marty puzzled.

"The doctor said that cases of people changing sexes at puberty are rare, but not unknown. I guess you are one of those rare cases, Mary," Margaret stated.

"Mmmmm. Do I need to take more of those vitamin shots, mom?" Marty asked, apparently changing subjects.

"No, honey," Margaret smiled. "The doctor gave me vitamin pills that will sustain your health without the shots."

Rubbing his still sore rear end, Marty said, "I hope so. Those vitamin shots are painful."

"But look how healthy your skin looks, honey," Margaret gushed. "It's so smooth, soft, and pliant, just like a baby's."

"Yes, that is one good thing to come from those vitamin shots. My skin has never felt healthier."

"Stop admiring yourself, young lady," Margaret gently patted him on his rear end. "We are to meet Ms Fraley and her son for dinner in an hour."

"Why did you agree to meet them for dinner?" Marty asked. "They are responsible for me being a girl today."

"Stop asking silly questions, Mary, and start getting dressed," Margaret didn't answer his question. "Wear that little black dress that Janice gave you a couple of months back. She would be most pleased."

An hour later, Marty followed his mother into the most expensive restaurant in town. He felt almost naked wearing this little black dress in public, but he only received lustful stares from the men and boys he passed, glares from the younger women and girls, and admiring stares from the older men.

"Hello, Janice, hello, David. It's nice to see you again. You remember my daughter, Mary, don't you?" Margaret greeted.

"Of course we do, Margaret. Hello, Mary," Janice rose and kissed Marty and his mother on their cheeks. "Mary, you remember my son, David, don't you?"

Marty shyly acknowledged her greeting. "David, don't just sit there with your tongue hanging from your mouth," Janice admonished. "Hold Mary's chair for her."

As if coming out of a trance, David hustled to his feet. "Oh, excuse me, Mary. I...I was just entranced by your beauty."

David's compliment made Marty blush as he daintily spread the skirt of his dress and took the offered chair. "Thank David for his compliment, Mary," Margaret said.

Lifting his eyes to meet David's eyes, Marty quietly said, "Thank you, David. That is very gentlemanly of you."

"My pleasure, Mary," David gushed as he took his seat next to Marty's.

"My, but don't they make a lovely couple?" Janice gushed, to which Margaret smiled her agreement.

"Please, mother!" Marty gasped. David merely blushed, but did not contradict his mother.

During the meal, Marty caught David giving him secret glances, a few times at his face and hair, but mostly at his décolleté. Following his glance, Marty blushed to realize that David was stealing glances of his exposed cleavage. 'Wouldn't he be surprised if he knew it was all real?' Marty smiled, and was astounded that he felt a tinge of excitement that David would find him so attractive.

The women carried on an animated conversation with each other, only occasionally bringing the youngsters into it. Every so often, they would catch the little interplay between their children.

"To what do you attribute your transition into such a lovely, well cultured young woman, Mary?" Janice asked.

"To mother...uh...Nature..." Marty started, and then stammered to silence, feeling he had said too much. His mother gave him a glance, and then smiled.

"Nice recovery, Mary," David snickered. "You've got a quick mind as well as good looks."

Once the meal was finished, the two women stood and stated that they were going to the restroom. "Want to join us in the little girl's room, Mary?" Janice offered. Again blushing, Marty declined, realizing that the women's offer to join them in the lady's room only further confirmed his feminine gender in David's eyes.

Once the women left, the two youngsters were silent for a few minutes before Marty said, "I...I'm sorry for what Lane and I did to you."

"Don't worry, Mary. If you hadn't, I wouldn't be sitting next to the most beautiful girl I've ever seen," David said, blushing too.

"You don't have to say that, David," Marty softly said. "Our mothers aren't here now."

"I mean it, Mary," David became bolder. "I'd say it even if they were sitting across the table from us. You are an absolutely gorgeous girl."

Marty lowered his eyes, blushed deep red, and tried to catch his breath. For some strange reason, David's words made his heart race and a tingle creep up his back. "T...thanks, David. That is very kind of you. But remember that beneath this powder, paint, polish, perfume, and these clothes I'm a boy like you."

"A boy, maybe, but not like me," David grinned. "Look, I still want to take you to the movies or maybe just a lunch and walk in the park. We can be just friends, if that would help."

"It's been so long since I've been able to talk with someone my age," Marty pondered. "Lunch and a walk in the park sounds like fun."

"You would have fun, Mary," David recognized a little give in Marty's resolve. "I'll pay for everything."

"Everything? Even the burgers?" Marty giggled.

"Everything!" David offered. "How about tomorrow? Say I pick you up at 2 PM?"

Marty pondered David's offer in silence. He did want to laugh and talk with someone his own age, even if he would be wearing a bra, panties, and a skirt. Besides, David said it would only be as friends. "Okay, David," Marty finally agreed. "Tomorrow at 2 PM."

"Great!" David grinned. "We'll have fun, Mary."

The two mothers returned shortly after their agreement. Nobody wanted dessert, so the bill was paid, and they parted.

"Did you have a nice time?" Margaret asked.

"Yes, mother. Thanks for a lovely night."

Margaret recognized a sparkle in Marty's eyes. "Did David and you have a chance to talk?"

Marty lowered his eyes and nodded. "He asked me out for lunch and a stroll in the park tomorrow afternoon."

"And?" Margaret asked.

"I agreed to go with him," Marty said. "Was that wrong?"

"No, honey, it's only natural for a boy and girl to be attracted to each other."

"But..." Marty didn't finish. "He is nice, isn't he?"

"Yes, honey, and he likes you."

"He said that I was pretty."

"He was right. What was your response, Mary?"

"My nipples tingled and my heart wouldn't slow..." Marty whispered with a bright blush.

