

**HIGH PLAINS
TWISTER**



**TERI LYNN
RICHARDS**

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By Teri Lynn Richards

Alexis was born on a farm on the high plains of Kansas - the child of a wheat farmer father and airplane manufacturing executive mother. Life on the farm had benefits and challenges. Farm-life knit the Wilson family closely together, but in case of trying times ahead, Alexis' mother, Andrea, supplemented the family's income by working at the nearby Cessna manufacturing plant in Wichita. Not that the farm was doing badly, but if a drought came, their good farm could be wiped out in one season. Therefore, the Wilson's believed that they needed a strong cash-reserve in the bank. Alexis' father, Ken, was tall and lean, a product of many years of toiling on the 1,000 acre farm. Work, which would kill most men, was his daily routine. Ken hoped for a son or two, to help with the grueling work and, in his later years, perhaps to take over the business, but no children came. Finally, after 10 years of marriage, the first child was born to Ken and Andrea - Alexis. Yes, Ken was hoping for a son first, as most farmers do, because he could use the help of a son; but they got a daughter instead. No matter, Ken was happy that they had a child after so many years, and he was proud of his daughter.

Alexis' mother was a beautiful woman. Tall and slender, she made heads turn wherever she appeared. Perhaps her charm, more than her college education, was instrumental in getting her a career as an executive at Cessna. Andrea was the Director of Interior Design for the airplanes manufactured by Cessna. Each year, under her direction, Cessna won industry awards for its airplane interiors - in the category of versatility, comfort and appearance. Andrea's physical features were also a plus, especially in an industry dominated by males. She had red hair and blue eyes which pierced through body and soul when she looked at you. Her figure was very shapely, adding to her allure and femininity. Yes, Andrea was a gorgeous woman, who had a lovely family and successful career.

Alexis did not take after her mother. From the moment of birth, it was obvious that she looked more like her father. She had her father's eyes and nose, but the hair was a beauti-

ful red, just like her mother's. Two years later, Alexis' parents were blessed with one more child – John.

Alexis' parents married at an older age than most couples. Both had come from poor families and stayed home longer than customary, in order to help subsidize their families' incomes. So it was that by the time Alexis was old enough to help with the farm chores, her father was already 52. Alexis seemed to be the typical girl; playing with her dolls and wanting to imitate her mother. Until almost her teen years, Alexis lived life as would any other little girl. But times of change were ahead. Her father was working himself to exhaustion on the farm because he had no help. He could not afford to hire anyone. His wife's income was solely to establish a retirement fund and a college fund for their children. Thus, at age 12, Alexis learned how to drive the tractor and other farm equipment, such as a combine - this at an age when other girls were not even driving cars yet. On a farm, a driver's license was not required to drive the farm implements. They could even be driven down the highway a short distance, to the next field, and often it was Alexis who was driving the equipment. Alexis' father was grateful for the help. While he was fixing broken equipment, Alexis could drive the tractor, hauling irrigation pipes from one field to the next. She could drive through the fields with the fertilizer machine and haul hay for the horses. Her help was greatly appreciated.

And John, yes, he was growing quickly and his father was looking forward to the day when he could help out around the farm, doing the chores that Alexis was doing. John seemed not to put on much weight. Instead, John's growth was upward – a tall, skinny kid and much weaker than most kids his age. John didn't have his father's looks; he looked a bit like mom. John developed his own unique appearance. His face was much softer than his father's and did not have a masculine appearance. His face had feminine-like features. John was also a small-boned child. Some might even have thought of him as a bit on the effeminate side. As John got older, his friends were out riding horses and hauling hay-bales for feed, but he was engrossed in reading, music and the arts. It became apparent, early in his life, that John would not be the type of son who would be a helper with the farming chores. This made his father rely more on Alexis to assist him, with the thousand chores on the farm. John was not a lazy son, he just had other interests. Because he spent most of his time inside, his mother availed herself of his presence to help her around the house. She too had a fleeting thought that her son might be somewhat effeminate. His mother wanted to see in which direction John was leaning. She taught John to help out with chores in the house, doing the vacuuming, dusting, and mopping the floors. John never objected and that was not common for the typical teenager. His mother was grateful for his help and John was always glad to help. As John got older, his mother thought that it would be a great help if he knew how to cook, so she offered to teach him that skill. Again, John did not object. John, in fact, seemed quite interested. Was this another sign of how John was leaning? Andrea decided that she needed to know. So at the age of 13, Andrea put an apron around John and led him into the kitchen. Andrea did not say anything to her son about wearing an apron. She wanted to see whether her son would ask why he had to wear an apron, but John did not inquire, nor did he object. John seemed a natural, quickly learning how to prepare the family's favorite dishes. Andrea watched John as he was mixing ingredients and cooking. He seemed to handle things differently than the typical boy. John had a more gentle touch. He was a natural for the task and he

seemed to enjoy it. Andrea was glad to finally have a helper in the kitchen. Besides, with his mother often coming home late from work, with John cooking, dinner would be served on time. Alexis often thought that she would love to do the cooking, but she knew that John would never drive a tractor or combine and she just couldn't leave her father without help. And so, Alexis continued to help with the outside work, while her brother assisted with the housework. Except for the fact that the Alexis' and John's roles, of helping their parents, were reversed, their lives were not that different from other children their age.

Alexis was now reaching puberty and while other girls her age were starting to show some feminine development, Alexis displayed no such outward signs. Instead of a soft and fair skin, Alexis, because of her constantly being outdoors, had a deep tan and somewhat rough-skinned hands. While other girls ran around in pretty cotton dresses, Alexis was out in her overalls, hauling hay or doing other farming chores. Because she had to get up early, to help with the chores, she didn't have time to set her hair, so she kept it fairly short. After the chores, she had to dash into the shower and get ready in a flash, so she could catch the bus to school. With short hair, only a few strokes with her brush, and she was set to go. As for appearance, Alexis looked rather plain, compared to the other girls at school, because they had time to set their hair, apply some make-up and get their clothes in order – a different outfit for each day. Often Alexis did not have time to do her laundry, so she wore the same outfit she had worn a few days earlier. A fashion model she was not – pretty yes, but not like her mother. In many respects, she resembled a boy more than a girl, especially because she was quite flat-chested.

John, meanwhile, was learning to be more of a help for his mother. Andrea approached her son one day and



asked whether he could help with the laundry. John replied that he probably wouldn't mind, but that he had no idea how it had to be done. Andrea said that she would show him how to do the laundry. John paid close attention to the instructions his mother gave him, such as washing whites and colors separately. She also explained that all of the lingerie should be washed separately because lingerie is very delicate. "John, take this slip in your hands and feel how soft and thin it is," said his mother. "Does it feel soft and delicate to you? She asked. John took the slip into his hands and felt the fabric. He seemed to linger longer exploring its softness than his mother though he would. Most boys would not even volunteer to do the laundry, let alone feel a slip, in the presence of their mother, to feel the silky-smooth texture. Blushing, John answered, "Yes, it does feel very smooth, soft and delicate. I bet that you enjoy wearing it more than I enjoy wearing my rough under-shorts." Andrea made a mental note of John's comment. Before the opportunity escaped her, she handed him some more lingerie items. "John, this is a camisole. Some are very thin, so you have to be very careful when washing them. Feel how delicate it is. You know, it is the silky feeling and sheerness of lingerie that makes a woman feel sexy when wearing it. Now gently place my lingerie into the washing machine. Oh, I almost forgot. I have several bras which need washing. Would you please retrieve them from my hamper and bring them to the wash?" instructed Andrea. "Sure Mom. I'd be happy to get them," John replied.

As John returned with the bras – each in a different color – his mother commented, "Before you put those bras down, look at them and tell me what you notice." John must have thought that this was a science test,, because he carefully examined each bra. When he was done examining the bras, his mother asked, "So, what do you see?" John replied, "I see tags on them saying that they are a size 38-D. And oh, they're all different colors. "I bet your wondering why I buy colored bras. Well, let me tell you. Even though no one knows what color bra I'm wearing, I know and women love variety and colors. Some colors make me feel sexier than others; so, if I want to feel sexier, I may wear my red bra. And did you notice that the slips and camisoles are in matching colors with the bras?" Andrea was slowly, but surely get John accustomed to handling lingerie and she was teaching him the finer points about color-coordination – even some feminine 'secrets' – such as why women wear colored bras. John seemed to just soak in all of the information, never commenting that he did not need to know all this just to do the laundry. "Oh John – hold on to those bras for a minute before you place them into the wash." Andrea stepped over to her son and said, "Look at the straps. They love to get tangled around other clothes. There is a way to help reduce this problem. Bra straps can present another interesting challenge. The tiny hooks love to get snagged in other clothing. To avoid, both of these problems, as much as possible, hook each bra, just as if you were wearing it." Andrea deliberately chose those words – "...as if you were wearing it'. She wanted to see John's reaction, but he said nothing.

John attempted to get the hooks into the clasps but found it difficult to do so. After several attempts, he finally succeeded. After hooking all the bras, his mother chuckled, "You think it's difficult to hook them while holding them in your hands. You should see how difficult it is to hook them from behind." John smiled and retorted, "You seem to manage as if it isn't difficult at all. Walking past your room in the mornings, I've seen how quickly you hook your bra." "John, my sweet son, I can hook a bra quickly now because I've had

years of practice. Come hear for a minute. You just hooked about 8 bras, so you have some experience; now let me see what you can do under different circumstances. Take off your shirt." John did as his mother requested. "OK, pick a color," John picked the black bra.

"Oh, black is your dad's favorite color, for those special moments.... Good choice. Now, let me slip this on you and then I want you to try to hook it." Surprisingly - or maybe not - John offered no resistance, only another little blush and for the next five minutes, he tried to hook the bra, without success. Seeing his lack of achievement, his mother offered, "May I help you with your bra? I'm going to guide your fingers as you grab each end of the bra. Then, as you go through the motions with me, you will feel what your fingers need to do in order to get the hooks into the clasp. Gently, Andrea guided John through the motions of hooking the bra closed. She repeated the process several times, then asked, "Well, what do you think? John stuttered, " It's very difficult. How did you ever master doing it?"

"Practice, practice, practice. Just for fun, while the water is filling the washer, why don't you try closing the clasps on your own. Let's see whether you are a quick learner." Without objection, as if it were nothing unusual, John spent the next several minutes trying to hook the bra. Finally, John succeeded in hooking the bra closed. "I see you finally managed. That wasn't bad for the first time hooking your bra. The washer is almost filled, so you can take your bra off now." John tried to unhook the bra, but was not having any success. Unhooking it seemed more difficult than closing it. "Mom, can you help me to unhook this bra?" pleaded John. "Sure honey, in a minute." Andrea reached down to the laundry pile and saw that her nylons were in the stack. "One more thing, John, never put nylons into the wash. They will get ruined. Besides, if they did survive, they would come out in a ball." With that said, she grabbed the nylons and rolled each into a ball, to demonstrate. "They will come out like this and there is no use for nylons which look like this - except for this..."

Before John could see what she was up to, Andrea took the balled nylons and slipped them into his bra - one in each cup. "I get it, Mom. You didn't have to demonstrate so vividly," remarked John. Andrea smiled. "No I didn't, but now you'll never forget what I told you." "Mom, unhook me, please." His mother answered, "Don't panic. No one is here to see you wearing that delicate, sexy bra. I think that you need some more practice with the hooks, so just keep at it until the washer is full. If you can't unhook it, you'll just have to wear the bra all day. Besides, wearing a bra is every young girl's desire. In fact, girls want to wear a bra before they need to. You don't even have to ask. I'm offering you a bra. Don't turn it down - as you just noticed, they are so soft and sensuous. If you wear it for a while, you may begin to enjoy it and never want to take it off." John had no choice. Interestingly, he did not remove the nylons from the bra-cups while he was trying to unhook the bra, thus he was sporting a very nicely-shaped bra. This spoke volumes to his mother. Finally, John gave up and pleaded with his mother to help him. After John took the bra off, his mother took it and said, "Watch me. Place the lingerie gently into the washer." And ever so gently, Andrea placed the bra into the water. With the clothes washing, Andrea grabbed some items from the previous load and showed John how to iron the clothes, pointing out the various temperature settings and explaining that, for example, lingerie must be ironed at a lower temperature than his jeans. John wasn't sure he heard much of what his mother said because he was thinking about her comments: "Besides, wearing a bra is every young

girl's desire. In fact, girls want to wear a bra before they need to. You don't even have to ask. I'm offering you a bra. Don't turn it down – as you just noticed, they are so soft and sensuous. If you wear it for a while, you may begin to enjoy it and never want to take it off." Why did his mother make that statement? He wasn't a girl.

John was now 14 years old. His friends were participating in sports and urged him to do so also. John, because of his tall and gangly stature and his somewhat high-pitched voice, was not a popular kid at school. John felt that he needed to improve his image so that he would be more accepted at school. John thought that because of his height, he might be able to play basketball; but he was so uncoordinated. He asked one of his close friends, Paul, about his idea to play basketball. Paul thought that John had some potential because of his height, but didn't think that the 'jocks' would accept him because of his geekish appearance. Paul suggested to John that he grow his hair longer, as was the trend among the athletic type. By the time basketball season was near, John had acquired the "jock" look and went to the tryouts. The coach was not thrilled with John's performance, but realized that with some training on coordination, because of his height, John had good potential; so he put John on the team.

Meanwhile, back on the farm, life was going well. With John helping with the housework, meals were served on time and the laundry was done on a timely basis. Alexis was particularly happy, because now she could wear a different outfit to school each day of the week, just like the other girls. Oh yes, there were the days of surprise for John. After seeing that he had learned how to wash and iron most of the clothes, his mother decided it was time for him to learn how to launder even finer underwear -panties. The first time John's mother handed him some bras and slips, and explained how to wash them, he blushed. Should he be touching such items? His mother noticed his hesitation and assured him that it would not harm his manhood to handle those items; just as it didn't hurt him to do the other lingerie. Reluctantly, John accepted her words. It took him several times of doing such dainty, delicate items as the panties before he was no longer embarrassed to handle his mother's and sister's intimate lingerie. After doing the lingerie for a while, John actually liked feeling the softness of the lingerie. It felt much nicer than his underwear; but, except for his one-time comment that the lingerie felt softer than his underwear, John thought it better not to voice such comments again.

