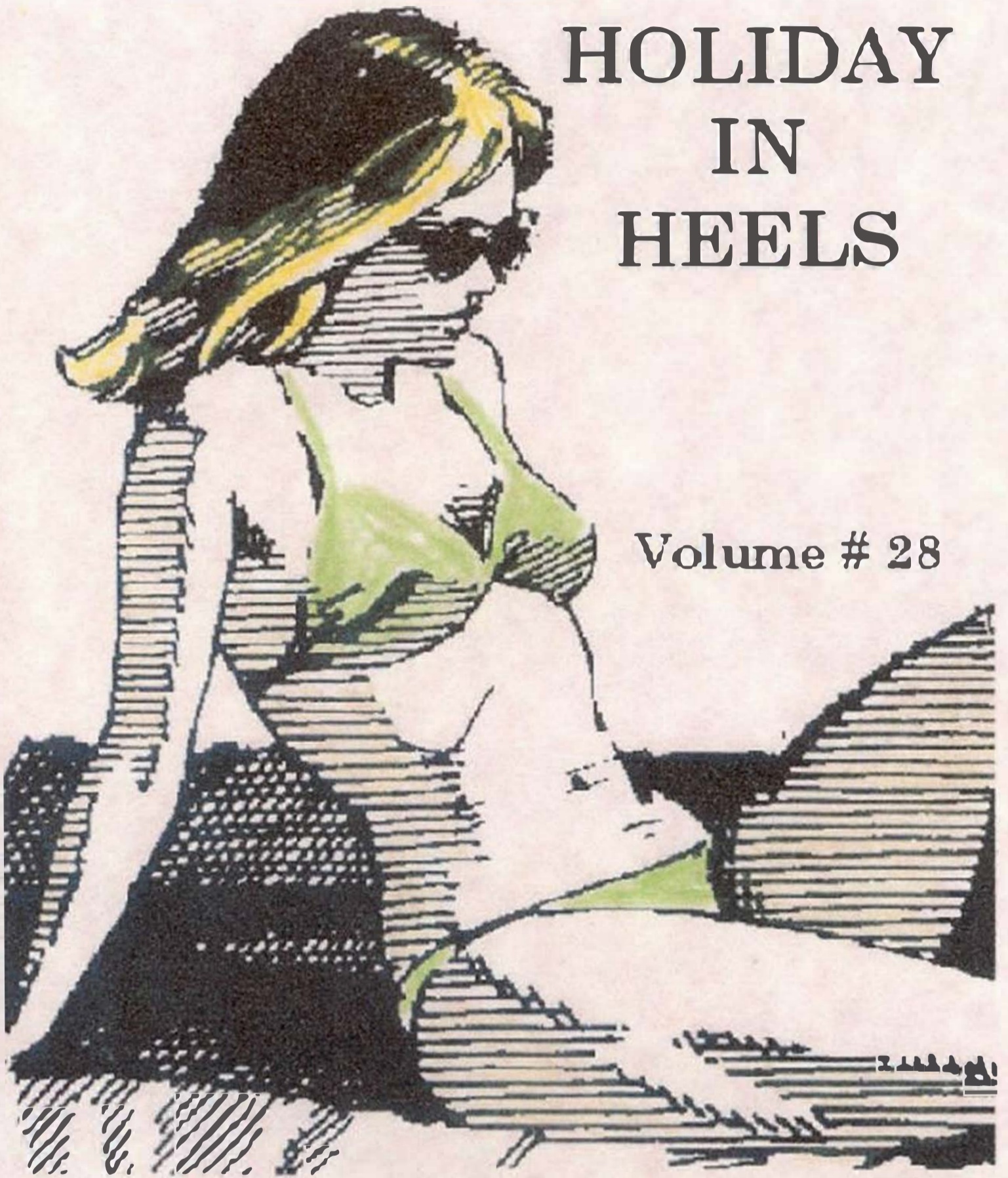


TV FICTION CLASSICS

HOLIDAY IN HEELS

Volume # 28



The story of a nephew and his experiences wearing dresses on a Hawaiian vacation.

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“HOLIDAY IN HIGH HEELS”

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BY SANDY THOMAS

With scenes by Dawn Bell & Debra Rose

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“HOLIDAY IN HIGH HEELS”

BY SANDY THOMAS

Chapter 1

My wife Ann and I were returning to Hawaii shortly before Christmas from a business trip to New York. We stopped in California to see my wife's sister Mary who lives in Rancho Santa Fe with her fifteen year old son Dale.

Mary had been a widow for three years but was left very well off when her husband died (she'd have to be to live in Rancho Santa Fe.) We hadn't seen either of them for almost two years and had made prior arrangements for them to accompany us to Hawaii to spend the Christmas holidays. I had some business to attend to first in nearby San Diego.

We arrived on Wednesday afternoon and had reservations to fly out the following Monday after Dale's school was out. Mary met us at the airport; Dale was still in school. He was always a favorite of mine, so I was a little disappointed that he wasn't there. I was really looking forward to seeing him. He missed his Dad a lot, but his mother had tried her best to take his place.

He was a very bright kid and very pleasant to be around. He had always been rather small and delicate appearing, but was never-the-less a good natural athlete. His mother had always fussed over him a great deal as often happens with only children. He was attending a rather expensive boy's school and doing quite well according to Mary. There were exams that day, which further explained why he wasn't at the airport.

Shortly after we arrived at Mary's house, Dale came home from school. Dale was very happy to see us as we were to see him. He had grown some since we had last

seen him, but was still slight for his age. His hair was very long, touching his shoulders.

Although he was wearing a coat and tie, (required at his school) his long hair and rather fine features gave him a decidedly feminine appearance. He gave me a big hug.



Among all the news we exchanged, he told us that he had made the school golf team and had a leading role in the school Christmas play which was being presented this

coming Friday night, right before the start of holiday vacation.

I teased him with, "You must be playing a girl's part with that hair as long as it is."

Boy was I surprised when both he and Mary laughed and said that I was absolutely right. Since there were no girls in his school, he had been chosen to play a girl's part and that was why his hair was so long.

He had worn it rather long anyway and rather than wear a wig, he had just let it grow longer for the play and would have it cut afterward.

To Dale's obvious embarrassment, Mary went on about what a good looking girl he made and that he really worked hard to play his part well. She said that she had tried a skirt and high heels on him when he first found out about the part, but he looked so awkward that they both were about to give it up. Perhaps it was too difficult. A good friend of Mary's operated a local modeling agency and volunteered to help Dale learn to walk and act more ladylike. She stopped by a couple times and worked with him. In the meantime, Mary had him wear a skirt and heels around the house to practice.

Mary asked if we would like to see the results now or wait until the play on Friday. Of course she had tickets for us.

Ann clapped her hands in gleeful curiosity and said that we'd love to see Dale now if he didn't mind.

Well, he was a little reluctant, but Anne pestered him until he finally consented and went upstairs to change.

He was gone for some time, during which I asked Mary more about this. I was interested in my nephew and his activities.

She said that Dale had resisted at first, but soon seemed to not mind. In fact, she said he seemed to rather enjoy the sessions with her charm school friend, Linda, the two of them becoming quite good friends.

Finally, Dale came downstairs, and the transformation was amazing. He had managed to curl his hair at the ends and combed it in a more feminine style. He was wearing makeup, a nicely filled-out cowl necked cashmere sweater, a full skirt, hose and heels. He was a very attractive and well dressed teenaged girl.

“How do I look?” he asked.

Both Ann and Mary said in unison, “Beautiful”. His movements were natural, graceful, and completely feminine. Even his voice had a feminine quality. I wasn't sure I should approve.

Linda had obviously done her job well. During dinner, I teased him that I now had a niece named Dale instead of a nephew. Mary laughed that his unisex name was coming in handy.

I asked him what his girlfriends thought of him playing a girl and looking like this. He said that his best girl thought it was fun and even offered to lend him her clothes for the play.

Anne said, “Oh, that explains your darling outfit? It's so stylish.”

Mary said, “Oh no. . .I don't approve of borrowing clothes especially lingerie. We had to go out and buy him everything he'd need.”

“Gee, Dale...If I'd known,” I joked, “I would have brought you a sexy muu muu from Waikiki.”

Dale blushed and wanted to go change. But his mother suggested that he'd never learn his play part unless he practices. Ann agreed with Mary, so he didn't change back after dinner. He stayed in his soft sweater and skirt for the remainder of the evening. I had to keep reminding myself that he really was a boy, he played the part so perfectly. He even crossed his legs and positioned his feet like a girl.

It was hard to believe that he had ever been the ugly duckling in skirt and heels that his mother had described. He didn't wobble once and handled his skirt beautifully. I caught a fleeting glimpse of the lacy hem of a white slip when he sat down. His posture had even adjusted to the eye-catching 'projections' pushing outward from his sweater.

When we talked his dark eyes flashed and he tossed his head back causing a ripple in the shimmering cascade of hair. I couldn't help but wonder how he had learned to sit, speak and walk in such a girlish way so quickly. He obviously had good training and he'd obviously been a good student.

I couldn't imagine the feelings and sensations that Dale got from having to do such sissy stuff. It was acting but to actually have to walk around in high heels... and a skirt in front of his friends? Wouldn't his friends think he was an absolute dress-wearing pansy?

We were rather tired from traveling and turned in early. Ann and I talked a bit about Dale after going to bed. She wondered if he liked dressing up like a girl.

I said that I would be willing to bet that he does.

The next morning, we saw Dale off to school and he was his old boy self. Except for his long hair, you would never guess he was the same 'young lady' we had spent the previous evening with.

I had a couple of meetings Thursday, but had Mary set up a golf date for Dale and I on Sunday. In fact, all four of us were going to play golf.

I was looking forward to seeing how good Dale was. In the meantime, I had more business meetings for Friday and Saturday.

Thursday afternoon after I got back to Mary's, she asked Ann and I to ride with her to pick up Dale at school. He would be late since they were having the final

rehearsal for the play. While we waited, she showed us around the school, which had a beautiful campus.

She didn't want us to see the rehearsal and thus spoil the play for the next night, so we finally ended up back in the car. Mary was getting anxious since she had a roast in the oven and needed to get home.

Finally she went in and a little later came back with a reluctant Dale who looked quite unhappy. He was wearing a pretty blue wool shirtwaist dress, heels, hose and full makeup, carrying his boy's clothes over his arm. He kept saying, "Mom, I can't go out like this. Please. Let me change."

Mary was insistent that there wasn't time, telling him that no one would see him that hadn't already seen him this way.

After we got home, Mary told Dale not to bother changing before supper since it was almost ready. I was surprised and tried to make an excuse for the poor kid suggesting that he might spill something on the dress he'd wear in the play the next night.

"Oh don't worry about that," she said, "That's just a practice dress. He's wearing something much prettier tomorrow night". So, Dale stayed in his dress the rest of the evening while we talked and looked at slides of everyone from years past.

I didn't see Dale the next morning, but he was with Mary when we went to pick him up early from school. This was the last day of school before Christmas vacation and the day of the play, so there was much to do.

Mary explained that a friend of hers owned a beauty shop and had volunteered to fix Dale's hair in a pretty feminine style for this evening and then cut it back tomorrow to a more boyish length. I guess Dale knew about this, he didn't say anything.

I waited in the car while Mary took him in. When she came out, she said it would probably be a couple of hours

and that we might as well go have coffee and do some shopping.

So killing some time, we went back to the beauty shop. Mary had me go in with her to meet her friend Vivian, the owner of the shop. After exchanging a few pleasantries, she said that Dale would only be a few more minutes.

When he came out, his appearance was rather startling. With his coat and tie, he was all boy from the neck down, but the rest of him was all girl. He had a fluffy feminine hairdo, thin gracefully shaped eyebrows, makeup and even bright red lipstick. Even his nails were filed round, manicured and polished red. . . RED, RED.

“Isn't he darling?” Vivian gushed, “I wish you had brought a dress for me to put on him.”

“How do you like him?” she asked again.

About all I could say was that he looked like a very pretty girl in a boy's suit.

“Well “ Mary said, “We'll have to change that”.

There was a split second of electric silence. I broke it with, “Nice meeting you, Vivian. See you tomorrow when we turn Cinderella back into a pumpkin, or something like that”.

“Oh” said Vivian to Dale, “How I wish I could see you all done up. Oh, wait. I'll be here late tonight, stop by for just a minute on your way to the auditorium? Please?”

Mary said that we would try and with that, we headed for home.

The Play....

When we got there, Ann was fixing an early dinner and had it almost ready. Dale went up to clean up. “Carefully,” his mother said, “so as not to muss your hair, honey.

Then she went to help him dress and make up, as if he really needed any help. He was obviously becoming quite

proficient. Soon they both came back downstairs for dinner. Dale was wearing a full length green nylon peignoir, with matching high heeled slippers with a puff of marabou at the instep...and the correct, and absolutely perfect twin peaks in the "bosom" area. The peignoir nightgown had a broad matching sash tied high above the waist that accentuated his femininity. Was all this necessary?

Mary explained that she didn't want him to get dressed for his `role' till after dinner so as not to risk spilling anything on himself or getting wrinkled. He looked truly feminine and much older than fifteen. I couldn't help wondering if Dale wasn't becoming accustomed to wearing nylon and lace: and who knows what else..

Dale had a few chores to do which he did without complaint. Mary told me that part of his `girl' training during the past few weeks had been the responsibilities of vacuuming, washing dishes, dusting and making the beds, all to be done with Dale wearing skirts. This seemed just a bit unnecessary to me. `Acting' was one thing but did he have to be so perfect.