"My little girl is experiencing her first crush on a boy," Margaret gushed. "Don't worry, honey, it happens to all us girls when we go through puberty."

"Yes, mother," Marty sighed. A month earlier he would have protested vehemently, but since learning that he was experiencing female puberty his protests seemed to get lost in his throat. His nicely polished nails and coated lips complimented his dress, which was modestly spread across his nylon covered legs. One leg was femininely draped across the knee of the other. Glancing down, he noticed his deep cleavage. "Why was I flattered that David liked my breasts?"

Chapter 25

"Mary, your date is here," Margaret poked her head into Marty's bedroom.

"He isn't my date, Mom," Marty returned. "We are just two guy friends spending the afternoon together."

"Sure you are," his mother laughed, "and one of you is dressed in a flirty mid-thigh length hot pink satin miniskirt, a tight fitting top that shows his substantial, and growing breasts, his hair styled and hanging to his shoulders, and perched on top of 3" open toe sling pumps that display his colorful toenails, and with his face prettily made up."

"Okay, so I'm not exactly masculine looking," Marty smiled. "But we are still two boys spending time together."

We'll probably spend the afternoon talking sports and ogling the passing girls."

"Uh huh," Margaret snickered, "if you say so, honey."

"Really, mom..." Marty tried hard to be convincing.

"Well hurry, dear. Your 'buddy' is waiting downstairs, but by the looks of him, I don't think he expects to do too much male bonding."

"What makes you say that?" Marty finished painting his lips.

"Maybe it's how much he gushes about how beautiful you were at dinner," she laughed. "Or maybe it's the flowers he is holding."

"Flowers for me?!" Marty gushed. "I've never been given flowers!" He hurried after his mother down the stairs.

David was at the bottom of the stairs, and his tongue literally fell from his mouth when he saw Marty following after his mother. His eyes followed Marty's hips as they swayed with each step. He blatantly stared at Marty's long smooth, curvaceous legs perched on his high heels once he reached the bottom. He lusted at Marty's growing breasts barely hidden beneath his top, and finished his survey by staring at Marty's lovely face and long curled hair.

"Hello, David," Marty cooed in his now natural high lilting voice. "Flowers? For me? What a thoughtful thing to do?"

"H...hello, Mary..." David nearly gagged.

"I'll find a vase for your lovely flowers, honey," Margaret took the flowers. "Why don't you youngsters be on your way?"

"Okay..." David finally found his voice. "Mary, you are absolutely gorgeous. I'm going to be the envy of all the guys."

"Male bonding?" Margaret whispered as Marty followed David out the front door.

"Mother!" Marty giggled. "Nothing is going to happen."

Marty walked next to David while his mother watched proudly from the doorway. She noted that David opened the passenger door, much to Marty's confusion. Nobody had ever held a door for him. While David rushed around the car to the driver's side, Marty pulled down the passenger side mirror and checked his lipstick and hair. 'Such a natural feminine gesture,' Margaret thought as she closed her door.

David took Marty to a popular teen hangout. When Marty realized where they were going, a shudder raced down his spine, and he could hardly keep his knees from quaking. "Are you sure this is wise, David?" he questioned. "What if someone from school is there? What if someone recognizes me? Wouldn't you be embarrassed to be seen with a boy wearing girl's clothes?"

"Not if that someone is you, Mary," David sincerely answered. "But I really doubt if anyone would ever in their wildest dreams look at you and see a boy wearing girl's clothes. You should take a close look at yourself, Mary. You are completely feminine and girlish."

"I examine myself in the mirror all the time, but I don't see what you seem to see," Marty blushed, "although I am beginning to see myself as a girl more with each passing day."

"Don't be afraid, Mary," David opened Marty's car door. "I'll be by your side, and won't let anything happen to you."

"Aren't you the knight in shining armor, David?" Marty nervously giggled, as he brushed his pink satin skirt to remove wrinkles.

David escorted Marty into the diner, and asked for a booth away from the main eating area. They didn't recognize anyone there, and Marty's nervousness started to melt while David ordered for both of them.

"How did you know what to order for me?" Marty asked.

"Really, Mary, your food tastes are legendary. Everyone knows that Marty Malone has a cheeseburger, fries, and a malted...every time. I assumed your tastes in food didn't change with your change in gender."

Lowering his lashes in embarrassment, Marty sighed, "I didn't know I was that predictable."

"You are becoming less predictable with each passing day, Mary. Who would have guessed that one of the worst school bullies could be transformed into such a sweet gorgeous girl?" David whispered so nobody else heard. "Or that a guy who wore the same clothes to school for an entire week would become a feminine clothes horse with impeccable taste?"

Marty giggled at David's reference to his former dressing habits. "I don't know whether to be flattered or offended, David. You would be a feminine clothes horse too if you had my mother checking your every move and constantly harping about how you walk, talk, and carry yourself."

"Possibly," David pondered. Their meal came, and they continued their small talk. Marty was surprised at what a gentleman David was, and how interesting he was to talk to. He certainly wasn't the 'sissy' that they beat him up over.

After David paid for the meal, he drove them to a nearby park, and asked if Marty would be interested in taking a stroll.

"It's a real nice day, and a little sunshine would feel nice," Marty answered.

Soon the two were strolling side-by-side through the park. They were walking past a duck pond when David asked, "To what do you account for your transformation from an unruly boy to such a completely feminine girl? Do you believe the Mother Nature idea?"

"I'm not sure," Marty sighed, "but I think there is more 'Mother' than 'Nature' involved. I'm not sure Mother Nature would have sent me into female puberty without a little encouragement from mother. Still, the doctor's findings are pretty convincing. I checked the results and my body is flooded with female hormones that are rapidly changing me into a girl, both physically and..." Marty's voice faded away.