Alexis' life was also going in a somewhat different direction than that of the average girl. Her help on the farm was needed, but working on the farm cut into the time she had to spend on girl-activities. While other girls were out shopping for clothes and make-up, Alexis was hauling farm supplies behind the tractor or feeding the horses. While they were learning the art of femininity, Alexis was becoming a future farmer – so it seemed. Alexis was strong and as tall as her brother – not weak and dainty as her girlfriends at school.

Andrea's career consumed much of her time – maybe too much. She did not have the time, so it seemed, to teach her daughter some of the things which a mother should teach a daughter. Other mothers were teaching their daughters how to pick good materials for clothes, how to select the right colors for particular skin-tone, what colors of make-up to wear, etc; so it was no wonder that Alexis did not learn the finer points of femininity. In fact, it was no surprise, that after a few years of helping with the farming, her father would

privately refer to her as "Alex". If he was in immediate need of help, perhaps in an emergency, in order to save time, Ken would call her by a shortened version of Alexis – "Alex".

Evenings, in the Wilson home, would find John cooking or doing laundry, while Andrea was reviewing magazines to see which new materials would look best for the airplane interiors. Yes, too often, she brought her work home. It seemed that there was never enough time to complete everything at work. Alexis, after she had finished the farm chores, had a few moments to do her nails, perm her hair, read an article or two in her teen magazine, or chat for a few minutes with a girlfriend on the phone. Finally, as the sun set, Ken would stumble into the house, exhausted from work - just in time for dinner.

The farming season was over and it was time for Thanksgiving. This year, it was the Wilson's turn to invite their neighbors over for Thanksgiving dinner. The neighbors, Mark & Janie Hall, both worked. Mark was the Minister of Education and Music at his church. Janie was a travel agent and was often over-seas on business. To prepare for Thanksgiving, John and his mother spent any spare moments to shop for groceries for the dinner and to decorate the house for the festive occasion. Alexis, because she had to help with the farming, did not have time to participate with preparing the house for Thanksgiving. On the big day, the house was finally ready and meal was almost out of the oven. When the neighbors arrived, John, along with his mother, was in the kitchen getting ready to serve the meal. Ken came in early, so he was there to greet the guests. As the guests were seated on the couch, Ken asked Mark and Janie whether they would like to have something to drink, while they were waiting for dinner to be served. Mark and Janie said that they would love to have some iced tea. Ken thought that his wife and daughter were in the kitchen, not as part of the normal routine, but because it was Thanksgiving, so, looking towards the kitchen he said, "Alexis, would you please bring us three iced teas?" John replied, "Sure Dad, coming right up." Looking towards the kitchen and seeing only the back of the person, with long hair and wearing an apron, Mark pointed to the figure standing there and said to Ken, "You have a wonderful daughter. We always wanted a girl, but two boys are what we got and as you know, they are now gone away to college." In a minute, John was heading into the family room with the iced teas. "Oh, I'm sorry. I thought you were Alexis," remarked Mark. "When your father asked for the iced teas and you answered, I thought it was Alexis' voice." John assured Mark that his honest mistake was OK. Mark thanked him for being so understanding. John's father was also surprised and asked where Alexis was. John replied that he saw her a few minutes ago, but didn't know where she was. Alexis was getting candles for the dinning room table, for an extra touch of festivity. Andrea, meanwhile, was hanging a wreath on the front door.

Thanksgiving dinner was wonderful – great food and fabulous friends. What could be better? After dinner, Ken was in the family room talking to Mark, discussing the football game. Janie was helping Andrea to clear the table and get the dessert ready. While in the kitchen, Janie remarked to Andrea, "You're so lucky to have John helping with the housework and cooking. He makes a wonderful daughter. Are you sure that you didn't mix up who was who when they were younger?" Andrea replied, "Yes he does. I mean it's great that our son helps me with the chores. I know it's not customary for boys to do housework; but Alexis, because she is older, began helping her father with the farming and once familiar with that role, she never seemed interested in housework. John feels more comfortable inside. I've been teaching him about housework. Because the outside

work was getting done, but I had no one to help me inside, John, stepping into the role, was a perfect fit. I've gotten used to his help and he is glad that he doesn't have to haul hay or manure around the farm." John overheard the conversation and later, after Janie had gone back to the family room, confronted his mother about it. "Mom, when Janie referred to me as 'a wonderful daughter', why did you sort of agree with her, instead of objecting?" "Well, my dear," replied his mother, "It's Thanksgiving and we should be thankful for all of our blessings. And good neighbors are certainly a blessing. I didn't think that this was the moment that I should correct her. I thought that she was in such a good mood I didn't want to change that, so, instead, I humored her. I didn't think that was so bad." "Well, it wasn't so funny either," retorted John. John's mother assured him that even though he was doing the chores customarily associated with women, he was still her son – it didn't make him a woman. She further assured him that gender-identity is not related to what tasks a person performs. This seemed to calm John and he continued loading the dishwasher. After getting the dishes done, John had some time to relax and chat on the phone with his friends.

It was getting late, so the guests got up to leave. As they were leaving, Janie smiled at John and said, "You make a wonderful maid, sweetie. I know that your mother is proud to have such good help. Oh, and I love your hair. I wished I could keep mine that long and beautiful. Maybe some day you can show me your secret for hair-care." John couldn't wait to confront his mother again. "Mom, what is it with Janie? First she refers to me as 'your daughter', and then she calls me a 'maid' and wants me to show her how to do her hair." John's mother gathered her thoughts for a moment. "John, you can't let little innocent comments from our friends upset you. Maybe she had a bit too much wine. You chose to be the one to stay inside and agreed to help with the housework; and there is nothing wrong with that. However, a boy helping with the housework is not what people are used to. It is still a task associated with women. And you know how traditional the Halls are. When she saw how diligently you performed your tasks and saw your long curly hair, she probably associated that to what she is accustomed and thought of you as fulfilling a feminine role. Perhaps she sees something in you that we don't. With the apron and your long hair, even Mark mistakenly thought you were Alexis. These kinds of comments may come up from time-to-time, so don't let them get to you." What is important is that I appreciate your help and that you enjoy what you are doing. And what is more important is that for whatever task you perform, remember that you will feel better if you are in the right mode and mood for that task. Sometimes I think that you feel a bit uncomfortable performing your tasks, like doing the laundry. Perhaps we can change your mood by changing your mode a bit. We can discuss it in more detail some other time. Andrea had some ideas, but she wasn't ready to share them with John, yet.

During the next several weeks, Andrea reflected upon the comments made by Janie on Thanksgiving and her conversation with John. Why was John suddenly so sensitive to those comments? Usually, nothing ever seemed to bother him. Did Janie's comments strike a nerve? Were John's objections a smoke-screen? Andrea decided that she needed to know why John was so sensitive. True, those weren't ordinary comments, made by guests, about ones child; but she thought that John should have shrugged them off. Andrea pondered these thoughts and finally came up with a plan to test John and to help him in adjusting his mood for the tasks of housework. Her plan would entail pushing John towards a

feminine mode. One evening, when John was about to serve dinner, his mother pretended to suddenly notice that John was not wearing an apron and that he still had his good school-clothes on. She asked him why he was not wearing an apron to protect his good clothes. John replied that they were all soaking in the washing machine. "I think that I may have a spare one lying around. Let me check, before you ruin your clothes," answered his mother. Andrea was off like a whirlwind, heading for her closet. There she found a fancy apron with ruffles and pink flowers on it. Instead of just fitting around the waist, this apron was hung over the neck and covered the wearer from neck to the knees. She ran back to the kitchen, saying that she had found an apron. "You just continue stirring the noodles, while I slip this apron on you," instructed John's mother. John suspected nothing unusual, so he didn't turn around to look. His mother reached over his head, draped the apron over him and tied it behind his back. John was so busy that he didn't even notice that this was a different style of apron. As they were getting seated for dinner, his sister commented, "Nice apron sis – looks like a dress. You should be wearing heels with that." John blushed and looked at his apron to see why his sister would make such a remark. John burst out, "Mom, what in the world are you thinking, having me wear this apron? This is clearly only for a woman to wear! It looks so feminine. Now Alexis is calling me a girl." But, John did not remove the apron. "Calm down John. An apron is an apron. Don't fuss over it just because it looks a bit feminine. It's not like we're strangers. No one thinks of you any differently just because of what you're wearing. Alexis is just teasing you, probably because she's jealous that she isn't wearing that nice apron." John's father added, "Son, I appreciate your great cooking and how you help Mom. Mom was just trying to be considerate and keep you from getting your clothes ruined. We really don't care which apron you're wearing. We all know that you help with the housework, laundry and cooking and so whatever you wear, to protect your clothes, is just fine with us. Now let's enjoy this great meal you've prepared." What could John say? If his father didn't object to how he looked, maybe he shouldn't stress over it. In spite of the words of assurance from his father, John felt that the apron was a bit too feminine for him – at least that is what he was trying to convince himself of believing; but if it really bothered him, why didn't he remove it? Could he really be enjoying wearing it? John buried those thoughts deep in his soul.

Christmas was rapidly approaching and Andrea was out shopping for presents. In an up-scale jewelry store, a beautiful woman's gold necklace caught her eye. But who should she buy it for? Alexis had several gold necklaces and her husband, Ken, would never wear one. It could get caught in the equipment he worked with, if it dangled out from his neck. Not a good choice. Then Andrea thought about the incident with the frilly apron. Even though John objected to wearing it, he did not remove it. She even thought that once or twice she saw him casting an admiring glance at his apron. The certain choice – she would buy it for John. Andrea wanted to see John's reaction when he got the necklace. Besides the necklace, she also picked up some silks shirts for him.

Alexis was still helping with the farming during her last year of high school. A college future, for her, seemed uncertain. Alexis enjoyed working on the farm. She didn't mind that she didn't have to spend hours getting dressed up in fancy clothes like other girls. She could jump into her overalls and be out of the house in minutes, and yes, she often went to school dressed that way. Because the Wilson's lived in a farming community, no one

thought anything about how Alexis dressed for school; in fact, many of the girls dressed as she did. So, for Christmas presents, her mother bought more overalls and other clothes Alexis needed for work on the farm; but she also bought a few nicer items for church and other special occasions, but very little make-up and no jewelry.

Preparing for the Christmas season, as with all American families, was a hectic time in the Wilson household. One Saturday, in his hurry to do the laundry, John unknowingly threw in the last of his pants. When he went back to his bedroom, to change out of his PJ's, he realized that he had no pants to wear. Because doing the laundry was now his regular task, John was quite familiar with the clothes worn by each member of the family. Quickly, John found his way to the laundry room, where there were still stacks of clothes waiting to be placed in dresser-drawers. John went to his mother's pile of clothes, knowing that there were at least several pair of jeans in her pile. John grabbed one pair of her jeans and took them back to his room. The jeans had no feminine embroidery, so perhaps it wouldn't be too obvious that they were women's jeans, thought John, so he slipped them on. The fit was perfect. What else was he to do? His jeans were all soaking in the wash. John finished dressing, and, for some strange reason, felt that he should brush his hair so that it looked nicer – nicer than he usually kept it for a Saturday. Satisfied that his hair looked better, John began his chores, starting with fixing breakfast for his family. One-by-one, the family appeared and sat down for breakfast.

If anyone noticed that John was not wearing his own jeans, no one spoke up. After breakfast, John cleared the table and put the dishes away. His sister and father went out to ride the horses – a weekly treat that Alexis really enjoyed. It was the best reward for all her hard work during the week and gave her some quality time to spend with her father. Her father used this time to teach her about farming, telling her everything he had learned about farming. It was a special time of bonding. Meanwhile, John and his mother were doing the last of the dishes. As John was taking the dishes out of the dishwasher and handing them to his mother, she glanced at John and remarked, "You look so nice today – much nicer than usual for a Saturday. What am I missing? Let me look at you." For starters, Andrea noticed that John had neatly brushed his hair and fluffed it a bit more than usual. Ah, and then it caught her attention – John was wearing different jeans – jeans with a smart look, not the normal baggy jeans she was used to seeing him wear. The jeans appeared tailor-fit - hugging his body.

"Your hair looks nicer today and I love your jeans. When did you buy them?" asked Andrea. John replied, "They're not new. I didn't buy them. While doing the laundry this morning, I unknowingly put all of my jeans in the wash and had nothing to wear, so I borrowed a pair from your laundry pile. I promise to wash them as soon as mine are dry and put them back into your dresser." "Oh, there's no rush, dear. You can wear them as long as you need them because I have enough for the week. I see that wearing nicer jeans compelled you to fix up your hair much nicer than most Saturdays. If my jeans have such a good effect on you, I think you should wear them more often. Besides, I kind of like how they look on you. For once, it looks like your jeans fit, not like you're wearing hand-me-downs. I didn't know that we wear the same size. In fact, they look so nice on you, I think that I'll buy you several pair when I go shopping today," replied John's mother. "But Mom, I can't go around wearing women's jeans. At home, because it was an

emergency, I borrowed yours, but I can't wear them outside and I certainly wasn't planning on wearing them longer than until mine dried."

"Honey, I think those jeans look terrific on you. If only for home-wear, would you be a dear and wear them for me? I so love the tailored-look they give you – much nicer than your other jeans. Just consider those jeans as yours until I can buy you some – a reward for doing such great housework. Please!" John replied, "I didn't know that you were so observant as to what I wear. I thought it didn't matter to you. I must admit that I like the fit of your jeans, but if you insist that I wear them, you'd better make sure that Sis doesn't harass me about it."

John's mother couldn't wait to get to the Mall later that day, to buy some jeans for him. "John, please clean my bathroom while I'm at the Mall. I promise to get you some really nice women's jeans. Wait and see," called out John's mother as she left the house. While his mother was out shopping, John thought about what she had said about him wearing her jeans. Maybe a new style of jeans is what he needed to improve his appearance. He did like the look and fit of his mother's jeans – they felt smoother – not as bulky as his jeans. John didn't want to admit it, but he was kind of excited at the thought that his mother was going to buy him some nice jeans - like hers. After all, if his mother liked how he looked in her jeans, why not get some of his own? With his own jeans, he could look as nice as his mother looked in her jeans and he wouldn't have to borrow her jeans again.