Mary explained that if he was to do it right, Dale would have to learn how to BE a woman.

During dinner was the first time that I was conscious of his wearing perfume.

Dale was ill at ease during dinner, which I ascribed to pre-performance jitters. We all tried to reassure him, but he didn't eat much. Finally he said, "You must think I'm really weird, wearing girl's clothes as much as I have and looking like this. I'm embarrassed wearing this robe-thing. I wanted to wear my own, but Mom said it would look silly with me done up this way. I suppose she's right, but tomorrow I'll be all boy again, just wait."

We assured him that we understood and loved him regardless of what he wore and that lots of boys have to

play girl's parts in plays. I didn't add that most don't do such a complete job but I did give a little lecture about this experience teaching him something about hard work, dedication and it's rewards.

After that he seemed to perk up a little and excused himself to finish dressing and touching up the making up.

Dale had to wear a different outfit in each of the three acts of the play. The first act was set in an office, the second in a ski lodge, and third at a dinner party. For the first, he would wear a blue skirt, white long-sleeved blouse, and red wool vest. In the second act...the ski-lodge scene he would wear green wool plaid pants and a bulky white sweater. In the final act, for the party, it was a dressy red wool cocktail dress with white trim.

He dressed at home for the office scene and took the clothes for the changes with him. He looked very much the pretty career girl in his skirt and blouse, which with his black patent leather classic pumps made him look quite grown up.

Mary explained, to Dale's evident embarrassment, that she had him wear a half slip and camisole rather than a full slip to make it easier to change from a skirt to pants and back. She put earrings on him and a matching necklace, He also wore Mary's watch.

Mary stood back and inspected her feminized son. "Stand up straight, dear," she said, then instructed, "Put your hand on your hip. . .there that's sweet." Dale blushed as we all scrutinized his girlish posture.

There wasn't a hint that he was not a beautiful, well dressed, and poised young lady. He acted and appeared in a totally feminine manner, much different than the way he behaved as a boy.

Since it was a bit chilly, Mary had him wear her blue cashmere coat.

"Oh," he exclaimed as he slipped it on. "It feels so soft and nice."

I drove Mary's car. As I opened the passenger side door, I couldn't help watching Dale in his restricting tight skirt swing his legs into the car.

“Where to, ladies?” I joked as the rest of us piled into the car.

Since we were a few minutes early, we stopped by Vivian's beauty shop so she could see her `work of art'. We could see her inside, so Mary told Dale just to run in and say hello. He went in and we could see him take off his coat and turn around. Then they went into a back room out of sight. In a few moments Dale came out of the shop running as fast as he could in his skirt and heels.

He was very upset and almost in tears. “I'm so embarrassed,” he moaned in a high pitch, putting his hands on his hips, “She took me into the back room and told everyone I was a boy when I came into her shop this afternoon and SHE changed my sex.”

“You are still a boy,” his mother reminded, “Have you forgotten?”

Her caustic tone made him flush. He turned a vivid scarlet and was acutely conscious of our scrutiny. His eyes misted up as he dabbed at them and sniffled a little.

We were about to drive off when Vivian came running out. “Please wait” she called.

“I'm terribly sorry to have upset you so Dale and I apologize. It was just that you looked so darling. I just wanted to show you off. Sorry, I got carried away. I'll make it up to you somehow. Tomorrow, I'll definitely turn you back into a boy-if you really want me to”. With that she winked and smiled and said “See you tomorrow”.

Dale was still upset when we arrived at the auditorium and his makeup was a little mussed up. Mary told Ann and I to go take our seats and she would go backstage with Dale and help him get put back together

again. When we found our seats, the lady sitting next to where Mary would sit introduced herself.

She was about our age or younger, elegantly dressed, and extremely attractive. She was Linda Boyer, the owner of the modeling agency who had coached Dale. She said she had come to see her favorite pupil perform. She related how she had worked with him and how quickly he had learned.

“In fact” she said “I might have done rather too good a job in teaching him how to be a girl. No one in the school will believe he's a boy.”

Mary soon came back and said that Dale had calmed down and was okay. “His emotions seem to be getting the best of him lately.”

I had noticed it too. I thought the flurry of hands and surfacing of feelings was just a part of his girlish act.

The play was good and Dale was outstanding in his part. He didn't muff a line and his costume changes went off without a hitch. There were some other boys playing girl's parts, but all of them quite obviously boys. Not so with Dale. If people didn't know who he was, I'm sure they thought he was a real girl brought in to play the part. Mary was very pleased. Her pride bubbled in her laugh and shone in her eyes.

Many of her friends came by to say what a good performance Dale had given. We went back-stage to add our congratulations. Dale's girlfriend, Melanie and her parents were there when we got there. She was a very cute girl, but at the moment, Dale was the cuter of the two. The teacher who directed the play was also there congratulating Dale. She had helped him with the costume changes and expressed her thanks to Mary for her interest and cooperation. Especially when it came to

the expense she must have gone to with the cost of Dale's wardrobe.

She laughed and said that Dale had been teased a little during the changes about his pretty lingerie, but he had taken it well and had not let it bother his performance. The teacher went on to say that if they were awarding trophies, Dale would have won for best 'female' performance.

She even mentioned he might star in the next semester's production. I wondered if she meant as a boy or girl.

A broad smile appeared on his frosted cherry colored lips showing approval.

After all the well wishing and Merry Christmases, we were about to leave when Linda came rushing up. She went on and on about Dale and invited us over to her house for coffee and dessert. Dale wanted to go home and change first, but she said "Don't you dare, I want to admire my handiwork for the rest of the evening".

Linda had a very beautiful home on a hill overlooking San Diego. She is divorced and lives alone with her two cats. She was an excellent cook and we were treated to some super desserts. While over coffee, Linda said, "Dale, how would you like to make some money and help me out of a real jam?".

Dale said that it sounded interesting.

"Well", Linda said "I have a new client without much of a budget. They have a photographer shooting some fashion pictures and the model we were planning to use just isn't very good. . .not as good as you. We need to finish the whole shoot tomorrow and I would love to use you. I also love the idea that I 'made' the model. It will be fun and a few bucks. Will you do it for me?"

Dale stammered and said he didn't think he looked good enough for that and was afraid that people he knew might see the pictures.

Linda assured him that he certainly did look good enough and that it was for an out of town, city publication so that no one in San Diego would likely ever see them or recognize him even if they did.

She turned to Mary and said, "You will let him, won't you? He's just perfect for it."

Mary said it was okay with her if Dale wanted to.

Linda said, "Think about it...\$200 for your trouble. It's not what a professional model would have to get, so we both make out."

Dale mentioned that he had an appointment to get his hair cut tomorrow morning so he would be ready to go back with us to Hawaii on Monday.

"Oh that's no big problem," Mary said, "Vivian will do it for you after you finished tomorrow or first thing on Monday morning."

Dale couldn't think of any more excuses. After awhile he asked what he would have to do to earn the \$200.

Linda said, "Simply do some poses in a few teenage outfits. It'll take no time at all. The photographer would never need to know that you weren't a real girl."

"Well, okay," Dale said, the money would sure help buy that lap-top computer he needed for school.

"Wonderful," Linda squealed as she hugged and kissed him.

Mary said she would reschedule a time with Vivian first thing in the morning. "Was there anything special Dale should wear tomorrow?" Mary asked.

"No," Linda said, "Not really. In addition to some pants outfits, he will be modeling some dresses, so he should bring a slip and pantyhose. Oh yes", she said as an afterthought, "Be sure not to wear panties that show a line under pants".

Mary assured her that Dale had some that wouldn't, turning to Dale, she said, "Wear your pink tummy control

panties with the french-cut legs.” Dale turned the same color as his red dress.

We stayed until it was rather late and had a very enjoyable evening. Even though I was the only apparent male present, I enjoyed the conversation. Truth to tell, I couldn't help but being amazed watching Dale, who seemed to be “one of the ladies” for the evening.

When we finally left, Linda gave Dale another hug and kiss and thanked him again for helping her out. “I'll see you at 10 A.M.,” she said.

We were all somewhat quiet on the way home. When we arrived, Dale went into the den to watch the late show on TV. Mary said that she was going to go upstairs and put on a robe and then come down and have a nightcap with us.

Ann went to our room and also changed. When we were all back together, Ann asked Mary, “Are you sure it's a good idea having Dale pose for the photographer tomorrow? Perhaps this was going a bit too far?”

Mary was thoughtful for a moment, said, “Maybe you are right. But one more day can't hurt him, right? Dale doesn't seem to mind pretending and frankly, I really enjoyed having a daughter for awhile.”

She had always wanted one. She added, “Other than his long hair, Dale is normal in every other way. He likes girls, enjoys sports, and is a popular student. I know I have encouraged him in this, with the play, buying him clothes and all. We really have had a lot of fun,” Mary said thoughtfully.

“He made the play,” I admitted. “I can't imagine any other boy playing the part.”

“I have always wanted to have a daughter to fuss over and do things with and I have really enjoyed this time preparing him for the play. I almost hate to see it end.”

Ann and I exchanged glances. Mary added, "He looked so pretty tonight, I guess I get one more day to pretend that Dale is my daughter."

Ann and I sort of backed off a little, seeing how Mary felt.

Ann and I were both educated and knew that 'cross-dressers' do quite well in life, and even make good husbands. Ann didn't have the heart to tell Mary we thought her son might like dressing like a girl. After all, it really wasn't our business? Instead, Ann and I just agreed with Mary that it was probably just innocent fun. Any effect of being feminized would pass.

Just as Mary said how much she appreciated our understanding, Dale came in to say goodnight.

Mary said to Dale, "I put the nightie that goes with the peignoir you wore earlier on your bed. I thought you might like to wear it since you are going to have to stay 'in role' for tomorrow. Besides, you would look darling in it. Why don't you put it on, then come back down and say goodnight to us again?"

Dale got flustered and gave out with an, "Oh really, Mother" and left the room and didn't return. When it was obvious that he wasn't coming back, Mary wondered if she had blown it for tomorrow.

I assured her that she probably hadn't, but we would have to wait and see what happened tomorrow.

Ann and I talked a bit after going to bed. She felt that Mary should be careful or she could turn Dale into a cross-dresser.

"Now come on" I said, "We have been over that ground before. If he is going to be either it won't be a result of what she does or doesn't do. All she is doing is indulging him in what he already may be. Obviously they're both okay with it. Leave it alone."

Ann agreed that I was probably right, but she still felt uneasy about the whole thing.

In the morning, we were up early. I had a meeting in San Diego. Mary was fixing breakfast for us, but Dale hadn't put in an appearance yet. Mary said that she had looked in on him last night to say goodnight and apologize for embarrassing him. She said he was either asleep or pretending to be, but she could see that he was wearing the nightie she had laid out for him.

When breakfast was ready, we could hear water running so it was apparent that Dale was awake.

Mary called for him to come to breakfast, which was answered by “just as soon as I get dressed”. Mary called back, “Breakfasts ready now. I have waffles made and don't want them to get cold. Put on your robe and come right away. Don't worry, I've already told Aunt Ann and Uncle Bob that you have a nightie on.

“Thanks a lot,” Dale groaned. Shortly thereafter, he appeared in the kitchen in the peignoir he had worn the previous evening through which could be seen a lacy nightgown.

“Good Morning Cinderella,” Ann said with a hint of loving sarcasm. “You look absolutely lovely but you better hurry. . .your pumpkin will be here soon.”

“This was Mom's idea,” Dale said.

“We know,” said Ann. “We heard. How did you like sleeping in a nightie?”

Dale mumbled that it was okay. Then as an after thought, he announced, “I can't wait to get out of these frilly things.”

With that the doorbell rang. It was Linda who was early, but wanted to pick up Dale now on her way to the studio rather than come back later for him. Much to

Dale's chagrin, Mary brought Linda right into the kitchen giving him no chance to get away.

"Oh how pretty you look this morning," Linda exclaimed. "Is there a special occasion or do you usually wear a nightie and negligee at breakfast?" she teased.

Dale stammered that it was definitely a special occasion.

"Speed it up kiddo," Linda said "I must get to the studio. Wear something that buttons and doesn't have to be pulled over your head. Don't bother with much make-up or anything, we'll do that at the studio. Just add a little lipstick. . .you'll still pass for a girl without full makeup. Just walk like I taught you."

"How about shoes?" Mary asked.

"Anything," answered Linda, "Shoes are furnished with each ensemble. I know your size, and we have the proper ones there."

"Should she wear a bra or do you have one there?" Mary asked.

"By all means, he should have his own," Linda said, then turning to Dale added, "and remember what I said last night about panties and panty lines."

"Yes," Mary interrupted, "Wear the pink ones with the wide lace waist that won't make a line. Take some pantyhose, your half slip and what ever beige bras you find the most comfortable."

"Okay Mom." Dale hurried out of the room with all that advice and was back in a few minutes wearing a white blouse, plaid wool stretch pants that zippered up the back, loafers, crew socks and a bulky cardigan over a padded bra. His bosom looked very natural. He said his pantyhose, slip and other style bras were stuffed in his shoulder bag and they were off.

Ann asked innocently, "So. . .how many bras does he have?"

“A few,” she said matter-of-factly, “two soft cups, one underwire demi-cup and a padded push-up one...in various colors. I need to take him shopping and buy her several more. . .including a black strapless.”

How many bras did my nephew need? Ann and Mary chattered for a while about Dale and whether his figure was right for his age. I joked, “I think he should be bigger!”

