# TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

# "HE'S A GOOD GIRL!"

A mother finds a way to put her son through college—both financially and in style.

Volume 64

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# TV FICTION CLASSICS
## MAGAZINE

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# HE'S A GOOD GIRL!

BY DAWN BELL AND SANDY THOMAS

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**DAWN BELL**

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**Most men want a independent, strong woman who can think for themselves... but are willing to give that up for them.**

# HE'S A GOOD GIRL

**By Sandy Thomas and Dawn Bell**

Mother was so excited. It was her first job since lightening killed my father over five years ago. There wasn't much insurance money but we were comfortable since motehr was frugal and never spent a single dime on herself.

"Jordan, I just need to get out of the house," she said pouring me a cup of Black Cohosh tea. "To be around some young people." She was going to work at a teen shop at the Mall called "The Perfect Miss".

"I thought you were going to work at the 'ELEGANT LADY,'" I asked her.

"And be around a bunch of stuffy ole' bats? Nein, I'd rather help teen girls."

"How's the money?"

"Better than the Lady and there's even a $500.00 a month clothing allowance!"

"You need some new clothes. You haven't had a new dress for years."

"I have to save for your college," she said. "That was your father's dream. I know we are poor but there's no reason you can't have an education? I was the first girl in my family to graduate from high school and I would have gone to college if...."

Mom went on...I mostly tuned out when she went on about the old days and Grandfather's forty square versts in the Ukraine."

She never seemed to notice my disinterest, except for firing a suppressive glance at me if I didn't say,

"That's interesting," once in a while.

Mother was really tired her first full day of work. "I never sat down," she moaned, taking off her sensible heels. "They have the cutest things in the store. Too bad it's all for kids."

"Mother, are my pajama's in the laundry? I can't find them."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," she hobbled into the laundry room and put them into the dryer.

"Mom? Sit down, I can sleep in my underwear like the other guys."

She started grumbling, "Not in this house! We are not gypsies. You'll wear proper clothes for sleeping."

Mother didn't work the next two days so she had a chance to rest and catch up with the housework. With her working she stormed a bit about my helping more around the house. "I can't do laundry everyday anymore..."

When she came home from work on Tuesday, she was carrying several bags in big pink and black striped bags marked "THE PERFECT MISS."

"Look what I found! An extra large, cable knit sweater...it fits me wonderfully!" She put it on and modeled it like someone had given her a mink coat. "And it was on clearance! With my clothing allowance, it's practically free!"

Mother didn't dress in the latest fashions but the classic cut of the sweater suited her well.

"And I bought you some pajamas...I can't keep washing the pair you have..." She pulled out two packages. "I hope these fit you."

From the packaging, I could see that they were obviously girl's pajamas.

"I'm not wearing those!" I stated.

"We are not made of money here. These are free, why not get some use out of my working."

"That clothing allowance is for you mother. Buy yourself something."

"I did," she said, "But not much is fitting an old woman like me."

"You aren't that old."

"Too old to wear those clothes! Please just look at these pajamas. They are just like boy's only nicer." Once out of the frilly packaging, they were rather plain. They were made of very fine, lightweight cotton. One pair was blue and the other off white. The only clue that they were girl's was the dainty pink elastic at the waist and the embroidered pink rose which was the "PERFECT MISS" logo on the collar.

"I can't take them back," mother stated while holding them up to me. "Maybe with the money I save on these, I can go buy myself a little scarf or something.

They were rather basic in their cut. Why didn't you just buy one pair?" I asked as I took them from her to put on.

"If I only have time for laundry on Sunday, you'll need more than one pair. Be careful with the way you put those on. The fabric is very delicate. I may have to hand wash them."

I was surprised that they fit perfectly. The fabric was cool to the touch. Mother burst out when she saw me, "See how nice? I just knew they'd work. The size 8's fit you perfectly!"

By the end of the week, mother had bought me every style the store carried. Some were not very boyish in that they had flowery prints, nylon fabrics and two even had "camisole" styled tops. The spaghetti straps over the shoulders were so delicate and

feminine.

"I have to use my clothing allowance each month or lose it," mother said. "I work too hard to waste money. Now be a honey and fix us some licorice root tea to help us sleep."

I didn't argue. She was working so hard for me to go to college. I wore the pajamas.

As a result, over the next months, I found myself the owner more and more girl's clothes...and I do mean a lot! It wasn't mother's intention to just use her allowance on clothes that were unisex----she had to get things on sale. "A penny saved is a penny earned," she said nearly once every day. "You'll thank me when you are graduating from college..."

I moaned and went along with some of her purchases----others I resisted. When she brought home new underwear, she announced, "LOOK! They are just like boys!" Except that they were soft, delicate cotton and the elastic waistband was only about a quarter inch wide and said "PERFECT MISS" where boy's underwear said, "Jockey". OH, and there was no fly.

Okay, I wore them. In subsequent weeks she brought home more and more. The new ones had delicate inlaid lace panels in front and very high cut leg openings. These didn't look anything like boy's underwear and I tried not to wear them but sometimes I was out of the others. I wasn't about to ask mother to spend her days off washing my underwear when in her words, "These are practically free!".

It became mother's mission to use every dime of her clothing allowance and outfit me from the PERFECT MISS. There were a lot if sweaters that (with the exception of the 'perfect Miss' label), looked like

The plain t-shirts looked like boys' to me but they were a bit shorter

boy's wear to me. We cut the label out of the ones I wore to school.

The plain t-shirts looked like boys' to me but they were a bit shorter but mother pointed out that I was shorter than most boys so it wouldn't matter.

Then there were the other things like jeans. Mother removed the outer labels so who could tell? They fit me well as did the shorts and pants with elastic waistbands. In particular, there was a couple of pair of "stretch fabric" jeans. These must have been too small because they hugged my bottom like a second skin and had a most constricting waistband. I had to really tug them up over my hips. But because they stretched, theywere rather comfortable.

I was embarrassed at first but no one noticed anything different except me. For the first time in my life, I had a choice of things to wear.

Sometimes Mother got carried away. There were some things that I could only wear around the house. Bought on the clearance rack, mother couldn't see

letting some very girlish pastel t-shirts slip by.

I was appalled but Mother insisted that I wear them around the house to save my other things for school. I must have heard a thousand times, "I can't take them back so we need to get the wear out of them!"

I didn't really understand Mother's thinking until she bought herself a new dress at the ELEGANT LADY. "I've saved what we need for your college AND I even had some money last month for myself! I have to look nice for work, you know?" she apologized.

My tattered old, moth eaten clothes disappeared from my closet to make room for my expanding new wardrobe. While they were all girl's clothes, I separated them according to style and color and what I could wear to school and what I wore around the house.

Since mother only did laundry once a week now, I needed the additional clothes. I should have put my foot down and said "NO MORE." But she was so happy working and finding me "proper clothes" had become her hobby. Not unlike when she searched through rummage sales to find clothes for herself.

By the time six months had passed, I basically wore girl's clothes all the time. I had two pairs of boy's underwear to wear on physical education days.

As soon as I got home from school, I had to change clothes into something that, well, wasn't very boyish... "Mom's mistakes." Like the white shirt that turned out to be a translucent blouse or the shorts that turned out to be Capris that zipped up the back. I had several pairs of shorts and pants that had the zipper in the back or side. I don't know why mother didn't check every time.

She said, "I have to move fast. When they mark things down, I'm not the only one in the store. I'm just grabbing and can't look at everything."

And the other thing that mother insisted on was my hair. I always liked the longer look but for the last six months every time I suggested that I should get a haircut mother would have a bird!

"Why, it is so silky! Like mine was when I was a young girl in Ternopil. It is too nice to chop off! You just need to learn to take better care of it. Here sit down."

And so it was that I would learn about brushing my hair at least 100 strokes before bedtime. I liked the way it felt when mother did it. I could see that she enjoyed it and I enjoyed it too. However, one evening she was brushing my shoulder length locks when she got this mischievous look on her face.

She picked up a comb and began to make a part in my hair right down the middle from my forehead to my nape. Taking the brush mom brushed one side up and out. Gripping the base of the hair tightly she reached over to her vanity and picked up an elastic. Quickly the elastic was snapped around the base of the hair in her hand and I had a bouncy side ponytail. With nimbleness of fingers that astounded me she had repeated the same process on the other side of my head and completed the second bouncy side ponytail on my head. Leaning over me from behind and looking into the mirror she smiled. "You look like my best friend Halia!"

"Mom, I can't wear pigtails!"

"Why not? They keep the hair out of the way while you sleep."

And so I found myself in bed with a bouncy pair of ponytails. I don't know why but I really didn't

mind!

## SETS....

I guess I got used to wearing girl's underwear and was comfortable in them. Mother had taught me how to take care of them since they had to be hand washed. And there were the things that mother bought for herself that didn't fit or that she felt improper wearing. Like the nylon panties with all that lace on the front. I would just find them in my drawer.

If that sounds abnormal, imagine my surprise when I found out about "sets". Mother said, "They are cheaper than the separates! Look! I was able to get the slip, panties, and bra----all matching for the price of just the panties!"

"But I have enough," I moaned and I'll never wear the additional pieces."

"That's okay, just put them in your drawer and we'll sell them at our semi-annual garage sale."

"OH!" I laughed, "That's it. You are stocking the garage sale with things you are getting for free from the store, right?"

She just smiled. No penny remained on the floor for long at our house.

By mother's one-year anniversary at work, I guess both mother and I were pretty used to seeing me in girl's clothes. I had found the camisole pajamas very comfortable and soon had them in every color----even the shortie shorts style for summer. Oh and I wasn't at all sensitive to pink anymore. Seemed like half my closet was full of pink.

Many mornings over our Red Clover Blossom tea, when mother saw me in my lovely camisole pajamas, she would go on and on about when she was a young

girl. Then one morning she insisted that my underarm hair had to go. "It's just not proper and looks terrible."

That night, mother taught me to shave----and not my face. I was such a "late bloomer" that I didn't have any facial hair. We started to just trim the underarm hair but I was quickly in the bath tub with my legs soaped up and mother showing me how to shave my legs. Afterwards, mother filled the tub with a Raspberry smelling bubble bath and had me soak.

It was so odd seeing a girlish smooth leg lift up from the bubbles and realizing it was mine.

I had to giggle as the bubbles tickled my denuded legs. They felt so silky and smooth. By the time I went to bed, my body was baby-butt smooth and hairless.

