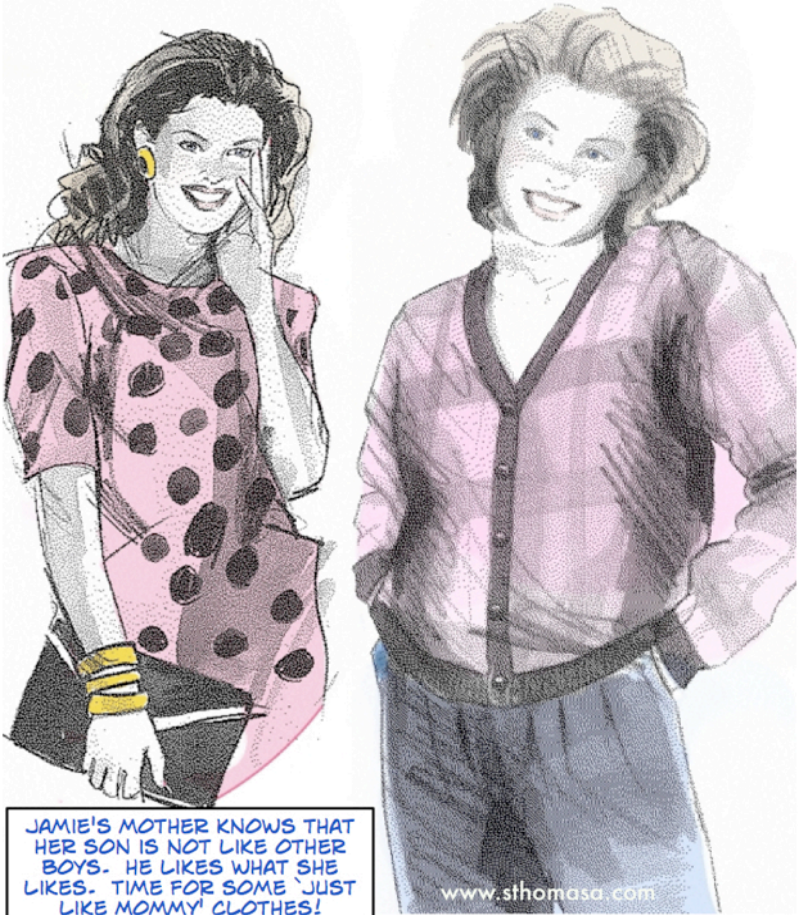


CONTEMPORARY

TV FICTION

"HIS FIRST BRA"



SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

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HIS FIRST BRA

By Sandy Brown

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“HIS FIRST BRA”

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QUOTE BOARD

“Best way to learn to be a lady is watch a manly man
and do the opposite.”

“HIS FIRST BRA”

By Sandy Brown

Jamie kissed me on the cheek and headed out the door to meet the school bus. He looked like any other sixth grader, except for a few subtle differences.

For one thing, his hair was shiny, well-maintained, a little long and was cut and blow dried in a sophisticated style for a child that age. If I were standing next to him, you might even notice that our hairstyles were remarkably similar.

For another thing, even though it was a beautiful spring day, Jamie was wearing a cute knit cotton sweater vest over his shirt. A little prissy, but nothing that screamed ‘girl’.

Oh, and one more thing – and the real reason for the vest – under his shirt, Jamie was wearing his very first training bra.



The real reason for the vest – under Jamie’s shirt, he was wearing his very first training bra to school!

Yesterday had been an amazing day....

I had called ahead to make an appointment for a private fitting. I had told them it was for my teen. I had not told them it was for my son, and by now, with his cute outfit and the perfect makeup he just had applied at a high-end New York City salon, Jamie looked like a beautiful teenaged girl. He no longer looked androgynous. So, when we walked in to the store, everyone assumed that Jamie was my daughter.

I don't know why I felt the need to set the record straight, but that is what I did. When one of the ladies who worked there took us into the back to a private fitting room, I said, "This is my son Jamie. Isn't he gorgeous?"

The woman's eyes got wide and I continued. "All the girls in Jamie's class have started wearing bras, and I decided that it was time for him to get fitted as well." I added, "I know he hasn't really started developing," as if there were some kind of possibility that that could change. I continued, "Anyway, I thought we would get him some training bras for every day, maybe even for school. We'll have to see about that. And then, for special occasions, where he wants to show a little bit of a figure, we could get him some bras with a little bit of padding."

I kissed him on the head and said, "How does that sound to you, Sweetie?"

You would think that after two hours of learning to put on makeup, in front of his mother, that he would have become somewhat inured to the shocks of this day of feminization. But no. He was speechless! I turned to

the lady helping us and said, “He’s very shy. Why don’t we go with what I just suggested?”

Jamie was not the only one who was speechless. The lady still had not recovered from me referring to Jamie as my son. Nonetheless, she was very professional, and said, “As you wish, Madame.”

We then spent the next forty-five minutes having Jamie measured and trying on various styles of bras. As the woman approached Jamie with that first training bra, I saw the excitement in his eyes and a flush on his cheeks.

There were mirrors in every direction and he stood passively waiting for instructions. The woman said, “This brand is very nice, comfortable and easy to get used to wearing.”

As the lady held up Jamie’s very first training bra, she told him to take off his shirt, and hold his arms out. It was more basic than I’d hoped. A simple strapped, white brassiere, its cups nothing more than nylon, giving no added curve without tissue. That is what I used to do on the way to school, back when I was Jamie’s age. Like lots of other girls who were somewhat late bloomers, as soon as I was out of the house, I would take the tissue paper I had lifted from the bathroom, and stuff it into my bra cups. I was in such a hurry to grow up!

Yes, this was a basic training bra, but still, it was a bra. My son was trying on his very first bra! My mind went back to the dream I used to have about how I would experience this joyful moment with my daughter. But this moment, this very moment when my son put on his first bra, was even more special.

The woman walked around behind him and closed the back clasp, checked and adjusted the straps slightly. Jamie stared at his image in the three way mirror as the woman sorted through other bras. Tears welled in my eyes as I saw him turning this way and that, staring at his reflection in amazement. I could tell that he knew that something special was happening to him, that he would never be the same. More than the styled hair, more than the pretty outfit, more than the perfect teen makeup he was now wearing, the training bra had somehow magically transformed my son into my daughter. I did not know what the future would bring, but just as it had been for me and my mother, this moment was the best of our lives.

The funny part was that the training bra really made no difference in his figure. There were no breasts projecting, just a simple harness and a back clasp his inept fingers would learn to control. The woman said, “These are rather expensive, but they lay flat and don’t leave the marks of a too-tight bra on his back or shoulders.”

Could she read my mind? I was already thinking that Jamie could wear these everywhere! Maybe even school, and truly be bra trained.

“Is it comfortable, Honey?” I asked.

“I guess,” he said, still flushed.

“I suggest that white one, a beige and a black,” the woman said. “Maybe in some less basic models, we can try some pastels? Most girls want at least one pink bra.”

The woman didn’t wait for an answer from either of us. The “assumed close” some salesmen called it. An

undeclared approval. As she left to get more boxes, she said, “See if you can unhook your brassiere. Maybe your mother can show you?”

A brilliant memory from my girlhood popped into my head, remembering my mother showing me the secret of bra hooking and unhooking. Jamie started to struggle and I stopped him. “Relax, it’s not a wrestling match. It’s a delicate strip of nylon. Just reach around behind your back, hold one side gently and pull the other towards it....”

One bra for fun...



and
one for
training.

In moments, he had unhooked his first brassiere. It was barely a bra, but it had all the bell and whistles. Hooks, straps, cups, a little bow in the middle.

The saleswoman showed up with even more delicate bras and from the looks of the packaging, I'm sure they were increasingly more expensive. She had figured out that this was not a passing whim or a Halloween party costume.

She said, "I'll fit you with this one and then you fasten and unfasten the hooks yourself a few times."

Jamie easily unfastened the hooks but it took some instruction to get him comfortable getting the straps flat. Watching him trying to get each of the two eyes into the right two hooks, the saleswoman said, "It just takes practice. That's why girls wear training bras." When Jamie finally felt the hooks hold, and the nylon secure, a smile came to his lips, lips that were still pink from the pretty pale lipstick he had learned to apply earlier in the day.

When Jamie finally had a chance to look at it "installed," he was unprepared for the effect this bra had on his image. This bra had just a tiny hint of protective padding over his nipples creating the hint of a bust. Jamie gasped, "I could never wear this OUT!"

"It doesn't really show. New brassieres tend to be pointy." I looked at the saleslady to see if she'd comment on my observation. She was smart; it was my credit card.

In the back of my mind, I knew that there were plenty of people who would think it was terribly wrong

for a mother to be taking her son for a bra fitting. And, maybe they were right. Maybe by encouraging his feminine side I would be creating problems for him. But if that side of him was there, why should he suffer or feel guilty just because he liked what over half the population liked to do?

Maybe we would decide that he could wear his training bra out or maybe even to school. VBSL would be a big no-no. Visible Bra Strap Lines was something we just couldn't allow...at least for a while.

Jamie just couldn't wear clingy, knit shirts. The saleswoman seemed to understand. Although the "training bras" (training to be harnessed the rest of a girl's life) were barely more than short tank tops with hooks in back, Jamie looked like he'd crossed over some undetectable, inflexible line. He stood differently now. His shoulders were pulled back just a bit and his arms hung differently. His whole posture was more feminine.

He tried on several more styles, each in more feminine colors, most in seamless styles that would not show. Jamie shyly suggested he had enough "for fun."

I looked at the saleslady and she said, "Honey, how can anyone have too much fun? If you don't get enough in the right colors, they could show under your shirts."

"I don't think I'm going to wear them under all my shirts?" Jamie said innocently.

"But what if you wanted to?"

Jamie nodded. He knew that all the girls at school started wearing bras and could tell that they were starting a new stage in life. There was something about the little straps of nylon that impacted everything.

“They are not uncomfortable,” he said softly. “I know I would never wear a white shirt with a colored bra.”

“Good boy,” the saleslady said. “You may need to layer up and should have several shades of cream-colored training bras.” She turned to me, “I really think he’d have fun with a few slightly padded ones that would visibly show what the girls in his class are displaying....”

“Gawd no, Mother!” he gasped. “I’d be found out and teased.”

“Just the training bras for now,” I told the woman. “Oh, and that padded one in the basic colors too.” I looked at Jamie and said, “We can save the padded ones for just inside the house for now, ok?”

