

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

HIS SISTER'S DRESS



*Each day it was getting easier for Patrick to
choose between the freedom of boyish romps
and wearing his sister's lovely clothes
that now hung in his closet.*

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VOLUME 58***

HIS SISTER'S DRESS
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QUOTE BOARD

**“The more you know about women’s clothes,
the less you need of them.”**

HIS SISTER'S DRESS

By Sandy Thomas

Chapter 1

Cathy O'Donnell was a girl in a hurry. Dressing for her dates was always such a chore. Bob would arrive in ten minutes, and here she was standing before her closet trying to decide what to wear.

Deferring the decision for a moment, she dashed into the bathroom to put the finishing touches on her makeup. When she emerged a few minutes later, she was just in time to greet Susan home from work and coming up the stairway. "My heavens, where is my little sister going in such a rush?"

"Out with Bob," Cathy called as she disappeared through her bedroom door. Deciding that this was not the time to be indecisive about clothing, she dug into her closet, removed a brown woolen jumper from its hanger, and laid it temporarily across the bed.

She turned to a dresser, the top drawer crammed with lingerie. Rummaging about, she found the white slip she had in mind. A look of dismay spread over her face as she removed the white nylon slip from its resting place and shook out the folds. A few days before, she had washed the garment and placed it in the corner of her drawer neatly folded. Now it was ruffled, there were creases across the skirt, and the shoulder straps were adjusted differently. Someone had worn the slip recently. It had to be Susan.

Cathy was perturbed enough about her sister's intrusion to take the matter up with her immediately. Bob would just have to wait if she were late. The two

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girls had an agreement not to borrow clothing from one another without asking permission.

Thinking of the times she had violated the rule and Susan had been upset, Cathy took her slip and walked resolutely into Susan's room.

"Susan, did you borrow my white slip yesterday?"

Susan turned at the tone in Cathy's voice. "No. Why?" she asked taking the slip in hand. "I didn't wear it, Cathy, but I think I know who did."

"Who?"

"Shut the door and sit down, then I'll tell you."

"I've really got to go. Bob will be here in a minute and I'm half dressed. Can't you tell me and we'll forget it. I didn't want to make such a big deal of it."

"This won't take long. I don't want Patrick to hear us." Cathy closed the door and returned to a seat in front of Susan's vanity. She didn't want a lengthy tête-à-tête with Susan, but shutting the door meant that Susan had a secret to share, and curiosity was a guiding force in Cathy's life. Bob would have to be patient.

"So who wore my slip?" she asked when she had settled herself. "Was it mother?"

"I think it was Patrick."

"Patrick! What would he be doing with my slip?"

"Wearing it, I suppose." Susan paused to smile at Cathy's expression of incredulity. "He comes in here and fools around too. He has gotten into my drawers and dresses. Mother didn't want me to say anything to you about it yet, but I suppose it is all right if you promise not to say a word to Patrick or mother. Remember that we both had dates Saturday and mother and Patrick were here alone. Well, mother visited with Mrs. Melford

for about an hour. She left Patrick to study, and when she returned, she saw him standing in front of my mirror trying on one of my dresses. I bet he had on your slip."

"Why that little twerp! I'll I fix him. Oh, I'd like to give him such a smack."

Susan laughed at the look that replaced Cathy's incredulity. "No, Cathy, don't say anything to him. You aren't supposed to know. Mother will handle this properly, so you mustn't say a word."

"Okay, but I don't want that little snip messing around in my room."

"Mother says that he's just curious about girls. Isn't it quite funny?" The idea of Patrick wearing one of her dresses amused Susan, but Cathy was less than amused.

"Well, I don't think it's so funny. What did mother say to him when she found him?"

"She hasn't said anything to him. He doesn't know that she saw him. She watched him through the door for a while, and then went downstairs and made some noise in the kitchen so he would know she was home. A few minutes later, he came down wearing his own clothes."

"I would have killed him." Cathy glanced at her watch. "I've got to get dressed. Bob will be furious." She started out the door, but she had one last question. "What is mother going to do? Wait until the next time he gets curious about girls?"

"Mother told you that Mrs. Townsend invited us to her Halloween party?"

"Sure, at supper last night."

Susan smiled, "I don't suppose you ought to know this, but..."

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"Hurry, tell me. I can keep a secret. I promise."

"Mother is going to confront Patrick with the evidence tonight, then tell him that he is going to the Townsend's party dressed as a girl, maybe wearing one of your old party dresses. Mother bets that everyone will make such a fuss and tease him so much that he will never want to enter our rooms again."

Having heard this, Cathy broke into laughter. "Mother always has the best ideas. He won't know what to say. It's going to be so funny."

"Remember not to say a word about what I've told you," Susan warned.

"Okay. I'll talk to you later. I'm ten minutes late for my date." Taking her slip, Cathy darted off to her room.

"Patrick," Elizabeth O'Donnell called to her son from the bottom of the stairway. "Please come downstairs. I want to see you for a minute."

There was no answer, but the sound of movement in his room assured her that she was heard. A boy appeared and looked down at his mother. "Yes?"

"Come to the kitchen with me. I want to talk with you."

Patrick descended the stairs with obvious reluctance. Ordinarily he would skip or jump four steps at a time, but a talk in the kitchen was not the occasion for such behavior. Talks in the kitchen usually meant punishment, and he was trying to recall what he had done that required such a measure.

He took his seat on the high back kitchen stool, which was pushed up against a wall at one end of the rectangular room. He waited for his mother to open the

conversation. She was busy preparing a pie, and various pots, bowls, and cooking utensils were scattered about the drain board.

Elizabeth O'Donnell was a widow for some three years. Her memories of Patrick's father were still fond, but she seldom allowed herself to dwell on them. His sudden death was such a blow to them all. Patrick missed his father most of all. It was a tragic thing to deprive a boy of his father. Patrick had become withdrawn and quiet. Elizabeth worried about him. Susan and Cathy got along well, and Elizabeth knew what to expect of her daughters. Elizabeth confided regularly in Susan and she felt safe confiding most things to Cathy, but she found it difficult to cope with Patrick.

Elizabeth paused from her cooking to look at the slim youth seated on her kitchen stool. He had a high-cheeked face, and large flashing blue eyes. Like his father, Patrick was on the thin side, a bit sinewy, but not lanky, with a small head, hands, and feet.

Elizabeth dreaded what she now had to say. Patrick was reaching puberty. How does a mother have a man-to-man chat with her son? Finding Patrick in Susan's room bizarrely garbed in lingerie and skirts gave her quite a start. She concluded that he was so curious about girls that he decided to experiment with their clothing.

Elizabeth's confidante and best friend, Mrs. Melford agreed. Mrs. Melford raised a large family and many were boys, so Elizabeth had a great deal of respect for Mrs. Melford's advice, and had told her about finding Patrick. Mrs. Melford laughed good-naturedly when told of the episode, and then suggested that Patrick be taught a little lesson. She recommended dressing him as a girl to embarrass him, and at the same time satisfy his curiosity. Elizabeth expressed doubts about the idea, but

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Mrs. Melford assured her that, "Patrick won't be so anxious to get into his sister's things when you make him wear them for a time."

"Patrick," Elizabeth tentatively began, "are you curious about girls?"

"I don't know. What do you mean?"

"Are you curious about the clothes your sisters wear?"

"No," he stated, climbing off his perch to get a cookie.

"I want to talk seriously with you, Patrick, so please stay there." Her voice sounded more menacing than she intended to make it.

"Okay, but..."

"Patrick," Elizabeth began again in a firmer voice, "Cathy and Susan tell me that you have gotten into their drawers." She was not looking at him directly as she said this, but out of the corner of her eye she saw him flinch sharply. The color began to rise up the sides of his neck. "Is that true?"

"No," Patrick mumbled without looking at his mother.

"Don't lie to me, Patrick. Susan knows that you have been in her closet. You have been into Cathy's things too, haven't you? The girls don't like it, and neither do I. Now, why would you do such a thing if you're not curious about girls?"

"I'm not lying. I wasn't. I haven't been..." His voice rose to a whine, and the color rose to his face to produce a heavy blush. He was panicking.

"Last Saturday night, I saw you in Susan's room. You know what you were doing."

Patrick's shoulders slumped. He mumbled a reply that sounded like, "No, I'm sorry." The realization that his mother had seen him in Susan's room crushed him, and he fought back tears.

After a long pause, his mother said, "We can discuss it if you wish." Elizabeth waited expectantly for a reply, but none was forthcoming.

Patrick slumped on the black stool with his chin in his hand and stared steadfastly at the floor. Wild impulses to run traveled from his brain to his legs and back again without result. Elizabeth expected him to confide in her when their discussion reached this point of discovery and embarrassment. If they could only talk things out, there would be no need for the punishment she had planned. It was obvious that he was not going to confide in her and she felt hurt by his resolute silence. Perhaps Mrs. Melford's way was best after all.

"Patrick, I want to discuss this with you. I think you should learn about girls. Can't we discuss this together?" She offered him a reassuring smile.

"May I go to my room?"

"You don't want to talk with me?"

"No, just punish me. I want to go to my room," Patrick pleaded, as tears welled up in his eyes.

"I don't want to punish you. We should talk things over. I want to know what you are so curious about that you need to try on your sister's clothes."

"Can't I just lose my allowance?" Patrick blubbered slightly as he said this.

"I don't think you should be punished. Perhaps you ought to teach yourself a lesson. If you are so curious about your sister's things, perhaps I should make you a

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feminine costume to wear to the Townsend's party next week. Cathy and Susan will be happy to loan you some of their clothing. It might be fun, and no one would care that you were dressed up in your sister's clothes for Halloween."

A shudder ran down Patrick's spine. He leaped from the stool and stumbled out of the kitchen, and his voice rose to a desperate shout, "No, I won't go to the party. I won't go, mother."

Susan entered the front door in time to see Patrick run past her up the stairway with tears streaming from his face. "For heaven sakes, what was that all about?" she asked, coming into the kitchen.

"Patrick and I had our little talk. He's quite upset with me. When I told him about the costume I want him to wear to the Townsend's, he ran upstairs." That evening Elizabeth, Susan, and Cathy had their supper alone.

Patrick's thoughts were on anything but the meal he was missing as he lay on his bed. The events of the last few hours drained him emotionally, and he reflected on the possible ramifications of his mother's discovery. Naive as he was, Patrick knew that the practice was not proper for a teenaged boy. In spite of his fear, when the opportunity arose, he was powerless to stop from sneaking into his sister's or mother's rooms to attire himself in their clothes.

After his father was gone, he innocently took pleasure in observing the progress of the young ladies he grew up with. He watched with fascination as they acquired styled hairdos, low-heeled shoes, nylons, smudges of lipstick, white gloves, purses, jewelry, and the hint of bosoms to come. He envied their self-

possessed air, and felt that girls enjoyed something in life that he, a boy, was denied.

Patrick considered the events of the afternoon more coolly now. His mind lapsed into periodic flurries of speculation. He wondered when his mother had seen him in Susan's room, at what stage in his activity had she observed him? Did Cathy and Susan know of it? What would they say when they were told? But the question that his mind dwelt on most persistently was the question of his mother's proposal that he wear a girl's costume to the Townsend's party.

Initially the very idea of appearing in public terrified him. It was unthinkable. He thought that he would run away from home before submitting to such an ordeal. Yet now it occurred to him that his mother had largely misconstrued his interest in girl's clothing. She had talked of his curiosity, but his activities went considerably beyond that stage.

Now she was offering to send him to a Halloween party dressed as a girl. But in doing so she did not seek to humiliate him, at least not completely, but there was still the question of Cathy and Susan. How would they treat him? Would they embarrass and humiliate him before others at the party?

He mulled these matters for several hours before he decided that dressing like a girl for the party was an opportunity not to be missed. He would surely be teased, but others had appeared at parties in costumes equally ridiculous. Patrick made up his mind. He would accept his mother's proposal.