"That's better," she announced when I came out of the tub. "I'll bring you home shaving kit from work and some herbal creams to keep your legs nice and pretty."

I guess I was feeling guilty and I shouldn't have opened my mouth next. I yelled at her, "I'm a BOY! I shouldn't be shaving my legs or wearing any of this crap!"

Mother looked as if she wanted to cry and just walked out of the bathroom. I hear her crying for a long time that night.

The next morning, I felt so bad that I went to her and said, "I'm so sorry. I know you are only trying to get me to college."

Tears came to her eyes as she adjusted my camisole top. "It's more than that. Seeing you in all these beautiful clothes makes me feel so young. We were so poor, I never had anything pretty. I wish you could appreciate the pretty clothes."

She put her arms around my shoulders and pulled me to her bosom. I melted in her arms. She had suffered so much for me. I muttered, "How often will I have to shave my legs?"

A big smile came to her face and she said, "A couple times a week. You'll get used to it..." She asked me how my smooth legs had felt overnight and if it were comfortable.

I blushed and admitted it felt okay.

That night mother brought me home a girl's electric shaver and various creams for my legs.

Unlike the other boys my ages, I didn't shave my face yet but I was now being reminded to shave...my legs. I guess doing such a girlish thing didn't feel weird after all the girl's clothes I was wearing. The clothes were light-weight and almost tickled----I liked the feel of panties sliding up my smoothly shaven legs.

I don't know why I was surprised by what mother brought home next. Nylons!

"Nylons were like gold in the old country," she said. "I remember my father traded a cow so mother could have a pair during the war. My mother cried for a day when they got a run..."

She opened a package and handed me the nearly lighter than air garment. I looked into her eyes and realized that they were really for her, not me. She was feeling rich by being able to buy me all the little things denied in her youth.

"You want me to wear these?" I asked.

"To protect your smooth legs, my dear,' she said. "I didn't have my first pair of nylons until I was twenty!"

Mother showed me how to carefully roll them up my legs, struggling to get them up over my pantied

bottom. I gasped at the sensations.

"Do they have to be so tight?"

"These are 'control top' hose. I think you'll understand when you put on a pair of your tight shorts."

Once on, Mother nicely suggested that I learn to keep my knees modestly together.

I could not help myself. I ran my hands over my legs and said, "Oh mom, they feel so nice!"

"And they were on sale! Six pair for the price of two!" she smiled.

Ironically, the little white shorts I picked out to wear had a back button and zipper. They fit sleekly over the nylons, the control top pulling in my waist an inch or two and the other obvious bulge was missing.

I tried to act as normal as I could but the end result of the shorts and nyloned legs were amazing. Mother said, "Jordan, dear. Why don't you just put on your camisole pajama top and come down and help me clean the kitchen."

I slipped on a pair of unisex sandals and a top. Looking in the mirror, I was shocked. I looked like a girl! Certainly mother noticed it too but she didn't say a thing.

That got to me. I didn't quite know what I was feeling. There I was in camisole, panties, nylons and tight shorts----all "to get the wear out of free clothes."

But there was more. The nylons and their control top changed the way I walked. And that changed the way I felt about myself and I was angry for not standing up to Mother...or the new irresistible sensations.

I started to wear nylons daily and Mother didn't say anything but brought home some camisole tank tops. "To wear with your pretty shorts," she smiled. "Pajamas are pajamas and are for sleeping."

I was sure that she noticed that I preferred the shorts with the back zipper but she didn't say anything. I guess I liked the way they fit. I wondered why boy's clothes don't have back zippers but I guess some guys like to stand when they feel the urge. Panties don't have a fly so that wasn't an option for me.

All was fine for a few weeks. I guess I was grumpy one night when she suggested that the shorts I was wearing were too short and tight.

"You bought them for me," I spat. "How am I to know what is too tight?"

I saw the fire in her eyes. "It's about time you learned. You go flitting around here like some kind of a slut in those tight shorts and underwear tops! And your hair...it's always a mess!"

"I need a haircut!" I yelled.

"You need some manners too! Look at yourself. You never wear the nice things I buy you. I think you need to learn some proper respect."

My face turned very red. She'd never called me a "slut" before. I wasn't even sure what that meant.

She went on, "I think it's time you learned what to wear and when. You need trained a bit. Maybe you'll learn to respect your old mother then."

On Saturday morning, Mother came in as I was putting on my little shorts and camisole pajama top. "You have chores to do. I'm tired of waiting on you..."

I hadn't even combed my hair and it was a mess. "I just got up," I defended.

"Well, then you'll just have to get up earlier. I've been thinking and I'm going to teach you respect for me and your new clothes the old fashioned way." She went over to my drawer and pulled out a bra. "From

now on, I want you to wear one of these like a proper young lady."

"Are you kidding?" I knew by the look in her eyes that she wasn't. Was she flipping out?

"Respect begins at the basics," Mother muttered. "I've wore a bra from the time I was twelve. It's only proper and will make your nice clothes fit better.

"But mom...why?"

"Not only will your clothes look nicer----you'll act nicer too. Maybe you won't be strutting around here like King Tut and become more courteous in your manners."

"I'm sure no king has worn a bra..."

"Well if they had, we would have had a lot fewer wars! Now let me show you how to wear a bra." I knew better than to argue.

## NO MORE QUESTION...

Mother and I stood before the mirror quite in our own two universes. "Gosh," I thought studying my new curves with great curiosity. "What a difference a bra makes."

Mother had to notice the blush on my face, as my feminization was more and more impossible to deny.

I felt almost dizzy when mother stated; "I want you to wear a bra whenever you have on your pretty girl's clothes."

"But that's nearly all I have," I moaned.

"Well then...night and day," Mother added. "Good foundations garments are so important."

"I can't wear this to school?"

"I guess not," she said like the conclusion was a surprise. "But the rest of the time."

I was confused. This was sort of a moment of truth. I asked, "Are you serious?"

"Jordan, come into my room and I'll show you how serious I am." My jaw dropped when I was what was laid out on her bed. There must have been twenty dresses. She said, "They are for you."

"Dresses?"

Her eyes continued to study my expression, "I've been buying these for a few months...for the garage sale but from what I've been seeing, you're ready to have some dresses of your very own."

I was faint again. Was she saying that I should be feminine?

"Oh mom," I gasped and asked, "Have I been that obvious?"

She smiled. "You have masculine looking things in your closet and feminine things. You have been wearing the feminine." She walked over and picked up a simple pink dress, short lacy sleeves with a frilly hem that was a stylish but conservative four inches above the knee. "Are you ready for your first dress?"

I was so confused. "Are you sure? I'm a boy mother. I shouldn't wear a dress."

"I know you are a boy but girl's clothes are so cute on you and frankly, you certainly have a lot of them. I don't see why you shouldn't wear dresses too. The store has the cutest styles coming in. But if you are going to be wearing dresses, I want you to act properly. Not like some SLUT."

There was that word again. I looked in the mirror. Was it my messy hair? Maybe she was right. The pajama tops were cute but she was right----not

for running around the house all day. I said, "Okay but I don't know where to begin?"

"That's my job," mother laughed handing me another dress from the bed. She had a impish expression on her face.

I was intrigued by her offer and by the dress. MY new dress. I liked it even before I tried it on. A flowery print, lavender on blue with a full skirt. It was very conservative, the kind the good girls at school wore. It had a cowl collar and a darling white bow at the bodice, that would now be enhanced by my padded bra.

I took off my camisole and shorts but left my bra on. I got goose flesh as mother helped me pull on a white, full nylon slip then the stylish dress over my head then zip it up. The bra certainly made a difference in my curves. Mother had that look again; all smiles with a tear or two. She hugged me with such tenderness that I also got a tear.

She led me to the mirror. "When I was young, I had a house dress just like it," she said, adding, "When you can look this nice in a dress, why would you ever want to wear pants?"

"I'm a boy," I said sheepishly.

"Most boy's mothers can't afford to buy them dresses or pretty things. But the dress is just the beginning..."

Mother took a lipstick from a purse on the bed and applied it to my lips saying, "Oh that is wonderful. Look!"

I walked across the bedroom to the mirror. I felt so silly but I couldn't stop looking at my reflection. I gazed steadily at my girlish self and became quite lost and captivated by my reflection in the mirror.

Mother laughed and asked, "So Jordan, tell me what it feels like wear your first dress."

I was terrified and confused by the sensations stirring within me. "I feel naked and like I shouldn't be doing this..."

"That's the way you are supposed to feel in a dress!" She laughed and point to the bed. "By the way, that is your purse and lipstick."

"Mother, really? Where are we going with this?"

Mother became very serious and said, "I've had a lot of fun buying you all these clothes. I feel closer to you and I thought it would be fun to teach you all about being a proper young lady."

"Then what, sit around here all the time?"

"I'd love a daughter to go shopping with..."

"Outside? In a dress? Like this?" I nearly fainted.

Mother took a hairbrush, pushed me into a chair, and brushed my long unruly hair. She whispered, "You'll still be my son but I could teach you to be like my daughter----you'd be the best dressed young lady in town..."

I had a million questions as I felt the brush float through my hair. "You want me to wear dresses and makeup?" I exhaled.

"More than that. We'll just make everyone think you are a young woman," she giggled. "It'll be our little game, a secret!"

There I was, sitting there in a pretty new dress with mother suggesting that I become "like a real girl."

I asked, "Would I have to do everything like a girl?"

"Everything," mother said flatly. "Except at school and that's almost out for the summer. That will be a good time to train you."

She continued to brush my hair gently with affection. "You have to learn to take care of this mess."

I was terrified and confused by the sensations stirring within me. "I feel naked and like I shouldn't be doing this..."

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That day, the two of us worked around the kitchen and sipped tea. In an apron, I felt terribly domestic and my wearing a dress was the focal point of our conversation.

Moving about the kitchen, I remember walking very slowly and carefully. The skirt almost felt like it could trip me but it didn't. I was walking rather clumsily. Even though I was wearing a dress, I had no idea how a girl moved in one.

Mother laughed, "Jordan, You just need some practice with that. When you sit down, gently smooth the sides of your skirt with both hands so it won't wrinkle."

Mother talked to me about dresses and how important they are to a woman. She said, "When you have had as few nice things in life as I had, you learn to appreciate the gorgeous ones."

