

# CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

## "I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM"

*TERRY'S MOTHER BUYS HIM A DRESS!*



Volume #20

A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION  
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**VOLUME 20**

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THEREFORE I AM”**

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To those who have a fondness excited by beauty and feminine images, for which dangers, self sacrifices, suffering and injustice are born unspoken. Someday you will count them as pleasures.

*TO BE ADDED TO OUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST,*

*WRITE: SANDY THOMAS*

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# I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM

Sara Warren

“Terry?”

I froze at the sound of my mother’s voice. I was usually very attentive to any strange sounds, but I hadn’t heard her come in. I was in shock.

“Is that you? What are you doing?”

I turned slowly to face her. She was standing in the doorway, glowering. I couldn’t figure out where she had come from. She wasn’t supposed to be home so early. Not only that, I hadn’t heard her car pull up, or heard the door open. I wanted to hide, but I couldn’t. “Oh no,” I stammered.

“That’s one of my best dresses you have on! Do you know how much it cost? You’ll could ruin it! Take it off immediately!”

“Yes mother.” What else could I say? I was nearly speechless. Here I was, standing in the middle of the family room, my hair in a few badly rolled curlers, dressed from the skin out in her best clothes. I had been ironing the laundry, one of my chores around the house, while watching my favorite afternoon TV soap opera, when she walked in on me. I carefully set the iron down and turned it off. Then I scurried down the hall to her bedroom, my mother at my heels. She retrieved two wooden hangers from her closet as I struggled with the zipper at the back of the dress.

“Let me help you with that,” she said. “How did you manage to zip it up?”

“It wasn’t easy,” I said as I attempted to remove the dress without wrinkling it. I didn’t want to make her even madder. I kicked off the high heels I was wearing.

I now stood in front of her clad only in a slip and pantyhose, my face blushing bright red. I was so nervous my knees were knocking.

I desperately searched for a REASON I would be dressed in her clothes. I couldn’t think of a single justification.

"Unzip me," she said as she turned her back to me.

I did as she requested and when she had shrugged off own dress she handed me one of the hangers and we both carefully hung the dresses back in the closet. I started to leave for my own room to finish undressing when she sat down on the edge of the bed.

"Sit down here, please," she said as she patted the bed.

I very hesitantly sat down next to her.

"Whose pantyhose are those?" she asked, pointing to my legs.

"Yours. But they're old ones, see?" I held up one leg to show her the run in back. "I was careful not to use your good ones."

"And what's in there?" she wanted to know, gesturing toward my bosom.

"More old pantyhose with lots of runs," I told her.

"How long have you been dressing in my clothes? This has been going on for some time, hasn't it?"

I reddened even more, if that were possible, and didn't say anything. I just looked down at the floor.

"I've seen signs of it for a long time," she went on. "Clothes misplaced, or wrinkled. Missing lingerie would inexplicably show up a week later. Spilled powder on my vanity. Runs in my new pantyhose. Shoes scuffed. As first I thought I was getting absent-minded. Senile, even. But then I started paying closer attention, and eventually I figured out it had to be you. Of course, I couldn't be absolutely, one hundred percent sure until I caught you in the act." She paused. "I considered asking you, but I assumed you'd deny it. Was I right about that?"

"Yes," I mumbled, my gaze still fixed on the floor.

"So today I skipped my usual visit to Grandma and came home instead. Look what I found. . ."

My mother worked as a bookkeeper for a small firm. She supported both of us. My father had walked out on her when I was six months old and neither of us had ever heard from him again. It had been very difficult for her at first, but she had struggled hard to provide us with a decent life. Things were easier now, and we lived fairly comfortably, but we were never more than a couple of paychecks away from the poor house.

Every Wednesday she took off from work a couple of hours early and went to visit her mother, who lived in a nursing home. She would always get home around a



*"I WAS CAUGHT!! Sitting in my mother's dress, my little afternoon amusement was over. I wished that I could die! Mother now knew that her son was a sissy. I couldn't even explain why I was doing this."*

quarter to six on Wednesdays. The other four week days she got home from work about five fifteen. That was her routine. I relied on that routine and made sure I had changed clothes and had everything put away by the time she got home each day. I had been doing this for years. I was a fifteen-year-old boy who had been secretly dressing in his mother's clothes for as long as I could remember.

"You snuck up on me," I said accusingly.

"You're in no position to accuse me of sneaking around. You've been sneaking around behind my back for how long? Years, probably. I just wanted to put an end to all that and get things out in the open."

"Well you sure did that!" Now that my secret was out I felt a strange relief, like a great weight had been lifted off my shoulders. But at the same time I was terribly embarrassed and felt like crying. I certainly enjoyed dressing up in her clothes. I'd been doing it long enough. But I also knew that it wasn't the sort of behavior that society approved of.

I was very careful, although obviously not careful enough, not to get caught. . . until now! I knew that other people, especially the kids in school, would make fun of me if they ever found out and I'd never be able to live it down. I also knew that even my mother would disapprove.

I felt like dying. She looked at me with such an frightful glare. I knew that things would never be the same again between us.

"I don't mind you dressing up, darling," she said gently as she put her arm around me. "If you want to do something, I just want you to be open with me about it. It's not healthy to go sneaking around like you've been doing. It must have made you feel terrible?"

I nodded then realized what she was saying. "You don't mind?" I asked incredulously.

"Oh, it's a shock to see you like that but I really don't mind." She pulled me a little closer and I realized that I was shaking. "Who are you hurting? What you've been doing is okay, but we have to be honest with one another. No sneaking around!"

I couldn't believe what was happening. Here we were, both dressed in slips, sitting on the edge of the bed talking quietly. With her comforting arm around me I felt more like we were mother and daughter rather than mother and son. My eyes welled up and big tears started rolling down my cheeks.

"There, there, don't cry." She picked up a Kleenex from her night table and started blotting the tears. "Your mascara will run."

We both started to laugh. Soon both of us had dark streaks under our eyes from laughing and crying. We hugged each other tightly.

"I'm sorry, mother," I said into her shoulder.

"Don't be sorry, darling," she reassured me. "You know I love you very much."

“And I love you too. I never told you about my dressing up because I figured you’d get mad, or think I was weird or something.”

“I don’t think you’re weird at all. Does it make you feel good?”

“Yeah. Kind of warm and tingly. And peaceful. It’s hard to explain, but it’s like I feel at peace with the world and with myself.”

“That doesn’t sound very weird to me. Sounds pretty good, actually. I think you’re very sweet and kind-hearted. And you’re certainly very helpful around the house. If you want to dress up as a girl, I think you should do so whenever you wish and not hide it.”

She smiled warmly, then looked up at the curlers falling out of my hair. “We simply must do something about your hair, though. Why don’t you sit here at my vanity and I’ll see what I can do.”

I was too bewildered and relieved to argue. I sat down in front of the mirror and soon she had the rollers out and was busy with mousse and comb, styling my shoulder-length hair in an attractive feminine fashion. In a few minutes she handed me a small mirror so that I could turn around and see the back. “How’s that look?”

“Gee, that’s great!” I was still blushing at being seen.

“You’ll have to pay attention and watch me from now on so that you can learn to do it nicely yourself.”

This was all very confusing. I had always been so sure that she would be furious if she ever found out that I liked to dress up as a girl. Now instead I found her encouraging me!

“Why don’t we pick out something pretty for you to wear and then go start dinner?” she suggested.

She led me over to her closet. “These are my work dresses,” she said, pointing to those hanging to one side. “I need to look nice for work and I can’t have you wearing them. Besides, you were doing housework and they’re not appropriate for housework.”

“I know. I just wanted to dress up kind of fancy. I try to be real careful not to get them dirty or wrinkled, especially your really good ones.”

“Whatever the case, in the future please leave them alone, okay?”

“Sure.”

"These are more appropriate for every day wear around the house. Surely you've noticed that when I get home from work the first thing I do is change my dress, right?"

I nodded.

"Why don't you try on this one?" she suggested as she handed me a floral print shirt waist dress.

Daringly I quickly slipped it on, buttoned up the front. "That looks very nice," mother said.

I went to admire myself in the full-length mirror. She picked out another for herself and soon joined me in front of the mirror.

"Now don't WE look nice and comfortable?" she asked.

"Yes," I managed to say, trying to keep the excitement out of my voice.

"And here," she said as she handed me a pair of flats. "These shoes are much more appropriate for around the house than those high heels. Don't your feet get sore after awhile, anyway?"

"Oh, I've never worn them for very long but high heels are so much fun to wear," I insisted.

"Well, you'll now get a chance to see! she laughed kindly, asking, "You really want to be as much of a girl as possible, don't you?"

"Uh huh," I said as I blushed again.

When we went out to the kitchen to start dinner we both put on aprons. I often wore an apron while helping in the kitchen and while doing my chores. Up until now, in my mother's presence I always wore a plain tan one, such as any of the men in our suburban neighborhood might wear while barbecuing in the back yard. Now I picked out the frilliest pink apron we had, with ruffles at the hem and around the bib. My mother just laughed and shook her head.

During dinner she suggested that we might go shopping this weekend for some clothes of my own. She pointed out that her clothes were not appropriate for a girl my age.

"But I don't want to waste our money, mother. What difference does it make if they're not appropriate? It's not like I'm going to go out in public where anyone can see me."

"And why not? Do you expect to stay cooped up in this house forever?"

"But everybody would recognize me and I'd die of embarrassment," I said emphatically.

“With a little help, practice and the right clothes, hairdo and makeup, I’m sure that no one could tell.”

“Oh, but I just couldn’t,” I shuddered at the thought.

“Well, you think about it and we’ll discuss it some more later. If you decide to venture out, we’ll have to get you a bigger wardrobe. . . I know you’d like that!”

After I finished the supper dishes, she asked me if I’d like to take a bubble bath. Silly question.

“Would you set my hair too?”

“Of course dear, if you want me to.”

I sat down at her vanity table. “I want you to watch how I do it so that in the future you can do it yourself.” I watched carefully as she separated each section of hair and wound it around a large plastic roller, finally securing it with a couple of large bobby pins. She did a much neater job than I had ever done. When she was done she carefully placed a pink lace “sleep bonnet” over the curlers. “To keep you pretty,” she told me as she gently patted my head.

“Can I try setting your hair now,” I asked as I admired myself in the mirror.

“I’d love it,” she said sincerely.

It was a lot easier to set her “trained” hair than my own. She watched closely and corrected me a couple of times, but I really had no trouble, and when I was done I was quite proud of my accomplishment.

We agreed that from now on we would each set the other’s hair every night, although mother did point out that it was all in vain in my case, since I had to shampoo out the set every morning before school. I reassured her that that was okay with me. I wanted to enjoy the feminine experience of sleeping in rollers, irregardless. Again she just shook her head and laughed, “Okay, what ever you want.”

While the tub was filling she poured in a generous amount of bubble bath. “This is one of the favorite ways women relax,” she told me.

“Mine too,” I said. When she gave me a questioning look I admitted that I had taken plenty of bubble baths over the years. “Often when you’d go out for the evening, like to dinner at Aunt Susan’s, I’d have fun dressing up and then taking a bubble bath. I just had to be careful not to use too much so that you wouldn’t notice any was missing.”

"I did notice, though," she said. "At least once in awhile. I just didn't say anything."

"Oh."

I felt very feminine as I slipped into the warm, perfumed water, surrounded by luxurious bubbles. Alone in the tub, I tried to make sense of what was happening. I couldn't understand mother's serene and kind reaction to discovering me wearing her clothes. Not that I wasn't delighted just surprised.

It just was not at all what I expected. I had always assumed that she would hit the ceiling if she ever found out. Unable to figure it out after awhile, I decided not to question my good fortune but instead to just enjoy it.

After awhile there was a knock on the door and mother came in with one of her nightgowns, a robe, and slippers. "I thought you might want to sleep in this tonight," she smiled. "I think you'll enjoy it more than your old pajamas."

"Really?" I replied. "Gee, thanks, you know I appreciate you trying to understand."

"That's okay," she said kindly. "I enjoy my femininity and I don't see why you can't enjoy feminine things too. I only wish we had talked about it sooner. Now we'll just have to make up for lost time."

I couldn't concentrate on anything at school the next day. All I could think about was the feminine finery waiting for me at home. I looked at girls in my class and speculated on what dress I would be wearing. It seemed like the final bell would never ring.

When I finally got home I found that mother had left a complete outfit laid out for me on my bed. She hadn't forgot anything.

I shivered with pleasure as I pulled the silken pink panties up snugly around my waist. After slipping my arms through the matching bra, I reached around and hooked it closed. Only after filling the cups with padding did I turn to admire myself in the mirror. With my slim build and long hair, I could see the image of a teenage girl looking back at me.

I tried to remember every hint mother had given me the night before. . . I wanted to be perfect. I carefully adjusted the bra straps, then pulled the nylon slip over my head. The cool smooth fabric felt good against my skin.

Finally I stepped into the same floral print dress that I had worn the night before. I had hoped for something different but it was already beginning to feel like "my" dress.

Mother had left a few cosmetics on my bureau. After carefully applying some lipstick, I picked up the mascara. I twirled the stick around inside the tube just as I had seen my mother do so many times. Then I carefully brushed my lashes, trying not to smear the brown goo all over my eyes.

I did what I thought was a satisfactory job. I didn't know that much about makeup, so I decided to quit while I was ahead. I was afraid that if I overdid it I'd end up looking like a clown and mother would laugh at me. Despite her assurances of last night, I was still sure that she didn't want an effeminate son and probably would soon forbid me to dress up anymore. I couldn't let that happen.

As it turned out, my fears were unfounded. I was in the living room dusting furniture when she walked in with several large shopping bags from one of the downtown department stores.

"I did some shopping for you on my lunch hour," she said excitedly. "I can't wait to show you what I bought."

We sat down on the sofa and she handed me a large box.

"For me?"

"Open it," she encouraged me with a smile.

I tried to be casual as I opened the box. Pushing aside the tissue paper I found a beautiful navy blue jumper.

"Is this really mine?" I asked again incredulously.

"It's all for you, darling," she replied, gesturing towards her other purchases. "You should have some clothes of your own. I don't want you borrowing mine all the time. Besides, my things aren't really appropriate. I thought you might want to wear something more fashionable and suitable for a girl your age. Do you like the jumper?"

"It's gorgeous," I told her sincerely, a bit embarrassed by my own enthusiasm for a girl's outfit. I added, "Lots of the girls at school wear them."

"Oh good. I'm glad you like it. I wasn't sure how your tastes run. I guess I'll learn as time goes on. Open this next. It goes with the jumper."

Inside was a white cotton blouse with puff sleeves and delicate, understated lace trim on the collar and cuffs. I was speechless.

Mother handed me another box. She had also bought me a matching bra and panty set, a camisole and half-slip, several packages of hair rollers and bobby pins along with a colorful flowered bag to keep them in, and a long pink nightgown with lots of ruffles and lace. I was ready to swoon. It was obvious by now that mother not only tolerated my desire to dress like a girl, but she had to realize that she was actually encouraging me!

She reached behind her and picked up the last package. "We mustn't forget this," she smiled as she opened it. "Most young girls aren't as well endowed as they'd like to be. In your case I think we need to give nature a little boost. I hope you don't mind?" Inside the box were a pair of very realistic breast forms. "I think these will do very nicely."

"Mind? Oh, thank you so much for everything, mother," I cried as I leaned over and hugged her. "I was afraid you might have changed your mind from last night."

"Oh my darling. I can see how much this means to you, how happy it makes you. I'm not going to change my mind, you can be sure of that. I've always wanted a daughter, you know, and now you've given me that chance. I think that this is an opportunity we'll both benefit from. I'm just so glad that's it's finally out in the open."

"Me too," I replied. "I just never imagined it would work out like this."

"This is only the beginning, my dear," she said with a knowing look. "I don't know how far you want to go with this but you're only taking the first step on the road to femininity. You've got a long way to go. I'll be there to help you any way I can."

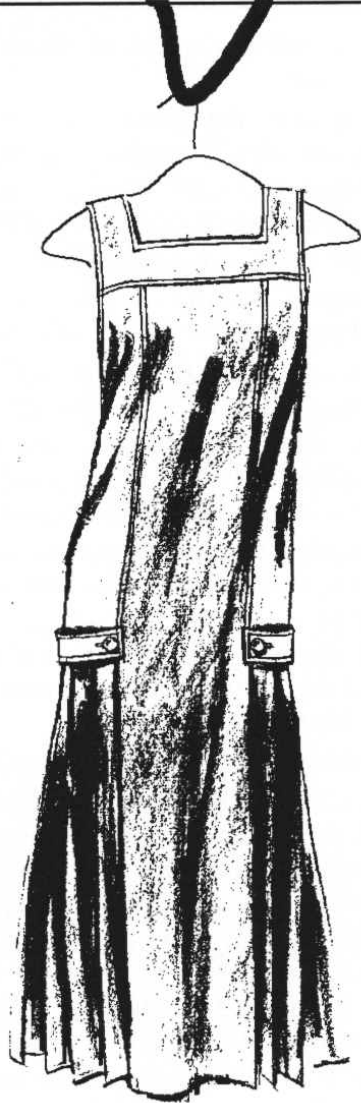
At the time, I had no idea of the importance of her words.

Mother insisted that I try on my new clothes right away. She helped me gather everything up and carry it to my room. I thought that she would leave me alone to change, but she stayed right there. When she insisted that I try on the new panties to see if they fit, she saw me hesitate to completely disrobe in front of her.

"Don't be embarrassed, darling," she told me. "It's just us girls here." Still, I turned my back to her while changing my lingerie. I quickly pulled on the panties and bra. Then I stepped into the half-slip. I was becoming excited and I was afraid she might notice.



THERE IT WAS! MY FIRST DRESS! IT WAS A LOOSE FITTING JUMPER WITH A SKIRT THAT WAS BELOW THE KNEE AND MADE OF A SILK-LIKE BROADCLOTH. I WAS BOTH A BIT ASHAMED AND VERY EXCITED!



If she did, she didn't say anything as she carefully placed the breast forms into the cups of my bra. They felt much heavier than the old nylons I had been using.

"These have the proper weight and texture of real breasts," she explained as she adjusted my bra straps. "And notice how I'm lengthening the straps so that they hang lower. The next time you go out take a good look at women's breasts. Yesterday I noticed that you were wearing yours too high. That's an immediate giveaway that they're false."

"I never thought of that," I told her as I saw my new silhouette.

"I know, my dear. There's so many things for you to learn, but don't worry. I'm willing to teach you as much as you want to know about being a girl but it won't all be so easy. You'll tell me if we go too far?"

"Too far?" I questioned.

"Yeah," mother said, "Like your new breasts. You really should wear them all the time. . .except for school."

My heart began to pound. I asked, "Even to bed?"

"That's the only way you'll feel like they are really part of you. Having breasts will not only fill out your tops but effect the way you walk and move. I assume that you do want to learn how to do that too?"

I nodded and agreed to wear the breasts. I was in no position to even debate the issue!

After helping me adjust the camisole, she suggested that I shampoo my hair so that she could set it. "I want to try out some different hair styles on you to see what looks best. How about it?"

"Sure thing," I replied eagerly.

In the kitchen I bent over the sink and used the sprayer to wet my hair, just as I'd seen her do so many times. "This is much more convenient than having to take a shower whenever you need to shampoo," she explained.

After shampooing and rinsing thoroughly, I worked the conditioner through my hair and then rinsed again. When I was done she showed me how to wrap the towel turban-like around my head to soak up the excess water.

Back in her room she handed me a pretty flowered kimono to wear and had me sit at her vanity table while she combed out my fresh smelling tresses.

I reveled in the sight of myself as mother sprayed setting lotion on each section of hair, then quickly rolled it onto a plastic curler and fastened it with a couple of pins.

"You're going to have to learn how to do this yourself like any young lady," she told me. "I'm happy to do this now, but there'll be lots of times when you'll need to do it yourself."

She was soon done, and after tying a net over the curlers she carefully placed the bonnet of her hair dryer over my head and turned it on. As I sat there enjoying the soothing flow of warm air on my head, she handed me a

recent copy of one of her fashion magazines, and then left the room to start preparing dinner.

Before she left she said, "We'll have to subscribe to some teen fashion magazines. These are a little old for you."

I couldn't concentrate on the magazine. My eyes kept wandering back to the image in the mirror. I still couldn't believe my luck. Everything was happening so quickly. I was afraid to pinch myself for fear that I'd wake up from this dream.

After awhile mother came back to see if my hair was dry. It was. Since dinner was ready she suggested that we eat first before doing my makeup and comb out. She was now treating me as if I were really her daughter and that helped put me at ease.

It felt completely natural to be sitting at the table the eating dinner, dressed in lingerie and a kimono, with my hair in curlers. It was a light meal, soup and a salad. "We girls have to watch our figures," she told me. I also got my first lesson on how to eat like a lady. "Don't gulp your food down, dear. Take small bites and chew them slowly and carefully."

After we finished I did the dishes and cleaned up the kitchen. It might sound funny, but I enjoyed doing these girlish tasks. When I was done, I followed her back to her room and again sat down at the vanity. "We'll do your face first before we do your hair," she said. "Your complexion is very soft and smooth. Other girls will be envious. Since you want to keep it that way, you should always apply a moisturizer first before putting on any makeup." She showed me how to put a few drops on my finger tips and then gently massage it into my skin.

"Now we'll start with a sheer foundation. Fortunately you don't have any blemishes to cover up. This is very light and it will just enhance the already smooth texture of your face. It's a good thing you don't need to shave yet. Hmm, I wonder if there's anything we can do about that. I'll have to ask around," she said to herself as she used a slightly moistened sponge to smooth out the foundation.