Yes, I was sure there were plenty of people who would disapprove. But on this special day, and at this moment, I really didn’t care what other people might think. The joy that my precious son was experiencing by trying on his first bra was written all over his pretty face. And that made it all worth it.



LIPSTICK....

I thought of my mother. I had definitely NOT started out as a girly girl but that was something my mother helped me change. I had such fond memories of watching her put on makeup; in those days, it was lots of fiery red lipstick and black eyebrow pencil. It was all so dramatic – everyone was trying to look like Liz Taylor! While I watched my mother, she'd give me a little cotton ball with perfumed powder and I'd puff it over my face. I'd been doing that to Jamie most of his life. Was I subconsciously addicting him to the sensuous feel of makeup being applied, or was I just playing with my little boy?

Sometimes I'd give him a little kiss on the lips and my lipstick would transfer onto his lips. Instead of wiping it off, I would giggle and take my little pinky and spread the transferred lipstick evenly on his lips. Then I

would joke and tell him how pretty he looked in Mommie’s lipstick. He would act like he was upset, but I noticed that he never once tried to take it off.

When Jamie was ten, he walked in when I was plucking my eyebrows. “Why are you doing that?” he asked.

“To open up my eyes,” I said.

“Do my eyes need to be opened up?”

I pulled a couple (maybe more than a couple) hairs from one side before he ran away with tears in his eyes. “Beauty can hurt a bit,” I called after him. “Get back here and let me do the other side.”



My mother had taught me to be confident in myself, and having the right hair, makeup and wardrobe was part of it. Jamie was small and I didn’t know how to help his confidence, show him love and point out his better points without comparing him to other boys.

I remember with such clarity the first time I thought of buying Jamie a bra. There was a neighborhood girl, Lucy, a real Tom-boy who was a year or two older than Jamie. Suddenly she was beginning to show little buds through her shirts. Oh my, that is such a special time in a girl’s life! It’s like, your transformation into a woman is announcing itself to the world!

Soon after, the girl was in bras. And after she started wearing bras, her whole personality seemed to change. She seemed to grow both more confident and more feminine. Confident...that was the kind of change I wanted to see take place in Jamie. And more feminine. Yes, if I was honest with myself, it wasn't just Lucy's newfound confidence that I wanted to see in Jamie; it was her new-found femininity as well.

From some really slippery logic, I convinced myself Jamie would like to have a bra just like Lucy. I didn't have the nerve to ask him, or inclination to just buy him one. I knew I wanted it to happen, but the timing had to be right. Ideally, the adventure would be both our idea....or at least, I had to somehow know that was what he really wanted....yes, Mommie would take care of everything, as long as I knew that was what my baby wanted....even if he didn't know it yet himself.

That was the beginning of how we ended up in the bra shop.

It was Friday evening. Jamie and I had finished dinner, and we sat in the family room together watching TV. I had been a fashion model when I was younger, and America's Top Model was one of my favorite shows.

Jamie always complained about watching it, but there were other TVs in the house, and yet he chose to sit in the family room with me when I had it on. I smiled to myself, thinking that either he really did not mind watching the show, or he liked to be with his mother so much that he put up with it. Either way, he was choosing to spend the evening with me, watching a

show about pretty fashion models, rather than playing some silly, violent video game like most boys his age, which made me happy.

Tonight's show was particularly interesting because it featured Isis King as one of the contestants. Isis is transgendered. Like the proverbial caterpillar being transformed into a butterfly, the drab boy emerged from his cocoon as a beautiful girl, flaunting her feminine beauty on a stage in front of millions of viewers. I couldn't help thinking to myself that there must be thousands of lonely, girlish boys out there, watching the TV at that very moment, and wishing they could be Isis. That was sad, but on the other hand, all of those boys could at least see that there was hope – if Isis had done it, so could they...

Jamie was riveted to the screen, watching this beautiful woman who was once a boy. I was busy watching Jamie watching Isis. I couldn't help wondering what he was thinking. Was Jamie one of those boys who identified with Isis?



Jamie was just a regular boy...perhaps a bit soft.

While we watched the show, I was busy doing my nails. I know that in some ways that made me a ‘throwback’ to the days from before there was a nail salon on every corner. I mean, who wouldn’t rather pay twelve dollars to be pampered, and have your nails done professionally by some cute Asian girl, rather than struggle with trying to achieve the same result at home?

Well, I guess for me, it was like the way cleaning the house, or ironing, or doing laundry is for other women – it was cathartic.

My mother had taught me how to do my nails when I was Jamie’s age. And I never stopped. It was relaxing to me, and I got satisfaction out of making my own hands look so pretty. Over my years, one thing I have learned is to pamper myself. Regular beauty nights where I can refresh my looks and feel indulged.

Nevertheless, that night, I made a very interesting observation. I was using a color called Shootout at the OK Coral. OK, I will admit, I love pretty pinks and corals, and I love these super cute nail polish names! I noticed that Jamie kept glancing in my direction. The poor boy! I could tell that he was torn between watching Isis strut her stuff on TV, and watching Mommie paint her nails. I asked, “Jamie, do you like this color? Isn’t it pretty?”

Jamie stuttered a bit and said, “Uh, yeah Mom, it’s pretty.”

I probably should have let it go, but I couldn’t resist toying with him a little. Boys can be so cute when they get all flustered when you suggest that they try something feminine! I said, “Honey, I know boys don’t have their nails painted, which is too bad, because it’s so

much fun. But if you ever want me to do your nails, well, it can be our little secret. We can have matching nails! Would you like that?"

Jamie looked mortified at the suggestion. He turned beet red. He said, "No, Mother, of course I do not want you to do my nails! What would give you that crazy idea?"

I looked at him and said, "Have you ever heard of Shakespeare? He has a quote from one of his plays - 'Me thinks thou doth protest too much.'"

Jamie looked at me and said, "What does that mean?"

I said, "Never mind, Honey. But the offer stands. If you ever want to have some fun and have me do your nails, just let me know."

Jamie could not possibly know that I knew that inside, he was dying for Mommie to paint his nails, but he would find out what I knew soon enough. In the meantime, Jamie went back to his show, now trying really hard not to look at my manicure, and I went back to my nails. I thought, 'It really is too bad that boys don't get to do this. Being a girl is so much fun!'

Yes, my mother had turned me into a real girly girl; I love all things feminine. Once my mother got me started, all I wanted to wear was dresses – no pants for me! In some ways, I am still less like a mom and more like a teenaged girl – I mean, what is more fun than going to the cosmetics area of a nice department store like Saks and trying on some new makeup and then buying some goodies? LOL, or even better, buying some skin care products and getting a free gift, like a Lancome

lipstick and mascara, with a pretty little makeup purse? Getting free makeup gifts is definitely one of the best things about being a woman!

When I was working as a model, I remember that some of the girls used to really think it was a bother when the makeup artists would work on us. But I loved it! I loved having someone fuss over me, and I loved to feel the soft brushes on my face. I know I never did anything to deserve my looks, and so I do not feel conceited about acknowledging that I am pretty. To me, it's no different than being tall, or even having a high IQ. It is what it is. To this day I am grateful for the gift that God gave me. Having said that, I will admit that being pretty makes being girly that much more fun!

So, here I am, this pretty ex-model, who is a single mom with one child - a boy. Everything that you might think about my circumstance is in fact true:

Yes, I missed not having a little girl to share all of my feminine things with. There is a special bond between a mother and daughter that I would never get to feel. I remember the day my mother took me for my first bra. It was not only the most special day of my life, it was the most special day of hers. And it made me sad to think that I would not have a daughter to share that experience with. Just like I did nothing to deserve the blessing of being beautiful, I felt like I did not deserve the curse of being deprived of a daughter. But, like being beautiful, there was nothing I could do about it.

Yes, I always worried about my son not having a masculine influence in his life.

Yes, I worried that I would find myself, well, not exactly trying to turn him into the daughter I never had, but at least, sharing some of those mother-daughter experiences with him.

But because I was aware of all that, I tried to guard against it. I mean, I did not go overboard by trying to push him into masculine pursuits, but I consciously tried not to, well, seduce him into my feminine world. I will admit that sometimes it was an effort. Sometimes I went shopping while Jamie was at school, and bought a darling outfit, and I couldn't help modeling it for him when he got home. One time, I was shopping at Nordstrom's, and I found this gorgeous, sleeveless lace jacquard dress by Jason Wu, and a perfect pair of Jimmy Choo heels to go with it. I was so excited to show Jamie! Before he got home, I redid my makeup. When he walked in the house, I twirled a little for him, lifted the hem a little, did a curtsy and said, "What do you think?"

Yes, it was a little flirtatious on my part, but it seemed harmless. Jamie tried to act 'cool', but I could see both the love and admiration in his eyes!

On the other hand, there were times when I was out shopping and found myself wandering over to the Young Miss section, looking at all the precious outfits I would dress my daughter in. Yes, of course there were times when I wanted to pick out something for my Jamie, but I forced myself not to. A few times, when I saw an especially darling mother-daughter outfit, I left the store with tears in my eyes.

But, I guess that for all my efforts not to feminize my son, I did not try hard enough.

Although I'm sure that Jamie thought he was being extremely clever and leaving no trace of his activities, about six months ago, I started detecting signs of his presence in my wardrobe, my lingerie drawer, and my makeup table. Of course, I was looking, because my suspicions had been aroused. It first started when I would go into his bedroom and make his bed.

There, hidden in between the mattress and the box spring, was not the normal fare of a teenaged boy – old Playboy magazines, for example – but instead, flyers I had received in the mail for the latest Estee Lauder makeup, with the gorgeous models exquisitely, perfectly made up (much like I had been when I was working). Or catalogues, like Boston Proper, showing pretty models in hyper-feminine outfits – soft, off the shoulder tops with an abundance of lace, and bows, and ribbons; or women in girlish, almost old-fashioned bathing suits with little skirts, wearing very high heels, oversized sunglasses, big earrings, and perfectly lipsticked mouths. No, this was not what a normal teen boy would be hiding.

When Jamie was younger he loved looking at my catalogues.



I never said a word to him about his little stash, because a) I did not want to embarrass him, and b) I really did not know what to make of it. It all seemed harmless. So, the boy liked to look at pretty, well-dressed women who wore impeccable makeup, instead of sleazy women in various states of undress. What was wrong with that? It did occur to me that these women might bear some resemblance to me, but again, so what? What was so wrong with a boy having a crush on his Mother? Didn't I read somewhere that all boys are secretly in love with their mothers?