At nine o'clock Mrs. O'Donnell decided to look in on Patrick. She peered into his room. The light was on, but Patrick lay crosswise on his bed asleep. He stirred, sensing her presence, and woke up.

"Were you asleep?"

"Yes." He was drowsy though he had only slept a scant half hour. "I want to go to the party."

"You don't have to..."

"It will be a good lesson." He recited mechanically.

"We'll talk it over. You can go if you want to."

"I really want to go - the way you said I should go." He made his point as emphatically as he dared.

Elizabeth was surprised and a bit confused by Patrick's seemingly unpredictable change of heart. She looked closely at him and her gaze was met with a look of determination. "You will have to cooperate. I may have to alter some things for your costume."

"Okay," Patrick replied softly, "I promise."

Patrick came home early that Saturday afternoon. He had been playing touch football with the boys in the neighborhood and brown decaying tree leaves were clinging to his dusty sweatshirt and blue jeans.

He found his mother in the kitchen. "It's good that you're home," she greeted him. "Take your bath first before the girls come home and want to get in there."

"Hello Momma." It was Cathy. She had been to a football game at the high school and her cheeks were rosy red. She was wearing her white cheerleaders sweater and a red, pleated skirt. She was still excited. "We won, Momma - 26 to 9 and Bob was so good. He made five or six tackles."

Patrick was unable to resist a taunt. "He probably missed about fifteen more."

Looking at him with a condescending smile and folding her arms tightly, she spoke with a sugary voice. "Patrick, my dear, are you the little boy invited to the Townsend's costume party this evening?"

"Cathy that will be enough. You promised that you wouldn't tease him."

"Won't you tell us please what costume you are wearing," she continued, ignoring her mother's reprimand. "We are simply dying to know what it is."

"Cathy," Elizabeth warned menacingly.

"A dress," Patrick declared with as much calm bravado as he could collect.

"How very clever of you," she teased triumphantly. "Going to the Townsend's disguised as a little girl? How sweet that's going to be."

"Cathy, if you won't stop it, I will take your allowance back this week. I don't want you to say another word to him. Now that is final."

"But he started it, mother."

"I didn't. Take her allowance back."

"Mother, you know Patrick started teasing first."

The little battle raged on for several minutes before Patrick retreated upstairs to take his bath. Cathy slipped upstairs also as he was undressing. Dressed only in his underwear and bathrobe, he headed hastily for the bathroom.

He didn't relish the idea of further repartee with Cathy and he was afraid that she would suddenly pop up to hurl some new taunt at him. He started the water in the tub and began to remove his remaining clothing. As he stepped into the half filled tub, he noticed that it foamed with delicate scented bubbles.

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Evidently Cathy had sneaked into the bathroom before him to pour some of her bubble bath in the tub. The fragrance filled his nostrils and though secretly pleased with the outcome of the prank, he chose to make no reply to Cathy's calculated jibe as she called to him through the locked door. "Hope you enjoy the bubble bath, darling."

Half an hour later, Patrick was back in his room waiting for further instructions from his mother. He sat nervously on the edge of his bed clad only in his bathrobe. The great adventure was about to begin. After a few minutes, the door opened and Susan entered. He could see that she had just returned from work. She was wearing a new fall suit - a three piece beige linen number with a straight skirt and box jacket with three-quarter length sleeves.

"Hi, sweetie. Mother says you've bathed. Say, what is that I smell in here?" She approached Patrick and smelled of his hair.

"My, my. What did you use with your bath?"

"Aw, Cathy put some of her stuff in the water while I was getting ready.

"You mean her bubble bath? Doesn't it smells nice? Are you ready? Mother wants me to get you started while Cathy is in the bathroom."

"I guess so."

"Why don't we give you a manicure? Your nails are an awful mess."

"I don't care."



Patrick had watched his mother manicure his sister's nails, but never in his wildest dreams had he ever thought that she would shape and color his nails.

"It doesn't take long. Besides you want to find out about girls, don't you? I'll let you in on all my secrets." Susan took her charge firmly by the hand.

Seating him at her vanity, Susan drew up another chair and the ritual of the manicure began. Patrick was silent as she worked on his fingers with an assortment of odd-looking scissors and files. He was trying very hard to maintain a disinterested expression, but soon his eyes were following the careful shaping and transformation of his nails, and inwardly his blood raced in his veins.

Susan began to talk as she worked and commented on various things that she imagined would be of interest to Patrick. Like her mother, she was convinced that he was merely curious about girls.

"Girls like to make themselves pretty, Patrick, because, well because we are girls. Boys like us to be pretty and wear pretty things, but girls aren't pretty just because of boys. I guess it is really because we like to be feminine that we make ourselves pretty. When you're older, I think you will understand better." She began to coat his nails with a bright red lacquer.

"Girls like to have their nails painted, for example, because it makes us feel elegant. Besides it is good for the nails. See how long my nails are. You have to be very careful with your nails to grow them this long, but aren't they pretty?"

When she was finished with the lacquer, Patrick stared at the ten red tipped fingers spread out on the vanity top. His hands felt strangely smaller as if his fingers had been clipped and pruned like some tree or bush. Patiently he waited for the small red ovals to dry.

"How will this stuff come off?" he asked finally.

Susan laughed at his tone of concern. "Don't worry about that. It will come off when we rub this on it." She held up a bottle of nail polish remover.

"Susan?" It was Cathy's voice at the door. She had finished in the bathroom and was on her way to her room.

"Yes, Cathy."

"Is Patrick dressed yet?"

"No, of course not."

"Can I come in?"

"I don't think so. Mother said not to."

"Aw."

"Mother's instructions, Cathy."

"Can I help? Do you need anything of mine?"

"Well, all right. Since you volunteered your bubble bath, why don't you bring me the matching cologne?"

Patrick heard Cathy's excited giggle as she ran off on her errand. A moment later she was back with a small atomizer that she handed through the door to Susan, trying her best to steal a glimpse of Patrick in the process.

Susan asked Patrick to slip the top of his bathrobe down and when he had done so, she sprayed cologne under his arms and across the back of his neck. "There," she said when she had finished, "You smell sweet enough to be three girls."

Leaving Patrick alone momentarily, Susan went to call Elizabeth. Susan found her mother in her room pinning up her hair. "Patrick is ready to start dressing, mother. I thought you would want to come in."

"As soon as I finish with my hair, dear. How is he acting? Has he been cooperating?"

"He seems to be a little sullen and unhappy. He hasn't said hardly a thing to me. I've tried to explain some things to him. He may be frightened. I just finished manicuring his nails. What a mess they were."

"Oh dear, I hope I've done the right thing," Elizabeth mused. "He can be so sensitive at times. If people tease him constantly, it will humiliate him and hurt his pride. I hope Mrs. Melford was right about this being the best thing to do."

Susan smiled at her mother's concern. "I don't know why you think he is so sensitive. He's such a roughneck most of the time. It's all Cathy and I can do to keep up with him. I don't believe he will suffer too much. The kids at the party may tease him about wearing girl's clothes, but he'll get over that soon enough. He's certainly not a sissy. I hope that Cathy doesn't bother him all evening. She can be absolutely cruel at times."

Susan's words reassured Elizabeth. Finished with her hair, the two women went to Susan's room together. He was seated at the vanity, his bathrobe hanging loosely about his shoulders. He was staring into space with a rather determined and serious expression. He turned away as his mother approached. With a loving smile she embraced him fondly and gave him a good hug.

"Hey!" His mother's squeeze caused the utterance.

Elizabeth stepped back a pace, "Susan tells me that you have been learning about the things girls wear."

"I guess so," he replied limply as if he did not care.

"Look at your lovely nails. It was nice of Susan to do that for you. Are you ready, dear? We should get you dressed if we are going to be on time at the Townsend's."

Without waiting for his answer, Elizabeth began laying the items of clothing for his costume out on Susan's bed.

"Oh, here are the panties." Turning to him she held up a pair of Cathy's underpants. They were a typical pair of girls' white nylon panties with an elasticized waistband and lacy decorations along the bottom. "These are what little girls wear for underpants, Patrick. They are just like your own briefs, but made of nylon."

Patrick realized that the time had finally arrived. With some effort he stiffly stood and took the garment. "Take off your robe, dear, and put them on."

Patrick was concerned for his modesty than his mother and sister, so he squirmed into the panties first and then shed his bathrobe. He stood outwardly at ease with his hands on his hips looking at the two women. He felt embarrassed, but reassured by their quiet friendly smiles. For a terrible moment he was afraid that they would laugh and ridicule him, but their faces were kind and their smiles understanding, and soon he felt at ease.

The panties were snug but quite comfortable. He had the urge to view himself in the mirror, but it was across the room and facing another direction, so he had to content himself with the smooth silky touch of the material. He turned to see what Susan was holding. The garment was white, made of elastic and appeared to be a tangle of odd-looking straps.

"This is a garter belt," Susan explained. "I'll help you with it. Girls wear these to hold up their hose." She looped the garter belt around his waist and fastened it. The loose garters swung about his thighs. "Should we put his hose on now, mother, or wait?"

"It's best to do it now, dear. I have some dress sheers for him. You may need to help him though."

They led Patrick to the bed and seated him. Susan opened the thin box and took out the new pair of nylons that her mother had purchased especially for Patrick's costume. "Oh my, these are nice hose, Patrick," she said as she rolled them up in her hands. "You must be very careful not to snag them on anything tonight."

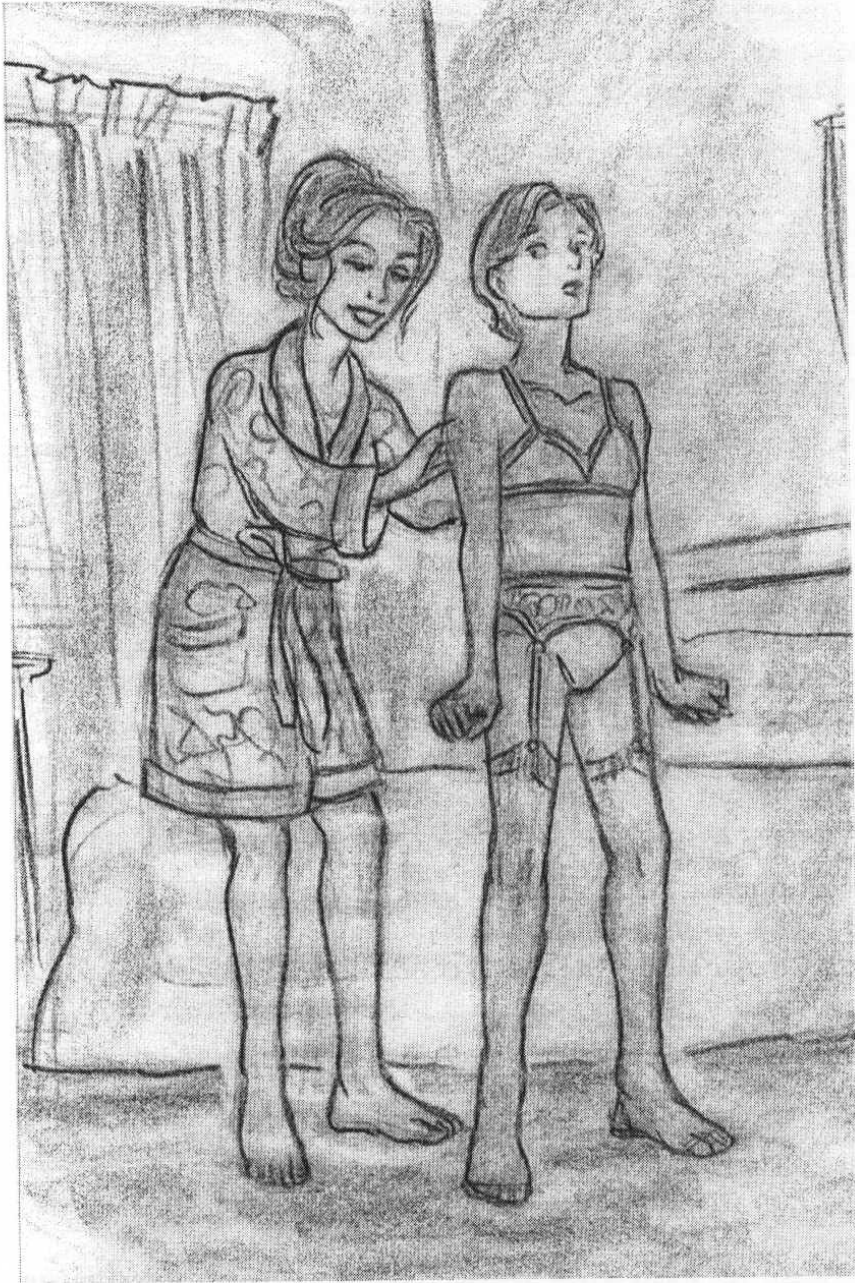
She fitted the first stocking carefully over his foot and pulled it up as he instinctively held his leg out. Soon both stockings stretched tightly over Patrick's smooth adolescent legs and fastened to the now taut garters. Thus clad, Patrick walked across the room. Familiar feelings began to seize him and he caught himself smiling.