Next she picked up a pair of tweezers and began to shape my eyebrows. It stung every time she pulled out a hair, but I didn't care. By now I really felt like a girl and this was just one more experience that girls and now I would have to go through to look pretty.

Each sting only validated my own emerging femininity. When she was finally satisfied with the shape of my brows,

she took a pencil and filled them in. Next she carefully outlined my eyes with another pencil and then brushed my upper lids with eye shadow.

After applying mascara to my lashes, she showed me how to use blush to accent my cheekbones. Then she let me show her how I could do my own lipstick. Finally she took a fluffy brush and dusted a light coating of powder over my face to set everything.

Next she turned her attention to my hair. After carefully removing each roller she back-combed and teased it into a halo of delicious curls. When I turned to the mirror again I couldn't believe my eyes. I no longer even faintly resembled the mediocre image I was used to seeing. Instead I saw a pretty, perfectly feminine girl staring back at me.

"What do you think?" she asked.

"Is that really me?"

She laughed. "Of course it is. Only now you're doing EVERYTHING that a cute teenage girl does. See what a difference the eyebrows make?"

"Gee, this sure is different. . .and a lot of work!"

"I think it's very becoming of you. Why don't you finish dressing and complete the picture?"

I quickly slipped on the blouse. As she helped me button it up, I mentioned that the buttons were on the wrong side.

Again she laughed. "No, silly. They're on the right side. That's just one more little thing you'll get used to dealing with."

She then showed me how to roll up the legs of the pantyhose and carefully pull them on with snagging them. After helping me into the jumper she got a pair of flats for me to step into. I gasped as I stepped in front of the full-length mirror.

I had never looked like this before. I gasp, "I really do look like a girl, don't I mother?"

"Yes you do, sweetheart," she replied as tears welled up in her eyes.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing darling. I guess I'm just getting a little emotional. . .you seem so happy." She stood next to me and put her arm around me. I was struck by our resemblance.

"We look like a mother and daughter," I said.

“Well, I am a mother and you are learning to be a daughter,” she smiled.

I was entranced with the image of the girl I saw. Mother beamed as she stood next to me, admiring her handiwork.

“Remember what I said? I don’t think you’d have any trouble passing as a girl,” she observed.

I had to admit she was right. My slim frame and short stature, definite drawbacks to my life as a boy, now served me well.

My initial hesitation about going out in public didn’t vanish entirely when I saw my reflection in the mirror. It all seemed so unreal and unbelievable. Could I really go outside dressed like a girl? Mother thought I could.

The concept that I could go outside like this was both thrilling and frightening. Through all this, mother never questioned why I wanted to dress and now attempt passing for a female in society. I’m glad she didn’t ask because I was now aware a reason. . . it just felt right.

In preparation for an outing, I spent the rest of that evening and all of the next learning the basics of how to walk, talk, sit, and generally act like a girl. I learned to smooth my skirt behind me as I sat down, keep my knees together while sitting, and walk with a slight, not exaggerated wiggle of the hips.

High heels helped a lot to modify my gait. My feet ached, but I loved them. Mother coached, “Keep your back straight and your chest out,” as I walked across the room with a book balanced on my head. I even learned how to balance the book while bending at the knees to pick something up off the floor.

As I practiced speaking in a feminine manner, mother pointed out how lucky I was that my voice hadn’t started to change. I learned how to add a slight questioning lilt to the end of factual statements. I also learned to use hand gestures to punctuate what I was saying. Mother kept a close eye on me, never hesitating to correct any flaws, and just as importantly, praising me when I did well. She encouraged and reinforced my feminine self-esteem as we worked to eradicate any lingering male mannerisms.

She was a good teacher. For instance, after wearing a brassiere and sporting a girlish bosom all hours except those at school, mother stated, “See! Look how you are carrying your arms bent at the elbows. . . just like the girls!”

As was now our routine, we had set each other's hair Friday evening. On Saturday morning, however, I didn't have to jump in the shower and wash out the set. I felt so unboyish as I wandered about the house after breakfast, dressed in nightgown and matching robe, my hair still in curlers. It only reinforced my feelings to see my mother dressed the same way. If I were a real girl, this is what I'd look like every morning, I told myself. I was learning so much so quickly. . .and those little girlish skills were becoming so instinctive. The thought sent chills up and down my spine.

Ready or not, today was to be the day. I had nothing to gain and everything to lose. I was happy at home, why did mother encourage me to venture out.

Around eleven o'clock we started to get ready. On my bed she laid out my lingerie: a matching floral print bra and panty set, pantyhose, and a lace-trimmed full slip. My heart skipped every other beat as I lovingly donned these most intimate of feminine apparel.

Returning to mother's room, I sat at her vanity and carefully put on my makeup under her watchful eye. Then she unrolled my hair and again fashioned a most delightful feminine hairdo for me. The setting lotion she had sprayed on my hair the night before guaranteed that the lovely curls surrounding my face would keep their shape all day long.

After carefully putting on the blouse and jumper, I stepped into the low-heeled pumps she picked out for me and I was ready to meet the world! Was the world ready for me?

We were about to walk out the door when mother suddenly stopped, a look of concern on her face.

"We need a name for you," she said. "Terrance is not a very appropriate name for a pretty young lady such as yourself."

"Everyone calls me Terry," I reminded her. "How about Terri, with an 'i'?" I was now eager to get going and I didn't want to spend a lot of time learning an entirely new name.

"Terri, short for Teresa?"

"That's it."

"Okay. Are you ready to show off what you've learned?"

The butterflies in my stomach told the truth about what I was feeling. I asked mother, "Are you sure I'm ready for this?"

“Oh poo, we’re going to have fun! You’ll learn as we go. Besides, I’ve been looking forward to going shopping with my daughter.” Mother was obviously enjoying this as much as I was. She added, “Don’t you want some new dresses?”

Realistically, I was concerned about the neighbors spotting me, so I got in the car while it was still parked in the garage. While I was pretty confident I could pass, I didn’t want the neighbors speculating about the girl with my mother.

Once we got on the road I started to relax. We chatted about what sorts of clothes I needed to buy. She had given me one of her purses before we left the house. I held it in my lap and played with it as she drove. We had decided to go to the mall in Rawley, a couple of towns away, so that we wouldn’t have to worry about running into anyone we knew.

I got nervous all over again as she parked the car and we prepared to get out. I followed her instructions and carefully turned to put my feet on the ground before stepping out of the car. My knees knocked as we walked toward the mall entrance, but mother kept reassuring me that everything would be fine.

The first sign of that was at the main door to the mall. As I reached out to open it a man came up to us and held the door open. “Allow me, ladies,” he said with a smile.

My heart leaped as I murmured, “Thank you.” I had passed my first small test! We stopped just inside the door and I looked around unsure where to begin.

Then mother took me by the arm and led me into a jewelry store.

“I thought we were going clothes shopping,” I reminded her.

“We need to do something first.” She leaned over and whispered, “We need to get your ears pierced.”

“What! But everyone in school will notice,” I moaned.

“So what. Lots of boys have their ears pierced these days,” she said in a low voice so that no one could overhear us.

“Yeah, but only one,” I pointed out.

“Not any more,” she insisted. “I’ve seen lots of boys with earrings in both ears. Besides, isn’t it supposed to mean something if you only do one ear? I thought there some

great significance attached to having either one ear or the other pierced."

"Yeah there is, but I can't remember how it goes."

"See, you can avoid the whole problem by piercing both. Besides, think of all the wonderfully feminine earrings you can wear once they're healed."

Mother was no fool. She knew just which buttons to push. Within minutes I was seated on a stool as the clerk marked both of my ears with a soft pencil.

"Now just sit still and relax dear," she said gently as she loaded a stud into the gun. "This won't hurt a bit."

"POP." She moved to the other ear. "POP" again. The clerk handed me a mirror. "Don't you look sweet," she said. "Now your boy friend can buy you earrings for your birthday!"

Mother smiled in amusement as I blushed a deep red.

"Those earrings do complete the picture," she told me a few minutes later as we strolled through the mall. Every girl I saw had pierced ears and now I did too.

"Mom, I'm sorry I argued with you. I really love them."

She smiled as we turned a corner and came upon a beauty shop. "How would you like a manicure?" she asked. I shivered at the thought. I'd never been inside a beauty shop before, although they had been a source of endless fascination for me.

"Sure," I almost shouted.

"Calm down," mother chided me. "You're supposed to be acting like a proper young lady, remember?"

I had to struggle to keep from gaping like an idiot as we walked in. At the front was the receptionist's desk and a small waiting area. Beyond, along both walls were the beauticians' stations. It was a busy day and most of the chairs were occupied. In the back a couple of manicurists were busy with their own clients. There wasn't a man in the place. This was truly a women's sanctuary, and I was being allowed in. I felt like I was in heaven!

The receptionist said that someone would be able to help us in about fifteen minutes and suggested we have a seat. I grabbed copy of a girl's magazine and sat down next to an older, gray-haired woman. She put down her magazine and smiled warmly at me as I smoothed my dress and sat down.

"It's so nice to see a young lady in a dress," she said to me. "There are too many girls in pants these days, and

they often look so sloppy. You look very pretty in that jumper."

"Why thank you! I wear a dress whenever I can," I told her truthfully. "And I always try to be neat."

"Your mother must be very proud of you," she commented.

Sitting across from us, mother heard the whole exchange. She smiled and winked at me.

My new friend and I chatted about girlish things before she asked if I had a boyfriend. I blushed and shook my head as mother giggled to herself.

"Don't worry, you will," the lady said and went back to reading her magazine and I just gazed out at the action in the shop. I watched as one of the beauticians rolled a woman's hair on small perm rods. Another woman's hair was wound on large rollers and still a third on long, thin flexible rods that I later learned were for spiral curls.

Curling irons, scissors and blow dryers, brushes, combs, and sprays held my rapt attention while I waited to have my nails done. I was surprised at how comfortable I felt in this feminine refuge, like I belonged here.

When the receptionist called my name, mother accompanied me to the manicurist's desk. "My daughter Terri is here for her first professional manicure," she told the woman. "Perhaps you can give her some tips on proper care for her hands and nails."

"I'd be happy to," the young woman said. "Have a seat honey, and we'll start by soaking your nails." She directed me to put the tips of my fingers in a tray of soapy water while she rearranged some of the things on her desk.

After a few minutes of soaking she took my left hand and began to push back the cuticles with a pencil shaped stick. With a small pair of scissors she trimmed off the excess cuticles, then took a large emery board and began to round off the ends of my nails.

My nails were not very long, however they were longer than the average boy's nails, so she did have something to work with. When she was done with that hand she took up the other one. As she worked she explained what she was doing and why. She admonished me to always keep my nails clean and to rub lotion on my hands daily to prevent dry skin.

"You have wonderfully soft hands now," she told me. "But in a few years they'll start to look dry and splotchy if

you don't take care of them. Men notice all kinds of things, including a woman's hands. It's hard enough to keep them happy, without having to have to listen to them complain about how your hands look. Especially since the main reason your hands get so rough and red looking is from all the housework you have to do because the inconsiderate clown is always making a mess and never offers to help you clean up."

She sounded like she was speaking from experience. "I hope that never happens to me," I said.

"I hope it doesn't either, honey. Believe me, sometimes I think I'd be better off living alone. Not only does he expect me to do all the cooking and cleaning, but he's no Romeo either, if you get what I mean."

I nodded, unsure of what, if anything, I should say.

"His idea of foreplay is to wave his thing in my face," she rolled her eyes as I blushed a deep red. She noticed and apologized, "I'm sorry, honey. I didn't mean to embarrass you. I guess I'm just getting fed up."

"Maybe you should leave," I volunteered.

"Maybe I will," she said emphatically. She was now done filing and trimming. "What color would you like?" she gestured to the rack on her desk. I picked out a deep coral that matched some of the flowers on my blouse.

"Good choice," she said approvingly. First she applied a base coat, then two coats of color, and finished up with a top coat of clear polish. When she was done I held my hands out and stared at them. They were beautiful, like a model's hands. I couldn't keep my eyes off them.

Mother complimented me when I returned to the front of the shop. "Your hands have never looked lovelier, Terri. That color is perfect. Did you enjoy your first manicure?"

I kept my eyes on my outstretched hands as I smiled and nodded. I decided not to tell her all about my conversation with the manicurist.

Back out in the mall, we headed for one of the large department stores. I noticed two boys hanging out in front of a record store. One of them spotted me and I saw him jab the other in the ribs and say something to him. As the other boy glanced at me I started to panic, thinking that they had seen through my disguise. But it quickly became evident that the looks they gave me were of adoration, not mockery. I tried to keep my eyes straight ahead. Mother noticed them too.

"Looks like you've got a couple of admirers," she commented.

"Just ignore them please, mother."

"I would consider it a compliment, if I were you," she said in a low voice. "After all, you want to dress like a girl, and experience girlish things. You do make a very pretty girl, and pretty girls just naturally attract boys. It's something you're going to have to get used to."

I stopped in my tracks. "Are you suggesting that I start going out on dates, or something?" I asked incredulously.

"Not so loud," she cautioned. "I'm just pointing out that learning to deal with boys is an experience that all girls must go through. I think it's something that you haven't even considered. Am I right?"

"As usual," I sighed. "And I don't think I want to talk about it right now." The conversation with the manicurist was too fresh in my mind.

"Fine," she said and we continued walking. I felt the eyes of many boys "checking me out" and it gave me an unexpected satisfaction.

Though I would never admit it to her, I was actually quite pleased to have attracted the boys' attention. Not that I was interested in boys, or anything like that. Instead, I viewed it as yet another confirmation of my girlishness. I found myself looking forward to more such encounters.

Mother had taken my measurements before we left the house and thus had a good idea of what sizes we were looking for. She suggested we start with lingerie. I was thrilled as we strolled into the "Intimate Wear" department, surrounded by racks and racks of delicate, lacy bras and panties, camisoles and slips. We stopped at the brassiere display.

"What do you think?" mother asked, holding up a white, lace-trimmed underwire bra.

"I'm afraid I don't know enough about sizes and styles to decide," I admitted. "Left to myself, I'd probably just pick out the laciest, prettiest ones. I like those with the floral prints."

"I know my daughter wants to wear only the frilliest, most feminine of everything, but we must be practical too. Your 'special' bosom needs the support of a good underwire bra. We want to get the right size so you'll feel comfortable and help mold what's there up correctly."

"UP?"

Mother giggled and whispered, "I suspect that wearing the right bra will cause some change to your chest. . .we might as well go for it. Besides, there's nothing more irritating than the wrong size bra, believe me."

She picked out several bras while I inspected the panties. I had several in hand when she showed up at my elbow.

"And who are you planning to impress with this little concoction?" she wanted to know as she inspected a pair I had picked out. It was a hot pink silk, high-cut bikini with plenty of lace. The material was so delicate you could see through it.

"These might be okay for a hot date, but right now we're more concerned with every day wear. How about some of these?" She led me over to a rack filled with regular panties.

"How many do you want?" mother asked.

"I don't know," I said thumbing through a rack of colorful brief style panties. "Can we afford three or four?" I asked.

Mother laughed, "Three or four? If you're serious about your girlish desires, and I think you are, then we're going to need a whole wardrobe. No more borrowing my things. Okay?"

"Yeah, sure. I was just asking." We picked out about a dozen pairs, in a variety of pastel colors. "I don't want to over do all this."

"I know dear, don't worry. I'm having fun too, you know. I've always wanted to have a daughter. Now that I do, I want to enjoy shopping with her. You might say I'm trying to make up for lost time. Is that okay?"

"It sure is!" I grinned.

From panties, we moved on to "foundations."

"You'll need a couple of panty girdles to keep that unsightly bulge of yours under control," she whispered as I reddened again. I let her decide which were most appropriate for my "need."

I found the most delightful, frothy, pale pink baby doll pajamas in the nightgown section. "Oh mother, could I?" I asked as I held them up for inspection. Lace trimmed ruffles ran around the hem and yoke. The matching panties were also trimmed lavishly with ruffles and lace. I had always dreamed of owning baby dolls just like this.

Mother saw the look in my eye and we ended up getting two, the pink one and its twin in lavender. I also got to pick out a robe and fuzzy slippers.

In the juniors department we picked out skirts and blouses, and a couple of sweaters. Mix and match, mother instructed me. I realized that I had a lot to learn about fashion and color coordination.

We stopped for lunch at a sandwich shop that had tables and chairs arranged behind a low wall so that we could watch the other shoppers. Mother had me point out outfits on other girls my age and we discussed if they would be right for me.

At mother's suggestion, we both had the diet plate. "We girls are always counting our calories," she reminded me again. I was careful to take small bites and pause in between mouthfuls. I also had to be careful to lean over the table as I lifted a fork full of food, so as not to spill anything on the rounded shelf that now projected from my chest. After we finished eating I followed mother's example and fished a compact out of my purse and reapplied my lipstick. Each of these new experiences delighted me no end.

While mother was gone to refill her coffee cup, I noticed a cute teenage boy eyeing me from across the way. Having gotten over my initial fear, he smiled and I instinctively smiled back at him.

I immediately realized my mistake when he smiled again and started to approach the table. Fortunately mother returned just in time. I saw a look of disappointment cross his face as he turned away when he saw her.

In the shoe store we picked out several pairs of flats and one pair of two inch pumps. "Don't worry, we'll get you some higher heels too. High heels are fine for certain occasions," mother pointed out, "but you want flats for every day wear. A girl your age would stand out as really odd if she wore stiletto heels all the time." I reluctantly agreed.

We really loaded up at the cosmetics counter. Eye shadows, mascara, blushers, half a dozen lipsticks, loose powder, eye brow pencils and tweezers. "Smell this," she said as she sprayed my wrist with perfume. "Isn't it divine?" We took home a bottle, along with dusting powder and, of course, more bubble bath.

We could hardly manage to carry everything out to the car. I was overwhelmed. All the way home I chattered on

about my first public experience as a girl. I had found it thrilling and admitted that I looked forward to more such outings.

“Thank you so much for a wonderful day, mother.”

She smiled warmly at me. “See what honesty does?”

By the time we got home we were both exhausted from our shopping expedition. After a light supper we set each other's hair and then I soaked for an hour in a fragrant bubble bath. After I got out and dried myself off, I powdered myself with dusting powder and then slipped on my new pink baby doll pajamas. Then I kissed mother good night and retired to bed, where I lay with my curler-covered head resting on the pillow, marveling at my wonderful day and anticipated my new life.

During the following weeks I fell into a very pleasant routine. Each afternoon I would rush home from school, quickly change clothes, style my hair with a little mousse, and make up my face. Then I would straighten up the house, and start my homework.

Depending on what was planned for dinner, some times I would pop something in the oven before mother arrived home. Otherwise, I would help her prepare whatever we were having. After dinner I would do the dishes and clean up the kitchen, then finish my homework. Afterwards I would change into my baby dolls, cream the makeup off my face, then mother and I would take turns setting each other's hair while we watched television. It was a comfortable, satisfying pattern.

We were casually chatting during supper one Friday evening when mother mentioned that her sister Susan had called her at work and invited us over to her house the next day. Susan lived in a large old Victorian in the town of Newton, about a hour's drive from our house. When she and her husband had bought the four bedroom house it was run down and in great disrepair. They spent the next five years and thousands of dollars restoring it.

Then one day Uncle Jack keeled over from a heart attack. Fortunately they had mortgage insurance, so the house was now hers free and clear. On top of that, between his life insurance and the money she got from selling his business, she was able to live quite comfortably. She had

grown so attached to the house while fixing it up that she couldn't bear to part with it, although she sometimes complained of being lonely, knocking about in the huge old place all by herself.

She had no children and had always doted on me, almost to the point of spoiling me. Needless to say I was very fond of her. I told mother that I looked forward to seeing Aunt Susan again. She always called me her "little man."

"And she can't wait to see you. . .in one of your new dresses," mother said with a big grin on her face.

"What!" I dropped the fork on my plate, sending a big glob of mashed potatoes down the front of my dress. "You told. . .Mother! How could you?" I felt betrayed.

"Honesty, remember? I couldn't very well keep it from her," she said as she reached over with her napkin to clean me off. "After all she's my sister. And besides, she was fascinated with the news, as I knew she would be. She thinks it's intriguing that you want to be a girl. She's so curious, she can hardly wait to see you. You wouldn't want to disappoint her, would you?"

"She thinks it okay?" I asked incredulously.

"She said it's the most entertaining news she's heard in years."

Despite mother's reassurances, I was still extremely nervous as we stood on Aunt Susan's porch. I was wearing my new mid-calf length floral-print dress. It was one of my favorites, with short puff sleeves and a vee neck. It had delicate lace trim on the sleeves and the hem. I had taken special care with my hair and makeup since I wanted to look my best.

Aunt Susan had a big grin on her face when she opened the door. "I'm delighted to see you both." then turning to me, she gasp, "Oh my, don't you look lovely! I obviously can't call you my 'little man' anymore! I understand you want to be called Teresa now?"

I blushed and nodded shyly. I looked for any sign of disapproval and saw none.

"I just love your dress. Did you pick it out yourself?" She gave me a sideways faux kiss on the cheek, the way women do so that they don't mess up their faces, and then a big hug. "Relax dear, you look marvelous in a dress," she said then whispered in my ear, "All that matters is that

you are happy, darling! If wearing skirts makes you happy then we must do all we can to keep you in them.”

Again I was surprised that she didn't want to know WHY I liked to dress like this.

She led us into the parlor, an elegant room filled with turn-of-the-century antiques. I was still extremely nervous. Aunt Susan nodded approvingly as I carefully smoothed my dress behind me as I sat down. After she served us the tea and cookies that she had laid out, she and mother caught each other up on the latest news and gossip.