It made me somewhat more concerned when I went into my lingerie drawer and I saw that my hose was not rolled into quite the perfect ball I knew I left it in. Once my suspicions were aroused, it all became painfully obvious that Jamie was in my things. Yes, yes, I started

leaving little traps for him. At one point I even set out on my vanity a brand new lipstick – Revlon Moondrops, in Goldbrick Red. I will admit, that was unfair – what boy who was attracted to his mother’s makeup could resist that gorgeous lipstick in its pretty green case? And sure enough, when I checked my little mousetrap the next day, the cheese was gone. The brand new lipstick was no longer brand new. The poor boy wanted to try it on so badly that he was willing to take the risk that I would realize I had left it new and come back to it used. Or, was it not a risk at all? Did he want me to know?

It didn’t really matter whether he wanted me to know or not, because I DID know. And I thought long and hard about whether I should do anything with this knowledge. Ignoring some catalogues hidden in his bed was different from ignoring evidence that my son was trying on my makeup. I felt like I needed to do something, even if it was just to talk to him about it.

But opportunities have a way of presenting themselves. Before I could decide whether to talk to Jamie about him trying on my things, we had a little incident involving his underwear.

Once again, my relationship with Jamie uncannily reminded me of my relationship with my mother....

Things my mother taught me....

One Friday morning, Jamie was getting ready for school and looked in his underwear drawer to put on his ‘tighty whitey’ Jockey underwear. I know because he was late and he started yelling, “Where is my underwear?”

“In your drawer!” I yelled before I looked in the laundry room and saw that they were all wrapped up in the white sheets.

“I have none,” he yelled.

My mother always said, “Always wear clean panties.” Silly advice but it was the first bit of undergarment advice before brassieres, slips, skirt length and boys. My mother’s reasoning was that if I ever got into an accident, I would be terribly embarrassed if I had dirty panties on. And those EMT guys would gather around to judge the cleanliness of my panties. It wasn’t logic, but ingrained sense.

On top of a pile of clean laundry, was a pair of my white cotton panties. I stood there, staring at those panties. Dirty Jockeys or clean panties?

I went up to Jamie’s room and handed him my panties. He said, “I can’t wear those!”

“You can’t wear dirty underwear....” I think in negotiations, it’s called “referring to a higher source.” A car salesman disappears into some back office and comes out to shake his head and say, “I got them to budge a bit...”

Grandma is that higher source. “Put these on. They are cotton just like the ones you wear, only softer with a small elastic band. Just don’t get into an accident!”

When I got older, I realized that the meaning of “get in an accident” had transformed from the literal meaning of the EMT’s seeing me to code for an “impromptu sexual encounter.” You needed clean underwear for THAT!

My heart was beating a million times a minute when Jamie came out wearing my panties. I struggled to admit it to myself, but this moment was thrilling to me, and yes, a little exciting – my son was wearing my panties!

“See how nice?” I stated. “We need to buy you more underwear.”

So off to school Jamie went, looking the same but wearing my panties. I wondered if he would be totally distracted by them all day or would he forget that his pants fly wouldn’t work with panties.

That night when he got undressed and into his PJ’s and ready for bed, he brought his school clothes to the laundry room. The panties were on top as if he was showing me he was returning them.

“Did you do laundry?” he asked.

“Gawd, I was so busy. I’ll do it Sunday. Just take a couple pair of mine off that pile of clean lingerie. Was it weird wearing panties?”

Jamie blushed, “I’d forget, but they were actually very nice.” He matter-of-factly picked up a few pairs of my panties and took them to his room.

The next morning, Saturday, Jamie had put on my panties and we went about our normal weekend routine. That night in the hamper, I saw that he’d picked up not only my cotton panties but had also taken a nylon pair...which is what he had worn.

Sunday came and over breakfast I said, "I'm going to do the laundry today. With both of us wearing my panties, even I'm running out of the basics. We both need more everyday undies or we'll end up in my panty-girdles."

Jamie laughed, "It was sort of interesting at school. One of the girls bent over and the top of her panties showed...the boys went nuts. They were the same kind I was wearing."

I smiled, "Silly boys. Underwear is just underwear. Do you like the cotton or nylon panties?"

He blushed, "They both are nice. If you didn't finish the laundry, I wanted to save the cotton ones for school Monday."

"Panties are so much easier to wash," I stated. "Let's go through one of my catalogues this afternoon and pick out some new underwear."

That afternoon, Jamie and I sat on the sofa and I pulled out the Sears catalogue. There were 30 pages of women's underwear, 2 of boys'. I ripped the order form out of the middle and showed Jamie, "This is the brand you are wearing now." The picture was of a young woman in her twenties in bra and panties surrounded by other young women in bras and panties. I pointed to another picture and said, "These are the ones I'm wearing...."

Jamie was looking with a new interest. "Why are some high-waisted and others so low?"

This was like a dream come true. It was like my questions to my mother when we'd catalogue shop. Even though Jamie and I had not said a word to each other,

clearly he was indulging my “daughter desires.” It almost seemed like, as long as we did not directly talk about it, maybe he was ok with it.

“I’ll order a couple more Jockeys for you. Lets pick out a few pairs of panties you might like to wear to save me from doing laundry so often?”

“That’s silly,” he said.

“Cotton takes forever to dry. Com’ on, isn’t wearing panties to school sort of naughty fun? The boys are just dying for a glimpse of nylon undies and you are wearing them?”

“Are you serious?” he said.

I felt like I was at an inflection point in my relationship with Jamie. I felt like, if I gave him a reason why it was ‘ok’ for him to wear panties, he might say yes. And yet, we both had to know that the reasoning was silly...that boys did NOT wear panties, that him wearing panties instead of Jockeys was NOT going to really result in me having less laundry to do.

“Look at these.” I pointed to a young girl in cute hip huggers in pale pastel pink. “I bet a lot of girls at your school wear those. My mother always said, ‘Wear the nicest damn undies you can and don’t cheap out.’ Underwear is an investment in your quality of life. Undies are something you wear all day, every day. Walking around in frumpy and saggy cotton is just downright tragic.”

He smiled, thinking I was joking. “So I just start wearing your panties?”

“They would be your underwear, Honey. You would just have more of a choice than just white cotton. You wear what you want. But I’d love us to wear matching

undies. Would you help me pick out a couple styles we could both wear...these look nice? Would you wear these?"

"Why don't you just wear Jockeys?" he joked.

"Much too bulky under tight clothes," I said logically. Then, I don't know why, but I flipped up my skirt and showing just a flash of my panties. "Panties are fun, dear. Silky and smooth nylon that allows your clothes to hug one's behind. Chances are that you'll never want to go back to those yucky tighty-whities."

Jamie's hair had grown almost to his shoulders, framing a face that still retained a youthful androgyny. Our closeness was comfortable and he was also my best friend. I teased him, "What do you think?" I asked pointing to a pair of nylon panties.

He was a little embarrassed but at the same time flushed with excitement. "Those are okay. But I can't promise I'll wear them."

I was so excited when our package arrived Thursday that week. I decided to not make a big deal about it then. I simply made room in his underwear drawer, and put his new panties next to his new Jockeys.

When he came home from school, I said, "Our new undies arrived. I put yours in your drawers." It was nothing more than I would have said about his boy's cotton uglies.

And that was how we came to be sitting on the couch together that Friday night, with me doing my nails, the

two of us watching TV, and both of us wearing our matching panties.

Saturday was Jamie's birthday, and I decided to give him a birthday he would never forget. Getting him into panties had been fun, but I was ready for him to take the next step. For one day, my son would have no choice...my caterpillar would be a butterfly. After that, the choice would be his.

After I was done with my nails, and our TV shows were over, I tucked him into bed and kissed him goodnight. I said, "Tomorrow is a big day! You are no longer a child! You don't think I forgot, did you? I have a couple of things planned that I hope you will enjoy!"

Jamie tried to get it out of me, but I told him that my lips were sealed. Then I gently kissed him again, this time, just a butterfly kiss on his lips, and said, "Goodnight, my Pretty Boy."

Jamie opened his eyes, looked at me quizzically and said, "Mom, why did you say that?"

I said, "Oh, I don't know, I'm sorry Sweetie, I'm just being silly. Night, Night."

And I walked out and shut the light off.

For breakfast, I made Jamie his favorite - chocolate chip pancakes. After breakfast, I told him to shower and wash his hair, and then to come to my bedroom. He came into my bedroom with a wet head, and I took him into my bathroom. I took out my blow dryer, my brush and my curling iron and got to work on his hair.



Jamie looked alarmed and said, “Mom, what are you doing?” I had never tried to blow dry his hair before.

I said, “Honey, it’s your birthday, and I just want you to look nice. Let me fuss with your hair a little, ok?”

Jamie looked unsure but did not protest any further. His hair was just long enough for me to style it into a nice feminine style. I created some bangs in front and some ‘feathering’ on the sides. He definitely looked much more girlish when I was done. In fact, his hair looked a lot like mine. I took him over to the bathroom mirror and stood next to him. “Look Honey,” I said. “We’re matching!”

Jamie seemed entranced by the similarity in our hairstyles. Once again, it reminded me of when I was a girl, and all I wanted was a high pony just like Mommy.

I then took him back to my bedroom and took out some shopping bags. Inside was a new pair of slim fitting white pants. Well, ok, they were capris; and a darling navy and white striped knit top with a scooped neck and three quarter length sleeves.

I could try telling him they were boy’s clothes, but for months he had been sleeping with the Boston Proper catalogue under his bed, and I just knew he would recognize the clothes from the catalogue. Of course, if he protested, he would have to acknowledge that he knew where they were from, and then he would be admitting that he knew what was in the catalogue.

Jamie looked panicked. He said, “Mom, I can’t wear this! These are girl’s clothes!”

Well, it looked like it was time for me to say what I knew. I said, “Oh, hush, pants are pants and pants are, umm unisex. They are just slacks and a top. It’s not like I am asking you to put on a dress! Anyway, young man, even if I WERE asking you to put on a dress or a skirt, it’s not like you have never done that.”

There. I had dropped the bomb. Jamie looked at me and said, “What, what are you talking about?”

I walked up to him and embraced him, and then I kissed him on the cheek and whispered in his ear. “Sweetie, do you really think I don’t know you have been trying on my makeup and clothes for the past few months?”