“MEN!” Mary smiled. I think I was the only one who noticed that Mary had called her son, “her”.

I got back to the house late that afternoon. Dale hadn't returned yet. Mary had made dinner reservations for us at a posh restaurant and she was beginning to get concerned. If they didn't get back soon, it would be too late to get to Vivian's for Dale's haircut.

When six o'clock rolled around, she called Vivian and explained that Dale had gotten tied up and could she bring him by tomorrow although it was Sunday. He had to get his hair cut because we were leaving for Hawaii Monday morning. Vivian said she would be at the shop tomorrow morning and would do it.

When we heard the front door it was 7 P.M. Linda apologized for being so late. The photographer had trouble with a previous session before Dale's so they were late starting. Dale had some problems at first also, so it took much longer than expected.

Linda explained, “Dale was quite nervous and tense. It took quite awhile to get him relaxed enough for the photographer to get good pictures. Once he got going however, it went very well. Dale performed like a real pro.”

The photographer never had an inkling that he wasn't a real girl. The pictures would appear in a San Francisco store spring catalogue in a few weeks, so Dale had worn

several sundresses, shorts outfits, pants, even skirt and top combinations.

“What's that?” Mary asked. Dale was carrying a wardrobe bag along with his shoulder bag.

Dale looked at me and blushed. “Just the stuff,” he answered.

“What kind of stuff?” his mother asked again.

Linda laughed, “The store. . .the store gave him the clothes he modeled. Too bad he's not a girl, he'd already have his fashionable spring wardrobe.”

“Hang them up nicely, dear,” his mother said peeking into the wardrobe bag, “We'll find some way to get the wear out of them. Some of these tops and pants look unisex and maybe your girlfriend, Melanie could take a couple?”

By this time it was time to go to dinner. Mary said, “Maybe I should cancel the reservations and fix something at home?”

“No” I said, “You have fixed dinner every night we have been here. Tonight I'm taking you out.”

“But what about Dale?” she said “He didn't get his haircut.”

“Well,” I said, “He's been wearing girl's clothes and going out as a girl since we got here. What difference does one more time make? Will you go to dinner with us like that if its okay with your mother?” I asked.

He looked at Mary and sort of shrugged.

“Fine” Mary said digging into the wardrobe bag, holding up each of Dale's new garments. “Quick, change into this,” she said handing him a light weight knit black dress with a scoop-neckline and matching wide black

leather belt. "I bet it looks real cute on you. Your hair and make-up look fine, now, hurry."

Dale took the dress and tripped up stairs in his pumps. I wondered if his feet hurt from wearing high heels all day. They didn't seem to bother him.

We had a fine dinner and didn't see anyone that might have recognized Dale which relieved him a great deal.

There were several other girls about the age of Dale in the restaurant and I saw Dale looking at one of them. I whispered to him, "You're prettier than her." I was making a joke but he actually had nicer features.

He blushed. I guess he knew I was right when a young chap kept smiling at him. Dale found that kind of attention a whole new experience. I saw him glancing about to see if the young man was still looking.

The only problem was when I sat Dale's face turned really red. "I have to go," he whispered to his mother.

"Then you shall go," she smiled and took him.

Dale walked out of the ladies room thrilling in a kind of victory. "Well, I did it," he said softly to us. "It's got the same pipes and stuff...you just have to have your feet facing the right direction."

We all laughed, his blue eyes glittered in relief and his cheeks were still flushed. Proudly he said, "I even applied my pink lip-gloss and made a kissey face in the mirror!"

I laughed, it was all a fun joke.

When we got home it was quite late so we went right to bed. Ann let me know that she was pleased with me for asking Dale to go out to dinner as a girl. I didn't think you'd be so accepting of his dressing up.

"It's all in fun," I said.

The next morning however Dale came to breakfast in his peignoir and nightie again and nothing was said about it. After breakfast, Mary told him to go put on some boy's clothes as it was time for him to go to Vivian's and finally get his hair cut.

"I'm going to miss having a pretty young lady around," I said, as he gathered up his skirts to go up the stairs.

He stopped..."I'll sort of miss it too," he said quietly.

In a few minutes he was back wearing Levis, a sweatshirt and sneakers and a windbreaker jacket. He was all boy...from the neck down, and all his boyish mannerisms were back.

Although he had no makeup on, except for his arched eyebrows and maybe a few traces of mascara left around his eyes, he still looked like a girl in boy's clothes. There were a lot of them around these days. There was also a slight scent of perfume which I noticed, but didn't mention.

He and Mary hadn't been gone but a few minutes when the phone rang. It was Vivian.

She was not feeling well and would not be able to come into the shop. She suggested early Monday morning, before our flight but she wanted us to call ahead of time to be sure.

When Mary and Dale came back, they were both very upset about being stood up. I explained the problem, then added, "Let's hope she will be well enough to do it tomorrow morning. If not, I suppose Dale could just go to a regular barber," We left it at that.

We were supposed to play golf that afternoon. "Should we cancel the tee time?" I asked.

Dale was disappointed and so was I, since we both had looked forward to this golf match. I could tell that Dale felt like it was all his fault so I decided that we would play anyway. What did I care, I didn't know anyone at the golf course.

He put on a pair of grey slacks and a yellow V neck sweater and we were about to leave when Mary stopped us.

“He looks like a weirdo,” Mary said, “Look at his hair, it just won't do.” His hair had fluffed up and curled perfectly. . .for a girl, that is. Mary added, “If he was going to go out in public with his hair the way it was, it was going to be as a girl.” She didn't mention the contribution his highly arched eyebrows made to his girlish image.

Ann suggested that if he merely put on a bra with the proper padding and he would blend in.

This was quickly accomplished and off we went. Understandably, his game was a little erratic, but he still managed to beat me. He complained that the tight bra made his swing feel strange, as I'm sure it did. I noticed that the slacks he was wearing were snug, flat as could be over his tummy and zipped up one side. When he bent over, I could see that he was still wearing panties.

That's when I noticed the sweater had `darts' at the bosom making his padded bra even more conspicuous. Yes, I had seen them in the wardrobe bag last night. Was this what Dale's mother meant by `getting the wear out?'

All in all, it was a very pleasant afternoon and I was glad that we had gone out on the course.

When we got home, Vivian called saying she was feeling even worse. It looked as if Dale would have to suffer the mild embarrassment of going to a strange barber to get his hair cut.

Mary said she would wash it and take as much of the back-combed fullness and feminine style out of it as she could. They were about to do this when the phone rang. It was the airline calling. There had been a mix-up in our flight reservations for the next day.

Our flight was overbooked but we could take an earlier one leaving at 8 A.M. which they had booked us on. Since Ann and I were flying on discount tour tickets, there wasn't much we could do. This was most inconvenient and their only response was they would try to get us on standby, but the prospects weren't good. It being the holiday season and all, I accepted the earlier flight.

Now, the problem arose again about what to do about Dale's hair. There would be no chance to do anything before flight time. We all sat down to decide what to do. We thought about trying to cut his hair ourselves, but no one had the courage or slightest idea how.

Ann, bless her, even suggested that he travel as a girl and get everything taken care of when we got to Hawaii. She had a friend who was a beautician who would do it. That wouldn't work very well because Mary's friend, Joyce was taking us to the airport. Although she had seen Dale in the play, Mary didn't want her seeing Dale off on a two week vacation dressed as a girl. She would undoubtedly tell someone about it and soon everyone would know, making life very uncomfortable for Dale when they returned home. No, he would have to go as a boy, hair and all.

After supper, we packed and Dale took a bath, after which He came to the living room to try to brush his hair out as best he could and see what his mother could do with it before he went to bed.

"Let me do something with this," Mary said. She held up a tress of her son's almost shoulder-length hair. Lots of boys wore their hair very long but Dale's hair was all one length and curled up atop his shoulders. "I think setting it on rollers would do the trick," his mother suggested.

"Curling it will make it look shorter," Mary added as she sprayed a generous amount of a setting lotion all over Dale's hair, then began combing it through. Actually, wet and straight, Dale's hair hung past his shoulders.

“Maybe a braid or pony tail?” I suggested half in jest.

“Yes, that would be wonderful,” Mary said, “It's certainly long enough to braid as well. Maybe he should go to Hawaii as a girl, it would be nice for the beach. I see all the “girls” are wearing their hair in braids this season.”

Dale said, “Wait a minute!”

“Just kidding,” was Mary's quick reply as she quickly completed a neatly wound row of curlers in her son's head. Dale winced as she wound the curler she was working on purposely tight.

Dale's scalp tingled from the more than thirty, large, hair curlers now securely wound into his hair. His mother explained that they were using larger rollers because of his long hair. A pink, nylon hairnet was gently lowered over the rollers, then firmly tied around his set.

I didn't see how doing something as girlish as putting his hair in curlers would make his hair look boyish but then I didn't know that much about hair.

Next morning at breakfast both he and his curled hair looked quite feminine in spite of Mary's best efforts the night before. The fact that he was wearing the now familiar nightie and negligee didn't help.

Mary had explained to Joyce all the problems about getting Dale's hair cut, so Joyce wasn't surprised when she saw his appearance. Mary quickly removed the curlers from Dale's hair.

“I can't go like this?” he pleaded as he tossed his silky mane over his shoulder so that it spilled down over his shoulders rippling in smooth curls.

“Just keep it brushed back,” his mother said, knowing that she had failed in making it look boyish. I noticed something else: his legs, chest, armpits. . .hairless...not a speck had begun to grow back.

It was almost time for us to leave, so Mary hurried him off to change while we had a last cup of coffee.

Dale was wearing faded denim jeans, a knit short sleeved shirt, tennis shoes, and a blue nylon windbreaker. The windbreaker was zipped about half way. He was carrying a shoulder flight bag.

Joyce said she liked his hair and wished her's looked as good. She teasingly suggested that the dress from the play looked more suited to his hair style.

We got to the airport just in time to board the plane. I noticed that some people gave Dale a few glances, probably trying to decide if he was male or female. He noticed it too, I think.

Anyway, we said goodbye to Joyce and got on the plane. We took our seats in the first class cabin: and the attendant came right away to see if we wanted anything to drink.

After getting orders from Ann and me, she turned across the aisle to Mary and remarked "You and your daughter certainly look like one another." She was talking about Dale.

After she left, I heard Dale mutter "That does it" as he headed for the restroom carrying his flight bag. When he came back, he had taken his jacket off to reveal the well-rounded bra showing through his shirt. He had also put on some lipstick and eye makeup. He came back to his seat, smiled at us and said no more. Mary reached for his hand, gave it a squeeze and smiled back.

We were met by a number of close friends and neighbors in Honolulu, so I was obliged to introduce Dale as our niece.

As a result, he was more or less committed to remain a girl for his entire stay. By this time we had become used to it, and Dale had become quite comfortable in it.

This being the case, Mary took him shopping right away and bought him everything a spoiled young lady needs for a glamorous stay in the islands.



This included a shorts outfit and a sundress along with some sandals and a pair of white high-heels with ankle straps. She also got him a cute flowery muu-muu, a couple more swimsuits and a see-through beach cover-up. She even bought him several padded bras and matching panties along with a baby-doll nightie, some fun stuff... 'grown-up' stockings and a garter belt.

She took a picture of him picking out his first bikini.

And so the vacation went. I worked during the week but was able to take them touring during the weekend. Dale always looked appropriate.

One night I looked in on him, knocking first then entering. I blushed when I saw him. I had never seen Dale in his nightgown without a robe. He was wearing an dainty. . . no, skimpy baby-doll gown made of blue nylon. The deep 'V' neck, hem and armholes were highlighted by white lace and the whole thing didn't hide much, especially the matching panties. He quickly grabbed a robe. Dale must have felt immodest in the thin girlish garment. After that, I never walked in on him again.

So, Dale stayed a girl for the rest of his vacation in Hawaii. Both Dale and Mary had a great time, touring, going to the beach and being out in the sunshine. In fact, they were out in the sun so much that Dale acquired a girl's tan line and strap marks that would be more than difficult to explain when it came shower time in his school gym class.

The evening before they returned to the mainland, Ann and I had talked a lot about it all and we came to the conclusion that Dale was obvious enjoying his new girl persona.

Dale had gotten himself fixed up especially nice that evening in a pretty summer dress that Mary had given him for Christmas.

Dale was feeling rather sorry for himself, having to go back to being a boy tomorrow after two weeks of solid play time dressing up.

He said that he hated to have to `change back'. He said, "I guess I love running around playing a different role. It's been fun wearing short skirts and all. I know I have to give it up. I guess giving up `play' is part of the responsibility of growing up."

"Maybe I can make you feel better about that," I said. I excused myself, saying I had a surprise for them on their last night in Hawaii. With that I went to our bedroom, found the `surprise' envelope, taking it back to the living room...handed it to Dale and he opened it.

Dale squealed with joy. "Oh Uncle Bob," he cried, "Thank you!"

He held up the post-dated airline tickets and blew me a very enthusiastic but lady like kiss. He asked, "Does this mean I can spend my whole summer vacation with you in Hawaii?"

His mother supplied part of the answer, "Your uncle is very generous. We talked it over. You appear so happy, but there is one decision you're going to have to make all by yourself.

Dale looked puzzled.

I interrupted, "Before you answer son, give it some thought. Your mother is planning on coming with you this summer. . .as a trial. She's thinking of moving here permanently."

"Oh, for heavens sake," Ann clarified, "Can't you see you have worried the poor boy. See, dear, that's the problem. Do you realized that all our neighbors and friends know you as a girl?"