"And emotionally?" David finished.

Again lowering his long black mascara enhanced lashes, Marty nodded. "Sometimes I find myself completely absorbed in being a girl. At those times, it is a struggle to remember who I really am."

"Put your hand in mine, Mary," David asked.

"Why?"

"An experiment," David said. "Trust me."

Marty placed his hand over David's open hand. Marty's small hand and thin fingers with long painted nails fit easily within David's hand.

"I remember when our hands were about the same, Mary," David observed.

"You're right, David!" Marty gasped. "Now look! My hand looks almost dainty beside yours."

David asked, "Are those real?"

"What?" Marty saw where David's was looking. "Yes, they are all me. I wore breast forms for a while, but my own breasts grew so rapidly that I had to discard them."

"Wow!" David quietly whistled. "They look...**big**."

"I'm a B-cup," Marty pushed back his shoulders to emphasize his breasts. "I can't hide them, so as they say, I feature them." Both laughed, but David didn't take his eyes off Marty's feminine breasts, and Marty didn't try to divert his attention from them. Actually, Marty felt flattered that this handsome boy found his breasts attractive.

"The hormones are definitely changing you physically, Mary," David concluded.

They started to walk again, only now, David gently held Marty's hand in his, and Marty made no attempt to remove it. His hand felt comfortable in David's, plus it made him feel protected. Marty glanced at their interlocked hands, and noticed how feminine and tiny his hand and fingers looked in comparison with David's. Maybe there was something to the doctor's conclusion.

They were almost around the pond when David asked, "Are you willing to try another experiment, Mary?" David had wrapped his arm around Marty's back.

"Like what?"

"Have you ever kissed a boy?"

Marty gasped. "Never! I'm not that kind of guy."

"Are you that kind of girl, Mary?" David pressed

"I've never considered it," Marty stammered. "What boy would want to kiss me?"

"Are you willing to try another experiment?" David asked.

"With you? Now?"

"Yes, with me, and now," David said. "It doesn't have to be a deep lip crushing, tongue wrapping kiss, just a simple kiss on the lips between a boy and a girl."

"But I'm not really a girl..." Marty started.

"That's the experiment, Mary," David interrupted. "Are you emotionally still a guy or are you emotionally changing into a girl?"

"I...I don't know what to say."

David pressed, "Just say yes!"

"I guess it would be okay, but don't get mad if I find it repulsive."

"It's all for the sake of science, Mary," David smiled.

Raising his eyelids, Marty turned to face David. Marty's defiant eyes looked up into David's eyes, as their lips gravitated towards each other. David closed his eyes, while Marty kept his wide open.



"Let's try an experiment that will test how feminine you have become, Marty," David suggested.

Marty hesitated, not knowing what he was getting into. "What are you suggesting?"

"A little kiss to test your reaction to being kissed by a guy," David smiled.

Their lips touched. The touch was light and uncertain, barely touching, but lingering. Marty's defiance changed to surprise, then astonishment, and finally fright. David's breathing became stronger, and a bulge appeared in his pants. Marty's breathing became erratic, and tense, but he didn't pull away.

The kiss lasted a full minute before David opened his eyes and separated their lips. Marty didn't move. His eyes were now closed, and he maintained his position with his lips pouted and pleading for the kiss to continue.

"I'd call that a successful experiment," David coughed, trying to regain his composure. "The Marty I knew would be irate and up in arms after being kissed by a boy."

"Let's try the experiment again," Marty sighed.

"Are you sure? I don't want to offend."

"I won't be offended," Marty sighed.

"Let's do it for science then. Science requires more than one test." David softly touched his lips to Marty's.

"Mmmmm!" Marty sighed ever so slightly.

Again the kiss lasted a minute before David broke it off. Marty lowered his eyelashes to hide his excitement. David took Marty's hands in his. "It's time I took you home."

"So soon?" Marty whined.

"It's nearly 6 PM and the park is closing. We've been talking for three hours. It's getting chilly, and you aren't properly dressed," David observed.

Looking down at his scanty top and flimsy short skirt, Marty giggled, "You're right. I didn't dress for the evening."

They held hands all the way back to the car. David walked Marty to the front door and was about to part when Marty quietly asked, "You aren't going to leave without giving me a kiss, are you?"

"Will I be kissing a boy or a girl?" David asked.

"A girl, of course," Marty sighed. "A girl named Mary Malone."

"As long as I'm kissing a girl, Mary," David said. "I wouldn't want to be called a sissy."

"David Fraley, you are not a sissy!" Marty huffed and stamped his foot. "Now give this girl the kiss she wants."

David gathered Marty in his arms and gave him a deeper, more satisfying kiss than either of the two previous kisses.

After the kiss, and once she recovered her breath, Marty asked, "Will I see you soon?"

"How about going to church with me on Sunday?"

"That sounds lovely. I have just the dress to wear," Marty sighed, "At what time?"

"Is nine A.M., okay?"

"See you then," Marty cooed, and entered his house.

Chapter 26

"Does my slip show beneath the hem of my dress?" Marty anxiously asked. "Am I showing too much cleavage?"

"Your hem isn't showing, dear, and you are dressed quite appropriate for church," his mother smiled, realizing how much she loved having a daughter.

"Do I look okay for church?" Marty girlishly sighed. "Am I wearing too much makeup?"

"You look lovely, honey," Margaret assured her new daughter for the umpteenth time, "Your makeup is perfect."

"I'm so nervous, mother," Marty cried. "I'm sure there will be people there that remember me as a boy."

"Possibly, honey, but that cannot be avoided," his mother said. "You are a girl now, and you have to face your former acquaintances as the girl you have become."

"I know, mother," Marty nervously stammered as he stepped into his open toe high heel sling pumps. "But I don't want to embarrass David."