For a while, no one said another word about the way I was dressed. Occasionally one or the other would ask my opinion about something. I began to relax and soon I felt very natural and comfortable to be sitting there in a dress just like my mother and aunt.

Later Aunt Susan took us out in the back yard to show us her flower garden. At her suggestion, I picked some flowers that I then arranged in a vase and set on the dining room table. “You are so sweet. . .for our supper table tonight?” she asked approvingly.

We also went upstairs to inspect the last of the renovations that had just been completed. After Uncle Jack died she had resolved to finish the job the two of them had started. Now that it was finally done, she looked a little wistful as she showed us around. I wondered what she would do with herself now that she no longer had the house to work on.

“Maybe I'll sell it,” she muttered. “it's just too big for me.” Both mother and I renounced that idea.

After a delicious supper the three of us pitched in and short order cleaned up the dinning room table and the kitchen. After stacking everything in the dishwasher, we sat down again in the parlor. As I sat musing about the wonderful day I'd had as “one of the girls”, Aunt Susan spoke up.

“As you two know, I've spent the last couple of years refurbishing this house. It's been just what I needed to keep me occupied since Jack died. However, the job's done now and I find myself alone in this huge house. It can get very lonely here at night, as you can imagine.”

Mother and I both nodded sympathetically.

She went on, “I've been giving this some thought for awhile now, but seeing 'Teresa' helped me make up my

mind." She turned toward me and smiled warmly. "I would like it very much if my sister and you moved in with me."

Then she added the kicker, "And you could wear your little dresses all the time! You could be my niece!"

I just sat there with my mouth hanging open, unable to respond. Mother was quicker than I. "Well that's very sweet of you, Susan, but we're going to have to give this some thought, especially about full-time girlhood for my son. I really don't think he's ready to make that sort of commitment. That sounds awfully permanent."

"Nonsense. You told me he's only a boy for school now," Aunt Susan replied. "Look at your lovely child. He was born to be a girl, I don't care what his birth certificate says. I bet this sort of thing happens all the time. Besides, it's not up to us, anyway."

Turning to me, she asked, "Darling, how would you like to come live here? You won't ever have to wear boy's clothes."

My heart was firmly lodged in my throat. I had trouble forming the words. "That sounds like fun and I think I would love it. But what about school? I couldn't wear dresses to school too?"

"Of course you could," she replied. "You would be only known as a girl here. We're in another county school district here. You could transfer. As far as your records are concerned, your uncle Jack once introduced me to one of his more, how shall I say it, colorful acquaintances. The man is an expert at altering documents. Actually, he's a forger. . ."

"Susan!" mother interjected.

"We're not really cheating. . . just making a little change to avoid embarrassment. I'm sure he could easily make the necessary changes to enable Teresa to attend our local high school without any problems. Any other questions?"

Mother turned to me and said, "I hope you realize how important this question is? No more boy things, a new school, new friends, a new life! This is a big decision."

I had regained the ability to speak. "Oh, mother," I stammered, playing with the hem of my short skirt. "I can't imagine what it would be like to not have to switch back and forth for school."

My aunt turned to mother and added, "He could do all the little girlish things that might give him away at school

now. He could have long fingernails, color his hair, and pluck his eyebrows thinner. He could even have a weekly beauty salon appointment!" Then turning to me, she asked, "Wouldn't that be fun?"

"I think it would be delightful," I said thinking about being a girl full-time.

"Yes Karen, you simply must agree," Aunt Susan chimed in. "There's no reason not to. Besides, just think of the money you'll save."

"Save? I have a feeling I'll be spending it all on new dresses," mother said as she shook her head.

"Really? You agree?" I nearly fainted at the thought.

She nodded her head and said, "Your aunt is right. There's so much more we could do but you'd sure look funny in school with a curly perm or waist length hair. . .By now, someone in school must have noticed that you're walking like a girl."

Seeing that the decision was being made for me, I crossed the room and hugged her. "Oh mother, thank you so much! This is so exciting!"

"Splendid. We have a lot to do so let's start making plans right away," Aunt Susan said as she sat back in her chair with a satisfied look on her face. She held up her cup for a toast to me, "Here's to making you into the perfect young lady!"

A warm glow flowed through me as joy bubbled deep inside. Involuntary tremors of arousal gushed as they talked matter-of-factly about my complete feminization. My voice was fragile and shaking as I agreed with each of their suggestions.

My wide-eyed innocence was merely a smoke screen. Each recommendation fueled my extreme inter fire to be feminine. . .even I was unsure where this would lead me.

Since there was only about a month left before summer vacation, we decided to postpone our move until after school let out. That gave us plenty of time to pack everything and prepare for the move.

Rather than sell our house, mother decided to rent it instead. I think she figured that it would be a good idea to have something to return to in case things didn't work out.

I was too exhilarated to worry about things like that. Since Aunt Susan's house was so large, we got to pick our

own bedrooms. I choose the one that looked out over the flower garden in the back yard.

Aunt Susan decorated it for me in pink and white. It had an antique canopy bed and my very own vanity table. The adjoining bathroom had one of those old-fashioned deep bathtubs with the claw feet, perfect for long, delicious bubble baths.

I was all for throwing my old clothes out, but mother insisted on packing them in boxes. "Just in case," she told me, adding, "It's one thing to dress pretty and have a little fun. . .but you are going to be living completely as a female. Not everything you'll have to do will be enjoyable."

I was hardly listening.

Three day before we were scheduled to move, Aunt Susan showed me my new birth certificate. There was now a big "F" were there used to be a "M." I was thrilled.

"Charlie did a great job on this," she commented. Her plan was for mother to pick up my records at school and hand them over to Charlie for alterations before turning them in at my new school. She'd thought of everything.

The movers were at the house bright and early on the appointed morning. I was wearing jeans and a T-shirt. . .the only boy clothes that were not packed away. Mother was afraid neighbors might drop by to say goodbye.

I watched the brawny, young men muscle some of our furniture and my boxes into the truck. There wasn't all that much to move, since mother was renting the house furnished.

I watched the movers throw around my boy things. The robust young men were in their early twenties and seemed to just ignore me. It was like I was invisible. I smiled to myself. . .enjoying my last hours of being an unobservable, nonexistent mere boy. I almost wished that the movers could see me in my new little pleated skirt and angora sweater.

It was a lot of work but by afternoon everything was moved and I quickly changed into a house dress. In a couple hours, we had everything put away. All three of us were pretty tired, and I looked forward to a nice soak in the tub and a good night's sleep in my new bed.

While we were eating dinner, Aunt Susan mentioned that she had seen some girls in the neighborhood about my age.

"It would be nice if you made some friends here over the summer," she said. "That way it'll be easier to fit in at school in the fall."

I told her it sounded like a good idea, but I didn't know how to go about meeting them.

"I've seen some of them over on Elm Street, where all those little shops are. I bet if you just stroll up and down there for awhile you'll run into them. Check out the ice cream store. I hear it's a very popular place."

I agreed to give it a try, but not tonight. After I finished clearing up the dishes I headed upstairs. I quickly set my hair and soon I was soaking in the tub, surrounded by bubbles. As I lay there I thought about the adventure I was about to embark on.

I looked at the jeans, t-shirt and boy's underwear on the floor. They were old and would be thrown away. All pretenses of being a boy could now be flushed. This was my dream come true. I had no way of knowing where it would lead or what would happen to me, but I was eager to find out.

After my bath I toweled off and slipped into my favorite pink baby dolls. I skipped down the stairs to kiss mother and Aunt Susan good night.

"Oh you look darling in that nightgown," Aunt Susan said when she saw me. "I just can't get over how completely feminine you've become. I guess you were never really meant to be a man."

"Thank you," I responded to the compliment, adding, "I guess."

I kissed them both good night and as I was walking back up the stairs I heard mother confide to Aunt Susan, "My only regret is that I didn't discover his interest sooner."

When I got downstairs the next morning, mother was just getting ready to leave for work. After saying good-bye, I sat down at the kitchen table to have breakfast. I was still in my baby dolls, with my hair still up in rollers. I realized that from now on this is the way I would get up every morning.

I shivered with delight at the thought of how feminine I was becoming.

After breakfast I went up to my room to change. There was a knock on the door, and Aunt Susan walked in.

"I've got a present for you. . . something I think you'll like," she said as she handed me a little box. Inside was something that looked like a miniature jock strap. In response to my puzzled look, Aunt Susan explained, "It's called a gaff. It's designed to tuck in and hide any unsightly male bulges."

I started to blush when I realized what she was talking about.

"Try it on," she urged me.

"I will," I promised.

"I'll stay and help you fix it properly." When I started to protest, she told me to hush. "It's just us girls here now, there's nothing to be ashamed of."

At her insistence I peeled off my pajama panties and struggled to pull the tiny garment on. When I got it up to my hips she helped me position it. Then she reached in and pulled my parts under and back then pulled the straps up high on my hips creating a lot of pressure suddenly.

"Oouch," I protested, "It's much too tight!"

"Shhhh," she said, "you are just lucky to be so small to begin with. . . look!"

I was shocked and started to say something, but she ignored my protests. Leading me over to the mirror she showed me my new image. I was entranced. There was now a smooth vee in front between my legs. The gaff was incredibly tight, however, and I couldn't sit down for a few minutes as my body adjusted to this new environment.

"Training! Wear it all the time," she told me, as she pulled several more out of a bag, "and you'll soon get so used to it that you won't even know it's there."

"I can't imagine that ever happening," I gasped. However, after a few minutes I was able to resume dressing.

I had found out that before we even moved in, Aunt Susan had checked with a psychiatrist to make sure what we were doing wasn't harmful. To her and mother's surprise, they found out that this wasn't uncommon and while not for every boy, dressing up full-time was an alternative.

There was an underground support network and even several stores and manufacturers catering to the market. I noticed that the bag that produced the gaffs was marked "Under Control."

"I got you something else," she said reaching into the bag. They recommended these." It was a bra---just like any bra. I looked at the tag that said, "BOYS AND BOS-

OMS, a unique function bra for the new generation of feminine lads."

Aunt Susan remained in the room with me while I picked out something to wear and tried on the new bra. It was designed to pull up chest fat and fill the cup. Aunt Susan showed me the instructions.

It was like a nursing bra in that the stretch cup folded to the side. Besides an underwire, the secret was a curved elastic inter band that held everything up and did some of the work of pectoral muscles. The little card said, "Used daily, this brassiere is made to soften, round out and make shapely muscles in your chest, under arms and shoulders.

Once in place, my aunt pulled excess fat from my under arm area and rib cage into the inter curved band. To my surprise and delight, my mostly flat chest bulged outward into little pointy mounds of jelly that rested comfortably in the inter cups. Small by girlish standards, I was enchanted by the softness and the notion that they could be trained to stay this way. It was like a layer of fat had been added to my chest.

"This really works," I gasp as I stood in front of the mirror, cupping my pert 'breasts.'

"My the store was right," my aunt said then asked, "Have you ever thought about having real ones?"

"Yes I have, often," I admitted shyly, as I slipped the breast forms into the less ample cups of my new bra.

"We can do something about that if you'd like," she told me. I listened, wide-eyed, as she explained about hormones and puberty and breast development. "I've checked into it. There's a doctor here in town who helps boys like you fulfill themselves. Are you interested?"

"I guess but it sound permanent?"

"When are you going back to being a boy?" my aunt asked with a bit of sarcasm. "SOON?"

"I hope not," I said, my heart skipping a beat. "But breasts would be unerasable. How much does it cost and what would mother say?"

"Don't worry about your mother. And the cost---it'll be my treat. Let me talk it over with her. I'm sure she won't object. Then we'll make an appointment for you."

"Thanks so much, Aunt Susan. I really appreciate your help. You know, at first I was upset when mother told me that she had told you all about me dressing as a girl. I was afraid that you might think I was weird or something."

“Nonsense, my dear. I think it’s the most wonderful thing in the world that you want to be a girl. Your mother and I are both enjoying this immensely, and obviously you are too. We want to do all we can to help you.”

That night mother came to my room as I was preparing to go to bed. “Susan told me about your discussion today. Are you sure you are ready to take hormones and develop like a girl?”

I assured her that I did.

“There are other effects besides growing breasts,” she told me. “You won’t grow a beard for instance, but I guess that’s not something you’re concerned about.”

We both laughed.

“Also, your hips will get wider, and your male parts will get smaller and you might not be able to perform well as a male. Would that be a problem?”

I assured her it wouldn’t and even showed her the garment that Aunt Susan had given me that morning. She was fascinated and examined it carefully. “See how nice and smooth I am now. If they get smaller it’ll just be easier to tuck them away.”

One last thing, she said. The doctor would probably put me on schedule that mimicked the natural monthly female cycle. “That means that every month you’ll experience the same symptoms that every woman does. You may feel bloated from water retention, your stomach might get upset, and you could get moody. Are you still sure you want to go ahead with it?”

“I guess it just goes with the territory,” I shrugged.

She smiled and gave me a hug. “Well, it’s your decision. Hormones will increase your femininity tremendously. Just so you realize what you will be giving up to grow to your full womanly potential.”

I looked down at my panties and said, “I’m not really giving up much.”

The appointment at the doctor’s office was in the middle of the day. Since mother had to work, Aunt Susan announced that she would be happy to take me. I was too nervous that morning to eat breakfast. Aunt Susan tried to calm me down while I sat at the kitchen table staring at my cereal bowl.

She suggested that, considering the reason for the appointment, I should present myself in as feminine a manner as possible. I shampooed my hair and she set it for me. While sitting under the dryer I redid my nails. Then she helped me dress. I picked my most feminine outfit, a pale pink dress knit dress with delicate lace trim around the neckline. All that busy work while getting ready helped take my mind off the doctor's appointment.

"Just act naturally," she counseled me in the car on the way to the appointment. "And don't worry. Remember, the doctor is there to help you. Just tell her the truth about how you feel. I understand that she is very sympathetic toward youngsters in your situation."

When we got to the office, there were several women of varying ages sitting in the waiting room. I looked at them closely to see if any were there for the same reason I was, but I couldn't tell. The receptionist handed me a clipboard with a questionnaire. I did as Aunt Susan advised and answered each question truthfully.

When it was my turn, the receptionist called my name. Aunt Susan remained in the waiting room as I was led me down the hall and into a small examining room. Everyone on the staff treated me as if I were just another female patient. It helped put me at ease.

I started to get embarrassed when the nurse told me to undress and put on a hospital gown, but she left the room so that I could have some privacy. She returned in a few minutes and began the physical by checking my weight and height. After taking my blood pressure, she very matter-of-factly had me stand in front of her and cough in order to check me for a hernia. I felt very uncomfortable as she manipulated my private parts, but she was very professional about it. She didn't act like it was at all unusual to be examining a boy with a pretty hairdo and make-up on his face.

When she was finished with the examination I was left alone to get dressed. Then I was led into Dr. Wilson's office. She said she wanted to interview me before prescribing any medication. I answered some perfunctory questions about my history and how long I had been dressing as a girl. Again I answered everything truthfully.

She had me stand up beside her desk and said that she wanted to take a look at me. "Please lower your panties and raise your skirt so that I can examine you, Teresa."

I turned very red and started to sputter.

"Don't be embarrassed dear," she said soothingly. "And don't worry, you've passed the test. I'm sure you'll be happy to know that I'm going to prescribe the hormones for you. I just want to take a look at what you have down there in case at some point you decide you want to make some further alterations."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Some girls in your situation eventually want to go on and have reconstructive surgery to correct nature's mistake. In your case I deliberately said 'girl' because I believe that's what you are. Am I right?"

"I feel like a girl, if that's what you mean," I stammered, "But I've never even thought about any surgery!" I said this as her hands were busy fondling and probing me. Under other circumstances I might have become aroused, but now I remained shriveled and shrunken. I was still thinking about what she had said about the surgery when she had me turn around and bend over. Without any warning she slipped a gloved, lubricated finger into my backside. A startled "Oh" escaped my painted lips.

"Just relax your muscles dear, I need to check your prostate. Don't be alarmed." It felt extremely uncomfortable as her finger pushed into me. I concentrated on relaxing as she instructed and it seemed to help.

"I'm trying to loosen you up so that you won't feel so uncomfortable," she explained as she began to move her finger back and forth. It was only when she reached over with her other hand and gave me some Kleenex that I realized I had now reached a state of extreme arousal. "Use these to catch any drips," she told me. Her finger continued to massage the lining of my nether parts and I found myself stifling a sigh. Suddenly she plunged in as deeply as her hand allowed and I felt her pressing something deep inside me. Simultaneously I felt the release that always accompanied my own manipulations. My knees quivered and I groaned aloud.

At that signal she slowly withdrew her finger and then gave me a soft pat on the buttocks. "That wasn't so bad, now was it?"

I was too stunned to reply as I stood there and used the Kleenex to sop up the last of the emanations dribbling out. She quickly stripped off the latex glove and, after having me bend over once again, gave me a shot of amber fluid in my buttock.

"From your reaction I take it that no one has ever examined your prostate like that before," she said after I had raised my panties back up and reseated myself.

"No, no one ever has," I said softly, looking down at the floor.

"Was it very uncomfortable?"

"At first it was, but then I tried relaxing like you told me to."

"And it felt better then?" she inquired.

"Um, I don't know." I was too embarrassed to admit how it felt.

"You don't have to be embarrassed," she reminded me. "I'm your doctor and I want to help you any way I can. The reason I bring this up is that some girls in your situation use that as a substitute vagina. It makes them feel more feminine to be able to satisfy their boyfriends just like other girls do. It's nothing to be ashamed of."

"But I don't have a boyfriend!" I exclaimed. "I've never even thought about having a boyfriend."

"I understand dear, but who knows what the future holds. Female hormones affect everything---even your brain."

She handed me several booklets. "I want you to read these carefully. They contain a lot of information about hormone therapy and the changes you'll be experiencing. They should be able to answer any questions you have. However, if you have any questions, or if there's anything you don't understand, then please don't hesitate to call me."

Aunt Susan drove me to the neighborhood pharmacy to fill my prescription. The medication I would be taking was similar to birth control pills but much stronger. It was designed to mimic a teenage girl's monthly hormonal cycle. The doctor had explained that I would be going through puberty as a female and that I could expect all the changes that a typical teenage girl experiences, including breast development and widening of the hips. I might also feel bloated from water retention several days a month. In my case, since I had not yet started to grow a beard, I never would.

The physical part was obvious but the doctor's warning about the mental changes frightened me. Would I develop

a female sexuality too? The booklets explained everything in greater detail.

After filling the prescription, Aunt Susan suggested that we go across the street to get a soda. By now I was so used to dressing as a girl that I didn't feel the slightest hesitation to walk around in public. As we approached the corner I noticed a girl about my age standing there waiting for the light to change. I smiled at her as we neared. She smiled back and said hello.

"My name's Cindy," she said. "You're new around here, aren't you? I haven't seen you before."

"I'm Terri," I said, "and this is my Aunt Susan. I just moved here with my mom."

"Welcome to the neighborhood," she said with a friendly smile. "I'm on my way to Phelan's ice cream shop. Want to come along?"

I looked at Aunt Susan, who smiled and said, "You girls run along and have a good time. I've got some errands to do. I'll see you back at the house later." We lived only a few blocks away.

"Thanks," I told her. "I won't be late."

Cindy led the way to the shop. It was an old-fashioned type place with a creaky wooden floor and a real marble soda fountain. We sat in one of the booths and each ordered a small dish of ice cream. She told me how she and her family had moved here a couple of years ago. She said that she knew what it was like to be new in town and offered to show me around. I told her that I really appreciated her offer.

"No problem," she told me sincerely. "Making friends in a new town can be hard. I know from experience."

We exchanged histories, with me sticking pretty much to my own true story, just changing the necessary parts from boy to girl. Since she had moved here from out of state I didn't think there was much chance she'd know anyone from my home town. As we chatted I marveled at how easy it was to talk to her. As a boy I was shy and didn't have any real close friends. As a girl, I found myself making a friend easily. That revelation only reinforced my girlish desires.

Cindy told me that she loved my hair. "What shampoo and conditioner do you use?"

We ended up exchanging hair care and other beauty tips. She had long curly light brown hair like mine. We

commiserated over split ends and bad hair days. About a hour later two other girls showed up, Denise and Lisa. Cindy introduced me and told them I was new in town.

They were as friendly as she was and immediately accepted me as part of their group. We continued to talk for perhaps another hour, until the waitress started giving us dirty looks for tying up the booth. As we got up to leave, I realized that it was probably time for me to go home. "I've got to leave girls," I announced. "My aunt must be wondering what happened to me and I don't want to upset her."

The three of them walked me home. At the front gate we exchanged phone numbers and promised to get together again soon. As I climbed the steps to the porch I felt elated at the prospect of seeing my new friends again.

I found Aunt Susan in the back yard tending to her flower garden. We sat on the bench under the cherry tree and shared a glass of lemonade while I told her all about my new friends.

"Cindy seems like a very nice girl," she commented. "And her friends were nice too?"

"Oh, yes. You know, it's funny, but as a boy I was always kind of shy and I didn't have any close friends. But I felt really at ease with these girls, and they seemed to accept me without question. I'm kind of amazed."

"I've noticed how much you've changed just in the short time you've been living here. You seem to have come out of your shell and really blossomed. You're much more outgoing and open than you used to be. You're developing into a secure confident, young woman."

That startled me. "I hadn't thought that far ahead, Aunt Susan. I'm just enjoying myself each day as it comes. I don't know what's going to happen in the future."

She put her arm around me and gave me a knowing look. "Trust me," she said softly.

That evening I told mother all about my visit to the doctor. The only thing I left out was the prostate exam. She was pleased that everything went so well.