Getting Patrick strapped and hooked into his brassiere turned out to be a project. It was a beginner's bra that had belonged to Cathy. They had some trouble adjusting the straps properly. Both women had to laugh when they padded the cups with wadded handkerchiefs. "These cups are so small," Susan exclaimed. "How did Cathy ever wear this?"

"She has grown quite a lot since she wore this," Elizabeth observed.

Susan smiled as her mother tried to explain the purpose of the bra to Patrick. Susan was certain that Patrick had enough education to understand it, but her mother insisted on a full explanation and in the process she got rather flustered.

For his own part, Patrick appeared to wear the garment with its padding without noticeable embarrassment. Watching him closely, Susan detected a hint of pride in his eyes when he happened to glance at himself in her vanity mirror. She caught his eye when he turned again, and smiled at him.



“Mother, why do I have to wear a bra? I don’t have any breasts...” Patrick whined as his mother snapped his first bra tightly about his chest.

Her notion was reinforced by the way he cast his eyes down immediately. At least he was no longer frightened and he might even start to enjoy his little masquerade.

Mrs. O'Donnell selected a castoff formal party dress of Susan's for Patrick to wear. The top was a black velvet halter-like jacket with a closely fitted bodice and short sleeves. The back zipper was concealed by a row of small velvet-covered false buttons. The lining was of smooth black rayon and the top of the jacket was styled to attractively set off neck jewelry.

The dress had two skirts - an underskirt and an overskirt. The underskirt was a multi-layered crinoline, the top layer of which was elaborately decorated with small black satin bows above and larger black satin bows evenly spaced around the hem. The overskirt was made of transparent silk chiffon in contrasting white. The hem of the overskirt was widely scalloped and when properly adjusted, the large satin bows of the underskirt peeped through the openings. A black satin ribbon ran in and out of a one-inch band of lacework along the scalloped hem.

The overskirt had fastenings that snapped together at the bottom of the velvet jacket. The junction of the skirts with the jacket was concealed and held fast by a wide white satin cummerbund that fastened in the back with an elegant white false bow. The ballerina length skirts were quite bouffant in the style when popular. Patrick could not take his eyes off of the lovely frock as his mother and Susan unwrapped it.

"What are you going to do about shoes?"

"Can he wear your white flats? His feet are too large for Cathy's shoes."



Patrick gasped at his image in the full-length mirror. The formal party dress looked gorgeous on him. How could he, a boy, look so feminine?

"Oh dear, he can't wear my white flats either, mother. They are being repaired. What about a pair of heels?"

"I really hadn't planned for him to wear heels, dear. He's so unaccustomed to them. I don't want him falling."

"Let me think," Susan said going to her closet. While her mother continued to work with the dress, she opened shoeboxes kept on a shelf in the large walk-in closet. "Here are some party slippers, mother, and they have those low one and a half inch heels," she called finally. "They are really sort of summerish, but I think they would do for tonight." They were indeed intended for summer evenings and garden parties. They were open-toed, sideless, and fastened with straps that looped around the heel. Elizabeth looked at them and approved.

"Patrick, let's see if you can wear these." Susan helped him put them on. They fit very well and both Susan and her mother thought they would look quite attractive with the rest of the costume.

They paused to watch him walk experimentally about the room. "How do they feel, dear?"

"Fine."

"They fit him quite well, mother, and he seems to be getting around easily enough." Susan was pleased with her selection and could not resist teasing the mincing Patrick a bit. "Well, Patrick, those heels make you quite a young lady." She caught him by the waist and gave him an affectionate hug. "You're being quite a good sport and doing very well. I'm proud of you."

Elizabeth was ready with dress, so Patrick slipped out of the heels and stood in anticipation. The two women stood the partially completed Patrick before the mirror and proceeded with his frocking. They began to

hurry now for they had yet to apply his makeup and arrange his hair. He was relatively at ease now and it was not surprising that his mind fell momentarily into a daydream. "I am a girl. I am a girl whose mother and sister are helping her dress for a party. What a pretty dress I have. How lovely I will be wearing it. I am a girl." Thus went his thoughts as they dressed him.

Already dressed in her costume, Cathy sat before her vanity arranging her hair. Her disguise was that of a flapper of the 1920's era. The dress once belonged to her mother.

It was a light green sleeveless tunic, a loosely fitting one-piece affair with a hemline that revealed her knees even when standing. The swinging skirt had wide pleats and fell just below a contrasting dark green satin sash that closely girdled the lower midriff and tied behind in a large droopy bow. Underneath the dress, Cathy wore only her own panties and a loose chemise that had come with the dress. With her mother's permission, she omitted the usual girdle and bra.

She felt quite seductive. She looked a bit bizarre, perhaps, but not vulgarly so. She liked the way the short skirt flipped about when she danced revealing the tops of her stockings. It would be nice if Bob could see me. She had forgotten completely about Patrick.

Having finished with Patrick, Mrs. O'Donnell decided to peek in on Cathy before retiring to her own room to finish dressing. She found Cathy waiting patiently on her bed. "Stand up and let me see you."

"Has Patrick finished dressing yet, mother? I want to see him." Cathy had suddenly been reminded of her brother when Elizabeth appeared.

"You've done very well, Cathy. You're getting very good with makeup. You look very nice."

"Thank you, Momma. Has Patrick finished dressing? Can't I see him?"

"Before I allow you see him, do you have a purse for tonight?"

"Just my wallet. I don't need anything else do I?"

Elizabeth smiled at her daughter affectionately. "Wait here a moment. I have something for you." She returned a few minutes later with a small white leather coin purse that closed with a tiny gold clasp. "You won't need to take any money, but you can put your lipstick, a hanky, and perhaps your perfume in this."

When Cathy had collected the desired items and put them in the purse, her mother took the purse and showed her daughter how to slip it into the top of her stocking under one of the jeweled garters. "Your father gave that purse to me, dear. You can have it if you wish."

"Did women wear purses in their stockings when you were a girl?" Cathy asked in disbelief.

"Sometimes at parties. It was sort of the thing to do."

"Now can I go in and see Patrick? I bet he looks funny by now."

"You can see him if you like, but Cathy, I don't want to hear you teasing him. You must promise me that you won't tease him now or this evening at the party either. He'll get quite enough attention as it is."

"I promise, mother, really I do." Without waiting for her mother to accept this promise, Cathy darted out of the room. She might not tease Patrick, but she wasn't going to let a promise spoil having some fun.



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But the Patrick she saw upon walking into Susan's room was not the Patrick she expected. The stunning completeness of Patrick's translation from young man into young lady left Cathy momentarily breathless. Patrick stood before Susan's mirror while Susan added a touch of perfume to his neck and ears. Susan and her mother had good reason to be pleased with the results of their work of transformation. Patrick could scarcely have appeared more feminine had he been a real girl.

Aside from the exquisitely pretty party dress, it was Susan's consummate skill at makeup and hair styling that completed the illusion. Patrick's beardless face had a clear, rosy complexion that lent itself very well to makeup. There was no need for foundation, so she had powdered and rouged him lightly.

Using her pencil carefully, she had shaped his brows into thinner, arching, distinct lines. Mascara and eyeshadow in tasteful amounts accentuated his eyes. Like most boys, Patrick had long eyelashes to begin with, and the upward curl that Susan gave them produced a charming surprised innocence. His moist lips were painted a shade of red that closely matched his nail polish.

Using a brunette chignon, Susan had created Patrick's coiffure. Aside from using a great many bobby pins, the results were very satisfactory. Susan was able to arrange the strands of the chignon such that it appeared like Patrick really had a full head of hair.

The brown tresses of the circled the back of his head, fell about the upper portions of his ears, and spilled over his forehead in cunningly arranged bangs. A white silk bow pinned at the back concealed the junction of the chignon and the lighter hair on the back of his neck.

Her success with his hair inspired Susan to donate her jewelry to his use for the evening. Pearl teardrops dangled from his exposed earlobes and a three-stranded pearl choker glistened around his neck. Around his left wrist, Susan fastened a delicate ladies' wristwatch with a thin silver band.

This was the feminized Patrick that Cathy regarded with amazement. "Well," said Susan with an amused smile, "don't you like his costume?"

"Golly," Cathy gulped, "I didn't think he would look like this."

"That's a compliment," Susan replied with a wink at Patrick. "I think your sister agrees that you look lovely."

Cathy's entrance caught Patrick by surprise. He wasn't certain what to expect from her, but Susan's assurances gradually built up his confidence, and he felt that he could withstand any teasing that Cathy might give him. He looked at her, but said nothing.

Cathy advanced to where Susan stood to get a closer look at Patrick. "However did you fix his hair that way?"

"With mother's chignon."

"Golly, Susan, he looks great. Just like he was a girl. Patrick, you look just yummy wearing that dress." She giggled as she scrutinized the details of his costume. Her praise was more for Susan's skill than for Patrick's appearance. Cathy would not admit it, but her brother's attractiveness raised a feeling of jealousy.

At last she could no longer resist the temptation to poke fun at him. When Susan turned momentarily to straighten up the room, Cathy caught him by one arm. "Patrick, I want to see you do some things," she said with a sly note in her voice. "Let me see you walk."



"You can't possibly be my obnoxious little brother," Cathy exclaimed. "No real boy could possibly look so girly in a dress!"

Patrick obliged. He was getting along well with the heels, and needless to say, he enjoyed wearing them. He minced to and fro several times for Cathy's benefit, never suspecting her intentions. "Oh dear me," Cathy exclaimed breaking into laughter, "he walks just like a girl. Look at him, Susan..." She continued in this vein for several minutes.

Seeing that her laughter didn't bother him, she decided on another tact. "Patrick, do you know how to sit properly with all your skirts. Here, I'll show you." Using the vanity seat, she demonstrated the well-known technique. "Your skirts are so big that you'll have to gather them, push them forward, and then sit down."

He made an attempt, but he failed to gather up enough of his skirts. "No silly, you have to bunch them up. Try it again," she ordered.

This time he did it properly, but rather than compliment him, Cathy gave rein to her amusement and laughed at him. "Oh, Patrick, you make a perfect girl," she giggled. "Now let me see you cross your legs."

Patrick did it wrong on purpose. "No, like this, silly."

He did it right. "Look at him now, Susan, sitting just like a girl."

Patrick enjoyed the little episode though he didn't want Cathy to know. He resented her laughter, sensing that it was not motivated by affection. Still he cooperated and allowed her to order him to do this and that like a puppet on a string.