Dale was beginning to catch on but looked confused. He asked, "Couldn't I come back as my brother or something."

"That might work," I said, "But we want you to know that we love you no matter how you're dressed. I feel like I should take a father role and stop all this, but you seem so happy. But this isn't just play acting. . ."

"See dear," his mother said, "If we make this move, you might be stuck as my daughter."

Ann added. "Just like you've been for two weeks now."

"Oh my," Dale sighed. His manicured fingers went nervously to the hem of his short skirt. "But. . .my hair and school? How can I."

"I know you can do it, dear," Ann bolstered, "But remember it would be for at least three months. . .longer if you and your mother move here."

Dale was deep in thought. I could tell he was concerned. He asked again, "Couldn't I be a boy sometimes?"

"That wouldn't be a very good idea," his mother said. "We'd want you to always look nice and pretty. We'll have to buy you some different dresses and lingerie. Girls your age are always changing."

"Changing?"

"I think you should be a cup size bigger. . .What do you think Ann?"

"I agree," Ann said.

"I don't know?" Dale winced.

"You would have to be a girl 24 hours a day whether you felt like it or not," his mother said.

The next morning at the airport. He was not the same boy I knew two weeks ago. As we walked to the aircraft, Dale had several flower leis around his neck. He was wearing a short, cream colored gabardine skirt and

periwinkle blue tank-top with a push-up bra that gave the impression of nicely developed breasts.

Over breakfast, we'd made further plans for the summer. Even Ann got into the spirit of it all and suggested Dale not cut his hair and become a blonde for the summer. The two weeks on the Waikiki beach had made his hair several shades lighter. That looked very attractive so a golden blonde would go perfectly with his fair complexion.

He carried a light jacket but proudly displayed his bare golden tan shoulders. His white purse slung over one shoulder.

He pulled a small make-up mirror out of his purse, carefully smoothing out an arched eyebrow with his long-nailed finger and fluffing out his hair. His long sleekly brushed light brown hair framed a sensuous, made-up face with moist pink lips and big eyes that twinkled.

He caught my look of disapproval when a couple teenage boys eyeballed him, then whistled. "It's okay, Uncle Bob," he whispered with a blush, "I'll get used to it. You won't know me when I come back for the summer."

I listened to the clicking of his little high heeled shoes and saw a slightly exaggerated swing of his hips as we walked to the plane.

Dale gave Ann and I hugs and kisses. . .with care, not disturb his cherry pink lipstick.

As he and his mother disappeared into the concourse loading door, I wondered . . .was that the end. Not really. Sort of a beginning, in a way.

END OF HOLIDAY IN HEELS....

Hawaii in Heels

Yes, the last time I saw Dale, he was in his short, cream colored gabardine skirt and periwinkle blue tank-top walking toward the plane. His mother whispered, "Hold your arm still dear. Don't swing your purse."

Five days later I got a letter from him.

Dear Uncle Bob,

Thank you again for the wonderful Christmas vacation at your home in Hawaii. And thank you for putting up with my dressing like a girl and your kind offer to spend the summer with you in Hawaii.

I guess I got carried away. Now that school has started, I realize how crazy my plans to spend the summer in skirts was. My mother thinks you and I ought to become closer and I should write you a letter a week informing you of my activities. I'll really try to do that and this is the first of hopefully many.

The plane ride home was uneventful except for our arrival. We were walking down the concourse and I heard, 'Well, I'll be...' It was Vivian, my 'barber'. She felt very bad about being ill and unable to cut my hair before we left. So she thought she'd meet us and cut my hair if I hadn't had it done already.

I turned twenty shades of red. 'Mary,' she asked my mother, 'Don't tell me he spent the vacation as . . .I mean. . .the whole vacation?'

Mother, never one for restraining herself, as you well know, told Vivian everything. . .including about our potential move to Hawaii and what we had planned. I about died.

We went directly to her shop and she cut only about a quarter inch of my hair. I wanted more but she wouldn't do it, saying, 'It's in very good shape now and you'll want it to grow for summer. I'll show you how to take care of it.' Well, since I was sitting there in a skirt, I wasn't too happy about going home with a crew cut anyway.

I guess it wasn't until I was in my bedroom at home that I realized how silly all this dressing up in Hawaii was. I'm just very lucky I didn't get caught.

Tomorrow I start school and I'm looking forward to being out of those silly clothes and getting a regular boy's haircut.

Well, got to run. Say hello to Auntie Ann. I miss you both.

Your nephew,

Dale

Reading the letter, I was somewhat relieved. I was worried about Dale and couldn't get those last images of him out of my mind. Just the short vacation in Hawaii had created out of Dale what appeared to be a spirited young lady. I was glad it was all over.

I didn't get another letter from Dale for several weeks. I wasn't surprised, I was sure he had better things to do than write to his ole' uncle.

The next letter was real short.

Dear Uncle Bob,

I'm back in the swing of things at school. Been so busy I haven't had time to write much.

Haven't even had a chance to get my haircut and mother keeps asking if I really want to get it cut really short?

I hope to see Vivian in the next week and get it cut. Short!!! I hope my arrival as a `boy' won't shock your neighbors too much.

Got to go. . .rehearsal for a new play tonight.

Your nephew,

DALE

I wrote back, joking with him:

`Gee, I wouldn't want to force you to cut those lovely long locks. Or even remind you that you haven't had a haircut since before the last play.

We'll just tell them my niece had a sex change and is now my nephew!

Can't wait to see you and your mother!

UNCLE BOB

I didn't hear from Dale again but talked to his mother several times a month. She said Dale was busy at school and couldn't wait to spend the summer in Hawaii. I never gave his hair another thought. . .until. . .

My wife Ann and I were waiting at the gate when Mary and Dale's plane rolled to a stop. Looking over the tops of the arriving passengers heads we both searched. . . Ann spotted them and let out a quiet, "OH my gawd!"

Dale strode out of the gate in a soft, pleated white skirt and a white knit top with a loop of pearls around his neck. His skirt fluttered about his thighs as he walked. It

almost looked like a tennis outfit but made of delicate knit materials. His hair, which had been obviously set in curls, tumbled in long blonde waves past the large gold hoops he wore in his ears. His smoothly shaved legs were sheathed in nude pantyhose and for shoes he had on his favorite pair of white three-inch pumps.

I gasped at the sight of my nephew. I was sure that beneath his skirt and sweater, a complete set of dainty underwear including bra, panties and half slip were all properly and comfortably in place. For a finishing touch he had put on a delicate gold-and-pearl ankle bracelet.

Dale's high heels clicked brightly on the shiny floors, and I was shocked at how he was holding his purse and a Vogue magazine up against his softly curving breasts.

I looked around to see if anyone was gawking at my nephew in a dress but no one was. He made a stunningly beautiful girl.

He stopped and stood with his hands on his hips, then saw us. He ran up and girlishly hugged Ann then myself. His eyes sparkled and there was a sassy smile on his face.

"But. . ." I gasped softly, my mind still bewildered by Dale's appearance.

He laughed and said, "Sometimes you just have to say, 'what the ...' I hope you don't mind?"

I looked at his mother who was beaming.

When we talked his bright eyes glittered and when he moved his head, his shiny cascade of hair literally waved with the motion. I wondered how much time he'd practiced to walk in such a girlish way.

Dale blushed and arranged a long ringlet over his left shoulder. He added, "Mother said I should dress like this so I wouldn't embarrass you, Uncle Bob. You know, everyone knows me as a girl."

I thought back to my last letter and the comment about the hair and 'sex change.' I wanted to scream. . ."It

was a joke!” but realized how the letter could have been misunderstood.

I took Mary's carry-ons and we went to baggage claim. We chatted about the flight, the weather, the airline food. . .everything but, obviously what needed to be talked about.

Dale looked self-conscious. His short skirt's hem flicked back and forth as he walked but was tight enough to cling to his hips. Showing through the translucent fabric, I could see the faint outline of brief panties creating the impression of a “fashionably packaged bottom.”

We walked slowly so Dale in his high-heeled pumps could keep up. He stumbled a little once on the slick shiny marble floors and had to catch hold of my arm to keep from falling. I was happy to see he still was a little awkward in his adapting to heels. He quickly gained his composure and I was sure he was glad to be off the slippery floors.

Once we were prudently in the car, I couldn't wait any longer. “Dale, I thought you were through with all this girl's stuff?”

He blushed at my question, he knew what was coming. Mary jumped right in with the answer, “Isn't he darling! It just seemed a shame to cut his beautiful hair. . .Just before he was about to cut it we started trying different new styles and they all looked so lovely. Even Vivian said, ‘I sure wish I could get my hair to look like that.’ We just kept putting off his haircuts.”

Dale chimed in, “I wanted to get it cut but instead Vivian showed me how to make it look shorter for school by curling it on little rollers giving almost an ‘Afro’ appearance. By the end of the school year, my hair had grown so much that everyone said that my hair was too beautiful to cut.”

I had to agree it looked nice. . .for a girl. No wonder Dale couldn't go out of the house with that hair without heads turning to admire his feminine mane.

“I hope you don't mind,” Mary asked. “I just thought after Christmas vacation, it would be okay.”

What could I say now. I looked at the luscious looking legs and smiling made-up face of my nephew. I knew there was more than meets the eye to all this.

We all went back to my home and changed then went to dinner at Hawaii Kai. It was late but we had a nice dinner looking over the harbor and the boats. This was one of Mary's favorite places. Dale had changed into a blue and white skirt and top set with a little sailor type collar.

The owner who knows me remembered Dale from Christmas and commented, “Your niece is getting prettier every day!”

Mary whispered to me, “See. Aren't you glad Dale came like this?”

I just shook my head.

That night in bed, random thoughts of Dale flashed before me. Various visions of seeing the nylon stockings on his legs, curlers on his head and the soft click the white high-heels made as he walked. I wondered what his mother had done to make him so confident in such a humiliating situation. He didn't look much like a boy after only a few weeks of vacation. I wondered what happened when the guys at school saw his shaved legs, girl's swimsuit tan, and plucked eyebrows. Poor Dale.

The next day, when Mary and I were alone, I asked.

“OH, I was worried too,” Mary said, “I took him to school the first morning. No one had seen him since the play and I knew that he still looked funny in pants and without makeup. When he reached school, he cut a swatch through the students standing out front waiting to go in. It was like the parting of the Red Sea. Most of the students couldn't even speak at first when they saw the 'new Dale' marching toward the door,

'What's with the hair!' Ralph Kramer said, staring from a group of his fellow football players.

Ralph blocked the door of the school just as Dale got there.

'Are you nuts?' he demanded. A crowd immediately formed around them.

'No,' Dale said innocently, 'nuts about what?'

'Get a load of this. . .his eyebrows are still plucked,' Ralph said, calling over the rest of the team. The other team members just stared.

'Sure took some balls,' somebody said in the crowd, and quite a few students laughed in agreement.

'He was great. . .I'd never play a girl. . .even in a play,' somebody else said.

'Ralph, maybe you'll get the part this semester,' somebody else added.

Ralph quickly changed his attention to who said that comment.

Everybody agreed that Dale had been pretty ingenious about dealing with the situation, so when Dale swept past Ralph into the school he was followed by a crowd of gabbling students, who wanted to see the reactions inside the school.

Ralph was left all alone on the school steps, goggling after them and shaking his head.”

After listening, I shook my head and asked, "Then you've been encouraging him?"

"Encouraging him?" she asked like she didn't know what I was talking about.

Just then Dale entered the room, his little skirt bouncing brightly at each step of the way and a smile on his crimson lips. I noticed that his bosom had been padded a bit more since Christmas giving the impression of an older more developed girl.

Mary went on talking about him like he wasn't in the room. "See what a cute girl he makes," she said, ". . .but sometimes he still walks a little like a boy in his high heels. But he's getting better every day."

I looked at Dale who was blushing as his mother reprimanded him, "Swing you hips at the waist, Sweetheart, be proud of your figure. . .you are a girl now."

I saw how the nice dress he was wearing followed the contours of his hips and buttocks.

"So you didn't bring any boy clothes?" I carefully asked.

Mary said, "We spent a lot of time in lingerie and dress stores to make sure he had everything he'd need for the summer. Of course, I'm sure he'll want to go shopping here too."

Dale sat down at the dining room table. Quite naturally, he pulled some nail polish out of a small bag and began to add a coat of a silvery pink polish. A color that matched the color of his toenails that showed in his white low sandals.

I tried to act as if this was totally natural for a boy to do but to be honest, I was having trouble holding myself back from blowing up. I still couldn't believe that a little part in a play could come this far.

Dale blew on his nails to help them dry creating a feminine aroma...the mixture of perfume and nail polish. I suggested that Dale and I go to a baseball game at Aloha

stadium that afternoon and Mary agreed. I knew that would give him and me a chance to talk.

When the time came, I caught myself opening Dale's car door for him like I would any female. I felt a bit stupid when Dale looked at me funny, but he got in, allowing me to close the door too.

We barely got out of the driveway before I asked, "Well?"

"I know," Dale said, knowing what I was asking. "It's mother. She kept saying I should dress like this to not embarrass you but I knew what your letter said and meant."

"Then why have you gone along?"

"She just kept after me and then Vivian too. Honestly, they made me feel like I just didn't make much of a boy.... Maybe if I had gotten a haircut?"

"Why didn't you?"