"David wouldn't have invited you if he was worried about being embarrassed. He is too mature to let other people's prejudices cloud his feelings. Now go and enjoy yourself."

Touching up his lipstick one last time, Marty nodded that he was finally finished, and the two walked downstairs to await David's arrival.

David arrived on time, and was taken back when Marty made his entrance. "Wow! You are a vision of beauty, Mary!"

Marty giggled, "Thank you, kind sir," and gave him a little curtsey. "Aren't you the handsomest gentleman?"

Margaret smiled at this more than friendly exchange. "Let me take a couple of photos before you leave." She grabbed her camera and stood them next to each other before the fireplace. "Take her hand, David," she instructed. "Lean into him, Mary." The two did as instructed. "Smile! You two make the loveliest couple!" Margaret gushed as she snapped the photo.

After half dozen photos, David and Marty left for church. Marty seemed comfortable leaving with David this time compared with the day in the park. He giggled when David whispered something as they walked hand in hand to his car.

The church was crowded with worshipers. Jenny Dolan was sitting with her mother, when she saw David and Mary enter holding hands. Her mouth dropped and her tongue drooped as David led Marty to a seat only a few pews away. Jenny noted how pretty Marty looked, how femininely he was dressed, and how delicately feminine he acted as he swept his flowing skirt beneath him before taking a seat next to David.

Marty glanced about and saw Jenny staring daggers in his direction. He remembered that Jenny had the hots for David, and considered him her boyfriend. "That bitch deserves her comeuppance after all she has done to her brother."



Jenny stared daggers at Marty as he snuggled up to David after church services. "How dare that sissy make eyes at my boyfriend," she simmered. Marty knew that he was pissing Jenny off, which encouraged him to continue.

Making sure that Jenny was watching, Marty coyly giggled, then gave David a kiss on his cheek. Jenny almost gagged!

"What was that for?" David asked.

"A 'thank you' for asking me to church," Marty glanced briefly in Jenny's direction.

"My pleasure, Mary," David whispered. To Jenny, it looked like David was giving Marty a kiss or nibbling his ear.

The service was inspiring, and nobody, other than Jenny, recognized Marty. David was surprised at Marty's voice as they sang a hymnal. "What's wrong?" Marty asked.

"You're singing soprano," David whispered.

"Someday I'll tell you about charm school," Marty giggled, and then continued to sing in his lovely lilting voice.

After the service, David and Marty were leaving when Jenny appeared. "Don't the two of you make a lovely couple?" she sarcastically stated.

"Hello, Jenny," David greeted. "You remember Mary?"

"It's Mary now?" she cattily said.

"Yes, Jenny," Marty answered. "My name is Mary Margaret Malone."

"I remember when you went by another name, Marty," she smirked, "and wore different clothes too." She scanned his flowing dress that displayed his emerging breasts to advantage. "What are you doing with my boyfriend?"

"Lucky, I guess," Marty returned, "unlike your brother who was placed under the control of his frustrated, vindictive bitch sister. No wonder you can't keep a boyfriend. Come, David, we don't want to associate with trailer trash."

"Bitch? Trailer trash!" Jenny gasped. "Now listen here..." But David and Marty had turned a corner.

A smile crossed David's lips. "Wow, Mary that was a wicked comeback. Where did you learn that?"

"It comes with the gender," Marty giggled. "She deserved it. She is a bitch!"

"You know that she is going to tell everyone about you," David became serious. "By the time school opens, everyone will know that Marty Malone has to wear girl's clothes."

"By then everyone will know that Mary Margaret Malone is a girl who loves wearing girl's clothes," Marty corrected. "Plus everyone will know how Jenny treated her brother. Let's see her reputation survive that little tidbit. She's not the only one that can dish dirt!"

"You aren't going to return to being a boy?" David asked.

"Really, David, look at me!" Marty spread his skirt with his fingers and pirouetted before him. "Can this girl ever look like a boy? I am concerned about is your reputation though. What will people think when they learn that you and I are dating? We are dating, aren't we?"

"I certainly hope so! Once the boys see you, they will probably consider me the luckiest guy alive," David answered. "Truthfully, I don't care what people think."

"That's so sweet of you, David," Marty sighed, and kissed him on his cheek. "I'm the luckiest girl in the world to have you as my boyfriend."

Rather than take Marty directly home from church, David suggested, "It's a beautiful day. Would you like to drive to the 'point' overlooking the city?"

"Sure, honey!" Mary enthusiastically agreed.

Theirs was the only car at the point. David scurried around the car to open Mary's door. "Thank you, kind sir," Mary sweetly smiled as she swung his smooth, nylon covered legs to the ground and took David's outstretched hand to help her rise from her seat.

Once firmly standing on her high heels, Mary smoothed her skirt so it fell about her legs properly, and then walked hand in hand to the empty bench.

Instinctively, Mary swept her skirt with her hands as she took a seat in the middle of the bench, allowing David just enough room on either side to sit. David immediately sat to Mary's left.

They sat in silence for a few minutes watching the bustle of the city beneath them. David brought his arm about Mary's shoulders and gently tugged her closer. Mary sighed and lowered her head to rest on David's shoulder as they gently talked about lots of interesting stuff, while pointing out interesting features and landmarks below them.

"Do you ever fantasize about becoming a boy again?" David asked.

"I used to, but no longer. I don't even own any boy clothes. My clothes are so soft, silky, and sensual now. Why would I ever want to return to rough boy's clothes?"

"Not even a little?" David pushed.

"Not even a little, David. I'm a girl now, and I plan on enjoying all the advantages that go with being one.

"Well you sure have the tits for it," David glanced to where Mary's dress opened to reveal deep cleavage.

"David!" Mary gasped. "They aren't 'tits', they are my breasts. Girls don't like their breasts being referred to as tits."