**TO BE ADDED TO OUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST,**

**WRITE: SANDY THOMAS**

**P.O. Box 2309**

**CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA**

"I just wish I'd been able to be there with you," she told me.

"It's okay, I didn't mind Aunt Susan taking me."

"But this was a big step you took this afternoon. You're now on your way to becoming a young woman."

"That's what she said. But like I told her, I haven't been looking that far ahead. I'm having a great time right now. As a matter of fact, I've never been happier in my whole life than I am now. I love my femininity and figure the hormones will help me be even more feminine. But the doctor mentioned surgery, too. I had never even thought about that. Is that necessary?"

"Of course not, darling. Some do and some don't. It's entirely up to you. No one's going to try and talk you into something you don't want to do. It's just one of many options. Imagine your future as a house with many rooms. You can walk into any of them, look around and decide to stay. Or you can walk out and go explore another one. And even if you decide to stay in one room for awhile, it doesn't mean you can't ever leave. You can spend time in every room in the house if you want."

"Every room?"

"Sure. But I'll tell you, from my experience some are a lot more boring than others." We both laughed.

I lay awake for a long time that night thinking about her advice.

The next morning I was sick to my stomach. I could only crawl as far as the bathroom. Mother and Aunt Susan stood by my bedside, discussing my condition.

"It's a reaction to yesterday's shot," Aunt Susan told me. "Your system isn't used to these hormones yet. The doctor told you to expect something like this."

I just moaned in response.

"Don't worry darling," mother offered. "It'll only last a day or two. It's just part of the monthly cycle that all women experience. Next month will be easier because your system will be better adjusted to it. Welcome to the club."

I did feel better the next day, and within a few days I had forgotten all about the discomforts I had experienced. Every morning I faithfully punched one of the little pink pills from the round dispenser and swallowed it with a glass of orange juice. For the first couple of weeks I

examined my chest in the mirror every morning and night, but I couldn't find any evidence that the pills were working. Mother laughed when she found me in front of the mirror one morning. She reminded me that these things take time. After awhile I gave up.

I like to lay in bed and read for about a half an hour each evening before I turn out the light. It helps me relax. One evening I turned off the light and as I rolled over on my stomach to go to sleep I felt a twinge in my chest. I slid my hand under my pajama top and discovered that both of my breasts were slightly swollen and that my nipples were very sensitive. I leaped out of bed and ran to mother's room.

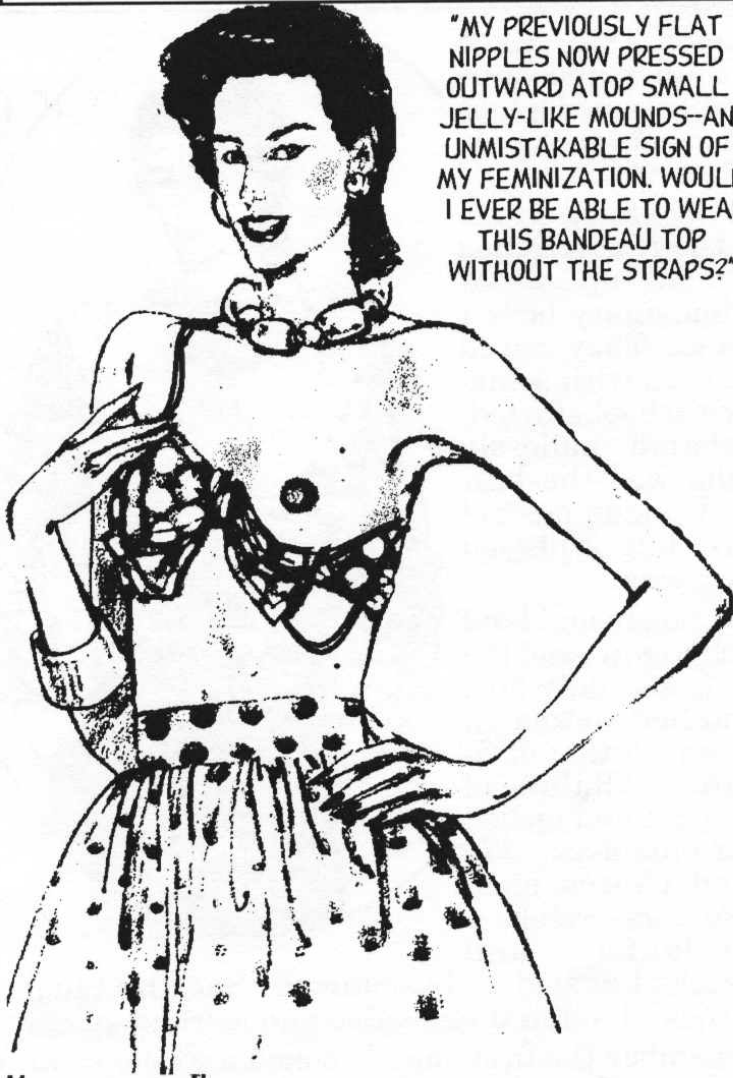
"Look!" I exclaimed as I sat down next to her on the bed and pulled up the top of my baby doll pajamas. As she carefully examined my chest a big smile appeared on her face. "Welcome to one of the joys of womanhood," she said. "You're developing the first signs of female puberty---budding breasts. Judging by own experience," she said as she looked down at herself, "I would say that you're on your way to having your very own bosom. Congratulations."

"It's so thrilling," I gushed, stroking the tender nubs. "Do you think they'll grow as big as yours?"

"I wouldn't be surprised. They say heredity has a lot to do with it. Don't get too excited. It'll take a lot of time and may not be entirely pleasant. You might even change your mind. . .but for right now, we better get you some good training bras."

The thought of having real breasts fill the cups of my bra kept me awake for a long time that night. When I finally fell asleep I dreamed of sitting next on a blanket next to a little stream in a forest. A young man came along and sat down with me. I finished sharing a picnic lunch with the boy who I didn't recognize. When I finished putting everything away, I lay back on the blanket to relax. The boy leaned over and as he kissed me his hand slipped inside my dress and started gently fondling my breasts where there was once none. I was very scared but responded by returning his kiss.

I suddenly woke up, sitting straight up in bed, and shivered. The dream had been so vivid and real, it frightened me. I had never had a dream like that before. I lay awake for a long time afterwards, trying to make sense of it. My little "dress up game" was becoming more than red



"MY PREVIOUSLY FLAT NIPPLES NOW PRESSED OUTWARD ATOP SMALL JELLY-LIKE MOUNDS--AN UNMISTAKABLE SIGN OF MY FEMINIZATION. WOULD I EVER BE ABLE TO WEAR THIS BANDEAU TOP WITHOUT THE STRAPS?"

lipstick and slippery lingerie for an afternoon. I was about to **NEED** a brassiere.

I never mentioned my dream to either mother or Aunt Susan.

The summer flew by in no time. I had become more confident in my new feminine role, and I was constantly delighted by each new experience as a girl. I smiled inwardly every time a store clerk called me "Miss" or "young lady," or someone opened a door for me.

I also saw a lot of my new girlfriends. We would hang out at the ice cream parlor, or meet at each other's houses to play records and talk. I continued to marvel at how easily I fit in with these girls and how much we now had

in common. We talked about clothes and hairdos, and gossiped about the other kids we knew.

They confided in me about their boyfriends and I made up stories about imaginary boys I had dated. They vowed to fix me up with someone once school started, and debated endlessly over who was the best choice. It made me feel nervous, but I played along anyway.

Aunt Susan and I did all the chores around the house. It was only fair, since mother worked all day. It wasn't that difficult, either. All three of us were neat and picked up after ourselves. We switched chores each week, so some weeks I did the laundry, and other weeks I dusted and vacuumed. She also taught me how to cook. I found it enjoyable and learned quickly.

I remember the first time I cooked a whole meal from scratch for mother. I was nervous, but it turned out very well, and she was impressed. Another evening I fixed a roast chicken with all the trimmings. Aunt Susan walked into the kitchen while I was stirring the gravy. She tasted a spoonful and teasingly said, "You're going to make some man a fine wife one of these days." I blushed redder than the beets.

That summer I also learned how to sew. We had a sewing machine set up in the spare bedroom. Aunt Susan bought me some simple patterns to start with, a plain skirt and top. As with other feminine pursuits, I quickly caught on. By the end of the summer I had made dresses for both mother and myself.





Since school would be starting soon mother and I went shopping for school clothes. We had a big discussion about it the night before. I wanted nothing but dresses and skirts, but she suggested that I might want consider some slacks or jeans too.

"Most girls your age are into casual clothes, especially for school," she pointed out.

"But I've been wearing pants all my life, mother. I'm sick and tired of them! Now that I have the opportunity, I want to live in skirts."

Nevertheless, she did convince me to get one pair of cotton slacks and one pair of stone washed jeans, just in case I changed my mind. "You never know when they

might come in handy, and besides, with your gaff, you present a completely smooth front. No one would suspect a thing."

That was true. I rarely took it off. I had become so accustomed to wearing it that I no longer even realized I had it on. It was my constant companion. The discomfort I had initially experienced was now a thing of the past. IT had been trained to accept IT's new role in life too!

I also got a couple of new dresses, several skirts, about a dozen tops and sweaters, plus new bras, panties, slips, and camisoles. My closet was now bulging with feminine finery and I had a whole bureau full of lingerie.

I was both nervous and excited about the start of school. I wanted to make a good first impression, so the night before the first day of classes I asked mother to set my hair for me. I wanted it to be perfect. I had trouble falling asleep and I was up before the alarm, even though I had set it especially early so that I would have plenty of time to get ready. I had carefully shaved my legs and manicured my nails the night before.

After a quick shower I put on my lingerie, wrapped a kimono around myself and sat down to do my face. Mother came in to check on me.

"Be careful not to overdo your makeup," she cautioned. "You don't want to look like a hooker on your first day of class."

"Mother! Where did you learn to talk like that?"

"Just kidding, darling. But seriously, use a light hand. It's better to use too little than too much."

"I know. Do you think I haven't been paying attention to your instructions all these months?"

"Sorry dear. I just want you to look your best."

"No more than I, mother. No more than I."

I couldn't decide which dress to wear. Mother and I debated back and forth and I must have tried on half a dozen before settling on a pastel green number with white trim. It had an empire waist and the hem came to just above my knees.

"Why don't you sit here and relax while I do your hair," she suggested. Her ministrations did have a calming effect, if only for a few minutes, and my hair looked great when she was finished.

"Thanks, mom. I really appreciate all you've done for me. I guess I'm kind of edgy this morning."

"It's okay, dear. I understand how you feel."

We hugged each other, taking care not to smudge either of our faces, and then she left for work.

"That looks wonderful on you," Aunt Susan exclaimed when I got downstairs. She offered to fix me a big breakfast, but I was too nervous to eat. I swallowed my vitamin tablet and hormone pill with a small glass of orange juice and managed to eat most of a container of yogurt. By then it was time to leave.

As we pulled up in front of the school, Aunt Susan squeezed my hand and gave me a peck on the cheek. "Have a good first day, Terri. I'll pick you up here in front at three-thirty."

I nodded absently, concentrating instead on the twenty yards or so between the curb and the front door. The place was full of kids, milling about or talking in small groups. This was my first test in front of a large group of my peers. I felt like I was running a gauntlet. I looked straight ahead and focused on the door.

I tried to force myself to take short steps and wiggle my hips a little, but my legs didn't seem to be connected to my brain. Despite all of my previous experiences in passing as a girl, I was sure that everyone saw through my disguise and was laughing behind my back. After what seemed like an eternity I finally made it to the door. As I reached out for it, a tall, good looking boy stepped up and opened it for me. He smiled broadly and said, "Good morning. You're new here, aren't you?"

My brain quit on me entirely. I could only nod dumbly.

"My name's Roger," he said. "Welcome to Newton High."

"I..I'm Terri," I managed to squeak.

"I'll bet you're kind of nervous about this being your first day and all, huh?"

I nodded again.

"I'd be happy to show you around. Gee, you know, you're real pretty. Do you have a boy friend?"

Just at that moment Denise arrived to rescue me. "Hi, Roger," she said. "I see you've met Terri." She took my arm, "Let's go find our lockers. Bye, Roger." I smiled weakly at him as we turned to leave.

"I'll talk to you later, Terri," he called after us as we started down the hall.

"Who's that?" I whispered to her when we were out of earshot.

"Roger Hamilton. He's a senior this year. Considers himself to be god's gift to women. Be careful with him, he's a real toad. He'll promise you anything, then fool around behind your back. They say he keeps a list of his conquests on his wall at home. He can't keep his hands to himself. Don't worry, we'll fix you up with somebody nice. You deserve better than that."

Just then the bell rang and I had to hurry to home room. It was nearly full when I got there and I had to sit near the back. A few of the kids stared at me, but most ignored me. Mrs. Gaffney, the home room teacher called the roll. When she got to my name she asked me to stand and she introduced me to the rest of the class.

"This is Terri Robinson. She's new here and I want to take this opportunity to welcome her to Newton High. I hope that everyone will go out of their way to make her feel at home."

There was another new girl and two new boys in the class but everyone turned to look at me. It scared me at first. Some smiled and a few said "hello." One boy started to clap until someone told him to stop showing off. Then Mrs. Gaffney resumed calling the roll and introducing the other new students. Everyone turned away to heckle the other new students.

No one looked at me suspiciously. Everyone seemed to be accepting me as just another girl. I began to feel a little more comfortable.

I shared several classes with my girlfriends. One class we didn't share was gym. The doctor had given me a permanent wavier. I don't know what excuse she used, but the school authorities didn't question me about it. However, instead of getting an extra study hall, they made me sign up for another course. I chose home economics.

The four of us, Cindy, Lisa, Denise and I, sat together at the same table for lunch. We compared notes about our classes and teachers. I had pretty much gotten over my initial bout of nervousness. Everyone I met had accepted me for what I appeared to be. I paused to reflect on how natural and comfortable it felt to be sitting in the cafeteria, wearing a dress, and chatting with my girlfriends.

A little shiver did run down my spine the first time I walked into the girls' rest room. Although I had been inside various ladies' rooms at restaurants and at the mall over the summer, this was my first time at school, surrounded by my peers. Denise and Lisa and I went in right after lunch. The room was packed with girls waiting to use the facilities. I immediately recognized the contrast with the boys' room.

"They need more stalls in here," I complained to Lisa.

"No kidding. According to my boyfriend, the boys' room has the same number of stalls, plus they have plenty of room to pee standing up. It's not fair at all!"

"We should protest, or something."

"We did last year. The school board said we had to live with it. They claim they're sympathetic with our problem, but say they don't have any money to remodel."

When it was finally my turn I walked into the stall and closed the door. I hung my bookbag on the hook, then turned and lifted my dress. I carefully lowered my panties and pantyhose and sat down. Although it was only the first day of school, there was already writing on the walls. According to the graffiti, two boys had herpes and one of the women teachers was a bitch. Tamer stuff than what I used to read in the boys' room.

After I was done with my business, I joined Denise and a score of other girls in front of the mirrors. It felt reassuringly feminine to be fluffing up my hair and repairing my makeup amidst this crowd of girls engaged in similar activities.

The rest of the day sped by and before I knew it the final bell had rung. After stopping at my locker, I headed out the door to find my ride home. Roger Hamilton sidled up beside me as I scanned the parking lot for Aunt Susan's car.

"Hello again," he said. "How was your first day at Newton?"

"Okay," I replied as I gazed across the sea of cars. I didn't want to encourage him.

"You're one of the prettiest girls in the school."

What an original line, I thought. I didn't respond.

"How would you like to go out Friday night?" he persisted.

"Sorry, but I'm busy."

"How about Saturday?"

I groaned inwardly. He was beginning to get on my nerves, but he obviously wasn't going to give up. "Thanks, but I'm busy then, too." I spotted Aunt Susan waving at me. "Maybe some other time," I said over my shoulder as I skipped off. Fortunately he didn't follow me.

"Who's the boy you were talking to?" Aunt Susan wanted to know as soon as I got in the car.

"Nobody," I replied as I buckled my seat belt.

She gave me a quizzical look but didn't say anything.

"You know, boys can be real pests sometimes," I said, as if I had never been one myself.

That provoked a laugh from her. I changed the subject and proceeded to tell her about the rest of my experiences.

"Sounds like you're fitting in very nicely," she observed.

"Yeah, I guess so. When I stop to think about it I'm amazed at how easily I've slipped into the role of Terri. It's almost kind of scary."

"It's almost as if you were born to play the part, eh?"

I turned to her. "Yeah," I said softly.

Later that evening as I was preparing for bed, I stood in front of the mirror clad only in my bra and panties. I admired the new curves on my developing figure. My breasts were continuing to grow and now threatened to overflow the A cups of my bra. The aureoles had grown in size and were a rosy pink color. My nipples were very sensitive, and easily irritated by rough fabrics if I wasn't wearing a bra. I reached behind and unhooked my bra. Tossing it on the bed,

I cupped my breasts in my hands and gently massaged them. It felt good. I was fascinated as my nipples became erect in response to the stimulation. I began to slowly wiggle my hips in what I imagined to be a seductive manner as I continued to fondle my breasts. I realized that I was turning myself on. Then it dawned on me that my male equipment was not reacting as it used to.

I peeled off my panties and gaff. Over the past few months I had been so focused on my burgeoning femininity that I had consciously tried to ignore this reminder of my previous existence. Now as I took a closer look at it, it seemed to have grown smaller and more insignificant. I took it in my hand and tried to stimulate it as I had always done in the past. Nothing happened.

My heart began to pound. I remembered what the doctor had told me about the effects of the hormones I was taking. A little voice in the back of my mind told me that I should be concerned about these serious and perhaps irreversible changes taking place in my body.

My minuscule genitalia had given up their capability to function as a male. I tried thoroughly to awaken it but it remained feeble and powerless, waiting to be sequestered in its inanimate and dormant position.

For a second, I was depressed. With a shiver of vivid recollection, I thought of the pleasure it used to give me. Lifeless and insensitive those feelings could maybe never be rekindled. A little voice inside my head said, "See what you have done? You'll never be a man again!"

Opening my eyes, I came back to reality. The harder I tried to ignore the truth, the more it persisted. I would never be a man again. I would never feel a woman straining under the unyielding domination of my formidable maleness. I would never see a woman's eyes startle when my hot masculine seed filled her fully and made her glow. No, that victory would never be mine. But the feminine reward? Could I find myself in that pliable feminine position? I experienced a thrill and a delicious anticipation.

I was beginning to realize my own new desires. Just a quick glance at the luscious breasts I was developing reassured me that I had made the right choice. I let go of my flaccid remnant of masculinity and stepped into my gaff and the ruffled panties of my baby doll pajamas. I slipped on the near translucent top with short puffed sleeves and adjusted the bodice. I toyed with my hair and made little "stuck up" faces in the mirror.

Each day I was becoming even more stunningly emasculated. With a giddy sense of pleasure, I pulled my shoulders back, accenting the thriving, soft, ladylike mounds that pressed outward against the cups of my nightgown. I had always been outclassed by the other boys in school. I was softer, smaller and less aggressive. . .all THIS was quite good by feminine standards. "You never were much of a boy," I said, looking at my soft, shapely bottom, "but maybe you'll turn out to be quite a girl."

I then sat down at my vanity proceeded with my nightly ritual. First I used a cleansing cream to remove all of the day's makeup. Then I spread a generous amount of moisturizing night cream on my face and gently massaged it

into my skin. Mother had admonished me to start taking care of my face now, while I was still a teenager, in order to combat the effects of aging later on. I intend to have smooth, wrinkle-free skin when I'm fifty.

Then I carefully set my hair on large smooth plastic rollers. By now I was used to sleeping in them and they no longer bothered me. When I first started wearing them to bed it was very uncomfortable. I would have trouble falling asleep and would often wake up in the middle of the night. But I was determined to live the female experience to its fullest and I slowly became accustomed to them. I think that I would now feel strange without them.

Mother and Aunt Susan told me a story of when they were teenagers and how, in the name of fashion, they had started setting their hair on large, empty, frozen orange juice cans. They both found it extremely uncomfortable to sleep with them on and in addition, they both started getting terrible headaches.

When grandma suggested that trying to sleep with orange juice cans on their heads might be causing their headaches, they told her she was nuts. After all, all their friends in school were doing it and they didn't suffer from headaches. After awhile though, they did confide in their friends and it turned out that the whole group was suffering excruciating pain in an attempt to be fashionable. Eventually they all stopped doing it. The two of them can laugh about it now, but I understand perfectly how a little discomfort has to be tolerated if one is to look one's feminine best.

I continued to get regular check-ups at the doctor's office. The nurse would weigh me and check my height and blood pressure. Then the doctor would come in to examine my breasts and ask me a few questions. She checked my prostate about once a month. I didn't mind anymore.

I was no longer embarrassed to have her see me dressed only in panties. As she examined my prostate, she told me that I was developing quite nicely. My flesh hips and buttocks were filling out and I was proud of the way they looked in a tight skirt.

As she probed, I mentioned the failure of my masculine parts to function the way they used to, she smiled and nodded.

"That's a common side effect of the therapy. Most boys in your situation tell me that they actually find it a relief not to have to worry about those pesky manlike occurrences any more. How do you feel about it?"

"I don't mind," I told her truthfully. "Besides, it makes it easier to hide."

"It's a good thing you feel that way," she laughed, "because you are almost there."

"THERE?"

The doctor became serious. "Your prostate has shrunk to almost nothingness as have your genitals. Have you noticed how easy it is for me to examine you?"

I had. Her fingers easily slipped in and rotated around---manipulating and checking the size of my now pea sized prostate. Sometimes I jumped as she pressed deeper.