Dale's hands went instinctively up to touch the long tresses of his shoulder length hair. "They said it was pretty. Too pretty to cut. Vivian kept showing me ways to curl it and style it so that it looked short, then suddenly it was so long that I couldn't make it look anything but feminine. I even tried to go into a barber shop one day. . they laughed me out of the place."

I looked at Dale. He was dressed in a pleated white skirt, that almost looked like a school-girl skirt and a red tank top. His feet were in white open-toed sling back sandals. His smooth legs were bare and the bodice of his top fit tightly over a late teen sized bosom.

"Don't you hate it," I asked.

His pink lips pouted and he nodded. "Have you seen the way people look at me?"

I had. Mostly boys and young men couldn't take their eyes off the 'sweet young thing'. "Maybe we could surprise everyone and go get you a haircut and some new boy clothes?"

"Could we?" Dale bubbled, he gnawed at his lower lip, his fingers playing with the full hem of his shorts. I wanted to reach up and brush those golden locks away from his hopeful eyes.

"Sure but where do we start?" I said thinking. "Do we get you some boy clothes and then a haircut or vice versa?"

"I don't know?" Dale said. "either way it's going to be embarrassing."

"Let's go to the ballgame and tomorrow we'll figure out a way, okay?"

At the game, Dale acted like the perfect young girl. I watched him walk, the short pleated skirt swinging with each hip movement even in his low sandals. A few people I ran into asked if Dale was my daughter and I choked out that he was my "niece". Dale was subjected to the "funny stares" of the young men at the game.

Dale asked, "Do I look funny or something?"

"No," I answered.

"I do. I look strange don't I?" Dale persisted.

"You look nice," I said, "That's how they look at girls. .normal attractive girls."

"Oh," Dale said. I knew that many thoughts most be going through his head, feeling the tightness of his lingerie and the breeze frisking through his long hair. When another young man almost walked into a post staring Dale, Dale turned vermilion, flushed with what it all meant. .what wearing girl's clothes and showing an indisputable feminine figure implied.

Dale looked at me with that look in his eyes. The look of bewilderment. Dale knew instinctively that what he was doing was wrong. It was against the grain of everything he'd ever learned. . .boys were boys and girls were girls. Boys didn't wear brassieres, panties and skirts. Boys didn't curl their hair or wear lipstick and nail polish. . .but Dale did.

He blushed furiously as more men took a second look, even a third. In the crowds, men managed to brush and accidentally bump against him.

“You got to help me,” Dale pleaded softly as his heels clicked on the cement floors.

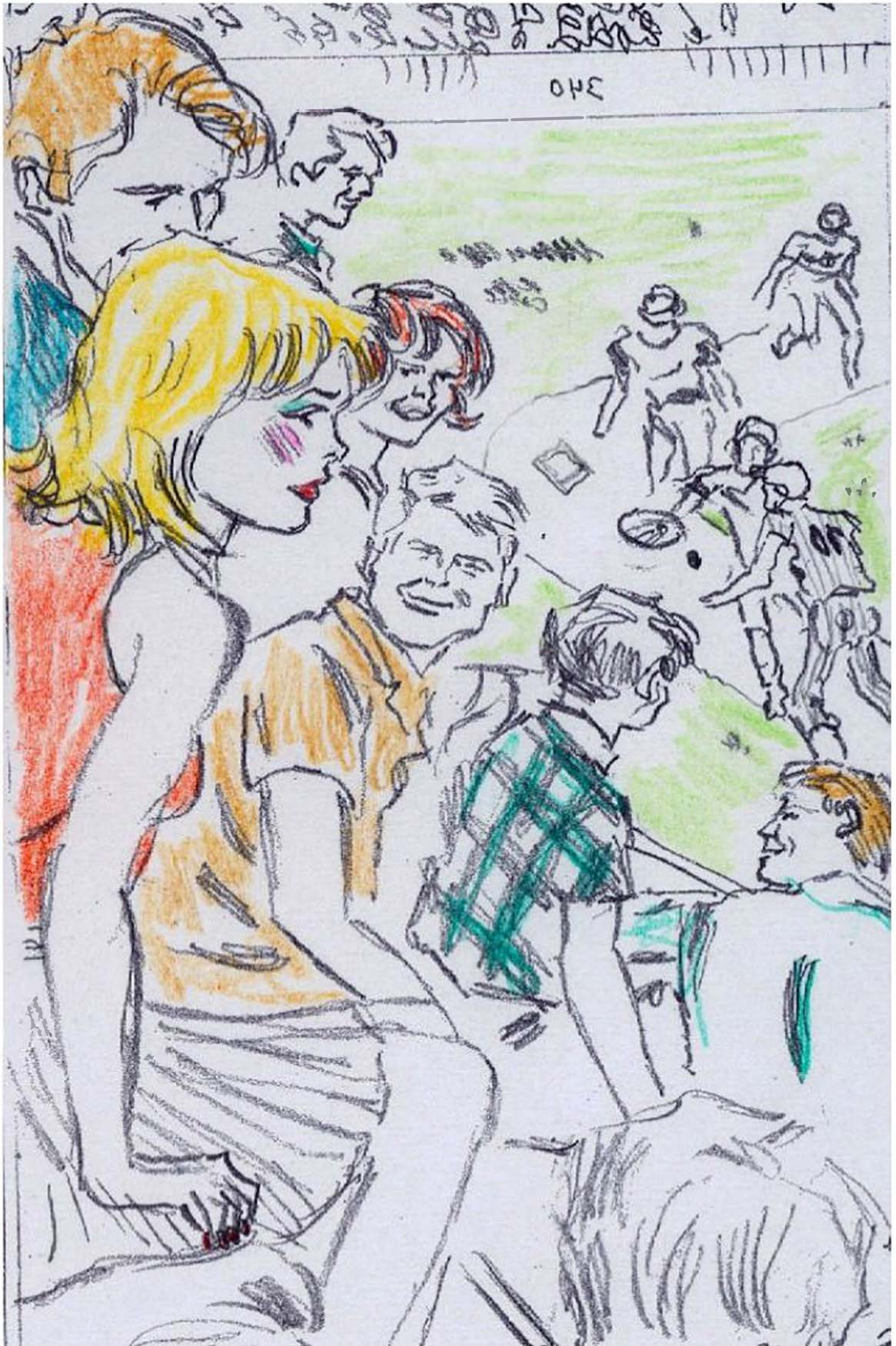
When we returned from the game, no one was home. I asked Dale to show me what clothes he had with him. I was hoping that there would be a pair of jeans or something he could wear to get his hair cut.

In his room, he showed me his wardrobe full of flowery summer dresses, skirts, several evening gowns and drawers full of colorful lacy lingerie. He stood dreamily examining the various brightly colored panties and brassieres for something boyish. He held up a high top nylon panties and said, “These are the plainest ones I have.”

“Put them on. . .and do you have shorts?”

“Culottes? Mother wants me to wear skirts.”

“Let me see you without make-up and in the shorts,” I asked. I looked around. There were bras and panties and a lot of a little girdle like garment.



Dale ran into the bathroom and quickly removed all but the indelible traces.

“Well,” he asked.

“Look for yourself,” I said turning him toward the mirror. Dale's face reflected his bewilderment. With his highly arched eyebrows, shiny white teeth, and smooth white clear complexion. . .he still looked terribly feminine. He pulled the loose hair away from his face in a effort to look boyish but it only showed more soft round features. . .a real peaches and cream complexion. His rosy cheeks didn't even need rouge to glow beautifully.

I immediately noticed how even more swishy and limp-wristed Dale looked when he tried being a boy. He was giggly, giddy and almost half dinky as he tried to walk and talk like a boy again. His voice was high pitched and was overwhelmed by trying to be a man again.

His mental mind had been worked over but good by hi mother. “Do I look terrible like mother says?”

In my mind, I could still only sense what I saw. He had no pent up maleness to show. I thought to myself that no boy should take to femininity like Dale did. I thought for a minute that he perhaps should have been born a girl. I studied Dale's physique: rounded hips, undeveloped muscles, small dainty hands and feet, even his long thin neck. Too soft and curved for a boy. . .maybe nature made a mistake. I of course said nothing other than, “Let me work out a plan. . .you better put back on your make-up and a dress before your mother comes home.”

Dale released his hair allowing it to fall freely to frame his face in curls. One long lock had attractively fallen down over one eye.

I didn't want to say anything...not until I had a fool proof plan to help Dale return to his rightful position in life...as A YOUNG MAN.

The days went by and I honestly couldn't come up with a plan that would cover all the bases. My neighbors loved my niece and Dale's new found friends. I kept hoping that I could think of something.

My wife, Ann and Mary continued as usual...shopping...and mostly for Dale. They had bought him many items but couldn't wait to see him in one frilly summer dress with pink and blue rosebuds and puffy sleeves. It was rather low-cut but they both thought it appropriate for a girl Dale's age.

When Dale came in wearing the dress, a small delicate necklace resting at the hollow of his throat, they both raved about how beautiful it made him look. The full skirt billowed as he bounced about the room from mirror to mirror brushing at non-existent wrinkles. A soft, silken rustle followed his every move. He looked lovely...every inch a stunning, self-assured young lady.

"But it needs this," Mary said holding up a lacy 'push-up' bra. She helped Dale into the bra, pushing and pulling at his considerable chest fat to give him a completely feminine cleavage. Dale stood there staring down at the two soft mound tops rising above the bodice of his new dress. "WOW," Mary said, adding, "All the boys will like it. . .you'll see."

That embarrassed Dale. He realized that he was under inspection and it made him nervous. The added padding and the low-cut bodice was meant to give him confidence...displaying more bosom. You could almost see the befuddlement and agony of realizing that he was becoming more girlish with every daily exposure. He looked down and replied, "I can't wait until my girlfriend Melanie arrives. Melanie was coming to visit Dale for six weeks. We still had plenty of room but if I had a

daughter, I doubt if I'd let her go to Hawaii to see a boyfriend.

As Melanie's arrival neared, Dale began moping around. "She knows I'm going to be dressed as a girl but she's never seen me this way except in the play," Dale admitted, "I'm worried she won't like me like this."

I was sure he was concerned over what Melanie would think when she saw how feminine he had become. I looked closely at my nephew, his pink tipped hands in his lap and his smooth knees and legs neatly together. He said shyly but without much determination, "I don't know what she'll think about all this." His face flushed at the thought of facing Melanie as a girl.

He continued, "Should I try to act like a boy around her or like a girl?"

"I don't see how you can act like a boy dressed like that," I answered honestly. He had on a demure little blue strapless sundress with a short full skirt. His rounded shoulders and thin slight arms were not at all like the brawny youthful men on the beach. Dale's shoulders were delicate, seemingly ideal for holding up the straps of a brassiere or swim suit top sporting a bulging bosom.

The days raced by and the big day arrived:

Melanie's plane arrived early and Dale was in a panic as to what to wear. After a big whoop-e-do, Mary convinced him to wear a white silk top with his short, tan full skirt and a wide sporty leather belt that buckled tightly to show off his narrow waist. Nude colored nylons and white 3 inch pumps completed the outfit.

The day before, Mary had set up an appointment at a beauty salon and they gave Dale the `works'. Dale had been curled, plucked, pampered, painted and WAXED. .the results showed. .he had never looked so enchantingly girlish and feminine.

We all went to pick up Melanie. Dale and Melanie hugged girlishly and the introductions were made again even though I had met her at Dale's school play.

Dale blushed self-conscientiously under Melanie's inspection. Walking through the terminal with his swirling skirt, Dale couldn't even manage a smile when two passing boys whistled at these attractive coeds.

Melanie looked a little shocked when she realized that the boys were goggle eyed not just over her but her `boyfriend' as well.

The minute we were in the car, Mary asked, "Melanie, what do you think? Dale just had his hair done yesterday and they fixed his eyebrows!"

Melanie exclaimed. "Mary, his hair is lovely!!! So delicate, and they were able to arch his eyebrows too! That's just the `look' I've been hoping for. I just couldn't stand those `in fashion' bushy brows any longer".

"Let me see up close", Melanie said from where she was sitting next to Dale.

It didn't take long for her face to form a smile. "OH Mary, he's so `cute'. So dainty!!! Just the way a `girl' should look!"

As the subject of their "rejoicing", I could see Dale feel a wave of embarrassment welling up inside while hearing their comments. As usual, there was nothing he could do about it. Worst of all, he had to pretend that he was pleased with all these `accomplishments'. Managing a slight smile, Dale tried to give the impression that he was happy. The timing couldn't have been worse.

Melanie continued, "Gracious me, is this the same boyfriend I had in high school?" she taunted with mock

surprise in her voice. "New 'dragon lady' nails, curled blonde hair, plucked slim eyebrows! MY, MY, MY, are we going to have fun!!?!?!?" She giggled in her best teasing drawl.

Still smiling, and not expecting an answer, Melanie turned to Mary. "That perm is set darling. Maybe I can go to the same salon?"

"Sure," Mary said. "They have the best services. Put your hand on Dale's leg honey. See how smooth it feels. You might want a bikini wax too."

Melanie ran her little hand across Dale's thigh and over his calf. Mary, paying no attention to Dale's feelings, took little care in worrying about embarrassing him.

"Bikini wax???" Melanie gasp, "He's wearing bikinis?"

"Girls WANT their legs to be smooth honey." Mary explained. "Now when Dale puts on his nylons or yes even his bikini, his legs are going to look so pretty. Girls have to have pretty and smooth legs, right sweetheart?"