"Oops, my mistake, Mary!" David tugged her a little closer. "I'll be better mannered in the future."

"I should hope so," Mary chuckled and giggled. "I wouldn't want my boyfriend to be a sexist."

As they talked, Mary snuggled into David's body, while resting her long tapered fingers on David's leg. Mary was thinking about how different her long, colorful fingers looked now compared to only a few months earlier, when David placed his hand on the back of Mary's head and gently turned it to face him.

Their lips met in a loving kiss, not hurried, not desperate, but heartfelt and intense. Mary sighed as the kiss lingered, then pressed her lips to David's lips in a deep tongue

searching kiss. The kiss rose in intensity, while David placed his hands on Mary's right breast and started to caress.

Mary broke the kiss with a deep sigh. "Oh, David, that feels so...so wonderful! Let me help!" and she lowered the top of her dress to reveal her right breast and engorged areola.

David was taken back by the size of Mary's nipple. "Your breasts are...so beautiful," he sighed as he aggressively brought his mouth to cover her extended areole.

Mary's eyes went as large as saucers, and she emitted a high pitched squeal as his tongue gently slid over her super sensitive nipple. She brought her hands to each side of his head and raised it so she could kiss his eyes, nose, and finally lips in a second intense kiss.

Raising her dress to cover her exposed breast, Mary whispered, "Everything about me is girl now, David, except for one tiny item. Mother says that I need to wait a couple of years to resolve that problem. So I can't satisfy you like a normal girl."

"That's okay, Mary," David whispered. "Some things should wait until we are adult enough to handle them. I can wait if you are willing."

"Of course, honey," Mary sighed.

"Be my girlfriend, Mary?"

Giggling, Mary crushed her breasts against David's chest, and contentedly sighed. "Yes, I am definitely your girl!"

Chapter 27

"Children, your father is visiting and he is bringing his friend, Mr. Rocco, with him," Nancy informed.

"Visit? Isn't Dad staying?" Jenny asked.

"I'm afraid not, honey," Nancy sadly said. "Mr. Rocco Maretti bailed your father out of jail over a month ago with the agreement that he would work for Mr. Rocco."

"A month ago? Why didn't Dad come home after being released?" Lane asked, hoping that he would be free of Jenny's control once his dad returned.

"Your father's work requires that he live with Mr. Rocco, dear," Nancy explained. "It's a 'live in' position."

"Who is this Mr. Rocco Marette?" Jenny asked.

"A man he met in jail," Nancy said. "They shared a cell."

"Mr. Rocco is a convict?" Jenny asked. "What could Daddy possibly have in common with him?"

"Mr. Rocco is a very successful businessman, although some people describe his businesses as being on the shady side," Nancy answered.

"What will Dad say when he sees me wearing these clothes Jenny makes me wear?" Lane asked.

"I...I wouldn't worry too much about that, dear," Nancy sighed. "Your father had a life changing experience while in jail. He is much more tolerant of 'alternative life styles'."

There was a knock on the door. "That must be them." She opened the door while her children stood to the back.

"Hello, Mr. Marette," Nancy greeted.

"And you, Mrs. Dolan," a tall, handsome man greeted. "Are you comfortable managing my new business?"

"Very much, sir," she said. "It gives me a chance to prove myself, as well as provide a good living for my family."

"Good!" the man said. "These are your children?"

"Yes," Nancy acknowledged. "This is Jenny, my daughter, and her older brother, Lane."

"Older brother?" Mr. Marette smiled. Lane was totally embarrassed to be presented to this manly, very masculine man while wearing a black skirt that hugged his figure to his hips, and a striped blouse. His blonde hair hung about his ears, and he wore tastefully makeup that complimented his features. He stood primly atop 3" high heels. Not on

hormones, he retained much of his masculinity, obviously remaining very much a boy underneath his powder, paint and feminine clothes.

"He is serving a sentence that requires him to dress in girl's clothes for a year," Nancy explained. "Paddy, his father, ended up in jail for protesting Lane's sentence."

"Patti never told me about that. You must tell me about it one day," Mr. Maretti smiled.

"Did our father come with you?" Jenny asked.

"In a way," Rocco said. "I'll fetch her from my limousine."

After he left, Lane asked, "Did he say 'her'? Who was he talking about?"

Nancy didn't answer his question, but merely waited for Mr. Maretti to return. A minute later, he returned with a second person in tow. Both children were puzzled by the rapid staccato of clickity-clacking on the sidewalk outside.

"Hurry up, Patti," Rocco urged. "Really, girl, you seem reluctant to meet your family after all this time away."

"Yes, Mr. Maretti," a high pitched lilting voice answered. "I just don't think this is a good idea."

"I don't pay you to think, Patti," Rocco snapped in a voice void of patience or compassion. "Now hurry. They are waiting."

"Y...yes, Mr. Maretti," the lilting voice nervously answered.

The front door opened and Mr. Rocco entered again, followed closely by a voluptuous blonde. "This lovely creature is Patti," Rocco introduced. "You may remember her from her previous identity as your father, Paddy Dolan."

Both Jenny and Lane's eyes popped from their heads and their mouths fell open. "Say hello, woman!" Rocco gruffly told this strange woman.

“Uh like...hello, children, Nancy...” the woman gasped. “My name is Patricia...now...and I...uh...work for Mr. Maretti.”

Lane and Jenny were struck dumb, and could only stare at this woman who used to be their father. If one word described her, it would be ‘stacked’. She had to be a C-cup. She wore the tightest fitting green mini skirt, and the frilliest blouse, neither covered her most feminine assets. She was perched atop 4” high open toe sling pumps that displayed her curvaceous legs to advantage.