Once at the Mall, Andrea headed for the Macy's Women's store. There, she bought several jeans and some white ankle-top socks to go with them. Of course, with new jeans, Andrea thought that John shouldn't wear his old sneakers, so she bought him two pair of new tennis shoes and a pair of black loafers. She also bought some overalls, a couple of sweaters, some nice clothes and shoes, for Alexis. She didn't want Alexis to get jealous; nor did she want her to focus on the feminine jeans that she got for John.

In two hours, Andrea returned home and presented the new jeans and shoes to John. When he tried on the new shoes, they fit perfectly. Other than noticing that the shoes looked a bit different than his old shoes, John had no clue that his shoes were women's shoes. His mother told him that the jeans were just like hers, in her size, from Macy's Women's store, so they should fit him. John smiled and hugged his mother, thanking her for her troubles. He promised to wear his new jeans around the house after school, because she liked the way he looked in them. Andrea smiled and told her son that it would please her if he did so. "John, every man has a feminine side and it doesn't hurt to get in touch with your feminine side. It brings out the nicer personality in a man. I think these jeans may help you do that," stated his mother. "But Mom," interjected John, I thought that getting in-touch with my feminine side meant that I would act nicer – that I would be more courteous and gentler." "His mother replied, "Yes, John, that is true and that is where it starts, but it doesn't have to end there. Femininity, or a man's feminine side, as it is usually referred to, is not only about behavior. Appearance is a big part of femininity and most men never realize that, so they never get to totally experience their feminine side. Wearing your women's jeans may give you a glimpse into what most men are missing – and what you've missed so far.

That evening, John had a date; but what to wear? The washing machine had clogged, so the wash never got spun-dry and was too wet to throw into the dryer. There was no

time to get his old jeans dried in time. He had no other pants. His mother had just bought him several pairs of jeans, but those were for wearing 'at home'. He couldn't wear those on a date. Could he? John thought – with no jeans to wear, he would have to cancel his date, claiming to be ill or something. But John had planned for months to get this date. He didn't have many dates because he was not a popular guy at his school. John did not want to blow this opportunity. He gave it some serious thought. His sister seemingly didn't notice that earlier he was wearing mom's jeans. Maybe, just maybe, this once, he could get away with wearing his new women's jeans outside of the house. With great hesitation, explaining his predicament, John asked his mother what she thought about him wearing a pair of his new jeans out for his date. His mother was surprised that just a short while ago he said that he would wear women's jeans, but only in the house, and now, suddenly he was entertaining the thought of wearing them out for a date. Andrea said that he shouldn't worry about wearing the new jeans. His mother explained, "People only care whether you look nice, not whether you are wearing men's or women's jeans – and most people wouldn't even notice." She agreed that John should not blow his date just because his jeans were in the wash, especially with new jeans in his dresser. John's mother added, "Honey, with those new jeans, you need to wear a different shirt. – one that matches your finer jeans. I forgot to tell you that I also bought you some matching shirts. You can't wear one of your old shirts with new jeans if you're going out." While his mother was getting a shirt for him, John went to his dresser and took out a pair of his new jeans.

As John was ready to slip on his new women's jeans, he noticed the label - that the jeans were a woman's size 6. He carefully tore out the tell-tale label. Why did he do that? he thought. Was this a subconscious attempt to fool himself into thinking that he was not wearing women's jeans? Thinking that it would make a better impression on his date, John also grabbed his new socks and new tennis shoes. With his new attire, he would indeed make an impression on his date. Tonight, his date would see a much cuter John.

Andrea returned from his closet with a light blue shirt-blouse and brought it to John's room. She handed it to John and offered to button it for him while he finished brushing his hair. With his mother buttoning the shirt, John did not notice that it buttoned differently than his old shirts. John knew that his mother had some men's shirts which she liked to wear and assumed that's what she had brought him. Instead, she had retrieved one of the new matching shirts – a shirt-blouse – which she bought for him. "Is this one of your shirts?" asked John. "No, it's one of the new shirts I bought to match your new jeans." John tucked in his shirt, thanked his mother and headed for the door. As he ran out the door, his mother whispered, "You look fabulous, darling - and such a great figure – almost better than mine! Have a great evening and say Hi to Julie." "OK Mom, and thanks for the shirt."

It didn't escape her, that John, in addition to wearing his new women's jeans and a blouse, was also wearing his new women's shoes. As she watched him leave, Andrea thought that John's appearance, with his new jeans, blouse and long hair, was a bit feminine – at least effeminate. She hoped that if Julie got the same impression, she would not object. With this touch of femininity, John looked very stylish and cute in his new clothes.

At home, Alexis was surprised that, for no apparent reason, her mother got her a bunch of new clothes and shoes – even some real girl-clothes, not just overalls. Alexis spent the evening trying on her new clothes; then called her friends to tell them of the unexpected good fortune. Although two years older, and thus old enough to date, Alexis had not taken up an interest in dating. Maybe it was because she had so little time for herself – at least that’s the rationale she used when she saw her younger brother going out on his dates and wondering why she wasn’t interested in dating.

Ken and Andrea spent a quiet evening, sitting in front of the fireplace, enjoying some hot chocolate while watching their favorite TV shows. Life for the Wilson’s was good. They had two great children, a decent farming-business and Andrea had a good career in the aviation industry. Their future seemed bright and they were looking forward to retirement after their children got out of college. Some day, they may even be grandparents. What more could they ask from life? With John out, and Alexis chatting on the phone with her girlfriends, it was the perfect time for Ken to check out whether his wife was wearing his favorite bra. As they were sitting on the couch, watching TV, Ken put his arm around Andrea’s shoulder and then, as slyly as he could, he nudged her blouse until he could see her bra – yup, she was wearing the black lacy bra. That was all that Ken needed to see in order to light-his-fire, and soon they were off to a more secluded area of the house, where Ken could give the bra a closer inspection. Andrea never had to complain about the lack of foreplay, because once Ken got his hands on her black bra, he would caress her for a long time. Every woman should be so lucky – instead, most get the “wham, bam, thank you Ma’am” moment.

John arrived at his date’s house. When Julie opened the door, she was a bit surprised at John’s appearance. Her surprise showed on her face and for a moment, John was about to panic. However, from



playing cards at home, John had learned to be a good bluffer. With the straightest face, John asked, "Did you expect to see a ghost, instead of me? You look a bit shocked." Julie replied, "Yes, I am surprised. You look so nice! I'm used to seeing you in your baggy jeans, worn-out shirt and tattered tennis; but look at you – you're wearing nice jeans, a fancy shirt and new shoes – and let me say, shoes with a nicer style than your old ones. I love your blue shirt. It's a new look for you and I love it! In fact your shirt looks so nice, if I saw it on a woman, I would say it's a blouse." "Thanks, and Mom says Hi," replied John, then quietly took a deep breath, glad that his bluff worked. John told Julie the entire story of how he accidentally put all of his jeans into the washer – how he had to borrow a pair of his mother's jeans – and how, when his mother saw how nice he looked in her jeans, she thought that she should buy him some women's jeans. Although his new women's jeans were intended only for home-use, he told Julie that the washer malfunctioned and he again did not have his old jeans to wear. He told Julie that when his mother saw how nice he looked in her jeans, she thought that it would be nice if he had several of his own women's jeans to wear around the house, so she went to the Mall and bought him several pair of women's jeans. At the last minute, when she found out that he was going out for a date, not only did she encourage him to wear his new women's jeans, but she also handed him a new shirt, which she bought to match his jeans. The new jeans, for "house wear" were all that he had to wear today. That, or cancel the date. Julie again assured him that he looked great and that she was happy that he didn't cancel the date. Wow, he thought, I just told her that I'm wearing women's jeans and Julie thinks I look great. Doesn't she care that I'm wearing women's jeans? John thought that he didn't want the answer to that question. He was just happy that Julie liked how he looked and he would leave it at that and enjoy the evening with her as they went to a Colbie concert. Oh yes, Julie noticed that John was also wearing a blouse and women's shoes, but she wasn't about to object, because John looked so nice. There would be plenty of time later, for Julie to ask why he was also wearing a shirt-blouse and women's tennis.

When John arrived at home, his mother was eager to hear how his date went. She pretended that she wasn't curious about whether Julie commented about his clothes, so she innocently asked, "So, how was the concert?" "It was great," replied John. It seemed like most of our friends were there. Colbie sure is popular and all because she got millions of hits on her MySpace site and was suddenly signed by a music company. Talk about rising from an unknown to a super-star in only a few months – what a dream! And did you know that her father, Ken, was the producer for Fleetwood Mac? I know that it was yours and dad's favorite group when you were young." "Sounds like you guys had a good time," replied John's mother. "Yes, we did; and thanks for encouraging me not to break my date because my pants were in the wash. That would have been dumb. And yes, Julie noticed my new jeans and thought they looked much better than my old jeans. She also liked my new shoes -said they had a nicer style than my old ones. And she loved the shirt. However, Julie said that the shirt looked so nice, that if she saw it on a woman, she would think that it was a blouse. Mom, I was a little surprised that she did not care that I was wearing women's jeans." "Honey, if Julie liked how you looked, that's all that mattered to her. I didn't really have time to tell you, nor did I think that it was important, but the shirts I got you are shirt-blouses – blouses, if you will. It didn't matter to Julie, because it made you look nicer – as she said. After all, women sometimes wear men's pants and shirts, so

what's wrong if a guy wears women's jeans or a shirt-blouse – especially if they look great on him? I'm glad she also liked your shoes, and those also came from the women's department. They had such a great sale on them that I couldn't resist buying them and besides, they go much better with your new jeans than boy's shoes would. I'm sure that Julie noticed that they were women's shoes, but she didn't care – because they made you look nicer." "Wow, Mom, I don't know whether I would have worn all that if I known everything was from the women's department. Wearing the jeans, because of an emergency was one thing, but shoes and a blouse, maybe that was a bit much." "And why?" asked John's mother. "If you're wearing women's jeans, what's wrong with accessorizing them with a blouse and women's shoes? I thought that the blouse would be in keeping with the feminine tone of your jeans and shoes. Mixing male with feminine attire doesn't always work, so, to be safe, I thought that blouses would be the perfect touch to compliment your new jeans and shoes; and as you told me, so did Julie; so there's no need to fret over any of it. John, you have a soft face, a very attractive figure and lovely hair. You can look really cute if you want to. You don't display the typical masculine image. Some might even say that you look a bit effeminate. Men who don't look masculine can enhance their look and look cute with the proper clothes. You enjoyed the compliments from Julie. Didn't you? Remember her compliments. She loves you, so you can trust what she tells you. I think that we have stumbled upon a way to make you more attractive - cute. Have you gotten such compliments when wearing you old clothes? Maybe we need to experiment with some different clothing to get the proper look for you. I think that tonight we discovered how to make you look more attractive. Let's keep an open mind on what kind of clothes look good on you. I think that we should keep experimenting with what makes you look your best. There are some other areas where we can make improvements, but we can discuss that later."

The weekend over, the Wilson's were back to their weekday routines – Ken working on the farm, Andrea commuting to Wichita to the Cessna plant and the kids attending school – Alexis now in junior college and John completing his last year in high school.

During the winter, John came down with the flu for a week and couldn't do his normal chores. His mother had to do the laundry. Alexis was way too busy to assist with the laundry, because she was helping her father to get the winter-feed into the barn, for the horses, because the first snow had begun to fall. While Andrea was doing the laundry, a new idea popped into her head - another idea to test why John was so sensitive about the comments from Janie, at Thanksgiving. Andrea decided that it was time to experiment with some additional changes in John's clothing. One evening, while doing the laundry, she threw all of John's under-shorts into the wash. She turned on the soaking-cycle and then turned the washer off. How devious!

With his flu almost over, John decided he had better go to school the next day because this was the day they would review the questions for a big test. In the morning, John got out of the shower and went to his dresser to grab his underwear. There, instead of his shorts, he found half a dozen nylon panties. Why were these in his drawer? Where were his shorts? John, wrapped in his bathrobe, went looking for his mother. "Mom, what happened to my shorts? Why are there panties in my dresser?" "Let me explain," answered his mother. "I was going to tell you last night, but I forgot. When I put the clothes in the washer, I accidentally set the cycle to the soak-only cycle. So, because all of

your shorts were in there, I gave you some of my panties." "Mom, I can't wear panties. Bad enough I'm wearing women's jeans and even a blouse. Now you want me to wear panties," lamented John. Andrea replied, "John, first you thought that you couldn't wear the new jeans on a date. Instead of getting harassed, your girlfriend gave you nothing but compliments – even on your shoes and blouse. So don't give me anymore grief about having to wearing panties for a day or two. Besides, panties are much thinner so when you wear them under your new jeans, there will be no visible outline of your underwear, like there is when you wear your thick Jockey shorts." Reluctantly, John grabbed a pair of the panties and slipped them on. While continuing to dress, John noticed that his old jeans were missing. Oh, what the heck, why ask mom where they are. I'll get the same excuse – they're still soaking in the wash, thought John. John had done it once on his date, so wearing women's jeans again wasn't going to kill him. With his panties on, he reached for the women's jeans, which were purchased for only 'home use' and slipped them on. Next, John grabbed one of the new shirts that his mother had hung neatly in his closet and finished dressing. Without thinking, John grabbed his new socks and shoes, put them on and headed for the door. As he was opening the door, John's mother appeared to say good-bye. "John, you look so nice and stylish – and what a butt! The kids are going to go crazy over you. See what a nice pair of women's jeans can do for you? You look so cute, especially with your new shirt. Julie won't be able to keep her hands off you. And, just like I said, no underwear-outline visible through your jeans; and I bet the panties feel nicer too. Besides, no woman wants to have the outline of her underwear showing. The shoes really add a nice touch to your new look. They don't look as bulky as your old shoes. Enjoy! I love you, dear." Wow, he never got a send-off like that from his mother. What had gotten into her? John was running late for school, so he didn't even have time to object to his mother's comment about a woman not wanting the outline of her underwear to show. He did think it was strange that she made that comment. Why was it important for him to know how women feel? He wasn't a woman.