I felt him stiffen up in my arms, and I continued. “I promise you, it’s ok. But do me a favor. Please spare me the scene of trying to deny it, ok?”

I giggled and continued, “I mean, really, you would be a terrible thief! What did you think I would think when you sampled my brand new, never-used lipstick? That it was the tooth fairy?”

Jamie started sobbing in my arms. I think part of his reaction was that the stress of the months of sneaking around had finally caught up with him. I continued to hold him and said, “Shush. I told you it was ok. If I had a problem with it, do you think I would have gotten us matching panties? It’s better now that you do not have to be sneaking around. Now, get dressed. And put these new panties on under your slacks.”

I handed him a pair of panties that he had not seen before. They were tiny. Jamie looked at them as if he could not figure out how they worked. “Honey, these are called a thong. They are a little grownup for a gir...um boy your age. The nice thing about a thong is that, when you are wearing tight fitting pants like these, they do not have a panty line. See how that works?”

I showed him how the strap went in back, ‘in between’. Jamie hesitated, and then took the plunge.

He grabbed the bags of clothing, and the panties, and went into the bathroom to change.

When Jamie emerged, I really felt my heart go pitter pat. He was so pretty, and so shy! With his newly styled hair, and his pretty outfit, my son looked just adorable. You really could not tell if he was a boy or a girl. I was pleased, because that was just the look I was going for! There was something about having people guess whether this was a slightly boyish looking girl, or a girlish boy, that I found very exciting. I resisted the urge to put a barrette in his hair. There would be time for that.

And I couldn't help thinking how nice he would look with his ears pierced! Of course, that made me think of my mother, and how for my sixteenth birthday she had given me a matching set of pearl earrings and a single, 'princess' strand. I tried not to let my fantasies get the best of me, but I already pictured giving my beautiful son the pearl earrings and necklace my mother had given me. Oh, he would look so adorable wearing them, maybe with a pretty pink cashmere twin set!!

I had bought Jamie a cute pair of girls' white Keds to go with his outfit. He put them on, and off we went.



Jamie's makeup.

We drove into New York City. Jamie was excited to get into the city, but still had no idea where we were going. We got to 52nd Street and Fifth Avenue, and I parked the car. We approached a building on Fifth Avenue that had a red door. It was The Elizabeth Arden Red Door Salon, an iconic New York City landmark, and the city's first real day spa. It had been around since I was a little girl.

We walked inside and I said to the receptionist that I had an appointment for my son.

The woman smiled and said, "You must be Jamie! Someone will escort you to your room in a moment."

In a moment, a beautiful young woman came and took us down the hallway to a private room. The room had a comfortable couch and sitting area, as well as a high swivel chair. A very attractive middle-aged woman

appeared, smiled, shook our hands and introduced herself. She said, “Hi, I’m Angela. You must be Mrs. Gold. You are even more beautiful in person than I pictured! It’s clear YOU don’t need a makeup lesson! And you must be Jamie. Your mother has ordered you a private makeup consultation and lesson. She told me that you have been, well, experimenting with makeup. She thought it might be nice for you to learn how to properly apply makeup that is appropriate for a teenaged girl.”

Jamie looked shocked and panicked. I had not told him anything because I did not want him to make a scene and refuse to come. I was his mother, and I knew what was best for him.

Jamie said, “Mom, can I talk to you privately please?”

I said, “Of course, Honey. Angela, would you give us a moment?”

Angela smiled and excused herself.

Jamie said, “Mom, are you crazy?! I am a boy, remember? Why did you take me for a makeup lesson?”

I said, “Listen, Sweetie. I know you have been playing with my makeup for months. I have no idea what you look like when you do that, but I am guessing you could use some help.” I got a slightly wounded tone in my voice and said, “I would have been happy to help you, but you never asked. Anyway, the way I wear my makeup is not the way a young teenaged girl should wear it. I wear foundation and eye shadow. So I thought I would get you some professional help!”

Jamie looked aghast and said, “But Mother, I am NOT a young teenaged girl! Does Angela even know that?!”

I smiled and said, “Of course you’re not! And of course Angela knows! I told her everything! Now, listen to me. The worst this will be is an afternoon of doing exactly what you love – putting on makeup! After today, when we leave here, you will know just how to put on the right kind of makeup. And I will purchase exactly what Angela recommends, so you will have your own makeup.”

“Why? I probably won’t ever wear it.”

“Well, at least you’ll have the right shades and everything you need, if you decide that wearing makeup is something you want to continue with. If you want, after school, you can come home and put your makeup on. And if you want to try going out sometime, wearing some, we can do that too. And Jamie, if after today, you never want to wear makeup again, that’s ok too! But I will bet you a dollar that you will not be able to resist. You might try for a while, but let’s face it, sooner or later, you will come visiting my vanity, and you will give in to the urge to pick up one of my pretty lipsticks and try it on. Makeup is addicting, isn’t it, Honey?”

Jamie looked like he was about to cry, which just confirmed to me that I was right. I finished by saying, “In any event, I paid a lot of money for this lesson, and I want you to be good and listen carefully to Angela and learn what she has to teach you. She specializes in a teen look.”

Angela poked her head back in the room and said, “OK if I come back in?”

Jamie nodded in assent. Angela said, “OK Honey, sit up here on this stool. Now, listen, the most important lesson is this: Less is more! That is true for all women, but it is especially true for younger women. Now, I know you are a boy, but the lesson is the same. I am going to teach you some tricks to highlight your better features, but the important thing is to keep it subtle and simple. A girl your age should be wearing a little mascara, some blush, and a little lip-gloss with a hint of color. Not much else. Girls your age always make the same mistake – eyeliner! They put on too much, and don’t do it well, and it looks trashy. Instead of eyeliner, I am going to teach you a little trick – a little dark pencil on the inside of your lower lid – inside the lashes. It’s subtle, in fact people will not even know you are wearing it – but it makes a big difference. OK, let’s get to work!”

Angela spent the next two hours with Jamie, showing him how to apply mascara, blush and lip gloss, and that subtle eye pencil. Jamie soon lost his self-consciousness and became engrossed in the lesson. I could just tell that he was having the best time!

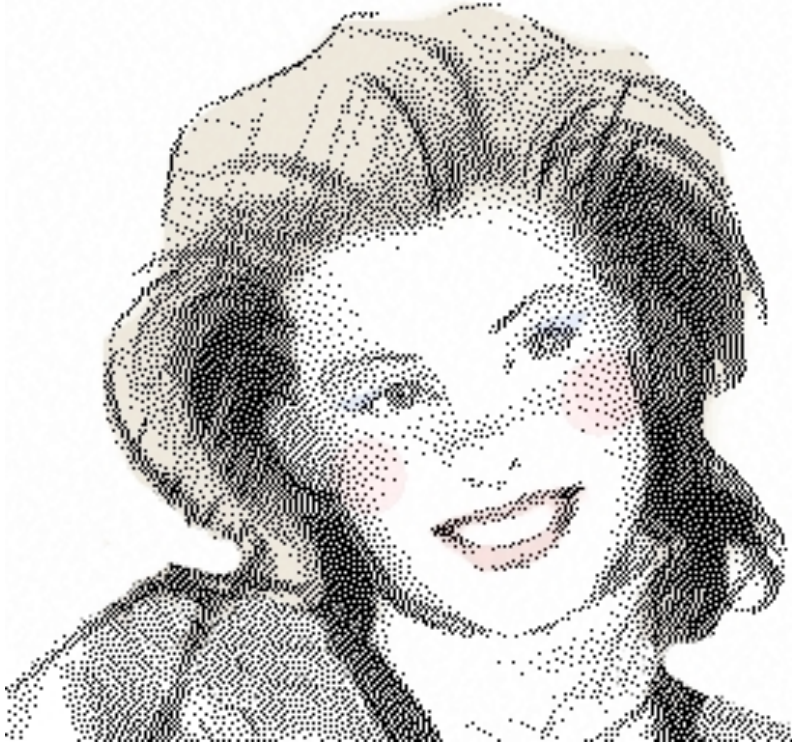
Toward the end, Angela said, “OK, you have been a great student! You look fantastic! I am going to teach you a couple of more things that I would either reserve for a special, going out at night occasion, or for when you are a little older.”

With that, Angela showed Jamie how to use a little face powder to make his skin look more uniform and to take away any shine. She used a big puffy brush which made him giggle with delight. She then showed him

how to use a little, very neutral eye shadow to make his eyes look bigger. I must say, he looked fabulous!

Any pretense of reluctance was now gone. Jamie was having the time of his life. He came over to me and gave me the biggest hug! I was so happy that I had listened to my instincts!

We left with a bag of all the makeup Jamie had used in his lesson. He hugged me again and thanked me for what he said was the best birthday present ever. I gave him a kiss and said, "I'm so glad, Sweetie. But it's not over yet!"



When I saw Jamie with his face made up, I know I did the right thing...it was his birthday and I would get him his first bra.

Instead of going to our car, we hailed a cab and headed uptown on Madison Avenue. We got out on Eighty-third Street in front of a lovely little boutique called the Bra Smyth. The Bra Smyth sells all kinds of lingerie, but their specialty is bras. They can custom fit anyone. It is simply the perfect place to take a girl, or the right special boy, for a first bra fitting.

We walked in, crossing the store's threshold as if crossing the Rubicon. Our lives, I was sure, would never be the same....

Part II

A few weeks after our outing to The Bra Smyth, I gave Jamie a few more training bra and panty sets. The “JUST LIKE MOMMY” brand allowed us to have exactly matching sets.

When I was a young girl, my mother decided it was time to show me some of the finer pleasures of femininity. The nicer and better bras had a bit of padding or a foam cup for a girl's protection. Sprouting breasts can be quite painful for a girl. At least Jamie didn't need to worry about that.

His major worry was that his training bra might show through his shirt. The better bras had straps that were thinner, flatter and didn't show; however, the padded bras did make little bumps under a delicate shirt and if we were going out, Jamie would require a sweater.



Jamie's padded bras did make little bumps under a delicate shirt and Jamie would require a sweater and good posture.

I could tell what bra he was wearing because some days his “chest” was larger, then smaller the next. One weekend morning I saw him standing in front of his wardrobe mirror in his most padded bra and panties, turning front and back; obviously delighted with his reflection.