Dale was almost having "cardiac arrest" hearing Mary make not one, but two slip ups, referring to "his" nylons, and "his" smooth hairless legs. But relief was quick when he heard Melanie reply, "I think it's wonderful. I want mine waxed too! I just can't believe Dale's wearing bikinis. You mean actually ON THE BEACH?"

He looks wonderful in them. . .Isn't that right", Mary asked as she turned to face the blushing boy. "Why don't you tell Melanie how good you look in a girl's swimsuit? Tell her how nice you feel, when you know you look pretty. Tell her how girl clothes are such fun clothes and you're glad you are able to dress like a girl."

Dale was speechless. His mother was doing the talking for him.

"Why don't you describe the flowered swim suit and sarong skirt you wore to the Luau on the beach," Mary continued. "I'm sure Melanie would love to hear all about it."

“AW MOM,” Dale groaned. “Do I have too”?

“Yes dear. I think you should get used to making ‘girl talk’ with Melanie. You’ll want to talk about fashions, and make up, and hair styles. Now go ahead darling, tell Melanie all about your lovely sarong and top, she’s anxious to hear.”

Dale talked as Mary prodded him for details. How humiliated he must have felt as he described the feminine detail of that alluring sarong and the bareness of the flowered bikini top. Every word emphasized how “un-masculine” he had become. . .from descriptions of the hibiscus in his curled hair to the aggressive ‘young man’ who just wouldn’t leave him alone.

Mary and Melanie were “loving it”. Was it all a big joke? Melanie could barely imagine her boyfriend wearing something so unbelievably feminine. It was hard to believe.

But then, here was that “same boyfriend”, in soft, flowing hair, a skirt and blouse, in lingerie, telling her of his flowered bikini, and sarong skirt all sprinkled with pretty pink blossoms, and the shapely push-up top to his bikini.

I saw her surveying Dale’s new round curves. How Dale’s lace bra bosom could be seen through the translucent silk top and how his hips had a girlish shape.

He blushed when he realized that he was sitting like a girl, his legs crossed at the knee and his hands with too long nails primly sitting on his handbag. It was clear to me that he had subconsciously developed a lot of feminine mannerisms.

Melanie just smiled and reached over and gave Dale a kiss right on the lips. Their red lips clung together for a few moments. It was a bit shocking to see two girls kissing even though I knew one was a boy. I think I blushed looking around the car to see if any nearby cars had seen what happened.

“Hey, you two. . .” Mary interrupted, “I know you haven't seen each other for a while but you better `cool' the kissing in public. . .for obviously reasons.”

“Oh yeah,” Melanie said, realizing what it `looked' like. She pulled back but took Dale's hand in hers and held it so no outsiders could see. This made Dale smile.

After an early lunch, Melanie made Dale show her his wardrobe and suggested they change to go sightseeing. Dale changed into a green cotton sundress that zipped up the back, fitting snugly about his bosom and around his waist.

Melanie was dressed in cotton shorts and a tank top. Noticing Dale's skirt flare youthfully flashing a good bit of leg, I couldn't help but notice that Dale was the more attractive and feminine of the two `girls'. He was an inch shorter, slightly thinner, and his hair was much longer than Melanie's hairdo. Dale had his long blonde hair tied back in a ponytail, secured with a white ribbon in a perky big bow. He looked utterly feminine, his thin smooth legs perched on 2 1/2 inch high heeled sandals and the pretty hair bow fluttering with each frolicsome step.

Out the door they skipped, but not before Mary reminded them, “NO kissing GIRLS!”

They both giggled. It was nice to see Dale happy and with a friend.

They were back in a couple hours. Both were exuberant and cheery. Dale had fallen naturally into acting the part of a young girl. His fluttering hands told of where he took Melanie and who they met.

“Yeah,” Melanie interrupted, “All the boys he's met. . .and I was worried about him meeting another GIRL. HA! I should be worried about the boys!”

Dale blushed at her wisecrack. Guess there was a thread of truth to it. They talked animatedly about clothes, shopping and future sightseeing.

It was almost 2:30 when Melanie announced it was 'beach time'. I could tell this was the moment Dale dreaded most. As Melanie ran up to her room to change I asked Dale 'how it was going'.

There was a sadness in his eyes. "Okay, I guess," He said, "but I think I've lost her respect. . .she treats me like another girl. She pointed out every hunk on the beach. She shouldn't do that with her boyfriend, should she?"

"Maybe that means she's comfortable with you," I theorized, knowing that the gender change was bound to cause some changes in their relationship.

Melanie waited for a long time for Dale to make his entrance in 'beach wear'. I heard Melanie gasp when Dale finally walked out of his room. "Oh my," Melanie sighed, "you do make a really beautiful girl! Let me see!"

With his hair again in a ponytail, held back by a gold clip, he shyly walked into the room wearing a short terry cloth beach cover-up. He slowly divested himself of the cover-up, revealing his neat small waist and soft figure snazzily bound with a stylish two piece yellow bikini.

Dale started to blush as he saw her eyes survey his shapely and unboyish figure. . .unable to do anything about his eye catching protruding prominences held high by the push-up bikini top. His bosom appear totally natural and even moved with every step.

Cupping his bust in his hands, Dale justified, "My inserts have a liquid in them so they move like the real thing."

"AND?" Melanie asked, her eyes fixed on the bulge-less "V" at the top of Dale's hairless sleek legs.

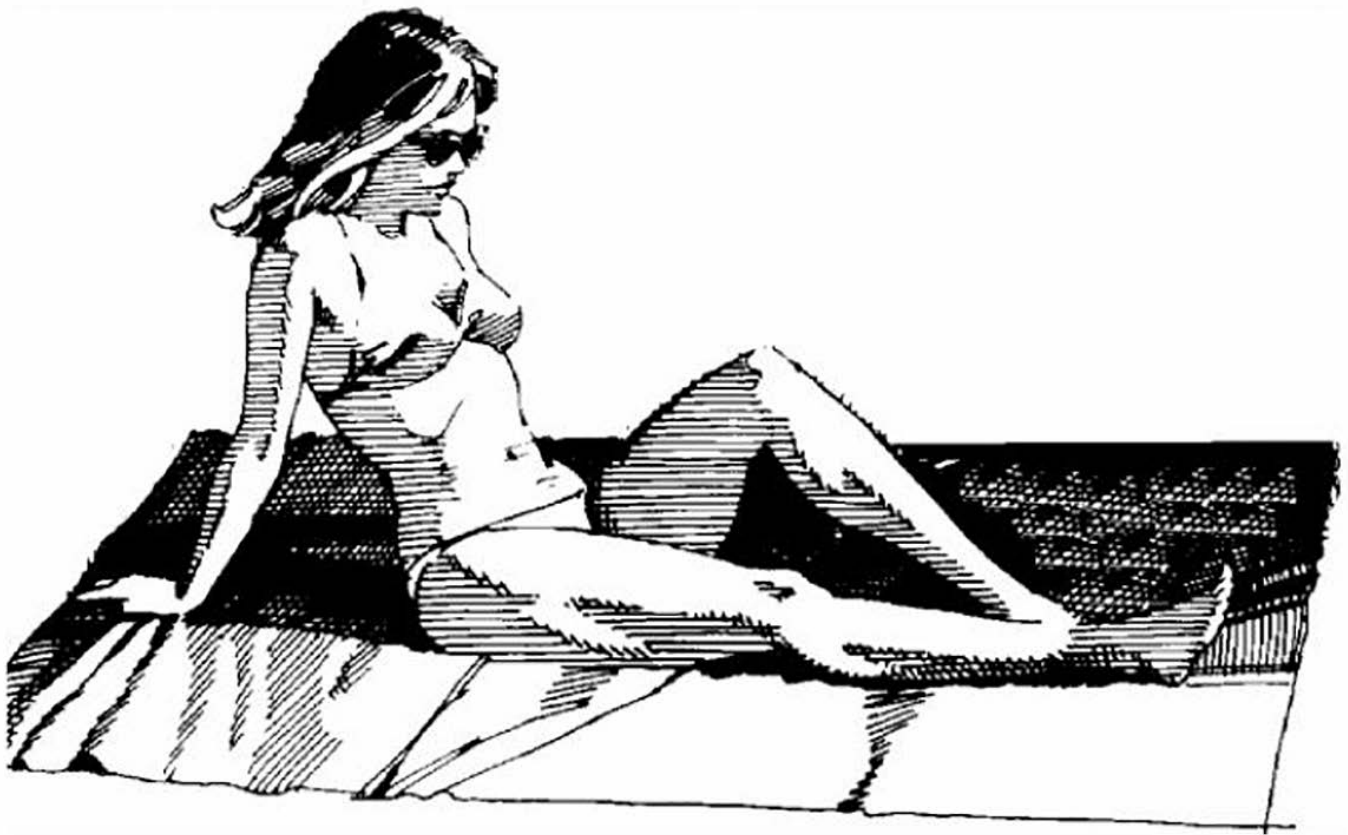
"Oh, a rubber supporter," Dale said, his eyes concentrating on the floor. "I have an awful time getting

it over my hips but once in place, I can wear the smallest bikini. It does the trick.”

“I’ll say,” Melanie replied, shaking her head.

Dale sat down smoothly, so that the hem of his cotton cover-up draped itself gracefully over his knees, then girlishly crossed one silky knee over the other.

Melanie admitted that she had been concerned that she might be embarrassed by Dale. She said, “I couldn’t imagine he could look like a girl wearing a bikini. . .he looks better than me!”



From my third floor condo on Waikiki beach, I can see the beach from the lanai and we all went out to watch the ‘girls’ sunbathe. The beach was quite crowded and there were young people shouting and yelling and running into the water.

Enjoying our Mai Tai’s, we watched them lay out mats and towels and prepare for an afternoon in the sun. They rubbed lotion on each other then found comfortable reclining positions to soak up the sun. Feeling the warm sun starting to burn, Dale lowered the straps of his top.

Even though he changed styles of suits often, the outline of his girlish swimsuit had already been indelibly inscribed on his skin. . .but at least he could avoid the insidious band marks. Still Dale knew that there was no avoiding the white untanned area over his breasts which would show for a long time.

They lolled on the beach for almost two hours before I went down to tell them it was getting late. I found them playing volleyball with several boys. Dale seemed to have forgotten his revealing attire and was intent on playing the game. . .with the boys loving every bounce of the ball and of the `girls' bosoms. The sun was shining through Dale's long cascade of stunning blonde curls. He looked to innocent and sweetly feminine among his peers. . .the other young men on the beach.

Melanie was exuberant when they came back to the condo although she did get a bit of a burn. "I love Hawaii," She glowed, "And you are the most fun boyfriend I could ever have!" She took Dale's hand and kissed him again on the lips.

There was something in their closeness that was exciting in a strange way, because to all appearances, Dale was just another pretty girl like Melanie. As the week passed, I watched their heels click in unison and they were the object of many admiring glances and wolf-whistles. Melanie was obviously enjoying herself, giggling when they were the recipients of robust attention. It was a new and different experience for Melanie. . .to be with her boyfriend yet, at the same time, to be able to enjoy being an attractive girl to each passing male. Dale was caught up in her amusement and appeared to go out of his way to look flirtatious.

I once caught the two of them fluttering their eyes at a couple boys. Dale blushed at my inquiring gaze. Having his girlfriend in town was making him more feminine and not less, like I expected.

Oh, I wasn't concerned about Dale's motives. . .I caught them in many a compromising position. Kissing, hugging and petting each other. Usually it was late, they were on the couch wearing pretty pink nightgowns watching a late show on television. Their smooth legs so twisted I couldn't tell who's were who's. Sometimes Melanie's arms were around Dale and sometimes vice-versa. All appeared to be peacefulness and harmonious. . .UNTIL.

"You kissed him," Dale said trying to not wake up the whole house. "How could you?"

They had been out to a movie for the evening and I could only assume that Melanie had met some fellow. She answered calmly, "I just wanted to thank him for the nice evening. It was just a kiss."

"On the lips," Dale raved on.

"It didn't mean anything," Melanie said defensively, "I was just thanking Paul for a nice evening. . .and you should have done the same for Eddie."

Eddie and Paul???? I was beginning to see the picture of what an evening at the movies meant. Melanie was having more of an influence on Dale than any of us really thought might occur.

The next morning, I took Dale and Melanie to breakfast alone. I wanted to have a private discussion as to what was going on. I realized they weren't my responsibilities but Dale was my nephew and I owed his deceased father some loyalty.

"I heard you two talking last night," I started out bluntly, "Are you two seeing boys?"

Dale turned deep red but Melanie said matter-of-factly, "We sometimes meet them at the movie or they ask us to have sodas afterwards. Last night we met two boys

from the beach who we play volleyball with. . .that's all. Dale insisted that we pay our own way.”

Dale just sat there feeling awfully small and at a loss for words. His little yellow skirt and blouse outfit made him look terribly innocent. “Are these DATES?” I asked.

“We meet them at the movies and go for sodas and then they walk us home,” Melanie said. “They want to take us dancing but Dale won't go. Tell him that it is okay. It's not like I want him to get laid or anything.”

Dale was slumping into his seat. Melanie's remark sent Dale into a tailspin of fear, a fear intermingled with a great deal of confusion. Even I was a bit overwhelmed by her arrogant approach.

Dale started to protest everything but it came out in a submissive whiny way. “But you're my girlfriend,” Dale sniveled.

“And you are mine,” Melanie replied, “You didn't mind all the boy's attention until I kissed Paul in front of you. A girl has to put up with `some stuff' to be popular. Besides, you can't expect that as two young girls, we wouldn't be dating a few boys. . .it's only natural.”