It had been explained to me that during hormone emasculation, the prostate shrinks. Since it wasn't getting drained in the normal way, manual manipulation was necessary to prevent inflammation and perhaps infection.

The hormones had caused my sensations to flee from my maleness back to this area of my bottom. Bent over the examination table, panties around my ankles, palpations lightly ran down my back to my bottom. I got goosebumps as the doctor's fingers found that sensitive spot and caressed it gently.

I held tightly onto the table until she pressed firmly. Trembles ran through my body and I shuttered as a clear liquid sputtered out of my maleness on to the sanitary napkin I held tightly between my legs.

The doctor went on. "You are at the point of no return. We can just raise the hormone level up a bit and extinguish what ever is left of your masculinity. For all intents, you'll be a girl because your maleness will be defunct and forever useless."

"Gee," I said getting my breath, "I'm that close to never being a boy again?"

"Just a few monthly injections, a routine of prostate compressions and we'll have dried up the entire masculine nucleus. Haven't you noticed how your figure has flourished lately?"

It had rounded and softened sufficiently so that I could wear some new more revealing clothes. Some of my new

skirts were so short that if the boys looked they could occasionally get a flash of my panties.

My heart fluttered at the thought---I was very close to erasing my maleness. No one at school had ever suspected that I was anything but another girl. I was expected to be giddy and pamper myself, wear slinky, sheer dresses and do the little deceptions necessary to get the boys' attention.

I knew all the girl tricks: fluttering my eyelashes, crossing my legs invitingly, and standing close to the boys to make them uncomfortable. I was confident that they approved of my hips and bustline. I could never be much of a boy again and I really didn't want to either.

The months flew by quickly. The Christmas holidays came and went. One chilly February evening found me curled up on the floor in front of a nice warm fire in the fireplace. Mother and Aunt Susan were sitting on the sofa. All three of us were wearing warm flannel, granny-style nightgowns and curlers in our hair. I basked in both the warmth of the fire and the cozy feminine intimacy of the experience.

"Your spring break should be coming up soon," Aunt Susan said to me.

"In two weeks," I told her. "I can't wait."

"How would you like to go some place warm for the break?"

"Sure. What do you have in mind?"

"I was talking to Helen the other day and she invited us all down for a visit. She said we could stay with her." Helen was mother and Aunt Susan's other sister. She was divorced and lived near San Diego with her daughter Kathy. I hadn't seen either of them for several years. Kathy was my age.

I looked at Aunt Susan intently. "Did you tell her about me?"

"Oh, Helen and Kathy have known all about your changeover from the very beginning," mother chimed in. "I've been keeping them informed and they're fascinated with the changes you've been going through. They've both told me how eager they are to see you. They can't hardly believe that you are now going to school in dresses!"

"Don't worry, your whole family supports you, dear," Aunt Susan explained seeing my facial expression. "It's almost as if we knew all along that you couldn't have been

much of a man. It's only a surprise that it's all happened so suddenly. Now that you've 'found your calling,' so to speak, we're all very happy for you."

"Well, I guess there's no reason not to go then, is there? Can you take off from work, mother?" I asked.

"I've already discussed it with my boss, and it's fine with him. I'm ready to leave whenever you are."

"Well, then, if it's all settled, I'll make the final arrangements. We'll fly down. I'll see if it's possible to leave the evening of your last day of class. We might as well squeeze in as many days in the sun as possible."

By the time we were ready to leave, I hadn't gotten over my nervousness about meeting the rest of the family. Everyone else I dealt with knew me only as a girl, and treated me as such. But my family knew about my male life and I couldn't be sure how they really felt about my determination to eliminate it.

Both Aunt Helen and Kathy had insisted on speaking to me on the phone to reassure me that they supported me and were really looking forward to seeing me. Kathy giggled, "I can't wait to see your dresses---maybe you can loan me a couple?"

I packed all my clothes the night before. At first I didn't think I'd have room for everything. When I complained to mother, she came in to help me sort through my things.

"We're only going for a week, you know," she reminded me.

"Yes, but I want to make sure I have everything I need."

"Well, you certainly don't need this hair dryer, for instance. I'm sure they have one you can use. And all these dresses. You've got enough to last you a month."

"I can't decide which to take and which to leave behind," I moaned. "I don't want to be stuck without something cute to wear."

"I imagine you'll be going to the beach a lot. I'd concentrate on casual wear, some shorts and a couple of skirts. Just take one or two dresses. Helen tells me that you and Kathy are about the same size. If necessary, I'm sure she'd lend you something of hers. She'd probably get a kick out of it. And don't forget your new bathing suits."

Aunt Susan had taken me out one afternoon last week and bought me two one-piece bathing suits. They fit remarkably well and I couldn't wait to show off my new

figure. They were skimpy enough to not hide a single effect of my effeminization.

That night while I soaked in the tub, I carefully shaved my legs so that they would be as femininely smooth and sleek as possible. The closer it got to leaving, the more excited I became.

The last day of school let out at noon. Mother picked me up and we finished our last minute preparations. I changed my clothes and put on a tight black leather skirt and matching knit top, then touched up my face. A taxi took us to the airport and soon we were in the air. It wasn't a long flight, less than two hours. I spent most of the time reading a romance novel that Cindy had loaned me. Aunt Helen and Kathy were both at the gate to meet us.

"Welcome to southern California dear," Aunt Helen said as she gave me a big hug. "It's so good to see you!"

"Hi cousin," Kathy said as we embraced and she gave me a kiss on the cheek. Her eyes sparkled as she looked me up and down. "You look beautiful. I can't wait to introduce you to all my friends, especially the boys. . .you do like boys now?"

I blushed at her question.

Mother interrupted and said, "He likes everything that a girl likes. . .just treat him like another girl."

"Oh good," Kathy said.

I tried to change the topic. "I like your top. Where did you get it?"

"A little shop down near the beach. I'll take you there."

The five of us continued chatting as we walked to the luggage carousel. If anyone noticed us they just assumed that we were all females. Both Kathy and Aunt Helen stopped making any reference to the fact that I had been born male. This helped put me at ease.

When we got to their house, Kathy showed me to her room. "You'll be sleeping here," she said as she pointed to one of the two twin beds. "Is that okay?"

"Sure," I replied as I inspected the room. "I hope you don't mind sharing with me?"

She laughed, "As long as the rumor is true. . .that you barely have an morsel of maleness left."

I blushed and made myself at home. The room was decorated in a very feminine fashion, similar to my own.

As I started to unpack my bags, she helped me hang things up. "I love this skirt," she commented.

"You can borrow it if you like. . . you can borrow anything."

She laughed and jumped on her bed, plopping down cross-legged to face me. "You know, I like you a whole lot better as a girl. I think we're going to have a lot of fun this coming week. I was a little worried that you'd still have some boyish ego left."

I blushed. "Thanks, Kathy. I'm trying to let it all go away. . . I like myself a whole lot better as a girl too."

After a light supper, Kathy and I returned to her room where we talked for hours. I was amazed at how much we now had in common. When it was time for bed we took turns changing in the adjoining bathroom. Then we set each other's hair. At one point while I was standing next to her, rolling her hair, she reached out and touched my breast through my baby doll pajamas.

"They're real!" she said in amazement.

"Of course," I said proudly. She listened, fascinated, as I explained the doctor's visits, the hormones, and everything.

"Wow." She was awestruck. "I guess I didn't realize just how serious you were about all of this."

"Very serious," I told her. "Look." I pulled up the top of my pajamas.

She reached a hand out tentatively.

I nodded, "Go ahead. Touch them."

She gently squeezed them. "They feel just like mine," she said.

"They are just like yours."

"What about down there?" she gestured toward my panties. "It's so smooth. I don't see any sign of maleness."

"It's gotten smaller because of the hormones. Plus I wear this thing. . . a gaff to keep what is there tucked away and out of sight." I pulled down my panties and showed her the gaff too.

"Your thing must be very small. I don't see any sign of it. Does it still work?"

I turned red at her prying but felt she should feel comfortable sleeping with me. I confided, "No, not any more."

"Doesn't that bother you? I used to wish I HAD one?"

"I did at first. I used to worry about whether or not I was doing the right thing, you know? Altering my body and all that. But I do so enjoy being a girl. I feel more peaceful and at ease with myself. And I don't miss those male urges anymore, either. As I've gotten more feminine I guess I've become more passive too."

Kathy looked at me skeptically. "Are you going to have an operation?" she wanted to know.

"I don't know. I haven't thought that far ahead yet. The doctor is sort of encouraging me to go ahead with it, but I'm content with the way things are, for now at least."

"Do you have a boyfriend?"

Again, I blushed. "No. I've never been out with a boy. My girlfriends keep trying to fix me up with dates, but I keep putting them off. I find the whole of idea of being around boys very confusing."

"How would you like to try going out with a boy while you're here? A stranger, you know? Not someone you know from school. That way it might be easier to sort out how you feel. Plus you won't have to worry about complications or anything, since you're only here for a week. How about it?"

I hesitated, but it did sound like a good idea. "Okay," I finally agreed. "I'll try it."

"Great," she cried. "I know just the boy, too. I'll call my boyfriend tomorrow and arrange something. This is going to be fun!"

I smiled weakly at her.

We both woke up early the next morning. I was looking forward to going to the beach, and Kathy was looking forward to introducing me to all her friends. She was so fascinated with the idea that I was a boy trying my best to be a girl, that at first she had planned to tell her girlfriends all about me. But after our conversation the night before, she decided it would be better not to tell anyone. Plus I told her that I'd appreciate it if she kept it secret.

"I used to feel like a boy masquerading as a girl. But any more I really feel like a girl, and people accept me as one. I'd be more comfortable if you didn't say anything."

"I understand," she told me. "Besides," she said as she looked me over, "I'd have trouble convincing them any way."

The three sisters were already up when we went out to the kitchen. "What plans do you girls have for today?" Aunt Helen wanted to know.

"Rosa and Peggy are coming by to take us to the beach," Kathy told her. "I'm sure Terri's looking forward to getting a tan in his bikini."

"Her bikini," mother reminded.

"Don't overdo the sun the first day or you'll burn," Aunt Helen warned me. "And be sure to use plenty of sun block."

"Don't worry, mom," said Kathy. "I'll take care of HER."

After breakfast we returned to her room to put on our bathing suits. I guess she'd come to accept me as a girl, too, because she didn't bother to go into the bathroom to change. Following her example, I didn't either. As I stood by the bed adjusting my suit, she eyed me closely. She couldn't get over the smooth vee between my legs. She laughed, "I wonder how many of my other girlfriends are actually males?"

"One of the miracles of modern technology," I laughed.

We packed a basket with sandwiches and a thermos of lemonade. Kathy loaned me a wide-brimmed straw hat to keep the sun off my face, and a terry cloth wrap. Fortunately, I had remembered to bring sunglasses from home.

Her girlfriends Peggy and Rosa showed up around ten. After making introductions all the way around, Kathy and I said good-bye and we all piled into Rosa's convertible. With the top down and the wind in our hair, we headed off for the ocean.

They knew of a quiet stretch of beach that was never crowded. Sure enough, when we arrived there were only a few sun bathers and a couple of surfers hanging around. I helped Rosa set up a big beach umbrella. We spread our towels on the sand and took turns coating each other with tanning lotion.

The sand was warm and a slight breeze kept the sun from feeling too hot. It was ideal. The other girls were very friendly and accepted me right away. We easily chatted about the latest fashions and hairstyles, school and boys, and other such girl-talk.

As I listened to them good-naturedly tease each other I felt very comfortable and right at home. I toasted both sides, but since this was my first day in the sun I heeded everyone's advice and didn't overdo it.

After awhile I put on the terry cloth wrap and the straw hat. Sitting in the shade of the umbrella with my sunglasses on, I imagined myself as a movie actress taking a break between pictures.

We watched with amusement as three surfers played frisbee down the beach in front of us. It was obvious they were showing off, trying to impress us. Kathy and her friends sneered at them and called them "airheads."

I said I agreed. I was too embarrassed to admit to Kathy that I found their tanned muscular bodies strangely appealing. Was it that their muscular arms and powerful trim physiques were so different from my delicate, rounded hips and jutting, spongy breasts? I was almost too embarrassed to admit the answer to myself.

Later we walked down the beach along the water line to some cliffs that jutted out into the ocean. We paused to watch the waves breaking over the rocks. It was so quiet and peaceful, with just the roar of the surf and the call of the birds that nested along the cliffs. I could see why Kathy loved it here so much.

We stayed at the beach until late afternoon, when the sun started to go down. I was tired from my day in the sun. When we got back to the house mother and Aunt Susan insisted that I sit down and tell them all about my day. In the meantime Kathy called her boyfriend Don.

I overheard her explain that her cousin was in town for a week and that we wanted to go out on a double date. She suggested that he call his friend Phil to see if he could be my date. At one point I assume Don asked her what I looked like, because I heard her say, "Oh, don't worry. Tell Phil that Teresa is everything he's ever wanted in a woman. . ." Then as she hung up, laughed, "and MORE!"

After supper Don called back and said everything was set. The boys arranged to pick us up at eight the next night. They planned to take us to the local teen dance club. Kathy was excited at the prospect of double dating with me. "This is so much fun! I love seeing you enjoy your new femininity. You'll learn that boys can be so much fun!"

We went shopping the next day. Kathy wanted to show me where she had bought a top I had admired. Her mother agreed to drop us off and then pick us up later. We didn't find anything we liked at the first store we stopped at. As we wandered down the block I spotted a darling knee-

length paisley print dress in a window. "Isn't that cute?" I said.

"Let's check it out," Kathy said as she grabbed my arm.

A young clerk approached us as soon as we walked in. "Can I help you girls with anything?"

Kathy looked at me and giggled. "My cousin is interested in that paisley print dress in the window."

I started to protest that I couldn't afford it, but the clerk didn't pay any attention. "That's a lovely dress," she commented, "and I bet we have it in your size. Let me check."

She disappeared in the back. In the meantime Kathy was checking out the racks of skirts. The clerk returned in a few minutes carrying the dress. "You can try it on in there," she motioned toward the dressing rooms. Kathy grabbed several skirts and came with me. The dressing room was huge. I quickly changed into the dress and she helped me button it up the back.

"That looks great on you," she said as I checked out my image in the mirror.

"I don't like the way it fits across here, though. It feels too tight," I pointed to under the arms.



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"Your boobs are too big," she laughed. "You need a larger size."

I blushed a tomato red.

"Let me reassure you. It's not a handicap. There are plenty of girls who would kill for a figure like yours."

We spent the next hour trying on different outfits. It was a slow day and the clerk didn't mind. There were few other customers to wait on. I did feel a little guilty, though, when we finally left without buying anything.

In the next block we found a jewelry store. They had hundreds of earrings on display, most for pierced ears. I silently thanked mother for piercing mine. They were all so beautiful that it took us a long time to decide which ones we wanted.

Watching me primp and hold each pair up to my ears, Kathy whispered in my ear, "You are just so delightfully swish! You must have been such a sissy as a boy!"

I blushed but ended up purchasing several pairs of the long dangling kind that I love so much. I love to feel them sway against my neck whenever I move my head. Kathy bought some too.

She also bought a delicate gold chain with a little gold heart strung on it. While I shopped, she had it engraved. As soon as we got back out on the sidewalk, she turned to me and said, "I want to give this to my best new girl cousin Terri, in appreciation, because I think she's terrific."

"I...I don't know what to say."

"Then don't say anything." She had me turn around so she could fasten it on me. I pulled my long hair up while she snapped the clip at the back of my neck. The gold heart hung between my breasts. I gently fingered it turning it over. . .it was engraved on the back with the title, "SISSY" in an ornate script.

Kathy was beaming. "I hope you don't mind but I even if you become a total woman, I want you to remember our time together. I just love seeing you blossom and experience feminine feelings but never forget where you've come from. . .there's an innocence that I hope you never lose."

Tears came to my eyes. She was right. I never wanted to forget each new girlish experience. That first dress, my first baby doll nightgown, wearing a bikini on the beach, and now even my upcoming first date with a boy.

"It's absolutely beautiful. I'll wear it everywhere. Thank you very much," I said sincerely. I was over-

whelmed with emotion. No one had ever given me something like that before. Something with so much thought and caring. We hugged each other tightly.

She said, "You can wear the inscription side down."

We slowly walked arm in arm down the sidewalk to an outdoor cafe. I realized that this was just one more benefit I had acquired by being a girl. Boys would never buy each other presents like that, and they certainly wouldn't hug each other or show and other type of affection in public. At least not the boys I knew. This was yet another confirmation that I had made the right choice.

I took the locket and flipped it so that the "SISSY" inscription showed between the milky, soft cleavage. I was suddenly proud of my feminization. Where I had come from did not lessen my femininity.

We sipped fancy, sweet coffee, watched passersbys and talked about our double date until Aunt Helen picked us up. By then we were eager to start getting ready for our big date tonight.

We each showered and shampooed. Then we again took turns setting the other's hair. She let me go first and helped me arrange the dryer bonnet over my curler-covered head. I sat on the bed and leafed through fashion magazines while I waited for my hair to dry. Then we switched positions. When her hair was also dry, we then took turns polishing each other's nails.

"This is great," she commented. "It's just like having a sister."

"I'm going to miss you a lot when I have to go back," I told her truthfully.

Sitting side by side at her vanity, laughing and giggling, we made up our own faces. After that we helped each other pick out our outfits. She insisted that I wear her turquoise silk blouse with my leather skirt. The fabric felt heavenly against my skin.

After we finished dressing we combed out each other's hair.

"You look beautiful," she told me when she was done. "I'm so glad you're a girl. . .and Phil will too!"

I blushed, my eyes glittering as I inspected myself in the mirror. "I am too!" I told Kathy how nervous I was about tonight. "I don't know how to act. I've never been on a date before, even as a boy."

"Don't worry about a thing, Terri. Just act naturally and you'll be fine. If you're in doubt about anything, just follow my cue."

Our dates rang the bell promptly at eight. Aunt Helen invited them in so that she and her sisters could carefully inspect them before releasing us to their custody.

Don and Phil were seniors at Kathy's high school. They both had the rugged sun-tanned and handsome look of southern California. We gave them a chance to show off their good manners to our mothers by taking a few extra minutes to get ready. They had obviously charmed the ladies by the time we appeared in the living room.

"You kids have a good time," mother chirped. I thought I saw a tear in the corner of her eye.

"Enjoy yourselves," Aunt Helen told us.

Once we were in the car Kathy and I laughed at our mothers' reactions. "Usually she's real stern and gives me all kinds of warnings," Kathy said. "Tonight she even forgot to remind me when I'm supposed to be home."

Don drove and Kathy sat up front with him. Phil and I sat in the back seat. We headed across town to the dance club. Phil was soft-spoken but not shy. He asked me about myself and I found it easy to talk to him. By the time we got to the club I had already decided that I liked him. He carefully held the car door for me and again held the door as we entered the club. I was flattered as he treated me like a delicate flower.

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Inside the place was crowded and loud, but we still managed to find a booth. Fortunately it was toward the back where it wasn't quite so noisy, and we could hear ourselves talk.

"Well, what do you think?" Kathy wanted to know as soon as the boys left to get us some cokes.

"He's nice," I told her nonchalantly.

"Do you like him?"

"I guess so. I mean, we just met, you know."

"He likes you."

"How do you know?"

"Just from the way he's acting and acting so protective. I can tell. Are you going to kiss him?"

I just rolled my eyes at her. She insisted, "Com'on, I want to see you kiss him. . .just like a girl!"

When the boys returned we talked for a few minutes, then they asked us to dance. I panicked momentarily. I didn't really know how to dance. I had forgotten to ask Kathy to show me the steps. It was too late now. I followed Phil through the crowd to the dance floor. Fortunately it was a fast dance. I eyed some of the other girls and tried to imitate their hip movements.

It soon became obvious, however, that everyone was dancing free-form and there were no particular steps to follow. So I just wiggled my hips and shook my arms like everyone else was doing.

Phil gave me an approving look from about five feet away. I beginning to enjoy myself. We danced to two more songs before taking a breather. As we left the dance floor, Phil casually took my hand as we wormed our way through the crowd. It felt like such a natural thing to do.

Kathy and Don joined us at the booth. We all laughed and talked as we sipped our drinks.

It scared me when Phil said loudly, "This is my first time out with a 'SISSY!'" My heart pounded but realized that my locket had turned over and he had read the inscription. I opened my mouth but Kathy spoke first. "Short for SISTER. I ave her that because she's the closest thing I've ever had to one."

It was quickly dropped as we "made other conversation." After awhile we got up to dance again. After one fast number, they played a slow ballad. Phil stepped over to me and held out his hands. I remembered to put my right arm on his shoulder, just as I'd seen countless other

girls do. It was a little confusing, since I had to move backwards, but I soon got the hang of it. I shuffled my feet slowly. My biggest fear was stepping on his toes or having him step on mine.

I looked up at him and smiled. At six feet he was nearly half a foot taller than me. He smiled back, then leaned in toward me.

Phil said, "You're so different from the girls around here. I'm enjoying this."

"Me too. I'm glad I came," I smiled at him. I truly doubted if there were many girls like me around anywhere!

He pulled me a little closer as we continued to shuffle slowly across the floor. When the song was over the disk jockey immediately put another fast tune on. We reluctantly separated, but stayed on the floor and danced. Now, instead of remaining several feet apart for the whole number, Phil would gyrate in toward me and then spin away.

I followed his lead and soon we were shimmying shoulder to shoulder, back to back, and even front to front! I was having fun. We'd laugh every time we moved in towards each other. Three fast dances seemed to be our limit though, and soon we were winding our way, hand-in-hand, back to the booth. We collapsed on the seat, laughing. Kathy and Don were already sitting there and they gave us quizzical looks.