John was a bit late for school and just got into his classroom with the last of the crowd. Everyone was hustling for their seats, so no one had time to eye him and check what he was wearing. John was so glad. For the next hour, all thought about his clothes was lost. John was concentrating on his studies. When class ended, Julie met him. After greeting him, John noticed that Julie was checking out what he was wearing. She commented, "I see that you appreciated my compliments from a week ago and you've decided that you look better in your women's jeans and a blouse." Julie grabbed John and said, "Let me see what brand they are. If they fit that well, I want to get some." With that comment, Julie reached to the back of John's jeans and turned down the section where the label should be. "Gloria Vanderbilt," she read out loud. Well, no wonder they fit so well. When did you decide to dress like that for school? I thought that you only wore women's jeans at home," quizzed Julie. Stretching the truth, John answered, "I didn't. It was Mom's idea. She said that people don't care what style of jeans I wear, as long as they look nice. After our last date, when I told her about your compliments, she decided that wearing my new jeans in public was worth a try... Once I started wearing them at home, she decided that they look better on me than my old boy-jeans. So now you know. You must think that I crazy." "On the contrary," replied Julie. "I think you're finally getting smart, learning what makes you look good. With your beautiful hair, those clothes make you look very stylish. The only

thing missing with that outfit is a pair of soft, delicate panties. Oh no, I hope she isn't going to insist that I wear panties just because I'm wearing women's jeans, John thought. "And the panties you're wearing show a real taste for fashion! I love the color. Your mother is teaching you well." Oh sh —, when Julie looked for the label in his jeans, she also saw that he was wearing panties. "I can explain those," offered John. "Ya, ya," interrupted Julie. "I know, your mom messed up the wash last night, so none of your Jockey-shorts were dry. She loaned you a pair of hers because she felt sorry for you. Well, whatever the reason, I must say that you look fabulous, cute and sexy! If this is what you have to wear to look so cool, wear it all the time. I'm not telling. I know that panties feel much nicer than those old shorts of yours. Besides, no woman wants an outline of her underwear to show through her pants. If you're lucky, maybe the washer will eat your old shorts and you can wear panties all the time. I sure wouldn't mind," remarked Julie. John was stunned. Here he was wearing women's jeans, a blouse, panties, and women's sneakers and his girlfriend just told him that he looked cool and she loves his new look! And then there was the same remark his mother had made – about a woman not wanting her underwear-outline to show. What was that about? John paused to think about why Julie said that. With his feminine clothes and shoes and his long hair, he thought that maybe he looked too feminine and this was her way of telling him; rather than coming right out and saying so. OK, if Julie says so, maybe the new clothes do improve my appearance, his thoughts continued. John thought that maybe he was being too concerned. Deep inside, John felt pleased about the compliments that he got from his mother and Julie. What gave him these mixed feelings? John had to know. Little did he know that he mother was searching for similar answers.

The Christmas season had now arrived and on the weekend, the Wilson's would be going over to the Halls for a pre-Christmas dinner. John now was quite comfortable wearing his new clothes, so he decided to wear them to the Halls for dinner. But should he? He pondered what his mother had told him when he went on a date with Julie – about not wearing his women's jeans with an old shirt. John thought about it for a few moments. He thought about having worn his feminine jeans and blouse to school and on a date. What possible harm could there be in wearing similar attire to their friends' house? If Julie liked how he looked in his new clothes, then certainly the Halls would likewise approve. With that thought, John's mind was made up. He would wear one of his new jeans and blouse, to the Halls house. When John finished dressing, he went into the kitchen where his mother was waiting. "Honey, you look so cute in that blouse," his mother told him. John had put on his black women's jeans, the burgundy blouse and his black women's loafers. Before leaving for the dinner, John mother told John to get her hairbrush. When John returned with the brush, she asked him to sit down for a minute. "Let me give your hair a little touch-up." With practiced skill, Andrea worked her magic on John's hair. She knew that the way John was dressed, this was a perfect opportunity to push-the-envelope in her efforts to steer him further towards femininity. When she was done with his hair, it had a nice style, - a style more feminine than he had ever worn.

As they entered the Halls' home, Janie greeted them. John was last to enter the house and Janie greeted him. As she was greeting John, she looked at him from head-to-toe. "What a doll! John, I've never seen you looking so nice. You're a real cutie. Too bad I'm married. You're cuter than some women I know. Could I borrow you as a maid sometime?"

I always need help with my housework," gushed Janie. "And you look like the perfect maid." John blushed, nodded and slipped past Janie. He couldn't find his mother fast enough. "Mom, did you hear what Janie said to me? I don't know whether I should be wearing these clothes again," muttered John. "John, she has had a bit too much wine again and when she's tipsy like that she says things which she later regrets. She's right that you look very cute, I have to admit, I like seeing you in a feminine style, it's so much more you; but calling you a maid was uncalled for. Try to forget what she said and enjoy the evening," begged his mother.

Dinner was great, although John thought that he was a better cook than Janie. He was so used to clearing the table that he automatically got up after dinner and helped to clear up the table, then offered to help serve dessert. As John was standing in the kitchen, Mark called out, "Andrea, would you mind bringing us some coffee? It's brewing at the end of the counter." Suddenly, the only figure standing in the kitchen turned around. It wasn't Andrea, as Mark thought. It was John. With his long hair, the same color as his mother's hair, and wearing feminine jeans and a blouse, he closely resembled his mother's figure from behind. Mark blushed. "I'm sorry. I thought it was your mother I was talking to," said Mark. "No harm done," replied John. "I'm used to it from Thanksgiving." Again, Mark blushed, ashamed that he had made the same mistake twice. Of course, his comment did not leave John unaffected. He wondered why Mark viewed him as a female; then thought, heck, maybe it's because I'm dressing like one. On the other hand, his girlfriend and mother thought that he looked much better in his new clothes and if his girlfriend thought he looked better, Mark's comments were not enough to change to change his mind as to how he dressed. John decided that regardless of Mark's comments, he was going to continue to dress in his new clothes.

Despite initial doubts about going to college, Alexis was now enrolled in junior college - majoring in Farming. Yes, with all the experience she had in farming, Alexis decided that this is what she wanted to do as a career. Farming was a healthy outdoor career and without farming, who would have food to eat, thought Alexis. She wanted to be part of the most important industry in the country. Alexis' parents were not surprised at her decision, although her mother was secretly wishing that she would follow her into business. With Alexis' career-path set, her parents, when out Christmas-shopping, started buying her Christmas presents which she could use in her studies and future career.

At last, Christmas arrived! As was their custom, the Wilson's sang numerous Christmas songs and carols, followed by the reading of the Christmas story from the book of Matthew. Then, before the frenzy of gift-giving began, Ken prayed, thanking God for the greatest gift of all - His son, Jesus Christ; who was the reason for this joyous season - because without Christ, we would only have --x--mas. Yes, the Wilson's were a very religious family - a trait very common amongst farmers. Seems that with all the Government interference and the often unfavorable weather, there is no one else to turn to for help, aside from God. Having a strong faith was a plus for any farmer.

Each parent had been busy shopping for presents for the kids and as usual, spent more than intended on presents. In the Wilson house, it was custom for the parents to open their presents first. They knew that if the kids opened theirs first, they would disappear and never see what they (the parents) got. After the parents finished opening their presents, it

was John's and Alexis' turn to open presents. Alexis opened her presents and found an array of farming tools, repair manuals and work clothes. Her eyes beamed with delight. Oh, besides the practical, her parents also bought her some nice clothes for Sundays and special occasions. Alexis had some very nice clothes, but she was hardly ever seen wearing them. Most of the time, she looked like a Tom-boy – a future farmer – and she actually seemed happier in her Tom-boy clothes. The one present that Alexis did admire was a pink full-length slip. As she was looking at it, her mother saw that John was watching her intently. That look was not normal for a boy. John's look appeared to Andrea, to be a look-of-envy. Could John be wanting a slip – now that he got used to wearing panties? It wouldn't surprise her. Maybe John fell in love with the soft feel of the panties and couldn't help but think how nice it would be to have his entire body caressed by such silky-smooth material. Andrea filled this thought in her memory-bank.

It was now John's turn to open his presents. From his father, John got a new cell-phone, a shaver and an I-pod. Cool presents! John could hardly wait to see what his mother bought him. Eagerly, he opened the presents marked, 'From: Mom.' The first item he opened was a box containing more jeans – women's jeans. Slightly blushing, John thanked his mother. A second box, wrapped in red paper, had a half dozen shirts, each in a bright color – red, light blue, yellow, mauve, burgundy and even one in pink. Actually, they were more blouses. John didn't know whether he should act surprised or happy. He didn't want to offend his mother by having her think that he didn't like the blouses, but he also didn't want his father and sister thinking that he truly enjoyed dressing in feminine attire – at least not to this extent. This feeling was probably his last attempt to maintain his masculinity. If he gave in, his father and sister would certainly not miss the glee that would radiate from his face upon receiving these clothes. John was pondering these thoughts as he continued to open his presents. Upon opening the last present from his mother, John found half a dozen dress-slacks. By now, John knew what to expect – yes, they were women's slacks, in various feminine colors. John made no objection and simply thanked his mother. He knew what she would say. John figured that the slacks were for special occasions. He never dressed that nice for school. As he examined them, just as expected, his mother commented, "Those are for when you go out on dates, for church or other special occasions. They will be the perfect match for your new slacks. It's time that you start to wear some nicer clothes when you go out if you want to maintain that cute look you had when you went to the Colbie concert with Julie. John liked the softer material. The blouses felt much nicer than his normal shirts and they were more colorful. John couldn't resist the urge to try on the new blouses, but he wasn't bold enough to do it in front of his father and sister. He grabbed one of the shirts and casually said, "Let me go and change shirts before I open the rest of my presents. I want to make sure they are the right size before we throw all the boxes out. What a great excuse. Who could argue with such logic?"

John went to his room to change. With the new jeans and blouse, John decided to slip into his new black loafers. He looked into the mirror and admired how he looked – a bit effeminate, but very cute, he thought. John returned to the family. Trying to sound very casual, he asked his mother why she bought him so many blouses when she had just bought him a half dozen not very long ago. Andrea replied, "John, I really thought that you look nicer in a blouse than in your old shirts. Don't you like the blouses? I hope you

do. I would offer to return them and get you some regular shirts, but they don't look as good with your new jeans; besides, last night I took all your old shirts over to the Salvation Army donation bin. Sorry, they're gone. You have no more old shirts. I think that after a few days of wearing the blouses, you will not even think about it. Actually, I think that you will enjoy wearing the blouses because of how soft they feel on your skin; not to mention that you are going to get tons of compliments because of how cute you look in them. Please, trust me." At this point, John's father thought that a manly-word of encouragement was needed. Ken spoke up, "John, except for a slightly different cut, a nicer color and softer material, a shirt is a shirt. I don't think that you need to get hung-up on the terminology. Until you get used to wearing your new blouses, we can refer to them as shirts – if that will make you feel better." "Thanks Dad," was all John could utter.

I hope that you will enjoy your blouses, they look so cute. I found them next to the jeans and slacks I bought for you and they were such a good match and such a good price, I couldn't resist buying them for you. And other than the buttons being on the other side, and a slightly different cut, as Dad mentioned, I saw no reason why you couldn't wear them. Yes they are from the women's department, but they look so good with your slacks. Remember what you thought about wearing "different" jeans when I bought you the women's jeans? You were hesitant to wear them, but when you did, you got nothing but compliments, especially from the girls, including your girlfriend. Do you hesitate to wear them now? Of course not. Just as with the jeans, once you start to wear these blouses, you will wonder why I didn't get you some sooner. And, when the panties that I loaned you wear out, let me know and I'll get you some more. I will buy them in the same colors as your blouses. Don't forget, so I know when to start looking for a sale on panties. Ouch! Did Mom have to advertise to the entire family that he was also wearing panties? What would his father and sister think? He carefully glanced their way, but no tell-tale sign was visible on their faces. They acted, either as if they didn't hear what Andrea said, or as if it didn't surprise them. John blushed, but at the same time, a deep peace came over his soul. What caused that feeling?

John finished opening his last presents, attired in his new women's jeans, women's shoes and a blouse. Alexis looked at him and complimented him with, "Johnnie, you look fabulous and so cute in that blouse, your fem-jeans and shoes. Your shoes add a very nice touch to your outfit, but they would look even nicer if they had a bit of a higher heel." Did she have to emphasize that I'm wearing a blouse?" thought John. Suddenly, John shrieked, "I'm not going to wear a blouse!" "Johnnie, calm down," interjected his mother. "And why are you and Alexis calling me 'Johnnie'?" questioned John. "John dear," his mother began; "we all know that you look cute wearing finer clothes. You don't look like the average tough-guy. You are a kinder, gentler young man, so it seemed appropriate to call you Johnnie. Johnnie sounds softer, gentler than JOHN. So please don't be offended, but take it as a compliment. And as for the blouses - does it matter whether they are shirts or blouses? As long as they look good on you, please don't get hung up on terminology." That answer seemed to satisfy John. "OK, Mom, I'll try; but it may take me some time to get used to them," he replied.

With his concerns addressed, John turned to open his last present. As Andrea was looking at her son, she couldn't help but notice how feminine he looked with his long beautiful hair and new clothes. If he wanted to look masculine, it was of no help to John

that his figure was very slim and tall. He had legs which most women would kill for. Wearing the new jeans and blouse, he presented a very attractive image – an effeminate – no, a feminine image. His look was already past the effeminate stage. Clearly he was now more feminine in appearance. Andrea was already formulating additional changes for John. John, unaware of his mother's thoughts, opened the last present from his mother. John couldn't believe it – a lovely gold necklace. Many of his basketball friends were wearing gold necklaces to school. This necklace, however, looked a bit nicer than theirs. With trembling hands, John lifted the necklace from its soft case and held it up to admire it more closely. His mother got up and offered to help him put it on. "Here, let me help you with the clasp. It will take you a while to get used to closing the clasp behind your neck, dear. It's almost as difficult to close as trying to hook a bra together behind your back," she whispered in his ear. Practicing closing the clasp on your necklace may help you with closing a bra next time the need arises." What did she mean? – when the need arises. That comment haunted John for several days. But the more he pondered her comment, the more that deep feeling of peace flooded his soul. Why?