When he saw me he blushed and hurriedly dressed. “Don’t be embarrassed,” I said. “I do exactly the same thing every day. You have to make sure your straps are flat, and everything is hooked securely. See how fun it is to wear soft and silky undies? Much different from scratchy boy’s stuff.”

Jamie blushed, “Sometimes I feel weird wearing these things even if they are just like yours?”

“Come on, it’s fun and it’s our little secret that we are wearing the same undies! All boys should get to know what it’s like. There would be fewer wars.” My mother always said that. “Besides, your drawers are full of expensive things. Might as well get the wear out of them, right?”

I’d also taught him to help with the laundry, even doing my lingerie. This was yet another sweet bonding experience for us. I taught him how to hand wash our delicates, then leave them hanging in the bathroom to air dry, then fold them, putting them away in the order that we’d used them that week.

I offered to pay Jamie an allowance for his help with the lingerie; I told him that he could use the extra cash to buy himself some cosmetics. Although he basically had what he needed from our makeup lesson, I explained to him that going into a department store, or even a drug store, and picking out, say, a new lipstick

and then going to the checkout to buy it, was one of the joys of being a woman. Jamie told me that it was silly for me to pay him for something he enjoyed doing, but I insisted.

Everything in our new life seemed perfect; Jamie was adjusting beautifully to the idea that he could freely express his feminine side around me. He had even started (with my encouragement) dressing a little more girlish for school, and as far as I knew, there had been no backlash. The, just like that, everything changed.

I was horrified when Jamie and a handsome young man whom I did not recognize showed up at the door. Jamie looked disheveled, and had tear-stained mascara streaks running down his cheeks. Oh my, this did not look good. The young man, Dave Schultze, introduced himself. Jamie told me that Dave had rescued him from a bad situation at school. Without knowing the details, I gave Dave a hug and a kiss for rescuing my baby. Jamie looked like he wanted to do that too, but I could tell he was embarrassed, and maybe was afraid that Dave would push him away.

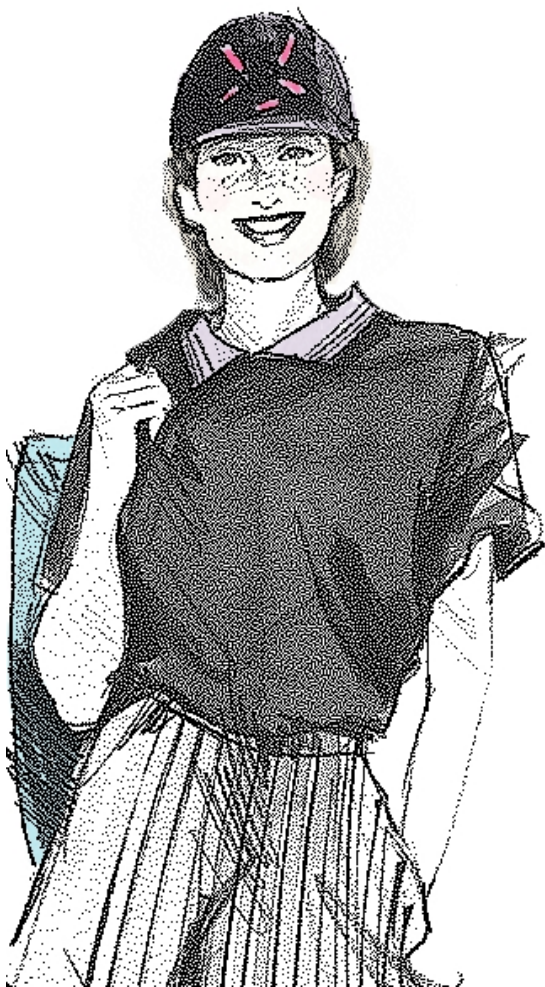
I sat them both down and asked Jamie to tell me what had happened....

Jamie initially looked a bit uncomfortable relaying the story in front of Dave, but once he started talking, and Dave sat there quietly, it was almost as if he forgot that Dave was there.

It was an hour after school dismissal. Jamie had stayed behind in the library to do some studying. At this hour, the only people left were kids doing sports. Jamie

was standing in front of his locker in the hallway, about to take his books from his backpack and put them in his locker.

Over the past few weeks, Jamie's appearance had grown increasingly feminine. He told me that he knew it was risky, and he had worried about it. I wished he had shared those concerns with me beforehand; in fact, I got the distinct feeling from what he was saying that he had been dressing more girlishly for me, to make ME happy.



I interrupted his story to ask him point-blank whether that was the case, and he said that he DID enjoy being girlish as well, although, without my encouragement, he probably would have limited his feminine indulgences to inside the house. As I sat there listening to him, I was feeling very guilty...

It was true that ever since he had started wearing a training bra, I had been busy shopping for him. No skirts or dresses, mind you...he wasn't a girl. But the outfits were definitely feminine – blousy, white linen tops with a peter pan collar, or tennis-type shirts in pastel colors, but with capped sleeves that looked a size too small – sometimes even showing his belly button. Some shirts buttoned on the wrong (for a boy) side and the white jeans looked an awful lot like capris; I had even gotten him leggings and a few tunic-y type tops and camis underneath, which he had not yet had the courage to wear to school. Cute slip on shoes too!



On a couple of occasions, I had even suggested putting a barrette in his hair, but he had resisted. He told me that the hardest thing had been when I had put the same one in my own hair – a pretty little yellow plastic one in the shape of a little bow - and said, “Look, Honey, if you wear yours, we can be matching!”

I remember that Jamie had hugged me and said, “I’ll put it in my hair when I get home from school, Mommie.”

Oh, my, I had been so thoughtless....

I like to think of myself as a smart lady, but I was clearly oblivious to the fact that dressing him in too feminine a way in school could cause all kinds of problems for him. Yes, Jamie would have loved to wear a barrette in his hair, but he did not want to be bullied or ostracized. As it was, he told me that he worried every day that someone would discover his secret – that he was wearing panties and a training bra under his clothes.

Jamie continued with his story. He had been in his bedroom that morning getting dressed. He was about to put on one of his training bras, as usual, when he gazed into his dresser drawer and saw the padded bras that I had bought him that day at the Bra Smyth. He had been looking longingly, admiringly, at the girls in his class, who were definitely starting to show a figure. It wasn’t just that they looked pretty with their new curves; it was that they had seemed almost intoxicated with the changes that had taken place.

I knew just what he was talking about. They were being transformed from girls into women, and although

they were too young to understand what that all meant, they could still somehow sense the power that conveyed. They could not help but notice that boys, and even men, were now looking at them differently. Jamie could sense it too, and he was a little jealous. Jamie told me that he stared into that drawer, and even though he knew it was a bad idea, he pulled out one of the padded bras. He said thought to himself, "I'll just wear a sweater today, and no one will notice."

He put on the padded bra. By now he was an old pro at hooking the clasp in back, and making sure the straps lay flat. He smiled to himself, remembering how awkward it had been that first day in the store. I wondered if it occurred to him that his expertise with putting on a bra was not normally something a boy was proud of!

Jamie told me that he couldn't help gazing at himself in his mirror. Oh, my, it gave him a shape just like the girls in his class! He felt so feminine! He put on the top I had gotten him the day I took him for his makeover and bra fitting – the blue and white striped knit one with the scooped neck and three quarter length sleeves.

He looked even better, even more like a real girl - with the top on than without it. The top hugged his new curves and made it look like he really had small breasts. He was literally preening in front of the mirror, loving his image. But he knew he could not go to school that way. He knew he should take the top and the padded bra off. But then, he spotted a bulky white cardigan of mine that I had left in his room, hoping he would find some use for it. He threw that on over his top, and

convinced that it hid his new curves, he threw caution to the wind and headed off to school.

As Jamie relayed the story, he told me that instead of feeling jealous of the girls all day, he was now secretly thrilled – thrilled that under his bulky sweater, he had the same curves as the girls he so admired. He said it all worked fine until the end of the day. School was out, and so he was less careful. As he stood at his locker, he had a little trouble reaching into the top shelf. Even though the sweater was bulky, it was restricting his movement and making it harder to reach into the locker. He glanced around, saw no one in the hallway, and took off the sweater. Now, when he reached up into the locker, with his torso elongated and his arms outstretched, his girlish figure would have been obvious for anyone to see.

All of a sudden he heard a commotion, and saw a group of raucous boys turning the corner and heading towards him. Jamie and I live in a small town, and the middle school and high school were combined. These were older boys, on the varsity football team. Jamie's heart skipped a beat as he realized what he had done – without the protective sweater, and with his body outstretched like that, his girlish figure, greatly enhanced by the padded bra, would be completely obvious. Jamie told me that he silently prayed that the boys would think he was a girl, and just pass by him.

But it was not to be.

Apparently, the boys actually did at first think he was a girl, and stopped to tease the “younger girl” because of her grownup figure. When they thought he was a girl, it was all-innocent enough. Jamie told me

that one boy said, “Hey Cutie, in a couple of years you are going to be a heartbreaker. Should I wait for you?” Another said, “Hey gorgeous, do you have any older sisters?”

Jamie was afraid, and kept his mouth shut. He knew that if he spoke, they would realize he was a boy. He was praying that they would move on. They seemed to be getting a little bored, and looked like they were ready to leave, when one of them stopped. A third, big kid said, “Hey. Wait a minute. I know who you are. My little sister Casey told me about you. She said she thought that one of the boys in her class was wearing a training bra. I told her she was letting her teen imagination run away with her. No boy would be crazy enough to wear a bra to school. But that’s you, isn’t it?”

Jamie told me that he was panicked. He was surrounded by five very large boys. It was bad enough when they thought he was a girl, but now that they realized he was a boy, he knew he was in trouble. One of the other boys got close to him and said, “Is that true? There’s no way you are a guy. You have tits, and guys don’t have tits!” Another one said to that kid, “Don’t be a moron. Those aren’t real tits. He’s wearing a padded bra, just like your flat-chested sister.” A third one said, “There’s no way a boy can be this hot, tits or not. I don’t believe this kid’s a boy.”

The one who seemed to be the ringleader, not the biggest one, but maybe the quarterback, finally spoke up. “Well, there’s only one way to tell, isn’t there? Let’s pull down her pants. If she’s got a package, we’ll know the answer.”