"WHAT?" I asked, seeing how Kathy was looking at me. "I'm just having fun."

Kathy grinned and stood up, beckoning Don to come with her. They headed off to the dance floor, leaving Phil and I alone but in view. I knew what she wanted to see.

I noticed that he was now sitting much closer to me than earlier. His pant leg was touching my nyloned thigh. Flirtatiously, I reached up to flick an imaginary piece of lint from his lapel. He took hold of my outstretched hand and held it. Looking down into my eyes, he said softly, "In addition to being very pretty, you have a wonderful personality. I'm really enjoying your company---don't ever change."

"Change?" I thought. I turned away. I was both flattered and flustered by his comments. He was saying the sorts of things every girl loves to hear. My problem was that I was still trying to sort out my feelings about boys. I had to admit though, that he made me feel delightfully feminine and I was enjoying this male companionship.

Finally I shyly looked up at him and admitted, "I'm having a great time too. I'm glad I'm here with you."

We were still sitting, holding hands and gazing into each others eyes, when Kathy and Don returned to the table. I looked away sheepishly as Kathy flashed me a knowing look. She knew this handsome gentleman was making me feel more girlish and feminine than ever.

We soon returned to the dance floor. We would dance several fast tunes, then take a breather before hitting the floor again. I lost track of time. During the slow tunes Phil was now holding me much closer than before. I'd rest my head on his shoulder while his right arm held me tight. For the first time I felt the very feminine experience of being enveloped in the reassuring arms of a man.

I was conscious of my soft breasts pressed against his muscular body. As I inhaled his masculine scent I felt unusually safe and protected. We would sway gently to the music, hardly moving at all. At the end of one particular song our eyes met as we reluctantly separated. He leaned down and gently kissed my painted lips.

I about succumbed to the thrill of being feminine enough to attract a man. Neither of us moved for a second.

The spell was quickly broken however, as the other dancers began to jostle us on the crowded floor. They were moving to a fast beat again. We slowly made our way back to the booth. It was empty. As we sat down, Phil put his arm around me and I snuggled in against him.

We both leaned back in the booth, as if we were trying to put some distance between us and the rest of the crowd. We remained that way for some time, neither talking nor moving. Finally Kathy and Don reappeared. She looked at me and then pointedly at her watch and shook her head.

"What is it?" I asked.

"It's time to go. I'm sorry."

"Not your fault," Phil told her.

We made our way through the mob and out into the parking lot. Stepping into the cool night air make me realize how hot and humid it had been inside the crowded club. Earlier we had talked about stopping someplace for a snack on the way home, but it was too late.

Don drove us directly to Kathy's house while Phil and I snuggled in the back seat. When he pulled up in front of her house, Don turned to kiss Kathy good night. As Phil leaned in to kiss me again I closed my eyes. He kissed me

more firmly and this time I responded. We held the kiss until I heard Kathy clear her throat. I turned to see her smiling at me from the front seat.

"Time to go, dear," she reminded me.

I turned back to Phil. "Thanks for a wonderful evening," I said sincerely.

"And thank you too." There was an amorous look in his eyes. "I'd like to see you again, if that's okay."

I looked over at Kathy. She nodded. "Sure thing," I said as I climbed out of the car.

The three sisters were waiting up for us. They were sitting around the kitchen table in their nightgowns, their hair in curlers, drinking hot chocolate and reminiscing about the old days. We tried to sneak past them down the hall, but Aunt Susan spotted us.

"Oh girls," she called out. "How was your date?"

"Well?" mother joined in.

We circled back into the kitchen. "It was okay," I said not wanting to talk. I was still trying to sort out what the night meant in my own mind.

"We danced a lot," said Kathy. "We're both real tired."

"How are Don and Phil?" Aunt Helen asked.

"They're fine," replied her daughter.

"Not real talkative tonight, are you?" Aunt Susan observed.

"We are real tired from all that dancing," I told her. "But we enjoyed ourselves. We'll tell you all about it in the morning. Okay?"

"Alright girls. We're glad you had a good time. You two get to bed and we'll see you in the morning."

We said our goodnights and zipped down the hall to Kathy's room. As soon as she shut the door she chuckled and wanted to know everything that happened between me and Phil. . .and how I felt!

"At first all we did was hold hands. He's really kind of sweet, don't you think? I thought guys were slobs."

"Some are. So, then what happened?"

"Well, we were dancing slow, and he was holding me in his arms. It was kind of dreamy and it made me relax. You know what I mean?"

She nodded and pressed me for more intimate details.

"And the next thing I know he's kissing me."

She roared, "You must of about died! Your first kiss from a boy! Did you like it?"

"I kind of just stood there and let him kiss me."

"And did you like it?"

I blushed and looked away. "Sort of." I saw her staring at me. I had to tell her the truth. "Yeah, I guess I did."

Kathy giggled. "I knew something had happened when Don and I got back to the booth and you were cuddled up there all by yourselves. The two of you were acting like there was no one else in the world."

I blushed again.

"And then that good night kiss in the car! Wow!"

"It was just a kiss."

"Yeah, but what a kiss. Did it make you want to have sex with him?"

"KATHY!?!"

She smiled, "Just teasing but you've got a lot to learn about boys. This may have been your first kiss but think about how feminine it made you feel. Before long, you will be comfortable kissing boys and they will want more. You may have grown up as one, but you didn't learn much."

"This was my first date as a boy or a girl. I don't know how boys are supposed to act. I'm not even sure how girls are supposed to act."

"The girl is supposed to set the limits. She's supposed to let the boy know what's acceptable and what's not. Otherwise he may think he can go all the way."

"Oh."

"It's okay. Don't worry. It's a long way from just a kiss to getting pregnant."

"That would be the least of my worries if things got out of hand," I pointed out.

"Oh yeah. I almost forgot," she said, "I just find it so exciting that you are willing to go so far. Most boys would die if they had to wear a dress and kiss a boy! Maybe someday, a boy will make passionate love to you. Would you like that?"

I changed the subject. I was already on overload and confused.

We quickly changed into our pajamas and set each other's hair. We were both tired and Kathy quickly dropped off to sleep. I lay awake for quite awhile, however. I couldn't stop thinking about what I had experienced: the

warm feeling I got when Phil held me in his arms; the first kiss on the dance floor; the passionate kiss in the car. I had a feeling that I'd remember this night for a long time.

It was an impasse that now seemed so petty. I could now dress up pretty and boys would kiss me and I could even kiss back.

The next morning we took off for a couple of days of sightseeing. Aunt Helen loaned us her car. She insisted on staying home. "I've seen everything a dozen times already, dear" she told me. Mother drove and Aunt Susan rode up front with her. Kathy and I sat in the back. We started driving east, over the mountains and into the desert. The scenery was breathtaking, like nothing I had ever seen before. We stopped several times to take pictures.

I posed next to a huge towering cactus. We spent the night in Palm Springs. As we drove the streets, Kathy and I were on the lookout for movie stars, but we didn't see any. "They're probably all hiding in their air-conditioned mansions," Aunt Susan suggested.

The next day we drove into Los Angeles. Kathy knew her way around, so she was our tour guide. We saw the sidewalks with the stars in them, and the Chinese theater where Marilyn Monroe signed her name in concrete. I tried to pantomime Marilyn's expressions as mother took pictures.

We cruised up and down Rodeo Drive, but didn't stop. We figured we couldn't even afford to park, let alone buy anything.

We bought a map of movie stars' homes and prowled Beverly Hills and Brentwood. Kathy and I each picked out the houses we wanted to buy when we got rich or in her case, she planned to marry a rich man!

She and I had many intimate conversations. About being a female, boys, dreams, sex and more. To my bewilderment, I had many of the same sensations and fantasies. Daydreams of my future that I could never even imagine only months ago.

Late in the afternoon we cruised down Sunset Boulevard to the ocean and had a delicious seafood dinner at a restaurant right on the beach.

The next morning we went clothes shopping at a discount mall near downtown. All four of us had a great time,

discovering bargains and trying them on. I bought several new tops and skirts, and three delicious dresses. After that we made a quick stop at Venice beach to check out the scene before getting back on the freeway and heading home.

I had a wonderful time, but I wished I could have stayed longer. There are so many neat things to do there. I promised myself that I would come back as soon as possible. Maybe I could move there after I graduated and get a job in one of the movie studios.

"And marry some rich movie star!" Kathy teased.

It was pretty late by the time we got back to Kathy's that night and we were all exhausted. We ended up sleeping late the next morning. Around eleven o'clock Aunt Helen knocked on the door to wake us up. "Terri, honey. There's a boy on the phone. I think it's Phil---he wants to talk to you."

"I'll take it in here," I mumbled, still half asleep.

Kathy sat up in bed. "Bet he wants another date!"

My heart raced. "What should I tell him?"

"Why don't you tell him to pick us up this afternoon and we'll go to the beach?"

Phil readily agreed to Kathy's suggestion. He and Don showed up around one p.m. We went back to the same secluded beach Kathy had taken me to the other day. The boy's had brought a large blanket that we spread out on the warm sand. It was big enough for the four of us to lay on.

Kathy and I started to put on sun block, but the boys insisted on doing it for us. I enjoyed the feeling as Phil's strong hands massaged my legs with the lotion. As I turned over so he could do my back I happened to glance at his bathing suit. It seemed that Phil was enjoying it at least as much as I was.

We sort of paired off while we worked on our tans. Kathy and Don kept to one side of the blanket, Phil and I moved to the other side. We held hands and chatted quietly. I enjoyed the intimate girlish feeling of laying close to a robust young man.

After awhile he suggested we go for a walk down the beach toward the cliffs. As we strolled along the water line, the waves breaking at our feet, he slipped his arm around my waist and pulled me closer to him.

I felt all warm and soft inside as we slowly made our way down the beach. I unconsciously put my arm around him too. It felt like the most natural thing in the world. When we reached the foot of the cliffs he turned toward me, lifted my chin with his hand, and kissed me.

I closed my eyes and leaned into him as I responded to his kiss. His arms encircled me and pulled me closer. I felt at peace with the world. His strong, over-powering masculinity perfectly complimented my innate femininity. When our lips finally parted I rested my head on his muscular chest and listened to his beating heart.

All too soon, however, the spell was broken by some youngsters who snuck up on us. They had hidden behind some rocks half way up the cliff. They started tossing clumps of dirt down on us and laughing.

At first Phil started to chase them, but they were quicker, and it was all a big game to them anyway. When it became clear that they would not leave us alone, we reluctantly walked back to where we had left Kathy and Don.

They had their arms around each other in a tight clinch and didn't hear us return. Phil teasingly sprinkled some sand on them. Don jumped up, furious, until he saw who it was. Then he chased Phil down to the water and tried to dunk him. Kathy and I sat on the blanket and watched the boys act like boys. When they finally tired themselves out they came back to sit with us.

On the way back to Kathy's I snuggled in close to Phil and he kept his arm tightly around me. I didn't want the intimacy to end. Now I knew what my girlfriends meant when they talked about their boyfriends. I knew we were leaving the next day and that I wouldn't see him again. Our good-bye kiss was long and deep. When we finally said good-bye I almost felt like crying. I couldn't understand why I felt so emotional about a boy.

I wished we could have stayed longer, but mother had to get back to work. I felt so close to Kathy. . .like a sister and I hated to leave her. We made vague promises to get together over the summer, but our parting was going to leave a big void in my life. At the airport we tearfully hugged and kissed each other good-bye. All through the flight home I fingered the gold heart she had given me and what the inscription meant. I was proud of myself. . .I had come a long way but was confused as where I was going now.



*“I had forgotten how to even wrap the tie and it looked out of place over my rounded chest. I suddenly had to laugh. . .here I was cross-dressing AGAIN! Only this time, I could never pass as a male.”*

At home, I became moody. My previous focus and ambition to become as feminine as possible confused me. Where was I going? Did I really want to be a girl?

My bottom and boobs jiggled when I walked but I had to know if it was really too late to turn back. I bought a shirt and tie and smuggled it into my bedroom. There I tied down my bosom with an elastic bandage and put it on. I had to see.

I fumbled with the shirt buttons which now closed the “wrong” way. It fit loosely every where except across the chest where my chest refused to be hidden. I put on the tie. . .I had actually forgot how to tie it. The tie followed my girlish contours and looked completely out of place with my fleshy hips.

The shirt felt itchy and uncomfortable. I looked more like a girl in these boy clothes than when I had on a dress!

The routine of school helped lift me out of my depression. I soon got back into the rhythm of classes and homework and talking on the phone with my girlfriends. The four of us were at Denise's house one day after school when we started talking about boys. They were still trying to fix me up with someone. I told them all about my experiences with Phil. They thought it was so romantic to have a boyfriend in a far away place.

One day at lunch Lisa announced that she was having a party following Saturday night. Everyone thought it was a great idea and we spent the rest of the lunch break compiling a list of who she should invite. She wanted to make sure there were an even number of boys and girls.

Denise and Cindy reminded her to be sure and invite several boys who didn't have steady girlfriends in the hope that they might be able to fix me up with one of them. I tried to tell them that I could take care of that myself, but they were having too much fun and wouldn't listen to my protests.

When she got home from work that afternoon I asked Mother if I could go. She readily agreed. "I think it's a wonderful way to meet some of the other kids. You really need to get out and socialize more," she told me.

The rest of the week crawled by and it seemed like Saturday would never arrive. Eventually it did, however, and I spent most of the day getting ready for the party. Right after lunch I shampooed and set my hair. Aunt Susan volunteered to set it for me, but by now I was so used to doing it myself that I told her no thanks.

I soaked in a nice warm tub scented with my favorite bath oil for a while. My whole body was softer now. My legs smoothed into graceful, feminine curves. My skin had a milky color all over and a layer of cushiony softness. I loved running my hands over the smooth softness.

While I soaked I read the latest issues of *Cosmopolitan* and *Elle*, two of the magazines Aunt Susan had purchased subscriptions for me, "to help you learn more about your new life." Then I shaved my legs, even though there was very little hair growth. I had become a perfectionist when it came to my daily hygiene besides I just love the feel of ultra-smooth legs in nylons.

After a long leisurely soak, I got out and dried off. Then I dusted myself with fragrant talcum powder. I put on a matched floral print bra and panty set, and carefully

adjusted my full breasts in the cups of the bra. I paused in front of the full length mirror to admire my new figure. . . a figure that would have sparked many lascivious thoughts in my mind before my effeminization. Now it was just my accustomed shape and I knew just how to show in off in the right dress.

Finally I tore myself away from the mirror and slipped on a kimono and settled down on the bed to listen to music and do my nails. This was one of my most relaxing beauty routines probably because it was so un-manlike. First I removed all of the old polish, from both my long-nailed fingers and toes. Then I trimmed my toenails with a clipper and smoothed the ends with an emery board.

There's nothing like rough toenails for putting runs in pantyhose. After I was done with the emery board I carefully applied two coats of polish. Then I started in on my fingernails. One hand at a time, I rubbed cuticle remover over my cuticles, then used an orange stick to dislodge and remove them.

Next I took the emery board and filed the end of my long nails into a nice oval shape, just like the woman at the beauty shop had done. Then I brushed on a base coat, two coats of a bright red polish, and finished off with a protective top coat. It took a long time, but I enjoyed every minute of it. I would feel naked with out nail polish now. . . my hands were as soft, delicate and fragile as any woman's.

I waited until after dinner to finish getting ready. Mother came in to chat and watch while I did my face and hair.

"I can tell you're excited about this party," she observed.

"Yeah, but I'm nervous too."

"Well, you certainly don't have to worry about anyone discovering your secret. You look just like one of the girls."

"Thanks mom. I don't worry much about that any more. But I'm worried because I won't know a lot of the kids there."

"You know Lisa and Denise and Cindy and some of the other girls. That's a pretty good start. And they seem like a nice bunch of kids. I'm sure they'll introduce you to everyone and make sure you enjoy yourself. I can understand why you're nervous, but I really don't think you have anything to worry about."

"I hope you're right," I told her as I leaned into the mirror and carefully coated my eye lashes with mascara. "I just want to be pretty tonight."

"Let me help you with your hair," she offered. "We don't want you having a bad hair day tonight." That eased my tension and we both laughed.

I sat back and let her tend to my hair. I've discovered that one of life's little pleasures is having someone else do your hair. After removing the curlers she carefully teased and combed out a mass of curls to surround my face.

"I love the way you do my hair, mom."

"Well thank you. In all modesty I must admit you do look adorable tonight. The boys will be falling all over themselves to get next to you."

I blushed red. "Really?" I stammered.

"Don't tell me you haven't noticed boys watching you now."

"Well, yes. But I just don't pay any attention." I hadn't told her about my close friendship with Phil. I was too embarrassed.

"You better start paying attention! You'll get the reputation for being stuck-up. Sooner or later you're going to have to learn to deal with boys," she said, asking, "Do you mind them looking?"

I shook my head and admitted, "It's actually rather nice even though I KNOW what they are thinking."

Mother smiled. "It's something every girl has to get used to eventually. Besides, you might learn to enjoy a little male attention once in awhile."

"I doubt it."

"Just play it cool and see what happens, okay?"

"Okay mom."

I unrolled a new pair of pantyhose up my legs. It had a delicate clockwork pattern and back seams. Mother helped me get the seams straight. She watched as I finished dressing in a Victorian style blouse with lots of lace trim, a short, tight denim skirt and a matching vest. I slipped a pair of two-inch pumps on my feet.

"What do you think of your son now?" I questioned as I spritzed myself lightly with perfume and again admired myself in the mirror.

"He's the prettiest girl in town," she acknowledged with a wink. I had to agree with her.

I had promised Lisa that I would get there early to help with the arrangements. When mother dropped me off in front of Lisa's house, I promised to call her when I was ready to be picked up. I had planned to walk home, but mother reminded me that it wasn't a good idea for a girl my age to be walking alone at that time of night, even in our relatively safe neighborhood. Such problems would never have occurred to me as a boy and it reminded me that I still had a lot to learn as a female.

The party was a great success. Everyone who was invited came, about thirty kids. We filled the basement rec room. There was plenty of food and soft drinks, and Lisa's parents let us turn the music up pretty loud. At first everyone just sort of stood around talking, but after awhile some couples started dancing.

As a boy, I always hated dancing but I didn't feel so awkward in a skirt and somehow now it was just more fun.

Cindy had pointedly introduced me to Kevin, a tall, good looking boy I had seen in the hall at school. He was on the basketball team and all the girls described him as dreamy.

Even I had to admit he was handsome. He had recently broken up with his long-time girlfriend and wasn't seeing anyone in particular. Cindy maneuvered us into a corner and then left us alone. Kevin was very polite and genuinely seemed to like me.

I was surprised at how easy it was to keep up my end of the conversation. We chatted about school and he sympathized with me about being the new kid in town. His family had only moved here three years ago, so he knew what I was going through. I stood with my back against the wall as we talked and periodically I would catch sight of Denise, Lisa or Cindy looking at me. Each time they caught my eye they would wink and I would turn away, trying not to blush.

It was amazing. This "popular type" boy wouldn't have given me a second of his time before. I wasn't a jock and so we wouldn't have anything in common. Amazingly, Kevin intently wanted to know all about me and boastfully told me all about his interests.

Kevin was showing no signs of moving on and sure enough, he soon asked me to dance. We moved to the middle of the room and mingled with the other dancers to a couple of fast tunes. I was actually enjoying myself.

When Lisa saw me dancing she immediately changed the tape and put on a slow number.

Kevin moved in close and took me in his arms. He was much taller than me, my head barely came to his shoulder, even in my two-inch heels. I wished that I had worn higher heels.

He was a very good dancer and I enjoyed gliding across the floor with him. As he leaned down to whisper in my ear that he was enjoying himself he pulled me closer. Our knees touched and I felt my emasculated soft chest squeezed against his muscular torso. I felt my nipples gather up in tiny knots and compress against the cups of my brassiere.

His hand roamed my back and his face nuzzled my hair. "That perfume is perfect on you. So sweet and wonderful," he said into my hair. For some reason that pleased me very much and in response I leaned my head against his chest. He pulled me even closer and we barely moved with the music.

Lisa of course, saw us swaying together and knew just what to do. She dimmed the lights and put on another slow song. I didn't stop to analyze what was going on, all I knew was that this big, handsome boy was holding me in his arms and I was responding like a coquettish young girl. It was yet another affirmation of my femininity. I felt safe and serene as his strong arms encircled my yielding physique.

I looked up at him when he whispered my name. He leaned in and our lips met briefly. Seeing no sign of resistance from me, he kissed me again, this time more firmly. Reflexively I kissed him back, my hand going up to caress the back of his neck. I found myself responding passionately to this boy's kiss.

It was terribly confusing but I refused to stop and contemplate. I resolved instead to think about it all later. For the moment I just wanted to go with the flow and enjoy the waves of savory palpations. We finally broke our clinch and smiled into each other's eyes.

When the song was over the lights came back up and Lisa put on some more fast songs. We moved back to our corner, only this time we both faced the crowd. He put his arm around me and I leaned into him. For the longest time we didn't say anything, but the silence wasn't uncomfortable. Quite the contrary. After awhile Lisa put on another

slow number and we turned to each other and slowly shuffled together in the corner.

I pressed my face against his chest, inhaling his masculine odor and feeling his beard against my cheek. My slight feminine body seemed designed to be enfolded in his arms. We kissed again and this time his tongue probed past my lips. I opened them wider and he filled my mouth.

Visions flashed in my head. My first dress, my first hairstyle, my first bra, learning to walk in heels, my first kiss and now this! Utterly feminine sensations were being caused by such a wholly masculine male admiring my femininity.