Suddenly, because I was in a dress, mother assumed I was interested in her clothes. She asked me about what the girls at school were wearing and what I might like trying. We talked of long dresses, miniskirts, the "little black dress", pleated skirts, tight knit dresses and short frilly little skirts with petticoats.

Then it really hit me. She expected me to get up each morning (when not going to school) and put on a DRESS! And to wear it all day! And if there was any question, she stated, "And you know what WE wear underneath, right?"

"A bra?"

"And?"

"Panties?"

"And?"

"Nylons?"

I only heard some of what she was saying because

I was in a world of my own. A frilly, silly world of new distracting sensations.

As I cleaned, Mother would occasionally say, "Earth to SON, come in?"

"Oh? What were we talking about?"

"The new summer dresses that just came in," she laughed. "Do you want a blue polka dotted sundress or a little black dress that will go with everything?"

"Oh?" I stammered innocently, "Either one I guess."

"It's up to you," she said.

I went to bed that night unsure what it all meant.

I really thought that she meant that I shouldwear more girlish clothes at home but I quickly learned that she meant more. She meant that I should look AND ACT completely like a "real girl." She wanted me to MOVE ... FEEL ... even RESPOND like a girl.

The first week was spent on teaching me how to apply makeup, do my hair and get used to wearing dresses instead of pants. Mother brought home some more padded bras and they became most familiar.

Mother insisted I do half the housework and we made up a list of assignments for me to do.

One: Decorate my bedroom like a girl my age. Mother began to bging home all the little things that girl's have in their rooms. Pillows, stuffed animals, mirrors, lacy lamp shades, a white lace bedspread, etc.

Two: Take up a girl's hobby. Sewing.

Because mother's family was quite poor, she had added to their income by sewing. She smocked peasant blouses, which were popular in those days. For the rich people she made the most delicate nightgowns and blouses from silk chiffon and added inserts of the finest imported lace.

Mother was a good seamstress. She had made many a wedding dress. She bragged, "I made the most beautiful gowns when I was young. But I was 14 before I had a store bought dress."

I had grown up watching her sew but now she was teaching me to sew. Imagine my feeling as I cut out my first dress in her sewing room----a place mostly off limits my entire life.

I don't know why she insisted I learn to sew my own dress. I had plenty of dresses and they were so cheap. But during the next two weeks, once the household tasks were done, we'd sit down for a cup of ginseng tea and work on my dress together.

The first dress was a simple one. Mother picked it out because it was a moderate length for walking and every-day wear.

Mother took my measurements but I had no idea how the dang thing would fit when it came time for the final alterations.

When finished, I stepped into it and Mom started zipping it up the back. Lo and behold it zipped right up. What a sensation----I could have cried!

It was a black, slim dress with a contrasting white crepe yoke and a square front neckline. It was made of a crepe, French satin, accented with white satin bow and knee length skirt. It fit like it was made for me----because it was! It became my favorite dress but the fabric was delicate and too fancy for housework.

Three: Read girl's magazines.

Four: Learning to keep house "right!"

She tutored, "Housework can be very good training. When you make the bed, keep your back straight and bend from the waist. Shoulders back."

I was beginning to understand her. She went on, "A girl should learn to cook, sew, and keep house at home. We were taught cleanliness. Our clothes

were always bleached white, no tattletale gray in them. Flour sacks were used for a lot of things---- most of our underwear was made from them. We bleached them out so no lettering left on them."

I was RICH in her eyes. My panties were soft and delicate, the kind of thing only royalty could afford.

Mother never let me rest for a moment. I wasn't allowed to run around in shorts and a T-shirt anymore. I was to wear a pretty and proper housedress or skirt and blouse. Mother insisted I wear a fresh white apron when working in the kitchen. "I always wore dresses when I was growing up," she'd say. "Now, the young girls all wear pants...no wonder they don't feel feminine."

Wearing a dress certainly was making me feel feminine. And now there was more, much more and the details! Mother was very concerned and serious about the "fine points." It seemed like I always had either too much makeup on or too little. Too much perfume or not enough. And my hair...!

"You know that with such beautiful shiny hair you can do something more interesting than just plain, straight hair."

"Aw, Mom...it's straight, that's all there is to it," I complained.

"Nonsense! You have so much to learn. You go upstairs and wash your hair. Then come to my room. I will show you."

She was in one of her "strict upbringing" moods so I knew I'd better do as she said. I really wasn't in the mood for an hour-long lecture on how "we kids" do not know how to respect their elders. But all of her gruff posturing didn't fool me. I guess I was intrigued to see what she had in mind since she seemed excited to "do something" with my hair.

It was odd but I raced upstairs to my room and unzipped my dress. I twisted my arm up and over my shoulder in such a typically feminine gesture to reach the zipper, it sent a shiver down my body. I loved the soft "zzzzzzz" sound of the zipper moving down my back and the dress slipping down forward as its snug compression around my body was released. There were no boy clothes that opened and closed that way.

I imagined a woman asking her man to "unzip her". It wasn't that the woman was too weak or inadequate to complete such a simple task herself (as they normally did, like myself a second ago). No, it was the offering of submissiveness. "Help me prepare myself for you."

I easily slipped the dress down my body and stepped out of it. I hung it carefully in my closet so it wouldn't wrinkle.

In just my panties and bra, I went to the bathroom and kneeling beside the tub, used the removable showerhead to shampoo and condition my hair. What did mother have in mind?

I suspected what she was planning and the anticipation gave me a shiver. I stood up, wrapping a towel turban style around my wet locks and put on my silk bathrobe. I didn't want mother to see me running around in my panties.

Going to my mother's room I found her also in her night robe just completing the setting of her hair on rollers for the night.

"Jordan, just in time. Come dear, sit in this chair," she said as she motioned me to the chair in front of her vanity. "I will show you how beautiful your hair can be. And not just this plain straight style. We called this style 'prosto voloseh'...you know

'the straight hair'. We pitied the girls at school who had such hair."

I watched as mother pulled out her big bag of plastic hair rollers and a plastic box of bobby pins. My heart rate began to rise. For as long as I could remember, mother had set her hair. Ever since I had started to grow my hair out not once had I imagined usning curlers or what I would look like with big bouncy curls. But suddenly I was intrigued.

Unfortunately, it was not as easy to get curls as mother made it seem. I felt myself in a classic do or die situation. On the one hand I knew I should protest and not allow her to do what she planned. On the other hand, I had seen what curlers did to her hair and wondered what it might feel like to have big bouncy curls dancing about my faces. Hair, my hair... My brain opted to go along.

Mother was in seventh heaven. She hummed old Ukrainian folk songs as she combed out my wet hair, applied a setting lotion and began to section and roll curlers into my hair.

I found myself rummaging through the curlers finding the size mother was asking for and quickly digging out another long bobby pin so that she could fasten each roller.

"Jordan, you are such a help!" she laughed.

Watching in the mirror, I was intrigued as I saw my head getting covered by the colorful plastic rollers. Given my situation----me sitting there in panties and a bra, having my hair "put up in rollers" for the night, I realized that I had totally left the male world and was now firmly planted in a female space!

"There, all done," Mother said as she completed tying a hairnet over my rollers. "In the morning I will comb it out and you will be amazed!"

I changed into my feminine pajamas and lay down

to sleep. Sleeping on these rollers was like trying to sleep on a pile of hairbrushes. No matter which way I turned there were many rollers that dug into my head, their brush bristles poking my scalp.

Eventually I laid on my back and let the back rollers dig in until my head was numb. If I didn't move a lot I finally got used to the tingly sensation and dozed off,

It seemed like 5 minutes before it was time to wake up. My head felt so weird! The rollers, the hairnet made my head feel like it weighed several pounds more that usual.

"Come to my room, I will comb your hair out."

As much as I found the initial roller setting exciting, I now really looked forward to having them removed and seeing the results. I sat, once again, at the vanity. Mother stepped behind me, removed the hair net and began sliding the bobby pins out quickly. Working from the bottom of my nape, she slipped each roller out smoothly allowing my hair to spring back in tight rolls. When she completed the whole set, I had a head full of tight springy rolls.

"Oh Jordan, your hair takes a curl so well!" Mama exclaimed, "you can probably do without a perm."

"I don't want a perm."

"Ya, you can get as good a result with just several sets a week."

Several "sets" a week? What was she planning? I then watched as mother brushed through my tight ringlets. The body and shape of my hair was amazing. It stood out from my head at least three inches.

Then mother picked up a rat-tail comb and started taking section by section and doing this weird combing thing. She would lift a section of hair and comb down towards the roots. The result was a tangle of hair making that section stand out.

Mother did this all over my head before proceeding to carefully comb section after section gently over the tangled parts. In half an hour I had a perfectly coifed hairdo! It was a very feminine bouffant standing four inches above my scalp...

I looked at mother with that "I shouldn't be doing this" expression but she just smiled and said, "It looks nice on you, ya?"

"Ya," I stared.

"And after a few times, you'll learn how to do this yourself, ya?"

"Ya."

## SUMMER....

I wasn't sure I was looking forward to summer vacation and "complete immersion" as mother called it. I had done very well in school since I hardly left the house anymore. I was beginning to feel more like a maid than her daughter...I mean son.

But I was busy learning. I spent a lot of time learning make-up, trying different hairstyles, and reading girl's magazines mother brought home from the store.

I knew I was a boy, and knew that boys don't do such things. I knew and that was maybe why it was even more intriguing. I wasn't like other boys.

When the school year ended, mother and I had a celebration dinner. We made a roast, mom's favorite Mexican Yams, and homemade Fennel Seed bread.

We both dressed up for dinner and she even opened a bottle of Southernwood herbal wine and let me have a glass. "Here's to your good grades and hopes that you get accepted into a great college," she said, adding, "With those good grades and maybe you should apply for some scholarships? And I have a little surprise for you!"

She handed me a little package. I unwrapped the ribbon and opened it up. Inside were small, gold hoop earrings...for pierced ears!

I looked at her with surprise and she smiled. "After dinner we are going to pierce your ears!"

"Both ears?"

"Of course," she said, "just like a real girls! I was about your age when I had my ears pierced and it's a day you will never forget..." Then she went into "old country" stories about her and her sisters piercing each other's ears.

I politely interrupted her, "I had hopes of getting out of the house some during the summer..."

Mother smiled and said, "We'll work on that!"

I moaned. Being dressed as a girl all the time, was it any wonder that my thinking gradually began to change. I would have never imagined wearing earrings but I submissively watched mother prepare to pierce my ears. "Oh, Jordan. You will love wearing earrings...all girls do!" She marked the place for the holes and numbed them with an ice cube. Then with her sterilized knitting needle quickly perforated one lobe then the other.