It was a different matter entirely when she told him to talk, that she wanted to hear him say something. Although his adolescent male voice was still a relatively high-pitched tenor, it was distinctly male, and dresses and makeup were unable to change that. Instinctively he

had avoided talking to not lessen the completeness of his newfound image.

"Patrick, say something for us. You haven't said a word. Can you talk like a girl too?" The sentences were punctuated with giggles.

Patrick answered by shaking his head and turning away. The game was growing old and Cathy was growing demanding. But Cathy persisted in her ultimate goal of getting his goat. Rising from the bed where she had been laying, and weak from her own laughter, she approached Patrick from behind and tried to lift the hem of his skirts. This startled him and backed away. He protested involuntarily as she caught him by the hand. "Hey, don't do that."

"Is the little boy afraid I will hurt him?" she cooed as if talking to an infant. "Stand still. I won't hurt you. I want to see what you're wearing."

Patrick was flustered, and he tried in vain to break from Cathy's grasp. Suddenly, he stood quietly for the inspection. Sensing his submission, Cathy released his arm, grasped the stiff crinolines, and lifted them.

"Oh dear," she tittered in his face, "you're wearing a my panties and you've got on a garter belt. How funny."

The skirts fell back into place and Patrick smoothed them as if he had smoothed skirts all of his life. His sister's forced familiarity embarrassed him. His eyelashes fluttered nervously and his cheeks betrayed the blush. It seemed immodest and improper to raise his skirts in front of anyone.

Susan was busy dressing in her closet and Patrick hoped that she would return soon for he that Cathy was contemplating more serious affronts to his dignity than the one she had just perpetrated. His premonition

proved to be correct. "Well, Patrick, for a boy you certainly make a yummy girl." She was still searching for a way to gain the upper hand. "It's a good thing we don't let you dress like this all the time. No one would believe you were a boy. It's a shame that it's Halloween. If it wasn't Halloween, mother could make you dress up and go to school one day for punishment. You know, Patrick, I think I'll tell her that. If Susan and I ever catch you playing with our things again, that's what you will have to do - get dressed up again in our clothes."

Just then, Susan returned in time to hear Cathy's warning. "That's enough, Cathy! Mother warned you about trying to embarrass Patrick. Another word, and you won't go to the party."

"I'm sorry, Susan. I didn't mean to be nasty."

"Tell Patrick."

"I'm sorry, Patrick." She said it sincerely enough, but Susan still thought it best to send her elsewhere.

"That's fine, Cathy. See if mother is ready. I have to apply my makeup."

Obediently Cathy turned and started out of the room, but halfway through the doorway, she paused and looked back at Patrick thoughtfully. "You really do look nice, Patrick, and I'm not teasing you. But it sounds funny to call you Patrick when you're all dressed up like that. Susan, shouldn't we give him a different name? I mean a girl's name?"

Looking at Susan, Cathy could not detect any hint of opposition to her proposal, so she proceeded accordingly. "Let me think. What would be a good girl's name for him? I know, she said suddenly, we ought to call him Patricia because his real name is Patrick, or maybe just Patsy or Patty for short. I think I like Patty. Patty

O'Donnell. Mrs. Townsend, I'd like you to meet this little girl. Her name is Patty." Cathy laughed raucously at her joke.

"Really, Cathy, I think you're teasing again. I think you had better leave. Patrick isn't interested in having a girl's name. It doesn't matter how he's dressed."

"All right, goodbye, Susan, goodbye, Patty, I mean Patrick." Flinging a final giggle at them, she was gone. But the christening had been accomplished. The girl in Patrick's life now had a name and the name was Patty.

When Cathy was gone, Susan turned to Patrick. She saw that Cathy's little scene had upset him. Cathy could be so cruel at times, and she felt sorry for him. He was so patient and cooperative and she understood why he did not feel like talking.

Feeling her gaze, he smiled faintly. "Let's have one more look at you." Holding him by the shoulders, she inspected his hair and makeup, and then stepped back for a look at his costume.

Putting her arm affectionately around his waist, she gave him a reassuring sisterly squeeze. "You look very nice. Nobody will make fun of you in spite of what Cathy says. Don't let anyone embarrass you. Come to me if someone is mean to you." She smiled warmly at him. "I hope you realize how nice you look. You ought to be proud and smile. We are going to a party. People will tease you if you look sad. Act naturally, have fun, and please smile for me. Mother dressed you like this for the party so you could learn about girls, but she wants you to have fun doing it."

Patrick's face brightened considerably and he managed to make the smile that his sister wanted to see. "Feel better now?"

"I think so." Susan gave him a final squeeze and released him. He felt terribly close to her.

While Susan finished her preparations, Patrick left her room to wait in his room. Susan had picked up his spirits considerably, but he still felt sadness at Cathy's warnings. None of them truly understood his feelings about wearing girl's clothing.

His mother had concluded that he was just curious about girls and the things they wore. That was true, but there was the added element that dressing as a girl was fascinating and pleasurable. Now they were attempting to satisfy what they supposed was merely curiosity by dressing him as a girl more completely and elegantly than he had ever dreamed possible. He wondered what would happen if he violated Cathy's warning and was caught.

He wondered about the measures she might adopt if he were caught again. The punishment that Cathy proposed was unthinkable. He knew she was teasing him, but the thought of being made to go to school in girls' clothing was frightening.

But these dark thoughts quickly subsided as his exhilaration at appearing legitimately before friends and strangers dressed as a girl steadily mounted. In spite of inner fears and frequent misgivings, the past few hours brought him a deep and abiding satisfaction that his hurried bathroom and bedroom experiments had never given him. Never before was it possible to feel a feminine experience so keenly and intensely. He was alive with the sheer joy of it.

He walked slowly with his eyes on his feet as he traversed the twenty feet or so that separated his room from Susan's. What a delight to listen to the gay symphony of rustling skirts that fitted closely to his

waist and fell in stiff billowing mounds over his hips to play merrily about his knees. The narrow smallness of his waist in contrast with the wideness of his skirts made him feel quite petite.

What a soft melodious noise those skirts made whenever he made the slightest motion. He had been where ladies' gowns made such noises, but now it was a part of him. How very soft and slick the fabric of the overskirt was. His hands were kept busy arranging and smoothing its transparent folds. And how nice it was to wear nylons.

He loved their warmth, tight smoothness, and the way the tense garters alternately gave or pulled. Then there were his feet, shod so firmly and daintily in the slippers with the one and a half inch heels.

From his waist his torso expanded upward in a sheath of velvet to a gentle bosom. His ears felt the subtle pinch of earrings and it was pleasant to see the shimmering pearl teardrops swing about when he turned his head. Susan was right when she said that painting your fingernails made you feel elegant. He felt these sensations strongly and though he experienced them for the first time, they felt strangely natural.

He stood before the mirror and stared at his transformed image. How light and free he felt, as if released. It was a delicate feeling, like a butterfly that had languished in a dull chrysalis, now metamorphosed and transposed into color and loveliness, clinging to a branch, opening and closing its wings in the soft breeze. It was there for a fleeting moment of absolute beauty, which sent a chill racing up his spine by its intensity. At that moment he knew the essence of femininity.

It was nearly time to leave for the party. His mother and sisters were completing their preparations and he

could hear them scurrying about in the hall. Susan would be wearing a gypsy costume and his mother was wearing a ball gown that was a copy of the gown worn by Mrs. Lincoln to the Inaugural Ball of 1865.

"We are almost ready to leave," Susan said bustling into his room. "I brought you a compact, lipstick, hanky, and some perfume in this purse." She handed him a small rectangular clutch purse. "It would be nice if you wore gloves." She handed him a pair of wrist length white gloves. "Try them on. They may be too small."

Patrick tried the gloves on, and when Susan saw they fit, she told him to remove them when he got to the party and put them with his purse so they wouldn't get soiled.

"We are about ready. Remember what I told you about smiling. I'll call you when we're ready. I'll let you wear my mouton evening wrap." With a smile and a wink she left him as quickly as she came.

In a few minutes, Susan returned for him. Cathy and his mother were waiting downstairs. Patrick carefully followed Susan down the stairway with his eyes on his feet, his skirts rustling and scraping against the wooden banister.

"Here comes Patty," Cathy called.

"That's enough, Cathy," her mother said menacingly

Susan tied a silk headscarf around his head to protect his coiffure from the wind and placed the black mouton wrap around his shoulders. The cool breeze blew through Patrick's skirts sending a shiver up his back. At the car Susan helped him into the front seat.

The Townsend's had once been neighbors of the O'Donnell's, but now they lived in a distant section of the city. The Townsend's had four daughters two of whom were Susan and Cathy's ages and two several years

younger than Patrick. Mrs. Townsend was a gracious southern lady with beautiful silver white hair, which she piled effectively on top of her head. Patrick always considered her very distinguished looking. When he was younger, she had often taken care of him.

Chapter 2

Lily Townsend met the O'Donnell's as they came in her front door. "Well, Elizabeth, it's so nice to see you all again. Do come in and take your wraps off. Cathy, you look lovely and Susan also as usual...and who is this you brought with you?"

She spotted Patrick who was hanging back a bit in rather obvious shyness. His mother and sisters broke into giggles. It was the moment of truth. "Lily, this is Patrick. His sisters loaned him their clothes and we dressed him up so all the O'Donnell's are girls tonight."

"My, my, I say you've helped him. I wouldn't have recognized him in an hour. He looks just like your daughters. She bent down to get a closer look at the blushing Patrick. "You certainly make a perfectly precious little girl, Patrick, but how did your sisters talk you into letting them make you so pretty?"

Patrick had not the wherewithal to answer that probing question and it was incumbent upon his mother to answer for him. Giving Lily a wink that meant 'I'll explain to you later when the children can't hear,' she said simply, "Patrick was curious about what it would be like to dress like his sisters, so this is his disguise." Patrick felt relieved by the answer. It sounded plausible and acceptable.

"Patrick, dear, no one will believe that you are really a little boy," Lily correctly observed. "It's will be odd telling anyone that your name is Patrick."

"Call him Patty," Cathy chimed in. "That's his girl's name."

"You look like a Patty," Lily stated. "Can we call you Patty tonight?"

The boy blushed, but nodded approval.

"Do you spell that with an `i` or a `y`?" Lilly asked.

"With a `y`," the boy stammered.

"Okay, PattY," Lily said as she began to go around and introduced him to her guests as Patty. But soon everyone knew that he was really a boy. In spite of the cleverness and relative completeness of his disguise, Patrick could not conceal his masculine sex entirely.

It was most evident when he talked or sometimes moved awkwardly. He could not hope to remain as silent at the party as he had at home, and without conscious attempts, he could not completely imitate the basic feminine mannerisms of walking and carriage, though as the evening progressed, he improved his techniques considerably.

When Mrs. Townsend introduced him as Patty to her other guests, she placed a special emphasis on his name, but in time all of the guests learned that he was really a boy. Most were amused and all praised his appearance. Dressing up was the night's game, so as Susan predicted, no one made fun of him.

There were few children at the party and Patrick was not there ten minutes before he determined that all of the other boys were younger than he. That was quite reassuring. Still he spent the early part of the evening staying as close to Susan as possible. He was still fearful that one of the adult strangers would hurl some taunt at him and embarrass him. As time passed, however, he realized that the adults and children alike largely

ignored him. By the time the games started, he had lost his nervousness and was truly enjoying his masquerade.

One game that separated the boys from the girls found Patrick with the girls by mutual consent. Not counting Patrick, there was one more boy present than girls, and so the sides were equaled when Patrick was counted as a girl.

It was an unforgettable evening for him. As the time to leave drew near, the butterfly fluttered in anticipation of the end. Once again he would be simply Patrick, but deep in his heart, he knew that she would return, emerging anew from the chrysalis of his male existence, to seek her release.