The fifth one spoke up. “If this is a girl, and we pull down her pants, we are going to be in big trouble.” The ringleader smirked and said, “It’s the word of five of us against one of her. I’ll swear on a stack of bibles we never laid a finger on her.” The others laughed in agreement, and the ringleader continued. “OK little Miss, prove to us you are really a girl. Drop trow’.”

Jamie knew he was in trouble, and he would be in even bigger trouble when they saw his boy part. Pulling down his pants would only make things worse. He quietly said, “It’s true. I am a boy. Now you don’t need me to pull down my pants to know. Why don’t you just leave me alone?”

The third boy said, “I knew it! He’s a little faggot!”

The ringleader said, “What the heck is the matter with you, you little queer? Why the hell are you wearing a bra?” He turned to the others and continued. “Let’s teach the faggot a lesson. Let’s leave him here in just his bra and his panties. Then everyone will know what a little faggot he is!”

They all agreed it was a great idea. The first kid said, “You can take off your clothes, or we can do it for you. What’ll it be?”

Jamie looked at him and said, “I’m not taking anything off. And if any one of you touches me, I will tell the police and have you all arrested.”

At that, the ringleader came forward and said, “Oh, really, are you threatening us, Miss Prissy?” and with that, he gave Jamie a shove that knocked him down.

That was where things stood when Dave Schultz turned the corner into the hallway. Dave was older, like the football players. Dave was a wrestler, but he was

nowhere near as big as the football players. Jamie told me that Dave was a quiet kid, but he was famous in his own little way. Dave Schultz was not only the best wrestler in the school, he was the best wrestler in the state. Big universities were already recruiting him with offers of a full scholarship.

The football players knew Dave. They were not friends with him, but they had that mutual respect that athletes have for each other.

The scene that Dave stumbled upon seemed to be that of five big football players surrounding a pretty young girl who was down on the hallway floor. What the heck was going on?

Dave had been quietly listening to Jamie tell the story, but at this point he spoke up and joined in, relaying to me what had happened. He told me that the ringleader spoke. “Yo, Schultze. You’re not gonna believe this. See this pretty young thing? This chick’s a dude!”

Dave stood there, not saying anything. The ringleader continued. “We thought leaving this little sissy with just his bra and panties might teach him a lesson. You wanna stick around for the fun?”

Dave shook his head and smiled a little. “Don’t you guys have anything better to do than to pick on a little girl?”

The ringleader said, “I know wrestlers aren’t the brightest people, but didn’t you hear what I said? He’s not a girl. He’s a little faggot!”

Dave shook his head and walked on. He told us that he turned the hallway corner, stopped and listened. He

heard the ringleader say, “I said take off your pants. Now!”

Dave told us that he was cutting weight for the state championships. Plus he had a lot of homework to do. He said he was in a foul mood, and in no mood for a confrontation. And he confessed that part of him thought that Jamie was asking for trouble by showing up to school wearing a bra. Still, he said knew he could not just walk away. If anyone was going to stand up to these knuckleheads, it was going to be him.

Dave turned around and headed back towards the group of football players.

He looked at the ringleader. “Smitty. Let him go.”

The ringleader looked at Schultze and said, “You don’t wanna have a little fun with us, that’s fine. But why don’t you mind your f*#king business and move on.”

Schultze looked at him and quietly said, “Smitty, I’m not gonna tell you again. Let him go.”

Smitty would not necessarily want to tangle with Schultze, even though Smitty was bigger. But he was emboldened by the presence of his friends. His macho attitude would not let him back down. He looked at Schultze and said, “You want to try to stop us?”

I could immediately tell that Dave Schultze was not a poseur; he was the real deal. He had no interest in bumping chests with Smitty. He had an interest in ending this confrontation in a decisive way. He told us that he knew that the way to do it was to use the element of surprise.

Before any of the five football players realized what was going on, Dave faked a hand toward Smitty’s head; Smitty reacted as Dave knew he would, by involuntarily

straightening up. Dave then shot in on the football player's legs, picked him up and dumped him on the ground. The football player, enraged, got up and charged at Schultze. Schulte repeated the move, but this time, he took Smitty's arm, and putting the pressure against the elbow joint, snapped Smitty's elbow. Smitty lay on the ground screaming. Schultze looked up at the other football players. "Who's next?" he said.

No one made a move. Dave said, "Take your friend and get out of here. Looks like his season's over."

In between his sobs, Smitty said, "You mother! You broke my elbow! My season is finished! I'm gonna get you for this!"

Schultze shook his head and said, "Any time you want another shot at me, I'll be right here." Then he turned to the other football players and said, "You should probably get Mr. Tough Guy to an emergency room."

The guys helped Smitty up and they all walked away.

Jamie was still on the floor. The last few days, he had succumbed to my suggestions to put on just a tiny bit of mascara (it did make his eyes look so much prettier!) and now, his face was not only covered with tears but with black mascara. He was trembling uncontrollably. He was a mess.

Dave extended a hand and pulled Jamie up. "Are you ok?" he said. "Did they, umm, touch you?"

Jamie tried to speak, in a quavering voice. "I'm ok, he just pushed me down. But if you hadn't come along..." and then he started crying all over again.

Dave said, “Hey, hey, it’s ok. It’s over, and they’re gone. I can guarantee you they won’t be bothering you again.” Then he chuckled a little and said, “Our football team would really suck if they all had broken elbows!”

That remark broke the tension and got a little giggle out of Jamie. Jamie said, “I’m Jamie. Thank you for rescuing me.”

Jamie did not mean to sound like the Damsel in Distress, flirting with her rescuer, but that was a little bit how it sounded. Dave apparently did not seem to notice. He said, “Oh, well, it was no big deal. Those guys are such assholes. Picking on a little gir...” And then he caught himself. “Well, you know what I mean,” he said.

Dave continued, “I have a car in the parking lot. I’m done here for the day. Why don’t I give you a lift home, make sure you get home ok.”

Jamie said, “Oh, no, you’ve done enough for me. But thank you.” But secretly, Jamie was praying that Dave would insist. He did not want to be alone, and he did not want to walk home. Jamie was not attracted to boys, but Dave made him feel safe.

Dave said, “It’s no big deal. Come on.”

Jamie did not put up any more resistance. He silently followed Dave through the hallway and out to his car.

A few minutes later they were at the door to my house.

As they finished relaying the tale to me, Dave said he had to get going, and we both thanked him again.

By the end of the evening, Jamie felt better. I made a hot bubble bath for him, and cleaned him up. Even

though he was too old to have his mother bathe him, I stayed with him while he was in the tub, and even shampooed his hair. All the TLC and primping from me made him feel much better. It was the least I could do; after all, I felt at least partly responsible.

Even though I was feeling bad about what happened, I took advantage of the opportunity to change his nightwear. I took out one of my soft flannel nighties. It was white, and floor length, with little tiny roses scattered all over it. I said, "Here, Honey, this is so soft and comfy. Why don't you wear this tonight?"

Jamie put the nightie on. He looked adorable. I couldn't resist playing with his hair a little, and made two little pigtails for him. His cute little ears were now not hidden by his hair, and I thought once again about getting Jamie's ears pierced. But that was for another day.

I held his hand and said, "Jamie, Sweetie, I'm so sorry. I was having so much fun doing girlish things with you, just like my mother used to do with me, that I never stopped to think that this could get you in trouble at school. It's all my fault."

Jamie hugged me and said, "Mommie, that's silly. You didn't do anything. Anyway, I'm ok."

I said, "Well, Honey, what do you think we should do about tomorrow? Maybe we should tone it down a bit? No training bras for a while?"

Jamie was silent for a long time. Finally he spoke. "That would just let them win. I am not going to let those jerks decide what I can wear to school. Tomorrow I think I should wear those black leggings you got me. And the Uggs. Just like all the other girls in my class."

I noticed that Jamie referred to the girls in his class as “all the other girls” as if her were one too. I smiled to myself, but did not say anything.

I was so proud of him. He might have been a pretty little sissy, but he was tougher than those stupid football players. He was not going to let anyone bully him. Still, I worried about him. I hugged him again and said, “Ok, why don’t we sleep on it. You can always change your mind in the morning.”

But Jamie’s mind was made up. Tomorrow, he was going to go to school looking prettier, and more girlish, than ever!

“We match! We match!” I felt myself squealing inside with delight as Jamie went to his bedroom in his near matching sleepwear.

In spite of Jamie’s efforts to make me feel better, I still felt guilty. Why had I encouraged my son to wear a “training bra” and why did I allow him to wear it to school? What were we training? Jamie’s breasts didn’t need to be trained and it wasn’t like a bike where they’d ultimately remove the training wheels and he was off.

Yet somehow, it felt right. Was it because he was effeminate and tolerated, maybe even liked girl things? Why had it been so easy for me to get him to even put on his first bra, and to make it worse, wear “training bras” like a girl his age? Jamie had no budding breasts to protect.

But now everyone would know that he had been caught wearing a bra to school. And surprisingly, Jamie was undaunted; no, he was challenged. Was this the “reason?” The tempering of a soft metal until it was strong? Was this all meant to be? I was not a big

believer in fate, but it seemed like more than a remote coincidence that the only one who could stand up to those football players happened to walk by at exactly the right time. I was not sure what would happen, but I knew that, with Dave Schultze in his corner, no one would try to hurt Jamie.



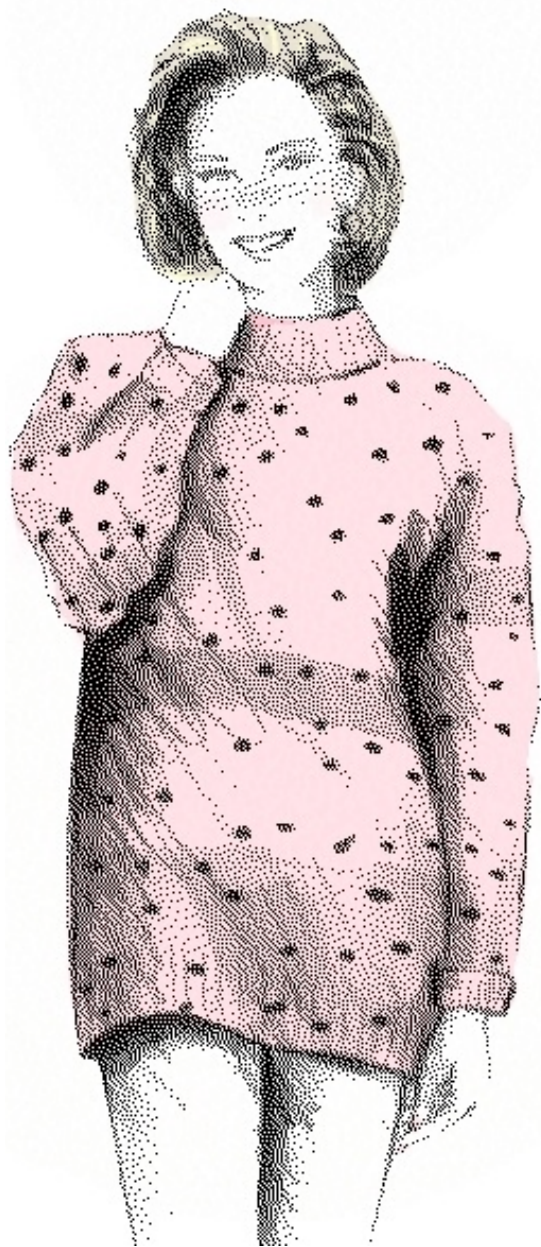
The school auditorium was completely full. The assembly was mandatory, and every student and teacher in the school was there. I had been invited as well, and I positioned myself in the back.