When Alexis saw the necklace she stared in disbelief. She had never gotten a necklace that nice. "Are you sure that necklace is for you," she asked. "Why do you ask? My name is on the box. I guess that means it's mine," responded John. Alexis retorted, "Well, it looks like a woman's necklace to me." "Mom, is this a woman's necklace?" asked John. "John, you need to learn to trust me. I bought you women's jeans and shoes and you got nothing but compliments. Why would I buy you a man's necklace to wear with your new blouses? Trust me, that necklace will look stunning under your new blouses. A thin, man's, necklace would not match your stylish new clothes. If anyone makes fun of you for wearing it, I'll return it and buy you a different one. Fair enough?" asked Andrea. "OK, ok, I'll give it a try," John answered. "Thank you sweetie. Now open the rest of your presents," remarked his mother, "and no more complaints."

John turned to the next pile of presents – presents marked: "From: Alexis". The first item John opened was a leather case containing a nail-care kit. Because John looked a bit puzzled, Alexis explained that with all the housework and laundry he was doing, his nails were bound to crack or break. So that you don't look like a bum, when you go out on your dates, I thought you should keep your nails looking nice," stated Alexis. The second present he opened was a small box. John was really surprised when he saw what was inside – a bottle of nail polish. Again John objected. "I'm not wearing nail polish. Having decent nails is one thing. Having nail polish on them is too much," complained John. His mother came to Alexis' rescue. "John, I was with Alexis when she bought that. It's not nail polish. It's a nail strengthener. Notice – it has no color. It helps to keep your nails from breaking when you accidentally run them into something, like when you're loading the dishwasher," she confirmed. Like magic, John's mother again had just the right words to quell his concerns. The last package remained to be opened. It was wrapped in pink tissue paper. When John removed the wrapping-paper, he saw that there was a small satin box for him to open. Opening the box, John couldn't believe his eyes. The box contained a set of beautiful gold earrings. He thanked Alexis for the earrings, telling her that they looked very nice. "There's only one problem," added John. "These are for pierced ears." His mother interjected, "Honey, don't worry, I've already made an appointment at my salon to get your ears pierced – that is if you like the earrings. I think they will look very stylish

with your gold necklace and blouses. You'll be a hit on campus. The girls won't be able to take their eyes off you. You may even have some cute guys hitting on you." Andrea hoped that John would show some reaction to that statement, but no reaction came. "When is the appointment?" asked John. Andrea thought that was too easy. Here he was objecting to almost everything he got and suddenly he was embracing the earrings. She thought about it for a moment, then remembered that all of the basketball jocks were wearing earrings. Apparently, wearing earrings became stylish after some of the professional basketball players began sporting earrings. Before that, men usually wore only one earring, but now, wearing two was a sign of a bold personality and a fashion statement.

Gift-giving was over. It was a great Christmas! Each family member got numerous presents – too many to mention all of them. Three days later, Andrea announced to her son that it was time to get his ears pierced. "Oh, before we leave, grab your bottle of nail-strengthener. Sally, at the salon, will show you how to prepare your nails and how to apply the strengthener," stated John's mother. Andrea made sure that John wore his new clothes and shoes to the salon. She also reminded him to wear his new necklace. Andrea wanted her son to look presentable amongst a salon full of women. Instead of wearing jeans, she urged that John wear a pair of his new black dress-slacks, along with a blouse and his black loafers. John assured her that he would wear his nicer clothes. As he was about to slip on his slacks, John felt compelled to grab a pair of panties, which his mother had "loaned" him. They felt so much better under his slacks and, he thought, there will be no outline of my underwear showing because they are much thinner.

John came out of his room and informed his mother that he was ready to go. Andrea didn't want to make a fuss over how nice he looked. She had been doing enough complimenting lately and she didn't want to be too obvious that she was in favor of him looking more feminine; so she thought that she would leave the complimenting for Sally. Sally grabbed her purse and announced that she was ready for the trip to the salon.

When they arrived at the salon, Sally greeted them. As soon as Sally had greeted them, her co-workers complimented John on how he looked, asking where he got his nice clothes. "Macy's", answered Andrea. Sally seated John and asked him to give her the box with the earrings. When she saw the earrings, Sally gasped. "John, who bought you these earrings? They cost a fortune and are 18K gold – top-of-the-line quality!" John told her that Alexis bought them. John wondered how she could afford such an expensive present. If he only knew that his mother bought them and told Alexis to put her name on the present. Yes, his mother wanted him to have them, but she was afraid that if she gave him too many feminine items at once, he would suspect that she was up to something. Her plan worked. John had readily accepted the earrings. In fact, it seemed they were his favorite present. At last, he would be on par with his jock friends, who all sported gold earrings. What was there to complain about? And John's mother – well, she was happy that John unknowingly had just taken a further step into femininity.

Now that John was seated, Sally began to get out her piercing equipment. Andrea wanted to do some shopping in the nearby grocery store, so she told John that she would be back in an hour to pick him up. Sally had her piercing-gun ready. As she brushed John's hair aside, she gently caressed his neck for a moment and told him how nice and soft his hair was. The touch sent a strange sensation through his body. Sally added that she

was jealous of such nice hair and asked whether Julie had been doing his hair. Sally mentioned that Julie was one of her favorite clients. John explained that his mother taught him how to wash and brush his hair. Sally said that she had never seen a man take such good care of his hair. "You do a better job with your hair than many women. You would make a lovely woman. Too bad you're a boy," Sally joked. "Sally, please – if Julie hears you talking like that, she may drop me." "Oh, Johnnie, I know that Julie is a 'special' girl who would love for you to look softer in order to match your soft and gentle personality," replied Sally. Again, John felt something stir within him. A lovely beautician had complimented him on how nice he looked and how nicely he kept his hair; even stating that she thought he would make a lovely woman. Then, to hear that his girlfriend thought he should look softer – that made John feel happy, although he didn't exactly know why.

Sally told John to close his eyes and think of some beautiful place, like being at the beach or in the mountains. When Sally asked if he was relaxed, John replied that he was. Instead of thinking about the beach or mountains, John was reliving his date with Julie when they attended Colbie's concert. He loved Julie's compliments, about how he looked. He thought that he looked a bit effeminate and was worried that such a look would turn Julie off, but instead, she thought the look was a marked improvement in his appearance. And now Sally had just informed him that looking softer (feminine in his mind) is something that he should try.

When Sally was done with the piercing, she told John to keep his eyes closed and just relax for a while, as that would lessen his pain. Sally then told John that his mother wanted her to show him how to fix his nails. Sally said that it would be good for him to watch, so he could learn how to do it himself, but under the circumstances she would just apply the strengthener and teach him how to do his nails during another visit. Sally asked John for the nail-strengthener. John reached into his pocket and realized that he had forgotten to grab the bottle, as his mother had instructed. "I forgot it," he told Sally. Sally assured him that it was no problem because she had plenty in her salon. Sally reached for a bottle and asked John to place his hands on the armrests. Carefully, she applied a nice nail polish to his nails. John was told to sit a bit longer while his nails dried.

The hour in the salon had passed and Andrea was back from her shopping. "Time to get up," announced Sally. As John got up, his mother, who had returned from shopping, came over and looked at his nails. "What a wonderful job you did with his nails and I love the slight tint that you added to his nails. The color is lovely and so feminine. Sally, you know just what to do. I should have brought him to you much sooner. "How does that blouse look on him?" asked Andrea. "Gorgeous!" replied Beth. "I'll have to be careful, if I keep bringing him here, you may make bring out the woman in him," joked Andrea. John couldn't believe what he was hearing. He looked down at his nails and saw that indeed they had a slight red tint. John was about to object when he saw his mother put her fingers to her lips, indicating that he should not speak. Andrea again thanked Sally, paid her and gave her a respectable tip; then they headed out to the car.

"Mom, what the heck is this? I go to get my ears pierced and I come out with colored nail polish on my nails; and you tell Sally that it looks great because the color looks "so feminine." Thanks a lot. And I'm sure she could tell it was a blouse without you mentioning it. And then you imply that you wouldn't mind if she turned me into a

woman. By the way, why am I wearing colored nail polish?" asked John. Andrea asked her son whether he had give Sally the clear nail-strengthener. John confessed that he had left it at home. "Well, then what do you expect? All Sally has in the salon is polish for women, so that's what she applied to your nails. Now let me take a look at your nails. John, for once, your nails look really nice. Usually they look quite ragged. The shaping Sally did and the nail polish she applied makes your nails look very attractive. It compliments your slacks and blouse. Besides, many men get manicures, so you have nothing to fret over. Just look at yourself and tell me that you don't look much better than you've ever looked before. Yes, this is the nicest I've seen you look. Wait until Julie sees you. She will love your new look. If she doesn't, you can remove the polish and change your blouse." What John didn't know is that they were going to pick up Julie and then go to the movies. Earlier, when Andrea told Julie about John's scheduled salon visit, Julie said that she wanted to see him when he was done. That was about to happen!

Andrea and John had barely stopped in front of Julie's house when she came running out. "John, I heard about your appointment at the salon today. Let me see how you look. Oh! This blouse must be one of your Christmas presents. It's lovely! Let me feel how soft it is. Oh Johnnie, I can't wait to get my hands on you. You're lovely! I can't believe it! I've never seen you look so nice. The loafers add a very nice touch. This look is definitely for you. And look at the gorgeous nails you have! With those lovely nails you will feel a bit feminine, which will help to set you in a better mood for your housework. If you have a bit of a feminine view of yourself, you will feel more comfortable; because you will fit better into the role of a housekeeper. When you see your slender hands, with those lovely manicured red nails, as you place the dishes into the dishwasher, you will be amazed at how much more you will enjoy that task. And when your nails don't break when you bump them against something, while doing the laundry or other housework, you will be thankful and appreciate that it was the nail polish that kept them from breaking. John, I think you are much more suited for your tasks at home looking less macho and a bit feminine - more like a high-class maid than a basketball player. I think that with me and your mother buying you a few more items, you will be totally comfortable in your role as a housekeeper. And when we go out on dates, you will look like a soft and gentle man - a true gentleman - instead of a rough-and-tumble basketball player. Yes, with the work that you do for your family, as a housewife, a more refined look suits you much better. I just love the new you. The softer look goes so well with your personality and I love it!" squealed Julie, as they drove off to the movie theater. Andrea asked whether Julie could give John a ride home after the movie. Because they went to the salon, John and his mother rode in her car, instead of taking two and she didn't want to go home to let John get his car because the stop at Julie's was a surprise. Andrea wanted Julie to see him before he could change clothes. Julie assured Andrea that she would be happy to give John a ride home so that she didn't have to pick him up.

When the lights were dimmed, Julie snuggled up to John. She caressed his neck and ran her fingers through his hair. John leaned over and gave her a gentle kiss. That encouraged Julie to be more passionate. She leaned over and nibbled on his ear, then caressed his chest. As she did so, she whispered, "Oh Johnnie, your blouse feels so soft and sensual, it really turns me on. Why didn't you start to dress like this sooner?" Julie then slid her hand up his thigh. "These slacks are much smoother than your old jeans.

Promise me never to wear those old jeans again on our dates. And the panties must feel better against your skin. I can feel that you're wearing panties. Oh Johnnie, I heard that Sally said you would make a nice-looking woman. She called me after you left and told me how pleased she was with your appearance today. Please don't be offended, but I think that she is right. I would so love if you adopted this new feminine look. How you look today is a good start, but only a start. If you trust us, Andrea, Sally and I would love to help you achieve your maximum potential in improving your appearance. We don't have to rush it. We can get you into a more feminine-mode slowly, so that most of the change will occur after we graduate from high school. That would be a good time for a new you to appear. When we go to college, the new friends we meet will see you from day one in your new mode and that will make it much easier for you to be comfortable in your new mode. If you appear in your new, more feminine mode, they will accept you immediately because they haven't seen you in your old boy-mode. There will be no explaining necessary. Besides, we will be living near the campus, so you will hardly be home. Not that I think he would object, but you will hardly see your father once we leave for college. Please think about it," begged Julie.

Just what did Julie have in mind, John wondered. All this talk about a feminine-mode. Wasn't he already at that stage? And he wasn't totally sure that how he appeared now was something that he was 100% comfortable with. What more did Julie and his mother have in mind? He pondered these thoughts, thinking of excuses to give Julie, as to why he didn't want to go along with their ideas; but, the more he contemplated his future and the more he tried to visualize how he would look in an even more feminine- mode, the more it appealed to him. Deep inside, he was starting to look forward to his new look, he just didn't want to appear too eager, in case, when Julie saw him in his new mode, she would be turned off to him, even though, at the moment, she was pushing him towards a more feminine appearance.

Ken - John's father - was too occupied running his farming business for him to have any time to be seriously involved in his son's life. He saw Alexis much more often because she spent all her spare time before and after school, working with him on the farm. He didn't see John until sundown, when he got inside for supper. That's about all he saw of his wife; so the daily family details were left up to her. At least she had most weekends off. On a farm, weekends off are reserved for maybe Thanksgiving and Christmas. Animals and crops don't take weekends off, so someone has to look after them. That task was left to Ken, and his only helper - Alexis. He knew that there were some changes going on in his son's life, but he was too busy to be concerned about it. Ken figured that whatever was happening, his wife must be aware of it because she was always talking to John and they were very close. He was glad for those moments when Alexis could still help him after commuting home from junior college each evening. If the farm was running, the family was taken care of financially and that was Ken's only real worry. Everything else, he left up to Andrea.

After the movie, John and Julie stopped at Julie's house. She invited John to have dinner with and said that she would drive him home afterwards. Once inside, Julie asked him what he thought about her suggestion, that he try a more feminine look. John confided that he had occasionally had secret thoughts about being a woman but wondered why. Julie suggested that it was probably because deep in his soul he yearned to be a

woman. Julie told him that some men were meant to be women but were born in the wrong body and that the mind tries to express that from within. She told John that he would never know whether he should be a man or a woman until he tries to live as a woman – after all, he had already tried life as a man. Julie suggested that if it doesn't satisfy his longings, he could always go back to living as a man. John responded that he wondered whether his mother had detected the feminine yearnings within him because occasionally she was buying him some feminine items – clothing, jewelry or shoes; and because she frequently made comments about him looking better with softer and better-fitting clothes, such as the women's jeans and blouses she bought him. Julie agreed that Andrea had probably detected John's inner yearnings for femininity and that perhaps she was trying to help him discover the woman within by guiding him in that direction. John said that he would consider Julie's suggestion and that if he chose to go along with it, he would want her to help with his changes. Julie thought that was a good idea and she agreed that she would help Andrea to transform him - slowly. It was getting late and after a wonderful Beef-Wellington dinner, Julie drove John home.