Lane nearly lost his lunch. Any hope he harbored that his Dad would arrive and rescue him from his ongoing nightmare was dashed in that instant.

Leading everyone into the livingroom, Nancy said, “Please be seated and get reacquainted while I get drinks.”

Rocco sat at the end of the sofa. Patti joined him by smoothing his skirt, and carefully lowering himself such that he sat very close to Rocco so their bodies pressed against each other. Lane stood to the side while Jenny plopped into a chair.

“Are you really our dad?” Lane stammered.

Patti gave a questioned look at Rocco, who nodded. “Yes, honey, I was your father, but I cannot claim that title any longer. My name is Patricia now.”

“A...are those really yours?” Jenny pointed to Patti’s very substantial breasts.

Lowering his eyes, Patti nodded. “Everything you see is me,” he whispered.

“Patricia is a dancer at my newest nightclub, ‘Roaring Twenties’, down on 3rd street,” Rocco smoothly injected. “She’s a dancer when not working the tables, and she keeps the books in her spare time.”

“My dad is a dancer at a strip club?” Jenny gasped.

“More than just a dancer,” Rocco smiled. “Patricia is my most popular stripper. Her stage name is ‘**Patti Cake**’”



“My dad is a stripper named ‘Patti Cake?’” Lane gasped, as his father snuggled up to Rocco.

Nancy stifled a giggle on the side. Maybe keeping her husband in jail to teach him a lesson wasn’t such a good idea.

"My Dad is a stripper named Patti Cake?" Lane gasped.

Rocco nodded yes. "Actually she is a very good dancer, but the customers come to see her remove her clothes. The men really love to watch her substantial breasts jiggle and bounce. The customers crawl all over themselves to tip Patti for her efforts. I swear, her garter is stuffed with bills after every performance."

Nancy returned with the drinks. "A beer for you, Mr. Maretti, and I believe you said that Patti's favorite drink is a Champaign Cocktail."

"Dad never drank anything but whisky and beer," Jenny said.

"Those drinks are fine for a man, but Patti is now a woman or at least a damn fine rendition of one. I have taught her to appreciate drinks more appropriate for her new gender," Rocco explained.

Removing a 'Virginia Slim' cigarette from his purse, Patti asked Rocco, "Give me a light, honey?"

"Sure, doll," Rocco responded with his lighter.

"Dad only smoked cigars!" Lane gasped.

"Cigars are just too masculine for a delicate woman," Rocco explained, "I convinced Patti to smoke a cigarette brand appropriate for a woman."

"Are you moving back home, dad?" Jenny asked.

"No, honey," Nancy injected. "Patti has other housing arrangements, but he will be sending us money from time to time."

"I have a special affection for Patti," Rocco said, "so she lives with me. In return, she provides favors whenever I'm in the mood, which is quite often."

"My dad is living with another man?" Lane gasped.

"Well technically yes, but your father is hardly a man now," Rocco answered. "She is a woman, with woman's needs, which I fulfill. She says that I give her the best sex she has

ever had," Rocco proudly stated placing his large hand on Patti's nylon covered leg.

Patti shyly placed his delicate hand over Rocco's hand with apparent affection. Nothing remained of the brash man that challenged Judge Reed a few months earlier. That person had been replaced by a blond bimbo stripper and entertainer who did whatever his master told him to do.

Chapter 28

It was the first day of the new school year. David picked Mary up to drive her to school. After sweeping her skirt before sitting, Mary reached over and gave her boyfriend a kiss. Their kisses were tentative pecks, when Marty was still struggling with his feelings, but now their kisses had become passionate. "Thanks for picking me up, handsome," she smiled. "You promise to be there for me if today turns sour?"

"Of course, doll," David rubbed Mary's soft thigh below her short skirt. "I doubt if there will be any trouble. Everyone knows that you are a girl now because of 'Mother Nature'. The girls may be sympathetic that you had to live as a boy until nature's mistake was corrected."

Mary giggled, "Even if my mother was responsible for the 'correction'."

"I'll never tell," David smiled as they drove along. "Hey, there is Lane walking to school."

"Give him a ride, honey!" Mary prompted. Mary noted that Lane was quite nicely dressed in a flowing skirt and frilly blouse. His cleanly shaven legs looked nice in his pantyhose and short heel slippers. His blonde hair hung to the middle of his neck. Lane still looked like a feminine boy, in spite of wearing girl's clothes and makeup. He looked like a boy going through male puberty and wearing girlie clothes. He still had nine months to serve. The Judge had not given him leniency.

Lane looked apprehensively from side to side as he hurried along. Just as David pulled up behind him, a big guy

emerged from an alleyway. "Hey, sissy, what are you wearing under that girlie dress? I bet it is frilly girl's panties!"

Lane ignored the taunt, but the guy continued. "Didn't you hear me, sissy? I want to see your frillies beneath that pretty skirt."

"Please, leave me alone..." Lane's voice quivered. "I have to get to school."

"Not until I see under your skirt, sissy!" the boy stood directly in front of Lane.

Lane tried to slip around the side of the boy, but the guy quickly grabbed him and lifted his skirt. "Just as I thought, the sissy is wearing frilly girlie panties. Is your bra filled with sissy breasts or falsies?"