"How pretty! Just like a real girl!" she announced.

I was so embarrassed and wanted to complain but it seemed to make her so happy. To me, the removal of boyish things had been almost imperceptible. Wearing a dress, makeup and doing my hair felt almost normal. My only reminder was when mother scolded me like, "If you are going to be like a real girl, you are going to have to keep those legs together." Or "Real girls don't mind wearing high heels so quit

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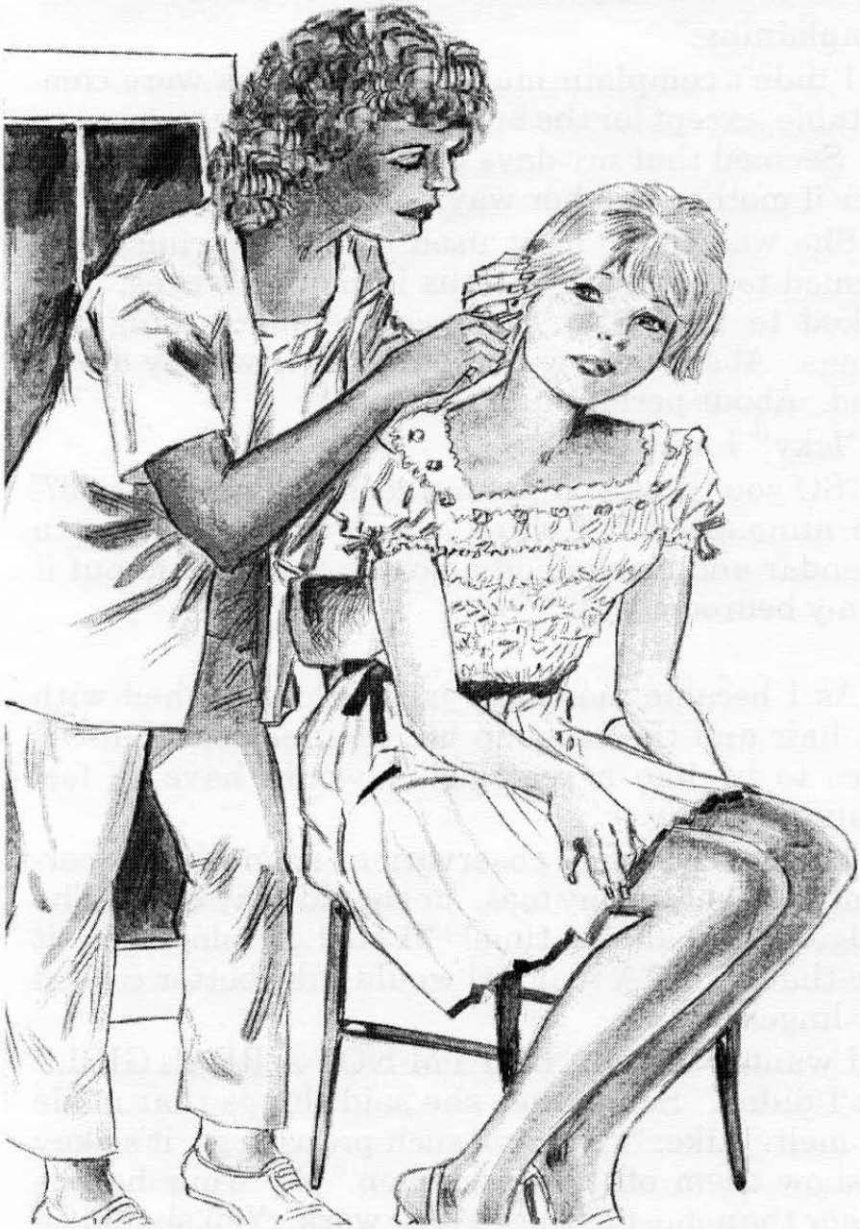

"Oh, Jordan. You will love wearing earrings... all girls do!" She marked the place for the holes...AND IT WAS OVER!

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complaining."

I didn't complain much. The clothes were comfortable, except for the bras that took time to get used to. Seemed that my days of being without one were over if mother had her way.

She was right, I got used to it. Wearing a bra seemed to change my status in mother's eyes. She talked to me about some very embarrassing girl things. About her own breasts and how they developed. About periods and tampons!

"Icky!" I muttered.

"SO you think you are too good to have a period?" she announced. "I think not." She pulled out a calendar and marked off a box of 28 days and put it on my bedroom wall.

As I became more and more accomplished with the hair and the makeup bit, Mother said that if I were to be like a real girl, I would have to feel feminine inside.

The never-ending observations from Mother certainly keep me on my toes...or should I say heels. She badgered me all the time! "A real girl does not sit like that." Or "A real girl would take better care of her lingerie."

I wanted to yell, "BUT I'M NOT A REAL GIRL!" but I didn't. Sometimes she said things that made me melt. Like: "You have such pretty legs, it's okay to show them off now and then." Or "Your hair is longer than most of the girls at work. You should be very proud of it."

I found myself trying to please her and her constant criticism was making a difference. The comparisons to "real girls" lessened and she began encouraging me by including me in with her comments about the girls at work. Like: "Those new

skirts are so short but I guess you young girls like that." Then she'd go on about the old country and how when she was a young girl, the teacher made them kneel and if their skirts didn't touch the floor they were sent home to change.

Sometimes I just wanted to let my hair go and put on a t-shirt and jeans...but she said, "It's too soon for that. You should wear a dress and curl your hair...it's for your own good, you know."

Somehow her goal of teaching me to become a "proper young lady" became mine too.

Was I forgetting how to be a male? I was always surprised when she commented on some subconscious sissish behavior that had become part of my daily routine.

Just when I was used to wearing lipstick, mother said, "Nail polish would look nice on you."

"Haven't I done enough?" I asked.

But I hadn't. That night, mother showed me how to file my fingernails into ovals and apply a "protective coating"a pink polish! So, I found myself with another girlish chore. Polishing my finger and toe nails ... every day and getting used to the girlish colors ... to the point that I felt despondent if I chipped the polish.

I'd never seen mother so happy since father died. She was enjoying her work and helping me "get it right."

I caught her smiling to herself and nodding with a pleased expression when I walked by. She commented, "See, you are walking like a lady now. It's so attractive when a girl knows how to walk properly in high heels."

She was right. The skirts, pantyhose and high heels forced me to walk differently as did the bosom that seemed to throw me of balance and made we

swing my hips to compensate.

Wearing a bra 23 hours a day (I do bath) changes the way a boy feels about himself. Mother insisted that bras would help me carry myself differently. She coached, "If you want to be like a real girl, you have to pull your shoulders back and let your hands and arms hang more limply."

It was ture. I noticed I carried my hands differently, sometimes placing on my hips with my palms outward. Mom called it my "Sassy stance." And I held things differently because of my longer polished nails.

Because I was so in isolation, and mother was so supportive in her reinforcing of my mental changes, I didn't really understand what was happening to me. I loved it when mother said, "That's my girl."

I smiled sweetly and simply became more docile and demure.

I didn't even realize that Mother had become more demanding of me. I was kept busy doing housework, laundry and cooking. Mother declared firmly that "being a good cook is important to your future." I liked trying new recipes and learning to bake so I didn't mind.

One day, after hearing the zillionth story of the old country and her family, it finally dawned on me that she was fine tuning my breeding like her mother did her. And it made her so happy---so could I stop and break her heart?

So what if I learned how to cook, sew and walked comfortably in high heels? I was just learning about what a girl is supposed to do and how to act in different circumstances. What's wrong with a boy being good at what half the population of the world strives for?

## THE NEW ME...

By the second month of summer, there was no doubt mother had succeeded. I had been groomed into a demure, good looking, but modest young lady. I had become quite accomplished in all things feminine.

"Jordan, look at you! You are just like a girl now," mother said proudly. "I do not understand why girls today prefer jeans and unkempt clothes instead of pretty dresses. Maybe then they would be attractive and well behaved like you."

"Thank you mother," I said, adjusting the hem of my dress then putting my hands back in my lap prudishly. I knew what I was becoming. I had no way to fight the emotions and tears came to my eyes. I said softly, "I 'm afraid that I'm not much of a boy anymore."

Mother who was rarely affectionate came over and gave me a big hug. "Oh, my little child. At least you'll not miss out on the delights of wearing pretty things like other boys." She looked so proud of me. I melted when she said, "I think it's time I showed you off a bit."

"Do you mean out of the house? Do you really think I'm ready?"

Mother laughed, "I think I'd be embarrassed by you dressed as a boy now. It's time to show off what you've learned. In my country, we had debutante balls..."

## THE DEBUTANTE...

It was fancy and it was for charity. I never understood why you had to have a ball and spend a

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bunch of money to give to poor people. But for the first time in my life, mother and I walked into a Grand Ballroom. It was beautiful and the tables were set in silver.

It was electrifying as others eyes looked us over as we were led to our table. Mother whispered, "Tonight, you become a young lady for the world to see and appreciate."

People were looking and I wondered if they knew I was a boy? But I didn't look like it or feel like it. I was a young woman out with her mother on a social evening. Nothing odd there, right?

My heart was pounding but I realized that mother's training had worked. I felt completely at home in my fancy dress, high heels and carrying a beaded evening bag.

"Oh mother," I whispered breathlessly, "Thank you for letting me experience this!"

Mother leaned over and kissed me on the cheek then rubbed off the lipstick mark. "You deserve it, my dear."

I should have been tired already but I wasn't. It had been a long day getting ready. Most of the women in the room had probably spent the day in the beauty parlor but mother wouldn't have that. She insisted, "A girl has to know how to take care of herself."

We had tried several hairstyles that week and picked out our dresses. I spent all day with my hair up in curlers. Mother had wound roller after roller into my hair then sprayed my wet hair with a setting lotion. She used the same two-inch rollers on her hair to produce big fluffy curls.

Once dry the rollers were removed and our heads were masses of tight ringlets. Mother brushed my

ringlets then teased my hair into gorgeous, intertwined waves that cascaded onto my shoulders. As always, every step of the way she made sure I was learning to do it myself.

When finished, even Mother was impressed, "WOW! You hair is just like real girl! I swear I made a mistake when you were born."