“I can't actually date a boy,” Dale whispered his bosom heaving in apprehension, “I can't!

I wanted to side with Dale but before I could say anything, Melanie stated, “Well, Paul has asked me out and I'm going. . .with you or without you. You can't expect a couple pretty girls to be in Hawaii without doing some dancing and going out, can you?”

“But that's going too far,” Dale pleaded. “Please don't make me go.”

“It's double date with me or you can stay home.”

This was a no win situation in which I had no experience. When Dale looked at me for advice, I just shrugged my shoulders.

First Date....

Even my wife Ann was excited for Dale. I guess a girl's first date with a boy is a big deal. This wasn't the Prom and Dale wasn't even a girl so I didn't get it. But they did.

There was a sudden flurry of activity and all conversation revolved around "the dress" and "the hair" and "getting everything right."

So, the day of the date, the women took Dale to the beauty salon to have his hair and nails done professionally in preparation for the big date with Eddie.

Melanie had dated many boys and this was nothing new to her but she was excited for Dale, saying, "It's like my little sister's first date."

It was an old fashioned beauty shop that Ann preferred as opposed to the mass franchises in the malls. I rarely went in but drove them to the shop and hung out. The women in the shop would go to gossip and cluck like the hens until I walked in and it was like a fox was there...sudden silence.

Ann said it was their weekly sanctuary away from men and husbands.

Dale's hair had grown a lot and without even being combed, was a very passable feminine style. But there was still plenty that any stylist could do to make it beautiful.

The beauticians first shampooed, Dale's hair, towel dried it, and then put it up in rollers. Then Dale sat with the other women under the row of driers and read a magazine about dresses and makeup while others gossiped.

He sat there in his navy blue, short skirt that he wore, with a thin, beige colored blouse. The thin fabric of the blouse didn't do much to hide his brassiere straps.

After Dale's hair was dry, the girls took his rollers out and styled her hair while adding the usual setting

solutions. After they finished his hair, a petite girl finished Dale's nails with many coats of rose-colored nail polish.

Now with his plucked brows, Dale looked every bit the thoroughly emasculated femme.

I heard many comments made about his "first date." Nearly every women had to tell him all about their first and what they wore and how they did their hair, etc. It was an event neither he or I would likely forget.

Did Dale *like* being a sissy now? He seemed happy to be wearing his pretty skirt and having his hair done up pretty?

READY, SET

When I passed Dale's room, both he and Melanie were completely dressed. Melanie was closing the back zipper of Dale's dress.

Like Melanie, Dale was bathed, powdered, gaffed, pantied, made up, be-jeweled with matching pearl button earrings and pearl necklace, perfumed and lipsticked with a nice creamy rose colored lipstick that only say, "Kiss these lips," to any admiring male. He had his dress matching purse stocked and ready for their double date.

I stuck my head in and said, "How's it going, Ladies?"

Twisting and turning in front of the mirror, Dale examined his precocious image. He looked up and said, "Okay, I guess. . .how do I look?"

"Fine," I said. As I stared at my nephew, I had mixed emotions. I had grown to enjoy seeing Dale create the image of a delightfully pretty young lady. . .experiencing the vitality and innocence of femininity. Seeing Dale in make-up, curled hairstyles and short skirts didn't seem odd anymore or even out of place with his seemingly natural girlishness. On the other hand, I worried where all this might take the boy.

Dale's dress was of a soft shimmering jade green silk adorned with countless flouncy pink ruffles. It was quite short, with a tight wide belt. Dale stepped into a pair of high heels, sitting on the edge of the bed so that he could buckle the narrow strap that went around the ankle.

"Stand up and let's see," Melanie said.

Dale rose, I saw his dress's hem shimmy down his thighs like gossamer. They appeared to be having the time of their life.

"Wow," Melanie said, moving her hands smoothly over his hips and buttocks. With a coy smile, "You're not a girl...but maybe you will get 'lucky' tonight!"

The electric air of anticipation was growing stronger now. Dale turned red again. Melanie had a way of even making me uncomfortable. I felt a certain disrespect for me in Melanie's 'freedom of speech'. She certainly wasn't like the young ladies when I grew up.

I guess this was her way of averting Dale's tension of the impending 'date'. Dale appeared to be getting more nervous as the moment of his "date's" arrival got closer.

Dale opened his purse and pulled out a gold lipstick tube and opened it, applying another ruby coat. He looked very nervous but it occurred to me that he should! This was his first date WITH a boy.

How weird it must feel for Dale to be a dolled up as a girl and about to be a boy's date.

Dale confided to me, "I'm scared."

"You should be!" I said, but seeing his horrified expression, I added, "You look pretty." That was the problem. . .he looked too pretty. A smile came to his face.

Their escorts were right on time. My every instinct was to call this whole charade off but I did nothing.

Ann and Mary, of course made the boys come in and wait a few minutes in the lanai for the "girls" to finish up.

I knew they were ready but I said I'd go to their room and get "the girls" going.

"Oh boy," Melanie gasped, "they're here!"

"Here goes," Dale said blankly, his eyes dazed and biting softly at his reddened lower lip.

I walked them to the Lanai, Dale in his pretty dress sashaying behind Melanie. The smelled of perfume and makeup.

To make Dale's confusion even worse, Paul kissed Melanie 'hello' right on her luscious red lips. Paul's way of letting her know 'which base' they were starting on.

I could see in Dale's eyes that he was instantly jealous of the lusty Paul and his intrepid confidence. Dale felt absolutely inadequate seeing the young man take control of his girlfriend.

Melanie wasn't resisting either. She was wearing a seductive, low-cut red dress that now appeared to be mostly for Paul's benefit.

After the well-mannered introductions, I saw my nephew, (his cheeks flushed pink, and blushing to his toenails) and his girlfriend being escorted out the door by the virile young men. Each 'girl' in their elegant dresses and high heels, with exquisite alluring hairstyles and the boys eager to perform their part in the ritual of "dating". Melanie was all smiles while Dale's responses were a bit 'forced'. The wind caught his skirt and hair making them both flutter.

It was a colorful spectacle...red-blooded, healthy teenagers in the robust courting tradition of 'boy meets girl'. I stood in shock for a moment, staring at the closed door. There appeared to be nothing to worry about except that Dale wasn't like most teenaged girls. . .that was an understatement.

Like a perfect young lady, Dale carried his purse delicately in his manicured fingers, his hair, even his skirts gave his date a quick glimpse of the lace hem of his

pretty slip. I could almost *sense* the immediate reaction from Dale's date to his exhibition of absolute femininity.

I could only guess what Dale was going to experience—out on a first date with a boy while dressed as a girl.

Ann whispered to me, "Boy, that doesn't seem safe. Dale looks much too good in that skirt. If that boy has quick hands...."

In a hushed voice, "I feel so sorry for Dale. It's like his mother and girlfriend want him to really know what it means to be a girl."

"Maybe he'll get scared. We will know by tomorrow by the way he acts."

"And by the way he walks, too," I said snidely.

Ann just shook her head at my rudeness. "They are just kids."

"Poor sissy," I sympathized.

Ann said, "Are you kidding? His date is a hunk!."

Tonight, Dale was going to be a girl in every way. The women chatted to each other in both amusement and in satisfaction at the way they saw Eddie escort Dale out to the parking circle for a night out.

They smiled in total approval when they saw Dale's skirts swish and sway as he walked delicately at his date's side.

The evening seemed as a slow swirl for me. I was worried about Dale. Events could happen so fast and uncontrolled that he could end up in the North Shore in a shallow grave. In Honolulu, there was once a drag show called THE GLADES. Every one of the boys there legally had to wear a button that said, "I AM A BOY."

Dale was totally lovely and who knows what could happen in the strong arms of a young man. Could Dale forget he was a boy and tease too much? Could he get into the feeling of being totally and most delightfully feminine?

I waited nervously for Dale to come home, feeling strange in my new role of protecting my niece. Mary and my wife didn't appear at all concerned as the clock ticked toward midnight. They went to bed but I paced restlessly unsure why I was so anxious.

Finally, I looked out and saw Dale and Eddie at the parking turnaround. He opened Dale's car door and they stood there for a minute. Then it happened....

I heard the door open about ten minutes later. It was 12:30 so I went into the living room. It was Dale.

"Is she here?" he said with a desperate tone in his voice.

"Not yet," I said, "Isn't she with you."

"No," he shook his head, "We came home in separate cars. . .they were right behind us."

Then he did what any girl would have to do right after a date. He scurried the bathroom to fix any damage. Dale came out carrying his purse after fixed his makeup and smudged lipstick.

Dale walked over to the window, looking down on to the parking circle. "Uncle Bob, it was horrible. Look at me." Tears were in his eyes as he continued, "What chance do I have of keeping Melanie against that stud Paul." He ran his ruby nailed hands down over his skirted hips. "I don't think she even thinks of me as a guy anymore."



Dale's hair was disheveled and three long ringlets dangled down in his eyes. His lipstick was smeared slightly and I couldn't help but wonder if he had kissed his date goodnight. At least he was home safely but I was still apprehensive. I saw an enticing young damsel who made it harmlessly home but as Dale chatted, I again saw my nephew, nervously clutching his purse in fear that his girlfriend might get seduced.

Spurred on by jealousy, Dale told me of the evening's highlights and low points as he paced back and forth waiting for her arrival. "She was all over him. We all danced but Melanie was rubbing her body against Paul. I wanted to hit him but it sure would have looked silly since Eddie was dancing with me."

"You danced?"

"Yeah," Dale said, "Eddie's a nice guy."

"Did he try to kiss you?" I had to ask.

Dale's eyes dropped. "Melanie said I had to," Dale alluded to the truth as he dropped his head, crossing his legs above the knees and played with the hem of his skirt nervously. Everything about him was feminine, his long painted nails, his scent, his beautifully coiffed hair cascading over his shoulders.

Yes, my nephew sitting there so correctly, his soft bosom prominent in his tight fitting dress had now ALSO been kissed by a boy.

By one o'clock, Dale was totally frantic. "They were right behind us," he kept saying while pacing back and forth in his pretty skirt.

"Maybe they are just saying goodnight?" I offered.

"I said 'goodnight' too," he moistened his rose colored lips seemingly unconcerned about being kissed by a man.

"I'm so sorry for you," I said.

"It wasn't that bad," he said. "They were both nice guys. Maybe they ran out of gas?"

I tried not to think about my nephew being kissed by a man and obviously not resisting...just responding like a girl. He was nearly in tears.

“She’s not worth it...you are acting just like a girl,” I could hear myself say.

Dale unconsciously shook and spat, “She makes me feel like a girl.” He patted his long hair and adjusted a bobby pin with girlish confidence. This immature teenaged boy was faced with being treated like a pretty young woman by his girlfriend.

Dale finally changed out of his dress clothes into a pink and white striped house dress made of a silky material, low shoes and waited for Melanie's return. We watched television but I could tell he was distracted. He took out his nail kit and re-did his perfect nails bright shade of red. The color reflected how he was feeling.

Melanie didn't get home until almost 1:30. Dale was a nervous wreck by that time. I jumped in and scolded her for not calling. She told us that Paul's car had run out of gas and they had to wait for the auto club to bring gas. Dale was still angry but believed her story. . .I was not born yesterday. From the look of Melanie's fresh lipstick, rumpled skirt and lack of nylons, it hadn't been too difficult to conclude that Paul had thoroughly enjoyed the evening. I wondered if Melanie had too.

“I think you two have a few things to talk over,” I told them. Before I went to bed I added, “You two can't have it BOTH ways. Maybe it's time for both of you to decide what you want your relationship to be.” I also made a new rule. . .home by midnight or else.

I felt bad for Dale but I didn't want to get too involved in `teen puppy love'.

The next day I took them both to lunch. I knew there was trouble brewing and I wanted to work it out before it blew.

Melanie sensed my intent and motioned toward Dale.

He had pulled a lipstick out of his purse, carefully smoothing a coat of shiny pink on his lips with his long-nailed fingers. His long sleekly brushed blonde hair framed a sensuous, made-up face with fresh pink lips and big eyes that twinkled until he saw us studying his actions.

“See,” Melanie said callously, “Doesn't he look lovely with his cheeks flushed? You should have seen him dancing with that ‘flush of excitement’ and his eyes closed.”

Dale's cheeks burned when the discussion of what happened the night before was breached. His dark eyes glazed over with humiliation and his head dropped enough so that his golden hair fell forward around his face.

“Look at HER! I need a boyfriend sometimes,” Melanie said crisply gesturing to Dale's well turned ankles and long smooth legs.

Dale folded his arms about his waist and pulled down at the hem of his white striped denim skirt taking his ice tea straw in his pink lips.. His chiffon floral midriff blouse was tied below the prominent girlish swellings which emphasized his sleek waist.

“He even kisses like a girl,” Melanie whispered.

Dale almost choked, his face scarlet. “I do not,” he defended softly. From the appearance of a poised young woman emerged the temperament of a nervous boy, completely bewildered.

“You do,” Melanie continued, “and that's what I love about you. I love your girlish charm, and obvious innocence but you can't be like Paul. I need some male

company this summer too. . .if nothing more than as an escort.

“I can be a boy. . .I'll try!” Dale said, his voice barely a whisper.

The bodice of Dale's blouse was cut low enough so I could see his suntan bikini strap marks and the virgin white of his up-pushed cleavage. Dale un-crossed his smooth tan legs, pressing them together primly. I could see the blood rushing to his cheeks and imagined his heart pounding under his bosom in indignant wrath.