Chapter 3

At home, they were all tired, but he was told that a girl's work is never done. His makeup had to be removed, clothes hung, and hair prepared for sleeping. His mother came into his room carrying a nightgown. "You were so cute today. I thought you might want to sleep in one of these to complete the day?"

"A nightgown?"

"Yes, PATTY! A nightgown!" she smiled. "But if you don't want to..." The blushing boy took the pink nightie without another word.

It took a while for Patrick's sleepy mind to awaken. He heard people moving about the house. Since it was a warm morning, he didn't bother to draw the sheet over his now perky bosom. Wearing the bra to sleep was a last minute idea. The little mounds pressed outward from his chest as he reclined. The impression of rising breasts showed through the gauzy pink of his thin summer nightie.

40 – HIS SISTER'S DRESS

He yawned, stretched his legs, and voluptuously squeezed his thighs together. He still wore panties, and glancing down he saw their pretty impression on the surface of his sheer nightgown. His cheeks pinked at the memory of the previous day.

It was nearly nine, and sleepy as he was, he snapped off the light and lay in the semi-darkness of his bedroom listening for the sound of his sisters moving about...likely in their own nightgowns. Patrick lifted his knees and idly felt the nylon along the surface of his skin. He felt the tingling vibration as his ruby nails scratched the snug fabric over the top of his panties. "Goodness," he thought. Even in the dark privacy of his bed a flush appeared on his pretty cheeks.

Unable to resist the urge, he continued to run his hands over the silky fabric. His breath quickened as his fingers slowly moved about the new sensations. He took a large pillow and stretched a leg over it, hugging his pillow...pretending...pretending. Suddenly he noticed the slight lipstick smear on his pillow where his pearly teeth bit down. The lipstick had been a last minute addition before going to sleep.

Easing the youthful boy's tension, his armpits were damp and his lovely face was flush. He lay still out of breath, his pillow still clutched in his arms. He thought, "How embarrassing... He wiped at the lipstick-stained pillow, but only made it worse. "I'll toss it into the wash basket," he thought, as he drifted off to sleep again.

When he awoke again, maybe only minutes later, he heard Cathy, "That's my favorite nightgown!"

His mother and sisters were staring at him. Patrick grabbed at the sheet, but it was too late. "He's wearing a bra and the panties too," Cathy stated.

"I gave him the nightgown, girls," his mother defended. "Cathy, you haven't worn that for years. It was in the pile for Goodwill."

She huffed, "He can have it! I don't want it or the panties or ANYTHING he's worn NOW!" She turned and swished out of the room.

His mother sat on the bed and ran her hand over the stained pillow. "Guess we didn't get all the makeup off last night, did we?"

"N...No," he blushed.

"WE girls don't wear makeup to bed for this very reason! Understand?"

"Yes, mother."

"Okay," she said, "Shall we remove that nail polish now or should we pick out a dress for you to wear?"

"Please don't tease me, mom."

"I'm serious," she said. "All your life everything in the house has been off limits to you. No wonder you are curious. Maybe the fascination would wane if you had a few things of your own. Remember when you had to have that train set? Once you got it, you never played with it."

"What are you suggesting?"

"That we go through the boxes in the garage and make you a nice little wardrobe."

"What for?"

"To wear, silly," she smiled. "When you feel like wearing a dress, you just go put on one...BUT I expect you to live under the same rules as your sisters."

"They will tease me," he moaned, smoothing a non-existent wrinkle from his nightie.

“So? You’ve been teasing them for years. My guess is that you will tire of all this pretty quickly.”

Chapter 4

A NEW WARDROBE

Patrick’s sisters were shocked when their mother brought him down for breakfast. He was wearing a print housedress, his hair done, and light makeup. “Girl’s,” their mother stated. “Patti is joining us today...and might be around once and a while.”

“That’s my favorite dress!” Cathy moaned.

“Well, it’s now your brothers. And anything else in those Goodwill boxes in the garage too.” She went on, “It’s time your brother be included in the girlish activities in this house.”

Cathy moaned, “That will ruin everything!”

“Your brother and I had a little talk. If he wants to experiment with girl’s clothes, he will have his own. No more sharing without asking, okay?”

The three looked at each other and nodded. Their mother went on, “There are some new rules. When Patty is around like today, I expect him to learn to do the chores that have fallen mostly on you girls. You’ll have to help him at first, but he will make the beds, laundry, set the table, and do the dishes...”

“Hurray!” Cathy cheered. “Finally some help from the little twerp!”

“I have chores too!” he defended.

“Taking out the garbage takes a second,” Cathy said. “We spend all day doing ours...I mean yours now.”



"I expect you to keep your new dresses neat and clean at all times," Patrick's mother reminded him.

Cathy was suddenly into helping Patrick. They made a new list of chores for when Patty was visiting. Patrick started to complain about the chores.

His mother interrupted, "Here is the deal. If you want to wear a dress, I expect you to be a girl for the entire day; not just until chore time. I expect you to get up early, do your nails and hair, and look nice just like what I expect of your sisters. If that's okay, then after breakfast, we can go out to the garage and select a nice wardrobe for you."

Patrick blushed. Suddenly both girls were thrilled at having a baby sister. Cathy teased, "I hope Patty is here a LOT! I bet my jean skirt would look nice on him!"

"That's the attitude, girls," their mother said. "He's going to need your help putting together outfits and helping to keep him in character. Now, Patrick, I expect you to listen to your sisters and do what they say without complaint." He nodded and his face flushed.

"Knees together, Patty," Cathy chided.

The four had breakfast and after Patrick cleared the table and did the dishes, they went to the garage. Nearly a wall was filled with boxes of old, outgrown clothes. Since they were stacked, the latest and newest things were marked "Cindy's room" or "Susan's room". Patrick sat and watched as the woman went through the boxes.

Finally, his mother announced, "He has enough to last him a lifetime! Let's make some room in his closet."

Taking inventory, Patrick was shocked at his wardrobe. He had: 6 skirts, 6 blouses, 5 casual dresses, 2 fancy dresses, 2 winter coats, 3 Cardigan sweaters, 8 pairs shoes (including several sandals), socks, a drawer of lingerie, some of which Patrick didn't know how to

wear, 1 pair of pajamas and 3 nighties – both winter and summer, 1 pair soft-soled slippers and dressing gown, a satin pillowcase, and 18 satin padded coat hangers.

He had a special laundry basket and washing bags - for delicates, 4 purses, 1 sewing basket or box with sewing essentials, 1 toilet bag with essentials, 1 gold girl's watch, 2 hairbrushes and an ivory comb, a wallet and change purse, and jewelry.

His mother said, "I expect your hair to be kept neat and tidy. Here is a collection of barrettes and clips. Your sisters will help with your hair and makeup until you can do it yourself."

His sister's new attitude towards him amazed Patrick. He no longer felt like an outsider. Even Cathy gave him several shades of lipstick, showing him how to put it on neatly and blot off the excess. At the end of the day, Cathy helped him remove his fingernail polish, saying, "Don't you want to show off that color to your buddies at school?"

"I hate to see it go," Patrick smiled.

"We'll put it back on Friday after school, okay?"

"Okay," the boy said shyly.

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Chapter 5

USE 'EM IF YOU HAVE 'EM...

The week passed quickly and life continued like nothing had happened. The only reminder was the new wardrobe hanging in Patrick's closet. Friday morning Cathy mentioned, "I'm coming straight home from school. I promised I'd do Patrick's nails and hair."

Elizabeth asked, "Is Patty joining us this weekend?"

Cathy responded, "Patti should be around until he knows how to take care of himself. I'm not doing his makeup forever!"

His mother agreed, "We want you to become accustomed to your new responsibilities and clothes, but we will do this only as long as you want to."

Cathy was waiting when Patrick got home. She said, "The house is a mess, so we must hurry to get you ready. I've picked out an outfit, and the hot rollers are on."

"I'm pretty tired," Patrick reddened. "Maybe I'll get dressed in the morning?"

"No way! I'm leaving early to go shopping with Susan. It's now or never..."

Cathy moved quickly. She put his hair in hot rollers and quickly added a light makeup and pink lipstick. Patrick didn't know why she was in such a hurry until she announced that she was finished and said that he could start cleaning her room first.

Cathy was an expert, and though done quickly, Patrick's hair looked very feminine. Before he could protest, Cathy had him in a housedress and low heels, and was instructing him on how to make her bed, clean the bathroom, and prepare the laundry. "On Fridays you'll do the laundry from the week. Saturday's all the

bathrooms, the windows, sweep the floors and the kitchen. On Sunday's..."

Patrick interrupted, "I'm not going to be a girl all weekend...every weekend..."

"Why not?" she said. "You look real cute in a dress and with school during the week, you'll never learn what needs learning."

"What's that," he spat?

"You wanted to know what being a girl is like, right? Well give me a few good weeks and I'll show you. I'll make you forget you were ever a boy."

"Cathy," he said. "I don't want to go that far."

"Sure you do. In just a few weeks, you'll get used to the clothes and the wonderful little benefits of being a girl." She then got a bit angry. "Look, I haven't enjoyed having a brother who is always in my clothes. Now that you have your own clothes, I like having a baby sister, so try it for a while...before mother changes her mind."

"But all this work," he started to moan.

"Girls work in girl's clothes. We want you to feel natural in girl's clothes while doing girl's things." She laughed, "One day you will catch yourself sweeping the floor with a cute little wiggle when you walk. Another day you'll feel funny at school without a bra. It's all part of learning to be a girl."

"Do you really think I could learn?"

"You aren't very manly as a boy. With my help and work hard, you can do it."

"Mom doesn't want me to become a girl."

"You'll still be a boy...just one who can put on a dress and feel like a girl. Why don't you start the housework and see what happens?"

On Saturday morning, Patrick woke up groggy. He had worked hard the night before and his calves were sore from walking in high heels. He was wearing one of Cathy's nightgowns, a pink and white nylon baby doll creation with lace on the puffy sleeves and matching panties and a bra built in the top.

Stretching, he looked down at the small padded cups and was amused by the new curves. He swung his legs over the side of the bed and stood up. His "leggy" reflection in the mirror made him smile.

He brushed his long hair back from his sleepy blue eyes and yawned to make sure that the pretty girl in the mirror did the same. In a girlish action, he covered his pink lips with the back of his pink tipped fingers. With one eye on the mirror, he stretched his back, the lovely pink cones lifted against the sheer fabric of his baby doll nightie. He glanced at the bedside clock. The time was nearly nine. If this were a weekday he would be at school, wearing blue jeans and a cotton shirt. But as it was, he could relax and lazily enjoy the nylon and lace.

"Oh Patty!" Cathy called. "We need your help with breakfast!"

Patrick squeezed his thighs together like Cathy drilled the night before. "I'll be there in a minute!"

Patrick suddenly had another urgent need. He pushed the bathroom door open with his elbow and backed to the toilet and wiggled his panties down. As he started to squat, he was unaware of his mother following close behind until she stepped through the door. "Oh," she gasped, surprised at her son sitting so pretty in his little nightie.

Patrick gasped indignantly, "MOM! Can't you see I'm in here?"

"Sorry," she said backing out quickly, and then adding, "What's the big deal? We're all girls now!"

Patrick sat red-faced with his panties down around his ankles holding his nightgown up about his waist. Sitting down was Cathy's idea. Finishing up, he tugged his pink panties up over his knees and smoothed his nightgown back into place.

Back in his bedroom, his mother looked carefully at her feminized son. "Sweetheart, you are taking all this quite nicely. The house has never looked better, but your sisters are laying too many of their chores on you..."

"It's okay, mom," he said his cheeks pinked. "I can see now that I had a free ride."

"What are you going to wear today?"

"My jean skirt and tank top," the boy answered, "but how can I prevent my bra straps from showing?"

"Girls now just don't care," his mother smiled. "Try a strapless bra. I'll pick one up at the store."