I realized that while I should be disgusted, I instead felt pleasure from this intimate act. Involuntarily I pressed myself tighter against him as my hand again went up to caress the back of his head and neck. We held this embrace for the longest time, until suddenly we realized that the music had stopped. As we pulled apart I looked over his shoulder and realized that everyone in the room was staring at us. We both looked sheepishly at the floor as several people, including my three girlfriends, clapped and cheered.

Everyone turned away once the music started again and we went over to one of the tables to get something to drink. A couple of the boys smirked at us, but when Kevin caught their eye they turned away. We each got a soda and stood for while holding hands. Eventually a couple of seats opened up on the sofa and we sat down. He put his arm around my shoulders and I leaned comfortably against him. We spent the rest of the evening there, talking occasionally, just enjoying each other's company. When it was time to leave, he offered to drive me home.

"My mom is supposed to pick me up," I told him. "Let me call her and see if it's okay."

She sounded surprised when I told her that a boy wanted to give me a ride home. She started to ask me all sorts of questions about him, but I assured her that he was one of the kids from my class, that he was very nice, and that it was perfectly safe. She finally concurred.

As we said our good-byes each of my girlfriends gave me a knowing look. I just smiled back in response. Kevin had borrowed his father's car for the evening. The trip to my house took only a couple of minutes. Since I didn't want to rush right in the house, I suggested that he park in the driveway. As we sat in the car talking I noticed the curtain

on one of the front windows move. Someone was checking up on us.

Kevin told me how much he had enjoyed my company tonight and asked if he could see me again. I tried not to sound over-eager when I said yes. We leaned into each other and kissed again. It was more awkward sitting in the car's bucket seats, but we managed. Again his tongue explored the inside of my mouth and again I responded as before. We held the embrace for a long time.

Out of the corner of my eye I thought I saw the curtain move again, but I couldn't be sure. We uncoupled eventually and said our last good-byes. He promised to call me the next day. I nearly

skipped up the walk to the front steps. Like a real gentleman, he waited until I was in the house before starting the car.

Mother and Aunt Susan were both sitting in the living room watching television when I walked in. They were both dressed for bed and were obviously been waiting up for me. I knew they wanted to hear all about my evening, especially about the boy who had given me a ride home and then parked in the driveway. I tried teasing them by heading straight for the stairs, but they both insisted that I come sit with them and tell them all about it.

Aunt Susan wasted no time. "Who was that boy who gave you a ride home?"

"His name's Kevin. He's on the basketball team. He's very nice."

"What were you doing out there in his car in the driveway?"



SANDY THOMAS  
EDITOR

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"Talking," I said innocently.

"More than talking, it looked like to me," mother replied.

"What do you mean?"

"What she means, dear," said Aunt Susan, "Is that the porch light was shining right through the windshield of his car. It wasn't difficult to see what was going on."

"Oh." I blushed deeply.

"There's no need to be embarrassed, sweetheart," mother volunteered. "You are living as a girl and it's perfectly natural for a girl your age to be kissed by a boy." Aunt Susan nodded in agreement.

"I figured you'd be upset." I figured that they would ask me why I'd want to kiss a boy.

"No darling," she smiled tenderly. "We all know you are different but we want you to grow up to be a well adjusted, happy young woman. We assumed you'll develop relationships with men just like most women do. It's a part of womanhood."

"Well, I guess I grew up some tonight," I said. I told them all about the evening's events, leaving out only some of the more intimate details. I did mention that Kevin wanted to go out with me again and that I had agreed. They both seemed pleased about that.

Mother added, "You've become so feminine that if you allow it. . .the boys will be fighting over you!"

"Oh mother," I moaned but thinking to myself, "Imagine that!"

Only when they were satisfied that they had squeezed the last bit of information out of me did they allow me to go upstairs and get ready for bed. It was well after midnight and I was almost too tired to set my hair but knew I'd be sorry if I didn't. I fell asleep almost as soon as my curler-covered head hit the pillow.

In the morning I woke in the midst of a most vivid dream. In the dream I was laying on a bed in a strange room, perhaps a hotel room. The covers were turned down. I was wearing an elaborately trimmed sheer white nightgown. The door opens and Kevin enters the room.

He's wearing a robe, loosely tied at the waist. He lays down next to me and we embrace. As he kisses me passionately, he unbuttons the front of my gown, exposing my breasts, which have grown much bigger. He gently fondles them and then begins kissing them. This arouses me

greatly. His robe falls open and I run my fingers through the hair covering his muscular chest. Eventually he rolls over on top of me and I feel even more aroused as his weight presses me into the bed.

At some point I become aware of his insistent manhood pressing against my belly. He continues to kiss me as he positions himself between my now outstretched legs. As he hovers over me he looks me in the eye and tenderly kisses my soft lips. He is just saying "I love you" when I woke up with a start.

I lay there for the longest time, clutching my pillow and trying to make sense of this dream that both fascinated and frightened me. I was afraid to tell either mother or Aunt Susan, for fear that they would forbid me to see Kevin again. They would never understand these feelings!

I was sitting at the dining room table doing my homework when Kevin called the following evening. Aunt Susan answered the phone and when she told me who it was, I told her I'd take the call on the extension phone in my room. I saw her and mother exchange knowing looks as I headed up the stairs.

With my door closed for some privacy, I lay on the bed while we talked. I can't remember most of what we talked about, it probably wasn't important. What I do remember is that we talked for nearly two hours! I got some very significant looks when I finally came back downstairs to finish my homework.

He ended up calling me every night that week. Mother insisted that I limit the calls to one hour on week nights. "You have homework to do too," she reminded me.

We planned to go to a movie on Saturday night. I again spent the entire day getting ready. This time, however, I was getting ready for a date with a boy, not just for a party.

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A  
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ARTIST?  
OR JUST A  
"GAL" WITH  
SOME IDEAS  
OR SCENES?

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BEST IDEAS  
START WITH  
SOMEONE JUST  
SCRIBBLING  
DOWN A FEW  
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THOSE AND  
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SEND THOSE  
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The significance of that fact was not lost on mother, either. In her subtle way she tried to pump me for information about him and my feelings for him. Since I myself was unsure about my feelings, I wasn't very forthcoming.

I was in my room checking my makeup one last time when he rang the doorbell, right on time. Before I could get to the door, Aunt Susan invited him. When I got downstairs she and mother were giving him the once over in the living room. He looked very handsome in his sport coat and slacks. Even his shoes were shined.

I could tell the ladies were impressed. He stood up when I entered the room and out of the corner of my eye I saw Aunt Susan smile approvingly. I was wearing an emerald green crushed velvet blouse, with a suede vest and short black skirt. He couldn't keep his eyes off of me. Pointing out that the movie was going to start soon, we quickly said good-bye and left.

On the way to the theater we laughed about how mother and Aunt Susan had so obviously inspected him. I silently noted how easily the two of us seemed to hit it off. Once we were seated in the theater, he took my hand and held it throughout the show. When it was over he suggested we stop at Luigi's for pizza.

The place was crowded, but fortunately we found a table in the back room. The lighting was subdued. Each table held a lit candle in an old, straw-covered Chianti bottle. We held hands while we waited for our order. We didn't say much, but the silences weren't awkward. When the pizza arrived I ate sparingly, letting him have most of it.

It was only ten-thirty when we left the restaurant. Since I didn't have to be home until midnight, we drove up to the bluffs overlooking town and parked. The area was a notorious lovers' lane, but I wasn't worried. We gazed into each others' eyes as he put his arm around me. Our lips met, tentatively at first, then more firmly. I reached up and caressed the back of his neck. My lips parted as his tongue entered my mouth. His free hand roamed up and down my back at first, then slowly moved around to caress my right breast.

When I offered no resistance, he continued his exploration of the left one. All the while his tongue probed the furthest recesses of my mouth. Now emboldened, he unbuttoned my blouse and slipped his hand inside of my bra. I was sure he could feel my heart thumping.

I trembled as his fingers stroked the tender skin of my breast. He gently massaged each breast as I lay back in the seat and offered him free rein to explore my new femininity. I hoped they would pass such close inspection but there was no doubt that I now had the pretty, white round, delicately-veined globes of a female. I was delighted at how they were responding to a man's touch. His little titillations of my nipples were sending swells of delectable emotions through my promising milk vessels.

Our lips parted and he lowered his head to the objects of his desire. Pulling the cups of my bra down, he took first one and then the other in his mouth. Teasing the nipples playfully with his teeth, then sucking them passionately, he drove me wild.

I grabbed his head with both hands and pressed it against the soft pillow of my breasts. He continued to tease and suckle them as I entwined my fingers in his hair. The sides of his tongue curved around my nipples pulling it back in his throat. I felt his sucking motion at the tip of his tongue rolling wavelike along my nipple as he worshipped my bosom. My erect nipple was fully enraptured by his mouth when I felt his hand begin to caress UP my thigh. I made a move to stop him by breaking the suction and pulling slightly away.

"Please don't," I sighed as I reached down to stop his hand.

To my great relief he didn't argue, but instead confined his exploration to above my waist and concentrated on my breasts. We continued this way until it was time to take me home. On the way back home I carefully rearranged my clothing. In the driveway we again embraced as he kissed me goodnight and again "felt me up."

As I expected, my two guardians were still up watching television when I walked in the door. I sat down on the sofa next to mother, prepared for their inquisition.

"Your lipstick is a mess," mother observed.

I blushed deeply as I started to dig in my purse for my compact and mirror.

"Looks like you had a good time," Aunt Susan commented. "Kevin seems like a very nice young man."

"He is," I replied. "And yes, I did have a nice time. After the movie we went to Luigi's for pizza."

"I'm so glad you've found someone nice to go out with," mother said.

"Oh mother," I cried. "It's all so confusing. Here I am a boy, masquerading as a girl, and dating another boy. Boy's are supposed to be attracted to girls. Instead I find myself attracted to a boy. What's wrong with me?"

She put her arms around me and hugged me tightly. I buried my head in her shoulder. "There, there, dear. It's okay. There's nothing to be alarmed about, she said as she gently stroked my head. "I think it's just your true nature starting to manifest itself. Remember when I first found you dressed as a girl, and you told me that you had been doing it for as long as you can remember?"

I nodded quietly.

"At first I was pleased because I had always wanted a daughter, and your desires coincided with mine. But at the same time I often wondered if I was somehow subconsciously pushing you in that direction. However, as I've watched you develop and blossom over the past year, I've become convinced that your true nature is feminine, not masculine. Susan and I have discussed it at great length, and I've been to see Dr. Wilson several times to talk about you. They both agree with me. That's why I've allowed you to go so far with the hormones."

"But boys?" I moaned.

"You aren't just a boy running around in a dress anymore. You've been emasculated and feminized to the point where you think like any girl. . .so you see, there's nothing odd or unusual about your feelings toward Kevin. In fact, they're quite normal for a girl your age."

One unusual feeling I was having was sore nipples. I had let Kevin suckle too long!

I looked up to see Aunt Susan smiling at me from across the room. I didn't know how to react. Everything seemed to be happening so fast. I sat up straight and opened my purse to find a Kleenex. I carefully dabbed away the tears in my eyes, taking care not to smear my mascara. Suddenly I paused as I realized how naturally and automatically I had done this most feminine of acts. Maybe they were right.

Maybe I really was meant to be a girl after all. I think it was at that moment that I finally and fully accepted my femininity. In any case, I've never looked back. Mother and Aunt Susan, as well as Dr. Wilson, have encouraged me to have surgery, but for now I'm content to leave things as they are.

There's still plenty of time to contemplate that and who knows if it's really necessary. In the meanwhile, I've set some goals for myself and gotten more focused. I plan to go to college and earn a degree. Maybe someday I'll get married. I know I'll never be able to have children, but there are plenty of babies in need of adoption. And I have a new boyfriend. After Kevin graduated and went off to college, I started dating a man named Brad.

Brad's older and much more worldly. He's a young attorney and a real hunk. I love to go out to business dinners with him in his dark wool business suits. . . me in a little black dress and high heels. Now I don't mean a little black shift and pearls. I mean a sassy, swiny, sexy, silk black dress with a body skimming silhouette. One that makes my soft shoulders and back the focal point with razor thin straps and a heart shaped bodice. Brad loves to see me in sexy outfits and buys me a lot of sexy lingerie, especially super-sexy panties----his way of a little tease.

Yes, Brad found out my secret. We had only gone out three times when Brad was at the county records office and ran a simple cross check to find out my birthday. One thing lead to another and I found myself at elegant dinner with Brad.

After an sumptuous dinner, we danced. I melted in his arms as he lead me through a slow dance. His fingers played with the soft folds of my dress causing chills to run down my back. I looked up and his lips met mine and he whispered, "What a delightful little sissy you are."

I froze but he smiled and held me tightly, whispering, "It's okay. You're still the most feminine girl I've ever been out with."

To my surprise, Brad was fascinated with my story----I was in tears as I told ALL. He smiled and said, "It's all new to me but I really like you. If you like me as much, and are really as feminine as you appear. . . I'm willing to try!"

I still see Kevin occasionally when he comes back to visit. I'm greatly indebted to him for teaching me some of the ways a girl can satisfy her boyfriend. Since then I've learned others. Let's just say that Brad has every reason to walk around with that contented smile on his face.

The moral of my story? It seemed that everyone IMPORTANT in my life wanted me to be happy. No long, in depth justifications for what I wanted. . . they just wanted ME to find happiness.

What did they want back? Only one thing.  
**HONESTY!**

**THE END**

**If you liked this story and want to see others like it,  
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This is the story of a mother who wants her son to fill in for his sister. It is the best!

### **ROOM FOR A CHANGE #2**

When the landlady couldn't change her daughter's mind about dating Peter, she decided to change his body.

### **MODEL HUSBAND #3**

Loretta and her girlfriend decide to turn Bill's recovery into a makeover. He was the perfect husband. Now his wife was trying to turn him into a model husband...

### **SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER #4**

The story of Bob, told by his neighbor and best friend. How Bob was first made to dress "funny" by his mother-in-law.

### **PAT GOES COED #5**

A college prank traps Pat into becoming Patti...coed. Pat is helped by his wife and in-laws to dress as a girl for a college dance. Then, things just got out of hand: double dating with his wife and getting a job as "Patti".

### **CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6**

The fraternity needed a mascot and they all thought it would be cute to have a "cheerleader". None of the coeds would do it, so two of the brothers were drafted to become cheerleaders. Cheerleader Mascot takes you behind the scenes for an intimate look at their transformation into lovely young girls.

### **PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7**

(Previously titled, MISS-ING PASSPORT) Shelley loses his passport.

The replacement has a small mistake. It says he's "female". All of their reservations for a summer in Europe were made for two girls, not a husband and wife. Something would have to change.

### **LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8**

"His mother had plans for his hair. With its new length, she had several options: fancy French braiding, or perhaps an

elegant upsweep." All because he wanted to let his hair grow a little longer.

What every mother wants: a daughter and son, all in one child.

### **JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9**

In search of a big story, an investigative reporter goes "undercover" and enrolls at the Chrissy Institute. (Where they train boys to live as girls.) Would he ever be the same? This is a tale of a reporter's search for a sensational story.

### **SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10**

His boss forced him to join a women's social club hoping they would discriminate against men. Thompson heard the rules: "We expect you to maintain a high level of hygiene. Included are legs smoothly shaven, bras and nylons worn..." Could he face this challenge?

### **NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11**

Chris has to find two boys who are willing to be girls for their fraternity.

### **ALL DOLLED UP #12**

Bill's sister Lilly needed a model for her beauty school training. Kelly, a neighbor boy, was willing to help. A few pictures later all their lives would be changed.

Could Bill resist this "dream girl?"

### **ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13**

Ken was accepted into a Shakespearean drama college. He quickly learned that during Shakespeare's time, boys played the girl's parts!

### **MAID UP #14**

John's wife has a few ideas to make him help around the house. He's soon a dapper domestic.

### **FLIGHT OF FANCY #15**

Some men think they have complete control over women. This is the story of one such man. After a plane crash, women take control over him. Alex will never be the same.

### **DRESSED TO DANCE #16**

Due to an accident, Dave has to "fill in" for Jessica at a dance contest.

### **GOING A BROAD #17**

A father goes abroad to visit a long lost son. His son is now modeling bikinis.

What will Shelley's father do when he finds out about his son modeling bikinis? What any father would do.

### **NEAR MISS #18**

In a small town, everyone knows

everyone's business. How could Jan possibly change her son into her daughter without everyone knowing? And why would she want to?

#### **TIT FOR TAT #19**

Two young wives make a bet: After dressing their husbands as women, the first one "read" is the loser. Jerry's dream marriage turns into a nightmare when he realizes what he and his buddy are being turned into-WOMEN!

#### **THAT'A GIRL #20**

A young boy spends the summer in Malibu as a girl. His father hopes that this will cure his unusual "hobby".

#### **WOMAN'S WORK #21**

Larry hated working on his father's farm. He found out that heavy labor wasn't the only work that never ends.

#### **MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22**

Robin gets "into" his new job at the bridal shop.

#### **PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23**

Glamour or hard work? Paul tells all about his life as a girl model.

#### **HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24**

After helping his working wife with the housework, Gene decides to make it a permanent change.

#### **ONE OF THE GIRLS #25**

A mother and son decide that he shouldn't grow up to be like his abusive father. . .or any other man.

#### **WOMAN-HOOD #26**

Marlon and Darwin are delinquent twins who have a choice...Jail or womanhood!

#### **WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27**

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

#### **HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28**

Dale's experience wearing dresses for a school play and more.

#### **LIKE A DAUGHTER #29**

Mother & son check into a "fat farm" only to find it accepts only females!

#### **MY SON , THE DEBUTANTE #30**

Julian is invited to a fancy party where all the boys dress like girls...and the girls like boys!

#### **MY SON, THE BRIDE #31**

The lives of several boys are changed after attending a cross dressing party...One is going to be a bride!

#### **PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32**

A young man goes to work at his in-law's beauty salon...As a girl!

#### **FEMININE APPEAL #33**

We all know women can do men's jobs. . .how about men doing a woman's job-like strippers?

#### **HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34**

A day in a beauty parlor turns into a new job, a new girlfriend and a new life!

#### **DAUGHTERS ONLY #35**

A young man is faced with a decision-will it be the Army or take his mother's place as a stewardess?

#### **SLINK OR SWIM #36**

David borrows his Aunt's swimsuit for a quick dip in the lake. . .No one will see him right? Wrong! How far will he go to hide his gender?

#### **CAMPING IN CURLS #37**

A family send their son to camp. . .to learn everything about being a girl! His father assumes that will end his interest in dresses! DOUBLE ISSUE

#### **BLONDE & BLONDER #38**

Three feminists force their sons to enter a beauty contest. Each boy has his own way of handling the trauma of being sissified and beautified. Could one of these boys win?

#### **WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39**

Nick finds that he likes helping his mother do "girl things. . .and she helps him learn everything he needs to know about being a girl full time! DOUBLE ISSUE!

#### **GIRL BY CHOICE #40**

After getting in trouble, the only way Pat's mother will let him out of the house is in a dress!

#### **LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41**

Jan's mother buys him some girlish things to keep his hair out of his eyes. . .his grandmother buys him the dress! Naughty Grandma! DOUBLE ISSUE!

#### **COED CREATED #42**

Carl's scholarship has a few strings attached. . .I should say bra straps! This very long (120 pages) has it all: the lady doctor, a man hating girlfriend, and the supportive roommate. DOUBLE ISSUE!

#### **MORE THAN A WOMAN #43**

Andy finds out that a friend cross-dresses

and to his surprise, his wife suggest he does it too! A tale of two wives and their husbands.

**DRESSING UP & D.U. COMPLETED**

**#44 &45**

A sickly young man goes to spend some time with his aunt. Their little dress-up games get carried away and he becomes too feminine to return to masculinity. Illustrated!

**BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUGHTER**

**#46 &47**

What would you do for money? Bill becomes a bride and makes his son become a daughter for a rich man that needs a "family"! OVER 40 detailed Illustrations!

**DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I & II #48**

**&49**

Never has there been so much put into two books! A classic story of two delinquents who are given a choice-dresses or jail! OVER 80 detailed Illustrations and a great story!

**SUDDENLY A SISTER/DAUGHTER #50**

**&51**

A twin is forced by his brother and mother to become the "girl" of the house! Illustrated!

**THE GIRLMAKERS #52**

Reed heads off to the big city. . .in hopes of being accepted in an exclusive girl's school where the girls are not girls!

**ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53**

Baily's mother need his help to run their little bridal salon. He didn't mind until one of the bridesmaids got sick and the dress fit!

**LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 &**

**55**

Being a reporter is one thing but reporting on women's fashions required more than just a change of clothes!

**MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56**

Jesse mother gives him only one choice to keep his long hair-the beauty parlor! There he meets a very special friend.

**THAT'S NO GIRL! & THAT'S NO LADY**

**#57 & 58**

That's actually their son and father! This two part, illustrated story is about two boys, their father and the women who force them into the feminine role. Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

**BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS & BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60**

I have had many letters asking about that famous school where the boys become girls. These two books are about that school and its attendees. Illustrated 30+ great drawings!

**A DRESS FOR DANNY #61**

Racy! After breaking his mother's high heels, she buys Danny his own pair! And then a dress...who could encourage this?

Surprise! Illustrated with many great drawings.

**HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62**

What starts as a job opportunity turns to embarrassment as a young husband is forced to take a job as a busboy. His wife has an idea to get him more money! Promote him to "waitress!" Racy!

Illustrated!

**FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63**

After losing their luggage, a young wife teaches her husband how to be a lady!