A thin smile appeared on Melanie's lips. “I don't want you to become a boy. . .and I hate jealous, macho boys the most. I love you the way you are and I just want us to have a `normal' girl's summer vacation. That's all.”

I added, “You mean the illusion of a `girl's' summer?” I didn't want Melanie forgetting that Dale was a boy.”

“All of life is an illusion of some kind,” Melanie answered thoughtfully, then added, “Illusions can be very satisfying when one works hard to maintain them.”

Dale's long lashes flashed upward. . .he seemed to know what she was talking about.

They made up quickly and went back to their routine. Beaching, bleaching, shopping and yes, double dating. Several times a week, young men would show up to take the `girls' out on the town. They always came home together (before midnight) and rarely dated the same boys more than twice. I guess they had come to a compromise.

Dale seemed to be accustomed to wearing a dress, carrying a purse, wearing make-up and now even being a boy's companion for an evening.

I didn't realize how comfortable Dale had become until one night at dinner at a beach side restaurant. Both Melanie and Dale looked delightful in their light weight summer dresses.

Dale had a glow about him. He had learned how to always make himself as pretty as possible...an distinctive feminine enjoyment? It was fascinating to see him soften and accentuate his features with cosmetics.

A band was playing and after we had eaten, a young sailor came over and swept Dale away to the harmony of the upbeat music. As the music changed to a slower swing, the dark haired mariner tightened his grip on Dale and moved against him with supple grace.

Melanie had also been asked and soon it seemed that everyone was dancing including Ann and I. I saw the young man whispering in Dale's ear. I only heard the suitor say to Dale, "I must say that the dress you're wearing is quite becoming on you."

Dale's cheeks were rosy as he held his head back, his eyes half closed, spinning around lightly on his high heeled slippers. I had no idea how long they danced, I had long since returned to the table. We watched the 'girls' being whirled and turned by the hearty men that lead them around the dance floor whispering sweet ditties in their ears.

The navy man was a wonderful dancer...masterful yet fluid in his movements. It seemed that Dale melted against him, weak and powerless to do anything but follow what the escort wanted; his short skirt swayed against his smooth calves.

When the music stopped between songs, it was like Dale was too weak to move, resting chest to bosom for a moment until the music started again. Dale every so often would look up at this dark gentleman through fluttering eyelashes and his cheeks flushed hot with misbehavior. Sometimes he looked over to see if I was watching.

After what seemed like hours, Dale began to tire and asked his partner to join our table. His bosom heaved from the previous rock-and-roll dance.

After a minute of small talk, Dale and this mercenary headed hand in hand toward the french doors that lead to the beach where Melanie and her escort had already disappeared.

About fifteen minutes later, I walked out on the balcony to get some air too. Actually I wanted to know what was happening.

I saw the two couples walking in the moonlight along the waters edge. The waves washed over the sand with a soft swishing sound. It all had a dream like appearance. Dale and the seaman were walking behind Melanie and her beau. Dale was bare footed, carrying his heels and stockings, the ripples splashing at the hem of his dress. His hair caught the moonlight and flew free in the wind.

As they approached, I moved into a shadow. I didn't want to intrude but I had to oversee my wards.

From my eclipsed position, I saw the tall stalwart seafarer casually pull Dale into his arms, almost without interest in what he was doing. He swung around Dale, fitting his body against my sissified nephew, one arm wrapped around Dale's supple waist.

In the full moon, I could see the navy man hold his face above Dale's, looking into his eyes. Dale's eyes glistened with amusement as he looked for Melanie. . .It was almost like he wanted Melanie to see him in this position. The sailor's lips curled with a delightful smile and then covered Dale's mouth. It all happened too quickly for Dale to resist but I didn't see any struggle. The seaman's lips began to move firmly over Dale's, who seemed to lose all will to resist. I saw Dale's eyes looking for Melanie and when he saw her looking, his head went back and his eyes closed, giving his lips to the sailor.

It was all beginning to make sense. So that was their game. This was how Dale controlled Melanie. Making her jealous.



Dale was wearing a sky blue linen dress when we took Melanie to the airport. Both 'girls' glowed from the healthy summer and many hours at the beach. They kissed girlishly and Melanie's finger's brushed lightly over the bodice of Dale's blouse.

I heard Melanie softly say to Dale, “Now things will really happen. You just wait and see. Turn around,” she asked, “I want to remember you now and be able to see the changes.”

Dale twirled around and Melanie added, “That skirt hangs wonderfully on you...yes, just right...and the blouse...almost perfect!”

The dubious compliment made Dale's cheeks pink.

Suddenly appeared Paul and Eddie. Melanie had told them she was leaving and they wanted to say goodbye.

At first, Dale seemed hesitant to allowed the guy to kiss hello or goodbye in front of us. But he had told me and I had told his mother and Ann about his goodnight kiss.

Ann had told me, “It’s no big deal. He’s just being a girl.”

I had never been kissed before by a man and I was old. To me it was a big deal. Kissing was meant to drop a girl’s natural protections and make her feel those little feelings of warmth and femininity in her breasts and lower. What was Dale feeling?

And for some unknown reason, Dale did not mind doing girl things. Perhaps it was the effects of the lingerie or perhaps it was looking into the mirror and seeing a girl stare back.

Maybe he needed professional help? He knew more about handling the lace hem of a flirty slip than a football.

His delicate, feminine hands knew how to do hair; rolling, curling, putting it up into a pretty style. His paint tipped fingers knew how to hook a dainty snow white, lace trimmed back-hook bra better than any boy knew unhooking one.

Mary made Ann and I give the “girl’s” some room and we said goodbye and moved down the concourse.

After Melanie left to board the plane, I looked at Dale's pretty face. His finely arched eyebrows were delicate and his long, lashed made-up eyes sparkled from the dainty tears running down his cheeks. His nose was turned up a little over fashionably full pink lips. . .his face had softened over the summer. It had rounded, losing some of it's definite character. He looked so sad.

Several weeks later Dale got a letter from Melanie. Like the many before, he danced around the condo like a small child. When he left the room, this time, I read the letter.

It said:

Dear sweetie,

Hope you are fine. I'll be sending some more of the ITEMS next week and I hope you continue `double up' until I get back. Remember the five days off starting next week. You'll `hate' that time of the month! HA!

I'm bringing my whole wardrobe. . .you'll have many new dresses to wear and we'll drive `em crazy.

It'll be a whole new life for both of us!

Love,

MEL

That night before bedtime, I found Dale just starting to roll his hair and confronted him with my knowledge of the letter. With flushed cheeks he admitted that Melanie planned on moving back to Hawaii and they were going to try to get jobs as Stewardess.

“Uncle Bob,” Dale said softly, “Melanie wants me to stay a girl. We'll be roommates to the world but lovers to each other. I know that sounds weird to you but this is what we both want.”

“Is that what she meant when she said, ‘Now things will really happen?’” I asked.

Dale had an expression on his face I had never seen. He was quiet for a minute trying to decide what to say. It was obvious he was finding all this a great adventure. His hair was held back by a large white hair-clip. He was wearing a nightgown and negligee in a bright rustling blue with a violet flower print. His eyes lit up with excitement. I had never seen him look so charming with his flushed cheeks.

Dale laid down a large pink curler and turned to face me, adjusting the hem of his nightgown over his smooth legs. Untamed golden curls were scattered randomly over his head.

“I guess I can't keep it a secret much longer,” Dale said with a large pink roller askew in his bangs. His enormous eyes looked at me for compassion. I had the acute sensation that something was wrong. Something I should have detected before but didn't.

With nervous fingers, Dale untied the lash of his negligee and slipped it off his shoulders. At first I didn't understand but then my hand flew to my throat. I drew in a deep breath and tried to control myself.

Through the translucent radiance of Dale's night gown were his twin cone-like prominences pressing gently outward. This I was used to seeing. . .but. . .through the shimmering gown I could also see he wasn't wearing a BRASSIERE.

The swellings were from two lifelike breasts. . .his own tender budding bosom. Unmistakably feminine, his own rosy, distended nipples thrust outward. . .trembling slightly as he waited for my response.

My nephew had breasts...not big but indisputable distended nipples sitting on small conical mounds of flesh.

I opened my mouth but realized that anything I said wouldn't change a thing. It was obvious that Melanie had Dale's future in hand.

The next morning, I couldn't help but look at Dale in a new manner. His attention getting feminine style was cool, sassy and naturally female. Even his mother knew Dale wasn't ready yet to give up the 'young lady' dreamlike fantasy he'd been living.



The next morning after Dale had squeezed himself into his favorite bikini and was headed to the beach, I had to say something. The bikini showed a good deal of cleavage. I sat down with his mother to talk to him. . .not as a stern father figure but as a friend.

With out referring to his feminized state, I asked, "What's going on with you?"

"It's just fun, Uncle Bob," Dale admitted. "I like doing girl things and Melanie thinks I'm better suited to be a girl."

"So she's giving you something to feminize you?"

Dale admitted, "I'm taking female hormones for a while to see what they do."

"You know what they'll do. . .you'll grow boobs and a big bottom," I said bluntly. This was not the time to mess around with words.

"I know," Dale said. His mother was just smiling.

"Are you going to have a sex change?"

"Not necessary," he said quietly, "I have everything I need." A flush came to his cheeks. He shook his head, letting his mane of blond hair float around his shoulders. His dress top showed the visible impression of his pert nipples and the cleavage of developing breasts.

"There's more to being a woman than pretty dresses, you know," I said, finding myself preaching. I asked, "What are you going to do with breasts?"

"Hide them, best I can...like all girls," Dale stated adding, "Mother has warned me that isn't always easy."

Mary spoke up, "I told him that if he's going to be my daughter, it's going to have to be one all the time. . .even when he doesn't want to. I expect him to act properly for a girl at all times."

I had to do something. This was too much. Carrying a purse was one thing but I wasn't about to sit by as my nephew developed breasts.

“Having a son with tits is okay with you?” I asked Mary.

“He's becoming my daughter,” Mary said calmly, “I would hope my daughter had a nice figure. Look at him? What kind of man would he make?”

Dale had a short thin body, two large, expressive eyes, prominent cheeks and full lips. He seemed to always pick frilly, girly dresses and she held himself with his shoulders back, proudly accentuating his curves.

“And date boys?” I belittled.

Mary hesitated then replied, “Girls date boys so Dale will have to also. I assume that someday Dale could even have a boyfriend. Most girls do.”

I groaned and turned to Dale, “Do you know what men want when they ask you out?”

Dale smiled, “I assume they hope that someday I'll have their baby.... That's not going to happen.”

AT THE BEACH....

As we walked to the beach club, I watched Dale with the other women walking. What odd feelings and sensations he must have being so naked and feminized in his bikini. His walk in the hot sand was as swishy as any girl. Maybe the first time I'd seen him out of high heels.

His shaved smooth legs and thighs rubbing together and his translucent coverup whipping in the mischievous little breezes. The club's cabana boys had set us up with beach chairs and the women took off their cover-ups. Dale's body was as exposed as any girl. What ever he wore under his bikini bottom was doing it's job. He was male-less where it counted.

As we looked out over Waikiki beach's waves, I couldn't imagine what he felt. It had to be extremely uncomfortable but there he laid; totally and hopelessly nancified, emasculated, visually gelded, seemingly castrated, feminized and pussified.

In the bikini bottom, Dale appeared to have total nothingness between his legs. Not a lump or bump. Dale was now a complete failure as a societal male and comfortable feminized...deserving to live as a female.

After a couple pink drinks, the poor boy went with the women to the ladies room and I was sure he sat when he peed.

Even that was so foreign and bad for a boy. He would hear women gossip and gab about being women. He would hear their problems and emotions and probably about men and their wonderful things.

In the Ladies Room, it was all about being female. Mirrors, stalls, machines, makeup and talk about female empowerment. It wasn't right for him to walk around looking so feminine. What if he got laid for real...by a man...like a real girl. Was that where he was headed?

That would certainly woman him. He had kissed a boy, even I was in shock by what that meant. And taking female hormones, that could make him feel like a real girl more so than ever.

The thought of him having real breasts would suddenly make his dress and lingerie wearing a real practical function. Even now I couldn't imagine him without a bra or bikini top.



Dale was doing everything like a woman.

What was next? Would he wonder and even dream about a wedding dress? A wedding? Other girly stuff like having a baby?

From how feminine Dale had become, he would have no problem finding a man who could overlook a small flaw.

It was then, on the beach, my wife Ann teased Dale, "Oh, you have expensive taste in dresses. You'd better be careful. Some rich guy is going to come along and want you to be his wife!"

"You are going to need to know how to cook," his mother joined in.

He laughed, "Skirts are much cooler. Maybe I'll never go back to pants...but I think I'd prefer having a wife to cook, and sew and do all the wifely duties."

I laughed and motioned to Ann, "Most wives can't even do those things anymore and don't even want to. They shop for pretty clothes and make dinner reservations."

Ann gave me the dirty look I deserved.

Months ago, talking to Dale about taking on wifely duties with a man would have had him cringing in humiliation. But now, his girlfriend had him on estrogen. He had kissed a boy and was looking quite comfortable showing off his body in a bikini.

Months ago we all would have been shocked and mortified at the very thought. Most any boy would have have flashes of anger and rebellion, but not Dale. He seemed excited by the prospect of filling out the cups of a bikini.

Was it simply from his dress wearing? Or was he really becoming like a women? I felt powerless to stop the momentum.

THE END

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