I blushed but had to agree. Mother said, "At special occasions, we can show a little cleavage. She pulled a long-line satin and lace "slimmer" out of a bag. It was heck to get into but had a lower snap for the "ladies room". It took several inches off my waist and pushed what flesh was there both UP and DOWN.

Actual flesh filled the slimmer's bra cups and threatened to spill over the top.

"Oh mother, I can't breath, but it's worth it!"

"Maybe you'd like to wear a lower-cut dress?" mother asked. "I have a few from when I was young and pretty."

"You are still pretty, mom!"

We went through the back of closet and narrowed it down to two silk dresses that she had worn to formal weddings when my father was alive. The first was a tight sheath dress with a short skirt designed to reveal a lot of leg as well as cleavage. It was only held up by small shoulder straps.

The second dress was your basic "little black dress". A knit with gold and silver highlights. It had a low, scoop neckline.

I tried on both and decided that the first was more dressy and was very much back in style.

"I'm nervous about going. What if anyone can tell I'm a boy?"

"Why do you think we have been training you?" mother laughed. "I doubt if you could pass as a boy

now."

This made the me blush. I considered this my way out of the house. If I actually could be accepted as a girl, there was no more reason to stay in the house. I wasn't sure what that really meant but it was a way out.

Mother inserted pendant pearl earrings into my pierced ears that swayed with each motion of his head.

I wasn't sure what I was feeling. I was aware of all the physical vibes that women take for granted. My smooth, nyloned legs and the squeezed toes caused by tall high heels. My dress caressed my body keeping me aware of my effeminate role.

My lips tasted lipstick and my nose inhaled the fragrance of my perfume_like a real girl! I loved the way my dress floated around my hips.

A man came over in a tuxedo and said, "Hello ladies, are you having a nice time? I am head of the charity. I haven't seen you two at any of our functions before?"

"This is my daughter, Jordan. She is new to all this," mother said.

"Well then, I'll just make sure you meet everyone, even the celebrities. Your daughter is very pretty."

When he left, I gasped, "You caled me 'Jordan! Shouldn't I have a better girl's name?"

Mother laughed, "What like Nancy? No, Jordan is your name and besides, there are lot's of girls called that now."

I blushed from all the attention and this made mother smile knowing that she had successfully trained and feminized me to where I liked the attention.

## FURTHER....

After that night all barriers to my further feminization were gone.

I wasn't even intimidated by the ladies room. I simply entered a stall, pulled up my skirt around my waist, unhooked, pulled down my panties and nylons and squatted. It felt totally natural.

"I was the perfect young lady," Mother said and that I was an inspiration for the other girls at the ball. With my little frilly party dress swishing about my knees, I danced with the gentlemen and was graceful and polite. Mother joked that there was "good husband" material in the group.

My girlish manners and comportment won the heart of more than one gentleman there. Mother said, "See what good training can do?"

It felt good to be out of the house and I was hooked on the attention.

By the time we got home, it was late. While mother made some of her special Pleurisy Root and Pomegranate tea, I undressed and slipped into very pretty, pink baby-doll nightgown before joining her.

"Oh mother," I gushed, "I really felt like a pretty girl tonight."

"You were darling," she said handing me the tea. "You make a nice girl."

I fluffed out my long hair and ran my hands over my nightgown and said, "I could go anywhere as a girl, right?"

"Hold on, munchen," she spat. "A proper girl doesn't go out alone. And I'm not sure you are really ready to be out without supervision."

"But you said I was just like a girl now?" A whole new emotion welled up in me---I wanted to show off my femininity. When I realized what I was saying, my cheeks reddened like a cherry.

Mother noticed it and had to tease me. "You'll have plenty of time to show off those legs."

I tried to hide my embarrassment, but she had seen right through me. I had enjoyed being looked at in a pretty dress and being treated like a young woman.

"Help me serve the tea, my dear. We should talk about this evening."

I loved talking about the Ball. Mother unmistakably exuded pride in the way I handled myself. "You made me proud," she said, praising my manners, blushing demeanor and natural way I danced; allowing the man to lead. She said, "I know you're my son, but I love doing things with you as my daughter." Tears came to her eyes...

That night when I went to bed, I lay in the darkness of my room feeling the smooth nylon of my nightgown against my skin. I thought about the evening---perhaps the most exciting of my entire life.

I had spontaneously reacted to the event like any young woman. My hair had to be perfect, I loved my dress and I had put a bit more padding in my bra (without mother noticing.)

## WORK CLOTHES...

A couple days later, mother came home from work with a most delightful suit for me. It had a navy blazer and matching short skirt. "It's like what you wear to work?" I exclaimed.

Then she handed me a little thing that was like a credit card. It was a nametag with MY name on it. It was a "Perfect Miss" employee badge.

I looked at her funny.

She smiled, "You have a job at the store!"

I gasped, "AS?"

"My daughter, silly. There's no way they'd let some pip-squeak boy into those dressing rooms full of girls. Besides, you are too much girl now to be a boy."

"No I'm not!" I spat. "I can be a boy anytime I want."

"You would look silly and out of place in boy clothes," Mother said. "Besides, it might ruin what you've accomplished so far."

"What's that?"

"For one," mother said, "We have saved a lot of money for your college education." I had to agree with her logic on that front.

"Second," mother said, "You always have nice clothes now and are more pliable, agreeable, and obedient to me. That 'back talk' thing has stopped."

"Third! Here's what you will be making." She handed me an agreement letter. "That's more than you could ever make as a boy, right?"

She was right and the generous "clothing allowance" didn't miss my attention either.

"Oh mother," I exclaimed.

## THE NEW JOB....

The first few days I went to work as a girl were spooky. Before I knew it, I'd been trained on the registers and in sales technique and was selling girl's clothes. I certainly knew the product lines, I had nearly everything.

Still it was unsettling to be selling clothes to girls my age. I felt insecure in my short skirts and nylon encased legs. I feared that I might be read as a boy in my high heels and little dresses. But I wasn't. Mother smiled and judging from the smiles, and looks of approval, mother had trained me VERY well.

All of her nagging and criticizing had improved

me and feminized me to the point where I even knew when my period started. Or at least when it would of...

When not around my mother, the other salesgirls talked about fashion and BOYS! From mother, I learned that a nice girl didn't talk about such things but even mother suggested that I make up an imaginary boyfriend.

"You don't need to be obvious," she said, "but girls your age like boys and you should talk about them too."

I blushed uncomfortably when she asked me to describe my "boyfriend."

I tried to think of all the guys who had stared at me and remembered one at the dance that I liked to dance with. He was suddenly my boyfriend...

So went my new life as a salesgirl. 24/7 as a girl. Whenever I expressed concern to mother that this might not be good for me, she replied, "Don't you worry about that now, just enjoy being my daughter."

In the mean time, I wore dresses to work and used my allowance to buy cute things for work and home. I should have been more aware when mother suggested that a certain sweater would be nice for school. Was I stupid? No boy would wear a fuzzy angora sweater to school.

Once I heard mother tell a woman that she was buying "her daughter" the same dress for school. That night I asked mother, "When do you think I should go back to being a boy."

"When you are tired of being a girl," she said. How could I get tired of soft sweaters, silky dresses, daring miniskirts, flirtatious frilly blouses, not to mention the naughty lingerie and other sexy things.

"What about college? I start in a month?"

"I hate to waste the money on school clothes when you have so many pretty things?" she mused. "Maybe you could wear your pretty clothes?"

"You are joking, right?" I moaned. I knew what she was thinking. I cried, "Mother, if I don't get out of these clothes soon, I'll never be able to go back to being a boy. After talking to the other girls, I actually wondered what it would be like to really have a boyfriend!"

Mother looked at me. "Jordan, I know you are not a girl but you look so nice in skirts."

"I shouldn't be wearing these clothes! I'm a boy!"

Mother thought for a moment and asked, "Are you afraid you might become too much of a girl to go back?"

"No!" I defended. "I know we don't have the money to buy a lot of other clothes but I'd only need some jeans and a few shirts for school."

"Then you don't mind working at the shop right up till school starts?" Mother asked.

"No, not as long as I have some pants to wear to school."

"Okay. We'll get you some boy clothes," mother decided. "You seemed so comfortable in girl's clothes, I guess I took it for granted that you wanted to get some wear out of your pretty wardrobe."

"I'm only wearing them to save money for college," I stated, adding, "and because I don't have much else now..."

Mother smiled, "You really such pretty clothes...and know how to wear them too. Won't you miss them?"

"NO!" I crossed my legs, feeling the smooth nylons and tight embrace of my short, straight skirt. I just could not imagine going to college as a girl and being around other guys my age.

"Maybe you are right," mother muttered, "College boys can be such pests to pretty, well-dressed girls like you. I don't see how we could prevent you from being pressured to date like the other coeds."

I gasped. "Are you saying I might have to go out with boys?"

"It would look odd if you didn't..."

The routine at work went fine and I fit in well with the salesgirls. It was my first real job and it was no picnic going to work each day as a girl. I learned quickly what mother knew first hand---how much high heels hurt after only a few hours on your feet. Also there was that darn skirt. Seemed like it always needed adjusting when I sat down, bent over, or after I pulled up my pantyhose in the bathroom.

But I got used to it and the myriad of other little differences like being called "miss" and doors magically opening.

I was stunned by the other salesgirl's conversations. They revolved around boyfriends, sex, and sex and mostly sex and boyfriends. They were smart enough not to do it in front of mother but I was not immune.

I went to lunch with several of them almost every day and we became friends. I was sure they thought I was a prude since I didn't have much to add.

I really liked Sally, a beautiful young blonde girl a few years older than me. She was a junior buyer at the store, and very much engaged to a guy that "curled her toes."

I was in "lust" with Sally. She was dynamic, interesting and had a mischievous manner. And she was beautiful and popular.

Over lunch, it bothered me to hear them giggle about how "manly" their boyfriends were. When I

told them I wanted a "nice guy" for a husband they all laughed. I was learning that the "bad boy" got the gals.

"Honey, the nice guys all have 'little ones'," Sally laughed. "You'll find out one day and trust me, you better learn how to keep the bad boys in check."

"I'm a good girl," I defended.

All the girls shook their heads. "You are so naive!" Sally said with a grin on ruby lips. "A girl has to know how to relieve her guy without giving away the store."

I was confused until I saw one of the girls lick her lips. Sally went on, "I just don't do it everyday---only when he's special nice to me."

"Icky," I interjected cutting off Sally's detailed narration.