Patrick spent most of the day cleaning before relaxing by reading one of Cathy's teen romance novels. Cathy's favorite novel excited the shy young boy as he sat with his legs under him like his sisters. Reading about the life of a young girl while seeing his own pink tipped fingernails turning the pages was so satisfying.

He idly ran his nails along the fabric of his skirt, feeling his panty line. He flushed as he squirmed his hips. His breath quickened as he envisioned himself as the heroine in the book.

Chapter 6

He had dressed up for the last few weekends and was becoming used to his reflection while wearing a dress. However a furious blush still rose to his cheeks when his sisters commented on his increasing femininity. “Face it, chickie,” was Cathy’s common remark, “You were meant to be a girl!” But secretly, pretty Patrick quickly learned to love the little girlish experiences, and craved his heavenly new wardrobe when dressed as a boy. Sometimes on Mondays, after a weekend of girlishness, his fem-blemished mind would wonder what the boys at school would say if they saw him in his nightie. Even when he was “borrowing” his sister’s clothes, the thought of them seeing him made him gasp. Yet even getting caught seemed thrilling. Now just the sight of his dresses hanging in his closet sent a secret naughty shiver up his spine.

Seeing his creamy smooth thighs and legs below the edge of his nightgown as the morning sunlight streamed through a window also made a blush spread over the young boy’s cheeks. At one point he muttered to himself, “I wish I’d been caught sooner!”

Each weekend day after he showered, his mother or one of his sisters helped him get ready for the day. He quickly learned that each had their own way of doing makeup and what makeup and hair was supposed to do for a girl. “Never wear blue eyeshadow,” his mother warned. “It’ll make you look like a whore.”

“Young girls can wear blue,” Susan stated.

“Blue eyeshadow looks so good on you,” Cathy said.

The three women handled his dressing in completely different ways. Susan took it like nothing was different. Cathy was happy that he was doing her chores. Patrick’s mother was confused. She had assumed that he would be

embarrassed and quickly tire of the girlish garb, then she assumed that doing all Cathy's chores would make him realize that boys have it easy.

After a month, nothing had changed. Well, actually not nothing, Patrick's nails had grown out nicely, his hair was now taking a set, and he walked like he'd been wearing skirts his entire life.



Each day it was getting easier for Patrick to choose between the freedom of boyish romps and the ecstasy he derived from wearing all the lovely girl's clothes in his closet.

52 - HIS SISTER'S DRESS

His mother had no idea what to do. She could tell that her son loved trying to look like a girl. Cathy had plucked Patrick's eyebrows into nice high arches and he often checked the mirrors for his reflection. He looked in every mirror like most girls' do, checking his hair, makeup, and dress. At times she almost forgot he was her son!

She kept saying herself, "Once the newness wears off, all this won't matter to him anymore! I must not make a scene or discourage his exploration." When a dress or outfit looked nice on Patrick, his mother would say, "Oh, honey, that dress looks so pretty on you!"

"Yes," he'd say, "it's yummy! Cathy said it goes with my nail polish." He'd hold up his sculptured and polished fingertips, each nail a perfect little talon of color. He held his hands delicately with his fingertips outward in a distinctly girlish wave. He was so proud of his feminization and would point out each new feminine discovery.

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Chapter 7

As Christmas approached, the training began to take a toll on his ability to look like a boy. His slim frame and narrow shoulders matched what was now long styled hair and wide eyes made wider by plucked eyebrows.

Even at school, Patrick carried his head high and shoulders back like the girls bearing heavy breasts. Cathy would whisper to him, "You had better cool that wiggle just a little when you are wearing pants."

By now when Patrick's mother came to help him get ready, there was nothing for her to do but watch. He went about the little routine of getting ready without comment. He applied the pinkest of lipstick, just the right amount of eye shadow, and a light makeup. His fingernails and toes matched the pink on his lips. All this was done sitting in front of his vanity mirror wearing matching panties and brassiere.

He took to wearing mini skirts with a light sweater whenever possible. The knit was light and tight enough to emphasize his new curves.

Then began the changes...he looked in the mirror, then slipped down the skirt zipper and tried on another one, checking all angles again in the mirror. Once the outfit was perfect, he turned and asked his mother if he looked nice. "You don't need me anymore," she answered.

"I still love you finishing my hair," he said stepping into a pair of high heels that made the skirt look that much shorter.

As she removed the hot rollers from Patrick's hair, they chitchatted like mother and daughter. Finally asked, "Your hair is as long as your sisters'. Aren't you getting teased at school?"

"I don't mind," he said, pulling at a loose tendril.

"I haven't seen my son lately," his mother moaned. "I miss him. Will I see him soon?"

His face darkened. "I'm just trying to be a girl," he said softly. "I thought that was okay." All of his anxieties returned.

"It's okay, honey," his mother said, stroking his hair. "You are better off experimenting this way."

"It's nice to not sneak around and hide," he blushed.

A tear almost came to her eye. "I remember you getting dressed up that first time. Your sisters and I had to coax you into wearing a nightgown to bed. Now you can't sleep without one." Patrick shyly nodded. It was hard for him to imagine being embarrassed wearing a pretty dress. But that first time? He was so scared! Patrick loved his new weekend life and couldn't give up the delicate, perfumed clothes that now were his own.

"Our two week Christmas vacation is coming up," she said cryptically. "We'll enjoy Disney World again. It will be the longest you've been in pants for a while?"

"Do we have to go away every Christmas, mom?"

"You love Disneyworld! This sudden change isn't so you can sit around your room in a dress, is it?" Patrick blushed, pursing his lips together to even his final coat of pink lip-gloss. "I'm not sure we are doing the right thing for you," she muttered.

Patrick swished up to her, gave her a big hug, then stood back and struck a girlish modeling pose. "I thought I was doing okay," he pouted. "I'm doing my best. I thought I looked nice in this skirt? Is it too short?"

"No, dear..."

"My hair?" he asked reaching up to check the curls expertly with his pink tipped fingers. He cooed on and on, not sensing that his mother didn't want to listen to his passion.

"You look very nice," she muttered then looked at him sadly and replied, "The truth is that you look positively adorable in that skirt and every dress, skirt, and high heels you've worn during the weekends. Your nails have grown out prettily and your hair is taking on a nice shape." Patrick smiled. "AND for weeks now," his mother added, "when in your dresses...I haven't seen you make a boyish action. I sometimes have trouble convincing myself that you are really my son."

"That's good, right?" the boy asked. "It means I'm getting it..."

"Oh, you got it. Your every attitude, expressions, and even your manner of speaking have become girlish and feminine. You don't appear to be acting. For all intents and purposes, you've become my daughter."

Patrick moaned, "I didn't think you wanted me hiding my feelings?"

"When we set you up with a girl's wardrobe, I hoped you would quickly grow tired of it. While I love the way you and your sisters are getting along, I'm not sure we should turn you into a girl."

"I know I'm not a girl," he stated, his fingers caressing his skirt.

"Oh honey," his mother moaned, "you haven't developed a masculine shape and you have a girlish roundness that looks good in a dress. But you are a boy, and will grow up to be a man. Someday you will be married to a pretty girl. I hope she appreciates your knowledge of things feminine."

Patrick asked, "Should I get undressed?"

"No, I just don't want you spending every free minute learning' to be a proper young lady." Patrick looked embarrassed. "Tell you what," she said, "During our Christmas vacation let's give you a belly full. I want you to be a girl 100% of the time. If your interest isn't gone after that, you will need to see a professional."

"A doctor?"

"Yes, dear. I assume that your innate masculinity will take over sometime, but we had better make sure. Maybe he can give you a shot of male hormones or something? Maybe we can get a beard going and some muscles?"

"I can go on vacation as a girl?" he gushed.

"Yes, 100% girl," she said firmly.

On Monday morning, Patrick put on his cotton shirt, jeans, and big flat tennis shoes. Everything felt awful after his weekend in skirts. He had to consciously refrain from girlish mannerisms and deepen his voice. He missed the feel of nylon lingerie and a skirt playing about his smooth legs, but in an hour, he was back in "boy mode".

Chapter 8

Christmas break began at the weekend and his mother took Cathy and Susan aside to inform them of her decision to let him have a nice vacation, but then reevaluate his dressing up. Cathy moaned, "I already bought him his Christmas gifts..."

"Me too," said Susan. "He was no fun to shop for as a boy, but I became very fond of having a little sister."

"Okay," his mother relented, "I said he was to be 100% girl, so he should have a 'girl Christmas' too."

On Friday, Patrick's mother was waiting when he hurried home from school. "Here are the rules for our vacation. Your sisters and I will treat you like a girl, and we expect you to respond like one. We aren't going to let you hide in the hotel room like you have been doing."

"What if someone SEES me?"

"That's the idea. You've learned enough to get by in public. Your figure has a narrow waist and round enough hips to pass any inspection."

He moaned, "Will people think I'm a girl?"

"Your figure isn't any more boyish in a dress than any girl your age. No one is going to think you are a boy with your long hair, lipstick, painted fingernails, and made up face. Can you stay in character for two weeks?"

"I'll do my best," Patrick smiled, his bulging bosom emphasized his determination.

The idea of mingling with other people as a girl both terrified and excited him. He remembered the Halloween party and that people had said, "What a sweet girl you make," and "You're as pretty as your sisters," and his favorite, "Maybe you should have been a girl?" At the Halloween party, people knew his real gender, but that was before the weeks of training, makeup lessons, hairdos, and experience in dresses.

By the time Cathy came home, Patrick had lined his eyes with makeup and was wearing a casual dress and sporty heels. She gushed, "So my little sister is going to see the world...Disneyworld! I think now is as good a time as any to give you a few early Christmas presents."

She brought out three pink and prettily wrapped presents. "For me?" Patrick cooed.

"Don't break a nail opening them!" Cathy teased. "Just a few things a boy like you needs!"

The first box contained a large travel purse, "Like we girl's carry," his sister announced. "It's got a place for your earrings, cosmetics, and a built-in mirror on the cover flap!" Inside were a matching comb and brush.

"Oh, SIS," he cried as he hugged her. "It's just like Susan's!"

"Of course! It's just yummy! And I may claim it from you if mom stops your dressing when we get back."

"No way! I love this purse!" he squealed as he reacted and responded as a sister.

The next gift he opened caught him off guard. "OH MY!" he gasped.

"We all chipped in on these. The secret is that we all wore them at one time or the other," his sister said softly. "They will help you feel more `feminine'". Inside the box was the most perfect and realistic looking pair of silicone breasts with light pink nipples.

"They're heavy?" Patrick stammered.

His mother said, "They attach to your chest. It is important that you be able to assume naturally girlish mannerisms. They are as real as we can get you." The third box contained a pair of larger cupped brassieres for his new pert bosom.

Patrick was quickly standing in front of his vanity mirror examining his new figure. "They are so big!"

"You'll get used to them," his mother answered.

"In a week, you'll want them bigger," Cathy laughed, "Just don't ask for larger ones than me, you little twerp!"

"Seriously, honey," his mother said. "Filling your bra with a proper weight and size will help you carry yourself properly. Try on the your new strapless bra."

In a now practiced motion, the boy reached behind his back and unhooked his brassiere. He leaned slightly forward and the bra slid down his arms to his hands. Cathy giggled at his progress in handling girl's clothes as his mother stared at her son's apparent feminine mounds of flesh gracing his chest. She shook her head, "Okay, girls, we leave early tomorrow for the airport. I'll help Patrick pack."

As they packed Patrick's pretty nightgowns with lots of lace, his mother said, "I understand why you like wearing these. They are very nice."

When the morning sun woke up Patrick, the nylon caressing his body reminded him of what was ahead, but there was no time to ponder his future. He had to scurry into his girly attire again. His mother had picked out a simple but comfortable dress for the trip. He wore his hair loose about his shoulders as a screen for his blushing face.

While Cathy and Susan loaded the car, he and his mother cleaned up the breakfast dishes, stripped the beds, and locked up the house. Patrick asked his mother, "Do you really think I can pull this off?"