When John got home, everyone was already in bed, so there was no questioning by anyone about the day's activities. In the morning, John got up, took a shower and got dressed for school. Suddenly, he had the urge to completely dress as a woman. What was getting into him? Unfortunately, he didn't have the complete wardrobe and make-up, yet, to do so. Then John remembered that Julie told him that drastically changing his appearance, while he was still in high school, would not be the best choice. To resist the urge to dress femininely, John decided to dress as usual. High school was not a place for dressing up in fancy clothes, so John wore the usual ragged jeans and old tennis shoes. When Julie spotted John at school she was shocked. The last time she saw John, he was dressed fairly feminine and now he looked totally like a jock. "What's up?" asked Julie. John explained the strong feeling that he had when he got dressed – that suddenly he wanted to look totally like a woman. So that he would not be tempted to over-dress in a feminine manner, until he was completely ready, he decided it was best to go total macho. Julie told him that his feelings were probably a sign of his true inner feelings, which he now was eager to express, without fear, because she approved of him changing his appearance to a feminine appearance; and that before her suggestion, he was afraid to lose her if he let her know his desires, in case she objected. Julie assured him that she loved him even more when he looked feminine. John was overjoyed to hear Julie's words. How fortunate he was to have such a sweet, understanding girlfriend!

After school, John had to hurry home to get dinner started and do some cleaning around the house. But today was a new beginning. Instead of having to be coaxed by his mother, to look nice, he got out his new GV jeans, the yellow blouse and his new loafers. As soon as he had his new apparel on, he brushed his hair, giving it an extra fluffing, which added a bit more of a feminine touch. And one more thing – he put on the fancy apron. Into the kitchen he bounced and started to prepare dinner. Just as John was finishing cooking the last dish, mother arrived from work. "Hi Jonnie, are you home," she called. John appeared at the door and greeted his mother, "Hi Mom, good to see you." Andrea was quite surprised at John's cheerful attitude, but decided not to prod. If he wanted to tell her what made him so happy, he would. She decided, however, that it was important to compliment him on his appearance, so she stated, "Jonnie, I love that blouse



you put on! I haven't seen you in that color. It looks so sweet on you, my dear. And the black loafers and necklace really give it a great contrast. I love whatever you've done with your hair. Tonight, you truly look like a high-class – may I use the expression in a kind way? – 'maid'. And I can tell that you are wearing panties, because there is no underwear-outline showing through your jeans. No wonder you're so happy. I think that you're finally getting into the role of a housewife, instead of just doing the chores. I love you Johnnie!" Such a greeting melted John's heart and stirred the feminine feelings inside him. John decided that from now on, he would always present himself in this mode when doing the housework. He didn't even comment about his mother's statement: "...the role of a housewife...."

"Thanks Mom, Oh, by-the-way, I do need some new panties – yours have had it; and I think that I

would feel more comfortable wearing my own panties." Andrea couldn't believe what she just heard, but quickly and casually remarked, "Johnnie, I'm going shopping tomorrow and I will buy you some panties, in colors to match your blouses." Andrea had no intention of going shopping tomorrow, but she wasn't going to let this opportunity pass by; so she decided that, regardless of her previous plans, she would go shopping tomorrow.

Andrea did not yet know about the conversation that John had with Julie, about her helping him to improve his appearance (dress more feminine). It was Saturday and Andrea had an appointment with Sally, to get her hair done. Afterwards, she planned to go shopping at the Mall. She mentioned it to John and asked whether he wanted to go along. John's mother suggested that he go with her. If he did, Sally could check his

piercings and insert his gold earrings. John agreed to go along. Quickly, Andrea called Sally to tell her that John would be coming along. She told Sally that she would like for her to give John's face a slight touch of make-up – some very light mascara, a dash of foundation and blush and, if he doesn't object by then, a dab of lip-gloss. Sally said that she would see what she could do. Andrea called to her son, "Johnnie, please dress as nicely as you did last time." "I will Mom," he answered. John dashed into the bathroom and showered. After drying himself, he applied some powder he borrowed from his mother's bathroom. Next, he got a pair of pink panties from his drawer and slipped them on. The panties were followed by a pair of black slacks. What blouse to wear? John thought for a moment, then decided that as long as he was wearing the pink panties, a good match would be the pink blouse. To complete his wardrobe, John put on his black loafers. From head to toe, John was dressed in feminine clothes. Even his nails still had a shine on them. John spent extra time brushing his long hair. "Are you almost ready?" called his mother. "Coming," he replied.

Andrea and John arrived at the salon. After some brief greetings, Sally asked what Andrea wanted done. Sally had been instructed, in advance, to make it look like this was the first she would hear of what service Andrea and John had come in for. Andrea said that she wanted to go shopping, but wanted to get her hair trimmed and that John was there to see whether his ears had healed enough so that he got get his gold earrings inserted. Sally assured Andrea that her staff would be happy to take care of their requests.

Sally called for Beth, an assistant and asked Beth to attend to John. Sally would trim Andrea's hair. Beth took John over to her station and made him comfortable in her chair. When John was seated, she covered him with a cape, then looked at his ear-lobes. While checking his ears, Beth complimented him on his appearance. Beth particularly gushed on him about his blouse and nails. "I love your pink blouse. I'm guessing that you're wearing pink panties to match," she commented. John blushed because he was surprised to think that Beth was talking to him as if he were a woman. It made him feel as if it she thought of him as a woman, not an effeminate man. "Are you?" she asked. "Am I what?" replied John. "Are you wearing pink panties?" "Yes," he whispered. "You don't have to be embarrassed to discuss anything. In here, we're all women. You know what you're missing?" asked Beth. "What?" asked Johnnie. "A matching bra," she replied. "With a bra, your blouse will fit better because blouses are designed to be worn over a feminine chest. A bra, with some size B inserts would give that blouse just the right fit; not to mention that it would make you feel truly sexy as a woman. Now let me see if I can help you to achieve a bit more of a feminine look and make your mother proud. You're so fortunate to have such a soft face, long curly hair and slender figure – the perfect combination for a gorgeous feminine figure. In those clothes, even without make-up, you look quite feminine already, but let's see how we can enhance the look," commented Beth.

Beth announced that the ears looked ready for inserting the earrings. Beth gently removed the studs and replaced them with the earrings. "Oh, they're gorgeous! Before I let you look in the mirror, I want you to lean back and close your eyes for a few minutes. Let me know if the earrings start to hurt. Meanwhile, I'm going to try a few things with your face. Just sit still and don't move," said Beth. Beth began by applying a light concealer. The concealer covered his blemishes and gave his face a fresh look. While she was waiting for the concealer to set, Beth reached for her mascara and applied a light coating to John's

lashes. Next, she added some eye-liner. An application of foundation and blush followed. Finally, Beth applied a very fine coating of eye-shadow. John had not uttered a word, which kind of surprised Beth, so she also applied a new coat of nail polish. She was amazed how much John had apparently resigned himself to becoming feminized. Although he didn't say anything, John wondered whether it was the right thing to let her do all this, knowing that he had to go to the Mall with his mother as soon as they were done in the salon.

Again, deep inside, he felt contentment – an inner joy filling his soul. What was happening to him? While he was still contemplating what Beth was doing to him, Beth said, "Open your mouth, please." With expert strokes, Beth applied a pink lip-gloss to his lips. The gloss matched his blouse. "Honey doll, open your eyes. You're ready for prime time. See whether you recognize the face in that mirror," prodded Beth. Johnnie opened his eyes and looked into the mirror. He almost fell back into the chair in shock -not because he was disappointed, but the face looking at him looked so feminine that he didn't recognize it; but he loved it. "Is that me?" he asked Beth, in disbelief. "Yes dear, that's Johnnie and she looks absolutely gorgeous, as you can see." "I don't know how to thank you," he stammered. "The joy on your face and the happiness radiating from your soul is all the thanks I need; but don't forget to thank you mother and Julie. It was their idea," Beth confided.

Andrea was ready about the same time and she got up to pay for the services. As she approached her son, she couldn't believe what she was seeing. He looked gorgeous! "Johnnie dear, you look totally different. You look so sweet and feminine. Would you mind, while you're looking so gorgeous, if I call you Johanna? Calling you John, or even Johnnie, in the Mall, may not be appropriate." "Yes Mom, you may call me Johanna. In fact, I would request that you call me Johanna," he answered. With final thanks, Andrea and Johanna left the salon, on their way to Macy's.

On the way over to the Mall, Johanna told her mother what Beth had said, about wearing a bra, so that the blouse would look better. "Mom, I know that I look quite feminine, especially after what Beth did to me. I wasn't expecting that, but I kind of like the results; but isn't it a bit much to suggest that I wear a bra," asked Johanna. Before Andrea could answer, Johanna continued, "I know that I look feminine, but many gay men have a nice effeminate look, yet they are not viewed as women. Wouldn't it be quite obvious that I am a man, wearing a bra, if I was wearing one?" "A bra would indeed make you more convincingly look like a woman. Just as Beth said, blouses are designed for women, so having some cleavage under blouses gives them a much better fit," Andrea replied,

"My dear, you have soft and feminine features. You don't look effeminate anymore. You're past that stage. Now, you look more feminine, especially with a touch of make-up, as now. In fact, even now, with a slight fluffing of your hair, you look like a woman. Let's stop by the lingerie department and see what we can find. Just remember, when you are dressed like this, speak softly, so that your voice sounds feminine."

Johanna followed her mother into Macy's. Oh, the lingerie department – it had so many wonderful silky and sexy items! Johanna found herself picking up slips, camisoles, and half-slips. They felt so smooth, so heavenly. Johanna just loved how they felt and tried to imagine how it would feel to have them clinging to her body. As Andrea was looking for bras, she turned to Johanna and told her to pick up whichever camisoles, slips and panties

that she liked. Johanna couldn't decide which to pick, so she took slips, Cami's and panties, in each color of the blouses. Andrea thought that was a good decision. Meanwhile, Andrea had picked up some padded bras, also in matching colors. She handed one of the bras to Andrea and suggested that they go to the dressing room so that "she" could try it on. The bra was a lovely pink, 38-B, Bali. It fit perfectly. And oh the difference it made in how the blouse fit and how Johanna looked! Andrea recommended that Johanna keep the bra on and give the tag to the clerk, along with the other lingerie they were buying.

"Johanna," Andrea began, "you should see what a difference that bra makes on you! You no longer look like an effeminate man, as you thought, but truly like a woman. Displaying cleavage removes all doubt, even if the cleavage comes from a padded bra - at least for now. You look like a woman. It so enhances your figure that everyone will view you as a woman, without question. I should have bought you bras when I got you the blouses. I think that when you wear blouses, you need to wear bras. Besides, before you told me, I heard what Beth said to you and I saw how you reacted when she suggested that you wear a bra. I know that you will love wearing a bra. Every girl looks forward to her first bra. Getting your first bra is sort of a mark-of-womanhood and girls can never wait to get chest-development, then more development so they can get larger bras. How do you feel, now that you're wearing a bra?" Johanna blushed and confided, "Mom, I feel so giddy, so happy - it makes me like a woman and I so love feeling feminine; but I guess you had that figured out a long time ago. But what was the comment about 'cleavage from a bra, for now?" Andrea gleamed, "Johanna, I'm so proud of you for realizing your full potential - and realizing that you're full potential may not be as a man, but as a woman. I am thrilled that you are willing to explore your feminine side. I can see by the joy on your face that you feel very feminine and that feeling feminine makes you happy. And I see that you looked even happier after you put on the bra. I'm thinking that some day, after you get set in your new feminine-mode, you will want breast implants. I'm so happy for you; and yes, I knew long ago that you had cravings of femininity. I noticed it when you did the laundry - how you handled the lingerie - how nicely you folded it and how carefully you put it in my dresser. I noticed how you would always cast an envious glance in my direction, whenever you saw me in the bathroom in my lingerie, adjusting my bra, while getting dressed. I know that you will wear a bra under your blouses from now on. A bra is just such a sexy feminine piece of lingerie that you will not want to be dressed without one; and when the weather gets cooler, these Cami's will be just what you need."

Johanna couldn't believe it. Here she was, buying her own bras, and other lingerie, with her mother's encouragement. How lucky could she be? She wondered why her mother had waited so long to encourage her to try a feminine-look.

When they finished selecting bras, slips and camisoles, Andrea took Johanna to the shoe department. Andrea told Johanna that now that she was going to dress feminine, she would need some more women's shoes, especially heels. They picked up several pair of shoes from flats to 3 inch heels. Andrea explained that heels enhance the shape of the legs and make one walk with a feminine-step. With the heels, they also picked up a dozen support pantyhose. "I think that with such a feminine look, you need more feminine blouses. Maybe a few skirts, and a dress or two, wouldn't hurt either. And you also need some purses," Andrea offered. Johanna couldn't believe that she was now also getting some skirts and dresses. What else did a woman need? The excitement of trying on skirts and

dresses was more than the excitement on Christmas day, unwrapping presents. Andrea helped Johanna in selecting skirts to match her blouses. Then she suggested that Johanna get at least two black and white dresses and one totally black dress – a little black dress (LBD), as women call it. Andrea explained that a black and white dress can be worn for most occasions and the LBD, for special occasions. Johanna found some dresses and Andrea encourage her to try them on. As Johanna slid a dress over her head, Andrea again saw that tell-tale smile-of-delight on Johanna's face. "So you really love how you look in a dress?" questioned Andrea. "Oh Mom, it makes me feel so feminine, so divine! I can hardly contain myself," replied Johanna. "Wait until you put on a slip and feel how softly it caresses your body. You will feel even sexier. Honey, finally, I see that your feminine cravings are being satisfied – at least in regards to clothing." Johanna wondered what that last comment meant – the one about "at least in regards to clothing." Yes, Andrea was already thinking ahead to those intimate moments, when one day Johanna would experience love, as a woman. But, she didn't want to overload Johanna with those issues at this time. Andrea felt that it was best to let Johanna get used to her new feminine appearance before taking her to other aspects of womanhood.