"Don't worry, we girls will guide you through it. You'll get the hang of it and you won't choke."

They all laughed at my blushing red face. What did they think I was? I felt a twinge in my belly at the very thought of what these girls were suggesting. The whole idea was so repulsive but the girls wouldn't drop the subject. One said, "You don't have to swallow, you can tell when they are..."

Sally interrupted, "Let's leave her alone. She'll tell her mother and we'll all be in trouble!" That statement cooled their teasing.

Mother knew how to make wild girls act like young ladies...at least when they were in her earshot.

As school approached, mother talked of College and even bought me a pair of boy pants. When I tried them on, the ill-fitting, rough wool pants felt awkward and ludicrous but I still had on a bra and panties.

I was used to skirts so that didn't bother me too

much. But mother did. She said, "What a shame. You have such pretty things."

"NO WAY!" I exclaimed flatly. "Once I get enough for my tuition, I'm out of these skirts!

Two weeks before College was to begin, there was an employee's meeting. All the sales girls and women were included. The manager went on to thank the summer employees and encouraged them to continue part-time if their school schedules permitted.

Then they made a few awards. Mother got one for being "MOST HELPFUL." There was a five hundred dollar bonus. Then I was called up.

The manager said, "I can only assume that the proper way the new employees are dressed is because of the appropriate manner this young lady is always dressed. Therefore she is the winner of the PERFECT MISS scholarship of $5,000.00.

I gasped as she went on, "And if she stays an employee with more than 15 hours per week, the scholarship can be renewed each year for four years!"

## COED...

ON September eighth, I walked on to campus ... dressed in new lingerie and a new tartan, pleated skirt and white blouse with a crisp round collar and puffy sleeves. Nylons, three-inch heels, perfect makeup, matching red lipstick, and my new "coed" hairstyle ... a ponytail, tied with a matching red ribbon completed my look.

My short skirt fell conservatively to just above my knees; which mother approved. The skirt had a wide patent leather belt that accentuated my waist and figure. Winning the scholarship had sealed my fate. I not only had the money and the wardrobe for

college, I also had a part time job and that hellish clothing allowance that we could never seem to get to the bottom of.

I had begged mother but her logic finally got to me. What was my other choice? To be a poorly dressed, financially struggling and a funny looking boy or...

Mother was so proud when I left for College. "You look very nice----now behave like proper coed."

I was mostly afraid that students from my high school would recognize me but I discovered that College is nothing like high school. For one, the College was huge! Many buildings, classes, and everyone was focused on grades. Seemed like no one knew anyone. As a freshman, the classes were in auditoriums of over 100 students. I did see some kids I knew but they didn't look at me twice----at least the girls didn't.

I didn't know many kids from high school because Mother always made me come directly home from school to change clothes.

Once again, Mother was right. With my new hairdo and clothes, I guess my whole manner had changed----no one recognized me. Oh, the boys were obviously interested, they gave me all the gallant courtesies such as opening my doors and I responded with an appropriate smile and "thank you."

When I did run into a guy I knew, they were too busy checking out my legs to put two and two together.

As far as the College administration, I simply started putting "F" in the little box for gender. What with my scholarship, it appeared that I was stuck as a girl coed for the next four years.

When I moaned about it to mother, she responded,

"I can't wait to see how long your hair gets!"

My hair had grown to my shoulders and mother told me what beautiful hair I had, always saying, "You are growing into such a pretty young lady."

As for College, after a few weeks, I felt comfortable and fit in naturally among the girls. I was always asked to participate in after class activities but Mother still insisted that I come home immediately after school. I worked three nights a week and Saturdays at the PERFECT MISS. But I still had time to admire myself in the mirror. Yes, I liked looking....

## ANOTHER FIRST....

When mother came home from work, one day, she found me waiting for her and blushing. "What's wrong?"

I could barely stammer, "A boy asked me out."

Mother gave me a big hug. "We both knew this would happen. You accepted, right?"

I nodded. My heart was pounding and I couldn't slow it down. "Oh mom," I cried, "This is too much!"

"What does he look like?"

"He's tall. His name is Matt and he's in my biology class and he's really smart. I'm so scared! I should have told him NO."

"It's not like you are marrying him," mother laughed. "You are just going out together. Young people do that."

Matt was exceedingly good looking. I knew that because of what the other girls said. He was tall, a muscular body and smiled all the time.

Any other girl would have been delighted to be asked out by him but I was embarrassed and humiliated that I had accepted his advance. Had wearing dresses changed me that much?

Mother made it worse. She went into a long oration about what my relationship with boys should be like now that I was a girl. Mother made me blush when she went into great detail as to where I should draw the line.

"MOTHER!" I gasped, "I'm not going to kiss him...and there won't be ANY petting!"

"Giving away a little kiss or two at the end of the evening isn't going to kill you," she lectured, "but only if you feel like it."

"I'm sure I won't feel like it." I shook my head. Imagine, my own mother in support of a guy pawing me a little... "As long as he doesn't think he owns you," she stated.

I was stunned. I sat there in my little skirt and blouse confused by what she was suggesting! "Don't let him touch your above the knee or anywhere near your bosom..."

Mother was teaching me how girls deal with boys. "You want to keep him interested without being too obvious." She fully expected me to flaunt the girlish traits I'd developed while wearing dresses.

When she was finished, I asked the big question. "What shall I wear?"

Mother laughed and asked, "What dress makes you feel the most feminine?"

"All of them!" I moaned.

## MY FIRST DATE...

I often try to remember the breathless apprehension that first time I wore real, nylon panties. Not the cotton ones that were sort of like boys' but the pinkish ones that had come with a matching bra. The set Mother had found in the clearance bin. With her discount, the markdown and the allowance, I swear she got money back!

"These are normally very expensive darling," mother had said, handing them to me. "Be very careful putting them on and taking them off."

I could feel my heart pounding in my chest as I studied those exceedingly feminine and unmistakable, girl panties. They were made of a pinkish-white nylon, with a frilly, lace front accent with a very tiny ribbon bow on the elastic top.

Compared to the simple, cotton of my old panties, these were really feminine and I couldn't deny it.

"Oh no", I groaned but I put them on...some how wearing them reminded me of getting ready for my first date. I knew it was wrong and something that no boy would dare do...but I did.

I spent most of Saturday in my room. Mother kept trying to tell me how much fun I was going to have. Suddenly I looked at the clock and realized, "I only have two hours before a guy comes to take me out!"

I considered running away at this point. But I didn't. I went to my closet and took out the dress mother had picked for me to wear. I held it in front of myself and looked in the mirror for a few moments.

I had worn the dress many times and knew it fit my figure well but this time was different. I looked at the curlers in my hair and a look of concern flashed on my face. This was the first time I'd ever dressed to look pretty for a guy!

I felt my stomach tighten a little when I thought about mother's words. "Giving away a little kiss or two at the end of the evening isn't going to kill you."

The words kept repeating in my mind. The realization that in a few hours I might be expected to kiss a guy made me feel queasy. Images of "THE KISS" flashed through my mind. I started to tremble but

knew I had to begin getting ready...

There was the hot bubble bath, shaving my legs, patting myself dry with a big pink towel and dusting my body with a lilac scented powder.

For some reason, I picked out that "first real" pair of panties and matching bra to wear. It was symbolic. I looked over the girlish items I was about to put on and the mere sight of them made me fidget and squirm again.

Mother came in and talked to me while I got ready. She chatted about the old country while I dressed: a girl's dress, a girl's brassiere and panties, a girl's slip, girl's high heels stockings. My hair had been in curlers and with mother's help that quickly looked feminine too.

I wore a light touch of eyeshadow, eyeliner, mascara, lipstick, blush that highlighted my soft girlish features. I had even curled my eyelashes.

"OH mother," I was almost in tears. "This just isn't right? A boy should be going out with a boy."

"Sweetheart," she began. "There are different kinds of boys. Some are very masculine and are always getting in trouble. YOU are sweet, docile and effeminate. You don't have to dress like other boys and shouldn't! You'd look silly."

"In boy clothes?"

"That's right. You should wear pretty things that show off your interests and your unique abilities. You are better off in a dress. Look how nice you walk in high heels...like the perfect young lady?"

I moaned. What could I say. She was right. My life was actually better since being feminized. I had to trust mother. She wa6s all I had. She convinced me that this is the way an effeminate boy like me should be dressed...

It was getting late. Matt would arrive any min-

ute. I took my red shoulder bag filled with makeup and transferred a few things to a smaller evening bag. I felt so foolish and embarrassed, loathing the excitement and anticipation I was feeling.

My dress had a pretty low neckline that I thought mother would object to but she didn't.

I was wearing one of the seamless "Nancy Boy bras" that gave a girl what nature didn't. It was a perfect bra for a boy who wanted to show off some girlish curves. It was padded with soft liquid filled cups that naturally adapted to my own chest and moved and felt like my own flesh. With the adjustable straps, I could adjust the cups to create more or less cleavage. I was tightly strapped...well, you get the idea.

Even showing such girlish cleavage, I shuddered at the notion that I was trying to make Matt, a guy, "like" me. Yet, that was what I was doing---from the high heels to the the frilly full skirt to my prettiest lingerie underneath. I wanted to hide in embarrassment...I was really acting like a girl!

While we waited, mother checked my hair. It had grown enough to style really beautifully. She added a little bow to pull back a few tendrils behind my ears; showing off my little earrings.

Mother never stopped talking. I think she was more excited than I was about my date. She talked about her childhood and her first date with a boy. "I was so excited," she revealed, "just like you."

"I'm sacred," I said as I got my lipstick just right with the aid of a compact mirror.

"Don't sit down," mother said, "You'll wrinkle your dress."

I paced gracefully about my room, mincing daintily in my high heels. I moaned, "Why am I doing this?"

Mother smiled. "To learn about boys."

"I know ALL about boys, remember?"

"You are so innocent, my dear," Mother smiled. "You only know one side. Now YOU have to deal with having what the boys want!"

"OH!" I said, my eyes wide open and my rose budded lips pursed prettily. "But I'm a good girl!"

"Even the good girls have to keep the boys interested. Maybe you have heard the girls at work talking?"

I nodded and blushed.

"So let's try a test," mother said. "If you have a really good time tonight, what are you going to do?"

"Sit on his lap?" I said sarcastically.

"That might seem a little forward," mother smiled, seeing that I was getting the idea.