"Too late to be asking that question now, daughter dear!"

The first day was spent traveling. His training took over and he refreshed his makeup when his sister's did

theirs. By the time they arrived, his long hair was fixed off his face with a couple of barrettes into a cute style.

He was taken aback by how "feminine" he felt in public. With his new bosom, everything about him was feminized: his long painted nails, his perfumed scent, his beautifully styled hair, and made up face. Men and boys' stares really made him aware of his emasculation.

Patrick moaned, "I forgot how hot it is here."

Cathy said, "C'mon, girls, let's hit the pool and cool off!"

Patrick was scared, "Maybe in a few days...I don't know if..."

"Look, sis," she interrupted. "Forget about that little thing. You can wear my one-piece swimsuit with the little skirt." His mother motioned for him to go.

The pool was inviting after the day's traveling. Cathy said as she handed him a flowery bathing suit, "Put this on. I'll help you get it right."

Patrick went into the bathroom thinking, "I'm a girl. I'm a girl." The mirror confirmed what he was thinking.

As he undressed, he appraised himself in the full-length mirror. Even undressed to his undies, his body showed no male characteristics. His skinny arms showed no sign of biceps. The only bumps were on his chest.

Patrick pulled on the snug, figure-hugging suit; the bottom and straps were tighter than he was used to. Cathy barged into the bathroom and said, "See? It's perfect for a girl like you! Let me see your crotch."

He blushed at her unexpected straightforwardness. As she went for the little skirt covering his bottom, he jumped back. "Com' on," she demanded, "Show me."

Patrick daintily lifted his skirt for his sister, "That a girl. That suit is extremely taut and has a high, tight crotch with no room for extra little bulges. Just make sure you are well tucked."

"I am," the boy blushed. Self-consciously he dropped the skirt and smoothed it over his sleek bulge-free belly.

"You are lucky to be small," Cathy giggled. "None of my boyfriends could ever wear something like that!"

The swimsuit's teeny flowered skirt and tight waist made Patrick's hips and rear-end look larger and curvier while giving him some sense of camouflage. The top had a built-in bra, but the straps cut almost to his waist in back. He held up a mirror and admitted that his bottom was girlish enough for such a suit.

By then his mother announced that they were ready. He stepped out and they all whistled. His mother handed him a matching "cover up" and "beach bag" with bathing cap, towel, tan lotion, lipstick, and brush. There were a lot of people when they stepped onto the pool deck. He whispered, "Everyone is looking at me."

"That's the idea, SIS! Don't be rude to the boys who come around..."

As they laid out their towels, Patrick saw a couple of young college boys clearly talking about them from across the pool. He was suddenly very scared and realized that this was a major test of his femininity. Cathy whispered, "You wanted to do what we girls do...well, this is it!"

"I think those boys are going to come over..."

Cathy laughed, "You have finally done it! Your curvy figure, pretty face, long hair, and smooth shaved legs have attracted the boys!"

Patrick blushed, but looked at the boys to see if they were still looking. They were. He was suddenly startled when a waiter in a white coat asked, "Miss, would you like a cold drink?"

"Yes, please," Patrick replied in a soft high voice. "Ice tea with lemon?"

"Thank you, Miss," the man said, moving on to take orders for the others.

Cathy stood up, stretched and pulled on Patrick's hand. "Lets go in."

Walking around the pool while wearing a girl's swimsuit was a new and exciting feminine experience, and the cool water felt wonderful. The two walked into the pool about waist deep when Cathy stopped. "Aren't you going to swim?" Patrick asked.

"And ruin my hair?" she said, shaking out and fluffing it up with her fingers.

Suddenly he realized she had conned him. He looked for the guys across the pool and saw that they were gone. Behind him in the pool, he heard, "Hi, girls. Want to play some water volleyball?"

Cathy smiled and said, "Sure! This is my sister, Patty, and I'm Cathy."

Patrick was in shock as "sides" were picked. He was on Mike's side, Cathy with Dave. Patrick was amazed at how comfortable he felt in a girl's swimsuit...even when the boys stared at his rear with the delicate little skirt floating in the water and his bottom girlishly teasingly showing.

Thus began Patrick's vacation from masculinity. The days were warm and the nights cool, which made for a lot of clothes changes. On hot days at the amusement

parks, Patrick and his sisters wore light colored sundresses with flirty short skirts. By the third day, Patrick was totally comfortable in lacy panties, bra, heels, and a light dress. "How are you going to explain those tan lines to your school buddies?" Cathy asked.

Patrick moaned, "I don't want to think about it." He was moving his straps often at the pool and even switching swimsuits, but it was obvious what kind of swimsuit he had been wearing.

At night, they went to dinners, concerts, and movies, so Patrick got a chance to "dress up" as well. Seeing her son enjoying the girlish fuss of getting ready, Elizabeth said, "How are we going to get you back in pants again?"

Even compared to his sisters, Patrick was such a "girly-girl." He cherished the little frills and finery that made a girl a girl, like a relaxing, perfumed bath before doing his nails and makeup. He handled his lingerie like they were made of silk even though most were nylon. How could she not be awed with her son's sissy ways?

Sometimes after he was asleep, she would tiptoe in to tuck him in. Seeing him in his little nightie, his face freshly clean with a night moisturizer made her want to cry. The perfume from the day lingered in his curled hair and the sheer, pink nylon nightgown hugged his perfect bosom. Even his arms were soft, smooth and hairless with graceful slender hands and long tapered fingernails that he kept brightly polished.

"He's not like other boys," she pictured him at the pool next to other boys. "Is that bad? He couldn't be sweeter."

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Chapter 9

On Christmas morning, Patrick came into the living room where his sisters were waiting. His mother said, "You look positively ravishing."

His eyes brightened with approval. "Thanks, mom, but are you sure I'm not a bit too dressy?" he asked.

She shook her head, "No, dear. All women dress up for church."

It was a Christmas tradition. Church then lunch and back to the hotel to open presents. But this was no normal Christmas morning for Patrick. As his mother looked him over, he smiled tentatively and whirled around again in his elegantly shod feet. He was wearing Cathy's favorite shoes, a pair of black silk pumps in a grown-up Italian style. They had the thinnest, highest heels and extremely pointed toes. Since Cathy had outgrown them, they were now his.

Patrick knew they were perfect with the outfit he had chosen because it was what Cathy had worn to church the year before; a white, silk short sleeve top with a boat neckline, a silvery gray mini-skirt, and natural colored nylons that flattered his legs, which he now considered to be his best asset. Underneath, he was wore the slip that had caused all the trouble in the beginning.

Coming to a standstill after a final twirl, Patrick smiled to Cathy, "You don't look happy? Is there something you don't like about my outfit?"

"It's fine, BROTHER dear," she spat.

"It needs something," his mother interrupted. She went to her bedroom and brought back a case containing her grandmother's pearl necklace. All were soon gazing at it with admiration. They were simple yet gleamed with a rich iridescent white glow that threw off myriads

of other colors. It had been in the family for generations and represented an unbroken line of daughters.

After fastening it around her son's neck, he glanced in the mirror. The necklace added the perfect finishing touch to his outfit. "Oh, mom," he gasped as he tucked a stray curl into place. "It makes me feel so special!"

When they returned from lunch and church, Patrick loitered around in the room as she prepared the presents. "This has been the best Christmas ever!" he stated. "I don't feel alone this year, but rather, more like a member of an adoring family."

"Did we girls always make you feel like an outsider?" his mother asked.

He nodded. Euphoria swarmed through him as he fingered the pearls hanging over his girlish bosom. His mother saw it, and all of the pain and stress involved with her son's gender confusion now made sense.

As they opened presents, Patrick's mother watched in amazement. All the presents they brought for him were girlish and that pleased him no end. He gushed and squealed at Cathy's gifts-- lingerie and two swimsuits!"

After a week of constant use, his voice had developed the tone, pitch, pace, range, and rhythm of a female. It was remarkable that his speech patterns slid higher and had that feminine musical quality.

Opening his mother's gift, a new baby doll nightie, his glow of excitement was so sweet and innocent that it touched her. His frailty mixed in with her love mad she want to shield, protect, and spoil him as one would a daughter. Her sentiment had changed since that first day Patrick had stepped out of his room in a dress. At that moment, she was filled with a great sense of relief. Everyone was happy in her family, but mostly her son,

surrounded by presents, including makeup, lotions, nail polishes, nylons, and girlish outfits, each laden with the fitting beautiful lingerie. Since it seemed that he changed his undergarments at least three times a day during the trip, extra panties would come in handy.

The next day, the four "girls" packed and left for home to spend Christmas in familiar surroundings. The trip home was uneventful, as the four daydreamed of the events of the past few days and what they meant to their futures.

Chapter 10

Back to normal...or not...

Patrick looked back at getting caught and it's outcome. His rapidly moving thoughts preoccupied him. He brushed his hair, carelessly stuck two combs at each side, pulling it away from his face, and filled in his lips with lipstick.

Without a second glance, he rose and went to his closet. He slipped on the blue denim dress, stepped into the blue suede pumps, and added a small cross necklace, before pulling on the black wool coat. His mother took a few cosmetics and dropped them into his blue suede handbag, and glided to the door.

For a moment his hand rested on the knob. He let his body go slack and took several deep breaths, inhaling and exhaling for a few seconds. And then, drawing on all his inner resources and every ounce of energy he could muster, he straightened up, pulled his shoulders back and lifted his head.

He looked into the mirror and smiled, then assumed a demeanor that was carefree before stepping out into the hallway. His gait was remarkably determined as he came down the steps and walked into the kitchen.

His sisters and mother were preparing breakfast. They stopped cold when they saw him. Cathy, who was hovering near the back door, gasped.

"Honey," his mother stammered, "Did you forget? Today is a school day!"

"I know," he said firmly, his eyes lighting up. "Today is the first day of the rest of my life."

"I think it's your last day of living if you go to school like that!" Cathy said, giving him a concerned smile.

Patrick's mother was able to talk him out of going to school, but not out of the dress. An appointment was made with a Psychiatric specialist the very next day.

Patrick was dressed entirely in pink, even to the pumps on his nylon-covered legs that rose to his knees above his short, pink skirt. The latter was beautifully tailored and fit over his hips like a second skin. On top he wore a body-hugging fluffy angora sweater belted with pink silk rope with little tassels at the ends.

His hair was the most astonishing thing about the boy. The sun had highlighted it with golden colors and it rippled long and straight, about his shoulders, parted in the center above his highly arched brow.

His mother wanted to tell him to put on boy clothes to see the doctor, but maybe it was better he saw what she did. He was a small and delicate boy who now bore little physical resemblance to other boys. His features were markedly different than boys his age; he was small boned, un-muscular; dainty really. Patrick's blue eyes fringed with lashes were large and innocent. His complexion had a soft golden tan highlighted by a touch of coral pink lipstick. Before they left, Patrick ran a

brush through his hair several times, stood up, and sprayed with perfume.

The doctor's eyes were riveted on the boy the moment he saw Patrick enter his examination room. He stared in astonishment, and thought, "Could this be a joke? Maybe Dr. Sanders is getting even for my last referral. This girl is too feminine to be a boy!"

His professional training stopped him from displaying his startled reaction as he rose from the chair to introduce himself. Patrick walked with an easy swinging grace and took his hand girlishly, but with confidence of someone older, a girl in her early twenties.

Patrick's sophisticated outfit impressed the doctor. This was not just another boy dressing up in his mother's clothes. He watched the boy sit down meticulously, his smooth round knees primly pressed together. This boy was more feminine than most of the girls he saw.

"Your mother tells me that you want to wear a skirt to school?" the doctor asked.

"Actually it was a denim dress," Patrick said, crossing his legs above the knee.

The doctor decided that pink looked so nice on the boy he decided to comment, "Your pink outfit fits you nicely, but your mother tells me you are a boy. Why do you want to wear a dress to school?"