Shopping completed, Andrea and Johanna headed home, but Johanna wasn't quite ready to end such a wonderful day. "Mom, how about doing our weekly grocery-shopping while we're out? I really don't want to run home yet and get out of these lovely clothes, especially since this is the first time I'm wearing a bra. I really love the feeling of wearing a bra and I'd like to enjoy it a bit longer. And these lovely clothes - I'd like to enjoy them for a while longer. Besides, getting out amongst some women would give us a good opportunity to see how they react to me. What do you think?" asked Johanna. Andrea replied that it was a great idea, but the first stop they would make would be at a Mac counter. Andrea said that Johanna needed to get her own make-up. The girls at Mac could get her the make-up which would be the right match for her skin-tone. For the next hour, Johanna sat patiently in the make-up chair as a beautician explained the various products and how to apply them. By the time they were done, Johanna had lipsticks, lip-gloss, concealer, foundations, blush, mascara, eye-liner, eye-shadow, cream and nail polish – it was a significant expense – almost \$500, but Andrea thought it was necessary because she wanted Johanna to look her best, now that she had chosen to look like a woman. Johanna would not have the opportunity to go out each day in full feminine-splendor, but when she did, Andrea wanted her to look her feminine best.

While driving home, Andrea told Johanna how she came up with the idea of getting the make-over done at the salon. She confided that Julie had called her and discussed their last date and the conversation they had about her helping to feminize John. She told Johanna that Julie thought John would not suspect anything and thus be more relaxed if a lady at the salon sprung a make-over on him. "Oh Mom, how perfect is that? Would you be upset if I told you that I've long had the desire to be a woman? I didn't feel comfortable telling you earlier because of dad - him being quite macho and all; but a long time ago I realized that I was not the type of man that dad is. I didn't like acting macho and much preferred the softer, finer things in life. I'm so happy that I no longer have to put on an act of trying to be macho. It feels so good knowing that I can now act normally – act as any woman would act. When you slowly started to feminize me, I almost exploded with joy. It was a life-long desire come true. Actually, it was somewhat tormenting, how slowly you

were feminizing me. Those “accidents” with the laundry were staged, so that I had an excuse to wear your clothes because I wanted to see how I felt and looked in them, and I must admit, I loved what I saw and how I felt!” confessed Johanna.

It was Mom’s turn to speak – “Johanna, I’ve suspected for a long time that, in your mind, you are a woman. A woman in the wrong body - as some call it. A mother knows that when a little boy would rather play with his sister’s dolls, than with a toy tractor or fire engine, that such a boy is different. I watched you over the years and when I saw how you enjoyed cooking and doing the laundry, I knew that my suspicions were right. One day, without you knowing it, I watched you handling the lingerie and saw the smile on your face as you carefully placed my lingerie on my clothes pile. I saw the quizzical look on your face, as you held up a bra against your chest, probably wondering how it would feel to wear it; and I noticed how you hesitated putting it into my dresser. You were really enjoying holding that silky bra and feeling its smooth and soft texture. I knew right then that it was not John doing the laundry, but Johanna and I couldn’t wait for the day when I could buy you your own bras. I knew that without being able to express yourself as a woman, you would never truly be happy. It was then that I discussed it with your father and he agreed that perhaps feminizing you was the only way that your life would be fulfilled. I’m proud to say that your father supported my suggestion of feminization,”

Tears filled Johanna’s eyes. “And how much of this does Alexis know?” asked Johanna. “Alexis knows. That’s why she occasionally teased you and called you ‘sis’. She wanted to prepare you – desensitize you for the occasional questionable looks you may get from people who don’t appreciate men who have a feminine appearance. She wanted to prepare you for your transitioning – for your future as her sister – a woman – Johanna. In fact, the name ‘Johanna’ was her suggestion. If you like it, thank her. Oh, and one more thing. Alexis didn’t want us to tell you before you made a clear decision to allow us to feminize you, because she didn’t want you to be influenced by her; but now I can tell you that Alexis has a girlfriend and they will be getting married next month. She would like you to be the Maid-of honor,” stated Andrea. That’s one reason I decided that it’s time to speed up your transition to womanhood.

Next week, and the following Monday, would mark the end of the school-year and finals would be held then. With regular classes over, Johanna did not have to attend her P.E. class anymore, so that made things easier as to how she could dress for school. Besides, during Finals, people were so stressed that they paid very little attention to who was coming or going. Johanna began to formulate a plan for the final week of school. She remembered what Julie said about not transitioning until they graduated, but decided that maybe she would dress in a more feminine manner than she ever had before; skipping only the make-up.

On Monday, Johanna got up early. She wanted to have plenty of time to get just the right look for school. Johanna made sure that she shaved extra close. Getting out her new supply of make-up, she then carefully applied some concealer and just a dash of foundation – just enough to give her face a feminine glow. For school, she decided against the mascara or other make-up; but the more she looked at herself in the mirror, the more she felt that something was missing. Yes, it may be a sudden change, but what better time for a change than when people are too busy to really notice it? Johanna needed the new look to

feel OK with herself. She had hidden her femininity too long and now it was fighting to be expressed. 'I'll be very careful and just give my lashes one stroke of mascara,' thought Johanna. That one stroke – OK, two strokes - made a huge difference! Suddenly, the contentment of femininity returned to her soul. It was as if her soul said, 'Yes, be willing to let others see the real you – the woman inside – even if not totally, yet.' OK, so maybe no eye-liner. That might be pushing the envelope. Johanna studied her face in the mirror. There was still something missing. Her face needed some color, so, with a quick stroke of the brush, she applied a light touch of blush. Her face looked much better! The blush gave her face that suntan-look. It made her face look healthier - more cheerful and more feminine. So much for her original intentions of not applying any make-up.

Satisfied with how her face looked, Johanna turned to finish dressing. She looked through her new selection of lingerie and decided on yellow panties. Oh how she wished she could wear a matching bra! But a padded bra was something which would be immediately noticeable. But what was she thinking? Wouldn't the make-up be noticeable? How could she wear women's clothes and think it would not be noticed? She took a bra out of her dresser and tried it on. Yes, this is what she should wear. She just had to wear a bra because that, to her, was a real connection to her feminine feelings. Of course, the matching yellow blouse was the logical choice.

Next, Johanna grabbed a pair of her new casual jeans, the ankle-socks and new tennis shoes. Johanna took a final look in the mirror. She loved what she saw, but with the bra, her appearance screamed – woman! Johanna got 'cold feet.' Maybe a padded bra was too much. Her teachers may not even recognize her and not let her take the tests. Her peers and teachers were used to seeing Johanna in an effeminate



mode, but totally as a woman might be too much. What to do? Go without a bra? OK, school would soon be over and Johanna determined that when she started college, she was going completely as Johanna. No more denying her true-self. Johanna would come to life and blossom as a woman – but that was next semester and right now she had to deal with her last week, and one day in high school.

Back to reality – Johanna removed her bra and put her blouse back on. Again, she checked her appearance in the mirror. She looked nice, but suddenly, she felt as if a part of her had been torn away. It left a void in her heart. Not wearing a bra left her in turmoil. She just couldn't stand it. Then a thought came to her. She could wear one of the sheer bras her mother had. Quickly, she went to her mother's dresser and took out a thin, sheer bra. Off with the blouse and on with the bra. As soon as Johanna slipped on the bra and fastened it, that deep peace returned to her soul.

The feeling of femininity returned. Problem solved! Johanna now had the satisfaction of wearing a bra without it showing any cleavage through her blouse. Was she ready? No. Johanna needed more of a touch of femininity. Johanna reached for the clear lip-gloss. A touch of lip-gloss heightened her feminine feelings even more. Such a little thing – such a big impact! In order to stay with her effeminate look, which her peers had been accustomed to, rather than a total fem-look with a total feminine hairstyle, Johanna pulled her hair into a ponytail, and put a rubber band around it. Johanna vowed that when high school ended, she would emerge from her effeminate mode into her new role as a woman. As "she" headed off to school, John looked very effeminate. She may not have looked like Johanna, but she sure didn't look like John. – at least more like Johnnie.

At school, the tests were grueling and the students were far too busy to notice details. Johnnie's appearance did not attract any undue attention. On Friday, at the end of a hectic week, Johanna thought it would be relaxing to take in a movie, before going home. She called Julie on her cell and asked whether she would like to see a movie. In a few minutes, Julie and Johanna met outside of the gym and headed for the parking lot. They had no idea what movies were playing, but seeing a movie was a great way to relax, so a movie it would be. They arrived at the theater and saw that "Tootsie" was playing. How ironic, but how fitting, with all of the changes going on in Johanna's life. As they got settled into their seats, Julie placed her arm around Johanna. When the lights dimmed, as usual, Julie began to caress Johanna. Johanna noticed that Julie's caressing was more passionate than usual. Suddenly, Julie whispered in Johanna's ear, "Is that what I think I'm feeling? Are you wearing a bra?" Unlike before, Johanna did not blush – not that it mattered in the darkness. "Yes, I am and it makes me feel so sexy, so feminine. I had no idea that a bra would create such feminine feelings in my soul," replied Johanna. "What color is it? Never mind. I know. You're wearing a yellow blouse, yellow panties; I bet the bra is yellow. I'm so proud of you! I wanted to suggest that you try wearing a bra long ago, but I didn't want to push you. I wanted to be certain that it was something you wanted of your own volition. It had to be totally your decision," whispered Julie. Johanna told her that although she wanted to wear a matching bra, the only yellow bra she had was a padded bra, so she borrowed one of Andrea's bras, but she didn't have a yellow bra. Johanna also told Julie that, although she had wanted to wear a bra long ago, she didn't have the courage until Beth, at the salon, suggested it. Johanna told Julie that if Beth, as a woman, thought it was perfectly fine and appropriate for him to wear a bra, as a male, because it would help him to achieve

more of a feminine appearance, it must be alright. "Well, next time I see Beth, I will have to give her a 'special' kiss and thank her. But why didn't you wear a padded bra? You look feminine enough that people noticing that you are wearing a bra would have been perfectly OK. In fact, wearing a bra would have made you look totally feminine, instead of very effeminate," commented Julie. Johanna confessed that she just didn't have the nerve, yet, to do so. Johanna added, "Michael Jackson, with all the make-up, looks very effeminate, almost like a woman – only the bra is missing, so I thought that dressing like this was less of a risk."

During the movie, Julie's caressing became more passionate than ever. Johanna leaned over and whispered, "Julie, what's gotten into you. I love your affection, but why are you so hot today? You can't seem to keep your hands off me. I love it, but I'm curious what got you going." Julie whispered back, "Johanna some wild thoughts have been running through my head. First, tell me whether you want to be a woman – I mean truly a woman, with SRS, breast implants and all?" Johanna didn't even have to think about this one and immediately answered, "YES, I really would! It's something I've been thinking about for some time now and Mom is even anticipating it." Julie continued, "I haven't told you my secrets yet, but now that I see that you are headed in the right direction, I can tell you. I'm bi-sexual. And with you looking so feminine, especially knowing that you are wearing a bra and panties, I'm feeling like a lesbian right now, and I want you, my dear, to be my lover. As you know, I also love men, but I love the fact that you're transitioning to womanhood. Until now, I've never found a woman with whom I want to be intimate. When I met you and saw the potential to feminize you, I thought that I could have two lovers in one package – the woman – Johanna - and the man – Johnnie. And BTW, I love for my fem-partner to be the woman in my relationship – and a wonderful, sexy, gorgeous woman you will make!" gushed Julie.

Johanna couldn't believe what she was hearing. "Oh, thank you for choosing my new name. Mom told me that you picked it. I like it," was all that Johanna could say. Johanna dropped Julie off at her house after the movie. "See ya at school on Monday, Princess," said Julie, as she waved good-bye. "Sweet dreams, my Lover," Johanna replied.

For the weekend, Julie and Johanna decided to stay home, relax and recuperate from their killer senior year. They had plans to make for their graduation party, moving to college and last minute good-byes to say to their friends. With such a busy schedule, they had no time to see each other over the weekend. Only a trip to the salon and perhaps some shopping was on Johanna's schedule.

On Saturday, Andrea and Johanna had another appointment at the salon, with Sally and Beth. Saturday night, the Wilson family was going to host a graduation party, so this visit to the salon was going to be critical. As before, Andrea encouraged her daughter-to-be to dress nicely for the appointment. Johanna decided that she wanted to go in full feminine attire. First, she sat down and painted her toenails a deep red – the fingernails were next. When the nails were dry, she chose red panties with matching padded red bra and a red blouse. Instead of slacks, Johanna picked a black, above-the-knee skirt. The three-inch heels and black pantyhose completed her outfit. Johanna called to her mother that she was ready to leave the house. "Let me see how you look, my darling," replied her mother. As Johanna came out of her bedroom and Andrea laid eyes on her, she squealed

with delight, "Johanna, is that you? You are absolutely gorgeous and so feminine! Oh my, I should have steered you towards femininity before you ever started school, then you could have enjoyed the past 18 years as a girl, instead of a boy. Had I only known! Well, dear, we're going to make up for lost time as best as we can. Grab your purse and let's go."

Andrea and Johanna arrived at the salon and were greeted by Beth and Sally. One look at Johanna and they almost fainted. They couldn't believe the difference in her feminine progression in such a short time. "Enough chatter - you want to go shopping and we have clients waiting. Let's get started," interjected Sally.

Beth checked Johanna ears and was happy to see that no infection had set in and that everything looked fine. "And look at those killer-legs beneath that sexy skirt! You're all woman today, honey. Be careful - the men, and some nice women, will be hitting on you," commented Beth. Beth told Johanna how proud she was of her very feminine appearance, and that she was such a gorgeous woman. Beth further told Johanna that she was more feminine than many women she knew. Beth took Johanna's hand in hers and commented on Johanna's fingernails, saying, "Honey, it took me a long time to get my nails to look as lovely as yours. It seems that you have a natural talent for the feminine art. As Beth let go of Joanna's hand, her hand brushed against Johanna's chest, Beth could tell that Johanna was wearing a padded bra instead of breast-forms. She washed Johanna's hair and gave it a perm. While waiting for the hair to set, Beth did a make-over on Johanna. Unlike last time, Beth applied more make-up. She thinned the eyebrows and gave them a fine feminine arch. To the lashes, she applied permanent mascara. Carefully, she applied the eye-liner and eye-shadow. The blush, she applied more vividly than before. Finally, the lips were outlined with a fine lip-liner and filled in with lovely red lipstick - all to match the red blouse Johanna was wearing.