I have to admit, I felt feminine. Maybe being asked out by a guy pushed me over some kind of an edge? Not a square inch of my body had been missed----I had been feminized from top to toe.

When Matt arrived, Mother had him read the newspaper for about ten minutes while I "finished up". I thought it was silly since I was ready but mother said, "You want to make a man wait!"

When I did come out, I curtsied to show off my dress. Mother sat and talked to Matt, giving her approval of the evening's plans. "Just don't be late," she reminded as we walked out the door. There were tears in her eyes.

I wanted to cry too. Every nerve fiber in my body tingled as he took my hand and led me to his car. I took prim, little steps and felt my dress flow gently with each step.

He opened my door as any boy would for a girl on a date. We chatted. This was a very casual date. He

said, "I'd love for you to meet my parents sometime! My dad would love you!"

I cringed. I knew I wasn't exactly the kind of girl most fathers wanted for their sons but I found the idea exciting anyway. He put his arm around my shoulder and I moved over next to him. I would succumbed to his desires since I was expected to be a normal girl. It was really rather easy...Matt made me feel like one...

"You are so beautiful," he whispered in my ear as we pulled up in front of my house.

"Thank you. You look great too," I stammered, genuinely flattered by his breathless compliment.

I looked up into his eyes and I could sense his arousal. It was contagious. His head bent slowly down towards my face and I offered my lips up to his as my eyes closed in the anticipation of the unthinkable that was about to happen! His warm, moist lips touched my own. I could smell his skin as that first kiss exploded through my being. How could this be?! What was happening?

I was like a terrified passenger on a train careening out of control down a mountain. I was a boy...being kissed by another boy. But the smell of the perfume on my body, the caress of my curls on my cheeks, the silky touch of my girlish lingerie on my body flip-flopped logical reasoning and threw me into a realm that should have been forbidden.

My arms slipped themselves around Matt's neck and my lips surrendered to his. My mouth parted readily as I felt his tongue probe into my mouth. I was so submissive...his lips easily parted mine, his tongue invading deeply without resistance.

## SAFE AT HOME...

By the time I walked in the door that night, my cheeks were red with embarrassment. I knew

Mother had me curtsy in front of the Matt.
I thought it was silly since I was ready but mother said, "You want to make a man wait!"

mother was waiting up and would want to know every detail...and not about the movie or our simple dinner. I knew that she'd spot the dazed look in my eyes. That starry-eyed confusion...

"Yes, Matt had kissed me," I confessed to her questions. "Yes, more than once." And "Yes, I think I managed to respond properly."

I left out how fully I found myself giving in to his zealous display of adoration. But Mother was on me like a tent..."He wasn't rough with you, was he?"

"I'm okay," I stated coldly.

"Did he ask you out again?" she asked.

I nodded. She looked at me knowingly. "Today, kisses don't mean what they used to," she went on. "In my time, if you kissed a boy, your father went after him with the shotgun..."

My lips were sore from "kissing," a thought that made me cringe with embarrassment whenever I thought about it. I tried to forget what I'd done but I couldn't. I'd been kissed like I had never kissed before. I almost fainted just thinking back about it.

I couldn't stop thinking about it. Something was happening to me. It wasn't that I loved kissing a guy, or that I was in love with Matt---it was the delicious sensations of being so feminine----my insides felt slippery, my panties and frilly dress caressed about my smooth body.

That first kiss had caught me off guard. If I thought that was the end of my subjection, I was mistaken. No sooner than he'd kissed me once, he wanted to kiss me again.

I groaned and put my arm over his strong shoulder not realizing that I was making it easier for him to get at my lips. The second kiss was easier and less hurried than the first. The taste of my lipstick and his masculine lips was tangy and wellnot entirely

unpleasant.

I should have been ashamed like never before but his lips were warm and wet...probably from him drooling all night over my legs. He tasted salty and I found that I was no longer resisting. Giddily, I had submitted to his affection. When his meaty tongue pressed through my lips, a high-pitched giggle escaped from my mouth. I opened my lips slightly allowing him in me. I could not suppress the involuntary thrills that ran through my body.

Mother was right! I belonged in a dress. By the time Matt walked me to the front door, I would have gladly begged for more kisses except that my lips were terrifically sore.

That night when I went to bed, I had to admit that mother had made a girl out of me! With the taste of a boy's lips still on mine, I realized that I was addicted to femininity. I had to admit what I'd been feeling for some time----I liked wearing dresses, even shaving my legs. I liked doing what girls do and enjoyed girlish feelings.

The next morning, mother could see that I'd stopped resisting. Over Gotu Kola tea, we chatted. I asked shyly, "Mother, what could I do to be more like a girl? I mean, I will be like this for four more years..."

Mother smiled. "We haven't had to spend your college money. I suppose there is a few things..." She went over and handed me an ad she'd torn out of a magazine. It showed a "before" and "after" picture with one big difference. I looked at mother and gasped, "Breasts?"

"I've already talked to the doctor," mother said. "He's says it's very simple and after college, if you

want them taken out, it's not a big deal."

"You told him about me?"

"Of course, dear. He's says you aren't his first."

"Not the first boy to want tits?"

"Shhh! I don't want to hear words like that come out of your mouth. AND I don't want you getting big breasts...just something to fill out your tops."

She wasn't kidding. My heart pounded when she made the appointment.

When I saw the Plastic Surgeon, mother and I chatted with him chatted for about an hour. He was very interested in how I ended up living as a girl but based on our conversation I was not his first.

He was very sweet and sensitive, answering all my questions and bringing up some interesting facts. He was very surprised that I hadn't started shaving and when he did an examination, he commented on how feminine my body appeared. He asked, "It appears that you have been exposed to estrogen. Have you ever taken anything like birth control pills?"

"No," I said.

He pointed out my fleshy hips, hairless skin and un-muscular frame. "What about herbs?" He handed me a list of them: Black Cohosh, Blue Cohosh, Vitex, Dill Dong Quai, False Unicorn, Fennel Seed, Fenugreek, Ginseng, Goats Rue, Gotu Kola, Licorice Root, Milk Thistle, Mother Wort, Pennyroyal, Pleurisy Root, Pomegranates, Red Clover Blossoms, Raspberry, Southernwood, Tansy, Wild or Mexican Yam and Saw Palmetto.

I gasped. Mother said, "I use a lot of those in food and my special teas. They helped with my hot flashes?"

"They would!" the doctor said to mother, "They are full of estrogen but the levels are inconsistent. I

suggest we get him on something more regular. We don't want his beard popping out now!"

Mother and he decided that he would take me from a 34AA to a full B cup.

I had a mostly flat chest but it bulged outward at my large and puffy, salmon-colored areolas. I had assumed it was from wearing bras. The doctor called it "budding". After seeing my nipples, he explained that he would inject me with a very strong estrogen and that I should start a female hormone cycle until the surgery as a preparatory measure. He said, "Your nipples are small for a 'B' cup. Let's see if we can puff them up a bit."

I was scheduled for a holiday weekend.

On the morning of the surgery we had to be there at 6:30 in the morning. I was so nervous. Even with all the changes, I couldn't believe I was really doing this! I felt like I was dreaming.

Mother was with me and she kissed the top of my head as they were rolling me into the surgical unit. I wanted to back out at that minute but as they wheeled me into the very bright white surgery unit, the anesthesiologist told me, "Relax kid. The Doc' makes great breasts!"

That's what I was worried about! He gave me something through my IV to take the edge off and that's the last I remember...until I woke up.

I woke up at 10:30 a.m. in the recovery area. I felt like an elephant was on my chest. I was groggy and disoriented. Mother was in a chair next to me and asked how I felt. I think I growled at her. I suddenly realized where and why I was there. My chest was wrapped tightly in ace bandages and I felt like I would explode. I could barely move and it was obvi-

ous I had breasts! I was in disbelief and very upset.

I was questioning my decision to have this surgery done. I felt like a freak! Once home and in my bed, I was an absolute "bitch" for a few days. I couldn't get into a comfortable position and worst of all I couldn't sleep.

During my first check up visit and the unveiling, I was shocked! Having mounds on my chest looked so strange and they were very high. I had a lot of cleavage! The Doctor said this was normal and that they would eventually settle lower, into a more natural place.

At about two weeks after surgery I started to see a difference as the swelling allowed my breasts to soften and drop a bit. I started wearing tight, low-cut blouses because they started looking so good.

Three weeks after surgery, I felt great. My breasts had mostly healed and looked perfect. Mother took me to a bra shop and asked them to measure me. I was measured at a perfect 34B. I bought 5 bras and walked out of that store with the biggest smile on my face.

I have full sensation in my breasts and nipples. Perhaps a little too much---the doctor wants me to continue the hormone cycles. I am happy to say that I don't think of my breasts as having implants. I guess that I have already "taken possession" of them. In other words, I feel that the implants are not some foreign body, but that they are already "mine", a part of me.

In a bra they look spectacular and my dates love them too. I have cleavage! Yeah! Once when Matt came over, I tried on a couple of bathing suits (summer was coming). The ones I liked were made out of stretchy fabric that clung to my new curves.

Matt's jaw dropped. Even Mother told me that I

looked absolutely fantastic in a bikini (and I had to agree). What a difference! Breasts look awesome in a bikini and I find myself looking for deep "V"s in blouses and sweaters to show THEM off a little bit - at the appropriate times and places of course!

With all the estrogen, my breasts were quite tender to the touch towards the nipple area. As time went on, they continue to become softer and more natural-looking as the implants settled.

The doctor inspected the appearance of my breasts and then squeezed them in order to determine whether they were softening as they should.

He told me that my post-op evolution was progressing perfectly and that with the hormones, my breasts would continue to become more "woman-like". That is, they would acquire a softer, more natural feel, appearance and "bounce", as actual breast tissue grew.

He was right. In a few months, my breasts look and felt much more natural as the implants continue to settle. They have softened considerably, are a little "bouncier" and slightly less sensitive. They look great au-naturel in a tight sweater.

I never let mother see me like that but I bought a number of outfits for all occasions, ranging from the naughty and revealing, to the elegant-subdued and the elegant-sexy.

I was concerned that they were not natural but mother said they are virtually indistinguishable in look and feel, from the real thing. I still have some tenderness around my nipples during some times of the month, but mother says that is also natural.

## HIGHER EDUCATION...

By the beginning of my second year in College, it seems like I have had breasts forever. I am totally

comfortable with the way they look and feel.