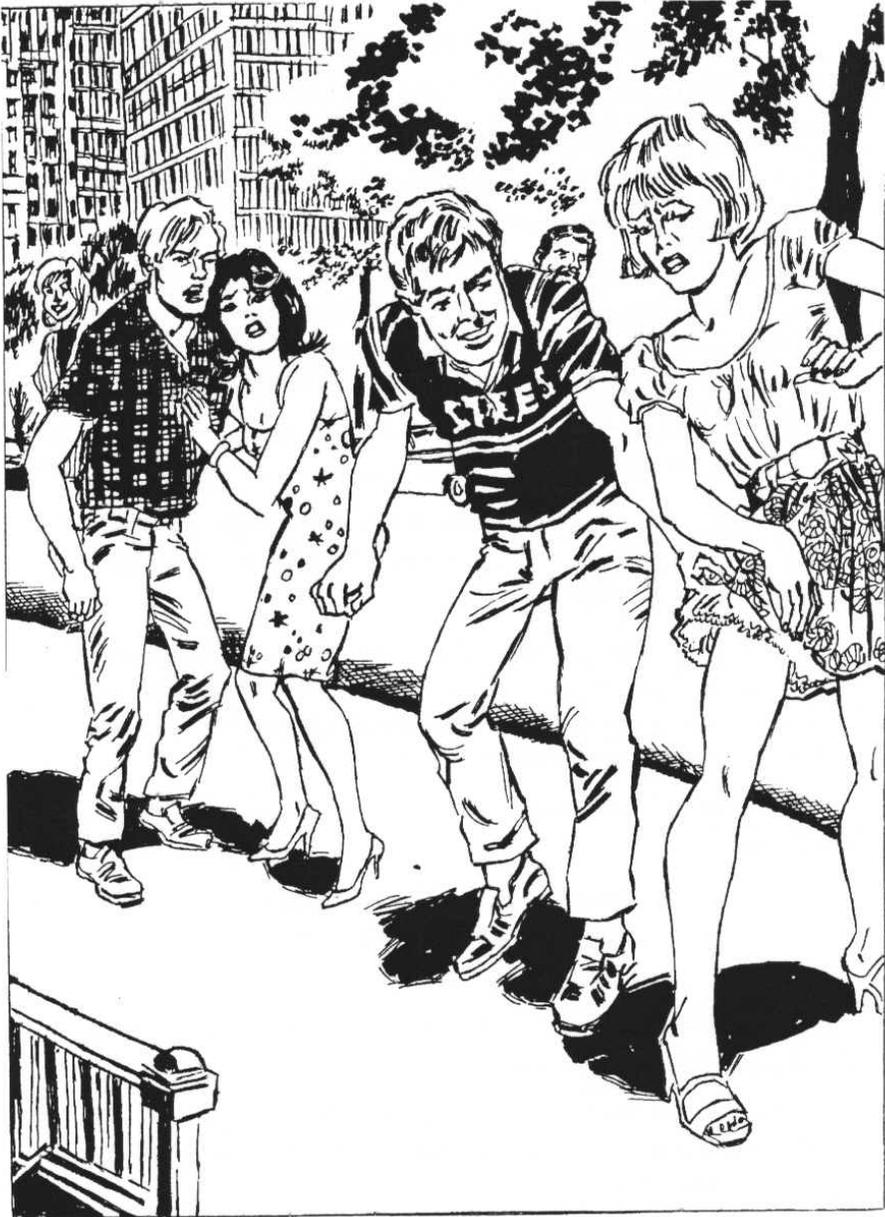
Lane struggled to free himself from the bully's grasp, but to no avail. The guy was much stronger and was about to rip off his blouse when his arm was stopped. "Enough is enough!" David said. "Leave him alone, or you will have to answer to me!"

"Who in the hell are you, and why should I stop?" the bully brusquely growled.

"I'm the guy who will clean your clock if you don't stop!" David warned as he tightened his grip on the bully's arm. "So don't make me say it twice."

The bully released Lane and sized up David, who had grown 2" during the summer, gained 20 pounds, and his muscles had expanded. Seeing the determination in David's eyes, plus his buffed build, the bully finally relented. "I was only having a little fun at the sissy's expense."

"My girlfriend doesn't like to see her friends bullied," David nodded towards Mary apprehensively standing to the side perched on her high heels, her skirt swaying about her thighs, and holding her purse. "Don't let it happen again, or you and I will meet. Understand?"



The irony wasn't lost on either Lane or Mary that David, the boy they had harassed and called a sissy, came to Lane's rescue when a bully tried to pull up his skirt and taunted him as a sissy. What comes around goes around!

"Yeah," the guy gathered his pride and skulked away.

"T...thank you...David," Lane's pink lips trembled as he realized who had come to his rescue.

"Thank Mary," David answered. "She is your friend. I'm just doing my girlfriend a favor."

Looking at Mary, Lane's eyes grew large with recognition. It had been a month since the two had last seen each other in the mall. The changes in Mary over that time were obvious. She was now a composed, confident young woman.

"Hello, Lane," Mary greeted with a smile on her red lips. "It's nice to see you again. Can we give you a ride to school?"

"Marty?" Lane gasped as he viewed the beautiful girl sitting near the driver's seat with her skirt riding high on her smooth attractive thighs.

"It's Mary Margaret," Mary giggled while noticing the direction of Lane's gaze. "I'm a girl now, and David is my boyfriend. He likes my legs, so I accidentally let my skirt slide up to give him a good look when we're alone."

"Boyfriend? You mean like for real? Like boy and girl?" Lane asked.

With a tinkling giggle, Mary responded, "Yes, like boyfriend and girlfriend. Isn't it obvious that I've changed genders?"

"Yeah! Definitely!" Lane said. "Jenny said something about you looking like a girl."

"That must have been the day she saw David and me together at church," Mary mused. "She was really jealous, and she showed it too."

"She was really pissed when she got home. I didn't ask for details because she always takes her anger out on me. I moved about her as if on eggshells, but I still ended up across her lap with my skirt at my waist for three painful spankings on my panties. Since then, I've seen her crying a lot, and she's been really mean to me."

"It sounds like her to be taking her anger and frustration out on you," David sighed. "Even if you did beat me up, I felt sorry for you when she humiliated you during my visits when she and I were dating. She has a cruel streak, and that's why I started looking around for a new girlfriend."