There were nine people on the stage: Mr. Roberts, the principal; Dr. Miles, a pretty woman in her thirties who was the school psychologist; five members of the football team, including one who had a cast from his wrist to his armpit; Dave Schultz, and Jamie.

Jamie was wearing an outfit that I had carefully selected for him. He was wearing a pair of trim, light gray slacks that hugged his legs. An astute observer would have noticed that the slacks had no front fly, but rather zipped up in the back. But the slacks were covered and complimented by a longish, pale pink cashmere sweater. And under the sweater set – why, his prettiest padded bra. Not coincidentally, I was wearing the very same bra (without padding)!

The rather tight cashmere displayed subtle but properly proportioned curves to perfection and befittingly accentuated his slender waist.

In his newly pierced ears were a pair of pearl studs. Around his neck was a single strand of delicate, tiny pearls hidden by the sweater. The strand nestled ever so slightly in between the small mounds on his chest.



In his newly pierced ears were a pair of pearl studs. And under the sweater – Jamie was comfortable in his prettiest padded bra.

The earrings and pearls were a gift from me; they were the very same pearls I had received as a gift from *my* mother. And finally, in a detail that the audience would not be able to detect, but those on the stage surely would, I had dabbed on Jamie's wrists and behind his ears, a touch of Chanel No. 5 perfume. It was the first time Jamie had ever worn a fragrance.

Jamie was wearing a little barrette in his hair, keeping his hair out of his eyes and pulled back from his pretty face. From the audience, one couldn't really tell that his cheekbones looked so sculpted because he was wearing blush, or that his eyes looked so big because he was wearing mascara. But the pale pink lip-gloss glistened under the stage lights. There was no mistaking that.

Jamie looked so pretty as he crossed his legs tightly and kept his hands in his lap. As he gazed down at them, he could see the pale pink polish on his manicured nails. His nails were perfect; each one gently rounded on the tip. Yes, he had finally given in and let me do his nails my way. He knew how happy it made me, especially because I did mine in the same lacquer to match his pink cashmere. I then got to use my favorite word – “Matching!”

The auditorium was buzzing with a hundred simultaneous conversations. Mr. Roberts approached the lectern and began speaking.

“Well, in the age of social media, gossip spreads even faster than it did in my day. By now, many of you have an idea of why we are having this assembly. But to dispel any rumors, I will explain. A week ago, we had an

ugly incident in this school. Five members of the football team accosted – no, assaulted – one of our younger students. For no other reason than that this student is a little different from most of us. These boys acted like bullies, and that is something that will not be tolerated in this school. We are all different in our own way, and we must learn to accept one another for who we are– not to pressure every person to conform to what is quote unquote, normal.

Jamie Gold would be the first person to admit that he is, well, more girlish than most boys, but Jamie Gold has more guts than these football players – he has the guts to dress in a way that he feels is the real him. So, let me be clear about this. If Jamie Gold, or any other boy, feels comfortable wearing a bra under his clothing to school, or wants to wear a skirt for that matter, as long as it is not being done in a mocking way or for the purpose of disrupting class, that is his prerogative, and we will protect that right.

Now, Jamie Gold is not the only one with guts. Yesterday, our own Dave Schultz won the state championship in the 167-pound weight class in wrestling. That took guts, no doubt. But Dave displayed much more courage when he encountered Jamie as he was being assaulted. As you can see by Mr. Holder’s cast, it would have behooved him to back off when Mr. Schultz warned him to.

Dr. Miles has had numerous meetings with Mr. Holder and his cronies, and she honestly believes that they have come to see the error of their ways. They have agreed to appear on this stage, not because we want to humiliate them, but because they wanted to truly

express their remorse. And just as this community espouses tolerance, we espouse forgiveness. The boys have agreed to lead a campaign, along with Jamie and Dave, to teach people about the dangers of bullying. To repeat, this school will have zero tolerance for bullying.

Now, Jamie and Dave, as the two models of courage for this school, I would like you to stand up and take a bow.”

Jamie stood up uncertainly. He was wearing a pair of modest, but feminine, ankle height black boots with a two-inch heel. This was Jamie’s first day wearing a shoe with a heel, and his balance was still a bit unsteady.

I think that Jamie was unprepared for what happened next. His hero Dave really did have guts. He grabbed Jamie’s hand and walked with him to the front of the stage. He did not let go; he held onto Jamie’s fingers, with their pretty pink painted nails. In front of the entire school, he held my sissy son’s hand. Dave Schultz did not care whether people thought he liked boys, or girls, or sissies. Dave Schultz was fearless.

Dave began with, “There will never be true equality until everyone can wear anything without fear....” He went on and gave a wonderful, motivational speech. One that I was sure would encourage other boys and their mothers to explore alternate fashion together.

Jamie spotted me all the way in the back. Even from this distance, he could see the tears streaming down my face. Jamie tried hard not to cry, but to no avail. But as the tears flowed, I could see him smiling, probably because he had finally learned to wear waterproof mascara...like me!

EPILOGUE:

It was a perfect, early-summer day, sunny, seventy-eight degrees and low humidity. I sat under a large table umbrella, which was situated right off the tennis court, sipping my iced tea. Jamie was sitting across from me, also drinking iced tea. We had just gotten off the tennis court. When I looked at my glass, I noticed a slight lipstick mark. I smiled a little, because I was wearing an ultra long-wearing formula that was not supposed to come off until taken off. So much for the ad's promise of it not coming off!

Still, it was one of my favorite lipsticks, especially for tennis. I liked to wear a lipstick for playing tennis better than a lip-gloss, which might look like I was sweating. Aside from the fact that it had a sunscreen built in, I liked the fact that it was opaque and had more of a matte finish. The color closely matched the color of my lips, so it was not too noticeable – I didn't want to look too 'made up' on the tennis court. Some women might think it was silly to wear lipstick while playing tennis, but my mother had taught me from an early age - a 'lady' never leaves the house without wearing lipstick!

When I looked at Jamie, I felt a surge of happiness. And when I looked at his iced tea glass, and saw the same lipstick smudge that appeared on mine, my happiness turned to bliss...it made me almost unbearably happy to think that we were wearing the same lipstick to play tennis. The fact that it was a neutral color was key – I had convinced him that with the matte finish and color almost matching our natural lip color, no one would really notice that he was wearing

lipstick. And he would get all that wonderful sunscreen protection as an added bonus.

Interrupting my reverie was the manager of the tennis club. As he walked by, he stopped at our table and said, “Good morning Mrs. Gold. Good morning Jamie. Might I say that you two look stunning today? Would you mind if I take picture of you for our club newsletter?”

I told him we would be pleased to pose for a photo. Jamie blushed a little but did not protest. He moved his chair next to mine, and we both smiled prettily for the camera.

If the viewer did not know what they were looking at, they would have assumed the picture was of two sisters.



It was two weeks after the assembly, when Jamie had sat up on stage in front of the whole school with his pretty pink sweater set over his slightly padded bra, his pearls, and his understated teen makeup.

I had been so proud of him; his posture so proper, knees together, shoulders back and the subtle but unmistakable curves on his chest. He looked so relaxed and happy, his pink lips relaxed to form an ideal shape.

He sat so gracefully, hands in his lap, occasionally playfully twirling a strand of hair.

I looked down at my skirt and legs. They were crossed at the ankles; slanted to one side and my smooth knees pressed comfortably together. I was sitting just like Jamie...or maybe he was sitting just like me!

I had also decided, right then and there, that I needed get him in skirts. Skirts were such a fun part of growing up. My mother had always loved shopping and surprising me with a cute skirt or darling dress.

How exciting - a whole new dimension to shopping? In fact, I had been toying with the idea for some time. Weeks before, I had in fact hung one of my cute dresses in his closet, along with some of the new clothes I had bought him. I had not said a word; I had just hung it there, seeing if my little mouse would take the cheese.

I had been hoping that one day he would simply come downstairs to breakfast wearing it, but it was not to be. Maybe he needed a little more encouragement or maybe it was just the wrong dress? When I was his age, I wanted to choose my own dress styles. And skirts...I still loved wearing a simple A-line skirt but not many of the young girls liked them.

I would have to give him the freedom to choose his own dress, but how?

Tennis seemed to be the perfect opportunity. Much like I had convinced him that wearing panties just like mine made practical sense, if I could convince him of the practical advantages of a cute tennis dress over shorts and a shirt...well, it would not be like he was walking down the street in a dress, it would just be for tennis.

I told him I had scheduled a lesson that afternoon for the two of us with one of the pros. As I hoped, he said that he did not have anything appropriate to wear. I said, “You know, I could use a new tennis outfit as well. Why don’t we shop together at the pro shop?” I did not tell him that I had hoped we could find two matching tennis dresses.

As we sat there eating breakfast, I said to him, “Jamie Honey, I have had fun playing with your hair with my blow dryer and curling iron. But I am due for my regular appointment at my salon, and I think you could use a professional cut as well.”

Jamie was busy flipping through one of my fashion magazines and simply answered, “OK Mom, whatever you say.”

I looked at him intently and said, “Jamie, do you like MY hair?” My hair was styled to a near-shoulder length bob; it was naturally a honey color, and I had added lighter blonde highlights. I was pleased with the way it framed my face. It was a very versatile style. Sometimes I would add a barrette to pull one side away from my face; sometimes I would pull the front straight back over my head and hold it with a big clip; sometimes

I would gather the back up and wear a short, high pony, held by a cute scrunchy.