His wife doesn't miss a trick. Written by Tami, a new writer in the classic style.

Illustrated!

**HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64**

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

**TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE**

**MOM #65 & 66**

A school has a program called "Walk a mile in her shoes!" The guys that sign up need a lot of help and they get it! School was never like this...Darn!

**BIRTH OF A LADY #67**

We all know about people who get married thinking they'll change. This is a story of a wife who thought her love of feminizing men would go away after she married. It didn't. So Robert must do the changing...and changing and change. 92 pages! Illustrated!

**WALKS LIKE A GIRL & WALKS LIKE A GIRL TOO #68 & 69**

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-heeled footsteps?

**MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70**

Illustrated with 15 drawings by a new and wonderful artist. A favorite writer who's finally back writes this story. Terry's mother, aunt and cousin encourage him into the finer things of life.

**TOES IN THE HOSE #71**

What would you do for a friend? Would you wear a dress?

**AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72**

Aunt Helen makes her rude nephew learn manners, respect, obedience, and a "niecely" FASHION SENSE!

**AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73**

Dana's unique adventures in flirty dresses, fitted skirts, silky lingerie, feminine makeup, and high heels.

**A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND # 74**

In search of a roommate, a nurse is forced to let an old patient move in and she discovers a new girlfriend. Sharing clothes, makeup tips and much more! Great Classic!! Illustrated.

**JESSE INTO JESSICA I # 75 & II #76**

By a wonderful new writer! I was hooked on this darling story from page one! Each day both mother and aunt add a bit of femininity to Jesse's routine...making sure that Jesse learns some new ways.

**CALL HIM "MISS" #77 & CALL HIM "SIS" #78**

Heather teaches a boy staying with her all about the pleasures and pains of a girl's daily routine. From hair curling to a first dress...it's all here. Sexy too!

**GOING AS GIRLS #79**

By a new writer, it's the story of a husband who gets tired of his wife borrowing his things. So...he'll just borrow hers. Illustrated.

**SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81**

This is a story about a panty raid gone really badly. The boys go from stealing the panties to wearing them! After stealing the panties, the sorority teaches the boys what being girls is all about. Wonderful illustrations!

**MISS UNDERSTOOD #82**

Tom never thought he had any feminine tendencies but that was the diagnosis. Why fight them?

**PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83**

Matt and Andy help their mothers with some hemming. Their mothers help them with their hair...Did they go too far?

**GIRL'S GETAWAY #84**

School was out for summer...perfect time for the boys to get into a little trouble. These boys get into more than that! Illustrated!

**PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86**

No one wants to get a pink slip at work. These guys get them with LACE! Too good for one book! Many Illustrations.

**GIRLISH #87**

What boy would carry his mother's purse at the mall? And then what? The women in his life would probably want to do his hair and then what? Great new illustrator!

**SWISHFUL THINKING #88**

Brad becomes Brandy with his mother's help! Illustrated.

**GIRLHOOD #89**

While most young men were growing into their manhood, one wasn't.

**A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91**

Boys can be crude and unkempt...but this one was taught to be a lady! Illustrated.

**AUNTIE'S HELPER #92**

Cass goes to live with his Aunt and her daughters. It takes a while before he fits in.

**BOY WILL BE GIRL #93**

What should a mother do when her son just doesn't fit in...neither his clothes nor his gender!! Illustrated.

**CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION****CAN'T CUT IT #1**

Medical science solves one man's problem without an operation. The hormone therapy changes his outlook on life not to mention his appearance.

**SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2**

Danny didn't know what Halloween costume to wear. His sister had an idea.

**GOING TO THE BALL #3**

One man's journey exploring the feminine side of his life.

**UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4**

Two wonderful stories of men experiencing the other side of life.

**SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5**

Brian didn't realize what a harmless day of flirting at the mall would cost.

**EXCHANGING VOWS #6**

Randy finds that being a "wife" for a weekend is harder than he thought.

Especially when his own wife is living as the wife of another man. By giving up his male role, does Randy also have to give up his wife?

**CHANGING VOWS TOO #7**

Randy and his wife move to live as girlfriends. While his wife works as a model, Randi tries to find work...and himself.

**VIRGIN VOWS #8**

Randy and his twin sister have a yearly picture taken when they're dressed alike.

This year it's in prom gowns!

**VOW OF FEMININITY #9**

Randy is faced with decisions. Will he stay married to Mindy as a girl?

**FRENCH DRESSING #10**

Something had to change and Emile was it. A fully illustrated story.

**THE NEW GIRL #11**

A job is a job...unless it requires too much. Can Stephan be a good secretary?

**THE GIRL'S PART #12**

From a part in a play to a new role in life. Andy's feminization.

**THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13**

A young man takes a job in his aunt's flower shop. Everyone mistakes him for a girl...the flower girl.

**MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14**

He simply had to fill in for his twin sister. A simple task but...it was for her wedding.

**HIS FIRST DRESS #15**

A tomboy helps Elliot dress in clothes she'd never wear. They teach each other new things!

**GIRLIES #16**

Two couples find that they have a lot in common. Both husbands like dressing like women! They make plans for spending the summer as mothers and daughters!

**HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17**

A young man finds out his wife would rather have him helping with her catering business than being a bum at home. DOUBLE ISSUE

**MY BOSOM BUDDY #18**

Two long time friend's relationship is strained when one gets a job modeling girl's clothes.

**HEAD OVER HEELS #19**

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls from bows to the perfect hairdo. What a waste of talent since she only had Glen, right?

**I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20**

After getting caught in his mother's clothes, his mother buys him his own. He finds acceptance and find a new life.

DOUBLE ISSUE

**REDTOES #21**

Two young couples make a bet. . .Which wife can turn their husband into the most realistic looking girl? How far will they go to win?

**TOO MANY SKIRTS #22**

A young man joins an all girl band. The only problem is the uniform. . .they all want to wear skirts! But he looks like a girl in them?? . . . DOUBLE ISSUE

**FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23**

A man gets help with this cross-dressing from another cross-dresser. But is it really help?

**JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24**

This is a fully illustrated story of a young man who is forced to attend the carnival in frilly petticoats. The drawings in this story are some of the best I have ever seen!

**THE PAMPERED SISSY #25**

What would you do for millions? Steven's rich aunt leaves him her fortune. . .with one catch. He must become a girl!

**DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26**

A wonderful fiction book exploring the intimate lives of males facing their femininity. Many different stories with many different motivations. Great!

**GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27**

Women wearing the pants and men wearing the skirts?? It just isn't done, is it? Would men ever be the ones to wear make-up and be submissive to their wives? Read this and find out!

**A LIVING DOLL #28**

A mother decides to show her son how to take care of his hair and gets carried away!! When his girlfriend finds out. . .

**FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29**

The story of a young man's transformation into a social and sexy young woman. A new writer with wonderful insight!

**CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30**

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie company and things start to disappear. What will happen to the person who took them??

**CLEAVAGE #31**

After helping his seamstress mother with some swimsuit modeling, Shawn finds a hidden interest in girl things. His father has a secret and the fun BUSTS out!

**JOINING THE GIRLS #32**

Boys will be boys until two boys embarrass a group of girls and they find out boys are sometimes made to be girls!!

**JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD#33**

A young man, femininely distressed as a teenager, finds himself turning into a woman!

**TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34**

A man marries a stripper. . .she suggests he go into the business too!

**A SUMMER GIRL #35**

Tory is forced to spend his summer vacation as a girl with his cousin!

**HORMONES FOR LIFE #36**

It's death or female hormones for this man!

**WINDOW DRESSING #37**

A young man finds a new job in a department store-as a window mannequin.

**FRILL OF IT ALL #38**

A wife helps her husband become the woman of his and her dreams.

**METAMORPHOSIS & META'****COMPLETED #39 & 40**

A transformed girl helps many femininely distressed young men search for the ultimate feminine experiences!

**HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41**

Many wives wonder why they have a husband when a girlfriend would be so much more fun! One wife decides to change her husband! Illustrated!

**JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42**

When poor Robin's mother finds out he's been cast as a girl in the school play, she wants to make him PERFECT! Illustrated!

**SISTERS FOREVER #43**

This is the story of two brothers who are forced to be sisters to help a sickly aunt. Ten great illustrations by Puyal! A summer of discovery!

**FEMININE DESIRES #44**

A reporter thinks that feminizing his nephew was a good story but before he knows it, the tables are turned on him. Great illustrations by Puyal.

**TAKING HER PLACE #45**

David is forced to take his sister's place...in mind and in body. His and his mother share many experiences! Many great drawings by Puyal.

**MISTAKEN FOR A GIRL / MISTAKEN FOR A DAUGHTER #44 & 47**

Wearing his sister's clothes, Steve is mistaken for a girl. Once seen, he is forced to assume the role of a daughter in a small town. Written by Nikki, a new writer who has a way of getting her heroine into some major trouble! Illustrated by Puyal!

**SON TO SISTER #48**

The story of a son that follows in his father's footsteps...actually his high heels! Illustrated by Puyal. A wonderful story.

**A DIFFERENT KIND OF MODEL & A DIFFERENT KIND OF BRIDE #49 & 50**

It starts out with a young man who helps his sister at a bridal fair by becoming a model. Illustrated by Puyal.

**CHICKS RULE! #51**

A great story. A dress is only a dress until your wife makes you wear it. A sexy tale of an "understanding wife" who takes her husband places he never imagined going!

**SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53**

Gone with his male clothes! We all know that Southern girls are trained to be ladies. But what about the guys? A summer vacation turns these boys into Southern Belles! 88 pages each with special pencil illustrations by Puyal.

**GIRLIE GIRL #54**

Who wouldn't want to be younger? Or even look younger? Norm's wife has a unique idea!

**FEMININE BUDDY #55**

Kit gets an opportunity that half the population dream about...the girl half. Illustrated.

**PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56**

Poor Steve ends up at school in his mother's dress. Illustrated.

**BECOMING EMMA #57**

An accident forces a family to treat Kevin like a girl.

**HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58**

A delightful story of a guy that is caught borrowing his sister's clothes. As a

punishment, his mother and sisters decide he should spend a little time in dresses! Illustrated.

### **MAKEUP MATERIAL #59**

It's really three stories. Two delightful stories of guys facing their budding femininity and one...one very different newsy story of a little town called, ESTRO, Illinois. Lot's of drawings.

### **DRESSES & TRESSES #60**

Bobby has a few problems. All the women in his life seem intent on getting him into dresses. But they'll stop soon, right? Wrong! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

### **A GIRL NOW #61 & THEY'RE GIRLS NOW #62**

This great story is by a new writer. Randal and his friends are put through training that...well, lets say few guts go through. Nearly a year's work by three editors went into making this a masterpiece! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

### **LEARNING CURVES #63**

Life throws a curve at two boys. In fact, it throws two curves their way...With their mother's help and a dance teacher, they learn a new way of life. Illustrated.

### **MY BETTER HALF #64**

After coping with many changes....Rob decides to make a few changes in his life and the way he dresses. Illustrated.

### **DISCOVERING DRESSES #65**

A male teacher learns that there is no substitution for experience in learning. He finds out all about being a woman! Illustrated!

### **BIKINI BOUND #66**

Many, many great illustrations! The story of a boy who has to be a girl on a family vacation. His mother and three sisters make sure he's perfect...even in a bikini!

### **PURSE STRINGS #67**

Tight finances force a boy to wear his sister's hand me downs...Why waste good dresses and high heels?

### **SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68**

If an overbearing father calls his son a "sissy", there is only one way a mother can get back! Great illustrations!

### **DRESS UP DAY #69**

Dressing up for a talent contest helps a

young man find a new interest that everyone encourages...except one. Who knows, maybe he'll even get into it? Illustrated.

### **LAVENDER & LACE I #70**

A young man's journey from lavender to lace. Illustrated

### **LAVENDER & LACE II #71**

Sometimes it's the little things in life that create the biggest changes...one young man's journey from lavender to lace! Part 2. Illustrated.

### **DRESS OR CONSEQUENCES #72**

A game show where the winner is the boy who's most like a girl!

### **PRETTY FOREVER #73**

Judd hoped he could return to college as a boy. Then his best friend, Ted came to visit and things became complicated. Illustrated.

## **GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION**

### **ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY**

A boring life suddenly gets out of hand when a CPA's wife gets involved with a hairdresser.

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL**

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL II**

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL III**

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL IV**

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL**

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

### **LUCK BE A LADY**

Parents are always hiding things from their kids but for Dad to suddenly start living as a woman! That is just too much...or is it?

### **A PARTY GIRL**

Ryan hated shopping with his wife. All she was interested in was girl things...something had to change! Illustrated!

### **DRESSING DOWN**

Cory had everything: a beautiful wife,

great job, and money. So why were things so messed up? A sexy tale of a couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

#### **HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS**

What would a wife make a guy do for success? If their restaurant needed a woman...guess he'd be it! Completely illustrated and great fun!

### **EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS**

#### **QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1**

A young man is picked up by a lady...and becomes the dress up toy for her and her friends. Can he escape? New illustrations and editing.

#### **TV TRAINING CAMP #2**

What if your wife really wanted you to cross dress? The story of two women turning their husbands into ladies!

#### **TV VACATION #3**

Spying on a slumber party gets Tom and Phil into more than a little trouble...It gets them forced into dresses!

#### **BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4**

A funny story of a longhaired boy who is recruited to teach the town's most beautiful girls to wrestle. They decide to teach him what they know best! Great illustrations and new additions.

#### **BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5**

By the best writer (in my opinion) that Empathy ever had. This is a story that touches everyone and every place. Francis' new wife had a way to make him quit flirting with the girls..."Flirt for a Skirt!" Great illustrations and new additions.

#### **HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6**

A longhaired rebel is forced into a parochial school where they wear uniforms. He refuses to cut his hair and wear those geeky boy's uniforms...so he's fitted for one that the longhaired students wear forcing a "Change of Habit!" Illustrated and re-written.

### **TRANSVESTIA FICTION**

#### **FATED FOR FEMININITY #1**

"Why not let Lennie compete anyway, of course, he would have to dress as a girl from now on. We could spread the word that Lennie is not a boy, and never was. It might work..."

#### **IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2**

John dresses in skirts to show the girl's at school how they should dress. His mother and father suggest he try it for the summer. Thus "Jane" is born. Many surprises!

#### **TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3**

Gerald is removed from his all boy school and is enrolled in a school of his stepmother's choice. He is enrolled to learn how to be dainty and feminine.

#### **HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4**

Joan always borrowed her husband's clothes. To get even, Stephen borrowed hers. Every passing day found Stephen more feminine in actions, dress, and conversation.

#### **IF YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM #5 (DOUBLE ISSUE)**

Merrill loses a bet and must dress as a girl for six months.

#### **HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6**

A young couple can only find an apartment that accepts women.

#### **CHRIS TO CHRISSIE #7**

A high school prank causes Chris to have to dress like a girl.

#### **MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)**

All three parts of a long story of Martin's experimentation at learning the role of "Marion".

#### **A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9**

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

#### **FASHION MODELS #10**

A completely revised story about two boys who become fashion models! Their lives, loves and careers.

#### **ACCEPTANCE #11**

Erica's mother tries to stop her daughter from marrying a cross-dresser.

#### **CHARM SCHOOL #12**

After an accident, Alex fills in for his wife at their charm school. As a woman!

#### **IDEAL MARRIAGE #13**

In search of the "ideal marriage," Richard puts himself in his wife's shoes...also her dress, lingerie &...?

#### **THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14**

Paul and Amy's marriage was falling apart until they decided to switch roles. Paul eventually becomes Barbara.

#### **MANNEQUIN #15**

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress she's made and he finds he has a new position around her house.

#### **FEMININE FORTE #16**

Andy is forced to take his wife's place in a girl's dance group. Then he got "discovered!"

#### **PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17**

Patrick's story of growing up with the women who encouraged his dressing up.

#### **THE MAKEOVER #18**

To help his wife, a young man must take her job in a beauty parlor... as one of the girls!

#### **BOYS TO BABES #19**

The story of a show where the boys take the girl's parts! Each finds a different way to cope with their new identity.

#### **THE PICTURE ALBUM #20**

Over 100 pictures of CD's enjoying themselves "en femme". A historical pictorial.

#### **THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21**

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

#### **I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22**

On a bet, a reporter takes a bet. . .can he pass as a female well enough to try out for a part.

#### **FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23**

Many have asked for more of these wonderful tales from Transvestia. This book has two. "Wrong side of the Track" about a boyfriend who poses as a girlfriend & "Beauty Pageant," the story of a reporter who enters a beauty contest.

#### **RED, WHITE & PINK #24**

Two wonderful stories of two young men...one that is running from his responsibilities, the other is doing it for his country. Both end up where most men would dread, in dresses!

#### **MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25**

A summer at the lake turns into a summer of discovery. Joe finds out how the girls spend their summer...in dresses!

#### **TITILLIATING TV TALES**

#### **HUSBAND TO SISSY #1**

#### **HUSBAND TO SISTER #2**

#### **HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3**

This series has been the most expensive

to produce with drawings by Puyal on nearly every page. A collaboration of your favorite writers that took years to finish!

#### **AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5**

A wonderfully illustrated story of an Aunt who just won't stop buying girlish things for her nephew. He's faced with being a sissy or being a niece!

#### **UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6**

A man is forced to take on a feminine role and his wife wants him to be perfect! This is a wonderfully illustrated story of when things just go "too far!"

#### **PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7**

Why would anyone want a boy to model brassieres when there are so many girls? Maybe that is the point! Illustrated.

#### **A WILLING WOMAN**

How far would you go to help a friend? Would you put on lingerie, makeup and a cute little dress? Illustrated!

#### **GIRLS' THINGS I & II**

A couple guys call someone a sissy...there's nothing like a cute little dress and some girls' things for revenge!

#### **THE STORE BRIDE**

After going to live with his Aunts, a young man find comfort in his new job...in their bridal shop! Great Illustrations.

#### **PRETTIER IN PINK I**

#### **PRETTIER IN PINK II**

Based on the classic story of a young man whose mother gets confused and decides he's going to be her daughter! Great illustrations and great fun!

#### **MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL**

A summer in the big city turns a guy's life upside down! Illustrated.

#### **WHAT SISSIES WANT**

There's nothing like a bunch of sissy clothes to make a tough guy feel like a sissy...and then girl's clothes to make him feel like a girl! Illustrated.

#### **WHAT GIRLS WANT**

There's nothing like a bunch of sissy clothes to make a tough guy feel like a sissy...and then girl's clothes to make him feel like a girl! Illustrated.

#### **HIDING BEHIND A SKIRT #17**

Hiding in plain view. How...maybe a simple change of gender?

## **PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT ILLUSTRATED**

### **SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS**

A new sub series of the PPI. A detailed Puyal drawing on nearly every page spread!

#### **#1 NORM:**

This series will follow the lives of various students of the Sylvan School where boys are taught to be proper young ladies...Great illustrations on early every other page.

#### **#2 VAN: THE BRIDE!**

Van causes some trouble and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl! This book has a great Puyal illustration on nearly every two pages. Wonderful escape reading!

#### **#3 BOB: PANTY THIEF**

Bob steals panties and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl!

### **BILL'S HUMILIATION'S IN PANTIES**

Eight volumes with illustrations on every other page.

A long story about a young man being punished. He thought he could take anything until the girls took over.

### **HENRY'S VACATION IN PAINTIE-FIVE BOOKS**

A most classic tale of Henry and his Aunt. Almost every other page of this tale is illustrated with finely drawn pictures of every stage of his embarrassments. A must for collectors!

### **SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3**

Over one hundred and twenty hand crafted drawings span these three books.

It answers the question, "What could be worse than being forced to go to school with the girls?" Poor Peter finds out...he's forced to wear their clothes too! Don't miss out on this one! Even one of the drawings by Puyal is worth the price!

### **BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4**

An amazing story with a detailed illustration by Puyal on nearly every two page spread. This series is the story of two young men whose ruffian ways are

controlled via petticoats and pretties. There are over 150 professionally drawn illustrations. This is an amazing collection.

### **THE MALE MAID BOOK OF ABC'S**

The Male Maid Book of ABC's, 'Male Maid' contains twenty-six new Juan drawings of male maids and pithy text by Carole Jean facing twenty-six classic full-page male maid drawings by Juan.

### **BOUND TO BE A MAID**

Bound to be a Maid, 'Bound' was originally sold in the 1950's as a set of 40 photographs of "VanRod" (Gene Bilbrew) art. Its original title was "Bound Over or Missing Gwen de Lynn". No credit was given to the author whose brief text appeared above each drawing, nor was the publisher named

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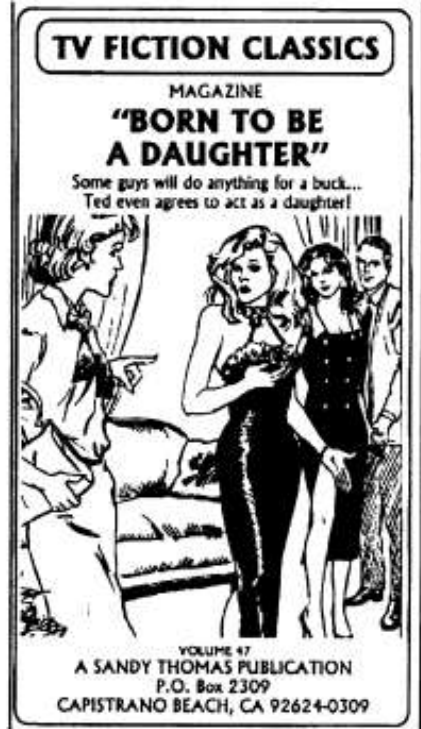
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