Patrick stretched the neck of his sweater far enough to show his bra strap and tan marks that could only be a girl's. "We spent two weeks in Florida. The boys in P.E. are going to kill me...anyway!"

"Two weeks as a girl in Florida?" the doctor gasped looking at Patrick's mother and back at the boy. Obviously this was more than a passing fancy. The doctor looked into the most extraordinary face. "So you figured that you'd just come back and be a girl?"

"I'm tired of hiding who I am," the boy said firmly, his lovely blue eyes startling in their vividness. "I feel feminine and think I look nice in girl's clothes..."

The boy did look nice...actually he was beautiful with an oval face perfectly balanced with a smooth brow, high cheekbones above hollow cheeks, and a baby-like rounded chin. His hair was a rich dark chestnut that cascaded in glossy waves to his shoulders. His exceptionally delicate complexion showed no sign of a beard, and his lips were full and painted with the brightest of pink lipstick.

The doctor sat as Patrick talked about his feelings in a high, musical voice, which added further to the impression of fragility. The doctor finally asked, "Girl's don't really have it easier than boys, you know?"

"What kind of life would I have as a boy?" he spoke softly. "All I want to do is what the other half of the population does..."

The doctor wondered if the boy was aware of his own startling beauty and the impact it made with boys his age and even older. Aside from his physical beauty and unquestionable femininity, did this boy expect to use that natural charm to get what he wanted from life? "Do you think you can just go from boy to girl at school?" the doctor asked.

Patrick smiled sweetly, "I was just going to tell them that I want to be a girl now."

"Boys might cause you a problem, dear," the doctor stated. "Do you like boys?"

"No really," Patrick blushed. "My sister, Cathy, says it takes a while to get used to them. On our vacation, I tried to stay away from them, but Cathy said that boys are part of being a girl..."

"What if a boy kissed you?"

Patrick blushed deeply and admitted, "There were a couple boys at the hotel..."

"Patrick!" his mother gasped. "Did you and Cathy go out with those boys at the pool?"

He nodded and defended, "Cathy said I had to kiss a boy goodnight?"

"I'll deal with her when I get back!"

The doctor interrupted, "We are dealing with the future now, not the past. How did you feel when the boy kissed you?"

"I felt really funny inside the first time, but I got used to it. By the time we left, I really didn't mind being kissed." His mother glared at him, but this was a time for honesty.

They talked for a while and the doctor examined Patrick. He was still not sure this wasn't a joke, but the exam proved that it wasn't.

Watching Patrick, the doctor was impressed with how girlish his manners were as he dressed. He caught himself saying, "You are a real beauty! Your mother and sisters did a marvelous job teaching you."

"Thank you," Patrick blushed.

"So what are we going to do?" his mother asked.

The doctor said, "You've already done so much to soften and feminize his features, and those tan lines aren't going away any time soon. I don't see how you can expect him to be a boy again overnight."

"So what do we do?"

"First, call the school and get his homework, so he doesn't get too behind. I'll give you a note. Now we have a few decisions..."

Both looked at the doctor as he went through some books on his shelf. He picked one out and asked Patrick, "Are you sure you want to put up with all the things girls have to do?"

"I don't mind!" he smiled, playing with the hem of his skirt. "I like everything so far..."

"I'm talking about 100% of the time...with a girl's figure...forever!" the doctor said looking through pages in the book. "Developing breasts can be embarrassing."

The idea of her son needing a brassiere had his mother in shock. She gasped, "Having breasts isn't all that great? You have to wear a bra all the time and..."



Patrick didn't wait for her to finish. His eyes brightened and he pulled his shoulders back, "I haven't been without breasts for weeks now and I love having them." Then he seriously said, "If I had breasts, mom, no one could ever make me be a boy again..."

"Girl's won't be attracted to you if you have breasts."

"Mom, they aren't now! I like doing women's things," he answered.

We're talking about not being able to be a man!" the doctor added. "Are you willing give that up to develop breasts?"

"Could I?"

"I think you could be filling out your bra by summer with a good dose of female hormones. Over a year or two, the breast tissue will grow and you'll have likely have nicely shaped breasts. With the right hormones, your nipples and milk ducts will develop and your body shape will round out. At that point, you will be no manlier than your sisters or mother. If that what you want?"

"Oh yes!"

The doctor said, "Go home for a week and think about it. If you and your mother agree, I will put you on a menstrual cycle of estrogen and other female hormones."

"What about school?" his mother asked.

The doctor handed her the book he'd been carrying. The title was, "So your son is now a girl".

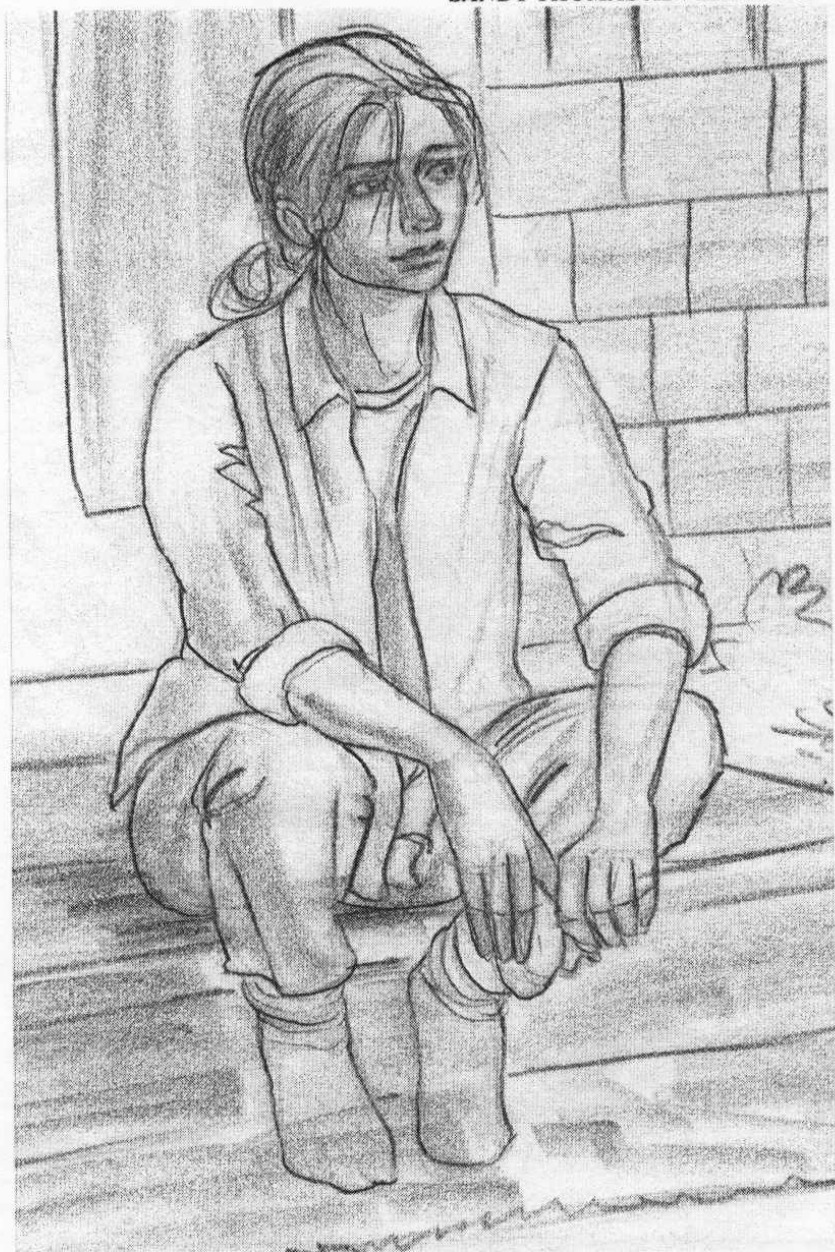
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WRITE: SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA



Patrick had some hard decisions to make...to be an effeminate boy, sneaking around in dresses. Or try to become as much a girl as he could?

74 - HIS SISTER'S DRESS



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OR JUST A
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SOME IDEAS
OR SCENES?

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START WITH
SOMEONE JUST
SCRIBBLING
DOWN A FEW
SCENES TO A
FANTASY?
I'D LOVE TO SEE
THOSE AND
MAYBE EXPAND
UPON THEM.



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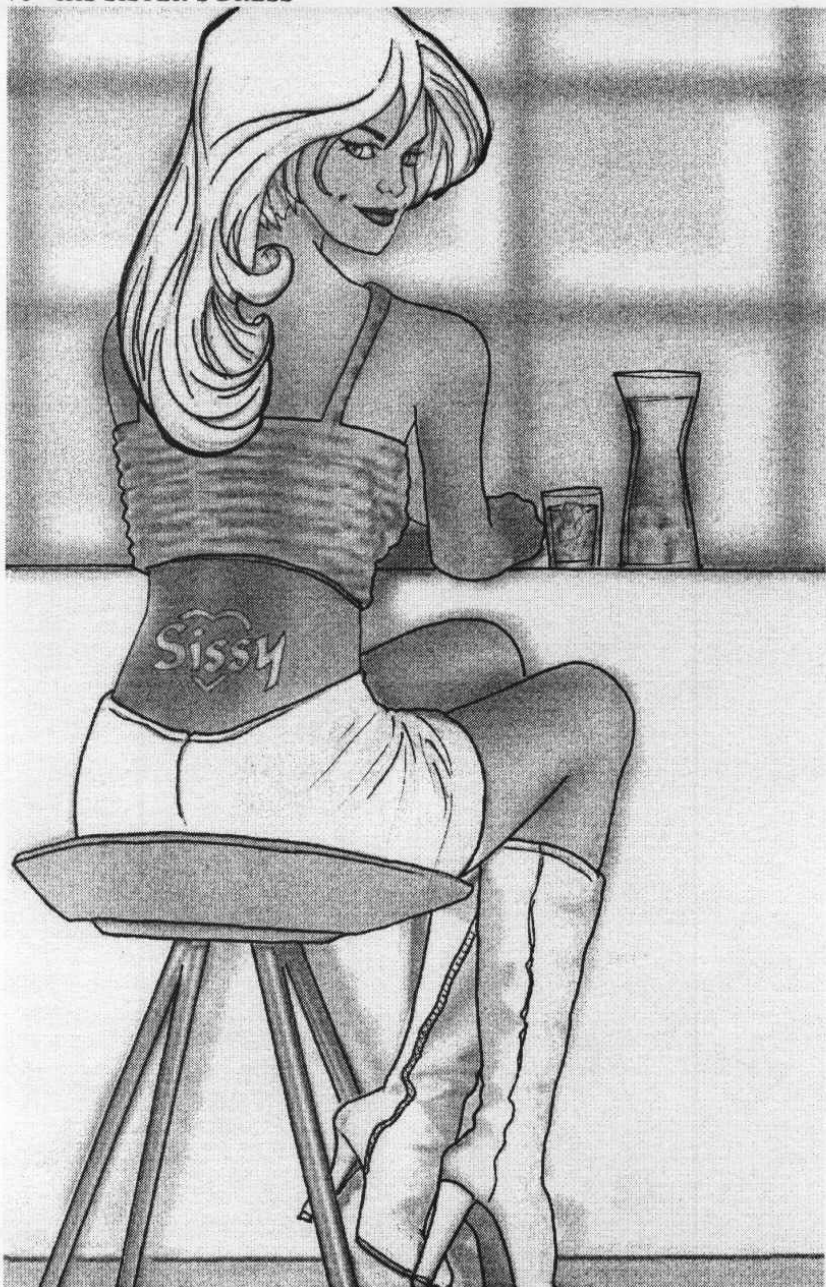
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The California 'Truth in Advertising' laws were getting carried away. Nobody could fault Davie for his honesty...although it did put somewhat of a damper on his dating.