"Well, you sure found a pretty one," Lane admitted. "Marty...Mary was a good friend when she was a boy. Say, how did all of this happen, you know, changing into a girl?"

Mother started my transformation by teaching me about makeup, hairstyling, clothes selection, carriage, and feminine mannerisms after Judge Reed ordered us to wear dresses full time. After that, I guess nature just took over from her, and my body started to change, to develop to match my manner of dress. Now everything you see, my breasts, my hips, my buttocks, is all me. There is only one *little* thing hanging around to remind me that I was ever a boy."

"Wow!" Lane gasped. "You look fabulous, but how do you feel about all...all that has happened to you?"

Mary's infectious tinkling laughter broke the ice between the two friends, and they gave the other a deep hug. "I've missed your friendship, Lane," Mary said as they separated.

"You may regret knowing me once I arrive at school," Lane said. "I'm sure to be the target of taunts and jeers, and maybe downright harassment. The girls will tease me for being a sissy boy in skirts, and the boys will try to flip up my skirt to see my panties like that guy just did. You may want to stay clear of me. This is just a beginning," he pointed to where the bully had disappeared.

"I will not stay away!" Mary said. "You are my friend, and friends stick together! If they tease you, they will have to tease me too!"

"I'll stand by you too," David finally voiced his opinion in favor of this boy who was the main source of his own harassment earlier in the year. "You're sure to be in for a certain amount of hazing, but I'll tell everyone to keep it to a

minimum. After the novelty wears off, you might be surprised by how many guys support you."

"Support me? Why?" Lane gasped.

"Because they know about your sentence, and that you are serving it out like a man, even if it means wearing dresses like a girl. It's Jenny they won't touch. After hearing what she did to you, no boy will come within a hundred feet of her. If she would act that cruelly with her brother, what would she do with a boyfriend or lover?"

"Does that mean the girls won't support me?" Mary pouted.

"All the girls support you because you are serving your sentence like a girl, even to becoming one," David laughed as Mary gave him a playful punch on his arm.

"T...Thank you for your support..." Lane lowered his head, knowing that he really didn't deserve David's support after what he and Marty had done to him. "The first thing I'm going to do once this sentence is over is get a haircut and throw away all of my girl clothes, that is, if I have David's Mom paid off."

"Why wouldn't you?" Mary asked.

"Jenny keeps making me buy the latest styles that make me look more feminine. I can't remember when my account wasn't maxed out. Judge Reed says I have to work it off, and since Mrs. Fraley requires me to wear nice dresses, heels, and makeup to work, I'll have to dress as a girl until I'm debt free."

"Wow!" Mary gasped. "If Jenny keeps making you buy clothes and makeup, and you have to continue wearing dresses until David's Mom is paid, how will you ever get back into pants?"

"That's what's worrying me."

"Climb in," Mary told Lane, "And tell me what else has happened to you over this summer, besides the obvious."

Lane sat next to Mary in the front seat, giving her more of a reason to sit very close to David. As Lane carefully adjusted his short skirt across his smooth hairless thighs and assured that his lace embellished nylon slip wasn't showing, he said, "I haven't done anything except work at the boutique in dresses and take orders from Jenny on how to act more like a girl."

"How do you like working at the boutique?"

"It was terribly embarrassing at first, especially when I had to display silky, sexy lingerie and have all the customers know I was a boy in a dress," Lane admitted. "As the novelty of a boy in a dress working in a feminine boutique wore off, Mrs. Fraley had me model some of the outfits saying, 'If a boy can look that good in this dress, just think what it will do for you.' You won't believe the sales she made using that tactic."

"That was Mom getting her revenge for what you did to me," David explained. "She's forgiven you now because her sales have gone up over 50% during the summer with you working there. Lots of women come in just to see the boy in a dress. I don't know if they feel guilty for seeing a free show or if they like Mom's merchandise, but they usually buy something before they leave."

"Probably a little of both," Lane said. "Some of them want me to help them select an ensemble, and they undress to their bra and panties as if I wasn't there. The most shameful times are after I help a pretty girl into a sexy dress and she looks at me and says, 'You used to be a boy. Do you think my boyfriend will like me in this?' Used to be a boy! Do they think I'm not aroused from seeing them nearly naked or wearing some sexy outfit? If they only knew what was happening in my panties!"

"I'm sure they don't mean to harass you," Mary observed. "Your dress, heels, and makeup throw them off as to your real gender, I'll bet."

"Yeah," David agreed. "I'm sure Mary is right because I never hear of any of Mom's customers putting you down anymore. They just comment on how helpful you are."

Changing the subject, Lane asked, "Are you sure the boys at school will shun Jenny?"

"Absolutely," David assured. "I've talked with several of the guys, and the word is out to avoid her like the plague."

"Well, she deserves whatever comes to her," Mary said from the passenger's seat next to David. "That bitch had better lay low at school too, if she knows what is good for her."

"She'll probably take that out on me like she does everything else," Lane sighed in despair as tears filled his eyes. "Somehow, whatever happens is my fault. If I argue, she'll give Judge Reed a bad report and get my sentence extended. I'll never get out of skirts and away from her!"

"Keep your spirits up," Mary encouraged. "I plan to be a girl. The U.C.I. literature says there's a place where surgery can be performed to make me into a real girl."

"Wow! Do you plan to go that far?"

"I don't know, but it's certainly something to think about. Anyway, Mom and I won't make a decision on anything that drastic until after I graduate from high school in June."

Shortly thereafter, Lane and Mary walked into the school on either side of the boy they beat up to cause them to dress as girls. One happily clung to the arm of the boy they had molested, while the other was a bundle of nerves and apprehension about whether he would be allowed to return to pants, and if so, when!

The End

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