I tried not to be vain, but I was proud of my hair and tried to take good care of it. It was silky and had lots of body. Going to an expensive hairdresser was definitely one of my little feminine indulgences.

Jamie looked at me, well, adoringly. He said somewhat breathlessly, “Oh, Mother, I LOVE your hair! It’s beautiful and so pretty!”

Now it was my turn to blush. I looked at him and said, “Why thank you Dear. So, I was thinking...maybe we could have your hair styled, umm, a little like mine? What do you think?”

Jamie was quiet then said, “They will think I’m trying to be pretty?”

“You are pretty,” I stated. “You know Sweetie, we have had so much fun sharing and wearing the same undies. I love it when we wear our ‘Just Like Mommy’ bras, and well, I thought it might be fun to do our hair together!”

“I like your hair like that,” Jamie very quietly said. His voice was soft and clear as fine silk. His long-lashes, almond shaped eyes and high cheekbones begged for a hairdo like mine. The simple, white t-shirt he wore at home did nothing to hide his ‘Just Like Mommy’ bra.

He said with a blush, “I’d like hair like yours, Mommie.”

That was all I needed. I took him with me to my appointment, and had my stylist give him a similar cut. His natural hair color was very similar to mine. I thought for a while about whether it was going too far to

give him some blonde highlights, just like mine, and I finally decided to go for it.

His hair was a little shorter than mine, but not much. When we walked out of the salon together, we had nearly identical hairstyles! I was in heaven!

Before we headed to our club and the pro shop, I stopped into a local ‘boutique-y’ drug store to buy a little makeup. That was where I found the Clinique Long Last Soft Matte Lipstick in Terra Cotta. I tried some on – it looked yummy! Then I explained to Jamie all the advantages of this long-wearing, matte finish lipstick for tennis. He appeared to be quite interested, and was listening intently to me. Finally I said, “Honey, let’s try a little on you, ok?”

He stood there passively and let me apply it to his young lips...he looked darling!! I said to him, “Instead of us sharing, why don’t we get you your own, ok?”

I had no problem sharing my lipstick with Jamie, but I loved the image I had in my mind of the two of us being out somewhere and applying our lipstick at the same time! We bought the two lipsticks and headed out to the club.

So, now I had my pretty young son with a beautiful, feminine hairdo, complete with blonde highlights, and wearing a neutral-colored lipstick.



I was so proud of Jamie. Every time I looked at him, I had dreams of him being just like me. Matching!

But this was all a prelude to my big plan – to introduce him to skirts! We walked into the pro shop and I started browsing, looking at all the cute little tennis skirts and dresses.

There was so much to choose from but I wanted Jamie to pick out something he liked. The pro shop looked out on the courts where there was a woman who looked as cute as a button in one of those adorable little

tennis dresses dripping with eyelet and short enough to show her darling little ruffled panties underneath.

She had on a visor and her hair was tied back in a ponytail that kept swinging from side to side as she returned a shot with flowing skill.

Yes, like that. I knew generally what I was looking for – something short, feminine (maybe with a flouncy little skirt) maybe with a little built-in padded bra? And one where there were two on the rack in my size. It wouldn't do just to get Jamie into a tennis skirt – no, I wanted us to be matching!

If he resisted too much, I had white, short shorts as a backup. I turned to Jamie and asked, “I hope you are wearing your white spandex panties?”

“I forgot,” he said shyly.

“No matter,” I said, holding up a pair of expensive-looking, feminine short shorts that zipped up the back. “Maybe a halter top with these? You'll look like a movie star.”

Then I pulled a darling little Fila dress off the rack. I saw that there were two more behind it in the same size. It was navy with white piping, almost a little like a sailor outfit. It had a short pleated skirt, and a built-in, padded sports bra!

But best of all, it came with the cutest pair of matching, ruffled panties. The dress was short enough so that the panties clearly showed when the wearer ran around the court. I just loved the idea of our pretty panties flashing as we played tennis together!

It was more than just a darling tennis outfit, it was a hot dress! I walked Jamie over to a full-length mirror

and held the dress up against him. “Oh Jamie, isn’t it perfect?” I said.

Jamie looked at me in horror and jumped as I unhooked the dress from its hanger.

He said, “Mother, I thought this one was for you! I can’t wear a dress to play tennis!”

I said, “Oh phooey, of course you can! If I can, you can! It’s so much more comfy than tight shorts! And it gives you more freedom of movement! I promise it will improve your game!”

“Mom, I’m not playing for a medal!”

“Come on, Sweetie, just try it on in the dressing room, ok? Won’t you do that for Mommie? See, Honey, they have another in the same style! If this looks good on you, I will get the same one. And then we will be matching!”

Jamie rolled his eyes as I looked at the price tag and said, “It’s on sale too! Please try it on?”

I knew my sweet boy could not say ‘no’ to me, and when he shyly walked out of the dressing room, looking so lovely, I knew my instincts were right. I zipped up the back for him. His long, lean tan legs looked fantastic in the very short skirt. And the built-in, padded sports bra gave him a subtle but deliciously girlish figure up top! There was no question about it - Jamie belonged in skirts!

“Pretend you’re reaching for the ball?” I said.

He turned towards the mirror, tugging down a bit on the skirt.

“It looks great on you,” I said. There did seem to be just a slight bulge in front but that went away as he looked in the three-way mirror.

“It sort of tickles my thighs when I walk,” he said, not taking his eyes off the mirror's reflection.

He smiled and pulled down the hem of his little tennis dress, trying to entirely cover his tennis panties. Then he gave his hips a little swish and the dress was back up in the proper position.

“It's like a long t-shirt,” I said, “but the ruffles are supposed to show.”

He looked out the window at the woman playing, and looked a little nervous.

“You look really nice,” I said softly. “These dresses are not cheap, but a quality dress never is. Now, let's see how that style looks on me.”

“Don't worry about that,” he said. “Everything looks great on you.”

I took the Fila into the dressing room and only hoped it would look as good on me.

As I'd expected, the bodice fit snugly over my breasts and the waist flared down over my hips. When I came out, Jamie was imitating the tennis techniques of the woman outside. I could tell he was experiencing a kick of femininity.

I went back to the rack and this time found a baby blue set that would go nicely with our hair coloring.

Jamie was still in front of the mirror looking like a little girl who'd gotten into her mother's clothes.

I asked, “How are you doing?” I was hopeful he was able to appreciate how fetching he looked in the tennis dress.

He smiled. "I look like I play tennis."

"Oh. I'm so proud of you!" I said, putting my arm around his shoulders. "Just look at us in our little, matching tennis outfits! I can't wait for the mother/daughter tournaments!"

"Mom!" he blushed, "Next time I just wear shorts, okay?"

"Sure," I said, fluffing a tendril of hair that was falling forward. "You need a visor." By the time we'd made it to the register, we had a handful of matching tennis dresses, big sunglasses and hair accessories. I'd also bought us matching tennis shoes and those little socks that barely showed, with a cute little pom pom in the back, just above the shoe.

I couldn't believe it. It didn't matter whether Jamie liked tennis or ever played again. I was so excited for Jamie. By just wearing it, that dress was doing its stuff. His cheeks were a rosy shade of pink.

I wondered how many other mothers of sons were lucky this way? Were there many? I put my arm around his waist and felt the nylon clad curves of his waist and saw how the built in bra shaped his chest upward.

Jamie smiled at me, and said, "I have enough for today." With that, he turned to the mirror again to catch his backside reflection.

"We'll be back," I said to the store clerk before we left the pro shop and headed to our lesson.

I know Jamie is my son, not my little girl, but I didn't feel guilty. I refused to feel guilty. Jamie could have never been a manly man. He was a sensitive,

pretty boy who liked to look nice, be clean and enjoyed the finer and more delicate things of life...like me.

All women dream about dressing their child in pretty satins, ribbons and lace. Half the women get their wish.

It might have been easier for me to buy Jamie a training bra in a box and have him try it on at home, but that would be a short cut. I wanted Jamie to experience what other teen girls do with their mothers. Young girls go to the malls with their mother and they shop. They try on clothes and learn what is fun and exciting.

I remembered when my mother took me shopping at the mall for my first bra and how frightening that day seemed for me...at first.

Like Jamie, my initial apprehension turned to curiosity as I struggled to put on bra after bra in front of my mother in the changing room.

I remember how grown-up I felt and a confidence as the fitter told me how important the experience was for being your own person.

As we walked to the courts, Jamie walked with confidence, head high, shoulders back. He was no longer a clumsy, awkward boy or even a sissy. He was growing up and taking pride in what he can do well.

Maybe it is odd that a boy is not clumsy and never gets tangled up in bra straps? That he knows how to make a three dimensional eye with shadow and where to put blush? Maybe, but as I said, I refused to feel guilty. Even though I had encouraged him at every step along the way, I could tell that he also knew that this was the right path for him....

I was sure this wasn't the last time we'd be trying on clothes together. I hoped there would be blouses, dresses, skirts, and everything else.... And of course, I pictured us going to the cosmetics counter together, sampling the latest makeup. I wouldn't force the matching outfit thing. What was important is that he experienced what it was like to go shopping with a friend and shop for things that makes one feel pretty.

I couldn't wait to shop again. My only worry was that many teen girls get hooked and addicted to shopping and trying on clothes. I could deal with that.

When we arrived at the tennis courts, I took out matching scrunches and put my hair up in a high ponytail.

I started to pull up Jamie's hair like mine and he resisted, "I don't want it up."

"Of course you do," I said flatly. "You don't want it in your eyes?"

Matching hairstyles, matching lipstick, and simple but cute matching tennis dresses! I couldn't wait to see the look on our big, strong tennis pro's face when I told him that Jamie was my son! Or maybe I wouldn't tell him?



Jamie walked with confidence, head high, shoulders back. He was no longer a clumsy, awkward boy or even a sissy. He was growing up and taking pride in what he does well.

If you liked this story, let me know! Maybe you'd like a sequel? Write to:

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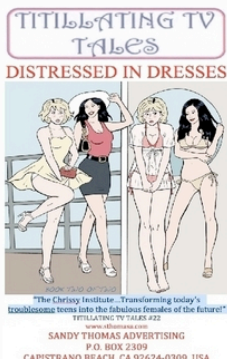
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