Summers were wonderful! I have never felt more confident in my whole life. I wore things I never dreamed of wearing - without pads, curves or even bras some of the time. Tank tops, strapless sundresses and bathing suits, all without pads. You name it, I looked great in them.

Sally at the PERFECT MISS asked me to be one of her bridesmaids and I wore a teal blue, slinky dress that was absolutely gorgeous. It was very simple but stunning. No bra needed.

Mother almost fell over when I tried it on in the store. Mother had an epileptic fit but the back is too low to wear a bra and the dress is too fitted to wear cups. What could I do?

I can't imagine what life would be like without breasts. Some men have asked me what it's like to have breasts. Well, here are the Top Ten Things I enjoy the most:

1). A cold shower.

2). Walking into Victoria's Secret.

3). Getting a hug.

4). New sweaters.

5). Running in public.

6). Massaging my new breasts with lotion after showers.

7). Where a guy's eyes focus.

8). Push-up bras and NO bras.

9). Holding a baby.

10). And of course, Mirrors!

Was it my new confidence or the breasts? I began dating many different guys. I had a reputation as a good girl...almost no one got to second base.

For some reason I always came back to Matt. Was it that he was my first kiss or simply that he made

Matt's jaw dropped. Even Mother told me that I looked absolutely fantastic in a bikini!

me feel the most feminine?

He asked me to go steady but mother wouldn't let me take his class ring. She said, "You are too young to get tied down with one guy."

But I liked being with him. We went out a couple times a month but suddenly I felt I was losing him. So I let him go seamlessly from first base to second.

## THIRD BASE....

One night he was intent on going to third base...

When he realized that I was braless and his eyes locked on the way the silk of my dress lightly grazed my sensitive nipples and pushed out the light fabric.

We went to our "goodnight" parking spot as usual. The cool air of the night made my nipples pucker. When he hugged me, my breasts pressed against his hard muscular chest.

Before I knew it, Matt had slipped a hand into my top, reaching my breasts, caressing underneath and round the nipples making them long to be touched more. He smoothly opened my top, freeing my breasts from the top of my dress and before I knew it, his tongue was running lightly over my hard nipples. I nearly fainted as he began to suck on the tip of one, then held the nipple gently in his teeth. .

I found my hands roaming over his hard young body. I had lost all concern for my previous existence. I was completely reacting according to his desires.

As he teased my nipples, my roaming encountered the unthinkable. My right hand brushed past the front of his pants. A most pronounced, hard bulge was evident.

We were both breathing heavily, my face flushed.

"Well?" he challenged.

That brought me back to my senses but strangely,

I felt in control. I was excited and exciting. What could I do? I knew should be repulsed and run away but the boy in me, like Elvis, had "left the building".

I felt like a woman, after all, I had been doing what women DO for so long.

He whispered, "If you really care about me, you'd do something..."

I watched in an almost out-of-body way as my hand returned magnetically to the bulge that it had innocently encountered a second ago! That hand now slowly and very deliberately covered Matt's excited bulge.

"Am I really the cause of that?" I heard myself gasp breathlessly.

"Obviously. I wish you'd make it feel better?"

"I haven't a clue..." I whispered huskily. But Matt's eyes grew wide as I my long fingernails teased the lump.

"Please?" he begged. His strong fingers taunted my pink nipples.

Like a robot on autopilot I saw my polished thumb and index fingers close on the zipper of Matt's pants and slowly began to pull downwards. As his fly opened, his manhood began to bulge out and he moaned. I undid his belt then the button on his pants.

The thin cotton of his briefs was the only thing between me and the unthinkable! My mind raced...I was a good girl. Did "good girls" do such things?

My fingers didn't stop. His briefs were pulled down and Matt was revealed. I had never seen such a thing. I realized that I was definitely on the small side!

My dainty fingers barely wrapped around him as he moaned. I was intrigued with the thickness. He must have been twice a thick as the one I was

familiar with!

I knew the technique as I began to stroke up and down. My squeezing got a gasp of surprise then a long drawn out moan of pleasure. My own body was responding in sync with what I was doing. Matt leaned back and was breathing heavily, eyes closed in ecstasy.

The horror of what I was doing, instead of terrifying me, caused a rush of adrenaline to surge through me! I found myself obsessed with completing my task. As I moved faster and harder I could see his face contorting with pleasure and anticipation. As the big moment neared, I felt uncontrollably compelled to do what I would have thought unimaginable only hours ago!!

As if watching a slow motion replay of a car accident, I found my head leaning over towards where I was stroking him. I closed my eyes...I opened my lips...I bent forward...my hand slid back to allow my lips to cover Matt's raging pole.

It tasted salty and was so warm. His hands were on my head in encouragement. I bent down further----it was so naughty.

I could hear his increasing moans. My mouth and lips took over where my hand left off. My brain was raging with confusion. My body had been triggered to feelings it didn't know it had and had blocked out common sense and rational behavior completely.

I felt a little twinge and felt Matt stiffen. I sensed what was happening and prepared myself. I braced myself as male seed rushed up his sex like a volcano----ready to erupt in wave after wave of lava.

I felt something happening to me. A sweet tingling sensation overwhelmed my body until I felt faint. The tingling became a throb, both inside and outside and a flash of hotness enveloped us both.

I was in shock and ecstasy and the same time. It swept over me like nothing before as I savored every drop of his male domination.

"Good GIRL! I love you!" Matt whispered as his gasps turned to sighs.

"I've never..." I started to explain but Matt didn't care. He was in love.

Where had I arrived? How could I explain this debauched behavior? But there was no feeling of guilt. That was what was so terrifying...

That night I awoke with a start. I lay in my nightgown perfectly still, trying to see in the darkness. The room was locked in blackness and my mind reeled for a minute. I could see my dress on a chair and I remembered...a rush of sensations flooded over me.

There was that taste in my mouth...it wasn't that objectionable but I'd brushed my teeth three times before going to bed. It was funny but I found it not at all unappetizing but a "reminder" that I hoped would go away.

There was something mysterious about the tangy after taste. I found it exciting. My nipples shrivel into little knobs as delicious thoughts again overwhelmed my guilt.

Matt must have called me a million times, sent flowers, even sang outside my window one night---but I never went out with Matt again.

Mother died my senior year, just after Christmas. Sudden heart attack. She went quickly and without bother. That was her way.

When I went through her things, I realized that a development company had wanted our land for

many years and she had refused to sell. The last offer was enough for her to retire on but she always said, "In the old country, we'd sell anything to live but you keep the land..."

I sold the house. I have enough money to never have to worry about anything. Thanks mom! You sure took good care of me!

When I was looking for a place to live, Sally from work, offered me a room in her house. I declined at first but she whispered, "Honey, it's okay. Your mother told me ALL about you. My husband and I think it's wonderful!"

I moved in with them----and we all became quite close----but that's another story.

**THE END**

**If you liked this story, let me know!**

**SANDY THOMAS**
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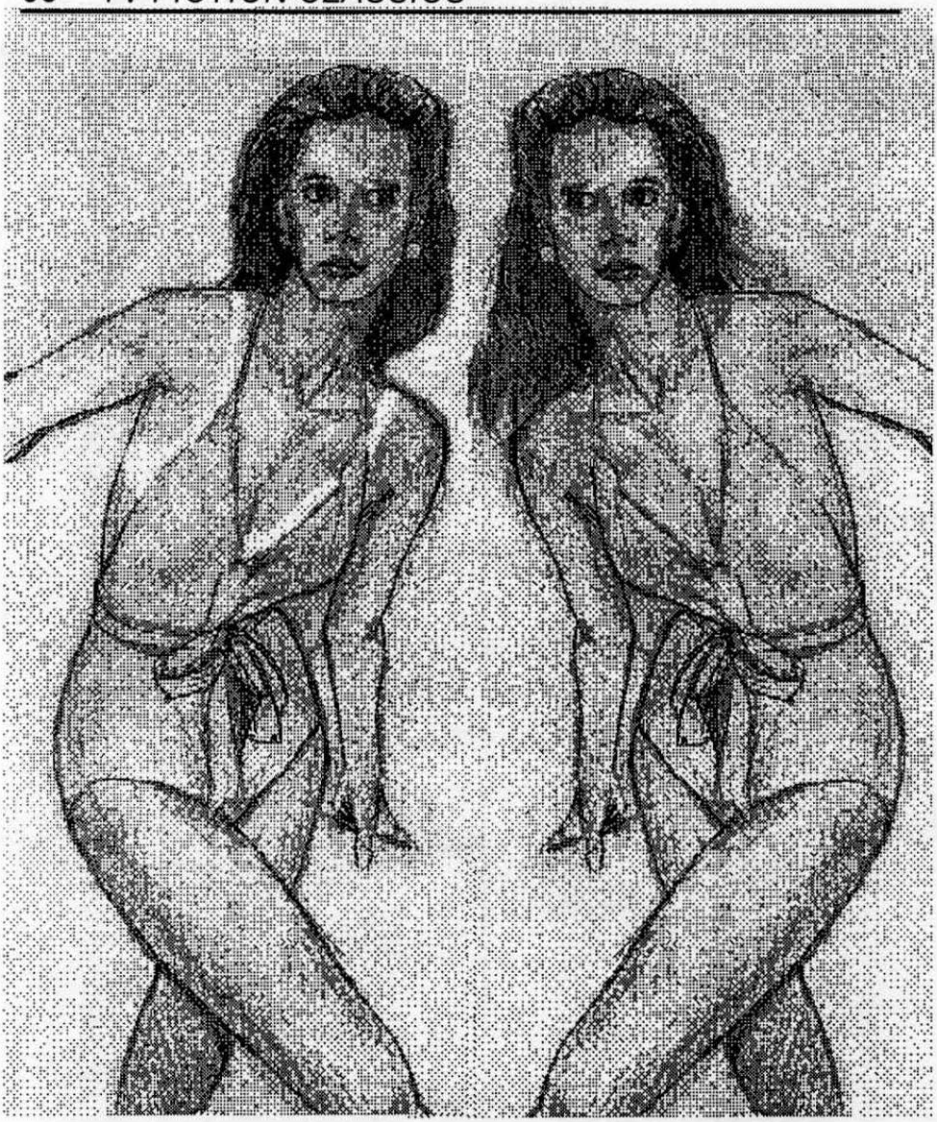

It had been a fun summer for Billy. Pretending to be his wife's, late twin sister had given them a chance to make her senile mother very happy.

TO BE ADDED TO OUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST,
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