From the moment Johanna entered the salon, Beth saw that she was wearing a bra and it so delighted her to see that Johanna was truly in-touch with her feminine side. "Well-proportioned breasts can really emphasize your femininity. They are the center of focus when men size you up. Even women will view you as more feminine if you have a larger chest. What size bra are you wearing, my dear?" inquired Beth. "It's a 38-B," replied Johanna. "May I suggest, that with your height, you would look stunningly sexy and more alluring with a 38-D chest? With such cleavage, you will look so hot, you will attract men like a magnet; and some women won't be able to resist you either!" In fact, let's make sure that no one can resist you. Sexy nails are a very attractive feature of a woman. Let's put some really long acrylic nails on your fingers," said Beth. Johanna felt so validated as a woman. Here a beautiful, sexy woman was affirming that she (Johanna) looked feminine - more feminine than many women she knew. And she was telling her how to appear even more sexy, feminine and alluring. Deep inside Johanna knew that she could never go back to living as John - not even an effeminate Johnnie. With feelings this wonderful and with such supportive friends, Johanna was destined to be a new member of the Wilson family.

The make-over completed and her hair washed and set, Johanna got up, thanked Beth for her work and kindness and waited for her mother to say her good-byes so they could depart. Once out of the door, Johanna couldn't wait to tell her mother what Beth had told her. "Dear, daily I see your transformation into womanhood and I have to admit, you are becoming one of the most beautiful women I know," assured Andrea. "Thanks Mom. That

means so much to me; but am I doing the right thing,” replied Johanna. “Honey, you will feel what is right – it will feel right in your heart and soul. And from the expression of contentment and joy on your face, I’d say that your heart feels it’s right.”

When they got home, Johanna’s mother suggested that Johanna should invite Julie over for dinner. Johanna called Julie, who gladly accepted the invitation. “Wait until Julie lays her eyes on you!” commented Andrea. Johanna couldn’t wait to see Julie. Julie was there in a few minutes. She wouldn’t have missed this visit for a million dollars. Johanna was still dressed from her salon-visit and Julie wanted to see how her new girlfriend looked while dressed that way. “You are so gorgeous, I could eat you! “Not now,” interjected Johanna, “we’re having dinner in a few minutes.” Julie continued, “You look better than most women I know. How lucky can I be? All my life I have looked for the woman who could satisfy me and finally I found her in my boyfriend. Would you mind being my girlfriend most of the time? I really don’t crave a boyfriend very often – maybe a couple of three times a year, that’s all; but I sure crave having a girlfriend and I know you will be the best girlfriend I’ve ever found,” confided Julie. Johanna hugged Julie and told her that she would likewise be thrilled to have her for a girlfriend. They hugged some more. Johanna then told Julie that Alexis is getting married in a month and that Alexis asked whether she (Johanna) would be her Maid-of-Honor. Julie was so thrilled to hear that. “I hope that you accepted her invitation. Alexis told me several years ago that she was a lesbian. I had to be careful not to spill the beans to you about that secret. Now there are no more secrets. Isn’t love and womanhood wonderful?” exclaimed Julie.

Before dinner, Johanna went into her bedroom with her mother and sorted out the new items they bought. Andrea gave Johanna a final inspection. She couldn’t believe how nice Beth had made her look. Andrea told Johanna that she heard Beth tell her that a 38-D bra would greatly enhance her femininity. She told Johanna, that from years back, she had some 38-D breast-forms which glued onto the chest. She rummaged in her dresser until she found them, then looked for the matching bra. When she had the breast-forms and bra in hand, she helped Johanna with changing her bra and replacing it with the full-figure white bra. Andrea then glued the breast-forms onto Johanna’s chest. Breast-forms in place, she helped Johanna into the sheer bra. Wow! What a figure that gave Johanna! Oh the difference that cleavage can make! Johanna was overwhelmed at how much sexier it made her feel! As soon as Johanna took a few steps, she noticed that her chest now had a natural movement. The thin, sheer bra allowed the breast-forms to move just like natural breasts. This realistic movement enhanced Johanna’s feminine illusion. To the unsuspecting, Johanna appeared as all woman. The feeling of the breast-forms warming on her chest - the weight pulling on her bra-straps – the natural movement, and sexy shape that they gave her – made her feel so feminine, so sexy, that she wasn’t sure whether she could contain herself or whether she would explode and gush forth her feminine pride – and that, she didn’t have time for right now.

“This is going to be a special dinner,” assured Andrea, so I want you to look stunningly sexy. First impressions are lasting impressions,” commented Andrea. Johanna did not know why Andrea made that comment, but she wasn’t going to question it. Any excuse to look sexy was good enough for her. Before Johanna put her blouse on again, her mother told her that she had a sexier blouse for her to wear. Andrea stepped into her closet and came out with a most gorgeous sheer white silk blouse, trimmed with ruffles. When

Johanna saw the blouse, she almost fainted. The thought of wearing such a sexy, alluring blouse, was overwhelming. Johanna instantly knew that with such a blouse, her appearance would scream – ‘take me, I’m a willing woman.’ The buttons were in the back and Johanna had very little experience with buttoning anything behind her back. That was one more skill she had to master. “Mom, I can’t begin to explain how ‘hot’ I feel. Is this how a woman feels when she wears something sexy?” asked Johanna. Andrea replied, “My dear, women wear sexy clothes exactly because of what you are experiencing. Yes, we feel ‘hot’ when we look sexy and that’s our goal. Your new breasts give you a sexier figure. You look so deliciously sexy in that blouse, with those 38-D breasts, that I’m just about ready to turn lesbian for a few moments. At the moment I sort of envy Julie, because she gets the best of both worlds.” “Mom, let’s focus on the dinner,” interrupted Johanna.

With the sheerness of the blouse, the bra was visible, which only added to Johanna’s sexiness. And, it really turned her on. “I’m sure glad that I remembered that I had these breast-forms. Had I remembered them earlier, we would not have had to purchase those padded bras. With such a dramatic improvement in your figure, I don’t think that you should ever wear the padded bras again. Yes, we’ll get you new bras for these breast-forms. They give you such a remarkable sexy figure,” remarked Andrea. One more look at Johanna and Andrea announced: “Come on goddess, let’s go slay some dragons.” With the final touches completed, Johanna and Andrea went to the dining room to prepare for dinner.

Johanna’s father soon arrived for dinner. He walked thru the door - but held it open behind him. What is this? Someone was coming through the door behind him? “Surprise!” Johanna heard a familiar voice - and in came Alexis. She had driven in from junior college. And next – next, another girl came in. Alexis introduced her - Mom, Dad, Julie, Johanna – this is Ann, my future spouse.

No sooner were the greetings over when Julie grabbed Johanna, took her aside and stared at her. “I can’t believe that you are going to be my wife some day! You are absolutely gorgeous, stunningly gorgeous – sexy, so feminine and did I mention sexy? No one I know looks as beautiful as you. I want to run off with you right now and let you experience how much I adore you. Wow! That blouse! And those breasts underneath, looking so real and so sexy, I can hardly wait until those breasts are permanent. But for now, I can’t wait to get you alone after dinner!” confided Julie. Julie and Johanna stepped back into the dining room.

Next, Alexis spoke, “I’m speechless, to say the least, at the transformation my little brother has undergone. Isn’t she ‘hot’? Too bad she’s related to me, because right now she looks so ‘hot’ that I’d love to ——. Had I known of her desires earlier, I would have loaned her my training-bra and panties, years ago.” That sent a round of applause through the house. “Johanna – Sis - I’m so glad that you’ve agreed to be my Maid-of-Honor, and trust me, as gorgeous as you look now, you have no idea how absolutely, feminine and sexy you will look for my wedding, wearing a lovely bridesmaid’s dress,” announced Alex. With such a happy mood floating throughout the house, Julie stepped behind Johanna to hug her. Placing her arms around her, she let her hands rest over each breast. Before she released her hug, Julie gently caressed Johanna’s breasts. That almost did it for Johanna. An accident was very close to happening, she was so over-whelmed, so bathed in

sensual feelings. Johanna took a deep breath and whispered to Julie, "Honey, you got me so 'hot', I don't know if I can make it through dinner. That caress really made me feel like a woman. Now I can hardly wait to get my breast-implants and SRS. Let's continue this after dinner," Johanna and Julie turned their focus back to the family. Johanna's father added, "If I had known that you could look so lovely and be so happy by being feminized, I would have supported your transition much sooner. You are going to make a very beautiful and gorgeous wife for Julie some day! But let's get Alex's wedding out of the way first. That was the first time that Ken referred to his daughter as "Alex". With the announcement of Alex's marriage to Ann, it seemed appropriate to refer to his daughter in that manner – the days of Alexis were past – the future belonged to Alex.

They all sat down for dinner. Andrea announced, "I'm a little sad. Yes, amongst all this joy, I'm a little sad – sad that we didn't invite the Halls and our other friends over for this mile-stone dinner. I guess they will have to wait until church tomorrow to see our new daughter. It would have been wonderful to share Johanna's and Alex's joy and excitement with all those we love; but, as long as it's just family, let's not let that stop us from celebrating this momentous occasion to the utmost.

Johanna was beaming from ear-to-ear, her gold earrings glistening in the candlelight. Alex and Ann snuggled up to each other and exchanged a gentle kiss while they were holding hands, in preparation for the Prayer-of-Thanks for the meal. After saying Grace, Ken held up his wine glass and proposed a toast. "I've ridden some wild rides at our local fairs, but this twist-of-fate – this happy occasion, is the best twister I've ever seen in these here stormy Plains of Kansas. To the happy future of our children – Alex & Johanna! May happiness fill all the days of their lives!

Sunday was Johanna's first time in church as a woman. For church, she wore her new LBD and three inch heels, and yes, her 38-D bra. With the breast-forms being glued to her chest, Johanna decided it was the perfect excuse that she needed to fully "come out" as the woman she was. Some recognized her and congratulated her for being brave enough – yes, for being man enough to become a woman. Mark, the Music Minister came up and greeted her, knowing who she was; stating, "My dear, you are truly to be commended for being brave enough to take this step. I do love your new looks much better than John. I was wondering when this moment would come. May God bless you and give you many happy and fulfilling years as Johanna."

Others, who didn't recognize her, thought that the Wilson's had a visitor with them. But regardless of what folks said or didn't say, this day was the highlight of Johanna's life - thus far. Here she was, not hiding from God, but humbly worshipping God in all of her femininity. Maybe not femininity given to her by God, but allowed by Him. She felt so free – so liberated – so fulfilled and content. Joy bubbled from her soul, and her radiant face showed it. The old song, 'Sunshine, sunshine, in my soul today; Sunshine, sunshine, all along the way'... was going through her mind. It was indeed a bright sun-shiny day for Johanna!

Monday came all too soon! Monday - Yes, the FINAL Monday - the last day of classes had arrived! Johanna had earlier decided to complete her senior week in a more feminine-mode, but not totally in mode as a woman. However, there was a slight problem now – well, actually four slight 'problems.' First, Johanna was now wearing permanent mas-

cara. Second, Beth had given her a perm – a very feminine and sexy style. A hair-style no man would ever wear – not even an effeminate man – and there was no hiding that. Thirdly, her breasts were glued to her chest and it would take quite some time to carefully remove them. And then, there were the long red acrylic nails, which would take even longer to remove. What to do now? There was only one option – Johanna – not John, not even Johnnie - would be appearing for the last day of classes. With trembling hands, Johanna prepared for her feminine debut at El Camino High. If Johanna was going to debut, she was going to be the sexiest and prettiest woman El Camino had ever seen. And just as she had appeared at church in total feminine attire the day before, Johanna would wear something equally feminine today - one of her new black and white dresses. Yes, it may have seemed a bit too fancy for school, but it was the last day, so a celebrative mood and attire seemed appropriate. When she was fully dressed - her make-up stunningly feminine and flawless – she headed off for school, her heart pounding with excitement.

On campus, a couple of her close friends approached her and told her how fantastic she looked. They told her that they only recognized her because she sat in John's seat. Her transformation, they assured her, was that dramatic – that convincing. Johanna thanked them and then in the true fashion of women, gave them grateful hugs and kisses. Hugging someone, now that she had breasts, was a new experience. As her breasts came in contact with the other person, it gave her a sensual feeling and a reminder that she was a woman. It was indeed a fulfilling feeling – a feeling which flooded her soul with femininity.

Some of Johanna's peers, who only saw her walking around the campus, didn't recognize her. Johanna stopped one of her friends, from Chem. class to say Hi – just to see how she would react. "Hi Sharon, she greeted her friend." When Johanna saw the puzzled look on her face, Johanna offered, "I'm Johanna, formerly John, from your Chem. class." "No way! I don't believe it! I've seen the occasional versions of an effeminate John, but never expected that you could look this gorgeous. What took you so long to emerge? You look so genuinely feminine – and happier, I might add. I'd kill to look like you. Girl, you've got some time to make up. I'm so glad that you have the courage to do what you've done. I've always thought that there was something of a feminine streak in you. I'm glad that you didn't waste it. And I'm so jealous of how absolutely gorgeous you look - good enough to kiss – if I were a boy," replied Sharon. "Go ahead. Remember, I've been kissed by a girl before," replied Johanna. With that comment, Sharon gave Johanna a sweet kiss on the cheek. "Too bad, for me, that you have a girlfriend. With looks that sexy, I could be persuaded to change my sexual preference. You go girl," Sharon said, as they parted. "I love you," was all that came to Johanna's lips. And with that, Johanna's time at El Camino ended. What a way to end the old life and begin the new!

What a twist of fate, thought Johanna – my sister wants to be a boy – I'm becoming a woman – and our lovers are women who love us, no matter who we are! Her father was right - this is the best "twister" that Johanna had ever seen!

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